



Holy Mother and Child.

# Carmelite Review



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## *Notice to Exchanges.*

Beginning with the October number the Carmelite Review will be published from our office in Chicago. All exchanges should be forwarded to Carmelite Review, 6413 Washington Ave., Chicago, Ills.

## *To Our Friends.*

We are sure that our subscribers and friends will be pleased to learn that we have decided to considerably enlarge both the scope and the size of the Carmelite Review. Eleven years ago the Review was founded by the Carmelite Fathers to fill a want that had long been felt in Catholic literature. Before that time there had indeed been many Catholic magazines of high standing and of great influence, but there had been no Catholic magazine that aimed especially at influencing and moulding the actual daily lives of the people by showing them the practical influence of religion on life, and in fact the inseparable union that exists between real religion and life. In order that this might be brought out more clearly, and at the same time in order that the traditional Carmelite spirit might be manifested devotion to the Mother of God, the great human model and ideal, was insisted on, her lovable qualities were disclosed, her interest in the welfare of mankind was indicated; a truly practical devotion to her was maintained, and the consequence was that as a human ideal, an ideal that actually lived and suffered was offered, so religion became less difficult to practice, it became identified with real life, and it became easy of attainment.

It need hardly be said that the Review has achieved its purpose. During the past eleven years the number of subscribers has steadily and permanently increased. Our friends are found to-day in nearly every State of the Union, and throughout the greater part of Canada; they are to be found in every walk of life, and all of them by the pecuniary help they have given us, and by the kind interest they have at all times taken in our work, have shown plainly that they appreciate our labors, and that they realize the benefits that have come from their labors.

It is, then, in accordance with the success that we have obtained, and with the assurance of still greater success that the Carmelite Fathers have decided to enter into a wider and more prominent field with the Review. Three years ago a Carmelite College was founded in Chicago, Ills., and as the prospects there and throughout the west are most encouraging, it was decided at the last chapter held at Niagara Falls that the greatest possible good could be accomplished by moving the Review to Chicago. The October number therefore will be issued to all our subscribers from the new Chicago office.

With the change of location will come many improvements. The Review will

be doubled in size. It will be made a people's magazine. Prominent churchmen, labor leaders, and literary men will contribute. It will be the only religious magazine that will aim to express the wishes of the working people. This will be in line with our new Pope and our Carmelite Cardinal Gotti. They belong to the working people. The new Carmelite Review will be the working people's magazine.

The Review will be published from the Carmelite College, 6413 Washington Avenue, Chicago, Ills., and will be edited by the Rev. Eneas B. Goodwin, a professor in the College.

## *The Lost Inheritance.*

DOLOROSA KLINE.

### Chapter XXX.

Back to the old life in the attic room, on Bartley Square, back to the prosaic music teaching, had Rosamond Raymond been brought, and that with a patience and sweetness that surprised even her mother. Great had been the astonishment on the Square, when the young girl had re-taken up her residence with her mother and her music again, but with the exception of Mrs. Curran, no one knew why the landlady, after Father Madden, was the only person to whom Rosamond and her mother had confided their latest trouble, they knowing that they would have the little woman's sympathy, with no danger of her tattling abroad.

Mrs. Raymond had a little money saved, enough to keep them floating for the time being, and Rosamond had sufficient in case she would not find pupils immediately, to pay the next few weeks' rent. But full of faith, she set to work to pray to the Queen of Heaven, and her pleading was heard, for very shortly after her dismissal from Staunton house, Mrs. Curran gave her little Charlie, who was proving to be a most apt pupil, and Father Madden secured her two of his nieces. The kind priest was deeply sorry at the sudden change in his young parishioner's fortune, and he prayed for the proud woman who was responsible for it, that no ill feelings had prompted her to send the young girl away from beneath her roof.

So the days passed, and Rosamond, because she had faith and prayed, added to her pupils, and she was to a degree happy. She missed the grandeur to which she had been growing accustomed at Staunton House, its gayety, and easy every day existence. Still she was thankful that she had left it all. But Mrs. Raymond was watching her daughter, and the mother saw how at times, especially towards evening, when the little lamp was lighted and they talked over future plans, a dreamy sadness would steal into the fair delicate face, and the wide starry blue eyes would wander around the room as if in search of something that was appealing constantly to the sensitive imagination within.

"Darling, what is it?" she asked one night in early May, as her daughter sat thus, "tell mother what is weighing on her little girl."

"Nothing, mother. How could there be when I have you. But I was just thinking." And a dark handsome face, whose musical voice had ever sounded in her ears, was photographed in her mind's vision, but the commandment—"Thou shalt not covet"—and she compelled herself to forget.

"Of what, dearie?"

"Many things, mother. Mother, did God intend that this world should be divided unevenly when he made it?"

"That is not for us to ask, my child. God is ruler of destiny and the universe, and He has given to each of us as much

as He has seen it would be good for us to have. Questions like this I remembered you to have asked before, and did I not know of the strong faith you have, I would be alarmed. But you must try to rid yourself of them, and be still more patient. I know you have had trials, and this last one very heavily, and you are cast down. But accept it all, as our Divine Lord does our sins and transgressions, and you will be lifted up above the small compass of this life to the greater, holier attainment of the life hereafter."

How gently and coldly sweet, yet so full of trust in her Creator did the voice fall on the listening girl, and placing her hands on the silver-streaked hair, she cried: "Mother, you are a saint of heaven, and I am not deserving to be your child, but pray for me mother. I am going to confess now in honor of our Blessed Mother."

Once alone, the mother settled back into her chair, with the old resignation in her every feature.

"God keep my child forever," she murmured, "and save her from a wrongful love. I thank Thee, Oh Lord, that Thou has seen so wisely as to lay out that she should leave Staunton House."

Rosamond had reached the end of the Square, her thoughts bent on the sacred place she was approaching, when from the eaves of the corner house, there advanced towards her the figure of a man, and the gathering twilight showed her the pale dissipated face of Cyrus Dorane. A short cry escaped her, and she made hasty steps to the opposite side, but he made no attempt to follow her. But with one look of despair and blighted hopes, he held his hand, on whose little finger she caught the gleam of a diamond ring, out to her, as if in farewell and without a word, turned on his heel and disappeared into the gloom. That was the last time Rosamond Raymond was obliged to rest her pure eyes on Cyrus Dorane. And beside the street post, she went so quickly past without observing it, stood another figure, whose great height was enhanced by the gleams of the fitful gas light above it, and the handsome face was that of Bruce Everett. What had brought him here, he alone knew. Perhaps he found the reason

in the form just gone by. He had seen Cyrus Dorane, and the young man's tragic face and movement as Rosamond had come in sight, and a sinister smile, distorted the lawyer's own clear cut features.

"Ah, my fine Cyrus," he muttered, "The end has come, has it? And there is more of it to come. Enjoy your freedom while you may, but take care and leave Rosamond Raymond alone." Then he watched the girlish form, to see that no harm came to her, and that Cyrus Dorane did not follow her. Then he whipped out his cigar case, and jumping on to the platform of a passing car, was borne back to his Broadway office, to where he had been preceded by Heathcote and old Mr. Lorimer, president of the National bank.

"There should be extra pay, gentlemen," he said with a smile, "for extra work, but I think I have caged your bird all right, Mr. Lorimer, and if I may speak with truth, there will be no fear hereafter of the National losing any of its gold."

"You are pretty certain that you have made no mistake, Mr. Everett?" said Mr. Lorimer, his fine eyes resting in admiration on the keen ones of the other. "I should be mortified if we sent the summons to the wrong person."

"Be at ease, sir," was the cool response. "I have made no mistake. Cyrus Dorane is our man. He is the one who can tell us where twenty thousand dollars of the National's funds have gone to since the New Year began. I am glad his parents are not here to know of his disgrace, though he is too feather-brained to view it in this light. Anything in particular you want to know from me before to-morrow that has brought you here to-night?"

"No, just to be assured that you were on the right track. Having seen some of the notes in his hand at the Waldorf will be one of your strongest evidences against him," The lawyer smiled and produced a copy of the writ for the arrest of Cyrus Dorane, for the embezzlement of moneys under his care in the National Bank."

Mr. Lorimer shook the lawyer's hand in congratulation, and got into his carriage with the remark, "leave what you

will in Bruce Everett's hands, and he cannot fail you." A remark that was true in every sense of the word.

Next day, just as he was preparing to lunch and gamble at the club, the summons that disgraced forever his name, was put into Cyrus Dorane's hands.

"We know it is all a mistake, Mr. Dorane," said the officer who brought it, apologetically, "but you can soon right it."

"To whom am I indebted to this?" Dorane asked, while his face became alive with rage and conscious guilt.

"Mr. Everett, acting attorney for the board of directors of the National, sir."

Home to the Waldorf went Mr. Dorane, and once there he became like a trapped tiger. Up and down he walked in frightful passion, for guilty though he was, he would not to himself acknowledge it.

"I will fight it out," he hissed, "and you, Bruce Everett, you sneaking cad, will suffer. Only for your tongue, if I did help myself to a little change from the National's funds, it would never have been discovered on me. I owe you many revenges, but the one I propose now for this doing of yours, will cover them all. Ha! Ha! You are black, but Cyrus Dorane is blacker. If you have friends, I have friends too." And despatching a message to the home of Hilton Carton, he begged that young man's presence at his apartments. The result was that Hilton promised to furnish the bail, for his friend's trial that was booked to begin within three days.

#### Chapter XXXI.

"Something beautiful is vanished  
And will never come again.

Stoddard.

With the coming of May there had entered into Staunton House a new activity, and preparations were begun in the household towards the great coming event, this was now the discussed subject in every drawing room or boudoir in the city, the marriage of its lovely heiress to the brilliant lawyer Bruce Everett. Grand improvements were being made in the interior of the house, and a new wing was being fitted up for the young pair's exclusive use and occu-

pation when they would have returned from their extended bridal tour, a tour that was never to be realized on this earth. Even presents had begun to arrive from distant friends, and trunks of costly attire, besides the gorgeous wedding trousseau from Paris.

But to the bride elect they brought not the effusive joy her mother had expected such beauties at such a time would, and she received them all gratefully and delightedly, but not happily. She was having all she wanted, but not the man, and that was the undivided love of the man who had held her own devoted affection for years. That he loved her and was anxious, aye, eager for the day on which he could claim her, she did not doubt, but he did not love her as she craved he would and with the ardor she had once seen in the eager glance that had followed a slender form as it had passed the library door. When its golden-haired owner had been removed from her path, she had hoped to regain the estranged heart of her king. But, oh, fitful illusion! It was all a wretched mistake, and she knew that where Raymond Rosamond was, there was the heart of Bruce Everett, and it was honor, with a mere semblance of love, that was keeping him to his vows. Still, she would marry him, and would pray that the love would come after: Within the last few weeks his manner had grown gentler, more tender towards her, and her smallest wish seemed to be a command with him. Then there was a new and wonderful lamp burning on the altar of her life, the lamp of Faith. For, oh, reader! the mustard seed, that Rosamond Raymond had planted by her word, and example during the days she had abode in the home of Beatrice Staunton, had grown up and had borne good fruit. To-day, with the consent of her parents, and promised husband, the heiress to wealth and worldly honors, had been baptized and received into the Catholic Church. Now, as she thought how divinely favored she had been, and thanked her God for it, and prayed that later the same grace would be given to her parents and lover, she heard her mother's voice, and she was brought back to the world and worldly things again.

"Can you imagine anything more hor-

rible, Beatrice," said her mother, coming into her daughter's room. "Cyrus Dorane has been accused of embezzlement, and Hilton Carton has gone bail for him. Poor boy! It is through Rosamond Raymond that he has gone from bad to worse, and prison is to be his roof. His mother and sisters! It is a mercy that they are so far away. Poor Cyrus!" And the lady, putting her Honiton lace handkerchief to her eyes, shed a few silent tears, for, as worldly as she was, she had a depth of feeling that no one suspected, and she was sorry for such an unfortunate end for one whom she had liked.

"Mamma, you shock me! Since when have you known this?"

"Mr. Lorimer has been just in with your papa, and has told him. The arrest was made last night, through your lover, too. There is no cry against Bruce, however, for he has but done his duty, and Mr. Lorimer says he is afraid that there is no mistake, and that Cyrus has been doing what is dishonest at the National. I was as much surprised as when last week you told us that you were to be received into the Catholic Church today. There is Bruce now. After he has laid his roses in your palms, I am coming down to hear the real facts of this most deplorable happening."

The heiress set her embroidery aside and went quickly down to the library, and her lover came to meet her.

"Is it true, Bruce?" she asked as he led her to the couch, "that Cyrus Dorane has been unfortunate?"

"It is, dear heart," he replied. "Are you sorry?"

She looked into the stern face and saw a grim smile of triumph cross its noble outlines.

"Yes," she said quietly, "I am for Cyrus himself, and for his name. It was only yesterday mamma received two bright letters from his mother in Italy, telling of Frank's and Hilda's marriage, at one time, to the Counts De Remi and Oressi. And now this has come, but I do hope Mrs. Dorane will not hear of it for many a long day. It would kill her."

"So Miss Staunton labors under the impression that Cyrus Dorane is the victim of Bruce Everett's revenge, and that

he is wrongly accused." And a cold gleam like that of steel shot into the eagle eyes. She twined her fingers through his, and he felt them to tremble.

"Not that, indeed, Bruce, I know you would not be unjust to any man, even an enemy, but 'auld acquaintances' makes me regret Cyrus Dorane's fall."

There was considerable pain in her voice, and he knew his quick words had hurt her, so he hastened to repair them.

"Pardon my icyness, Beatrice. I had forgotten your friendship, for this underserving Dorane may soon be out of my way forever."

The door opened and Mrs. Staunton came in on her husband's arm. Everett recounted to them the finding of Cyrus Dorane's guilt, his apprehension, and the probable outcome of the trial, at which the judge's wife appeared sad, but shook Everett's hand to show that she blamed him in no way for the stand he was obliged to take against her young friend.

When the two had gone out again, Everett stood up. "My visit has to be short today," he said, "and I will have to go now. I am wanted at the court at five o'clock, but you can expect me at Staunton House early to-morrow evening, when it will be given wholly to you." In after years he knew not what had impelled him, but he stooped and laid a warm caress on the regal head, and he little thought it would be for the last time.

One of the grooms brought his horse to him, and mounting it, he rode away, his betrothed watching him from the window.

At the court house he stopped, and when his fine form and face appeared in the room where the trial of Cyrus Dorane was beginning, all eyes of those present were turned on him with that admiration his noble manhood ever brought him, but there was one pair that fell on him with deadly hate, those of the accused.

The preliminary examination of Cyrus Dorane began. When it was over, it had proved disastrous to the embezzler, and the case was adjourned to come up the next day.

All his friends, save Hilton Carton, had deserted the guilty man now, when he needed them most, and no longer being

able to remain at the Waldorf, he had taken up apartments, while his trial was going on, at a private house.

Thither he went now, the first hour after his release from the court room, gnashing his teeth and in a perfect rage. Some letters that bore an Italian stamp were awaiting him, but without looking at them he tore them up. "Why does mother not keep her letters? How can they help me now?"

For a short while he paced up and down the plain but comfortable room that now served him instead of his former apartments, and a fiendish expression broke over his small-featured face.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" he cried exultingly, "to-morrow. Ha! Ha! Bruce Everett! you have humiliated Cyrus Dorane, and made him the butt of our refined friends, but before prison bolts are drawn on him, you will suffer. Ha! Ha! to-morrow!" and he sought his rest with the magic word "to-morrow" on his lips. To-morrow came, bringing with it one of the most awful acts that ever lay in man's hands to commit.

It is evening, and our readers will allow us to carry them back to the garden at Staunton House, and to the lake in its rear. The air was warm with the breath of approaching summer, and vibrating with the evening songs of nesting birds, when Beatrice threw a scarf about her shoulders, and wandered out to sit and dwell on many things by the waters of this lake, whose depths she had often tried to fathom, and had ever failed. "I am taking a walk, mamma," she had said, looking into her mother's boudoir, where that lady and pretty Mrs. Aiden were sitting by the open window. "And when Bruce comes you can send him to the upper end of the lake to me."

"Yes," her mother replied, "have you a wrap, as there is a slight chill in the air, and near the lake it will be cool?"

"Yes, mother." She drew the pink scarf closer around her, and with a fond smile and a backward look that her mother and friend remembered for many a day after, she tripped down the marble stairs. Why did not some compassionate angel guide her footsteps elsewhere, or softly have warned the mother to withhold her child from going to meet

her death, whose cruel sting was so soon to fall on her?

The lake, to which we have made but little illusion, was long and very deep, and enclosed on either side by small ornamental trees and shrubs, but it was open at either end, and its green embankment resembled a velvet carpet in its well-kept smoothness. Just now its waters were blue and placid, as if in unison with the general calm that lay in the rest of nature around it. As Beatrice seated herself on a stone bench, she saw her own image below her, and the smile that parted her lips was thrown back to her.

"Beatrice Staunton" she said dreamily, "you are a changed girl, or else the world is changed. Or is it the Faith whose beauties you were so long denied, is working in you, and you are seeing that the vanities of earth are fleeting? What was it that Father Macdonald said to me this morning? 'There is nothing true but Heaven,' and there is not." Then she became pensive and thoughtful of the man, who ere long was to claim her his own forever, but shaking her head and covering her face with her hands, only the night birds and the soft breeze that had sprung up and was stirring the trees heard the cry: "Bruce, Bruce, it can never be. We are not intended for each, other. To-night we part forever, and I will pray that you may be happy." She was thinking of his last evening's visit to her, how short it had been, and how sharply he had spoken to her, when she had mentioned the unfortunate Cyrus Dorane, in a pitying manner. But this, though it had pained her, had not made her angry, nor was it the cause of her present decision. It was because she knew, as she had never known before, that her womanliness would be gone from her if she entered into the holy contract of marriage with one whom she knew had not the proper dispositions towards her, for long ago his heart had gone out to another. Would she not be acting against the teachings of her new found Faith did she enter on such a contract? Strong and noble heart, had it been the very eve of that marriage day she would have taken the decision she now adopted.

Busy thus, with these thoughts, she

heard not the even, cat-like tread of an advancing enemy upon her retreat. She saw not a man's pale distorted face, shades of night, nor knew not of the bent to one side in the swiftly gathering gleaming pistol in the murderous hand. Nearer and nearer crept Cyrus Dorane, but when he saw the position of his victim, over the placid waters, he dropped the pistol with a click. A nearer move, and the act was done. The future bride of the man who was his enemy, with one quick push, was plunged into a watery bed, spared at least from having her blood shed. And the murderer, his face ghastly white with the brand of Cain stamped on it and his sin-stained soul, grasping the weapon that had been useless in his hand, fled over the fields and woods, not knowing whither he went.

Ten minutes later there rushed into throbbing Broadway (now settled into the quiet of the night, except for a few shops and offices that still remained opened for the finishing up of the day's business), Sampson, the reliable and worthy footman from Staunton House. His ebony face, for once devoid of its habitual smile, was working convulsively, and he tore past Frank Heathcote, standing outside the door of the firm's office, like a mad man, and into the inner room, where Bruce Everett was putting on hat and gloves to come away.

"What's the matter, Sampson?" he enquired. "Has——"

The negro put out his black hand to stop any superfluous questions.

"For de Lawd's sake, dun say nufin', Mistah Bruce, but come out to Staunton House.

Terrible thing am happened. Young mistress am drowned in de lake. Oh! Fadah Jacob, help us. Nobody knows how it dun comed; de mistress am not knowin' it yet, but de mastah am nigh out ob his wits."

"Great God!" burst from Everett's paling lips, and Heathcote came hurrying in to know what was the matter, but his partner could not speak, and the negro tried to tell the best way he could of the awful cloud that had fallen over Staunton House.

Quickly the lawyer's horse was brought him, and followed by Heathcote and

Sampson in a closed carriage, he galloped out to the house of affliction, and people often said afterwards that never had there been a wilder ride. He urged his trusty steed on with lash and spur, until it would seem that he had no control of the rein, and at the gate he sprang off, his strong limbs for once in his life trembling beneath him.

## XXXII.

Inside all was confusion. Servants hurried about, and kind friends from the neighboring mansions had come in, for the news of the awful accident to the heiress had spread quickly.

It appears that the gardener, Johnson, just at dark had gone to the upper end of the lake for some tools he had left there during the day, and there found his beautiful young mistress just disappearing for the last time beneath the waters. He had raised an alarm, but not until he had first drawn the dead body, as he thought, out. The Judge had been the first to follow two of the servants from the house, and never did they forget the heart-broken cries that came from the lips of that aged parent, as he discovered his child, white and still, and apparently lifeless.

Into the house they bore her, in silence, in order that the mother sitting upstairs with her friend, might be saved awhile from the sad truth.

Doctors Greely and Brantford had been hastily summoned, and they were now taxed to their utmost in the application of restoratives, because by the fluttering of the heart the eminent physicians knew that a spark of life still remained, and they were trying to keep it alive for the mother's sake, who was yet in ignorance of her daughter's fate, and the lover, who was to come.

The door opened, and the figure of her whom they were trying to spare came in, and she had not reached the couch, where her child had been lain, and beside which Dr. Greely's wife was kneeling, holding on her arm the dark head, when a scream that was scarcely human in its intensity broke on the ears of all present and she fell heavily to the floor. It was merciful that unconsciousness had for a time overtaken her. Mrs. Aiden, too, had, feeling that something wrong had



occurred, come down, but one look into the drawing room and at the still figure on the couch, told her all. With a pale face, she returned with the unknowing mother to her apartments, there to render some assistance towards restoring her strength.

Simultaneously with the bearing away of the crushed and broken mother, there came the tall figure of the lover, and each head, even those of the two physicians, bowed themselves that they might not see further the whiteness of the stern, proud visage.

He looked first at the old man, kneeling at the head of the couch, holding his daughter's hand and weeping bitterly, then, with a bound, he was beside him, Mrs. Greely making room for him. He pillowed the head he had so often caressed on his bosom, and his cry seemed to penetrate through the very roof of the room:

"Beatrice, Beatrice!" he said, oblivious of everyone standing there, even to the grief-stricken father, "speak but one word to me. Tell me you are not dead, My beloved, my beloved!"

Dr. Brantford then gently interposed.

"My poor Everett," he said, "there is still breath in the body. Here, let me administer this," and while the lover raised up the dark head, whose tresses were still wet and clinging, the physician forced a stimulant between the purple lips, and slowly but surely the fluttering of the heart increased, the pulse quickened, and then the large black eyes opened, but they were dim and their vision seemed obscured.

"Closer, closer, Judge; I think she is going to speak," and the father, who seemed incapable of speech himself, held the hand of his dying child as if he would never let it go again.

"And it will be for the last time," added Dr. Greely, "for we cannot keep it from you, Judge, and you Mr. Everett, but Miss Staunton is dying."

The purple lips moved; then as if the effort cost her pain, there came from them the last words that Beatrice Staunton uttered on earth, and which fell like a knell on the hearts of father and lover:

"Papa—dear mamma—Bruce, are you near me—I am going—Home—Jesus,

Mary, and"—the sentence was never finished, for the eyes closed, the hand clutched tighter her lover's, the head relaxed, and those about her knew that she had indeed gone Home.

No one had thought of sending for a priest (for all knew that she had become a Catholic only the day before), but immediately there appeared on the threshold, Father Macdonald from St. Mary's. He had only heard of the accident, and had come right over, but one look at the white upturned face of his late convert told the priest that she was beyond reception of the sacraments, but, kneeling, he entoned the Libera, and all present bowed their heads.

Then for an instant Judge Staunton clasped his dead child to his heart, and with her lover, whose head was bowed on his breast in agony of grief, left the room.

Save for a glimmering light in the place of the dead, and one in the upstairs apartments, all was dark. Through out the entire house silence pervaded, except that it was broken occasionally by the sobs of some of the faithful servants, weeping over the untimely end of their fair young mistress.

And upstairs with Mrs. Aiden and Anna, sat the Judge's wife, a perfect picture of mother's grief and woe. Her friend and maid had succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness and to the realization of her awful bereavement. She sat now with white, stony face, locking and unlocking her hands, saying over and over her daughter's name, but expressing no wish to be taken to her.

"She is not dead," she moaned; "she is not dead. Where is my husband, bring my husband to me."

The maid went in search of the Judge, and when he came, bent and more aged, Mrs. Aiden stole gently out and down to the room with the dead, and the two were alone.

"Oswald, my husband," she cried, taking his hand in her burning clasp, "what has fallen upon us. It is false, our darling is not dead. Speak, Oswald."

"It is true, Madeline," he replied in a hoarse whisper, "our darling has been torn, cruelly torn from us. She will speak or smile on us no more. Is there

a God who has punished us so, or what have we done to deserve it?"

A long shuddering sob shook her whole frame, and she craved to be taken to her child, but he laid a detaining hand on her arm, and it was only when the lovely heiress had been prepared for burial, and laid amid white silk and laces in her casket of oak, that he took her down, his own frame tottering, that she might gaze for the first time on their Beatrice's dead face. And when, soon after morning's gray dawn appeared in the east, and the night's watch was over, the man who was ere long to have been her son, led her away, not ashamed of the tears that glistened in his own eyes, at sight of that white drawn face, and the anguish in the dark eyes so like in beauty and expression as the closed ones of his dead betrothed.

And how beautiful in her white robes was the once brilliant heiress, and how calm the lovely face in its deathly peace. A smile lingered about the lips that told how tranquil had been the passing of the soul; and through her fingers were twined a pearl rosary, the emblem of the Catholic's trust in the Queen of Heaven, while at her feet was the Crucifix and lighted candles. A strange sight, surely, in the mansion of a Staunton,—a race that had been ever known for its staunch Protestantism, but the stricken father would have nothing different. His beloved child had died in the Church he once despised, and had she lived long enough to have expressed it yesterday, she would have desired to be buried by its rites, therefore he would give the dead what the living would have wished. He knew nothing of Catholicism, but Father Macdonald, who seemed to become, all at once, a trusted friend, arranged for the candles and Crucifix. Mrs. Lorimer, who had helped to prepare the body for its last long sleep, and who was a devout Catholic, had placed the beads in the waxen hands. And sorrowing friends came, and rich and poor, for who had not at some time or other received of the kindness of the lovely heiress, now no more.

And what has become of her slayer?

Was he hiding his guilt in some secret place, fearful of meeting his fellowmen, lest they see his last and greatest crime

marked on his brow? Or had he fled from the country?

Cyrus Dorane had done neither! All the night, after the performance of his crime, he had wandered through woods and fields, but when morning came he had the strength to put on a bold face and enter the city. But the noon hour, which was to have decided his guilt for his former crime of embezzlement, found him not there, and those who knew him best, amongst them the man who had accused him and the judge who was to sentence him, were well apprised, that he had gone away rather than face the fate he justly merited. And though the city was searched for the delinquent he was not to be found, and his friend Hilton Carton was made a poor man, for the young fellow had foolishly hazarded the whole of his small fortune as bail for one whose irregular life should have warned him to shun him.

But never did Bruce Everett or any one in the city think that the fallen man had done still worse than that of which he was already accused, and that, but for him, the child of Oswald Staunton would not now have been lying in the arms of death. But the fugitive from justice fled in truth, and the vast metropolis, which had been his birth place, knew him no more, and only once again our readers will hear of him. Now, returning to the house, where death had entered through his baseness, we stand for a brief time at the bier of the beautiful dead, then go to another scene, in the tenement house on Bartley Square.

#### Chapter XXXIII.

It was tea hour, and while Rosamond and her mother were waiting for Charlie Curran to return with bread the young girl had given the little fellow money for, Rosamond picked up a newspaper she had bought a few minutes before, and began to look it over. The first article to attract her eye was one telling of the arrest of Cyrus Dorane for embezzlement, his trial, and dishonorable disappearance from the city to-day, the last day of it. She was about to remark on it to her mother, when a large black heading on the same page held her eyes as if they were glued to it, and she read in horror—"A deplorable accident, and one which

has cast the whole city into gloom, took place last evening at Staunton House, the elegant residence of Judge Oswald Staunton, when his only daughter was drowned in the lake, to the rear of her father's house. No one knows exactly how the accident took place, as no one witnessed it. But about seven o'clock Miss Staunton left the house and told her mother she was going for a walk in the garden. Very shortly after she was found in the lake in a dying condition by the head gardener. After being brought into the house she lived but a few moments, though all that could be done to save her was done. Miss Staunton was in the twenty-third year of her age, very beautiful, and of high accomplishments, and the reigning favorite in society. Her death is doubly sad, as within a month she was to have been the bride of the city's brilliant attorney, Mr. Bruce Everett. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Everett and the bereaved parents, especially Judge Staunton's wife, who is nearly prostrated with grief over her daughter's sudden demise. The funeral of Miss Beatrice Staunton will take place from St. Mary's Catholic Church to the Holy Angel's cemetery, on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock."

Rosamond dropped the paper and fairly groaned, and her mother looked up enquiring, "What is it dearie? Something sad?"

For answer, the young girl passed her the paper, but Mrs. Raymond had not finished reading the awful lines, when she dropped it, as her daughter had done. Then she threw out her thin hands, while her delicate form shook with emotion. Her astonished daughter heard the words—"God help you father in the hour of your trouble. The hand of the Lord has fallen heavy upon you."

"What do you mean, mother?" Rosamond asked, running to her side and wiping away the tears that were coursing down the thin worn cheeks. "Why are you calling Judge Staunton father?"

Little Charlie at this juncture returned with the bread, and when after asking—"Miss Wosamond, can I come up and play wif you bym, bym?" he had slid down stairs, Mrs. Rosamond answered her daughter.

"Draw over a chair, dearie," she said,

clutching the paper that had brought such sadness into their little home circle, "and I will tell you much that will be a sequel to those strange things I once hinted to you as having occurred in your mother's life. And you deserve the truth, because in your honor and obedience you have never, since the day I made you promise not to, tried to learn more than what I told you, but the time has come that I can no longer keep from you my history." She took the small dimpled hands and smoothed the golden hair.

"Listen, Rosamond! Your mother was once Millicent Staunton, the only child of the broken old man, who is now mourning the death of the one who had taken her place. Do you remember the story Barret, the housekeeper, told you when you were at Staunton House?"

"Yes, mother," and her astonishment, was very great.

"That was your mother's story, incomplete as it was. I am the disowned heirless, and the one who lost her earthly inheritance for the Faith she has given to you, and the love of the noblest of men, your dead father, George Edwin Kingsley."

"My name is not Raymond, mother?"

"No, it is Kingsley, my child. Circumstances, which you will hear later, perhaps more definitely, caused me to change it to Raymond, a family name of your father's."

"And am I Judge Staunton's granddaughter, mother?"

"You are. And you were serving so long his proud wife, and he did not recognize a Staunton in your face, nor knew of the tie that bound you, his Millicent's child, so closely to him."

"But mother, think how glad he will be when we go to him and he will see you after these long years of separation; it will help to soften the great sorrow that has now come to him."

She shook her head, with the old sadness creeping into the faded blue eyes and pale face.

"That cannot be Rosamond," she cried. "Father's ban is upon me, and I can never again cross his threshold, even now, as much as I desire to go, and offer my sympathy to him and his proud wife, and to look but once on the beau-

tiful face of the dead sister I never saw nor knew, except what I have heard of her lovely womanhood. But how peculiar that she should do the self-same act as her father's first daughter in the long ago, turn to the One True Faith. God is good, Millicent Kingsley has always said, and He has taken unto His Heart one of His pure virgins. May her sweet soul have eternal rest."

"But, Mother," persisted her daughter. "Perhaps grandfather has forgiven you, and he has, because when I was at Staunton House Mr. Everett, you know who that is, was sent South by the Judge to search for his daughter Millicent, or her family. I forgot ever to mention this to you, and see the time we have wasted."

"What, my child!" she cried, and the joyousness in her face and voice was as if she had tasted the beauties of paradise. "Father has forgiven me! Can it be true that he is waiting and looking for my return, and that the death of my sister has been sent to accomplish that end?"

"It must be, mother, and one day I played and sang for judge, I mean grandfather, and he rushed from the room, because he told me afterwards that my song had been the favorite of one he once loved, and that was you. I know now. When will we go to him, and you will tell me all things, for, as yet, you have but given me so little of your history."

She patted the fair face lifted eagerly to her's.

"Not now, dear child, perhaps not for many months. It would not be right, as long as I believe father is to see me once again in the old home, to come so suddenly upon him in his present great grief. No, we must still have patience and wait, remembering that all things come to him who does so."

For a time Rosamond was silent, contemplating the mystery that now seemed to be slowly unravelling itself, looking twice into her mother's worn face and tracing a most strong resemblance between the still beautiful features before her and those of the pictured face that hung in the gallery of her grandfather's house. Then she returned to the subject that had brought this strange,

and to the young girl, wonderful one, about.

"Mother," she said in her gentlest voice," while the tears started into the wide blue eyes. "What a sad death for Beatrice Staunton to meet, and she was so lovely. I can go to see her, mother. She was always so kind to me, more so when her mother turned against me."

"Yes, dear child, you must go to-morrow, but I will not. It is better that I shouldn't, and besides the sight of father in his grief, would almost kill me. You can go to-morrow at noon when there may not be such numbers coming to visit the dead, and slip in and out unnoticed."

Quick steps sounded outside their door, and when Rosamond opened it there stood Mrs. Curran, her plump face flushed and her hands holding the evening newspaper.

"Oh, Miss Rosamond," she ejaculated, "Isn't it dreadful, but I've just read that Miss Staunton"—she got no further than that, for a sob from the corner where Mrs. Raymond sat on the old couch, caused Rosamond to turn, and the landlady to take a step farther in.

"Come over, Mrs. Curran," Mrs. Raymond said, after a second or two, "and allow me to speak of my sister."

The landlady was at a loss to understand, but she had no sooner drawn over a chair than her tenant held out her hand to her, and then slowly told her of her affinity to the dead heiress and what was more, as much of the history that belonged to her, as to-night she had given her daughter. The little woman could only say, "Oh, ma'am! To think of it! And to think what a lady I've had in my old house for so many years. But I always knew you were a lady, ma'am."

And when she went back to her own kitchen she was still saying, "I always knew they were ladies. To think of me having a Staunton so near me. I wonder if they will make a change soon? What beautiful they all must be, for she is so nice, and so was the one that has been drowned, as everybody knows, even a poor body like myself."

In the dim and darkened drawingroom

of her father's palatial house, still rested the dead Beatrice, waiting until the morrow when she was to be borne to her last resting place away in God's acre.

Beside the bier, his dark eyes sorrowfully placed on the beautiful face, cold and chill in death, was the lover. There in the face of death, what feelings, what emotions were his, he the pessimist, the man who believed not in a God? And who had never in the whole course of his upright honorable life dwelt on the hereafter. Now he began to ask himself—"Is there a Supreme Being? Is there another world to pass into after we have left this one? If not, was not the faith that the dead before him had so lately received, and which another had just shown her by her example, all a myth? And could he think of the white image of his once promised wife angelic now in the peace of death, being consigned to the ground without a hope of future resurrection? It was incomprehensible to the mind, whose God had been until now worldly ambitions, and who had worshipped only on the altar of gain, but at that moment the wheel of his life turned for the better, and in his mind's eye he saw the glories of a future life.

There were other thoughts too pressing on his tried brain, and looking once carefully, slowly into the upturned white face of his betrothed, a shudder passed through his strong frame.

Her's has been a cruel death, taken as she was in the bloom of youth and beauty. It was hard to see her cold and lifeless, when within a few weeks he was to have claimed her for his own. And yet, which was the worst. This death that brought her peace, or that other death in life that would have only brought her unhappiness, for though he would have cherished her as his wife and as one far above all other women, he could have never given her the affection that he would have to that other who had come into their once united lives, and as quickly passed out of them, and she would have died without it.

But again, it seemed disloyal to think of the living in the presence of the dead, neither of which, as he believed, could ever belong to him, and with a sigh he uttered the first prayer he ever remem-

bered of saying since his early childhood. It was, "God have mercy on me."

He brushed his hand across his brow, when, with Mrs. Aiden and Frank Heathcote supporting, almost carrying her, the mother of the beautiful dead came in.

There were but few visitors in at this hour, but she looked neither right nor left, but with strained red eyes from excessive weeping, advanced to the middle of the vast room to the bier of her child.

This was but the second time she looked on the stony face, but no tears came now, no weeping to relieve the overburdened heart. She glanced vacantly at the burning candles and burnished crucifix as if seeking their meaning, then her gaze came back to the face of the quiet dead, and stooping, she kissed the frozen brow and waxen hands.

She did not even see Bruce before her, but murmuring with pitiful pathos, "Gone forever, gone from me." She allowed herself to be led away again to the silence of her own chamber. Everett stood up and went out into the library for a respite from the watch he had never relinquished since the rich casket, with its beautiful burden, had been placed in position in the room that had often resounded to the voice and laughter of the departed.

"Where is Judge Stanton?" he asked of Sampson the footman.

"Up stairs in his study, sah. He dun come out ob dere all de day. De mastah hab no life left now," and the negro's honest face was full of sympathy for his master.

"That will never do. Surely he does not want to die, too," and going into the diningroom, the lawyer took from the massive antique sideboard a small tray with a decanter of wine and a glass. He carried it upstairs, and stopped at the door of a long low room off the front corridor. He turned the knob, but it was locked, then he knocked imperatively, and it was immediately opened by its owner.

Everett was shocked at the white, sorrow drawn face that was presented to him, and the awful melancholy in the old man's eyes.

"Great God!" he said, with set teeth,

"It is terrible. I pity you judge, I pity your wife."

He smothered a dry sob that had risen up in his throat and was almost choking him.

"That is it, Bruce, my boy. It is of her I am thinking. I am a man and am stronger, but Madeline, my poor Madeline. Her life will not be long now, her burden of sorrow will wear it out," and he trembled visibly.

"Here sir, take this. I believe you have had no nourishment to-day, and you are forgetting for whom you have to live awhile yet." He poured out some wine and forced it to the old man's lips, and the draught strengthened him.

"Bruce, this is retribution. A just but terrible retribution for my treatment in the past of the first child to whom I gave being. Had I not been, in that once bright past, cruel and prejudiced, I might have had two daughters, or at least one with their children patting at my knee, but now I have not even one. Alone, and childless, I must pass my days. Beatrice, my child, my child!" And he shook like a reed moved by the wind.

The younger man put his hand on the shoulders of the older and more grieved.

"Hush, sir, you are harsh to yourself, she would not have you talk so, neither would the daughter before her."

"Bruce, I know and believe again that there is a God, and He it is who has deprived us of her who made our days so happy for us. Leave me now for a while. To-night is to be spent by me with my sleeping daughter. To-morrow brings our final parting, as yet I cannot

bear to dwell on it." So the night was spent and another morn had dawned. Sorrowing friends continue to come and bring last offerings of flowers to one they had known and loved, and there came one who had nothing to offer but her prayers. And that was Rosamond Raymond. At a quiet hour the gentle girl stole in unnoticed, and looking for a length of time upon the countenance that had always smiled on everyone, now serene in death, she breathed a prayer for the soul's eternal rest, and with no person cognizant of the fact, went as her mother had bidden her, from her grandfather's house.

That afternoon, in the midst of most sorrowful scenes ever witnessed, all that was mortal of the heiress of Staunton House was consigned to the grave. Buried deep in mother earth, away from parents and lover and friends, not in the tomb with her noble ancestors, but away in a sunny portion of the Holy Angel's cemetery, in sight of her father's house, and the Church in which had been poured on her head but yesterday, so to speak, the saving waters of Baptism.

We draw a veil over the sorrow of the father, the grief of the mother, the regret of the lover, because words cannot express how deep seated, how real it was, and the mother! She died that day, as it were, never to be lifted from the woe into which her first great grief had plunged her. Oh! had she but the light of Faith, how comforting it would have been for her, but alas! it was a light that was never to shine on the shadowed soul of the mother of Beatrice Staunton.

To be continued.



## The Holy Face of Lucca.

(Translated from the French by S. M. E.)

'At Lucca, in Tuscany, they give the name of "Santo Volto," Holy Face, to a crucifix sculptured in wood; of which the figure is of an admirable beauty and is the object of particular veneration. It is 1100 years since the devotion of the "Santo Volto" existed in Lucca. In the eleventh century, 1882, the centenary was celebrated with civil and religious pomp. We shall relate in a few words the origin and history of this memorable efigy. It is attributed to the pious Senator Nicodemus, of whom mention is made in the Gospel, who was secretly at first a disciple of Jesus; then instructed by the Divine Master, attached himself to His footsteps, and with Joseph of Arimathea, took Him down from the Cross after His death, and gave Him the honors of sepulchre.

Banished from Jerusalem by the enemies of the Saviour, despoiled of his titles and his wealth, reduced to extreme poverty, he took refuge in Ramea, a little village between Jerusalem and Joppa. He died there. That is what is attested by a constant tradition in Palestine; it is of immemorial origin. At present the Franciscan fathers possess in Ramea, which is now a city of 13,300 inhabitants, a very ancient convent where they exercise hospitality towards the pilgrims; they there show an oratory which bears the name of Nicodemus. The tradition also relates, and all the historians, ancient and modern, who have written upon the Holy Land, have also attested, that there was sculptured the celebrated representation of Jesus crucified, known under the name of the "Holy Face," and venerated in the principal church of Lucca; and, according to the expression of Pope Innocent the VIII, "Renowned in the entire church." In his solitude and exile the pious disciple, to recall the figure of Christ, had but to reproduce his recent remembrances, as he had rendered the last cares to the adorable body of the Saviour. He had touched Him with his hands, detached the sacred body from the Cross, and placed it in the sepulchre.

The face of the Divine Crucified, disfigured by suffering and death, was deeply engraved in his memory. He recalled the words which he had heard from the mouth of the Lord: "As Moses raised the serpent in the desert so shall the son of man be raised."

He undertook to reproduce in sculpture the mystery of the Man God suspended and elevated upon the cross. He wished to reproduce the likeness of Him as he had seen Him with his eyes. He commenced to work—for Nicodemus was a sculptor. According to the ancient custom of the Jews, it was necessary, whatsoever rank a man belonged to, that he should exercise a manual art; he had, notwithstanding his senatorial dignity and the distinction of his birth, practised sculpture and was very skilful in his art.

For the cross he took oak wood, and for the body of Jesus he took wood of the cedar of Lebanon. Tradition relates that having finished the other parts of the figure of the Crucifix, except the head the skilful artist found himself arrested by the difficulty of modelling that part of the Divine Body, which, still, was the most important of all. Doubtless he had in his mind and in his heart the ineffable traits of his well-beloved Master; nevertheless, he despaired of success.

The pious sculptor, as the saints do in such a case, had recourse to fervent prayer. Now, while he prolonged his sweet entertainment with God, he suddenly fell into a peacable sleep. Scarcely awakened, he arose and hastened to consider his labor; with what astonishment, what emotion, is he not seized, when he saw the face finished by the hand of an angel, who had adapted it to the rest of the figure. It was admirably chiselled, reproducing the majesty, the sweetness, and the mercy of the Man-God upon the cross. Full of joy, and at the same time moved to tenderness, Nicodemus prostrated himself before the dear Crucifix, which expressed so well to his eyes what he recalled in the ineffable, adorable countenance of his dear Master. He placed

it in the most honorable part of his house, and called to venerate it all the faithful who were dispersed by persecution in the cities and neighboring countries. Such is the substance of the tradition relative to the origin of the "Santo Volto."

Now, it is well to recall here, that there are Eastern traditions which are sovereignly worthy of respect. "If there is," says Chateaubriand, "anything proved upon Earth, it is the authenticity of the Christian traditions of Jerusalem."

This in particular is true, which regards Nicodemus as the author of the Crucifix or Holy Face of Lucca. It has the authority of a serious and solid, and in consequence, a historical value, which it would be fool-hardy to contest. Also a number of writers well versed in antiquity and criticism, never hesitate to admit it; among others, Pope Innocent 11th, Cardinal Baronius and other grave authors, will suffice, without doubt to fix the belief of our readers upon this subject.

Here is the description of the Holy Image: The Cross is of the ordinary form; the wood is of oak of a dark tint. The Christ is in cedar wood, and is attached to the Cross by four nails; in the hands the nails are small, in the feet they cannot be perceived, only the place is seen. The body of the Crucifix is larger than nature. The venerable head of the Saviour is a little inclined to the right and bent forward as if to listen to the prayers, and look with mercy upon those who have recourse to him. At the first sight His face inspires respect above all things. It appears even terrible, but if you consider it longer, you perceive there that the aspect of majesty and sorrow, united to that look of sweetness, causes love. The form of the Man-God is at the same time sweet and majestic. Majestic and terrible to the impious, sweet and amiable to the good, it seems very natural. St. Catherine of Siena, writing to a lady of Lucca, told her in speaking of the Holy Face, "Go to that sweet crucifix, it is a sweet and loving face for the good."

Now, one day, at the commencement of the present century, the Holy Face was uncovered, to be shown to a great personage of the world; when he had

looked upon it he was immediately seized with fear, and he cried: "Cover it; cover it!"

It was the same Face; but there was a great difference between St. Catherine of Sienna and the worldly personage. The hair of the "Santo Volto" is black, divided in the centre in the manner of the Nazarene's and falling in abundance upon the shoulders.

The beard, of the same color, as becomes a young man, neither long or short, leaves the chin uncovered. A thing to be noticed in this image is, that it represents Jesus, not dead, but living, and suffering; that the eyes are open, and the lips a little sunk and appearing to move, giving the image a marvelous expression of life.

It has not the crown of thorns which is not seen upon the ancient representations of our Divine Lord; it is not that Jesus was fastened to the Cross without it, but that the early Christians wished to recall, not the ignominy, but the glory of Him who was raised upon the Cross to save the world, and to draw all hearts to Himself. The Face is of the oriental type, the Saviour having taken the resemblance of His brothers, the sons of Israel. Another peculiarity distinguishes the Crucifix of Lucca, except the face, the whole of the sacred effigy is covered. Nicodemus, through respect, would not represent the body of his Divine Master unclothed; he carved him a vestment, which covered him wholly. It was, besides, the custom of the first centuries of the Church to represent thus Christ on the Cross.

During a long period the sacred deposit, left by Nicodemus at his death, was guarded with great prudence and in the most retired part of the abode which he had occupied. Above all it was to be guarded against the attacks of the Iconoclasts and their fury, which tried to destroy the images of Christ and His Saints.

Under the pontificate of Adrian 1st, and in the reign of Charlemagne, pilgrimages to the Holy Face began to be established; among the pilgrims of a certain epoch who went to the Holy Land, was a certain Piedmontese bishop, Gualfredo, who sojourned long in Palestine, and had a revelation of the Mysterious



Image of the Redeemer. He formed the design of obtaining it for the purpose of transporting it into Italy. The Divine Will was manifested by a series of prodigies which we have not space to relate here.

He placed this precious treasure in the hands of the inhabitants of Lucca, which was in former times evangelized by St. Paul, disciple of St. Peter, and whose Cathedral Church has been long dedicated to St. Martin of Tours.

By the side of this Cathedral the bishop of Lucca caused a chapel to be constructed; where the "Santo Volto" was exposed; from that moment the devotion of the people in its regard increased from day to day. Miracles were multiplied, which caused the holy relic to be placed in the Cathedral where it remains to this day. Soon its celebrity became universal; it drew pilgrims of all conditions by thousands, not alone from Italy, but from all countries in the world! This concourse of people produced marvels of another kind, those of Catholic charity.

The annals of the state of Lucca inform us that the city and its suburbs counted not less than twenty guest-houses destined to receive gratuitously the pilgrims of the "Holy Face." In the middle of the XIII century, the hospitals of the Diocese numbered 50; the pilgrim who came to the territory of Lucca was sure of finding at a short distance a house of refuge where he could repose, if he be weary; nourishment, if he needed any; care, if ill. He never had to fear passing the night alone in a desert place, for upon his way he always met a friendly hand to conduct him to the Hospice. A chaplain remained during the day in the portico of the Church, in order that he could at any hour render to all the offices of sacerdotal charity. From the mountains, as they came from Florence, they had to encounter swollen torrents and impassable marshes. Then was formed a society of religious called: "Brothers of St. James, of the Mountain," because they assembled at first in a small church dedicated to St. James the Apostle, patron of pilgrims. The brothers constructed bridges or boats to traverse the torrents, the rivers and the marshes. They carried the pilgrims up-

on their shoulders. Often they waited for them at the dangerous passes, and brought them in safety to the Hospice, and consoled them. Towards evening the Hospice bell commenced to toll, and continued till darkness set in, to indicate the neighborhood of the Hospice. Hence it was called "the bell of the wandering." The city of Lucca was the capital of those little Italian States or Republics, formerly so flourishing and so celebrated. It had, in consequence, its own particular government, and as this government was eminently Christian, the inhabitants have a religious character to their political and civil life.

They were the first to put sacred images on their coinage, upon one side the Holy Face, and upon the other St. Martin of Tours, and sometimes St. Peter. It was only in 1858 that the image upon the coinage was suppressed by the government of Tuscany, upon which Lucca then depended. It was looked on as a day of misfortune when this was done. In fact a year afterwards upon the same day, the Grand Duke was dethroned, and he quitted Florence and Tuscany never to return. The seals of the State of Lucca also bore the image of the Holy Face upon one side, and upon the other St. Martin of Tours on horse-back, his lance in rest. The acts and state contracts were made in honor of the Holy Face. The law condemned blasphemies against the Holy Face to the gravest penalties; in fine, though a republic, the inhabitants of Lucca had taken for king the Holy Face; in that quality, it bore in front a rich and splendid crown. The feast of the Holy Face was the national festival; it was celebrated to the end of the 12th century, upon Tuesday, in Easter week, and from that time upon the 14th of September, which did not hinder St. Martin from having a feast of the 1st class, as Patron of the Diocese. Upon Good Friday and upon the 14th of September, they delivered prisoners, in the name and in honor of the Holy Face. These facts prove sufficiently how the people of Lucca loved and honored their holy Image, and how Jesus Christ was truly their King. A Corporation of the "Santo Volto" was established from the earliest times. It had its rule and a vast organization, and it formed a corpora-

tion civil and religious, having for its ends the promotion of the devotion to the Holy Image, by every means. The meetings were held in the Cathedral upon the 3rd Sunday of the month; they were announced by special messengers, who went to the houses of the parish; they terminated by a solemn procession in the neighborhood of the Church; all carried a lighted wax taper in the hand. In the 16th century, this confraternity was amalgamated with that of the "Holy Sacrament," which was very ancient, and which took the title of the confraternity of the "Holy Sacrament and of the Holy Face." It had a double end, that of providing all that was necessary to celebrate with pomp the offices of Holy Thursday and Good Friday, and the procession of Corpus Christi. The association lasted during several centuries. In 1837, the Archbishop of Lucca erected anew the Confraternity of the "Holy Face." Some years afterwards it counted 10,000 associates. From Lucca the devotion of the "Santo Volto" has spread and flourished, not alone in the principal cities of Italy, but throughout all Europe, and one might say throughout the entire world, to speak only of France, and more particularly of Paris, the Holy Face was known as the "Holy devotion of Lucca."

The mother of St. Louis, Blanche of

Castile, had a great devotion, to the Holy Face of Lucca; by her order, the celebrated history of Leboin of the "Santo Volto" was translated into French, and this translation was deposited in the National library, where it may still be found. In a very ancient processional in Paris, we read a special commemoration of the "Santo Volto"; it took place on Holy Thursday in reparation for the insults of the Jews and the Roman soldiers, to the adorable Face of the Saviour. At the epoch of the Cholera in 1835, the inhabitants of Lucca, spared by the scourge, attributed this preservation to the "Santo Volto," and offered as ex-voto a golden lamp of 24 pounds' weight; nor have they forgotten the visit of Pope Pius IX in 1857. In 1871 they presented him with a superb fac-simile of their celebrated Image. And in the month of May, 1883, when the centenary of the arrival of the crucifix of Nicodemus was celebrated in Lucca, the people delivered themselves during three days to religious and civil festivals, the magnificence of which recalls the most beautiful ages of Christian History.

"Look out, O Lord! and on us shine,  
In glory and in grace,  
This gaudy world grows pale before  
The beauty of Thy Face."

Cardinal Newman.



# *Saint Albert of Messina.*

*Of the Order of Carmelites.*

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY

Translated from the French by MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

The following year, upon the thirtieth of January, she received, with the Carmelite habit, the name of Mary Magdalen.

She was a model for the novices.

Attacked by a serious illness, she made her profession on a bed of pain. Her first years in the religious life were passed, almost entirely, in ecstasy. Perpetually ravished in the love of our Lord, she only returned to earth to pray and to mortify herself more and more. But on June XVI, after an ecstasy which lasted eight days she was called upon to engage in combat with the demon. Hell forced upon her all the temptations at its command. Temptations against faith, against humility, against purity! Not one of the list was left out. Many times she was upon the point of leaving the convent and breaking her vows.

St. Albert helped her to overcome those culpable desires. After several years of this terrible struggle, the saint was given to understand that she was to be delivered, that she had vanquished her implacable enemy. Then, as greatly as she had been tempted to lay aside the holy habit, so now did she ardently desire to retain it.

Upon the feast of St. Albert, August VII, 1588, she petitioned the Savior—since that was the day dedicated to her celestial advocate—to vouchsafe to bestow upon her an interior dress, so that she could, with greater fervor, imitate the saint. The ardent flame of her prayer ascended brightly to the skies.

She obtained the desired favor.

Having turned her glance towards Jesus on the Cross, she beheld coming from the side of Our Lord a most precious tunic; from his right hand came a scapular, from his left a girdle, from his thorn-crowned head a veil of spotless white, from the wound made in His neck, by the carrying of the cross, a mantle resplendent with dazzling light.

An inspiration of the Holy Spirit drew her towards a little altar upon which there was a crucifix. She took the crucifix in her hand. Then St. Albert began to invest her with the celestial livery. The nuns, who were continually watching Mary Magdalen, understood by her words and motions that she was interiorly celebrating the ceremony of investiture. She received from the hands of St. Albert the different objects which came from the wounds of our Savior.

She afterwards kissed, with a sentiment of the deepest veneration and love, the wound of the side whence had come the holy tunic. As to the crown and wax taper, which the priest gives to those who receive the religious habit, they were given her from the hands of Heaven's Queen. The words spoken by her were an evident indication of this.

It is to be remarked that she did not omit the most minute detail of the taking of the habit, only she kept silent instead of singing the versicle, as is generally done.

It might be inferred that she was listening to angelic choirs singing it in Paradise. She said: "Oh! how ravishing are those tones! The hymns of earth are naught compared to them."

Afterwards she received holy communion from the divine hands of Jesus himself,—for her repeated ecstasies prevented her from approaching the altar with the rest. She recited the Confiteor and the *Domine non sum dignus*.

The nuns saw that she opened her mouth and did, as one who communicates ordinarily does. Filled with a joy which cannot be described, and animated with the most lively and ardent devotion, she cried out: "My beloved is white and ruddy. He is more beautiful than the most beautiful of the children of men, were he chosen from amongst a thousand.

Grace has been diffused over my lips.

He has taken up His abode in my soul. Dilate, my heart, so that it can bear all creatures to the communion of His Body and Blood. O! how good is the God of Israel!"

And, taking the crucifix, she made the other religiouses kiss it. Then recommending the salvation of all creatures to the merciful Savior, and returning thanks for so extraordinary a favor she awoke from her ecstasy which had lasted three hours.

We will adduce another proof of the devotion of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi to St. Albert. By the divine permission the saint rewarded this devotion most munificently. It was the custom in the convent where St. Mary Magdalen resided to make a spiritual communion when any legitimate reason prevented the nuns from receiving in reality.

To this end, a signal was given, and all assembled, uniting in prayer for the time of half an hour.

On one of these occasions the saint found herself ravished in ecstasy. She

The end.

recited the Confiteor and the Domine non sum dignus. She then saw St. Albert, the Carmelite, give her Holy Communion, and she acted precisely as one would act who really receives.

Coming out of her ecstasy she told the nuns that she had seen him make the tour of the choir with the holy ciborium, and administer the Blessed Sacrament to every one.

The devotion to St. Albert is very dear to all the members of the Carmelite Order.

St. Theresa practiced it most fervently. She had his name in the catalogue of saints written out in her own hand, and invoked on special occasions by her, led astray by the glare and glitter of evil that we need powerful advocates before God. It is indeed therefore to be desired that devotion to St. Albert should become general amongst all who profess to be followers of Christ.

The preliminary commentaries on the canonization of the saint, according to the Bollandists, remain to be given.

## *"Love One Another As I Have Loved You."*

Translated from the French. S. M. E.

"Love one another as I have loved you." It is the last precept that Jesus, when dying, left to His apostles. He had said more than once: "Love your neighbor as yourself." On the eve of his death He went farther, and He said:—"Love one another as I have loved you."

How has He loved us?

He has loved us "even to the end." Even to the end, that is to say, even to His last sigh; the last sigh of Jesus! Sigh of love, in which He poured forth all His heart full of tenderness for His Father and devotion for souls! There, upon the Cross, His love did not diminish, and those men whom he had loved so much during the whole course of His life, He loved them "even to the end." In that last hour when He found about Him only rebellious and ungrateful creatures, where hatred, envy and pride triumphed, overwhelmed with insults and outrages, He loved them still; and no-

thing could vanquish the fidelity of that love, neither the kiss of Judas, on his face bathed afterwards in the blood drops of his agony, nor the triple oath of Peter, nor the cowardly abandonment of those who had declared themselves ready to die with Him, nor the blows, or the insults, the raileries, or the indifference of the people, nor the rage of the Pharisees, nor the blind cruelty of the soldiers transformed into executioners; nothing extinguished the flame of charity with which His heart was consumed; all this deluge could not prevail against the sacred fire of His love, and as He had loved His own who were in the world, "He loved them to the end." He loved them to the end; that is to say, again, that He loved them to the extreme limit of love, which is to give His life for those who are loved; for "greater love no man hath than to give his life for his friend." As He said in His adorable language,—

the good shepherd is not content to follow and carry home his sheep, but he gives his life for them; he gives his life for all; he will give it for each one; it is to love even to the end. While one does not love even to the shedding of blood for those that are loved; while one does not love even to giving his life; one may love with a certain love; but while one does not love even to death, one does not love even to the end. He loved them thus; and not only those who remained faithful, or who might return to Him, not only Mary who stood by the Cross, not only Magdalen who still bathed His feet with tears, not alone John who owed to his privilege of purity, a privilege of courage and of tenderness, not alone repentant Peter, humbled by his fall and by his desertion, shedding tears that never ceased; but His enemies themselves who insulted His sufferings, those who mocked Him, but all, He loved them even to the end—even to death.

"Love one another as I have loved you." It is thus that the children of Jesus Christ, the children of light, the Christians, should love one another with a fraternal love, but that fraternal love which Jesus had for men, and which led Him to give His life for their salvation. Whosoever would observe in its perfection "this new commandment" ought then do his brother as he would be done by, but still be ready to give his blood to save the soul among the least of the little ones of Jesus "Charitas Christi urget nos." It is just to that that the charity urges us, presses us, excites us to love; and as much as we fall short of that supreme end of love, there remains to us something more to do and a longer road to travel. But men, do they love so? Among those who are not Christians, where is love? There is only the struggle for life, that is to say, the selfish struggle of each against all to appropriate to oneself the greatest possible amount of the enjoyment of this world; enjoyment of pride, of vanity, of sensuality. They strive which shall be most wealthy, which shall rise highest, who shall be the most distinguished, who shall be most spoken of, who shall surround himself with pleasure and adulation; and in this struggle, they trample on each other, they crush each

other beneath their feet. The strong are without pity for the weak, and without pity for each other. It is contrary to the evangelical precept. They would sacrifice the universe for a moment's triumph. Among Christians, I mean—I speak of true Christians—doubtless it is different from the implacable egotism which will satisfy itself at any price; but true charity, is it not often wanting? Do we understand the value of a soul? Have we sufficient consideration for those who doubt, for those who fall, that a merciful word could raise again? Do we fear to wound these poor souls so delicate and so sensitive? Do we keep back the bitter or ironical word which shall long make the wounded heart bleed cruelly? Do we love to bind up the wounds, to console the sorrowing, to pass over the tearful eyes a tender and soothing hand? This life is short, Should we not pass through it encouraging one another in the midst of our sorrowful trials, and help each other to bear our burden? But no; we add still more to our crosses which are necessary and inevitable, those which come to us from our dissensions, our indifference, our jealousies, our irritated self love. Often we could represent to ourselves this world as a field of battle; thousands of wounded are lying upon the earth or draw themselves painfully along. And each of those wounded ones is one of ourselves. We are all more or less wounded by the sorrows of this time of combat, we all bear in some part of the soul a life-long wound. Why then, poor wounded one, should I not try with all the strength which remains to me to be a helpful and consoling friend? Why should I not go to those who suffer, as I do, and more than I do, to bring them the balm of compassionate charity? If I suffer, I ought to love those who suffer. I ought to understand better the language of their tears, and their lamentations. Why do I not bend towards them like a sister of charity over the bed of dying, or a mother over the cradle of her infant? And there bent tenderly over them I will speak kind words that will soothe their sorrow and calm their feverish dreams. Then, if fallen, in my turn, by the wayside, bleeding from the wounds of the soul, more deadly than

those of the body; I faint for want of strength, but not for want of hope; perhaps a kind and tender hand will come to dry my damp forehead, the tears from my eyes, and pour the oil of fraternal love upon the wounds of my sorrowful heart. "Love one another." Have tenderness and respect for all. Every soul

is noble, since it bears the image of God, even if defaced, it can always be revised and beautified; since even in those that have wandered far away, there is the sublime spark which can in an instant inflame the whole soul; every soul child of eternity has a right to respect in love.

## Notes on Psalm 118.

### I—AT PRIME.

For the office of Prime, the first, as its name implies, of the Day Hours, Holy Mother Church appoints two double sections—thirty two verses—of this Psalm of Psalms, following, that is, the "introductory" Psalm or Psalms appointed to be said, one of which varies for each day of the week, except on Saturday and on feast days, when only one Psalm, the fifty-third—precedes the opening of the hundred and eighteenth.

"Blessed," so the writer begins, "are the undefiled in the way." If we ask what way, we shall find the answer presently. Meanwhile, the Psalmist gives us, at least, a partial explanation, when he adds: "who walk in the law of the Lord." The way, then, is God's law. This "law," under various names, we shall find, over and over again, in the course of this "poem in praise of the Divine law," as Lord Bute calls it, in his translation of the Breviary; it is, as it were, its dominant note.

There follows another beauty, the Psalm, in fact, is full of such. "Blessed are they that keep His testimonies," which surely are but His law; "that seek Him with the whole heart." This antithesis, too, as is common in all Hebrew poetry, we shall find of constant occurrence. "With the whole heart." That it is which will ensure the keeping of His testimonies; which alone will enable us to participate in the promised blessing. We shall find that the Psalmist returns to this thought of "the whole heart," as to one to which he attaches no little importance. "They also that do no iniquity," he continues; but who are they? We remember what S. John says,

(1. ch. iii, 9) "whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin," willingly, that is, surely; also, S. Paul's "delight in the law of God after the inward man," (Rom. vii, 22); and how he adds "with the flesh I serve sin." Here, too, we may find help if we read what they do, who "do no iniquity." What is that? "They walk in His ways." This is "the way" which the Psalmist spoke of at the beginning of his meditation: if we turn the verse round, we shall discover who it is—under what conditions—of whom it may be said that they "do no iniquity." Read it that way, and see: "They that walk in God's ways, (they) do no iniquity." "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin."

From God's ways—with a verse between—he passes to his own. "Oh, that my ways were directed!" he exclaims; whereto? "To keep Thy statutes." God's law, again, you see; that all our ways should tend to this, the keeping of the commandments of the Most High. "Then," he adds, "I shall not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all Thy commandments."

It is hardly possible, in the space allotted to these notes, to take this Psalm of Psalms verse by verse. But since the Psalmist has spoken of God's ways and his own, let us see what he has to say of the young man's ways. "Wherewithal," he asks, "shall a young man cleanse his way?" Walk, that is, in a clean path; keep himself, as S. James bids him, "unspotted from the world. (Ch. I 27). The answer is such as we should have looked for: "by taking heed unto Thy word." Once more, God's law; the

dominant note, as was said, of the whole Psalm. "Taking heed," even "as to a light shining in a dark place," as S. Peter tells us (2 Ch. 1, 19). "With my whole heart"—note that phrase again—he goes on, "have I sought Thee, ne repellas me a mandatis tuis." Lord Bute translates: "Let me not wander from Thy commandments"; but, surely, it is rather a prayer that God will not drive him away from them. Compare Psalm 50, (v. 13), "Ne projecias me a Facie Tua—cast me not away from Thy Face." Is it not a very similar prayer?

"Thy word have I hid in my heart"—once more, the heart—and why? "That I might not sin against Thee." What better safeguard against evil thoughts than God's word learnt by heart? Not by rote, merely, as perhaps, by constant repetition, it is apt to be; but by heart, in the truest and most real sense. Wherein, as it seems to me, this Psalm, of all Psalms—I might almost say, of all Scripture—is the most helpful. The recurrence of the various synonyms, for that is what they amount to, "law," word," "testimonies," and the others cannot fail to arrest attention, however familiar they may have grown. In the Church's Book of Devotion there is always something new, and something suited to each phase, each experience of the spiritual life of each of us. Which cannot be said of most "manuals of piety." If you doubt me, try for yourselves.

"Deal bountifully with Thy servant—retribue servo Tuo," he prays, at the opening of the second portion appointed for Prime—actually, the third "alphabetical" division of the Psalm—"quicken me"—compare S. Paul's "novissimus Adam (factus est) in Spiritum vivificantem; the last Adam (Christ, that is) was made a life-giving spirit." (I Cor. xv. 45). The expression is also familiar to us from its use in the Nicene creed,—and, when quickened, what shall he do? "I will keep Thy word." But he must be "quicken'd" first, made alive, by the life-giving spirit; otherwise, how shall he keep God's word? Is it not the same thought as our Lord's simile of the vine and the branches?

But he has more to ask for. "Open Thou mine eyes," he prays, "that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."

And asks, further, for this: "hide not Thy commandments from me." Why? Because "I am a stranger"—a sojourner, a traveller, far from home—in the earth, and, therefore, in need of guidance, of comfort, of counsel. But does God, indeed, hide His commandments from any of His creatures whom He has made in His own image and likeness? If we shut our eyes, will He open them? It is not He that hides His commandments, but we, who will not seek them. "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." But if, like the blind man at the gates of Jericho, we cry out: "Lord! that I might see!" or, like the Psalmist: "Open Thou mine eyes," will He not do so? Then, indeed, we shall "behold wondrous things" that He will show us, for we shall see clearly."

Note what he says next: "Concupivit anima mea." Concupiscence, per se, is strong desire; the strongest possible; when evil, it is lust, the deadliest enemy of the soul that fain would "walk in the law of the Lord." What does his soul so long for? "Desiderare justificationes tuas; to desire Thy statutes." "Expectans expectavi, waiting, I have waited"; "concupivi desiderare; I have longed to desire." Compare our Lord's own words: on the eve of His bitter Passion: "Desiderio desideravi hoc pascha manducare vobiscum; with desire have I desired to eat this Passover with you" (S. Luc. xxii, 15). What does it mean but this: the very excess of desire? We know—most, if not all of us—what lust is; how many of us have experience of just such an all-consuming, over-mastering, unutterable desire—for God, not for sin? Lord Bute's rendering, "My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto Thy judgments (statutes, justificationes), "at all times," if a paraphrase is one that conveys some notion of this ardency of longing. "Quia amore languet."

"My soul cleaveth unto the dust—pavimento"; that is our natural state, our natural tendency, to all that is lowest and most base. And the remedy: The same request to the Lord and Giver of Life: Quicken Thou me according to Thy word." It is as if the writer took it for granted—if one may say so—that God was, in a sense, bound to quicken him, if he but asked. "According to Thy

word"; Thy promise given, which I dare to claim.

"Make me to understand the way of Thy precepts"; God's way, and God's law; he asks that he may understand both. If so, what shall he do for his part? "Exercebor in mirabilibus tuis; I shall be exercised"—occupied—"in Thy wondrous works." Talk of them, think of them, make them my spiritual exercise. "Thy wondrous works." Compare our Blessed Lady's words: "Fecit mihi magna Qui potens est." Great things, truly, and wondrous. "A Domino factum est istud; this is the Lord's doing"; so the writer of the Psalm preceding this one—the hundred and seventeenth—exclaims: "Et est mirabile in oculis nostris, and it is marvelous in our eyes." Did not the Master, when He healed the demoniac in the country of the Gadarenes, bid him return home and tell his friends and neighbors "quanta tibi Dominus fecit — how great things the Lord hath done for thee?" (S. Mar. v, 19). Truly, if we be "exercised" in God's wondrous works, we shall not fail to let others know how great things "He that is Mighty" has done for us, and to us.

"Domitavit anima mea prae taedio,—my soul hath slept"—Lord Bute renders it "melteth"—"for heaviness"; the weariness of grief unutterable. Is it not written that the Master, returning to His chosen friends from the first and second of His threefold Prayer of Agony, found them sleeping? "Invenit eos dormientes," writes the Evangelist (S. Matt. xxvi, 43); He found them sleeping," and adds the reason: "erant enim oculi eorum gravati — for their eyes were heavy"; weighed down by grief, by watching, and by anxiety. It was not, surely, from want of sympathy, from indifference that they slept. Do we not know what it is for a child—and not only children—to cry itself to sleep? "My soul hath slept for very heaviness." Yet, elsewhere, he tells us that his grief, his longing, will not let him sleep. "Anticipaverunt vigiliis oculi mei—mine eyes prevented the night watches." (v. 148.)

"I have chosen the way of truth"; once more, God's way. Just now, he had prayed that God would remove from him "the way of lying," that is, man's way. That is why he says that he has

chosen "the way of truth," and adds, as if to make clear what way he means: "I have run the way of Thy commandments, since thou hast enlarged my heart"—set it free, that is, and, maybe, actually "enlarged" it, as is said of S. Philip Neri's. "Enlarge thou me in love," says blessed Thomas a Kempis. And, elsewhere: "He rideth easily enough whom the grace of God carrieth." He, truly, shall "run the way of Thy commandments."

### A Passing Reflection.

Why Truth should come to some and others linger under a cloud is something we, in our little knowledge, wonder at. It seems strange that some come to the boundary line separating darkness from light and there pause. Such thoughts strayed through my mind, as idly picking up an old red-covered note book, I saw dotted down on one of its pages the dates and small happenings of a short visit to Salem.

The name itself brings up visions, of hideous, bent witches and their stiff brooms. Why such a useful household article should be associated with the flighty old ladies is puzzling indeed.

The people of this old city take, apparently, little interest in the haunts made precious by Hawthorne. The worn-out adage of the consequence of familiarity may be changed in this case to "unappreciation." A quietness reigns over the place, and of course one could not expect the inhabitants to be in constant praise of the intellectual face with its crown of white hair so often seen in the shop windows and bookstores, and the pictures are many, the most of them steel engravings. However, the small boy away down on Union street is quite willing to tell all he knows of Hawthorne. His birthplace was eagerly pointed out to us, a one and a half story wooden house, brown painted and cheerless looking. We satisfied ourselves with an exterior view of the house, and then passed on down the streets to get a glimpse of the House of the Seven Gables. One side of the house lies close to the sidewalk of dismal, quiet Turner street. A hazy remembrance of dusty trees, a grassy square at the front, at



the side a low bushy tree with more white dust near a window containing some curiosities—and this is the house made famous by the book to which it gave a title! But was this the window of the room where the good old maid Pyncheon kept her small wares, and where the ginger elephants and camels were looked at with greedy eyes of school children? Perhaps it was. The place is gloomy enough, and the dull, tan-colored paint, which, by the way, is a peculiar feature of most of the unpretentious houses of the New England cities, tends to give one a deeper fit of blues than if the house was painted the darkest indigo.

The depressed feeling that comes over one when gazing at these surroundings is about equal to that with which one lays aside any of Hawthorn's books. The human interest is in the novels, and the true delineation of eccentric character with occasional glints of humor, but the sense of depression creeps over one, as the pages are turned—his hopeless view of life haunts the well chosen language.

One asks the question, "Why?" and the answer is not hard to find. A noble hearted man with generous impulses and splendid mental gifts, with yearnings for the higher spiritual life which such dreamy, poetical natures possess to the full—could he be satisfied with Puritanism or the various doctrines coming from the earnest but misguided leaders of religious thought of the time? His deep study made him conscious of the shallowness of their multitude of beliefs. Catholicity had a charm for him, in that it appealed to his sense of the beautiful, but he seems to think this alone satisfied Catholics, whereas it little satisfied him. Perhaps he would have seen his error had he a closer association with the adherents of the true faith—perhaps he would have understood that the outer forms were merely aids to devotion, and if so, would he have allowed himself to accept the teachings of our belief with all its grandeur and purity? From his earnestness and sincerity we feel that he would.—Katherine McAndrew.

One good deed done here below is returned seven-fold in Paradise.

### In Memoriam *Leo XIII.*

"In memoriam" we are twining chaplets,  
Glistening with the dew-drops of our tears,

As we sadly close, in pensive twilight,  
Records of his long, eventful years.

Chaplets—not of fragile earthly blossoms  
On his bier, with reverence, we lay,  
But the mystic, sweetly-scented rose-buds  
Of our queenly Mother far away.

Shadows o'er the great eternal City  
Where blest reminiscences unfold;  
Shadows o'er Italia's scenic beauty,  
And its classic, ivied ruins old.

Veiled God's Holy Church in deepest  
mourning

For her saintly Pontiff, Father, King,  
And the silvery bells that erst were joyful,

Now a dirge funeral slowly ring.

"Light in Heaven!"\* and that radiant  
guidance

Clearly in our retrospect we trace,  
Now to aid the scientists' researches,

Then, as star-gleam o'er the paths of  
grace.

Like the sunset of this summer evening,  
Fading in the gold and purple west,

Seemed the transit of our glorious Pastor  
To "the land of morning"\* light and  
rest.

"Ever living" like that Lord and Master

In whose footsteps he so nobly trod;  
Making intercession for the faithful  
Militant—yet in the Church of God.

May his wisdom, zeal and love paternal,  
Like the triple coronet, now rest

On the brow of Pius—supreme Pontiff,  
Vicar of our Lord and Saviour blest.  
Enfant de Marie.

\*—"Lumen in Caelo"—Title of Leo XIII.

\*\*—I, ongfellow.

Often there is a world of sunshine  
brought to a darkened and oppressed  
heart, by a true smile, a hearty hand-  
shake and a kind word. These cost  
scarcely an effort and yet are enough to  
dispel the gloom and drive away the  
clouds of despair.

## Notes on Psalm 118.

2—AT TERCE.

For each of the "Hours" of Terce, Sext, and None, the Church appoints three double sections—forty-eight verses—of our Psalm. The first of these, at Terce, opens with a further reference to God's way: The thought which is another dominant note in this "Poem in praise of the Divine Law." "Legem pone mihi, Domine, viam justificationum Tuarum;" set me, oh Lord, the way of Thy statutes as a law," Thy way, thy precepts, as the rule of my life, "et exquiram eam semper," and I will always "seek it out." Lord Bute's rendering: "Teach me, oh Lord, the way of Thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end," is—if I mistake not—that known as the "Prayer Book Version" (Anglican); and more familiar to the convert—all his life through—than any other. But it misses—or so it seems to me—the idea of God's way as a law of life and conduct, which the Latin conveys. Moreover: "I shall keep it unto the end," is not quite the equivalent of "exquiram," which has the force of intensified search: much, in fact, that of "quaerit diligenter," in the fifteenth chapter of S. Luke (v. 8); and implies that the way of God's precepts—our rule of living—is something which we must—like the woman in the parable, "seek diligently until we find it."

"Da mihi intellectum, give me understanding," he continues, following out the same line of thought: "Et scrutabor legem tuam, and I shall examine—study carefully—Thy law"; once more, you see, the notion of diligent searching out. Moreover, in the very second verse of this Psalm of Psalms, he had exclaimed: "Beati, qui scrutantur testimonia ejus; blessed are they who examine His testimonies." Study them diligently, carefully. Here he, as it were, puts in his claim to this very blessing which he had proclaimed. "I, for my part," he seems to say, "will study Thy law diligently, the law I fain would make my rule of life." Thereto, he prays for understanding, which is something more than mere knowledge, since it implies a

mental—or spiritual—grasp of that which most concerns us.

"Deduc me in semitam mendatorum tuorum, lead me into the path of Thy commandments": this, of the way, the path, the law, dominates, as we said, the whole train of his meditation. He adds, as the wherefore of his prayer: "Quia ipsam volui, for therein is my delight." Here we touch—as I think—one of the "difficulties" of the Psalm—as of others; that, namely, of repeating expressions of love, humility, faithfulness, such as—we know, only too well—we, ourselves, fall so far short of. Get the Psalmist's own phrase, "concupivi desiderare, I have ardently longed to desire," should afford us some help, and much encouragement; and blessed Thomas a Kempis tells us that "God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth;" and adds: "He doeth much that loveth much" (Bk. i. xv.); which means, surely that God makes more of our desires after Him, after pleasing Him, than of our failure to act up to them. And, in another place, he tells us: "Neither it is an illusion that thou art sometimes suddenly rapt on high"—when repeating—it may be, the fervent outpourings of the writer of this Psalm—and, presently, returnest again unto the accustomed vanities of thy heart" (Bk. iii. vi.); to the cares of this world," which will throng in on us, so soon as our office book is closed—perhaps before. So that, if we wish to appropriate such expressions of love, faithfulness, devotion, God will accept our wish—and forgive the "accustomed vanities." That is, if the wish be sincere; if it be, indeed, true of us that "these thou dost rather unwillingly suffer than commit." Then we may be sure that "so long as they displease Thee"—do they not?—"and thou strivest against them"—even by a wish, a prayer—"it is matter of reward, and no loss." (I bid.)

It was, surely, from these "accustomed vanities," as well as from the "vain show" of the outward world, that he prayed that God would "turn away"

his eyes. Do you remember Kingsley's account of Philammon, the novice, in the ruined Egyptian temple, where the walls were covered with "vanities," if not with obscenities? "Turn away mine eyes lest they behold vanities," he prayed—and looked, nevertheless," (Hypatia.) That, I think, is what we are all apt to do, but the prayer, repeated daily, may have effect—in God's good time. Especially if we follow the Psalmist's example, when he adds—as the surest safeguard, "Quicken Thou me in Thy way." There are no vanities in that path. "Quicken me," he continues, "in Thy righteousness," Thine equity; as a just reward for what? Because: "Concupivi"—that same word again—"mandata tua," I have longed greatly for Thy commandments."

Every word of this Psalm might claim a note, but that in space assigned would not thereto suffice. "Thy statutes have been my songs," he says, presently, "in the place of my pilgrimage." Contrast with this that saddest of all Psalms, which begins: "Super flumina Babylonis" (Ps. cxxxvi.), where the exiled Jews complain: "Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini in terra aliena, how shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Spiritually speaking, we must, if we are to fulfil S. Paul's injunction: "Gaudete in Domino semper, rejoice in the Lord always" (Philip. iv., 4); or where he bids us "give thanks always for all things," of "making melody in your hearts to the Lord—psallentes in cordibus vestris Domino" (Eph. vi., 19-20). It is true that we are "banished children of Eve," that our state is one of "mourning and weeping in this vale of tears," yet even this need not make it impossible for us to say, as here: "Thy statutes have been my songs in the place of my pilgrimage." It may be that such songs—at intervals, let us say, if not "always" as S. Paul enjoins—are more pleasing to God than "mourning and weeping" all along the way that leads from exile to the City of Peace.

"Deprecatus sum Faciem Tuam in corde meo—I entreated Thy favor with my whole heart." He recurs, you see, to that phrase of his life, "whole heart"; his are no perfunctory, no mere lip-

prayers. "Ye ask and have not," says S. James, "because ye ask amiss" (Ch. iv., 3); and the same apostle bids us "ask in faith, nothing wavering;" with our whole heart, that is. To such prayer there is always an answer ready: "Believe that ye shall receive and ye shall have them" (S. Mark xi., 24.) That again, is to pray with our whole heart. So the Psalmist who, already, had declared, "with my whole heart have I sought Thee" (v. 10), now gives utterance to the same thought in other words: "I entreated Thy favor"—Thy face—"with my whole heart; be merciful unto me"—in what measure? "According to Thy word." Once more, you see, he claims God's word, God's promise as the ground of his confidence, the measure of the mercy that he stands in need of.

"I thought on my ways"—his ways, his time a wholesome source of meditation. "I have declared my ways," he said (v. 26), made confession, so to speak, of all his wanderings, "and Thou hearest me"; he has no doubt of that. Heard not only as God hears all our confessions—even those that are involuntary—but to forgive, as is His gracious wont. And the result of his thinking, his cogitation, do we say? I "turned my feet unto Thy testimonies." Was it not that God led him thither, as he prayed, just now? "I turned my feet," it was a deliberate, well-weighed turning on his part; he stood still, as it were, in his own ways, the ways of his own choosing; realized doubtless, that "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death" (Proverbs xiv., 12.) And, so realizing, he turned his feet, turned aside from the way wherein he found himself, "unto thy testimonies," to the way of God's law.

"The bands of the wicked have compassed me about," he says, presently. Read "peccatorum," as "sin", not "sinners," and you have the state of which most of us are conscious. "Quos delictorum catena constringit; who are bound with the chain of our offences." That is why, in the first "Absolution" of the Third Nocturn at Matins the Church bids us pray. "A vinculis peccatorum nostrorum absolvat vos Omnipotens et

Misericors Dominus; may the Almighty and Merciful Lord set us free from the fetters of our sins." Truly, "funes peccatorum circumplexi sunt me"; the ropes of my sins"—to translate it so—"have compassed me about"—does not Isaiah speak of those who draw sin, "quasi vinculum plaustrum—as a cart rope?" (ch. v, 18). If so, can we, indeed, say with the Psalmist: "Yet have I not forgotten Thy law?" Will not such remembrance loose "the chain of offences?" Surely.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray." Is not that true of most of us? Truly, we have need of the wise man's prayer—against prosperity, as against extreme poverty, "ne forte satiatus illiciar ad negandum, et dicam: Quis est Dominus?"—lest I be full,—and say: who is the Lord?" The authorship of this Psalm, as of many others, is, of course, a matter of exegesis; but the writer, whosoever he may have been, must surely have had in mind, when he said: "Before I was afflicted, I went astray," the memory of that other Psalmist's confession: "Ego dixi in abundantia mea; non movebar in aeternum—in my prosperity I said: I shall never be moved," and how he was constrained to add: "Thou didst hide Thy Face from me, and I was troubled." Yet, after all, how "The Lord heard, and had mercy on me"; (Psalm xxix, 7-8-11); that is, how his very trouble was a proof of God's goodness in his regard. For we remember that it was when the beloved one—the chosen people of God—"waxed fat," grew prosperous, that he "kicked." "Incrassatus est dilectus et recalcitravit, et recessit a Deo Salutari suo." (Deuteron, xxxii, 15). Truly: "Before I was afflicted, I went astray."

Yet once again, in this very section of our Psalm, he alludes to the "uses of adversity." "It is good for me," he says, "that Thou hast afflicted me"; and adds the reason why it should be good: "That I might learn Thy statutes," which he goes on to tell God—and us—are "better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." "Tribulation," the author of the Imitation tells us "serves to scour off the rust of our sins" (Bk. III, ch. 50); but S. Paul goes further, when he tells us that it pleased God "to make the author of our salvation"—His

Divine Son—"perfect through suffering" (Heb. 11, 10). More: "Though He were the Son of God, yet learned He obedience"—think of it—by the things which He suffered." Truly: "Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me: It is good for me that Thou hast afflicted me, that I might learn Thy statutes." As to the value which the Psalmist sets on God's law, above "thousands of gold and silver," we think of the message to the Church of Laodicea; "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich" (Apoc. iii, 18). That, surely, is the gold that we should covet: the wisdom—the knowledge of God and of His law—on which Holy Jacob sets much the same price as does our Psalmist. (Job xxviii, 12-19).

He alludes, yet once more, to the profit, or rather—this time—to the reason of adversity, in the very next section,—the last at Terce. "I know, O Lord," he exclaims, "that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou, in faithfulness, hast afflicted me." "In faithfulness." It was the Wise Man who said: "He that spareth his rod, hateth his own son" (Prov. xiii, 24), and S. Paul speaks of earthly fathers who hath chastised us (Heb. xii, 10), but, just before (v. 6) he tells us that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"; it is the proof of His love, His faithfulness. So much so, that the Apostle adds that if we are "without discipline"—chastisement—"of which all"—even the author of our salvation—"have been made partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons" (v. 6). "In veritate tua humiliasti me." Is not that the reason why he prays, with so much confidence: "Let Thy merciful kindness—misericordia tua—be my comfort, according to Thy word"—Thy promise—"unto Thy servant?"

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One little word of love to the living is worth all the eloquent encomiums pronounced above the coffin of the dead.

Cultivate the spirit of cheerfulness and you will find it catching among your friends.—Rev. Louis Brander: C.S.S.R.

Think of the ills from which you are exempt, and it will aid you to bear patiently those which you may now suffer.

## St. Agnes' Eve.

TENNYSON.

Deep on the convent roof the snows  
Are sparkling to the moon ;  
My breath to heaven, like vapor goes,  
May my soul follow soon !  
The shadows of the convent towers  
Slant down the snowy sward,  
Still creeping with the creeping hours  
That lead me to my Lord.  
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear  
As are the frosty skies,  
Or this first snow-drop of the year  
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark  
To yonder shining ground,  
As this pale tapers' earthly spark  
To yonder argent round ;  
So shows my soul before the Lamb,  
My spirit before Thee ;  
So in my earthly house I am  
To what I hope to be.  
Break up the heavens. O Lord! and far  
Through all your starlight keen,  
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,  
In raiment white and clean.

He lights me to the golden doors,  
The flashes come and go,  
All heaven bursts her starry floors  
And strews her light below,—  
And deepens on and up,—the gates  
Roll back, and far within  
For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits  
To make me pure from sin.  
The Sabbaths of eternity—  
One Sabbath deep and wide  
A light upon the shining sea,—  
The Bridegroom and His bride.

In a recent number of the Review, we called the attention of our readers to a small, but very devotional work entitled "Eucharistic Elevations,"\* and to recommend it still more, desire to present a sweet example that, to our mind, at least, seemed especially attractive. We will relate this little incident in a less graceful style, perhaps, but not at variance with the original picture of Agnes, as sketched by Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.

She was just on the eve of her birth-

day—and feast as well—January 21st, and conversing with two sisters and her brother, regarding the respective literary excellence of "St. Agnes' Eve," by Keats, and that exquisite effusion of Tennyson, from which we have quoted above, and decided in favor of the latter. Full of thoughts "white like those of an angel," and perhaps with ideal pictures of a quiet convent on whose roof snows were "sparkling to the moon," and the shadows of its towers slanting "down the snowy sward," and of a love that aspired heavenward like vapor ascending to the clear, star-lit, frosty skies, and even to the Bridegroom in "the land of light and morning." Agnes retired to rest. Sweeter thoughts still awaited her there, and she seemed in the presence of a Form that was familiar, even though she never before had seen it, but only longed for the promised vision in eternal blessedness. "One like to the Son of Man," whom the Royal Psalmist addresses as the most "beautiful among the children of men," with flowing auburn hair and "the shadows of eternal things on his brow." He presented her with a golden goblet in which was the mystic wine of His love. Morning dawned; and the young girl rose for early Mass, still "dreaming of her dream"; even in the realities of Holy Mass and prayer.

As she raised her eyes to the uplifted Host and Chalice at the time of their elevation (an act of faith which it is said is meritorious of special reward in Heaven), it seemed to her that the same dream-face shone before her, and that the Chalice was the golden cup of His royalty, and "the blood of the grapes, or rather His Precious Blood, that filled it, proved to her that he loved her to the death." No dreamland shadows round the altar! The Eucharistic veils were those of faith, and, through them, she contemplated Jesus, the Divine Spouse, inviting her to "leave all," so that she might follow Him in eternity, and sing that new song which none but virgins can sing.

And must her heart not have respond-

ed "Behold, I come!" She turned from the innocent joys of home, and gently detached herself from its tenderest affections, and yet, in her upward path of religious life, there was one relic still treasured; one sweet remembrance, like a strain of olden memory; it was her own beautiful baptismal name of "Agnes." And beautiful indeed it is, not merely because of the youthful, illustrious Virgin-Martyr of Rome, and because of its significations—in Latin "Lamb"—in Greek, "Chaste"—and implying the

idea of sacrifice which appertains to a victim; but most of all does it derive beauty from "the Lamb of God," "meek and humble," "holy, innocent, undefiled," the victim of Calvary, "the lamb that was slain," and who, for all eternity, will be adored under this title, and whom finally, we adore even now at the Holy Altar.

"Ecce Agnus Dei."

Enfant de Marie.

\*—Published by Benziger Bros., New York, etc.

## Editorial Notes.

Hail to Pius X! The new Pontiff was solemnly crowned as bishop of Rome and head of the Kingdom of God on earth, in St. Peter's Church, on Sunday, August 9. Since the coronation of Pius IX. in 1846, there had been no such splendid ceremony in the vast Cathedral of Rome. The newspapers outvied each other in trying to present to their readers the most graphic descriptions of the solemn scene. It is not within our province to repeat the story. But our hearts and souls were in Rome following the august proceedings of the conclave with our prayers, confident that the Holy Ghost would guide the Sacred College in its choice and ready to prostrate ourselves at the feet of the new Vicar of Christ, whoever he might be. A man from the ranks of the people, and a lover of the working man, was chosen to succeed the Fisherman of Galilee. The silly and impertinent prognostications of the secular journals were all confounded. There is no aristocracy in the Church, besides that of merit. Hail to the new Pope Pius X.

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The new Supreme Pontiff was formerly Cardinal Sarto, patriarch of Venice. The people of Venice love him as an ideal father and bishop. A friend of the poor, among whom he dwelled as an humble priest, he did not forsake them when he was elevated to the higher offices of the Church. He gathered the workingmen of Venice around his pulpit in St. Mark's Cathedral, and with apostolic eloquence

exhorted them to imitate the virtues of the meek and humble Carpenter of Nazareth. Social democracy dare not now repeat its slanderous calumny against the Church, that it is an institution in favor of the oppressors of mankind, ruled by aristocrats, and controlled by monetary interests. Pope Pius X. was educated by the humble followers of Don Bosco, the Salesian Fathers, renowned for their extraordinary missionary zeal. Asia Minor, Africa, Patagonia, all the most benighted regions of the earth bear witness to their arduous labors and apostolic spirit. Their august pupil imbibed the same spirit, and the great missionary countries will undoubtedly be the objects of his ardent affection and love. America has been the first to be clasped to his heart. On the day after his election, even before he had received the homage of the ambassadors at his court, he welcomed the American pilgrims: "Cara, cara, America," "my dear, dear America," he exclaimed, at the sight of the Stars and Stripes. We need no Pope more American than that. Long may he rule the Church of God!

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When Pope Leo XIII began his annual novena in preparation for the feast of Mt. Carmel this year, his last illness overtook him. He mentioned his reliance on the prayers of his brothers and sisters of the Confraternity, but, when he felt his end approaching, he manifested his desire to die on the feast of Mt. Carmel. He did not die on the 16th of

July; but he died during the octave of the feast, on the 20th of July—the feast of St. Elias, the great founder of the Order, of which the Holy Father was such a fervent member. There seems to be more than a mere coincidence in this fact, especially as it is said to have been prophesied many years ago by a religious in Rome.

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The new Pope, Pius X, has long been a personal friend of the Carmelites of Venice. He made their convent in Venice his stopping place over and over again. Before he became patriarch of Venice, whenever he would visit that city he would stop at the Carmelite house, which he seemed to regard as a second home, in preference to any place in Venice. And even afterward when he was Cardinal and Patriarch, he would often stay there over night when leaving or coming into the city, the Carmelite home in Venice being only a block from the railway station.

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King Edward VII and the Queen have lately visited Ireland. The Irish people, knowing his deep interest in their welfare and his kindly feeling towards their representative men, welcomed him with warm hands and hearts. The noble words spoken by the king during the visit of the royal party to Maynooth made a deep impression on the bishops and clergy. He also settled a delicate question with great tact and good feeling, when he gave Archbishop Walsh precedence over the Anglican Archbishop Alexander of Armagh. As there is no established church in Ireland, the archbishop longest in his see and representing three quarters of the Irish people merited the honor in the eyes of the sensible King.

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The Catholic Federation held its annual convention at Atlantic City last month, for the third time since its organization. The movement is spreading very rapidly, and if numbers mean anything in a land of majorities, the Federation can now speak with the authority of millions. Porto Rico and the Catholic Indians were represented. The President of the United States sent an outspoken letter of encouragement and ap-

probation of its object. The resolutions adopted by the Convention, on Socialism and the Labor question, on Christian education, on marriage and divorce, on lynching, on the Philippine question, on the Indian schools, and on Catholic rights elsewhere, are all worthy of Catholic Freemen, and constitute a program of action in themselves. May the movement soon embrace every Catholic citizen of the Great Republic.

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It seems the so-called prophecies of Malachy are not genuine, at least, there are very able historical critics who deny their authenticity. In spite of this, we love to think of the late Pope as "Lumen in coelo"—a light in the firmament—and we are going to believe that the present Holy Father will be an "Ignis Ardens"—a burning fire—There is a need in our nature to have little poetry and romance connected with our great men. These mottoes of Malachy, or who ever else is the author, have served their purpose so far, and they are old enough now to be venerable, even if they are not supernatural.

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At the re-opening of our schools and colleges, Catholic parents should take the opportunities offered them by our numerous and excellent institutions. The old prejudice in the minds of so many Catholic parents, that secular institutions are better equipped than our own, is fortunately dying out. Times are said to be good, and all our schools during the past year showed decided gains in the number of pupils. This increase is not, however, in proportion to the greater needs of collegiate education. The Catholic boy is still a neglected quantity. Educate your boys! Give them all the advantages of a genuine Catholic college training. Do not send them to work too early in life. The girls are, as a rule, taken care of, with the result that the number of mixed marriages is not diminishing. Give the boys a chance.

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Resignation is putting God between ourselves and grief.

"Earth's smallest deeds may be heaven's brightest jewels."

*Book Review.*

Christian Apologetics, by Rev. W. Devivior, S.J., edited by the Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D.D.C.L., and published by Benziger Bros., New York. (Price, \$1.75).

This is the first English translation of a work which has passed through twelve editions in the original French. Cardinal Mazzella, in a letter to the author, expresses his hope that it may become a classic text-book in our colleges, and recommends it to people of the world. It has the approbation of a number of Cardinals and bishops, who commend it in glowing terms. It certainly deserves all the praise bestowed upon it. It is a storehouse of arguments in favor of Christianity against modern infidelity, rationalism, materialism and scepticism, besides being a complete armory of defence against heresy and schism. The editor of this English edition, Bishop Messmer, of Green Bay, in a strong preface urges our Catholic Reading Circles, to whom he dedicates the volume, to adopt it as a text-book for a systematic course of short essays upon the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, the special claims of the Catholic Church, and her achievements on every field of civilization. This would surely be a wiser course to follow, than to read rapturous essays on the beauties of "Keats and Shelley," as has been the custom in one reading circle which we could name. The book, although sufficiently complete, is not ponderous in size or treatment, and meets every modern question and objection.

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An Apology for the Religious Orders, by St. Thomas Aquinas; edited by the Very Rev. John Procter, S.T.M.O.P.; published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. (Price, \$1.60.)

The friars have been attacked at all periods since their establishment. To ward off an insidious attack against religious life in general, and the mendicant friars in particular, which was made by William de St. Amour, a very learned Doctor of the Sorbonne, in 1253, St. Thomas wrote this book, which now appears for the first time in English dress.

Father Procter, in his masterly introduction, hopes that the work "will be welcomed by many, especially at the present hour, when English speaking people are opening their arms and their large, generous hearts, in offering hospitality, once again, as they did in the early years of the past century, and at the end of the preceding one, to those who are once more being driven from their own inhospitable shores." We do not know how this work of the Angelic Doctor will be welcomed in our English-speaking country, but we do know that never was there a greater need for calling upon the Angelic Doctor, the great giant of theology, to be the champion of the friars against their enemies both without and within the Church. The same stale calumnies and objections are repeated today. St. Thomas has answered them all 700 years ago. If we can only get these ignorant maligners to read St. Thomas, especially his "Apology," the cause of the friars will be won, at least in all Catholic hearts, for no Catholic can withstand the force and beauty of this exposition.

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The Gift of Pentecost, by Father Meschler, S.J.; translated from the German by Lady Amabel Kerr; published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. (Price, \$1.60.)

Although the author of this beautiful treatise on the Holy Ghost gives it the sub-title, "Meditations," it is not a merely devotional work. To our knowledge there is no such exhaustive treatment given this subject in any other English publication. The relations of the Holy Ghost to the other persons of the Blessed Trinity, to the Blessed Virgin, to the Angels, to the material creation, to man, to the Old Testament, to the Church, to the triple office of the Church, the teaching, pastoral and priestly office, to the Sacraments, and to Christian virtues, are fully explained, and in all their theological bearings and practical application to Catholic hearts. The Seven Gifts and the fruits of the Holy Ghost are shown in the life of grace. His influence on Christian life, on the Christian Family on the Christian state, on Mysticism and Sanctity, are treated in detail. The Sequence "Veni Sancte Spir-



itus," and the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus," are the subjects of the closing chapters of this excellent and eloquent tribute of praise to Him, who, as the Spirit of Love, is the bond between the persons of the Blessed Trinity and between God and man.

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The Sheriff of the Beech Fork—by Henry A. Spalding, S. J.

Harry Russell—by Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J.; published by Benziger Bros., New York. (Price, 85c.)

Two bright and wholesome works of fiction have appeared under the above titles. Father Spalding's tale is a good story of Kentucky, and Father Copus tells of a Rockland College boy, who is not at all a boy of the now extinct Sunday school book type, but a live American boy, who makes good use of his Catholic training. We welcome these new Jesuit novelists, who are treading the path made popular by Father Finn, S. J.

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The Psalms and Canticles, in English Verse—by Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe; published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. (Price, \$1.25.)

It was an ambitious undertaking to present the divinely inspired masterpieces of Hebrew poetry in English rhymes. The distinguished author of this version has not only succeeded in giving an excellent translation, but he has also known how to retain much of the poetic beauty and lofty simplicity of the original. The Psalms and Canticles are elevations of the soul to God, inspired by the Holy Ghost Himself, the expression of the prayer and praise of the Church in all ages. No garb seems to be so fit to render them in our modern languages as that of poetry. May the enhanced beauty of these official prayers of the Church, in their poetical garb, induce many a devout layman to adopt them for his daily use.

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The Sacred Heart Book—by Rev. F. X. Lasauce; published by Benziger Bros., New York. (Price, 75c.)

This prayerbook of 638 pages, in a neat and compact form, contains instructions

on the Sacred Heart devotions and the Apostleship of Prayer, general devotions, and special devotions, for novenas, the month of June, the Holy Hour, the First Friday, etc. It is a complete manual for the members of the Apostleship of Prayer, the Eucharistic League and the Tabernacle Society.

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Ne Obliviscaris—compiled by Florence Ratcliff; published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. (Price, 75 cents.)

This compilation consists of a daily thought referring to the dead, taken from Scriptures, spiritual writers and profane authors. Jan. 1 is given to Longfellow, and Dec. 31 to St. Paul. There is an alternate blank page for the names of those who are to be remembered, and the dates of their death.

### *Wearers of the Brown.*

Scapular names have been received at: Niagara Falls, from St. Peter's Church Troy, N. Y.; Immaculate Conception Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Toronto, Ont.; Java Centre, N. Y.; Stratford, Ont.; Millersville, O.; Kenosha, Wis.; St. Louis' Church, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Anthony's Church, San Francisco, Calif.; Rudolf, Wis.; Holy Redeemer Church, Rochester, N. Y.; Watertown, N. Y.; Cohocton, N. Y.; McGregor, Ont.; Stratford, Ont.; Galt, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Copenhagen, N. Y.; Lancaster, O.; St. James' Hospital, Butte, Mont.; Cryslar, Ont.; St. Michael's Church, Erie, Pa.; Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, N. Y.; St. Andrew's Church, Richmond, Ind.; Cuba, N. Y.

Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; from St. Louis' Church, Nopomis, Ill.; St. Alphonse's Church, Wheeling, Va.; St. Augustine's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Stanislaus' Church, Shamokin, Pa.; St. Mark's Church, Chicago, Ill.; St. Francis' Monastery, Munjor, Kas.; Franciscan Monastery, Chicago, Ill.; Immaculate Heart Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Ignatius' College, Cleveland, O.; St. Sylvester's Church, Woodfield, O.; Municipal Hospital, Pittsburg, Pa.; Waukegan, Ill.; Worthington, Iowa; Appleton, Wis.; Shelbyville, Ind.; Koelztown, Mo.; Jefferson, Wis.

### *Letters of Thanksgiving.*

Dear Rev. Fathers :

Enclosed find an offering for a Mass in honor and thanksgiving to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for favors received. Please publish this in the Review.

W. C. H.

Rev. Fathers :

Enclosed please find an offering for two Masses ; one to be said in honor of the Holy Family, according to a promise I made last winter. We had an epidemic of smallpox, and I promised the H. F. that if myself and family would not take it, I would have a Mass said in thanksgiving and publication in the Carmelite Review. The other Mass, in honor of the Sacred Heart, for the recovery of my sister from a severe attack of rheumatism. Please have both favors published in next month's Review.

M. W.

### *Obituary.*

The prayers of our readers are requested for the souls of the following lately deceased :

Thomas Portman, who was killed by an accident, May 26.

William Louis Dion, of Trenton, Ont.

Sister M. De Chantal McKay, who died on August 10th, fortified by the last Sacraments, at Toronto, Ont.

### *Petitions Asked For.*

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

Health for three persons ; a good position for a man ; that two persons who are negligent may practice their religion faithfully ; several special favors, both spiritual and temporary.

### *Catholic Religious Orders in the Holy Land.*

The Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, evidently a Protestant minister, writing in the New York Evening Post, on Christian activity in the Holy Land, says :—

"If Russia has displayed great building activity in Jerusalem and Palestine in the last years, it must be said that the French religious orders have not been backward. The Assumptionists had since my last visit, erected a magnificent new hospice just outside of the new gate, to the north of Jerusalem, and the Dominican monks had built on the site of the old church of St. Stephen, erected by the Empress Eudocia in the fifth century, a fine new church, largely a reproduction of the ancient structure, and a conventual school for Biblical study. In connection with this school, at the head of which stands Pere Lagrange, the Dominicans issue one of the best, if not the best, Biblical review in the world,—*Revue Biblique*. These Dominican Fathers, highly cultivated and educated men, are doing a most admirable work in the exploration of the antiquities or the Holy Land. It might be added that in the Assumptionist hospice there is also an admirable little Biblical museum, scientifically arranged, open freely to visitors and students, which has been collected by Pere Germer-Durand himself, a noted epigraphist. Dotted all over the country at Nazareth, Bethlehem, Mount Tabor, Mount Carmel, the Sea of Tiberias, etc., one finds convents and hospices, generally of the Franciscans, but sometimes of other orders, in which the visitor is always made welcome and courteously entertained, being expected to make return for his entertainment by such gift as he is able to make (ordinarily five or six francs for a day's entertainment).

"These hospices are a great boon to the traveller in Palestine, who can feel sure of entertainment and of most interesting and delightful companionship wherever a convent or hospice exists ; and even where there are no convents he is sure of hospitable treatment if only there be a Latin priest in the place. In many places on both sides of the Jordan I was the guest of native priests of the Patriarch's Mission, trained in the French schools in Jerusalem. The convents and hospices are established in those parts of the country which are visited by pilgrims, and where, also, there are almost always some resident Latin Christians."

## Death of Father Avertanus Brennan, O.C.C.

The Carmelite Order in America suffered a great loss by the death of Rev. Father Avertanus D. Brennan, which occurred on August 17th. He was born in the town of Dunnville, Ont., in the year 1862, and when yet a child his parents moved to Niagara Falls, where he frequented the parochial school. After passing through the different grades, he came to the Monastery at Falls View, overlooking the Falls, to continue his studies for the priesthood. Here he received the habit of the Order in 1878. He made his simple vows in 1879, and in 1884 he made his solemn vows. At this monastery he studied the classics, philosophy, and had commenced theology, when he, with the other students, went to New Baltimore, Pa., where a new house of studies had just been opened. In 1889 he was ordained priest, with five of his companions, at New Baltimore, and on March 17th he sang his first Mass in presence of his relatives and numerous friends at Niagara Falls, Ont. Immediately after his ordination he was assigned to Englewood, N.J., where he had charge of the Church at Tenafly. After some years he was called to New Baltimore to teach the students of the Order the classics. This he did with such singular success, that when the new Carmelite College was opened at Chicago he was appointed professor of Greek and the higher classics of Latin. He filled the office until about two years ago, when he left the professorial chair to help on the missions. He continued on the missions with great success until last spring when through ill-health he was compelled to retire from active service.

The disease, which had been brewing for years, forced him, although unwillingly, to yield. No medical skill seemed to help him, and on August 17th, in the



Sisters' Hospital in Buffalo, fortified and comforted by the Sacraments of Holy Church, and wearing the Scapular, he peacefully breathed his last.

The same day his body was brought to Niagara Falls, Ont., where it lay in state in St. Patrick's Church. The next day, after the recitation of the Office of the dead, a solemn Mass was sung for the repose of his soul. Besides the resident priests, there were present Very Rev. Ambrose Bruder, Provincial O.C.C., the celebrant of the Mass; Very Rev. Dean Morris, of St. Catharines; Revs. T. Sullivan, of Thorold; F. Smith, of Merritton; J.J. Roche and J. Birmingham, of Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Wm Healy, C.S. Sp. and J. Grillin, C.S. Sp., of Pittsburg, Pa.

Father Brennan was a man of rare intellectual gifts and a kind heart, which won the love and confidence of all the people with whom he came in contact.

ARE  
YOU  
DEAF?



ANY  
HEAD  
NOISES?

ALL CASES OF  
**DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING**  
ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

**HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.**

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

*Gentlemen:* — Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.  
About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.

I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain

Very truly yours,

F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

*Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation.*

Examination and advice free. **YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME** at a nominal cost.

**INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 596 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.**

He always cherished a tender devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, and often expressed his wish of dying vested with her habit. In his last illness, although he suffered intense pain, he bore everything with heroic patience, and was never heard to utter a word of complaint.

We hope that through the prayers of the faithful, especially of his friends, and the intercession of the Queen of Carmel, he may soon obtain the reward promised by her to her faithful clients.

SONG OF HOPE.

Wm. J. Fischer.

Hope is a bright angel—Faith's twin sister fair—

On her face God's pure sunlight,—the smile we know well;

When she enters our hearts, grim-visaged Despair

Shrieking, wings a swift flight to her loathsome, dark hell.

AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

I know thou are with me,

O heart of love divine!

Thy precious blood is flowing,

Like sweetest juice of vine;

To still the aspirations

That ever rise towards thee,

For light and love more ardent

And greater purity.

What need to speak my Jesus?

Thy sacred eyes so calm

See all these inward longings;

For each thou hast a balm;

O! may this day's Communion

Absorb my soul in Thee,

A glistening drop borne onward

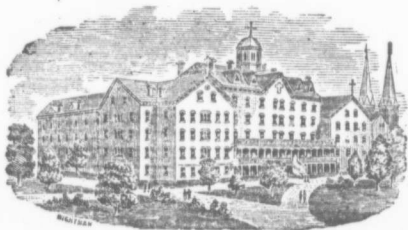
To love's eternity!

Enfant de Marie.

"When Death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity."

# NIAGARA UNIVERSITY,

College and Seminary of Our Lady of Angels



Conducted by the Priests of the **CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION.**

**THIS INSTITUTION**, founded November 21, 1856, and chartered by Act of Legislature, April 20, 1863, with power to confer Degrees, is located in the midst of the enchanting scenery of the famous Niagara Falls. It affords every facility for obtaining a thorough **Classical, Scientific, Commercial, or Ecclesiastical Course.**

Situated on the most elevated point of "MONT-EAGLE RIDGE," it receives the full benefit of the healthful and invigorating breezes that sweep over the country from the Lake. In sublimity of scenery it is unrivalled. Southward it commands a magnificent view of the Seminary Rapids, Whirlpool, and Great Cataract; northward, it looks over the beauties of Niagara's tortuous banks, and the wide expanse of Lake Ontario dotted with sail. The buildings are large and well furnished. No pains are spared to secure the comfort of the students. The scholastic year consists of two terms: the first ends on the first of February, and the second on the last Wednesday of June.

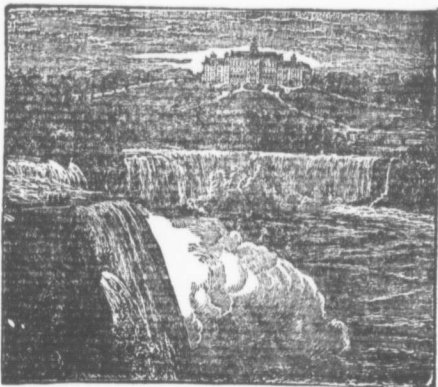
**TERMS:** Board, Tuition, Washing, and Mending of Articles Washed, per term, \$100. Vacation, if spent at the Seminary, \$50.

**EXTRA CHARGES:** Piano, Organ, Violin, Flute, Clarinet or Guitar, with use of instrument, \$50 per Annum. For further particulars address the President.

**VERY REV. P. McHALE, C.M.**

Niagara University, N.Y.

## **LORETTO ACADEMY, ❁ NIAGARA FALLS.**



**THIS INSTITUTION** is beautifully situated on the high and healthy location, overlooking the Falls on the Canadian side, and cannot be equalled for the sublime and extensive view which it affords of the Falls, Rapids, and Islands in the vicinity. Pupils from all parts of the "Western World" have borne testimony to the fact that after some time feasting on the life-giving air and enchanting beauty of this scenery, they have returned to their homes renewed in life and vigor, as well as cultivated in mind and soul.

**TERMS, \$200 per annum. Extras Moderate.**