



SAINT TERESA,
CARMELITE NUN.



ODE TO ST. TERESA.

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS.



ALL vallant woman! Spain's proud boast,
 Thou mother of a saintly line!
 Hail leader of a mighty host,
 Thou doctress of the art divine.

On Carmel's heights we see thee stand
 Undaunted by the strife below,
 In regal splendor, courage grand,
 To battle with the deadly foe.

O loyal heart! whose burning zeal
 Reformed the spirit, fed the flame,
 Whose clarion voice made others feel
 Of standards low, the sin and shame.

Thy feet upon the mountain height,
 Thy watchword, suffering or death!
 No truce in nature's life long fight,
 No peace while self or sense had breath.

New woman thou of knightly days,
 Thou type unknown to court or throne,
 Of gracious men, of winning ways,
 Thy mastery did many own.

For thou wert bent on gaining souls
 To Christ and Carmel—garden fair—
 And so the song of triumph rolls,
 To greet thee saint of virtue rare.

Be thou the guardian of our day,
 Of woman in her changing sphere,
 Oh! teach her that *true* woman's sway
 Is by the hearth and fireside dear.

The cloistered hearth on Carmel's hill,
 The mother's place in home's dear vale,
 The maiden and the matron still,
 May each in thee a model hail.

And so will thou reform again
 This age that needs thee as of yore,
 Teresa! thou of lordly Spain,
 The mother, mistress, royal store.

ECHOES OF THE ANGELUS BELL.

(Imitation of early English verse.)

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

Hail full of grace: sweet flow'ret of the vale;
 The Lord most high is with thee, O Marie!
 And from "the great white throne" He will descend
 To find His rest in thy humilitie,
 "Behold the humble hand-maid of the Lord,
 Oh, be it done according to His word."
 "Hail full of grace!" Hail fragrant lily fair!
 The Lord most holy is with thee, Marie!
 The snow-flakes falling through the wintry air
 Are not so spotless as thy puritie,
 And now the Word of God, the "light of light,"
 Is dwelling in thy soul so chastely white.
 "Hail full of grace!" all creatures far above,
 The Spirit rests upon thee, O Marie!
 Obtain for us from that celestial Dove,
 More ardent trustful love for God and thee.
 Pray for us now, O sweet, O pure Ladye!
 And at our death may we thy beauty see.
 Sweetly it rings at morn, at noon, at eve,
 Softly the echoes linger day by day,
 And from the mystic coronals we weave,
 Rise fragrant memories of scenes far-away.
 O "full of grace!" we hail the Lord in thee!
 And faintly die the echoes—"Hail Marie!"

In honor of the humilitie, puritie, and love of most holy Marie.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,*Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.*

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER VIII.

McMASTER'S JOURNAL AS EXERCISING A CENSORSHIP OVER ERROR IN ITS DEFENCE AND ADVOCACY OF TRUTH AND SOUND MORALITY.—HIS MISTAKES, AT TIMES.—HIS VEHEMENCE, FOR THE RIGHT.—DR. MCGLYNN.—ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.—RT. REV. BISHOP LOOTENS.—THE ARCHDIOCESE OF OREGON.—THE VENERABLE PIONEER AND SAINTLY ARCHBISHOP BLANCHET.—THE INTERDICT OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL BY THE RT. REV. BISHOP BALTES.



WHEN there was question of Catholic dogma, or morality or Church discipline, (on all which subjects McMaster was thoroughly informed) or even of sound political principles, the *Freeman's* advocacy and defence were commendably forcible, and excusably strong in expression, and call for no apology from his biographer. Over all these great subjects, McMaster claimed for truth and right's sake, the privileges of a free press, the privilege of criticism and censorship, which in this land of freedom no prelate, nor priest, nor layman of an American spirit may begrudge him. His motto was: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." A newspaper like the *Freeman's Journal* wielded a wholesome influence of fear, yet respectful regard from the American Catholic public.

Where, however, McMaster failed to receive full information on both sides of a disputed question, he was led at times into error, and permitted himself to express his opinion of persons and things in no commendable terms. He was strong in the opposition where, if fully informed, he

would have been otherwise equally strenuous in defence.

James A. McMaster, as a journalist, claimed the field of censorship over false principles in religion and in politics.

Consequently, such an editor, in his life of journalism of forty years, had many a hard contest. For the duty of public censorship, he had to be even a wounding writer, at times.

It is said of Oliver Cromwell, lord protector of the English commonwealth, that he once sat for his portrait. The artist produced on canvas a likeness of the famous leader, fair, smooth and flattering.

But Cromwell's face had in reality strong lines, and bore an ugly scar. The likeness was without this disfigurement especially. "Paint me, as I am," exclaimed Cromwell, "and put on all the scars and roughness."

James A. McMaster was in character a typical Puritan, and could he speak, he would have his biographer picture him true to his public life—present him before the public as the public knew him—to gloss over none of the ruggedness of his character, nor hide the scars of his conflict in the career of a journalism as bold to announce truth as it was aggressive to expose, and to grapple with the false and pernicious. We are free to confess, McMaster had on him all the sharp points of his exceptional character—that in the use of invective, he may have seemed to some, at times, too bitter; that in rebuke out of the love of truth, he may have appeared too strong in his reproach, sometimes even unbecomingly severe and harsh in his expression; too personal, perhaps, apparently to some in the heat of argument amid the discussion of the great question that occupied his pen.

Again, McMaster dealt not in over-caution, nor ever adopted the side of compromising expediency. Our journalist at times made priests and bishops shake their heads and look grave. They doubted not the loyalty of his faith or the purity of his motives; but his boldness at times, to them at first sight was rashness, his arguments and terms tinged perhaps to them with the irreverent, and his canvas especially of Canon Law for the United States, too, un-circumscribed, and not altogether expedient.

At no period of his journalism did McMaster's writing excite more investigation

and adverse criticism from portions of the hierarchy than did his discussion and advocacy of fixed Canon Law for the United States. In advocating the parochial, Canonical status of the inferior clergy for our country, McMaster ran counter to the views of many of the prelates. It was a very grave discussion. Had the time come when the United States, with its millions of Catholics and numerous well equipped dioceses, could be considered no longer a mere missionary country, necessarily to be continued to be favored with the most sweeping dispensations and extensive privileges; a country, where its bishops hitherto enjoyed practically almost papal "Faculties" and absolute power without reclaim, over the inferior clergy who had no fixed tenure by law whatever? The privileges were all on one side.

McMaster opened up the question, discussed, advocated and supported the Canonical rights to be enjoyed by the inferior clergy. The discussion went on for months. It culminated in action. The Plenary Council of Baltimore wisely, we will add, divinely, provided a Canon Law to fit the condition of Catholicity in the United States. But the adaptation of the general Canon Law of the Catholic Church would have been too cumbrous legislation for our American Catholic Church passing out of a missionary to a fixed status. Out of the general Canon Law, all the Canons were framed, necessary to serve the progress, with none to retard the rapid development of Catholicity in the United States. Somewhat of a contentious spirit among a few of the inferior clergy naturally grew out of the agitation by the *Freeman's Journal* of the adopting fixed Canon Law in this country. The prelates by this discussion found their established almost unlimited Faculties from the Holy See, and privileges and breadth of action, confronted and objected to, especially in the sole appointment and arbitrary removal of priests, and in the selection of episcopal candidates, entirely at their choice.

Now, that McMaster has gone from our midst, and those questions of legislation have been acted on, we may be pardoned for the declaration that in his day, the time really came to open up the discussion of some (if not the whole) Canon Law for the Church in the United States.

David could not walk in the cumbrous army of the king.

Our young Church in the United States may not put on the complete Canon Law of the ancient Church in general, that has grown old in battle with ages of error. Our young Catholicity would be loaded down. It had to have a vesture to suit its age, environment and necessities.

The Canon Law of the Church in general has grown out of periods of time with their circumstances, wants and claims. Our American Catholicity is yet in its youth, and time must make for it Canon Law, called forth by exigency and circumstance. Our youthful Catholicity cannot walk in the full armor, wherewith two thousand years of conflict hath clothed the invincible champion of the Gospel, the Church of Christ. Nor does the Church insist that our Catholicity put it on. Some souls more zealous than wise, who do not comprehend the genius of our free Republic, have advocated to be applied to our American Catholicity, an ecclesiasticism as foreign to it, as it is baneful to the spread of the same faith and its charity in our midst.

McMaster advocated a good thing in this Canon Law discussion. By it, he contended for a more Canonical legislation of church affairs, and an approach from exemption and dispensation, nearer to the fixed discipline of the Catholic Church in general.

That the *Freeman's Journal's* discussion on Canon Law created obstinate party men, McMaster would be the first to deplore. It is objected that the *Freeman's Journal* engendered and fostered an antagonism, a spirit of opposition, if not of insubordination in clerical ranks, by the championing a fixed Canon Law for Catholicity in the United States.

It is true that the *Freeman's Journal* heralded those questions, especially, of clerical rights in parishes and of episcopal nominations, with all its fearless and bold spirit. It is also true that the *Freeman* in this heated discussion became an organ of distrust to many of the prelates, and an unwelcome visitor to some episcopal residences. But now, at this date, no prelate or priest finds fault with the general course of the *Freeman's Journal* for the advocacy and support of the latter grave questions. They were legitimate questions of discussion. They were strongly, perhaps vehemently,

ently advocated, but respectfully submitted to the Powers that decide. They adjudicated rights recognized as part elsewhere of general established church law and discipline. The motives of the *Freeman* were not to be questioned, and were, in a word, for a more equal canonical adjustment of rights and privileges between the prelates and their clergy in the United States.

Were our journalist alive, his powerful pen would move to denounce in unmeasured terms, first, all disloyalty to episcopal authority, on part of pastor or congregation; all departure from priestly avocation to political jobbing; all stubborn pride, blinding and withholding priest or people from that entire obedience due one's prelate, and especially the Holy See.

Were our journalist and censor still living, and editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, its columns would flow with strong counsel for submission, obedience and single devotedness to ecclesiastical life and duty. In all this, its columns would challenge comparison with the most loyal and Catholic and priestly in the land.

In the late Henry George agitation, it is to be regretted that our knightly journalist's lance was at rest with him in the tomb. Had McMaster lived to confront the lately exposed theories of Henry George, the columns of the *Freeman*, for their cogent argument and clear exposition of true principles would have engaged the attention and won the admiration of tens of thousands of readers; and the sophistries of George would have met an antagonist to grind them to powder.

The encyclical of the immortal Leo XIII. on the rights of property and labor, would have appeared in golden letters in the *Freeman*, and McMaster would have wielded his pen—for the application in a small degree of this magnificent papal brief, to put a complete cover over so theorizing a philosopher as Henry George.

Says McMaster:

"Mr. George has always been an honest and industrious man. There is much against his principles, principles of the false philosophers and economists who made the first French Revolution possible. Mr. George's principles are anti-Christian. Mr. George would abolish poverty. He would root up existing institutions and make a new era in which every man would be equal in every respect to every other man. He would make the unhappy owner

of a marsh in which cranberries would refuse to grow, pay the same taxes as Mr. Vanderbilt. The City of New York would, if Mr. George had his way, be one happy family, of good and amiable people, enjoying free rides, free rations, and free houses. The capitalist would have no capital, and the laborer would work for the mere pleasure of adding to social happiness. The tramp would be in Paradise, and New York would not know itself. There are evils here crying out for remedy. The tenement house evil is one of the worst. No theory of Mr. George could remedy that, because no theory of Mr. George could help to amend any real evil. Let our friends, the workmen, reflect before they endorse theories that have been exploded long ago."

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn and McMaster ran counter one to another in their views and their advocacy on the two great subjects, of the parochial school system and the rights of property. Both gentlemen held high positions, and wielded a far-reaching influence. They came together like two giants.

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn was the idolized pastor of a parish of some twenty thousand souls, and rector of a magnificent church, whose interior, rich and costly adornment and equipment, were honored with the superb presence and eloquence of this pronounced American priest. It was not all glitter either. The pure gold of charity inlaid the character of its pastor, and his priestly virtue challenged not only respect, but elicited deservedly, veneration.

In such a position, and with so pure a record, Dr. McGlynn wielded a power of influence. He attempted to make the most of us all—to support and advance indirectly the public school system versus the Catholic parochial system—and to advocate the principles of Henry George. To this end, and for the latter purpose, he got down out of the pulpit to ascend the stand of public and political gatherings. His clerical backing was large.

McMaster was the father of the parochial school system of these United States. The Rev. Dr. McGlynn, we may infer, advocated that an American in the broadest sense of Americanism, could be a model Catholic, and that Americanism ought to lead in the Catholic Church diplomacy of the United States.

McMaster ever contended that one was a good American citizen because he was a good Catholic—and that the strictest, most.

exclusive Catholic training turned out citizens most worthy of their free country, and that the Catholic parochial school system alone furnished that training; that our mothers from their earliest youth could not be too well disciplined to holy living, too well grounded in Catholic faith, nor too well formed to all virtue--their character could not be too well ingrained with tenderest piety. And that the godless public schools, with their vicious atmosphere, were not the places, but the parish schools and convents to make them such, and to raise up generation after generation a Catholic society and people. Our mothers and fathers must rise out of the latter. McMaster contended that the godless public school system of this country was raising up a generation of infidels.

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn in a public meeting in New York, with the Irish agitator, Davitt, on the stand made a very liberal speech.

McMaster's reply in the *Freeman's Journal* was fierce, bitter, perhaps offensive personally. But in exercising a censorship in the publication of the *Freeman*, McMaster, no doubt, on this occasion lost sight of the priest in his attack on the principles of the political agitator. The Marsellaise hymn brought up to his mind the horrors of the French revolution.

He also could not but reflect that his Lord embraced voluntary poverty, and whilst the same Lord uttered woe to the rich, he declared that the poor are blessed, and that for such is the Kingdom of God.

McMaster may be well understood in all this bold journalism, when we consider that he presumed not only to edit a Catholic newspaper, but to exercise a right of public censorship in the cause of true principles. Hence his strenuous advocacy of proper Church-music, the parochial school system, Church economy, etc.

Whilst we record that the Pope's Encyclical on the rights of labor and property, and the Plenary Council on the parochial school system prove McMaster's principles on these great questions to have been heartily sound and Catholic to the core, it is not for us to apologize for the fierceness of McMaster's attacks, nor the bitterness of his opposition. It was his nature to go into such contests with all the honesty and the strength of his character--and whilst

levelling the false principles, not to spare the diplomacy that shifted for their presentation and support, before the public.

We forbear further comment. Both men have come under the touch of the Hand that judges supremely, Christ in heaven and Christ on earth in His Vicar.

May Christ's sweet mercy heal all differences of the living, and may He condone all of frailty in the noble dead.

In the *Freeman's Journal* McMaster passed severe criticism amounting in the judgment of pastor and flock to public censure on the congregation of St. Stephen's Church of New York. Our journalist simply aimed to wound the rich, to reduce the magnitude of the Church debt. He also decried the art music of the splendid choir, in his commendable crusade of reform for the Gregorian, on the plainer chords of music, especially at Holy Mass. The keynote of reform had gone out from Rome itself. McMaster sounded it loudly, perhaps harshly to many congregations in the great North. His journal called also for reform, in Church finance especially. The Catholic conscience of the United States at the time hailed it, gladly. For, church-debt failures had made Catholic conscience blush throughout the land. And priests and bishops admittedly had not the cunning of the children of this world--to handle money as bankers.

An epidemic of high strikes in the music-loft of churches had been found a source of distraction during services, for many.

McMaster argued: To him, such high art inspired no contempt for the vanity of the world, nor compunction for sin, nor fear of God's holy presence. He used his wide-spread journal as a wholesome censorship over these points for correction. Sharp and incisive, his thrusts! bold and fearless, his criticisms! McMaster's was a giant intellect, weakened by no vanity of purpose, nor deformed by pride of position or learning.

Whether it was a question of Church, finance or school, parochial or public, or Catholic Society, or political economy, the censures of the *Freeman's Journal* were ever uttered for their betterment. Its editorials stirred to action. They called for fight, or surrender. But they corrected evils, reformed abuses. They moved the

passion of the individual, at times, but benefitted the public at large, enlightening, correcting, encouraging.

Our journalist put all the ardor of his strong character into his editorials. Hence his manner of treating the opposition was often vehement, and at times wounding. Whatever criticism may be passed on the style of expression of McMaster, however, and his rough manner occasionally, of handling a grave subject of discussion, the sincerity of his conviction in the justice of his cause, and of the honesty of his bold stand, may not be questioned by any one, be he layman, priest, or bishop of the Church itself. He may be blamed for his vehemence at times. It was not in McMaster to speak with soft voice, or to handle with delicate touch. The opposition met a giant intellect and a fiery, truth-loving soul.

It is human to err. McMaster ever meant to be right as he loved to be true. But, he sometimes in his journalism failed to get at all the facts of a case, or to hear both sides of a grave question. He had to make the most of all the information within his reach, and that information was at times given out partial, or biased or prejudiced. It was ever accepted innocently and in good faith. At times, McMaster incorrectly concluded he was in possession of all the facts, and in a position to pass judgment on the merits of a case. The vehemence of his style added to the vexation of his opponents.

No case in point was more unfortunately bruited, roughly criticised, and inconsiderately condemned by the *Freeman* than the erection of "Idaho" into a vicariate apostolic, and the appointment as its first Vicar, of the Rt. Rev. Dr. L. Lootens.

Here, on the Pacific slope, we are in possession of the facts, and in justice to the case must declare our journalist to have been mistaken, and to have been (innocently indeed) unfortunate in adversely criticising the erection of the territory of Idaho into a vicariate, and in questioning in bold and harsh terms the wisdom of the council of the ecclesiastical province of Oregon, and especially the ability of its illustrious head, Archbishop Blanchet, at his advanced age of a life spent amid so much missionary labor, calculated to impair body, and mental vigor.

McMaster, we repeat, was entirely mistaken and at fault in his remarks. The erection of the vicariate of Idaho was made by the Holy See on the representations of bishops here, able to judge of the utility, even necessity of such action.

McMaster's warm friendship for the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lootens, his admiration for his splendid talents and refinement of character, led him into a vehement denunciation of sacrificing such a prelate in the wilds of Idaho, amid heathen tribes of Indians and a few mining camps of white adventurers. The vast territory is very mountainous, was in all its virgin wildness, without roads, without a solitary decent home or refuge. But Rt. Rev. Bishop Lootens had been a professor, a musician, a gentleman of great culture and of gentle raising. He was to be sacrificed, McMaster declared, and sent penniless into a wilderness, amid howling savages and wild white men.

All this was very true, and gospel truth at that. His commission was the Lord's— and without money or scrip. Our dear journalist in his big heart must have considered the commission to have been too scriptural in its naked poverty and too hard in its cross, and he roundly blamed the archbishops for having led to the erection of the vicariate and the appointment of this distinguished prelate.

But, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lootens went to the appalling field of his labor, a prelate fitted to fill with honor any See in the province of the great New York state itself. And, no doubt, he himself judged that all his talents and attainments would not weigh one grain in the balance against the soul of a single savage in Idaho.

Born in Bruges, Belgium, he came out as a missionary to Vancouver Island; was consecrated bishop in San Francisco, Cal., 1868. He found but two priests in the vast territory of Idaho, the Rev. Fathers Mesplie and Poulin. The Jesuit Fathers had previously for years traversed the wild territory, evangelizing the Indians. On his first visit, Bishop Lootens found but a few mining camps pitched in the wilderness. Without house or church, his first episcopal act was to borrow two or three thousand dollars, to start the vicariate moving. Author of a valuable work of ecclesiastical music, he visited New York for its pub-

lication. Mr. James A. McMaster met the bishop, learned the trials of his charge, the wilderness of the country, the paucity of Catholics, the desperate poverty of the whole situation. The big soul of McMaster was touched to the core, and the columns of the *Freeman* bewailed the sacrifice of his accomplished and refined friend—a sacrifice to be made (it seemed to McMaster) uselessly, foolishly. McMaster loved the Lord's anointed too well not to dislike for him such a hard lot, and not to express his indignation in his own forcible way, in the *Freeman*.

But McMaster here made a mistake in his denunciations. The Bishops of the Province of Oregon well recognized the necessity of this vicariate and the appointment of a bishop with the zeal of an apostle for it. Some such one had to lay the foundation of Catholicity in that wilderness of Idaho. The immense territory of the great Northwest had necessarily to be divided up. No two bishops, as hitherto, could possibly continue to travel over almost a continent of territory without roads or guides. Rt. Rev. Bishop Lootens had the courage of his divine call. He accepted the charge, and went alone into the vast solitude. He planned and organized. He traveled to Europe, where he begged thousands of francs. And it was only in 1876 that he felt himself compelled to resign in favor of the present Bishop, Dr. A. J. Glorieux, who is fast making the wilderness blossom as the rose with the works of Catholicity: schools, missions and chapels, aided by the flow of white immigration. Such success proves the wisdom of erecting Idaho into a vicariate. The insistence to this end, is a monument to the zeal of the illustrious Blanchet, whose heroic character cannot be overestimated. Blanchet and Demers are the fathers of Catholicity in the great Northwest, from the Rocky Mountains to the golden shores of the Pacific. They came in 1838. Father Blanchet was appointed in 1843 vicar apostolic of a territory, that now covers Oregon, Washington, Montana and Idaho, embracing three hundred and eighty-seven thousand square miles, out of which eight New York States could be carved. Most of the country he found mountainous, of a Canadian climate, and covered over with wild tribes of Indians, yet to know the God that created them, and the Redeemer who

purchased them with his blood. The trail of the Indian was the only road in the vast solitude, yet to be entered by white settlers.* The illustrious Blanchet penetrated among the tribes, lived their life, learned their language, became all things to them to gain them to Christ. The numerous records of the baptisms of savages astonish one. The white settlers found in him a father, a wise counsellor and provider. The strength of character of the illustrious Blanchet, his saintliness, his spirit of self-sacrifice, mark him among the greatest men of the 19th century, and the *decus et ornamentum* of the American hierarchy. He spent fifty years of his life in his work. † His brother, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Blanchet, of Vancouver, emulated his virtues and apostolic zeal. These three grand men, Demers and the two Blanchets, cast the mould of a great Church in all this North West. Their labors and trials were innumerable. Only a divine courage could have enabled them to support such. In early days, it took six months to cross the plains. It was a year and a half after his episcopal appointment by Rome, before Archbishop Blanchet received the news. One may learn of his poverty at times, when on one occasion, he sold his episcopal ring to procure the bare necessaries of life. ‡ He was approaching ninety years in age when he fell asleep in eternal rest, on the bosom of that Saviour whose flock he had so enlarged, whose lambs he had so faithfully guarded.

Blanchet's love of souls made him dare all things. Newspapers may have found fault with that kind of a mind and heart in the illustrious Blanchet, but its praise is to be found in the Lives of the Saints. The wisdom of God is foolishness with men.

By thus writing I would make the amende honorable for the *Freeman*, and to which, were McMaster living and fully in-

* It was His Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI., who appointed Father Blanchet, Bishop and Vicar Apostolic. His Holiness was a Benedictine before he ascended the Papal Chair.

† Archbishop Blanchet was an accomplished musician, and of fine voice. He also composed well. In early days, when Pontificating, after intoning the *Gloria*, and *Credo*, he would retire to his throne, where, with his violin and fine voice, he played and sang. He was himself almost the whole choir. He filled the bill, being celebrant, chorister and musician.

‡ Archbishop Gross testifies to this fact.

formed, he would heartily subscribe his name in apology, at this date.

On June 17th, 1885, Leo XIII. wrote to Cardinal Guibert, of Paris, concerning the Catholics of France and of other countries, as follows:

"Observing certain indications," says the Holy Father, "it is not difficult to see that there are among Catholics (perhaps because of the unhappy state of the times, some who imagine that they are allowed to examine and judge, according to their own views, the acts of the authorities. That would be a serious state of disorder, if it could prevail in the Church of God, whereby the express will of its Divine Founder, two distinct orders are established in the plainest way—the teaching Church, and the Church taught, the pastors and the flock, and among the pastors, one of them who is for all the supreme Head and Pastor. To the pastors alone has been given the full power of teaching, judging, directing; on the faithful has been imposed the duty of following these teachings, of submitting with docility to these judgments, of letting themselves be governed, corrected and led to salvation. Accordingly, it is a matter of absolute necessity that the faithful laity should submit themselves with heart and mind to their own pastors, and these with them to the supreme Head and Pastor. On this subordination and obedience depend the order and life of the church. They are the indispensable condition of doing right, and arriving happily in port. If, on the contrary, the laity attribute authority to themselves, if they claim to make themselves judges and doctors; if inferiors prefer to try to make prevail in the government of the universal church, a direction different from that of the supreme authority, they are practically overturning order, bringing confusion into a great number of minds, and departing from the right way.

"And it is not necessary, in order to fail in so sacred a duty, to offer an open opposition, either to the bishops or to the Head of the Church; indirect opposition is enough; and it is the more dangerous, the more it is sought to veil it by the appearance of the contrary. A man fails also in that sacred duty if, while showing himself zealous for the power and prerogatives of the Supreme Pontiff, he does not respect the bishops who are in communion with him, or does not hold their authority in due account, or interprets unfavorably their acts and intention before any decision of the Apostolic See.

"The duty of obedience to their lawful pastors, while incumbent upon all without exception, is most strictly so on journalists, who, if they were not animated with the spirit of docility and submission so necessary to every Catholic, would help to extend and greatly aggravate the evils we deplore. Their obligation in all that

touches religious interests and the action of the Church in society, is here to submit themselves fully with heart and mind, like all the other faithful, to their own bishops and the Roman Pontiff, to follow and reproduce their teachings, to second heartily their motions, to respect their intentions, and to make them respected. Writers who should act otherwise, in order to subserve the views and interests of those whose spirit and tendencies we have blamed in this letter, would be false to their noble mission, and would as rashly flatter themselves thus to serve the interests and the cause of the Church as those who should seek to attenuate and diminish its Catholic truth, or work too timidly in its support."

Now, Mr. McMaster has not been unfrequently charged with a want of respect for the occupants of high places on this account. Nothing could be more unjust. He had the highest reverence for the dignity of ecclesiastical authority. He suffered no greater pain than when he believed this dignity was in danger of being lowered by the acts or utterances of its wearer. It was the influence of this dread that impelled him to give vent to those powerful notes of warning that more than once involved him in unpleasant relations with personages for whose position and character he entertained the highest possible regard.

Many of his friends will still remember that Bishop Baltes, of Alton, Ill., forbade the circulation of the *Freeman's Journal* in his diocese. It cut Mr. McMaster to the soul. He had been so loyal, nay, *ultra* loyal to the Church, so scrupulous in respecting ecclesiastical authority. And when his paper was proscribed in the diocese of Alton, did McMaster forget his duty to episcopal authority? By no means. It may seem out of place, but it is not, to quote part of the famous editorial of March 1, 1870, in which the Chief, stung by the injustice of the hasty, but well-meaning prelate, pours out his heart. It is a history in itself:

"I have lived nearly fifty-nine years," he wrote, "with a terrible account of sins before Our Lord and God: I can look every human being in the face and ask: 'When have I wronged you? If there has ever been a *doubt*—have I not hastened to give the advantage of the doubt, to the opposing party?' That has been my record *before men*, since I was a young boy.

"Thirty-four years ago, from the 8th of June coming, by the free grace of God I became a Catholic. I had, two months before, regard and companionship of many

that were of the most cultivated and charming of the quiet old New Yorkers of that time. The promises of those too honorable to break them, and too well established not to have been able fully to complete them, were offered me if I would give up my purpose of becoming a Catholic and pursue the profession of the law, for which I had made my studies. Partly by an inherited disregard of wealth as a condition of happiness, but mostly by the grace of our Lord, procured, I think, by prayers of some that knew of me, though I knew not them, I became a Catholic in 1845 and *was ostracised, outlived by every one of these old friends once so pleasant to me!* Tell me! Can such a chilling of a young heart, used to sympathy and kindness, happen and not some *crust* of harshness be formed in ordinary intercourse with people? I have had a rough and troubled life and I thank our Lord for it. It has been good for me. *'Bonum est mihi,'* etc. Thirteen years and two months before (April, 1827), the last living of my grandparents, over ninety years old, was buried in the earth of Western Pennsylvania. There lie the remains of all my grandparents and of two of my great grandparents! I have been over thirty years editor of the Catholic journal of the United States most known in these States and in Europe, British America, Asia, Australia, Van Dieman's Land, and in the 'Island of the Seas.' In all this time I have been called in turn *'Native American,' 'Irishman,' 'Pro-German'*—all because I have held with the Royal Prophet that our Lord has composed all these conflicts of nationalities in His Church, and has made men to agree together in His House—which is the Catholic Church.

"A Catholic layman that has for more than thirty years, at some serious expense, edited and published a *Catholic journal*, in which, if one sentence has ever been published opposed to *faith, to morals, or to the lawful discipline* of any diocese in the United States, he will be my best friend, who will make it known to me, that I may correct it."

When the interdict was published, the friends of this paper in the Alton diocese exerted themselves to increase the paper's readers, but Mr. McMaster refused to receive subscriptions, and promptly cut off his list within Bishop Baltes' jurisdiction. He held that Episcopal authority, however wrongly exercised, should still be obeyed. Much less would he enter into any controversy with the Bishop, although invited by him to do so. It would not become a layman to argue with a Bishop. He contented himself with stating his case for the benefit of the public and with demanding the repeal of the unjust measure.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Miss Matilda Cummings.

Sweet blessed beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem;
That gleams in kingly diadem;
Ye know the history of my heart.

—Father Ryan.



THE history of the heart! What a subject, and who shall write it? The happiest women we are told, like the happiest nations, have no history. Perhaps not as far as the material world goes; but every heart has its history,

and many are they who confide its secret to a string of well worn beads. October has come again and the angels of God find their greatest joy in taking the crowns that of yore were woven in blossoms of prayers for them, especially in October, to place them at the feet of the Queen of the Holy Rosary, whom the church delights to honor in this queen month of the year.

The Sovereign Pontiff now gloriously reigning, moved as he is by the spirit of God, seems to lay more and more stress on the ever growing devotion to the Rosary. It would seem also as if in this age of intellectual pride and carping unbelief, this devotion, especially dear to simple souls, had taken new root in the fertile garden of the Church, to teach us that "simplicity is the highest grace and the last attained."

The history of the Rosary and the history of the heart are two volumes bound in one.

Hope never fails, even amid the deadliest sin, while the string of beads is clung to, and even only passed through fingers that are as numb as the tongue is mute. "God is only waiting for a chance to save you," said a priest to one who was urging the claims of justice above the mercy of God. Yes, and how often has the old chapter, sweet reminder of the days of innocence and happiness, afforded that chance to save a soul. For God fairly closes His eyes where there is a question of His Mother. He sees only what she would have Him see. Her servant, who through temptation and trial

and mayhap sin, clung to the Scapular. Her child who, though lost to much that heaven and earth hold dear, still preserved the chaplet that linked her to the fair days of purity and peace. Such are the frail straws to which the providence of God directs its designs, and 'tis an oft proven truth that Mary, the refuge of sinners, always has a share in their manifestations.

October brings to the lovers of Carmel the feast of its great St. Teresa. She commends herself to us mainly through her courage which fairly trampled on human respect and its motives. If ever there were a time when she, the reformer of religious manners and morals, needed to use her influence in behalf of a world whose standard is trailing in the dust, it is now. Want of purity of intention—an over-weening desire to reconcile God and Mammon—a catering to the world and its ways, and a consequent lowering of the standard of the Cross, such are the evils of our day for the chosen servants of God. The poisoned air of the world is a subtle fluid and it runs in most unlikely places. St. Teresa found it in the cloister and she soon solidified the watery element. There is too much of the milk and water form of spirituality among us. Too much of a latter day version of the gospel, which bids a man deny himself. The counsels, as interpreted by some of the moderns, would be more unfamiliar than Greek to the school of ascetics of St. Benedict's time. Even the honey-tongued St. Bernard would be more likely to give wormwood than sweetness to some of the disciples of spirituality in our day. Much need have we of the single eye spoken of in the Imitation, which sees God in all things and all things in Him. St. Teresa will teach it to us, and will also kindle anew the spark of genuine Catholic faith, which will make no truce with a world which is the avowed enemy of God. 'Tis a bad sign to compromise with any such. Loyalty to our own cause—the cause of right, of justice, of eternity. Such is the spirit of St. Teresa, and she showed no quarter to those who sought to reconcile the way of perfection with the flesh pots of Egypt. Perfection! Are we called to it? Yes, each one in his own field—and much reason have many of us to be grateful that our own little row is in a very small garden, needing but the constancy of a little care to make it very

fair in the sight of God. May the twilights of October find us very faithful to the blessed beads, each one of which will be our teacher in the science of the Saints. After all it is the science of the world; and many have taken out a high degree therein because of the sweet, simple devotion that embodies in itself the very mystery of the soul and its hidden life. "God only remaineth," says St. Teresa. I wonder if she had been sorely disappointed when she spoke or wrote those words. Hardly, since she had made Him her all, and given Him of her best. Unlike her, we have learned to say, after giving the world and creatures our all, "God only remaineth."

True wisdom will wax strong in digesting that pithy bark.

A GLIMPSE OF GLORY.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY P. A. E.

"With my white cloak folded about me,
At my hour of prayer I kneel,
'Midst the unseen throbbing angels,
In the place where His glory dwells."
—*Mercader.*



ON Holy Thursday we all took our turns alternately every hour at the repository. Every one was in the full dress of a Carmelite on such occasions, in other words, each friar's sombre brown habit was covered with the conventional white cloak—the mantle of Elias.

Fra Celestine's turn came an hour before midnight. Although some one went to relieve him at twelve o'clock he was oblivious of all around him. He did not awake to his situation until the bell rang for Prime—about five o'clock in the morning. Fra Celestine was not sleeping during his watch that night, although the next day, for his seeming neglect in not resisting sloth, he received a mild penance, which he bore silently.

From that time on a wonderful change was seen in our confrere. His thoughts seemed to be ever resting on celestial things. Whenever we felt any way low-spirited we went to him and he invariably cheered us by saying: "Oh! what would we not suffer if we had but a momentary vision of the happiness in reserve for the servants of Mary." Fra Celestine never mentioned what he had seen that Holy Thursday night. The secret died with him. Had he a glimpse of glory? We shall know in eternity.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
 PUBLISHED BY
 THE CARMELITE FATHERS
 IN HONOR OF
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
 AND IN THE INTEREST OF
 THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons,
 Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Arch-
 bishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, Oct., 1895. No. 10

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE author of "Golden Sands" gives us a beautiful thought, which is worthy of meditation during this month of the angels. He says: "Our angel-guardians are appointed to collect all our kind, considerate, obliging acts, and bear them to heaven where they roll up eternal interest for us."

TWO beautiful Feasts of Our Blessed Lady occur this month, namely, that of Her Maternity and of Her Purity. We are ever reminded of these two great prerogatives of Mary. It is likewise fitting that some special day be set apart on which we can specially meditate on the glorious titles of the great Virgin Mother of God.

OUR great Saint Teresa, although skilled in the science of mystic prayer, did not disdain to practice the humbler prayer of the Holy Rosary. She not only loved to say the beads, but also recommended the practice to others. We may not be able to follow the Saint to the lofty heights of Carmel, but we can all imitate her in honoring Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary.

WHAT confidence does not Mary's Rosary give to her servants. It awakens our confidence in and love of Our Mother to ponder over some of the sayings of Her chosen children. Apropos of this, how beautiful it is to recall during this month those words of Father Burke, the great Dominican preacher, who was heard once to say: "I could sleep without the least fear on the crater of Mount Vesuvius if I had Our Lady's Rosary in my hand."

AMONG the many titles under which Our Blessed Lady is invoked is that of "Our Lady of Gifts," a Feast which is celebrated in some parts of France in October. "Our Lady of Gifts" is a very significant title and can well be applied to Our Blessed Mother during this month when so many devotees of the Rosary can confidently expect so many royal gifts from the Queen of Heaven.

IT is often the case that the man who becomes restless if the Holy Mass lasts longer than a half hour on Sundays is the same individual who patiently devotes some hours to the perusal of the mammoth Sunday paper. He is probably brother to the man who can easily afford fifty-two nickels per annum for his favorite Sunday journal, but can hardly spare as many pennies to purchase a Catholic weekly or monthly publication.

IN one of his conferences Father Faber remarks that "it is very hard thing for a person who does not like reading to talk without sinning." So many Catholics, alas, have a distaste for books or magazines that treat of religious subjects. You can know them by their fruits. They are at a loss for suitable topics of conversation, and therefore discuss their neighbor's faults or the worldly frivolities gleaned from the papers, subjects full of occasions for sin.

THE annual pilgrimages to Lourdes this year have been larger than ever, nor does Our Blessed Mother cease to hear the prayers of her devout clients. Bigots may deny and scientists try to explain the miracles happening at the Holy Grotto, nevertheless the true facts remain. There is some significance in the saying of the French railway officials who declared last month that "the trains returning from Lourdes contained a far less number of persons requiring help than in the case of trains going toward Lourdes."

WE can never escape the vigilance of our ever-faithful guardian angel. We, on our part, have often to be reminded of His presence. During this life we shall never know the amount of gratitude which we owe to our heavenly guide. Honor Him,

therefore, during this month which is dedicated to the Holy Angels, and enter into the spirit of Holy Church, which calls upon us after each daily Mass to invoke the Holy Archangel to defend us and to "cast into hell Satan and the other evil spirits who roam about the world seeking the ruin of souls."

* * *

THE Carmelite Nuns, of Boston, began the foundations of their new Monastery and Chapel on August 20. They have taken recourse to St. Anthony of Padua to obtain the means necessary for the erection of the buildings. They have built a shrine of St. Anthony at their Monastery. Beneath the picture of the Saint are placed two boxes, one for petitions and one for offerings. The offerings will be used as so many St. Anthony's bricks for the new buildings. Special prayers are offered each day for the petitions placed in the box. These petitions can be sent by mail to the Rev. Mother Prioress, 61 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.

* * *

THE English papers are seriously discussing the question, whether foreign missions are worth all the expenditure of blood and treasure involved, or not. They claim that foreign missions are a failure and a mistake. Even if a few heathens should be converted to Christianity, is their conversion worth the trouble? We know that Protestant missions are a failure. As regards Catholic missions, the followers of St. Francis Xavier know that it is their duty to lay down their lives, if necessary, in order to obey Christ's commandment to His apostles: "Go and teach all nations." They will go on doing their duty, with or without protection of Christian nations, as they have done in the past. They know that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians."

BOOKS.

A VERY timely book has been printed by the Angel Guardian Press, Boston, Mass. It is the *Life of St. Anthony of Padua*, by Rev. Father Ubaldus da Reiti, O. S. F. A copy of the true likeness of the saint forms the frontispiece of the neat little volume. The "Life" is written in simple, unaffected

language, and contains succinctly all the marvelous incidents which accompanied the saint in his many wanderings. We all know something about the saint, and we all love him. Those who wish to obtain this inexpensive and beautiful souvenir of the seventh centenary of St. Anthony, can do so by writing to Brother Jude, 85 Vernon street, Boston, Mass.

* * *

THE best book for Catholic family reading, that we know of, is beyond cavil, "Goffine." We know it since our childhood, when, ever Sunday afternoon, we had to read the chapter of that particular Sunday, for the benefit of the assembled family. We rejoice to see that the English translation by Father Gerard M. Pily, O. S. B., published by Fr. Pustet & Co., of New York, has reached its 24th edition. It is called "*Explanations of the Epistles and Gospels for the Sunday Holidays and Festivals throughout the ecclesiastical year, to which are added the lives of many saints, by Rev. Leonard Goffine.*" It forms a magnificent volume of nearly a thousand pages, and is full of artistic illustrations. We hope every reader of our Review will make this book a part of their household treasures. It is a treasure of heavenly things, and when children in after days forget everything else about their homes, the recollection of what they read in this excellent book, will form the most lasting of the influences of home.

* * *

THE *New World*, of Chicago, celebrated its fourth birthday in a most becoming manner. The anniversary issue—September 7th—is a convincing evidence of its youthful vitality. Besides the artistically engraved cover, there are twenty-four pages of interesting reading matter. News of the day, a good London letter, a comprehensive illustrated description of the Catholic university by Bishop Kane, of Washington, D. C., a very sensible answer to his "critics," by Maurice F. Egan; an illustrated history of the origin and success of Columbus Club, of Chicago, and about fifty biographies, accompanied by portraits of prominent Chicago Catholics, go to make up this splendid paper. The artist, who designed the cover, indicates in the happiest way, the noble purposes of the

Catholic Press. The Religion of Light, illuminating our portion of the globe, flanked by authority and patriotism, and all under the auspices of Mary—"Auspicio Mariae."

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION III.

"Well, Mick, since you fought prohibition so vigorously, I tried in vain to guess what possible remedy you would suggest for curing the drink-evil. That it is an evil, you acknowledged repeatedly, and that the government has to lend a hand, to extirpate it—you also conceded, whilst at the same time you laughed to scorn, all the measures hitherto taken for the purpose. Now, let us have your recipe."

"Most willingly, Sam. Do you recollect what I charged against the measures, taken by law?"

"Certainly. You condemned prohibition because it did not prohibit, and you accused the law of infringing on individual liberty; you declared against high license as unjust, and you defended the production of spirituous drink on the score of partial necessity, and the impossibility of preventing domestic production."

"Just so, and I moreover stated, that sensible men ought to look at a question from all sides before attempting to settle it. This, I charge, has never been done, and what would you think of a physician, who prescribed medicine before diagnosing the disease? The prohibitionists blame the saloon for everything, thus grasping the nearest opportunity on hand, without troubling themselves with the pertinent question: What brought the saloon into existence?"

"What produced the saloon in your opinion, Mick?"

"There is to my mind a multiplicity of reasons accountable for the existence of the saloon and of the drunkard. I take both together, as I have said sufficient about the saloon in regard to prohibition. The first and foremost reason is the excessive waste of energy leading to the desire, to sustain or replace it by the handiest thing present, viz: the cup. There is

secondly, the state of health, the third is the abuse of treating, the fourth, the adulteration of drinks, the fifth, the mistake of punishing the offender, as it is done. Minor reasons of more partial application we pass over."

"Let me hear now, how you prove your assertions. The first, as I told you before, does not prove the necessity of drinking."

"Waiving the question of necessity, it explains drinking. Take the case of the thousands employed in iron works or glass houses, who are exposed to an excessive heat, joined to hard work, and consequently find that their customary meals do not recoup their strength sufficiently or fast enough, and hence drink beer or brandy."

"The strength they give is only a momentary and fictitious one."

"I admit this, yet it serves the intention for the time being. Nor could anything be said against the use of beer in these establishments, because beer is both food and drink, and very little intoxicating, if taken in moderate quantities, and, of course, supposing the drink to be genuine. To my mind it is positive cruelty to debar such workmen from beer. To say that they should eat more, or better, or work with less haste, is demanding impossibilities, as machines do not wait for men, and over-eating, instead of doing good would do harm. To multiply the number of meals is equally impossible, because of the unremitting work of the machines."

"But you mention only one kind of work. What does that prove to the whole nation?"

"I consider it superfluous to speak of all kinds, common sense will apply the measure to others. Nor did I intend to prove that every man, without exception, needed a stimulant on the head of work. If a good number need it, it proves my position sufficiently."

"You brought in the state of health, Mick. Do you allude to the prescriptions of physicians, or do you maintain that every man should be his own doctor in the case?"

"The latter, Sam. Why should people see a doctor to get what they know they need, and of which the doctor cannot judge, except by their own declaration. When prohibition in Kansas was red-hot, the people could get drinks only in drug stores, and

only after swearing that they received them for medicinal purposes. What was the consequence? Thousands swore they needed beer or whiskey for chronic dyspepsia, and they mostly could swear to that in truth, and the druggists did a rushing business. Then take cases of snake-bites or sunstroke, when the only remedy is whiskey applied immediately. What would become of these people if they had to run for a prescription before getting the remedy?"

"You seem to look upon beer as an infallible cure for dyspepsia."

"And so it is, when taken at stated times, and in stated quantities."

"What about treating?"

"This is an abuse which cannot be too severely condemned, and I am certain, treating has produced drunkards by the thousand. Hence I am in favor of attaching severe penalties to this vice, and I am very glad to see, that a movement has been inaugurated, to administer the pledge against it. God grant, that the habit may be abolished throughout the country, and rot in the bar-rooms only, but in private homes as well."

"But would not this destroy all hospitality and conviviality?"

"Not by any means. To pledge another one at home means to urge him on to drink, whether he likes it or not, and to insist that he keep pace in drinking with the best drinker amongst them. This is criminal. But I have no objection to set refreshments before a visitor, with the invitation, 'Help yourself,' and then let him do what he likes about it."

"Well, Mick, you next mentioned the adulteration of drink as a cause of drunkenness. Now, I should think on the contrary, that the more adulterated a drink is, the more harmless it becomes, as far as intoxication is concerned."

"You would be right, if the adulteration consisted only in mixing water with the genuine stuff, but this is not the case. The most obnoxious substances are made use of, in order to cheapen the manufacture, and the health and life of thousands are jeopardized through greed. Often beer, wine or whiskey, consist of anything but the materials they ought to consist of; beer is sold, that never saw any malt, wine manufactured without a pound of grapes,

whiskey is but diluted and colored alcohol, made of old shoes, sawdust, etc. In spite of all these adulterations, the stuff may be more intoxicating than the genuine article would be. Now, don't you think, Sam, that men, placing such adulterations upon the market, should be prosecuted and punished as murderers?"

"How would you contrive this, Mick?"

"In a simple way. Let a law define of what a genuine article shall consist, giving a maximum and minimum of material. Let the government appoint two or three experts in every state, to analyze officially any sample that may be sent to them. Give every man or woman the right to send samples that are suspected to one of these experts in or out of the state. And if the adulteration be proved, prosecute the owner of the brewery or distillery for murder, send him to penitentiary without the hope of a pardon, treat the journeymen brewers or distillers as accomplices in the fact, withdraw the license of the establishment, and you would be surprised how rapidly the number of intoxicated persons would decrease, even if the quantity consumed remained the same."

"By such Draconian legislation you would destroy legitimate business."

"On the contrary, I would build it up, by compelling the manufacturers to be honest. And there can be no doubt that there is a necessity for such legislation, more than for the laws passed in regard to oleomargarine, milk and similar things, because the vast majority of our people use drink in some form or the other, and have a right to the protection of their health."

"Well enough, Mick, but any measure of the government taken in this view would be construed by the people as favoring the drinking habit, and the popular mind runs in the opposite direction."

"Sam, did you never hear of golden bridges built for the enemy? When you cannot eradicate an habit altogether, it is wisdom to render it as innocuous as possible, and the measure I spoke of is one of the means towards this end."

"And what about the punishments inflicted? You took exception to them, too. How will you ever control drinking unless you punish the drunkard?"

"I did not take exception to punishment, but to the kind of punishment given now.

Our courts punish drunkenness either by fine or by imprisonment, or both. Now, I contend that these punishments not only do no good, but a good deal of harm, to innocent persons. Take the case of a married laborer, who invests his earnings in drink, and allows his wife and children to suffer want. He may have money enough left after his spree to pay the fine. Who paid it in this case? Not he, but his family, of whom, after what he spent in drink, the remainder of his means is taken, engendering upon them additional privations. Or, he has not the money to pay the fine, and goes to gaol for thirty, sixty, or ninety days. During this time he earns no wages, but he is housed and fed all right, perhaps better than he was at home, whilst his family, deprived of every source of revenue, are suffering acutely."

"You seem to forget, Mick, that the punishments are medicinal, and in consequence of such punishment the offender for the future controls himself, the family is the gainer, so that their temporary sufferings are a blessing in disguise, since they assure to them a sure revenue for the future."

"Unfortunately, however, these punishments share the fate of prohibition, which does not prohibit. Examine the records of the police courts. How many drunkards were reclaimed by fine or prison? Do these records not show the identical names always?"

"Tell us, then, how you would punish drunkards."

"Excessive drinking is a beastly vice. Pride, avarice, falsehood, etc., are human, but impurity and drunkenness are beastly. Hence they ought to be corrected according to their nature. A dog is not cured of stealing from the pantry by chaining him to his kennel for a time, but by a sound whipping, and the same punishment I would inflict upon drunkards."

"Such a punishment is coarse, brutal and degrading."

"This is all cant, Sam. How can you brutalize or degrade a man, who, by indulging in this vice, has made a beast of himself. I am sure, if the strap or ratan would be vigorously applied to that part of a drunkard's body, which nature itself seems to have upholstered for the purpose, the correction would produce immediate

and lasting fruit. Drunkards, as a rule, do not care, what becomes of wife and child, but they would mind such a personal application?"

"But what would you do in case the drunkard belonged to the other sex?"

"Exactly the same thing. If a woman unsexes herself by joining in the vices of man, she forfeits all privileges of sex. The quantity may differ according to age and sex, the quality of the punishment ought to be the same for all."

"Why, Mick, you are a perfect savage. Your proposition sounds monstrous in the ear of an American."

"I am fully aware of this, but not inclined to change my opinion in consequence. Let such a law be framed and impartially executed, and drunkards will disappear as if by magic."

"What do you think of temperance societies and similar undertakings?"

"They are very good and highly commendable if they use the means of persuasion and introduction, and no one would be more happy than I, to see them succeed so fully, that drunkenness would entirely disappear and render restricting laws superfluous. But I must confess, that I do not like the wholesale condemnation of all, who are not total abstainers, and the anathemas hurled against every one, that is not exactly of their mind in the matter. Let those who can control themselves, use what they like; let those who cannot control themselves, be persuaded and pledged to abstain altogether; and let those who cannot be persuaded, be punished for their excesses. This alone is common sense doctrine, in conformity with Catholic teaching, and fraught with lasting and good results.

—♦—♦—♦—

DON'T talk your good deeds to death.

RUN away when you see the devil coming.

HE who wishes to save his soul should lead a regular life; he should mark out how he will employ his time and the hour for his spiritual exercises.—**ST. LEONARD OF PORT MAURICE.**

WE do not bear trials well, because we do not know how to draw spiritual consolation from them; he who would always work faithfully must bear everything cheerfully.

—**BLESSED EGIPIUS OF ASSISI.**

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Mary Angela Spellissy.

Are Marriages Made in Heaven?



BERNARD DE VERE, seated in a Pullman car that was steaming into New York City, roused himself from uneasy slumber just as his fellow passengers began to gather their belongings preparatory

to departure on their various ways.

"Phew! isn't this hot?" exclaimed his son, a bronzed man of thirty. Mexico couldn't hold a candle to it."

"What does the thermometer say?"

"Ninety-eight degrees, but there is no instrument can register the depressing quality of an atmosphere like this."

"I fear that I made a mistake in choosing August for our return. I perceive that the heat record given in the papers for the past few days has been exceptionally high. We shall probably feel the change more keenly, coming from the delicious climate that we have enjoyed for the past five years."

"Don't worry about it, father, we will soon be released from this sweat-box."

"Yes, and if we find the city intolerable we can run off to the shore. You know we have that Holly-Bush property to look after."

"Are there hotels near it?"

"Probably yes. I hear that a syndicate has bought the tract west of your mother's cottage. You remember that I accepted the offer of our agent for it. I think the house was bought by a retired army officer. I felt I could not occupy it after your mother's death. She took such delight in watching it built on the ruins of the old way-side inn in which the summers of her girlhood were spent. In those days it was

the only house in the neighborhood, except the huts of the fishermen. I have heard her tell that she used to wade through flowers high as her head when she went down for her daily dip in the ocean. The old house was built from wreckage, and the captain's cabin from some great ship had been incorporated in the main building. In that room your mother slept and revelled in its ownership. From the quaint little windows near the roof she had before her the boundless expanse of sea and sky. An occasional sail, or a fish-hawk swooping down upon its finny prey, were the only signs of life, but the variety of the ocean and the changing lights upon it afforded her an ever enjoyable prospect. The neighboring coast bore a very bad name at one time; the residents were accused of hanging out lights that decoyed many a ship to her ruin on the treacherous sandbars. There came occasionally from the larder of the hospitable Mrs. Quirk foreign delicacies; sardines, macaroni and olives were comparatively unknown on the tables of Americans, and Mrs. Quirk had no idea of their costliness. On one evening, when a nor'easter had kept the household prisoners for three days, Mrs. Quirk discovered that her stock of candles was exhausted. At bed-time your mother was handed a coil of red cerino by which to light herself to bed. Not until, when in Rome, she received such another, when about to descend into the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, did she realize the strangeness of that coral light in a Jersey hostelry. When she returned home she made a pilgrimage to the old place, and, although many changes had destroyed much of its primitive beauty, she persuaded me to build for ourselves a cottage near the grove which encircled the old tavern. She thought often of you in connection with her scheme and frequently spoke of the delight you would find in the ocean and in the neighboring river. The Carmelite Fathers ministered to the spiritual necessities of the Catholics of the neighborhood, and within the sound of the Angelus bell of St. Teresa's your mother loved to rest."

"New York City," shouted the conductor.

Within half an hour Mr. De Vere and son were pleasantly established in the boarding house so well known to Mrs. Bryce

and Ethna during the previous winter. A bath and well served dinner proved great tranquilizers, and it was in a genial frame of mind that the two men seated themselves in the fine old parlor to exchange a few courteous words with the mistress of the house.

"Everything looks so familiar, Mrs. Guest, that I am tempted to think my Mexican experiences must have been in a dream."

"I am glad you find yourself at home, Mr. De Vere. We are always glad to find that our old patrons remember us. Just now the house is almost empty; the heat has driven out of the city everyone who can get away."

"May I ask the name of this young lady?" inquired Jerome, handing to Mrs. Guest a photograph he had taken from the tiny table.

"O, that is a photograph of Miss Bryce. She boarded here last winter with her mother."

"I had an old friend of that name when I was a young man," said Mr. De Vere. "He became Colonel Bryce."

"Miss Bryce's father was an army officer,"

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bryce is a widow,"

"Is she a Catholic?"

"Yes, and through Miss Ethna's devotion to her church she gave up her lover, a fine young fellow who boarded here last winter. I thought the separation would have killed them, but youth dies hard. I saw Miss Ethna to-day, she is as pretty as a picture; she brought me these lovely pond-lilies from Sea-side Holly."

Mr. De Vere started as he glanced at his son, but Jerome was immovable, he was listening with interest to Mrs. Guest's recital of all that she knew, and much that she guessed of Ethna's heart history.

The men retired to their rooms at an early hour. From the veranda outside their window they enjoyed the delightful breeze rising with the moon that flooded the Sound.

"What do you propose to do in the morning, Father?"

"Mass at seven in the French church, breakfast, and then to Wall street. By four o'clock I hope to take the train for Sea-side Holly. What will you do with yourself?"

"I want to look up a class-mate who is

a doctor at the eye hospital; he is a pleasant chum and a capital companion on an outing. I may be able to induce him to join us at the sea."

Ten o'clock next morning found Jerome patiently awaiting Dr. Oscott in the spacious parlor of Good Samaritan Hospital. As he finished reading his paper he saw, entering the room, a girl of about twenty years. She was tall and slight, her light blue cotton dress fitted her daintily, her sailor hat of fine white straw shaded her face. From a thread of gold about her neck hung the Promotor's Cross, and her ungloved fingers were ringless. One hand held a bunch of exquisite red roses, Jerome De Vere thought he had never beheld so beautiful an apparition. From great blue eyes looked out a grand soul, dignity of character, grace and simplicity of expression. Dr. Oscott entered at the moment and approached the visitor: "I am happy to say, Miss, that your protegee's sight is completely restored, and we are prepared to discharge him."

"That is wonderful news, doctor. Although you told me last week that you hoped for success, I was afraid to give myself up to the enjoyment of the good news."

Your profession must bring you great joy sometimes."

"Yes, occasionally we have some satisfaction."

"And, doubtless, also grave anxiety. I wish I could do something for this institution that helps so many. Silver and gold I have none, but that which I have I give unto thee." As she spoke she extended towards the doctor the exquisite roses, "Perhaps, doctor, you can find a place for these that they may breathe out their lives as you are doing, in serving the unhappy."

So impersonal was the speaker's tone that Dr. Oscott felt no embarrassment; he recognized that in him the speaker regarded his ministrations to his patients as a vocation, and considered not his personality. A word to the porter and the visitor's fragrant offering was speedily provided with a glass bowl, from which they drank copiously of the crystal lake, on which they reposed.

"Your flowers shall gladden the sight of some of our patients who have been per-

mitted to use their eyes to-day for the first time in months."

"Thank you, doctor."

Tommy was brought, and after a good-bye to the doctor, departed with the lovely apparition.

"Can you spare a moment, Dr. Oscott?" inquired Jerome, advancing from the shelter of a great pillar, behind which he had been seated.

"Why De Vere! Where did you fall from? This is a surprise."

"I do not wish to intrude too long upon your precious time."

"We have ten minutes before my clinic. Where are you stopping?"

"I am but passing through to Sea-side Holly, and called to see if you can join me there."

"That's odd. The patient just dismissed is from there."

"Indeed? Who is the guardian angel?"

"I do not know her name, she declined to give it when she brought the boy."

"When can you come to us? My father and I go down this afternoon."

"This is Wednesday. Will Saturday be agreeable to you?"

"Delightfully so."

The first Saturday in September saw Mr. De Vere and son at the Carmelite Chapel of St. Teresa. Seven o'clock Mass was well attended, although late in the season.

The large number of communicants testified to the growth of that wonderful devotion—the League of the Sacred Heart. Among those who knelt at the railing were Ethna Bryce, Mr. De Vere and Jerome. In the Post Communion of the Mass the name of Teresa was audible.

As the father and son walked from church they drank in the beauty of the morning, the meadows were aglow with bloom, golden rod blazed everywhere, "Queen Ann's Lace" waved gracefully on its wand-like stem and the rich pink of the wild sweet pea smiled up at them from the sand on which it lay.

It was Mr. De Vere's voice broke the happy silence.

"Ah! my son there is no nation has their God so near. I seemed to feel your mother's presence very sensibly after Communion. What a privilege we possess in the offering of Holy Mass for our dead. Your mother's patron Saint, that wonderful Carmelite,

appears a fitting patron for the little chapel that owes its existence to your mother's zeal. She held very cheaply the jewels coveted by many women, but the house of God she delighted to adorn. I dreaded coming here, but I find the familiar surroundings have a soothing influence upon me, and the Mass this morning for your mother has taken away the loneliness that has oppressed me since her death. Why should we suffer as those who have no hope?"

"I am glad that you give me this opportunity, father, to tell you that I have often regretted my inability to supply your need of companionship. Living at college, far from home, has kept my life in another world than that enjoyed by you and my mother. Unfamiliar as I was with the scenes and companions cherished by both of you, I could not accord to you that perfect sympathy that existed between mother and you. Do you not think our coming home was a wise conclusion?"

"Yes, my son, that morning in New York brought that conviction to my mind. I found myself 'at home,' and I realized that my tribute is due to the city that contributed all the formative influences to which I owe my Christian manhood. Instead of selling the property here I propose to improve it, and provide for ourselves the home-comforts that we are prepared to enjoy after our hard work. When exhausted by our duties in the city we will find this retreat very restful. Your enjoyment of ocean bathing and the boating on the river, have led me to this decision. I find that many of our old friends are summering in their cottages in the neighborhood. My long exile among strangers has prepared me to endorse the sentiment: 'In youth we make friends; later on we form acquaintances,' and I enjoy the renewal of old associations."

It is a warm evening; the full September moon floods the placid river. From the houses scattered on the banks lights glimmer remotely.

A sail-boat lies becalmed in mid-stream. A row-boat is drawn up on the pebbly beach of the little island, from which float song and laughter.

"Come, come Ethna, we must go home, it is growing late."

"O, we are safe here, Miss Judith."

"I am not so sure of that."

"Do you wish to return, Aunt Hilda."

"No, indeed child I could linger here for hours, but I suppose Miss Judith's conclusion is more prudent. This glorious night reminds me of many such that I have spent in my son's boat, he was never more happy than when he could take me on the water."

"You'll both be coughing in the morning; you cannot expose yourself with safety in Jersey as you did in Italy, Aunt Hilda."

"Very true, Judith, but first, cannot Ethna sing us the Canadian boat song?"

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Hilda, we always sang it on our boating parties when I was at the Convent in Canada."

The soundless silence of the evening brought to the three young men in the sail-boat the words of the well known hymn. Ethna's fresh young voice, fervent in its earnestness, enunciated each word eloquently, the guitar responding to the intensity of the player:

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune as our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn;
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past."

The elder voices joining in the chorus encouraged our friends in the sail-boat. The bass and tenor added not only volume but harmony.

Ethna sang but the first verse. Although accustomed to the sociable tone that prevailed upon the Lotus river where everybody was supposed to know, at least, who everybody was, she drew the line at strangers, and these men were unknown to her. Dr. Oscott hastily consulted Jerome, and then called from his boat:

"Pardon our familiarity, but the beauty of your song is our excuse. We are becalmed here and may have to wait all night for a breeze. Can you lend us some one to carry a message to the landing?"

"I will gladly row your boat in."

"That I cannot consent to, but if you will allow me to place your party in the sail-boat and permit me to row, I shall be much obliged."

"That arrangement can be easily made," said Ethna, and with a few strokes she brought her boat along side the pretty yacht.

"Are you not Dr. Oscott?" she inquired, as he extended his hand to assist in transferring the ladies.

"I am, at your service."

"I thought I remembered your voice."

"And you are the good angel of my patient Tommy."

"Good evening, Robert."

"Why, Miss Judith, you here?"

"Yes, is it not funny to see me laying in rheumatism for you to practice on? Mrs. Acton, this is my friend, Dr. Robert Oscott."

"My friend, Mr. Jerome De Vere, ladies," said the doctor.

"Will you please present me to the other lady, Miss Judith?"

"I supposed you were acquainted."

"We have met, but I do not know her name."

"Dr. Oscott, Miss Bryce."

"Dr. Oscott has restored sight to a little friend of mine, Miss Judith."

"I hear very often of the doctor's skill, and of his tenderness to the poor patients, and I rejoice more at his kindness than even at his ability. The doctor's parents were my friends in the long ago."

"Do you object to changing boats, friends," inquired Ethna, "the men propose to row us home, we seated in their sail-boat."

"You see," explained Jerome, "we lent our row-boat to a man who promised to meet us here, but I find that there is something in this atmosphere fatal to a boatman's memory. I don't mind waiting for the wind, but I have an important engagement with my father."

"I think the arrangement a very pleasant one," said Mrs. Acton. "I sometimes fear that we are too heavy a party for Miss Bryce to row."

Very pleasantly the party proceeded homeward, the oars splashed rhythmically in the powerful hands of the doctor, whose principal recreation was taken with his boat club. A half hour brought them to the landing-stage.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HE that is truly humble is so with every one. Should he make any exception of numbers, his humility is vain.—*SR. NILUS.*

El Señor de Santa Teresa.

Adapted from the *Germana* for the *Carmelite Review*.

BY REV. FR. JAMES, O. C. C.



I.

ONE afternoon in the month of February, 1621, two young men were climbing the ascent of the road leading from what was then a prosperous mining town called Pachuca, to Mexico, not far from the Indian village Xaltepec. The younger of the two was a Caballero, one of noble extraction. His features were beautiful and yet wildly passionate, and his dress was such as became his rank. The other, apparently a servant, wore a clean new suit of white linen, such as Mexican laborers used to wear in those days, and even at this day wear.

"Let us halt here," the Caballero said, who appeared to be much fatigued from the unaccustomed pedestrian tour. "Just as you please," replied the other. "I am entirely at your disposal, since you have aided me in my escape from the dungeon. I shall do nothing but obey you." "Do not speak thus, Picadero. You are not my servant, but my friend." "Ha ha! Your friend! As long as you need me. After that such a fine Caballero will not deign to look at an escaped penitentiary bird any longer. I know that well enough, Señor Rivera."

"Content yourself, Picadero. This very evening you shall have money sufficient to play the Caballero as successfully as I, and then nobody will ever suspect in you the escaped convict. Pastrana will bring with him from Pachuca, at least, one hundred thousand gold Pesos. They will put you on your feet for ever, and you know that gold has no betraying scent."

"But if he has so much money in his possession, he will surely not travel through this ill-famous country unprotected. I fear very much that we have engaged in a dangerous play."

"I have assured you before that he has but his Indian servant Luke with him, nobody else."

"I can scarcely believe it; still I suppose you ought to know."

"I assure you, I do know."

"Well—and do you intend to give me the whole booty? Do you not want some of the enormous amount which shall be yours after we have done away with him?"

"None of it, none at all. I do not need it. I have enough left even after my gay life, that will enable me to act for a while yet, the noble Caballero. If only my rival is once removed, and Catalina de Mendoza is my own, the old miser Mendoza may then know, for all I care, that he has given his daughter to a spendthrift."

"If Pastrana stands in your way, why did you not try to provoke him to a duel, and rid yourself of him as it becomes a chevalier, instead of surprising him by the assassin's pistol?"

"You cannot understand. I see, Picadero. I wish his death ascribed not to my vengeance, but to robbers. For this reason we shall attack him now that he has so much money with him. His friends are to know that he has been robbed."

"Why do you not wish to take at least half of the money?"

"I have already told you—I neither wish nor need it."

"The whole affair will end with a noose around my neck."

"Your fear is entirely unnecessary. Your escape from prison will cause astonishment, of course, but no suspicion of this murder will on that account fall on you. Or do you think that every escaped convict has a foreknowledge of meeting the next day so and so many miles from the prison with a Caballero, who has a hundred thousand Pesos in his purse? Even, supposing the deed is laid at your door? What harm? You will escape with the money, keep yourself concealed until grass grows over Pastrana's grave; then you will return as Caballero so and so to Mexico, or, better still, to Spain, and no person will recognize in you the Tobal Picadero who served fifteen years in the Mexican Presidio."

"And will not you betray me as the murderer?"

"What a question, Tobal! I shall take care. If I did, every person would at once know that I had something to..... Listen! they come! Quick, into the shrubbery there!"

The tramp of two horses was heard, and shortly the expected Caballero came riding along the stony road, and alone! Rivera

almost betrayed himself by a shout of gladness. In spite of his assurance to Tobal, he had nevertheless feared that Pastrana would be accompanied by not less than six servants. For this reason he had taken the convict along. Now, however, the work was considerably simplified. The second horse was tied to the one which Pastrana was riding, and was laden with divers small packages, apparently also with the parcel containing the money they had spoken about. The hated rival was clad in rich, well-fitting garments of the Caballeros and Haciendados of the country, and his appearance, as he gently restrained the fiery animal under him, was such that the eyes of many of Eve's daughters might rest upon him complacently. He rode past the spot quietly, never suspecting or noticing the wayfarers.

But scarcely was his back turned when Rivera whispered: "Now!"

Picadero fired. His victim turned suddenly and fell from his horse without a word.

Rivera rushed up to the two horses to prevent the frightened animals from running away, and tied them to the nearest tree.

"You have done it well, Tobal," said he, with an air of evident satisfaction, "but now you had better mount one of the horses and off with you. The money is yours. You have well earned it by delivering me from Pastrana's hated presence."

The murderer turned to comply with this advice. Unfortunately he had not considered Rivera's perfidy. He had scarcely advanced ten paces with the horse when the Caballero aimed at him and brought him down from the steed; he had shot him through the middle of the head.

"Poor fool," said Rivera, as he stooped over the lifeless form of his victim, to assure himself that his work was complete. Having cast a shy glance at the body of his rival, he mounted one of the steeds that carried the securely packed gold Pesos, rode off quietly and satisfied with his work, along the road leading from Pachuca to Mexico.

II.

The reason of Pastrana's coming alone was that he had noticed several fellows of rather unprepossessing appearances at the little inn of Xaltepec, whilst he rested

there at noon with his servant. In order not to expose himself to the danger of an attack, he had left the inn unnoticed, and had pursued without delay his course towards Zapotlan, leaving his servant behind him to protect him from the rear. Who should have thought then, that he would, in his escape from bandits, fall into the hands of the Caballero Rivera? As soon as Lucas considered his master beyond danger, he mounted his donkey and hurried off in the direction of Zapotlan at full speed.

What was his horror when he discovered, after a short ride, Pastrana's body sweltering in his own blood on the road!

He saw all at a glance; a horse missing, the money taken, Picadero's corpse—and in utter despair he gave way to his grief, and threw himself down over the body of his good master, to whom every faculty of his body and soul had been devoted. As his face came in close contact with the breast where the bullet had entered, he noticed to his great joy, that there was some breath left in him. Glancing at the Scapular his good master wore, he besought his Senora del Carmen to grant his master at least time enough to die fortified by the rites of the Church, whose devout son he had always been.

But suddenly a dread arose in his mind which turned his gladness into bitterness. Pastrana had been robbed of a large sum of money. Was it not likely, then, that everybody would point to him, Lucas, as to the robber and murderer? Pastrana still lived, but Lucas, who possessed a good deal of Indian knowledge about injuries, could not be deceived as to the fatality of the wound. Death must come very soon. The wound was absolutely fatal. After a few hours Pastrana's body would be rigid in death, and he would, perhaps, be unable to open his lips before that to testify to the innocence of his servant. Lucas also examined the body of Picadero, but life had escaped: the bullet had brought instant death, so there was no hope from him as a witness.

Should he escape and conceal himself somewhere from the hand of justice which was in that region, very lax? But how could he think of allowing his good master to die alone here in the wilderness, where

his body would only serve as food for beasts of prey?

How, he asked himself again, could he venture to bring him to Pachuca or Zapotlan, not to think even of Mexico, where everybody would accuse him of the double crime of robbery and murder?

"I cannot save him and myself, too," he soliloquized, "but my dear master shall not be deprived of Christian burial on my account." With this conclusion he laid him as well as he could across the horse from which he had fallen, and which still stood tied to the tree, mounted his own donkey, and drove off with his precious charge across the field in a northern direction.

Before daybreak he arrived at the little mining village, Cardonal, lying northwesterly from Pachuca, where he had been born, and immediately set about to prepare a bed for his master, who was still unconscious, in the little hut where his widowed mother and his sister Chloe made out a poor existence. The faithful servant was now entirely composed again, and he likewise managed to quiet the fears of his mother and sister, who at first expected that he had committed a crime.

"If it be God's will to let my master die," said the Indian in his simple childlike piety, "we must be satisfied and accept the consequences. But if he survives, he will confirm my innocence. God knows what is best for him and for us."

As he said this, he noticed the excitement that took hold of his mother and sister, and taking them by the hand, he led both to the little image of the Madonna del Carmen, before which their first childish prayers had been lisped. They united in beseeching the beloved Senora to ward off the dangers that were impending. "Redeem thy promise, sweet Mother," Chloe exclaimed, "do not let the master die until his lips have been opened to a priest, so that his soul may be prepared and my brother's innocence established." After some time spent in fervent prayer, they arose, and Chloe hesitatingly addressed the brother: "Maybe God would grant to your master the miracle of the 'Santo Cristo.'" Lucas gazed at her in astonishment and asked hurriedly:

"What? Do you really believe in it?"

"People say so, and you know as well as

I do," she replied, "that for the last six years no death has occurred in the Cardonal."

"Mere chance, Chloe, chance, and nothing else! I fear that the rule will fall this time. You had better go to Ixmiquilpan and ask the good Vicar of the Carmelites to come and serve as a witness when my master regains consciousness. Tell him also to bring the holy oils and the Viaticum. I feel confident that Nuestra Senora del Carmen will grant us this favor, because my master wears her own livery. Hurry, Chloe, there is no time to be lost."

Chloe went off to Ixmiquilpan, more in obedience to her brother than because she believed that Pastrana would die. She was convinced that the Santo Cristo would preserve the life of the wounded man.

Who is this Santo Cristo?

In the year 1545, Alonso de Villaseca, a Spanish noble and mine owner, had brought from Spain a life-size image of our crucified Saviour, which he placed in the Church of the mining village Plomo Pobre, in the Cardonal. All the mines of that district, of which Ixmiquilpan was the chief settlement and parish, belonged to this Villaseca. After his death, Guerrero, his son-in-law, became owner of the mines, and later on they passed again into other hands. For this reason the much venerated crucifix was called "El Santo Cristo del Cardonal," or "de Plomo Pobre," "de Villaseca," "de Guerrero," later on also "de Ixmiquilpan." When, in the course of time, the mines failed, most of the miners sought other quarters, so that the village and Church of the Cardonal became almost deserted, and only occasionally did the Father Vicar come from Ixmiquilpan to say Mass there. The Church soon became delapidated, and Villaseca's crucifix likewise so much covered with dust and injured otherwise, that it no longer served to inspire devotion, but rather became a scandal. When, therefore, in 1615, the stern Archbishop Juan Perez de la Serna came from Mexico to the Cardonal on a Confirmation tour, and saw the disfigured image, he left the command that it should be buried with the first person who should die in the vicinity.

But, strange to say, from that time forward no grown person was known to die in the Cardonal. Only a few infants died, whose graves were too small for the "Santo

Cristo." From this fact the conviction took root in the minds of the faithful that God did not wish the removal or destruction of the image, and that the life of every grown person was guaranteed as long as the injunction of the Archbishop was not revoked. Upon this belief the Indian girl's confidence rested, for Chloe believed firmly that Pastrana would not die as long as he remained within the precincts of the Cardinal. Nor was her confidence to be put to shame.

Days passed and weeks passed, but Pastrana did not die, although he continually lingered between life and death. Only once did he regain consciousness long enough to receive the Sacraments, and to declare before witnesses the innocence of his servant, after which he relapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

BY S. X. B.

Translated for the Review



THE following occurred in August, 1892, at La Terresse, France. Three mountaineers who had been overtaken by a terrible storm, were hastening to a place of safety, when their pace was arrested by a fearful dash and crash, which, for the time, seemed to have taken their sight away. Two of them soon recovered, however, but the third one had not only been struck by lightning and severely stunned, if not killed outright, but had also received a wound in the head from a falling tree. One of his companions stayed with him whilst the other went with all speed for aid. But they were three kilometers from the parish, and some time must elapse before assistance could arrive. The poor man remained unconscious, and, save for a slight feeling of warmth, one would have pronounced him dead. For a long time all efforts to restore him seemed of no avail,

but after several hours he opened his eyes. One of those present exclaimed: "Thank God! how terrible it would have been to die so suddenly, and without the priest." The devout client of Mary overheard the words, but was still unable to speak. He opened his vest and pointed to the Scapular, then drew from his pocket a Rosary, intimating that he was indebted to the Mother of God for his signal preservation.—*The Scapular! The Rosary!*

The following incident was related during a retreat given by a Jesuit Father, Rev. Pere Leblanc, at Toulouse. He was one of the actors therein one night, when, according to his usual custom, he went through the dormitories of the college to see that all the students had retired, he saw a boy kneeling beside his bed, "Why are you not in bed?" said the priest, "I left my Scapular with the porter to be mended, Father. He has not given it to me yet, and I really feel afraid to go to rest. I might die in the night without it." "Do not be afraid, to-morrow you can get it, meanwhile go to bed and try to sleep." "O! Father, I cannot. I might die this very night," said the boy, almost ready to cry. The Father, touched at the sentiments of piety evinced by the youthful client of Mary, went himself to the porter, and having got the Scapular, gave it to the boy, who kissed it devoutly before putting it on, then peacefully went to sleep. The next morning all the pupils assembled at the usual hour, except one. The Father, thinking that the delinquent was making up for his loss of sleep the night before, went himself to the bedside of the boy. Receiving no answer to his repeated call, he bent over, and perceived that the dear child of Mary had indeed died during the night. The Blessed Virgin failed not to reward the filial confidence thus manifested by taking care that he should not die without being clothed in her holy livery.

James Colpe, provost of Castlemont, diocese of Segovia, in Spain, whilst walking in the open country, was overtaken by a thunder storm and struck by lightning. His condition was truly pitiable. His clothing—*always excepting the Scapular*—was torn in shreds. He, himself, was burned and disfigured, and it was feared that his

sight was hopelessly gone. In this sad state nothing but a speedy death was to be apprehended, and indeed, according to the subsequent attestations of physicians, it was a miracle that it did not take place. Colpe, feeling himself in danger of dying without the Sacraments, cast himself upon the generosity of *Our Lady of Mount Carmel*. O! how fervently he prayed! And his confidence was rewarded. He suddenly recovered his sight, and lived for fifteen days after the occurrence, dying, as he had predicted, on a Saturday. These details are taken from the process drawn up at the mandate of the Bishop of Segovia, who directed his priests to make them known throughout for the greater honor and glory of Mary.—FR. DANIEL, OF THE B. V. M. *Speculi Carmelitani, Part III, P. 416.*)

At St. Junion, in October, 1653, writes Fr. Lejeune, a surgeon, Leonard Tamin by name, received a sword-thrust in his heart deep enough to have caused his instant death. He wore the Scapular with sentiments of devotion and reverence towards Mary, and his first impulse was most fervently to implore her assistance. Wonderful to relate, he had sufficient time to receive the Sacraments, and to make his will, having lived nine hours after the accident.

For all of the above I have the authentic declaration of the Vicar who administered the Sacraments, attested by several witnesses whose veracity is unquestionable.

"One of our former pupils," writes Monsieur Blot, missionary apostolic and almoner of the Carmelites at Paris, having determined upon self-destruction, put two bullets into his brain for that purpose. Nevertheless he lived long enough to repent of his rash act, recovered his speech sufficiently to make his confession, and received the last anointing before he died. Then, with trembling hands, he opened the garment which covered his breast, and showing the Scapular, said in faltering accents: "In former years I prayed so much to Mary, that her merciful heart had compassion on me to-day." Saying these words, a glorious testimony to the efficacy of the Brown Scapular, he closed his eyes and died.

Fr. Mathias, of St. John, in his book upon the Holy Scapular, published in 1656, relates the two following facts: "It is not long since all Paris knew that a noble lord, brother-in-law of a duke and marshal of France, was wounded unto death in a duel. Lying helplessly upon the earth, without any hope of life, he cast himself unreservedly upon the mercy of God, which he asked through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, whose Scapular he had never laid aside. He begged that he might not be permitted to die without confession. And in effect his prayer was heard. He was raised up and taken to the Carmelite monastery, Fauburg Ste. Germain, not far from the scene of the duel. He had time to make a general confession, and died in sentiments of great piety, holding the precious Scapular in his hands. The examination proved that the point of the sword had entered his heart; this plainly showed that his life had been prolonged through the intercession of Mary, to whom, as a faithful wearer of the Brown Scapular, he had always entertained a devotion.

The next example is no less wonderful. The Sire de Cuge, during an engagement which took place in the year 1636, received a sword-thrust which forced the Scapular he wore deep into his body. At first he was thought to be dead, but perceiving that he still lived, they carried him to a chapel near by, and went for a priest, to whom he was soon able to make his confession. He then made his will, and died three hours afterwards, full of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, who had procured him this favor from God. The medical examiners found his heart all bruised, and the Scapular pressed deeply therein. The Duke of Savoy, Victor Amadeus, formally attested the truth of this before the Archbishop of Turin.—(FR. MATHIAS OF ST. JOHN, *True Devotion to the Holy Scapular, Chap. 32. FR. BROCARD OF ST. THERESA, *Recueil d'Instructions, P. 256.**)

Fr. Crasset, of the Society of Jesus, in his book, "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," p. 320, relates this example:

"And now I will relate an incident, a *miracle* rather, which happened only four years ago. The Marquis de S., whose veracity and honorable character is beyond

question, gave me the details after his return from the campaign. He said he had received orders from His Highness to have all the wounded soldiers taken to the hospital, and amongst them numbers of the dead were strewn around. He observed one whose uniform was almost torn in shreds, severely wounded, scarcely breathing, but with a Scapular clasped tightly in his hand. As the Marquis drew near him, he distinguished some faintly uttered murmurs. The man seemed to be asking for a priest. He had several gaping wounds upon his body, a sabre stroke upon his head. A rifle shot had laid open his forehead, so that the brain was visible from either side. The Marquis, seeing his sad state, said it would be of no avail to take him to the hospital, whereupon the soldier with a great effort begged that he might be taken thither, or *some place* where he could go to confession. He said they might meet a priest *en route*, and that afterwards they could leave him by the road-side if they wished. The mournful cortege set out. They did indeed meet a priest, who received from the dying soldier a confession made with integrity and contrition, and who gave him absolution, after which he died. There were several witnesses to this marvel, each of whom gave, although separately, the very same account. If, as cannot be doubted, there is anything supernatural in the above, it must be attributed to the devotion which the dying man entertained for the Blessed Virgin, as evinced by the Scapular and Rosary so tightly clasped in his hands.

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

CANCELLED postage stamps have been received from D. McS., Canton, Mass.; Miss L. M. C., River Vale, N. J.; Miss M. P., Lansingburgh, N. Y.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; M. S., Madison, Ind.; Very Rev. F. H., Topeka, Kas.; Ven. Sr. B., Longue Pointe, P. Q.; Ven. Sr. —, Harbor Grace, Nfld.; A. O'C., Toronto, Ont.; J. A. S., Montreal, P. Q.; L. D., Port Dalhousie, Ont.; M. S., Pinnebog, Mich.; Mrs. D., Beverly, N. Y.; Watertown, N. Y.; Miss S. M. F., Clarksburg, Ont.; Mrs. M. O'N., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; C. O'C., Canton, Mass.; we also gratefully acknowledge Scapulars received from Ven. Srs. of M., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

SCAPULAR names have been received at our monastery, Falls View, Ont., for registration, from St. Martin's Church, Whitefield, Ind.; Church of Holy Angels, St. Thomas, Ont.; Harbor Boucher, N. S.; St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal.; Goderich, Ont.; Calais, Me.; Acadia Mines, N. S.; Dresden, Kas.; Alexandria, Ont.; St. Margaret Church, Grand Mira, N. S.; Scudone, N. B.; West Seneca, N. Y.; Villa Maria, Pa.; Church of Seven Dolours, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Louis College, Honolulu, H. I.

At St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J., from St. Joseph's Academy, Morristown, N. J.; St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, N. J.; Church of "Our Lady, Star of the Sea," Long Branch, N. J.

At St. John the Baptist's monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from St. Aloysius Church, Chicago, Ill.; Arcadia, Wis.; Worthington, Ia.; Dane, Wis.; Holy Trinity Church, Trinidad, Colo.; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Jacksonville, Fla.; La Crosse, Wis.; Cincinnati, O.; Normandy, St. Louis Co., Minn.

DON'T WORRY.

Pay no attention to slanderers and gossip-mongers. Keep straight on your course, and let their backbiting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at nights brooding over the remark of some false friend that runs through your brain like lightning? What is the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddling busybody who has more time than character? These things cannot possibly injure you, unless indeed, you take notice of them, and, in combating them, give them standing and character. If what is said about you is true set yourself right; if it is false let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you would you go to the hive to destroy it? It is wisdom to say little concerning the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all the backbiting and gossiping we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."