



### Hymn to Our Lady of Good Counsel.

*For the Carmelite Review.*



BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

ISTEN, Mother, to our sighing,  
Shades of earth have gathered round,  
And we gaze on thy sweet image,  
Seeking grace which thou hast found.

Thou hast trod the path of sorrow,  
All its pangs are known to thee;  
Let us follow in thy footsteps,  
To the cross of Calvary.

Thy loved title of "Good Counsel"  
Ever lights this narrow way,  
Leading on to rest supernal  
In the everlasting day.

"Good," indeed, the counsel leading  
O'er the path thy Jesus trod.  
Mother! may it daily light us  
To the Paradise of God.

Angel choirs are circling round thee,  
Golden harps resound with praise,  
And thine exiled children's voices  
Softly mingle humbler lays.

We are gazing on thy image  
With its face so sweet and mild,  
And with arms around thee twining  
Clings thy God—the Saviour-Child.

Fair thou art as morning rising,  
Gentle as the moonbeams white,  
Shining like the gold effulgence  
Of our radiant orb of light.

In God's own unfathomed council  
In the eternity of love,  
Thou He placed as chosen Daughter,  
All created works above.

And the "Angel of Great Council,"  
 Came on earth thy Child to be,  
 And His words of life and spirit  
 Oft were whispered unto thee,

Lighting up the Passion-shadows  
 Prophet—words had round thee cast,  
 Pointing to the golden glory  
 Thou, with Him, wouldst win at last.

Spouse thou art, O Virgin-Mother!  
 Of the Spirit, and His shade  
 Ever veiled thy lily-fairness  
 Which no earthly breath could fade.

Daughter, Mother, Spouse, Oh! hear us  
 Star of guidance, day by day  
 Look we for thy gifts of counsel  
 Beaming o'er our heavenward way.

Thy sweet image guided pilgrims  
 O'er the mountains—through the wave—  
 As, of old, the cloud and firelight,  
 God His chosen people gave.

Or as when the silver starlight  
 Led the royal guests to bring  
 Gifts of gold, myrrh, fragrant incense,  
 To thy Babe, the Saviour-King.

No, sweet mother, may we bring thee  
 Gold of love and incense-prayer,  
 In His Heart, Oh! do thou place them,  
 All thy gifts are welcome there.

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TO OUR LADY.

Mother! I am sad to-day,  
 "Consolatrix afflictorum!"  
 And the sense of sin is o'er me,  
 O "Refugium peccatorum!"  
 Through the shadows, do thou lead me,  
 "Pulchra Stella Matutina!"  
 In thy loving Heart receive me,  
 "O amabilis Regina!"

The Life and Catholic Journalism  
OF THE LATE  
**JAMES A. McMASTER,**

*Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and  
Catholic Register.*

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

CHAPTER V.

THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL SYSTEM—McMASTER'S JOURNAL, THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL BANNER JOURNAL—THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS—THEIR RECENT ORIGIN—OPPOSED BY THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AS OPPRESSIVE AND UNCONSTITUTIONAL. LEGISLATION BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK—McMASTER FROM THE BEGINNING DEFENDS THE PRINCIPLE TAUGHT BY THE POPE, THAT TO THE PARENT, UNDER THE CHURCH OF GOD, BELONGS THE INALIENABLE RIGHT TO EDUCATE THE CHILD—ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN ADMITS McMASTER TO HAVE BEEN IN GREAT MEASURE THE FATHER OF THE AMERICAN PAROCHIAL SCHOOL—THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL SYSTEM SUSTAINED BY THE NEW YORK PRIESTS—THE REV. FATHER EDWARDS, RT. REV. BISHOP KEANE, HIS EMINENCE, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.



NE pre-eminent public question of which James A. McMaster treated oftener and more exhaustively than any other, is the necessity of religious teaching in the education of the young. The public school system, as at present constituted, is a thing of comparatively recent growth, little as the present generation appear to know it. To hear the ranting advocates of the system, one would suppose that it had been incorporated in the Constitution of the United States by the Revolutionary Fathers, and that it is little less than treason to denounce the evils of it.

The first scheme, on any extensive scale, was brought forward in the Albany Legislature in 1849. True to his instinctive recognition of any foe to public welfare or Christian morality, McMaster at once opposed the bill with all his power, and if he

did not succeed in defeating it, he at least secured the modification of many of the features introduced later on. A series of powerful articles, turning the measure inside out and exhibiting its dangerous character, began on August 11, 1849, in which issues McMaster said:

"In the proposed measure of *free schools* for the State of New York, we see a system of wholesale oppression and unconstitutional legislation, to which we intend inviting the attention of the public to be interested. We shall do so in no spirit of party. The Methodists, the Presbyterians, and every sect in the State, supposing them to believe their religion worth teaching, and capable of being taught to their children, have the same interest in the subject that we have. We have shown that the project is irreligious—impious would not be too strong a term—and we shall do what we can to show that it is the interest of the community at large to reject it."

With unanswerable argument and cogency of reasoning McMaster proved to the public in general, that the State has no inherent right to educate our children, but that this right is the inalienable right of parents who, by the law of nature, are free to educate their children in the school of their own choice. Year after year he was assailed on all sides, but he fought for the principle to the last.

The chief point then was to unite Catholics themselves on this question—to make them understand that they had better build schools first, and leave the building of the churches afterwards to the scholars educated in these schools. But here he was supported by the teaching of the Church. Any one who is familiar with the history of the Church must certainly know the maternal solicitude which the Church has ever had for the instruction of the young. Not to go beyond our own country, we find abundant proofs here. In the very first Synod ever held in the United States, at a time when the United States was made up of one diocese, in the year 1791, when the first Bishop of this country assembled his priests from north and south and east and west, to meet in Baltimore, and there take measures for the common good, he found he was able to gather around him from this immense country, from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, twenty priests; and these, even then when the need of Church

was paramount, when priests had whole States under their jurisdiction, even then they do not fail to assert that all care must be taken to guard the young. Here is the garden in which in God's own time the beautiful flower will grow. And in the first Provincial Council of the United States, in 1829, when instead of one Bishop there were nine Sees in this country, we find these nine Prelates, in the 34th decree of the Council, affirming the absolute necessity of these schools. And later on, in 1852, when the first National Council was held, we find the Fathers dilating at great length on this very same subject, and this not of their own accord exclusively, but they say expressly, in so many words, that in doing this we are only following up the instructions given to us by our Holy Father by his encyclical letter of 1851, in which he urges all the Bishops of the world to make every effort for the increased propagation of Catholicity. So that therefore in fighting so earnestly for this subject, McMaster was not advancing peculiar ideas; he was simply following the instincts, the guidance and the voice of that Supreme Teacher in the Church who takes the place of Peter, whether he be Gregory or Pius or Leo.

Hence he repeated most frequently the words of Pius IX: "We must make education more Christian."

Behold the triumph of the cause which he advocated: "Our schools cover the land. Every Bishop urges their establishment. Few priests care to advocate the public schools as they exist. The great majority of Catholics are now the advocates of parochial schools, and in a few years the sentiment will be unanimous, while Catholic higher education will be found in a university of our own. The enemy is now entirely without, and we have to-day strong and able external allies in the struggle to obtain a system of denominational education."

"Archbishop Corrigan," said the St. Louis *Western Watchman*, "pronounced a touching eulogy on the deceased, whom he had known long and intimately. He declared that he was in great measure the father of the American parochial school. This is most honorable testimony to the deceased's work and worth. Our people still remember when a parochial school was a thing unknown. Thirty-five years ago there was not a Catholic parochial

school in this city worthy of the name—none in New York or Philadelphia or Boston. To have been the author and instigator of the present gigantic system of parochial education, is high honor, indeed."

"McMaster," said the *Michigan Catholic*, "offended many men in his contest with indifference and laziness in the matter of Christian education. There would be fewer Catholic schools in the United States to-day than there are, if Mr. James A. McMaster had never entered Catholic journalism. In developing the infant Catholic sentiment of thirty years ago into the giant of the present day, he had to give offence to many, even in influential quarters; but he had his reward before his death, in knowing that there is not a diocese in the United States in which pastors are not commanded, where it is possible to maintain a parochial school, to build one."

Now, by contending for Catholic schools and Christian education, McMaster showed himself the greatest friend of the Republic and upholder of the Union.

"A body which has lost the principle of its animation becomes dust. Hence, it is an axiom that the change or perversion of the principles by which anything was produced, is the destruction of that very thing; if you can change or pervert the principles from which anything springs, you destroy it. For instance, one single foreign element introduced into the blood produces death; one false assumption admitted into science, destroys its certainty; one false principle admitted into morals, is fatal. Now, our American nation is departing from the principles which created their civilization, and upon which their grand Republic is based. Their civilization is becoming every day more and more material, and this material civilization, while more and more material, is becoming less moral; society is becoming less solid, less safe, less stable; individuals are becoming more anarchical, the intellect more licentious, the wills of men more stubborn, and this self-will expresses itself in their actions, so that it is true to say that, by means of godless education, the principles of Christianity upon which the American Republic was founded, and by which it has hitherto been preserved, have been rejected, and are violated on every side. Our Republic, therefore, is no more progressing, but is going back.

"About twenty-five years ago a number of leading politicians and statesmen of America, of highest name and note, met together to consider the condition of the United States. It was before the war, when there were already many causes of anxiety. It was said that there was a universal and growing license of the individual will, and that law and government were powerless to restrain it; that if the will of the multitude became licentious, it

would seriously threaten the public welfare and liberty of the country. The conclusion they came to was, that, *unless there could be found some power which could restrain the individual will, this danger would at last seriously menace the United States.*

"Now, it is easy to say what that power is. It is the power which created Christian society—it is the power which drew the world out of the darkness of heathenism, abolished slavery, restored woman to her true dignity—it is the power which established and maintained republican governments; and that power is the power of Catholicity. Whenever this power is weakened or lost, immediately all political society decays. There will be a bright future for America if this power will be maintained and preserved.

"The Catholic church is the grandest Republic that was ever established. But it is a Republic of a supernatural order. It has for its Founder Jesus Christ, the Son of God Himself. He chose St. Peter for its first President. The grand Republic is divided, as it were, into as many States as there are dioceses; each diocese has a Bishop—a true successor of the Apostles—for Governor, and each Bishop has priests to assist him in the spiritual government of the diocese. The Constitution of this Republic was made by Jesus Christ. It cannot be changed or altered at all, either by the President, or by the votes of its citizens. St. Peter and the other Apostles, and their lawful successors, were bound in conscience, by Jesus Christ, to keep His Constitution—His doctrine—and teach others to keep it, under pain of forfeiture of eternal life. The President and the Governors of this Republic—the Pope and the Catholic Bishops—are not at liberty to govern its citizens, the Catholics, as they please; they have to govern them according to the Constitution—the Doctrine of Jesus Christ. Now, Almighty God governs men in accordance with the nature with which He has created them, as beings endowed with reason and free-will. God adapts His government to our rational and voluntary faculties, and governs us without violence to either, and by really satisfying both. The rulers of the Catholic church have to do the same; they must govern men as freemen. Hence the Catholic church leaves to every people its own nationality, and to every State its own independence; she ameliorates the political and social order, only by infusing into the hearts of the people and their rulers the principles of justice and love, and a sense of accountability to God. The action of the Church in political and social matters is indirect, not direct, and in strict accordance with the free-will of individuals and the autonomy of states. Servile fear does not rank very high among Catholic theologians. The Church, when she can, resorts to coercive measures only to repress disorders in the public body. Hence her

rulers are called shepherds, not lords, and shepherds of their Master's flock, not of their own, and are to feed, tend, protect the flock, and take care of its increase for Him, with sole reference to His will, and His honor and glory. The Catholic church proffers to all every assistance necessary for the attainment of the most heroic sanctity, but she forces no man to accept that assistance. Catholics believe the doctrines of the Church, because they believe the Catholic church to be the Church of God—they believe that Jesus Christ commissioned St. Peter and the Apostles, and their lawful successors, to teach all men in His name—to teach them infallibly and authoritatively His divine doctrine—they believe that this Church is the medium through which God manifests His will, and dispenses His grace to man, and through which alone we can hope for heaven; they believe that nothing can be more reasonable than to believe God at His word, and that, above all, they must seek the kingdom of God and secure their eternal salvation.

"Being governed by the Church, as freemen, in the spirit of a republican government, and enjoying as they do, the freedom of the children of God, Catholics feel nowhere more at home, than under a republican form of government. If a great Pope could say in truth, that he was nowhere more Pope than in America, every Catholic can, and does, also, say in truth, 'Nowhere can I be a better Christian than in the United States.' Hence it is that Catholics are very generally attached to the republican institutions of the country—no class of our citizens more so—and would defend them at the sacrifice of their lives. Catholics far more readily adjust themselves to our institutions than non-Catholics, and among Catholics it must be observed that they succeed best who best understand and best practise their religion. They who are least truly American, and yield most to demagogues, are those who have very little of Catholicity, except the accident of being born of Catholic parents, who had been baptized in infancy.

"Practical Catholics are the best republicans! If we consult history, we find that they were always foremost in establishing and maintaining the republican form of government. Who originated all the free principles which lie at the basis of our own noble Constitution? Who gave us trial by jury, *habeas corpus*, stationary courts, and the principle—for which we fought and conquered in our revolutionary struggle against Protestant England—that taxes are not to be levied without the free consent of those who pay them? All these cardinal elements of free government date back to the good old Catholic times, in the middle ages—some three hundred years before the dawn of the Reformation! Our Catholic forefathers gave them all to us.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## "HAIL MARY!"

For the Carmelite Review.

F. A. B.



HE saints and holy persons found great pleasure in repeating the "Hail Mary," and endeavored to induce others to follow their pious example.

St. Alphonse Liguori says "the *ave* by which we salute the Blessed Virgin is always pleasing to Mary, because we renew in her the great joy she felt when she heard she was to become Mother of God." We should have this intention when we say the "Hail Mary."

The venerable Thomas of Kempis often said to his pupils: "Frequently greet Mary with the angelic salutation, for those are words to which she gives a willing ear. Whenever I say "Hail Mary," heaven rejoices, earth is astounded and the devils tremble. It produces a loving feeling in my heart which I cannot express in words."

"As often as we salute Mary," says Saint Bernardine, "the Blessed Virgin returns the salutation—a salutation bringing with it grace and consolation for her servants."

Whenever St. Catharine of Sienna saw a picture of the Blessed Virgin she always saluted it with an "Ave Maria."

Even when a child, Saint Teresa often separated herself from her playmates in order to go and salute the Blessed Virgin with an "ave."

It was a custom of the venerable Benvenuta of the Dominican Order to say the "Hail Mary" a thousand times daily. On Saturday, the day consecrated to Mary, she doubled the number. On one occasion a beautiful child appeared to Benvenuta. "Have you a mother?" asked Benvenuta of the child, who, in place of answering, likewise put the same question to Benvenuta, who said "no, my mother is long since dead." "My mother still lives," said the child. Then asked Benvenuta, "Can you say the *Hail Mary*?" The child again put the same question to Benvenuta, who repeated the prayer to the words "Blessed is the fruit, etc.," when she heard from the lips of the child who was departing from her, "I am that blessed fruit."

Father Adalbert, of St. Alexis, relates that in a certain monastery there lived a holy virgin, who, on account of a very severe illness, was for many years confined to her bed. Finally death relieved her from suffering. Soon after her death she appeared to some of her friends and told them she had already entered Paradise. Among other things she related that she possessed unspeakable joys on account of her former devotion to the holy Mother of God. She said that the "Hail Mary" was particularly pleasing to the Blessed Virgin. Finally she said, "I would be willing to return to earth and undergo all my former sufferings for the sake of being allowed to say but one 'Hail Mary.'"

A Cistercian nun, the venerable Eulalia, at one time fell asleep whilst the "*Ave Maria*" was being recited. As she awoke, she beheld the Mother of God standing before her, who said, "Sleepest thou, Eulalia?" The astonished Eulalia responded, "I am not sleeping but am watching. But how comes it that the Queen of heaven deigns to visit me, a poor sinner?" "My daughter," said the Blessed Virgin, "be not affrighted at the sight of her, thy Mother, whom you daily honor. If you desire to please me and benefit your own soul, know that what pleases me most is to hear you say "the Lord is with thee," for it again renews in me the joy I felt when I had with me my divine Son."

The learned Dr. Hugo Laemer, a Protestant, through curiosity took up a copy of the "Kalendar for Time and Eternity," written by Alban Stolz, a priest and professor of the University of Freiburg, in Germany. The doctor read therein those words of the author on the *Hail Mary*: "Perhaps thou (speaking to non-Catholics) hast yet a spark of devotion to Mary. A few centuries ago your forefathers honored the Blessed Virgin. Have the courage to break away from prejudice and say *Hail Mary* for at least a month, and you will always say it after that." Dr. Laemer followed the advice and returned to the faith of his fathers by becoming a devout Catholic and servant of Mary. May the *Hail Mary* work the same miracle of grace for our separated brethren. Only a good will is required. The wonderful little prayer will do the rest.

[MOSTLY FROM P. OTT.]

## The Jesuits and the Neutrals

BY VERY REV. W. K. HARRIS.

CONTINUED.



HAVING come to this conclusion, one of them waited on the Fathers to communicate the result of their deliberations, which was that they refused to exchange presents. The Fathers replied that the exchange of gifts was not the only motive which induced them to visit the country; that their principal object was to bear to them a knowledge of God and His Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour, and they now wished to know if the people refused to hear their instructions since the Chiefs refused to receive their gifts. The Chief replied that they had nothing to say against the faith which was preached, having found it nothing but what was good, nevertheless they could not accept any gift from them. Though the Fathers were pleased with this reply, as it conceded the principle for which they were contending—that is, liberty to preach and proclaim the Gospel throughout the land—they deemed it wise, however, to enquire the reasons for refusing the gifts, saying that they had a duty to discharge and an account to render to those who sent them. At first, the Chief replied that the people were poor, and were not able to make suitable returns for our gifts. The Fathers made answer that if that was their only difficulty, they need not refuse the presents, for they would not expect or ask for any return of the same nature, and that if they accepted them as brothers, it would be sufficient. He persisted in his refusal, however, adding trivial excuses, till at length the Sachem of the Council appeared and exclaimed: "Hear me, ye black robes. Are your ears deaf to what Auenhakoui stated when he came here to warn us, or are you blind to your own danger and the consequences of your stay in our country?"

Father Brebeuf attempted to reply, but he turned a deaf ear to him, and the Fathers were compelled to retire. The result of the meeting, however, did not induce the Fathers to leave the country.

They decided to remain, satisfied that, if in the past, they had to endure insults and sufferings, they would now have to suffer more in the future. In fact, in more than one town which they visited, they were met on every side with contumely: "Look! they shouted out, the Agona (this was the name they applied to their most hated enemies) are coming, fasten your doors." So that when the Fathers stood before the doors of the wigwams, they were confronted with determined opposition by those who looked upon them as sorcerers, scattering death and disease around. If sometimes there was found one who received them, he was moved to act more through fear of refusal than by reasons of hospitality.

It is hard to credit the tremendous effect produced upon these poor savages by the stories of the Hurons. The report circulated among them of our great power for evil, produced upon their naturally defiant and courageous spirits a fearful and withering effect. The very appearance of the Fathers, their movements and dress,—so different from their own,—their manner of walking, their gestures, and, in fact, their every action seemed to be a confirmation of the ominous tidings borne to their ears. The breviaries, ink-horns and materials for writing were regarded as instruments of magic, and their very posture, when on their knees praying to God, was associated with the practice of sorcery. When they went to the stream to wash their plates, they were said to be poisoning the waters. It was reported of them that whenever they visited a lodge, the children began to bleed and were seized with a fit of coughing, and the women struck with barrenness. In fact, there was no misfortune so great for the present and the future of which they were not considered to be the cause. At some of the cabins where the Fathers lodged, the inmates slept neither night nor day, but refused their presents as things malign, and skulked in the furthest ends of the tents. The good wives already looked upon themselves as lost, and mourned for their little ones, who would not live to people the earth.

The Chiefs hinted to the Fathers that the Senecas were coming, and would soon arrive in their country; others stated the reason for which they refused to accept our

presents, was that they could not give us any assurance of safety while we remained in the country.

The insolence and tyranny of some of those who received us were almost unbearable. They ordered us around as slaves, insisting on immediate obedience. Sometimes we had nothing to eat, and at other times they forced us to visit their relatives, eat what was put before us, and pay whatever they demanded. In short they began to speak of killing and eating us.

The pretended maniacs ran wildly from cabin to cabin. On one occasion three of them, as naked as one's hand, entered the lodge where we were, and after performing a series of foolish antics, disappeared. On another occasion some of them rushed in, and seating themselves beside us, began to examine our bags, and after having taken away some of our property, they retired, still conducting themselves as fools. In short, we could only compare ourselves to a foot-ball, with which the demons enjoyed themselves in this barbarous country: still Divine Providence watched over us so that we needed nothing for our support, and aided us to bear affronts and injuries more easily imagined than described.

The Fathers, during their stay in the country, visited eighteen towns, to each of which they gave a christian name, by which they could, in the future, if the occasion arose, recognize them. They stayed for a considerable time at ten of the villages where they gave instruction to as many as would listen to them. They counted in these ten villages five hundred fires and three thousand souls, and it will be strange if the sound of the gospel which they preached here be not heard throughout the whole land. In our calculations we have only taken into account these three thousand souls. At last the Fathers, seeing that the people were not disposed to receive their teachings, and finding that the terror and confusion of the people increased with time, deemed it wise to retrace their path and return to the village of *Kandoncho*; or that of "All Saints," where they were in the beginning more graciously received, and there awaiting the opening of spring, instruct its inhabitants. God, however, disposed otherwise, for, having arrived at *Teotongnaitou*, or St. Williams, midway on their route, a great

quantity of snow fell, preventing them from continuing their journey. This misfortune, if it may be so called, was for them the greatest blessing and consolation they had experienced since they left home, for, being unable to remain anywhere in peace and quietness, even for the purpose of studying the language of the country, they now found themselves lodged with a hostess who made it a special object to make their stay here as pleasant as others made it unhappy. She welcomed them to her lodge, and, seeing they did not eat meat, it being the season of Lent, she took particular care to make a special dish for them, seasoned with fish, and much better than that which she served to her own family.

It was for her a special delight to instruct them in the language, dictating the words, syllable by syllable, as a teacher would to a scholar, and relating to them narratives and stories touching her people. Moved by her example, her little children who, at first, were seized with terror and fled away, now rendered them a thousand friendly attentions, and vied with each other in showing kindness to them. Nay! more. While all the other people of the town implored her to send away the Fathers, reminding her of all the misfortunes and dangers associated with them, she laughed at their fears, and persistently refuted their calumnies, saying that they themselves were imposed upon by the lies told them by others.

When some of them warned her of the destruction and death that would surely overtake her upon the departure of the Fathers, she replied that it was a common thing for people to die, and that she awaited the consequences with indifference, saying at the same time that they themselves were sorcerers who wished her death and that of her children, adding moreover that she would rather expose herself and her family to death than to send the Fathers away at this season, when they would surely perish from cold and exposure.

Not only had she to contend against those of the villages, but she was even annoyed with one or two in her own lodge who, among other things, said that her own father had been a sorcerer, and that consequently it was not to be wondered at that she consorted with sorcerers. This



charge, however, had no more effect on her than the others. Even her little children quarreled with their playmates, going to the extent of fighting in defence of the Fathers.

It is indeed surprising that this good woman remained indifferent to her persecutors, and continued her care for and her hospitality towards the Fathers, even to the day of their departure. Their only regret in leaving was that her disposition towards the Faith was not sufficient to warrant them in baptizing her. They, however, hope that the prayers of those who now hear of her hospitality will obtain for her the blessing of conversion.

The greatest cause of sorrow to this poor woman was that she could not always prevent the insults which were offered to them. A pretended maniac threw himself on Father Chaumonot, tore his cassock and shouted out that the priests ought to be burned, and, night after night, he kept up such a continuous noise, that the Fathers could not sleep. Others entered the cabin, and in her presence took from the Fathers their articles of devotion, and even threatened to burn the missionaries, which threat perhaps, if their good angel had not intervened, would have been carried out. At length, the father of this good woman interposed, approving of all things she had done for them, testifying a particular affection, and promising to visit them at their own house in the Huron country. May our Divine Lord guide his footsteps.

It was, without doubt, a special Providence of God which protected them in this village, for, during the twenty-five days which they remained there, they added to their Huron dictionary the idioms of this people, a work which well repaid them for their long voyage. The savages receive with more kindness those who speak their own language, and regard those who do not as aliens and foreigners. Amid all the vicissitudes and misfortunes which the Fathers experienced during their stay in the country, they did not neglect the infants, the old people nor the sick, to whom they gave the consolations of religion.

Among all the villages which they visited, there was only one, Kiekioctoa, named by them St. Michaels, where they were received with any show of courtesy becoming their mission. In this town there dwelt a

number of refugees belonging to a strange nation, named *Auenrehonon*, that lived on the shores of Lake Erie, near the Cat Nation, who fled here from their enemies, and were directed, as if by Providence, to this town to listen to the teachings of the Fathers. They were fairly well instructed by the missionaries who, however, did not deem it opportune to baptize them. The Holy Ghost will fructify the seed which has been sown in their hearts.

I remain your very humble and obedient servant in our Saviour,

I. L'ALEMANT.

From our residence at St. Mary's of the Hurons, May 16th, 1741.

THE END.

KIND WORDS.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW is a welcomed and regular monthly visitor at our office. It is published by the Carmelite Fathers of Niagara Falls, Ont., in honor of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel, and in the interest of the Brown Scapular. Its reading matter is of the very best and such as must especially be of interest to every Catholic reader. The contributors of the various articles are well-known writers and speak their own merits. The circulation at present, we understand, is something over 3,000 copies and steadily increasing, not through agents but from its own intrinsic worth. The publication will also indirectly assist in helping to raise the desired fund for completing the new hospice now in course of erection. We have had the pleasure of visiting the reverend Fathers and can assure our readers that their cause is a noble one. The hospice will stand but a short distance to the south of Loretto Convent and command a fine view of the Falls with surrounding scenery. One could scarcely imagine a better site for a similar institution. Here retreats will be given in all languages at stated intervals and aged and infirm priests will receive the best of experienced care free of charge. Judging from the present state of affairs, we will expect to see the building erected and towering above the mighty cataract before two more years shall have passed away.—*Niagara Index*.

I CANNOT understand how you can publish so excellent a Review for so small a sum of money, for in my opinion, I consider it one of the best of its kind published in this or any other country.

C. F. McG.—M.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

### TAXES AND CUSTOMS, II.

"I suppose, Mick, that our custom-laws find just as little favor in your eyes as our tax-laws. At least I would be surprised to hear from you a kind word regarding them."

"Well, Sam, it depends on what you call kindness. If you mean by the word an implicit endorsement of those laws, you certainly will not hear this word, but if in all fair mindedness you wish to discuss the question I am ready to accommodate you."

"Let us hear then what you have got to say. Especially do I wish to know whether you are for free trade, or protection, for this is the burning question of the day."

"I am neither for the one nor the other."

"Neither for the one nor the other? How in the world will you explain that to me? There is no third road that you could possibly take and hence your answer quite dumfounds me."

"Because you do not consider that free trade pure and simple on one hand, and protection *a la* McKinley on the other hand, are extremes. The golden road always lies in the middle, and therefore, in this case, comprises a mixture of free trade and protection."

"But surely, taking the matter in this sense, we have your golden middle. Have we not articles on the free list, have we not on others merely nominal duties, whilst, of course, our industries, are as they ought to be, protected?"

"Who is protected by this protection? and who benefits by the free list?"

"Why, of course, the people of the United States. Who else would be benefitted by it?"

"Allow me to doubt that or rather, to deny it emphatically."

"You're talking in riddles. Suppose we had absolute free trade what would the consequence be? We would be flooded with foreign industries whilst our own would be hopelessly crippled. I am certain you do not wish such a result yourself."

"No, certainly not, but you speak of absolute free trade which I declared was

an extreme to be avoided, and besides I deny your inference. The question of production does not depend on protection as much as you think, and if we allow a reasonable protection to certain industries, they can very well live in spite of competition and would so live."

"Perhaps so, but at the expense of our laborers, whose wages would be reduced so as to render it impossible for them to earn a decent living. Europe with its teeming millions commands cheap labor, and hence could undersell us in our own market."

"This objection, Sam, was brought forward so often that it re-echoes from sea to sea. It proves the old saying that you can drive any nonsense down the throat of the people if you only repeat it often enough and loud enough. The fact is that the objection is utterly unfounded, because, first, the possible lower wages of Europe are out-balanced by the cost of shipping and other incidental expenses, and secondly, in a great many branches the wages we pay are not only not higher but even lower than those of Europe. Take for instance the silk, cotton, thread and clothing manufactures, the coal mines and the like; compare their wages with those paid in Europe, and you will find them lower here than there. Besides, if the objection were well founded, how can it happen that American industries can afford to send their goods to foreign ports and there undersell the domestic output?"

"I do do not think such a thing ever happened. Our goods sell, not because they are cheaper, but because they are of superior workmanship."

"This is certainly true in regard to some articles, but is it also true regarding anthracite coal, and stoves? At a time when Lehigh coal sold in Pennsylvania at \$6 or \$6.50 a ton it was sold in Canada at \$6.25, and the American importer paid the custom duties and the shipping expenses. Stoves of a higher grade are not superior, and those of a low grade decidedly inferior in material and workmanship to those manufactured in Europe, and yet American manufacturers put their stoves into European markets and sell lower there than the stove foundries of Europe. How do you account for that, Sam?"

"In a very simple way. They sold below

cost in order to place their goods into the market and drive out competition."

"Do you really believe this? Then I am bound to say, if you had the same childlike faith in religion, you would be a first-class Catholic. No American business man is shortsighted enough for such a manœuvre. He knows very well that his customers would take advantage of his low prices as long as they lasted, and drop him the moment he would raise the price, and that he would kill himself, not competition."

"Well, how do you account for it?"

"Also in a very simple way. He does not sell below cost at all, but with a profit, smaller than the one he makes at home, yet sufficiently large to make it pay. This completely disproves the necessity of protection, or of lowering the laborers wages in order to compete. For if he, with present wages, cost of shipping, import duties etc., can still manufacture and sell at a lower figure than his European competitor, he shows that his profits at home must be enormous, and that the cry of protection is not raised in behalf of the nation, or the laborer, but in behalf of these enormous profits, accruing to the manufacturers."

"Even so, it is a benefit to the country."

"Now, Sam, are you really so blind that you cannot see that it is a benefit only to a few, whilst the great bulk of the population severely suffer under it, as the people are bound to pay extortionate prices for all their commodities, and thus help to swell the purses of our millionaires, whilst they themselves, in spite of very fair wages, cannot make headway, since they are constantly fleeced."

"But where is the remedy?"

"The remedy is in the reduction of the tariff. If I had the making of the tariff I would ascertain the cost of production in foreign countries, compare it with the cost of production at home, add a fair profit, and then place the figure in the tariff so, that the manufacturers would be bound to sell at smaller profits, or quit manufacturing, giving the market to the foreign product."

"I'm afraid that the immediate consequence would be the discharge of thousands of our workmen, and the reduction of wages to such a degree, that the working man could not exist."

"Not the slightest danger, Sam. The manufacturers might try that game, but it

would not last long, and would not be any worse than our present strikes and reductions of wages. These men love themselves and their money bags too well, to leave millions of invested capital idle, and give the market to foreign firms. They would very soon find it advisable to continue manufacturing on the old scale of wages, and content themselves with lower profits, and the American people would be the gainers, as they could buy the necessaries without paying three times the fair price."

"But you forget in your whole argument that the tariff is intended not only for protection, but also as a source of revenue for the federal government, just like the internal revenue. The government must have means, and a certain amount of means. But if you reduce the tariff, this source of revenue will be insufficient, even in connection with the internal revenue, and who in this case would cover the deficiency?"

"Well, Sam, this revenue question is a very peculiar one. Tariff for revenue only has been the battle cry of political parties repeatedly, and as soon as these parties were in power, they doctored the tariff in a way that made it clear to everybody, that the battle cry was a hoax. The fact is, that none of the existing parties, as parties, are for free trade or protection, but it is a fight between manufacturers and dealers on one and the people on the other side, and the people lost the battle, because brains and wealth were at the service of grasping egotism. Why are they not honest enough to acknowledge that they fix the tariff simply to suit themselves, and for no other purpose?"

"Supposing this to be the case, you will admit, Mick, that the government needs revenue, and that this way of raising it is the most expeditious and the least felt. Besides they tell us, that the importer pays the duty, and in this case foreigners pay millions which otherwise we would have to pay."

"Sam, it takes an extraordinary amount of gullibility to believe this statement. If the tariff is low enough to give importers a chance of competition, they may sell at a somewhat lower profit for the sake of placing their goods in the market. But if the tariff is high, as it is universally in the States, the home manufacturers determine their prices, not by the cost of production,

but by the figure at which the importer could sell; it is the purchaser and he only, that pays the custom duties by paying, as I said before, a much higher price for his commodities than he ought to do in justice."

"You forget, Mick, that the purchaser is not bound to buy imported articles, and if he is satisfied with American products, he pays no duty at all."

"And you forget, Sam, what I said just now, that the prices in America are regulated by the figure at which the foreign competitor can place his goods on the market, and therefore the people pay the duties on domestic and foreign goods, in the former case to the manufacturer, in the latter to the government. These exactions are nothing but wholesale robbery, and the more unjust, as the chief burden falls upon those who are least able to bear it, viz., the poor."

"I cannot see how this can be."

"It is very easy to see, however. The great majority of a population are always people of scanty means and comparatively large families. Now the necessaries of life are needed in greater proportions by the many than by the few, and consequently a man, that has to feed, clothe and house ten persons, requires more of the protected articles, than a family consisting of two or three."

"If I acknowledge the force of this argument, it will not bring us any nearer the solution of the question, how the government is to make up the deficit?"

"Well, I sum up to show you how the thing could be done. The custom duties and internal revenues, as they are raised, are unjust, because they are levied on those, that do not benefit by them, and leave free those, that accumulate millions under these laws. There is only one just way of taxation, though I confess, it is a very difficult one, that is, taxation based upon income."

"Why, everybody just now is in arms against the income tax."

"I am aware of this, but the clamor will not change the justice of the tax. But to my mind any kind of taxes ought to be determined by income, because the income of a man determines his ability to pay taxes. When a saloon keeper is taxed \$1500 a year, while his net earnings, inclu-

sive of the license fees, only amount to \$3000, whilst a grocer or hardware merchant, who also nets \$3000, pays only, say \$150, the injustice is patent. Whether the income be derived from land, houses, wages, salary, interests or whatever source, the income ought to be equitably taxed, and no other way is just."

"The federal government, however, has no claim to direct taxation."

"Therefore the states that have the claim, should amongst themselves bear the expenses of the federal government. Fix the tariff, so that the differences of cost of natural produce, wages, etc., between us and others are equalized, allow thus a fair and open competition for the benefit of the people, give the revenues thus collected to the federal government, and let the different states at the ratio of their taxable property, make up the deficit."

"But such a way would be entirely against the constitution."

"They patched the constitution a number of times by amendment. Let them patch it once more. It will be a move in the right direction. Till now they took the money wherever they could find it the handiest: let them take it now, where justice demands them to look for it."

#### Favors Received for the New Hospice.

CANCELLED stamps have been received from Mrs. J. C., Hastings, Ont.; Miss K. M., Niagara Falls, Ont.; Ven. Sr. M. C., —, Nfld.; Miss M. M. O'D., Adamston, Ont.; Mrs. M. E. B., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Miss K. M., Lonsdale, Ont.; Dr. C. F. Mc'G., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss S. N. B., St. Mary's, Pa.; M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; J. B. R., Plovers Mills, Ont.; Mrs. E. A. M., Rochester, N. Y.; M. C., Lindsay, Ont.; Miss N. G., Blooming Prairie, Minn.; M. R., Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Miss J. C. K., Findlay, Ohio; P. P., Actonvale, P. Que.; E. C. B., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss M. McP., Joliet, Ill.; Miss M. C. M., Mercer, Pa.; Miss M. C., Pittsburg, Pa.; E. H. F., Hamilton, Ont.; M. H. McK., Halifax, N. S.; Dr. J. A. L., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss J. L., Hammett, Pa.; Miss M. H., Lyndon Station, Wis., (thanks for other favors); Miss T. F., Tickle Harbor, Nfld.; Miss H. A., Baltimore, Md.; Miss K. G., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss N. A. R., Leavenworth, Kas.; Miss D. B., Wallaceburg, Ont.; M. A., —, A. McD., Toronto, Ont.; M. T., New York.

## Our Irish Correspondence.

### The Irish Poor Law System.

For the Carmelite Review.



BY E. A. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

SOMETIME ago, I promised to write on the above form of relief. We have had charge, for the past thirty-five years, of one of the largest workhouses, perhaps, in the world, and so can give some interesting information on the subject. In order to do so, a brief history of this system of relief will be necessary.

The poor law in England dates from the beginning of the so-called Reformation. This coincidence is a logical one. The well-springs of charity had just been dried up by the destruction of the monasteries, and the dispersion of the Religious, who had always shared with the poor their bread and the alms of the faithful. Their property was confiscated by the King and distributed to the dignitaries of the new State Church. The care of providing for the poor, whom Catholic charity had for ages clothed, fed, comforted, and instructed, fell upon the nation at large. The sums required for this purpose became an item in the national budget; henceforward there was a poor-rate just as there was an army-rate. Alms were no longer, according to the true spirit of the gospel, a spontaneous offering made to indigence in proportion to the good-will and means of the giver; but a forced contribution, a subsidy of obligation, and a necessary part of the mechanism of the administration of taxes.

The Catholic Church ever had bowels of compassion and a real mother's heart for the poor. She had learned from our Saviour himself to look upon them as the privileged ones of His love, and the born heirs of His Kingdom. To the eye of faith the poor is not only "the confidant of Jesus Christ, and the co-operator of His great work," as Bossuet says; his tattered garments are a kind of royal mantle, covering the majesty of another Jesus Christ. For what is done in His name, to the least of His little ones, is done to

Himself. The deep-thinking men of the middle-ages always treated the poor man as a brother, honored the hand which received their alms, kissed the sores of the mendicant, surrounded the leper with charity, and wrote over the portals of the houses built for the poor the name of Him whom they were thus serving, and called them the "Hotel-Dieu."

It was not thus that Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth and their successors treated the poor. They branded them with an S. (slave). Any one that gave alms was punished. The beggars, by the law of the land, were whipped, had their ears cropped and were even put to death. To follow the changes made in England during the last three centuries in this horrid system, the outcome of Protestantism, would be a very wearisome task.

Up to 1834, notwithstanding the spectacle of traditional destitution, which Ireland presented to the world, after seven hundred years of war, spoliation and ravage, nothing similar had been done for her. As public distress was on the increase, a royal commission was appointed to enquire into the matter, and introduce the system into Ireland. The work was done quickly, for in nine weeks the report was sent to Parliament, and in 1838, the first poor law was enacted for Ireland, exactly 300 years after its introduction into England.

Fifty-seven years have rolled by since these new institutions of public relief were established: a considerably larger space of time, then would suffice to furnish matter for an impartial judgment upon the results attained, and the influence exercised by them.

THERE are two words which should take up much of our thoughts and cares—time and eternity; time because it will soon come to an end, and eternity because it will never come to an end.—ERSKINE.

REFLECT that it is only the fervent and diligent soul that is prepared for all duty and all events; that it is greater toil to resist evil habits and violent passions than to sweat at the hardest bodily labor; that he who is not careful to resist and subdue small sins will insensibly fall into greater, and that thou shalt always have joy in the evening if thou hast spent the day well.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

—THE—  
**Carmelite Review.**

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,  
 PUBLISHED BY  
 THE CARMEHITE FATHERS  
 IN HONOR OF  
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,  
 AND IN THE INTEREST OF  
 THE BROWN SCAPULAR.  
 With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons,  
 Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Arch-  
 bishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, March, 1895. No. 3.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

AN Indulgence of 25 days can be gained every time by anyone who devoutly invokes the holy name of Mary.

WHENEVER the bell announced the "Angelus" that great saint and cardinal, Charles Borromeo, always knelt down in prayer, no matter where he might be, even in a public street.

THERE is an old German proverb, which says that the year will be blessed if it rains on Good Friday, and a fruitful season will follow a clear day on St. Joseph's festival. Make a memorandum of it this year.

"THE gripe is a thing which baffles us," lately remarked an eminent physician. Now that the scourge, although in a mild form, is claiming its victims here and there, it will be a gentle reminder that we cannot get along without Providence.

ON January 5th, 1623, Pope Gregory XV granted a Plenary Indulgence to all those who visit a Carmelite church on the Feast of St. Joseph, Patron of the Order of Mount Carmel. Those who wish to gain this Indulgence must receive the Holy Sacraments and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father.

WE should be very grateful to a kind Providence for having spared our country from the horrors of earthquakes, which have been so frequent in different parts of the world, especially in the country south of us—Mexico. We have reason to devoutly

pray with the Church on Rogation days: "From the scourge of earthquake—deliver us O Lord!"

A BUFFALO paper says some of the preachers are treating their congregations to sermons on "Tribby," and other late novels. The people are much interested. Quite natural, for they would rather hear the "gospel according to Maubier," than that according to the evangelists, especially if the latter talk of such disagreeable things as future punishments.

AN English writer who has lately visited the Portuguese colonies in Africa, writes home telling enthusiastically that he has discovered that the natives there have made marvellous proficiency in the arts and trades, under the instruction of the monks. That is nothing new. The only wonder is the fact that their enemies can so forget themselves as to give the monks their due.

THE great feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin is not confined to one day alone—March 25th—indeed it is commemorated every day throughout the Catholic world. Not only daily, but three times a day does the faithful Angelus Bell call our attention to a fact which we should never forget—the Incarnation—for which we can never too often thank God and His Holy Mother.

LENT, as a rule, sees the end of a hard winter—hard for the bread-winner—hard for the overworked mother—and hard for the half-starved orphans. Resignation in such afflictions turns into golden merit, especially during these days of penance. Lent is a suitable time to give of our abundance. There is many an anxious eye looking for an alms from us. Don't refuse it. "Charity covers a multitude of sin."

"THERE is more wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," says the English poet. That is what the Spaniards think just now. They did conquer before, they may now. Cardinal Vaughan goes to the land which produces the saints of prayers, among them St. Teresa, and asks the prayers that England may return to the

faith of her forefathers. St. Simon Stock ceases not to pray for his countrymen. May they be wholly rescued from the yoke of heresy. The day will come and perhaps soon. The Rosary is stronger than the Armada!

\* \* \*

IN jotting down your important memorandums for the month of March, do not forget to write "something special must be done this month in honor of St. Joseph." The holy Spouse of Mary does not make use of any such aids to memory, nevertheless he never forgets any honor paid to him. If you have not already included St. Joseph among your list of devotions, add an important postscript, and let it read: "Go to Joseph!"

\* \* \*

A POVERTY-STRIKEN theatrical troupe lately embarked for Europe. They had become bankrupt in vainly endeavoring to reproduce the Passion play. Something else besides histrionic talent is necessary in order to personate such sacred dramas. Piety is the prime factor. Without that the ladies and gentlemen of the "green room" are no more able to perform the Passion play than Simon Magus was able to imitate the Apostles in working miracles.

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WE are glad to know that these little paragraphs, which appear from month to month under the heading of "Editorial Notes," find ready readers. That is why they are written. But we are not over-pleased to see prominent Catholic weeklies embodying three or four of these notes into their "church news" without giving us some credit for it. Our January number was a case in evidence. It is a small matter, but you know how it is yourself.

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A LARGE number of Catholics were among the first Virginian colonists. Their faith was in danger of being shipwrecked, and therefore missionaries were sent to Virginia from Newfoundland. These pioneer priests were selected from different orders. Among those who went to preach the faith in the "Old Dominion" was (according to the report of the Propaganda in 1672) a Carmelite who, having obtained permission, had great difficulty in establishing a mission in Virginia.

LENT did not materially thin out the long procession of theatre-goers. It is sad to say that so many of our Catholics cannot even forebear a forty days' intermission in their program of pleasures. The atmosphere of the theatre is not elevating. Its power for good (if it ever had any) is on the downgrade. In their mad endeavors to bring on the boards something new, managers must create something indeed startling to amuse *fin de siècle* audiences. "It comes high," they say, "but the people want it."

\* \* \*

THE four seasons of the year seem to come around rapidly in their rotation. With each of these great divisions of the 365 days likewise come the Ember days. So spring time is accompanied with the dual command to fast and pray. It's the season of general house-cleaning, and the time might likewise be used to advantage by getting rid of the garbage which has accumulated in the soul. Don't give too much attention to polishing the whitened sepulchre. Go deeper, especially on the Ember days.

\* \* \*

A PROMINENT physician, and his wife, who likewise practices medicine, suddenly discovered that it was lost time writing out prescriptions, and they declared that divine faith was alone the panacea for human ills. We, too, are believers in faith cures, but we do not go so far as the doctor referred to. Physicians must not be sweepingly declared humbugs—nor drugs useless—God wishes us to use all these human agencies to bring about cures. We must unite prayers to these means. The Church has a special benediction for medicines. When simple faith reigned, people were not ashamed to invoke the blessing of their pastor on their medicine chests. When the doctors throw up a case in despair, we may have recourse to a greater physician, and if the faith is there, the cure generally follows. As a proof of this, witness the hundreds of cures wrought at Mary's shrines, especially at Lourdes. Our mail daily brings us word of cases where the hand of God was visible, and our readers know that Our Lady of Mt. Carmel is not invoked in vain. She can, and is, willing to help us. In this sense we believe in faith cures.

PENANCE is a hard word. People prefer to dismiss it from their minds. Yet, what is more necessary for us than penance? The end of February again ushered in the Lenten season, and as usual there will be plenty of persons ready to make a compromise with their conscience and resolve to square up everything in their Easter confession. Poor deluded ones! They give little thought to the incontrovertible truth that we must do penance here or hereafter. We may avoid the exactions of holy church, but not Purgatory, where we must pay the last farthing. We have no desire to digress into a Lenten discourse on the necessity of doing penance. Let the careless ones but for a moment listen to their conscience. It will preach.

A MEMBER of the Salvation Army got down on his knees on the streets of one of our big cities lately and began to pray. We are told that at first the passers-by stopped to look at the man kneeling with uplifted eyes and sepulchral voice, and finally were so moved as to join in the prayer. The event is thought provoking. If it had been some poor Italian or Irishman giving vent to an overflow of devotion in so public a manner, they would soon be told to move on, or have the alternative of being sent to jail. If the man referred to, and those of his kind, make so bold as to pray openly regardless of their neighbor's scorn, why is it that so many Catholics are so timid? In a large congregation, at times, the responses to public prayers are extremely feeble. One person seems afraid his nearest fellow worshiper might hear him praying, and *vice versa*.

CATHOLIC education in Western Ontario has lost a staunch friend in the death of Mr. Cornelius Donovan. The late Inspector was loved by teachers and pupils who always felt that their interest was ever the object next to Mr. Donovan's heart. His work was always a "labor of love." One of his favorite mottoes was: "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." He practised it, too. Surrounded by many obstacles, Mr. Donovan arose from the rank and file, and in forging a name for himself, did not sacrifice his religious conscience. He was a striking example of a self-made man, and is a model to the rising genera-

tion in whose interest he sacrificed himself, and thereby probably hastened his rather untimely end. His bereaved family have our deepest sympathy, and we recommend the soul of Mr. Donovan to the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW, in which he was always interested.

EVERY Catholic who has seen the inside of a catechism knows well enough that the solemnization of marriages is forbidden during the penitential seasons of Lent and Advent. In spite of this there are some who overstep the injunctions of holy church. Apropos to this we heard of a case which happened in New York just before last Christmas. Two love-sick striplings impatiently rang the bell of a priest's house. They told their story and expressed a wish to be married right there and then. It would be so pleasant, they thought, to celebrate the event by a dance on Christmas eve. But the priest naturally refused to sanction the marriage then. "But thank goodness there are others who are authorized to make us man and wife," replied the disappointed couple. So they hurried to an alderman, but he happened to be of other stuff. His answer was honest and right to the point: "Neither will I marry you," said he, "because I do not believe in civil marriages." Would that we had more of such upright officials! One thing, much to be regretted in such cases, is that too many so-called ministers of the gospel (with honorable exceptions) are ever ready to make things easy for such hasty weddings. The exigencies of a large family may, it is true, demand that such clergymen be ready at all hours to turn in an honest dollar, but it is not proper that they be allowed to trifle with such a sacred thing as matrimony.

NOW THAT the Holy Father has a prominent representative in this country, there is a possibility of the Catholic church in America passing from under the control of the Propaganda. For over two hundred years this congregational has watched with careful eye the growth of the Church here from her infancy to her present healthy state. A word about the Propaganda of the Faith may be interesting to the readers of the REVIEW. In 1622, Pope Gregory, solicitous for the welfare of the Church in



foreign parts, especially in America, determined to establish in Rome a congregation whose duty should be to look after the interest of distant missions. Therefore on June 21st, 1622, the above named Pope instituted the "Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith." This new congregation was composed of thirteen Cardinals, two Bishops and the Prior-General of the Carmelites. Fifty years after the establishment of the Propaganda de Fidei, the secretary, Mgr. Cerri (1672) published a report of the work done. Speaking of America, he says the "Missions there consist of Peru, Paraguay, Chili, New Granada, Mexico, Brazil and California, all of Spanish possession, the French colonies of Canada and the Antilles, and the English colonies of Virginia, Newfoundland and Maryland." Bands of Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries were sent to Canada as early as 1632. Quebec received its first Bishop in 1658.

\* \* \*

THE Order of Mount Carmel mourns the loss of one of its most distinguished members, in the death of Very Rev. Michael A. Moore, Assistant General for the Irish Province. This highly esteemed Carmelite father died on Sunday, January the 13th, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, in the Carmelite convent at Kildare, his native county. Father Moore was born in the town of Kildare in the year 1837. From his early boyhood he showed an anxious desire to consecrate himself to God's special service, and having completed the requisite preparatory course, he entered the novitiate of the Carmelite Order, and after the usual probation, was admitted to his solemn vows on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, in the year 1857. He pursued his theological course under the direction of Dr. Bennett and the late Dr. Carr, and was ordained priest by Cardinal Cullen in the year 1833. For many years he was engaged as professor in the Carmelite colleges of Terenure, and Duminick street, where his gentle and amiable disposition endeared him to the many pupils of whom he had charge during that time, and to whom no doubt the news of his death will bring deep sorrow. In the year 1875 he was raised to the position of Prior of the Dublin convent, and at the following Chapter was elected Provincial of the Irish Province. During his term of office he established the Order

in Australia, and at the expiration of his Provincialship he went there, and was for many years engaged in conducting retreats and missions. He also passed on to New Zealand and America, where he continued the same good work. Whilst in America he entered into negotiations with Archbishop Corrigan with the view of establishing his Order in New York, and as the result, the Carmel Priory, New York, was opened shortly after by the Very Rev. Father Bartly, Provincial. But those continued labors soon began to tell upon his health, and he returned to Ireland, where, after a brief period of rest, he again resumed his labor of love, and conducted missions and retreats through all parts of Ireland. At the last Provincial Chapter, the Most Rev. Father General, recognizing his many excellent qualities and his indefatigable zeal, appointed him Assistant-General for the Irish Province. Soon after, at the desire of the Most Rev. Father General, he set out for South America, and with the Rev. Father McDonnell gave a series of missions in Buenos Ayres. On his return home, his health seemed completely shattered, and it was now too apparent to his many friends that some dangerous disease had taken a deadly hold of him. He placed himself under the care of his medical advisers, but, alas, after a very brief period, with pain they were obliged to announce to his superiors that his recovery was beyond all hope. He lingered on for a while, preparing for his end with true Christian fortitude, and, having received all the consolations of religion, peacefully closed his eyes to the sorrows of earth only to open them to the everlasting joys of Paradise. The remains of the deceased were conveyed to Dublin, where the last solemn rites of the Church for his repose were performed in the Carmelite Church, Whitefriar street, on Wednesday, the 16th of January. His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, presided, in the presence of 120 priests, at the office and Solemn Requiem. After the Requiem Mass, his remains were conveyed to the Carmelite vaults, Glasnevin, where the last solemn rites peculiar to the Carmelite Order were performed by the Very Rev. Father Prior and Community.

ALL the treasures of mercy are in the hands of Mary.—ST. PETER DAMIAN.

In Memoriam of Very Rev. M. A. Moore,  
O. C. C.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

For the Carmelite Review.

Calmly he sleeps near the altar fair,  
Robed in his garb of white;  
Sweetly the accents of heart-felt prayer  
Plead for eternal light.

Softly the music of Christmas bells  
Dies in the silence away;\*  
Sadly the dirge of funeral knells  
Rings through our souls to-day.

Gone from the hearts that loved him so,  
All through the dear dead years;  
Plaintive their memories ebb and flow,  
Gushing in fount of tears.

Peace, as an aureole, wreaths his brow,  
Gloriously ended the strife:  
Silent those lips that so oft ere now  
Breathed forth blest words of life.

Out of the mournful earthly shade,  
Into the golden light;  
There in "the day which the Lord has  
made,"  
Endless his pure delight.

Loving as priest, and as father still  
Pleading, though far away;  
Gladly the tones of a new voice thrill,  
Sweet before God to-day.

R. I. P.

\*Died Octave of the Epiphany, January 13th, 1905.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Catholic Times* of Philadelphia, Pa., has not been crippled by the loss of its former editor. The editorial page is as bright as it ever was and there is a column of extra spicy editorial paragraphs. Some of the puns are almost incitements to murder, but there are so many good hits that we feel inclined after all to let the joker live and even wish him a long life as one of the best Catholic editors of the day.

\*.\*

Our German friends in Buffalo are to be congratulated on their good fortune in having an able and excellent daily Catholic eight page paper. The *Volkfreund* shows unusual editorial ability and is a powerful champion of Catholic truth. When will the day come that our English speaking Catholics can enjoy the same privilege? Up

to date there is not a single Catholic daily in English, while the German Catholics have several throughout the country.

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The Silver Jubilee number of the *Niagara Index* is a most artistic production. The cover is illuminated by an exquisite design in three colors. The whole number is filled with half-tone photographs of the former editors of the *Index*, of Mt. Rev. S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo and Chancellor of Niagara University, and of the Presidents of the University. The articles are mostly written by former editors and contain most interesting reminiscences of the sanctum. We congratulate the *Index* on its jubilee and most heartily participate in the feelings of joy, which must fill the bosoms of all who were ever connected with it, at the sight of this superb souvenir.

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The *Ladies' Home Journal* has been repeatedly made a subject of inquiry by some of our readers who wished to know our opinion on its merits as a family journal. We unhesitatingly qualify it the best thing of its kind that we have ever seen. No Catholic household runs any risk in subscribing to it. It is a highly artistic and eminently well edited production. It is a clean paper, fit for young people, and as we have known it, free of prejudice and anti-Christian or anti-Catholic sentiments. The February number contains articles by such excellent writers as Arthur Warren, John K. Bangs, Robert J. Burdette, William Dean Howells, etc., a very helpful article on "The Correct Way to Play a Piano" by Thomas a Becket, a quaint melody "The Roses of Love," by Reginald de Koven, and numerous instructive articles on cooking, dress-making, embroidery, care of plants, etc. The editor himself gives most interesting bits of information on literary subjects in a letter-box of his own. There are departments in which questions on every conceivable subject interesting to girls, wives, mothers, housekeepers and the general public, are answered by competent writers. The annual subscription price is only one dollar, a proof that the very best magazines need not necessarily be the dearest. Our little *Review* at the same low price is aiming for the highest and we feel encouraged in our hopes when we see what can be done by others on the same terms. The *Ladies' Home Journal* is published by the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

## FATHER HENNEPIN.

BY VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

No wigwam smoke is curling there,  
The very earth is scorched and bare;  
And they pause and listen to catch a sound  
Of breathing life, but there comes not one,  
Save the fox's bark, and the rabbit's bound.

—Whittier.



HE dispersion of the Neutrals left the Niagara Peninsula a solitude. The clearings gradually disappeared, the abandoned lodges rotted and fell to pieces, and where acres of pumpkins, tobacco and Indian corn once grew in abundance the maple, birch and hemlock again began to cover the ground. A wilderness of wood and marsh land whose silence was unbroken save by the bark of the wolf or the dismal cry of the screech-owl stretched from the Niagara River to the Detroit Narrows. Now and then a Seneca hunting party crossed at Fort Erie or Lewiston, and the startled moose gazed upon them unconscious of danger. The land was fast returning to its primal state; the streams began again to teem with fish, wild animals to increase and multiply, while over all, over forest, river and marsh, over the graves of the slaughtered, there brooded the silence of a starless night. Such was the state of the country when almost forty years after the ruin of the Neutrals the Franciscan Friar Hennepin, in company with the Sieur de la Motte, La Salle's lieutenant, entered the mouth of the Niagara River. It was on the 6th of December, 1678, when they anchored on the Canadian side opposite the now historic fort of Niagara. They chanted a Te Deum in gratitude to God for their safe arrival, the members of a Seneca fishing party looking on in mute surprise.

This romantic and adventurous priest left France with La Salle, the explorer, and Bishop Laval. He accompanied La Salle to Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, as a missionary, and when that daring and adventurous Frenchman was prepared to leave on his second expedition to the Mississippi,

the distinguished priest, accompanied by La Motte, sailed in advance, and after a stormy passage of eighteen days, safely reached the entrance of the Niagara river, where they awaited the coming of their leader. As he will ever be intimately identified with the history of our country. It becomes us to dwell at some length on his extraordinary career. Of his early life we know comparatively little. He was born at Ath, in Hainaut, France, though Margry, on the faith of documents, says that he was born at Roy, adding that his family originally came from Ath. In his "Nouvelle Decouverte," he writes that while pursuing his studies, he felt a strong inclination to leave the world and lead in retirement a life of strict purity and virtue.

"With this view," says he, "I entered the order of St. Francis, in order to spend my days there in a life of austerity. I accordingly took the habit with several of my fellow students, whom I inspired with the same design."

He made his novitiate in the Recollect Convent at Bethune, in the province of Artois, where his master of Novices was Father Gabriel de la Ribourde, a man eminent alike for his high social position and for a most exemplary life,† and who was destined at a later day to die for the faith, while laboring as a missionary in America. "As I advanced in age," he continues, "an inclination for traveling in foreign parts strengthened in my heart. One of my sisters who was married in Ghent, and for whom I entertained a very strong affection, used every argument indeed, to divert me from this project, while I was in that great city, to which I had gone in order to learn Flemish. But I was urged by several of my Amsterdam friends to go to the East Indies, and my natural inclination to travel, supporting their entreaties, shook my resolution greatly, and I almost resolved to embark in order to gratify this desire.

"All my sister's remonstrances could not divert me from my first design. I accordingly set out to see Italy, and by order of the General of our order, I visited the finest churches and the most important convents in that country and Germany, in which I began to satisfy my natural

\*Nouvelle Decouverte, p. 8.

†Nouvelle Decouverte, pp. 48-9.

curiosity. At last returning to our Netherlands, the Rev. Father William Hernix, a Recollect, who died not long since Bishop of Ipres, opposed my project of continuing my travels. He placed me in the Convent of Halles, in Hainaut, where I discharged the duty of a preacher for a year. After that with my Superior's leave I went to Artois, and was thence sent to Calais, during the season, for salting herrings. In this place my strongest passion was to listen to the stories which sea captains told of their long voyages. I then returned to our Convent of Biez by Dunkirk: but I often hid behind the tavern doors, while the sailors were talking over their cruises. Whilst thus endeavoring to hear them the tobacco smoke sickened me terribly: yet I listened eagerly to all that these men told of their adventures at sea, of the dangers they had encountered, and the various incidents of their voyages in foreign parts. I would have passed whole days and nights without eating in this occupation, which was so agreeable to me, because I always learned something new about the manners and mode of life of foreign nations, and touching the beauty, fertility and riches of the countries where these men had been.

"I accordingly was more confirmed in my old inclination. With the view of gratifying it the more, I went as a missionary to most of the cities of Holland, and at last halted at Maestricht, where I remained eight months. There I administered the sacraments to more than three thousand wounded. While there engaged in this occupation, I was several times in great danger among these sick people. I was even myself taken down with purples and dysentery, and was within an inch of the grave. But God at last restored me my former health by the care and aid of a very able Dutch physician.

"The following year, by an impulse of my zeal, I again devoted myself to labor for the salvation of souls. I was then at the bloody battle of Senef (Aug. 11, 1674) where so many men perished by fire and steel. There I had abundant occupation in relieving and comforting the poor wounded men. And at last, after enduring great hardships and encountering extreme dangers in sieges of cities, in trenches, and on the field of battle, where I exposed myself greatly for the salvation of my

neighbor, while the soldiers breathed only blood and carnage, I beheld myself in a condition to satisfy my first inclinations."

Canada had become for a second time a field of labor for the Recollect missionaries. The Count de Frontenac, Governor General, was especially anxious to have them in the colony, as a balance to the Jesuits and the Bishop, who with his secular clergy, held very strict rules of morality, especially on the point of selling liquor to the Indians.

The King of France, Louis XIV, yielding to the appeal of the Count de Frontenac, wrote to him on the 22nd of April, 1675: "I have sent five Recollect religious to Canada to reinforce the community of these religious already established there." \* Father Hennepin was one of those selected. "I then received orders," he proceeds, "from my superiors to proceed to Rochelle in order to embark as a missionary for Canada. For two months I discharged the duties of parish priest two leagues from that city, because I had been requested to do so by the pastor of the place, who was absent. At last I abandoned myself entirely to Providence and undertook this great sea voyage of twelve or thirteen hundred leagues, the greatest and perhaps the longest that is made on the ocean."

On reaching Canada he assures us that Bishop Laval, "considering that during the voyage I had displayed great zeal in my sermons and in my assiduity in performing the divine office, and had moreover prevented several women and girls, who were sent over with us, from taking too much liberty with the young men of our crew, to whose hostility I thus frequently exposed myself—these reasons and several others obtained for me the encomiums and good will of this illustrious bishop. He accordingly obliged me to preach the Advent and Lent in the cloister of the Hospital Nuns of St. Augustine in Quebec.

"However my natural inclination was not satisfied with all this. I often went twenty or thirty leagues from our residence to visit the country. I carried on my back a little chapel service and walked with large snow shoes, but for which I should have fallen into fearful precipices where I should have been lost. Sometimes, in order to relieve myself, I had my little equipage

\*Gilmory Shea, Preface to Nouvelle Decouverte.

drawn by a large dog that I took along, and this I did the sooner to reach Three Rivers, Saint Anne, Cap Tormente, Bourg Royal, Point de Levi and the Isle of St. Laurent. There I gathered, in one of the largest cabins of these places, as many people as I could. Then I admitted them to confession and holy communion. At night I had usually only a cloak to cover me. The frost then penetrated to my very bones. I was obliged to light my fire five or six times during the night for fear of being frozen to death, and I had only in very moderate quantities the food I needed to live and to prevent my perishing with hunger on the way. During the summer I was forced to travel in a canoe to my mission, because there are no practicable roads in that country. I was sent, as it were to try me, to a mission more than a hundred and twenty leagues from Quebec.

"I made several different voyages, sometimes with Canadian settlers, whom we had drawn to our Fort Catarokouy (Kingston) to live, sometimes with Indians whom I had become acquainted with. As I foresaw that they would excite the suspicion of the Iroquois in regard to our discoveries, I wished to see the Indians of their five Cantons. I accordingly went among them with one of our soldiers from said fort, making a journey of about seventy leagues, and both having large snowshoes on our feet, on account of the snow, which is abundant in that country during winter. I had some little knowledge of the Iroquois language. We thus passed to the Honnchiouts (Oneidas) Iroquois and to the Honnontagez (Onondagas), who received us very well. This nation is the most warlike of all the Iroquois. At last we arrived at the Gannickez Agniez (Mohawks). This is one of the five Iroquois nations situated a good day's journey from the neighborhood of New Netherland (New York.) We remained sometime among this last nation, and we lodged with a Jesuit Father (Bruyas), born in Lyons, in order to transcribe a little Iroquois dictionary."

After this brief autobiography we take up the strand of our story and continue the narrative.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARY, golden vessel, containing sweet and precious Manna.—ST. BERNARD.

## Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
Miss Matilda Cummings.



WITH the air full of frost, and the vision of snow drifts all over the land, we can scarcely begin to think of March violets. Still, in the enclosed garden of the Church we find one, fragrant and beautiful, a joy to the heart at the opening of this much loved month, dedicated to that sweet flower of hidden sanctity, the glorious St. Joseph. Something very plaintive and winsome clusters around his very name. We speak it so wistfully—"dear old St. Joseph"—and in the safe silence of his keeping we deposit our heart's joys and sorrows, with a sort of sure conviction, that all will be well with our cause, if he but plead it. How many are the trusts reposed in him: how many the momentous issues that have been entrusted to his safe keeping. And yet of all the chosen ones of God he is the least intimately known. Our dear Lady has left us her Magnificat, a store house in itself of words of wisdom. The gospels give us word pictures of her which glow with ever increasing beauty of tone and color. But of him, the shadow of the Eternal Father and the depository of the secret counsels of the Most High, we know nothing from his own version. "Solitude is the city of the strong and silence their prayer." Therein lies the secret of his eagle like sanctity. Many conjectures have been made as to the communications of the Holy Family in the holy house at Nazareth. Some seem to incline to the belief that Mary and Joseph conversed with each other and with our Blessed Lord as any pious family might have done. Others, taking the very scant instances in the gospel narrative wherein their actual words are preserved for us, think it more in keeping with their very exalted sanctity to have spoken but very rarely. Certainly, when we consider the

unbroken contemplation of Mary during the happy months of watching and waiting for the coming of the desired of nations; when we recall that not even to her holy spouse did she communicate the marvels of the Most High of which she was the hidden sanctuary; when we remember that not even to allay the agonizing anxiety of the virginal guardian of her honor, whose heart's warm love of her was wounded by his warranted suspicions, would she reveal the secret of the King, we in turn may well think that silence reigned supreme in the Holy Family. We trust much to a silent man, and in these days of universal talk, when to hold one's peace and to keep one's counsel seem almost lost arts, when the "Woman question" and every other question of a like small value are of greater import than the very old one, "What doth it profit a man to gain the world," etc., a strong practical devotion to St. Joseph, the patron Saint of Silence, is a most encouraging sign that wisdom hath not departed from our coasts.

"Be silent and safe, silence never betrays you," are the words of worldly wisdom, and a mine of instruction do they hold. But of a very different nature was the silence of St. Joseph. There is the silence of the cynic who disdains to talk; the silence of the suffering who find no relief in speech; and the silence of the wise who weigh well their words and so escape the strife of tongues. But the silence of the saint is none of these. He is silent to catch the faintest whisperings of the spirit which cometh as a gentle wind, not in the noise of the world's great crowd and its Babel of tongues. Who then had greater need of an unbroken silence than St. Joseph, the minister of the Eternal Father, in the mission of His Eternal Son? Now the Lenten days are upon us. This very subject of silence will suggest much to us of this age when a decay of bodily strength, and the claims of a climate at variance with the days of heroic penance and the gospel of self-denial make Lent to the great majority but a misnomer or a source of added responsibility.

Let us take St. Joseph into our counsels and ask him for a lesson in silence. Every day brings opportunities for its practice. Is it easy? Let us make trial of it. Nature will not cry out more loudly for its food than will the desire to talk. Forty

days of resistance to its demands—what might they not accomplish? Silence is the characteristic of a great soul and the cloister knows many such, unknown, no doubt, to the great world which clamors for sound as the great indication of strength. Such are not the ways of God nor His Saints. Silence surrounded the great drama of the world's redemption from the day of the Annunciation to the eclipse on Calvary. Silence surrounds the tabernacles of the hidden God under the veils of the "Bread which nourishes kingly souls," and silence surrounds the sanctuaries of our hearts when graces like shadows encircle them. Why then should its sanctifying influences not surround our daily lives? Here is an opportunity to utilize the twilights of the penitential season, "Come aside and rest awhile." 'Tis a gracious invitation. Let us go to the work shop of St. Joseph during the twilights of March—the grey twilights of the early spring. Sweet peace and comfort will follow the lessons that will come to us from the sight of his weak, patient, saintly face. One lesson that face teaches above all others—the will of God. Silence will teach it to us better than book or preacher. Having learned it we may fold our hands and rest. It is the lesson of life. Nothing remains but eternity.

Look around the house, fathers and mothers, and see if there is not some unbecoming print or chromo which ought to be put out of the way. Get rid of it, and substitute in its place something better, for instance, a picture of the Divine Heart of Jesus. You remember that our Lord has promised to bless the house in which an image of His Sacred Heart is exposed.

SOME important personages paid a visit to a fire-hall in one of our large cities a couple of months ago. Whilst there, every attention was paid to them, but suddenly the gong sounded an alarm, and the firemen rushed to their posts, paying no more attention to their visitors than to the surrounding pillars. That is the way we should act when the Angelus bell rings. Pay no attention to distracting thoughts even if they seem important. The approaching feast of the Annunciation should remind us of this duty of gratitude to Mary—whose answer to the angel made our redemption a reality.

## AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
Mary Angela Spellissy.

### A Chat in a Street-Car.



T is a common error to consider the time spent in the street-car as necessarily lost. My professional duties compel me to traverse great distances, and therefore, I make frequent use of that much abused, but very necessary means of transportation. — Many a lesson I receive therein, and occasionally am afforded some amusement.

During the snowy days of Christmas week, I boarded the car at the junction and found every seat taken; meekly I obeyed the command to "move up front," and found myself within ear-shot of a couple of ladies whose conversation beguiled the otherwise tedious journey.

"Good morning, Mrs. Vernon!" The salutation came from a comely matron of probably seventy years.

"This is an agreeable surprise," responded her friend, as she made herself comfortable in the place beside the speaker, of which she had just taken possession.

"How is it that you are out this wretched morning? And where are you going with that great parcel?" inquired the lady addressed as Mrs. Vernon.

"There are questions, my dear, that should never be asked, but I will gratify your curiosity on this occasion by telling you my destination. I am on my way to the house of an old acquaintance who has just been brought home from one of the hospitals. She is recovering from a surgical operation and is still confined to bed. Her oldest son is dying of consumption. Her daughters are employed in one of the large stores."

"Are they poor?"

"That is a comparative term. They are not beggars, but they have not money enough to provide the comforts necessary

for their condition. When I tell you that the mother is a widow, who for twelve years has labored to rear her family respectably, in spite of sickness and poverty, and that in four years there have been two deaths from consumption, you can easily imagine that while the house appears comfortable, there is very little money."

"How is it you always have someone on hand? I never know any poor people."

"Well, my dear, I suppose it is accounted for by various reasons. Our attention is much directed to heredity at present, so I count that as the primary and education as the secondary cause. You know my good parents lived with me until I was a mature woman, and probably their lives have impressed mine strongly. My father came early in this century to this country. I have been told by the old neighbors that when immigrants came from Ireland to the town in which he lived, he called upon them immediately, and from my mother's well-stocked closets, food and clothing were handed to the needy, and the sick were cared for. On one occasion, a man suffering from ship-fever was brought to our home and nursed by my mother until he was able to work."

"Wasn't she afraid of catching it?"

"Not that I know of. I have never seen her show any sign of panic in time of disease. The radical principle in our family was that man was created by God to do his duty, and that the unpleasant consequences were to be taken as a matter of course. If such a suggestion of danger had been made to my father, he would have replied cheerfully, 'Couldn't die in a better cause.' Do not misunderstand me, I am not encouraging rashness. The man with ship-fever was lying in a wretched shanty in one of the frontier towns of Illinois. My mother couldn't leave her home in order to nurse the man, so to my father the simplest solution apparent was to share his house with the needy, in whom he beheld the representative of Jesus Christ."

"Well, that was certainly very charitable." I am often uneasy about my own compliance with the precept of almsgiving. I do not like to give to beggars in the street, and we never have any poor at our door. I often wish someone would call. We have so many scraps that I don't know

how to dispose of, left from the table. I saw, from the back window, this morning, pieces of good meat and even fruit cakes, which the cook had thrown into the garbage-bucket."

"May I take a little liberty with you my dear?"

"Indeed you may. Mamma said last night that I owe my life to your care when you were our neighbor, and that I would have died of croup but for your intelligent treatment when she was away."

"Well, dear, I have forgotten that, but I certainly have a warm interest in you and yours. We saw you frequently in those days, and the children of both families were very loving,—your parents and we were congenial. Our pews were side by side in dear old St. Mary's, and therefore, as an old auntie, I will say that you have work before you. Your wealth does not excuse waste, and it is your duty to know the poor."

"Well, I cannot interfere with the cook."

"Why, my dear, if it has gone so far as that the cook evidently interferes with you."

"She does, but I cannot part with her nor can I control her."

"Yes you can. With tact you can regain your proper position and retain her. I am very sorry I have to get off here. Come and see us. When can I find you at home?"

"Every Sunday evening. Bring your husband and we will talk over the matter at leisure."

It was with sincere regret I watched the elder lady take leave of her friend. The conversation had been of such absorbing interest to me that I had forgotten my surroundings, and had failed to recognize my position of eaves-dropper. I looked daily at my fellow-passengers in the car, but in vain. I met the ladies no more.

Sunday saw me taking my usual afternoon walk, during which I met my old friend Rutledge. He was coming towards me on Chestnut street. Imagine my satisfaction when I discovered in his companion the elder of the ladies, whose remarks had so attracted me in the street car. My usual custom of seizing an opportunity stood me in good stead. Not only did I bow to Rutledge, but I showed so manifestly my

inclination to linger that he seized my outstretched hand quite cordially, and presented me to "Mrs. Rutledge." Not to delay my friends, I turned and joined them in their interrupted walk. When we arrived at the Church of Saint Eustache, Rutledge urged me to attend vespers with them and afterward accompany them home. Mrs. Rutledge added her persuasions so graciously that I was delighted in yielding to invitations, that accorded so entirely with my inclinations. On arriving at my friend's home I looked with interest on all within the domain of the object of my admiration. I know nothing of the laws of beauty in the face or form divine, but I found in Mrs. Rutledge a woman from whom goodness and wisdom emanated. The pose of her body was one of gentle dignity, the expression of her countenance indicated a mind largely sympathetic with the joys and sorrows of her kind. Supper over, Rutledge and I were soon deeply buried in comparing the incidents of the thirty years that had elapsed since our separation. The arrival of visitors interrupted us.

From the cosy library, in which we were ensconced, we could view the new-comers. In the lady, I found the younger of my two traveling companions of the previous week. Rutledge presented me to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon. On seating myself I took care to remain near the ladies.

"You see Mrs. Rutledge," said Mrs. Vernon, "that I have taken the first opportunity to resume my inquiries on the subjects we were discussing in the car, last week. The words you spoke regarding my cook, were as true as gospel. She really ruled the house, and I was so fearful of losing her, that I let her have her own way. The result is, that she has given notice to leave because I asked her to make some griddle cakes this morning for breakfast. Only on Sunday can Mr. Vernon take the morning meal leisurely, and I wished to have breakfast especially inviting."

"Well, my dear, you can now start on a new basis, by allowing your present cook to cool off, and consider her position. You may be able just before her departure, to induce her to listen to reason."

"I fear Mr. Germaine finds our chat very dull."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I was a listener to the first part, and am curious to hear your solution. Mrs. Rutledge, of these two social problems, the treatment of the poor, and of domestic help."

TO BE CONTINUED.



## Heard Between Stations.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY P. A. B.  
CONTINUED.



WELL, Father,' said Thomas, 'things are gradually appearing to me in altogether a new light. Your explanation has brushed away most of the foolish ideas which before floated around in my brain. I am no longer a doubting Thomas, at least not as regards the Scapular. I wish my wife was here to listen to you. She would learn a few things with which to silence those folks down our way who poke fun at some Catholic devotees. I feel grateful for what I have learnt, and—'

''Wait awhile, I am not yet through with my argument,' said Father V—. 'If devotion to the Scapular was false, and the affirmed apparition fabulous, God would be approving what is wrong by working wonders in favor of those who wear the Scapular. That such wonders have happened cannot be gainsayed. Book upon book has been published, in which have appeared true and authenticated cases in which the power of the Scapular has been shown. And it is blasphemous to suppose that God approves of evil practices. Those two little bits of woolen cloth may be trifles, but with such insignificant things God can do great things, and if He wills He can give that same power to His Mother, and He does.'

Father V— here paused as if recollecting himself.

''I remember an incident which proves what I say,' he said, continuing: 'One Mr. Schorp, a baker, residing at No. 118 Avenue de Villiers, in Paris, had in his employ a young German girl from Metz, named Fraulein Haas. On September 26, 1887, this young woman was mortally wounded in the streets of the French capital. A love-sick young man in vain had begged her to be his bride. She refused, and thereupon her would-be husband aimed at her with his revolver. The bullet was well directed, striking the girl in the breast. To the amazement of the horrified

onlookers Fraulein Haas remained uninjured. Her would-be murderer was brought to trial at the court 'de la Seine' in Paris on January 6, 1888. I remember these dates well, because I made a note of it at the time. Well, sir, during the sworn testimony, the girl said her life was saved by the bullet striking her Scapular.'

[The writer begs to state for the benefit of any incredulous reader, that this is a true event, and not put into Father V—'s mouth in order to adorn a story.]

''Strange!' exclaimed Thomas, 'I must confess that you have stirred up another doubt in my mind. Do you wish to prove in this case that, if the girl had been killed, her death would have been an unprepared one? If so, then one could say: Every one is shielded from death, even when he has no desire to avoid sin, provided he wears the Scapular, for you yourself said that he who dies wearing the Scapular will not suffer hell-fire. On the other hand, we used to be told in Catechism class that no impenitent sinner can enter heaven. Therefore the Blessed Virgin would have to keep every sinner on earth until his conversion, if he, or she, wore the Scapular. I think you are in a dilemma, and will find it hard to explain things.'

''Go slowly,' said the priest. 'You have simply put a question which I was just going to bring up and answer for you, but you have anticipated me and jumped to a conclusion too rapidly. Mark this well. Rather than allow such a sinner to continue in sin, God would send an angel to tear the Scapular from the breast of such a one. But, as a rule, such an extraordinary means of vindicating His Mother's good name is not necessary, for God has thousands of other ways of carrying out His will. A terrible example of this presents itself to my mind. There was a young man, a student, who acted just as you said. He continued to lead a disgraceful life, but would not lay aside his Scapular in which he was invested in his pious days. As a result of his unnatural excesses, (as is frequently the case, alas!) he fell into rapid consumption, and lay at death's door. Repent he would not, and showed the door to the priest who tried to reconcile him to God. To those at his bedside he said, smiling: 'When I was a small boy I was taught that he who dies wearing

the Scapular shall not be damned. So that settles the case. Since I have my Scapular on now, I shall either recover and live, or die, in which case I shall go to heaven.' For some days he lingered on the threshold of eternity. He finally fell into unconsciousness. Whilst in this state his nurse changed his undergarments, and unintentionally removing the Scapular, omitted to replace it. And, horrible to relate, the hardened young sinner, during those moments, fell back on his pillow—dead! He died impenitent and *without* the Scapular. Do we not hear of suicides who throw aside their Scapular before contemplating self-murder. No, sir, the Scapular is not a means to keep people in the state of sin. He who wears it and presumes to be saved in spite of his sin, will be sadly deceived. On the other hand, the Scapular is a sure protection to those who are solicitous for their salvation. For such it is a mark of predestination, a token of Mary's protection, and a pledge of eternal life.'

Thomas listened attentively to the priest who had become quite eloquent in this last explanation, and then broke in:

“My dear Father, you have brought very good arguments to prove the opinion held by my wife. For my part, I must confess that I share the opinion of a good and learned Catholic who recently stopped at our house. My wife had just arrived home from church where a Mission was in progress. She told us how one of your Fathers had highly praised the Scapular, laying great stress on the fact that it was a valuable protection at the hour of death. This gentleman I speak of, then remarked that in speaking of the Scapular and its effects, we should be careful not to go too far. He did not deny the wonderful efficacy of the Scapular as a shield against the pains of hell, but cautiously suggested that we should always understand that one condition is always necessary, namely, that he who wore the Scapular should likewise be well prepared for death.'

“My dear friend,” said the priest, “in case some one should say to you: If you are well prepared for death, you will die well. What would you say to such a one?”

“I should simply laugh at such a say-

ing,” replied Thomas, and answer: ‘Of course, that’s self-evident.’

“So it is with those who say the Scapular is of great use at the hour of death, provided one is well prepared,” said Father V—. ‘No, sir, you can’t restrict the usefulness of the Scapular to such a narrow province, for that would be equal to denying its main privilege. Certainly, in order to die well, a person must be well prepared, but that is just wherein consists the special prerogative of the Brown Scapular, viz: To obtain for every dying person who wears it the special assistance of the Blessed Virgin, whose influence with God is so great, that he who is unprepared, will, through the powerful intercession of the Holy Mother of God, receive the grace of true conversion before death.’

“That,” said Thomas, ‘is surely a great privilege attached to the wearing of the Scapular. Do you really believe the protection of the Blessed Virgin goes so far as that?’

“That is my firm belief,” replied the Carmelite, who added: ‘My own experience has convinced me of this. Some cases I shall never forget. One sick person whom I had invested with the Scapular, declared to me that he wished to make a general confession, because he considered all the past confessions worthless. Two other cases always bring consoling tears to my eyes whenever I recall them. One day I heard the general confessions of two poor souls who both died soon after I left them.’

“Who knows but that those same persons might have made general confessions even if they did not wear the Scapular,” said Thomas, whose stock of questions was yet unexhausted.

“That’s possible,” said Father V—, ‘but in the cases I refer to, and many similar ones, I hardly think it probable. One of those unfortunate persons—or I should say fortunate—expressly said to me: Since I carried this holy picture (pointing to the Scapular) of the Holy Virgin on my breast, I have had no peace until I confessed my sins.’

“In that case, then, we can all expect Mary to help us at the hour of death, and that we have a special claim on her if we wear her Scapular,” said Thomas.

“Certainly. And now let me add,” said Father V—. ‘You know, my dear sir,

how strict and searching the church is when she examines the life of a holy man or woman proposed for canonization. You know she allows a feast to be celebrated in commemoration of the giving of the Scapular to our Carmelite Saint Simón Stock; she allows us to honor on our altars a representation of the tradition of the Scapular. It is not likely she would allow this, if the fact of St. Simon having received the Scapular and the accompanying promise of the Mother of God were doubtful.

"Well, Father," said Thomas, summing up his side of the question, "I must confess that all your *peos* have outbalanced all my *cons*. My case greatly resembles that of the eunuch we read about in the Acts of the Apostles, who was so moved by the words of Philip that he wanted to be baptized at once. I have never been invested in the Scapular, however, to give in to the importunities of my wife, I carry one in my pocket. I shall be glad if you invest me with the Scapular. I will call at the church to-morrow. By the way, Father, don't forget to enter my name among the list of those enrolled, for I have learned that *no one can gain the Indulgences attached to the wearing of the Scapular unless the names are registered at some Carmelite monastery or at some church where the Scapular Confraternity is canonically established.*" Thomas laid great stress on these last words, and he was right.

"Just as Father V— was rising from his seat, he said to Thomas,

"Don't forget to come as you promised. Bring your oldest children along, and I will likewise enroll them in the holy Scapular."

"Thus ended the discourse between Father V— and Thomas. Father V— told me, whilst walking up to his house, that at first he was going to send him away as an intruder, but now he was glad that he had held that long discourse, for he was sure some good would come of it. 'I am certain of that, Father,' said I, 'for I, myself, who sat as a silent listener during the dialogue between yourself and Thomas, must confess that I learned a great many things about the holy Scapular, of which I had been wholly ignorant.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

I was much interested whilst my friend retailed the instructive dialogue between

Father V— and Thomas. Many years had passed since it had occurred, and I congratulated him on his excellent memory. We had about reached our journey's end, the engineer had applied the air-brake, and the train was cautiously creeping across a dangerous looking trestle-work a few yards from the station. "Thank God we are safely at the journey's end of our trip," said I, "and yet, come to think of it, there is yet a possibility of being buried into that deep chasm below." "At all events we would die with our Scapulars on," said my friend smilingly. "Yes," said I, "but it will happen sometimes that we carelessly lay it aside, and haven't it on when we most need its protection. *Have you the Scapular on now?*" said I. He felt for it, but said nothing. He looked ashamed, but I know he thereafter never forgot what he had that day "heard between stations."

THE END.

#### More Wearers of Our Lady's Livery.

NAMES have been received for the Scapular Registry from Rev. J. S. Buffalo, N. Y.; P. Convent, San Francisco, Cal.; Pryor, Mont.; Trysoto, N. S.; St. Alphonsus Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Watertown, N. Y.; Maindiant, N. S.; Fortune Harbor, Nfld.; Sydney, N. S.; Hesson, Ont.; St. Lucy's Ch. Syracuse, N. Y.; St. Patrick's Church, LaSalle, Ills.; All Saints' church, Cardigan Bridge, P. E. I.; St. Nicholas Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Watertown, N. Y.; St. John the Baptist's Church, Coleman, Wis.; St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Ont.; Christmas Island, N. S.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Judique, N. S.; St. Joseph's Church, Jasper, Ind.; Thorburn, N. S.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., names have been received from St. Joseph's Church, Covington, Ky.; Hospital, Columbus; Hallace, Idaho, Newton Grove, N. C.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; Villa Angela, Nottingham, Ohio.

At St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J., from Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.; Newton, N. J.; Metuchen, N. J.; New Brighton, Long Island, N. Y.; Crafton, Pa.; Roslyn, Long Island, N. Y.; Richmond, Va.; West End, Fairfax Co., Va.; St. Bridget's Church, Jersey City, N. J.

At St. Joseph's Rectory, Leavenworth, Kas., from St. Benedict's Church, Atchison, Kas.; Richland Centre, Wis.; Holy Name Church, Kansas City, Mo.; St. Joseph's Church, Donopban, Kas.; Nortonville, Kas.; St. Vincent's Church, Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Grannule Centre, Wis., and St. Boniface's Church, —? Wis.

## PETITIONS.

The following intentions and requests are recommended to the prayers of our charitable readers: Conversion of four persons; successful examinations of three persons; employment for two persons; cure of two persons mentally deranged; also cure for several persons who are suffering physically; for conversion of a brother and cessation of intemperate habit; several particular intentions of a friend in Nfld., especially restoration to health of a brother, the aversion of what seems to develop into consumption in a person; perseverance of a person lately cured from drink; for restoration of health and memory of Mrs. H.; conversion of a non-Catholic father; means to save a sum of money and two particular graces; for a REVIEW reader, who desires the use of her arm and eyes; to obtain a position in a wholesale store at a good salary for K. E. F. E.; that a husband may keep his pledge; that a baby may be healed of an ailment and a mother suffering with heart trouble, may be restored; that the husband of Mrs. M. E. B., be restored to health; for a husband's conversion, who neglects his family and religion on account of drink; that the mother of Mrs. N., be converted to Catholicism; that a husband may obtain work and be able to pay his debts; that a husband be brought to the Sacraments; that a brother may obtain work and give up bad habits; for the recovery of a mother of a large family; that Mrs. W. B., may regain her hearing and that her sister may recover from an illness of two years' standing; that a father and two sons may attend to their religious duties; that a priest may take interest in his parish; for restoration to health of Miss A. D.; for M. B.'s father, who neglects his religious duties; also for a grown up brother, who has not yet made his first Communion; for her uncle's health of mind and body, and for a married sister that she may be enabled to bring up her children in the true faith; for the conversion of a Protestant husband; for reform of two brothers; Mrs. E. M., asks prayers that her husband may obtain a good position; to avert, through Our Lady's intercession, threatened insanity from the brother of a dear friend in the North West; for the sale of a parcel of land at a fair figure; to obtain a cure for Mrs. N. C.; that two brothers may reform; also for a number of other intentions, which have come too late to be classified.

A grateful person returns thanks for many favors received, and asks prayers for a young man who is sick that he may fully recover immediately and attend to his religious duties and be successful in life. For a husband and wife, that they may be happy. Success in profession for a young man. For a favorable sale of property.

Prayers of the Carmelite Fathers and readers of the REVIEW are asked for four young men, that they may reform, get good

situations and pay their debts. For business transactions, that they may be settled satisfactorily and at once. For a speedy and successful sale of property. For a young lady, that she may have better health; that a mother's health may continue to improve. For a young man, that he may be successful and attend to his duties.

## OBITUARY.

The souls of the following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers: John Moloney, who died October 6th, 1894, at the House of Providence, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Agnes McCans; Martin Ludden, who died at Latrobe, Pa., Dec. 17th, 1894; Mrs. Patrick Kelly, Sr., who died at Little River, P. Que., January 15th, 1895; Dr. B. A. Feltwell, who died a happy death Dec. 18th, 1894, at Sewickley, Pa.

HABIT grows on a man like death—slow, unperceived and sure. No man becomes anything of a sudden. Whatever he is, is the result of former years, applied or misapplied. Vice grows on a man with greater force than virtue, and it is easier to descend than ascend; but vice may be subverted and reduced to a minimum by laying down and following a course of virtuous habits which, followed long, becomes part of a man's nature.

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