



The Divine Mother and her Child.

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Lines Suggested by "The Canticle of the Magnificat."

(By Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P.)



N echo from the hill-top, where, on sweet-scented air,
Arose a psalm prophetic, of gratitude and prayer,
That wafts adown long ages, in whispers soft and low,
The accents of God's Mother, exulting long ago.

It lends a voice of gladness, to joys of exile years;
It calms the restless spirit, and dries the mourners' tears.
Through aisles of grand cathedrals, it "magnifies" the Lord
In tones of His blest "Handmaid," submissive to His word.

And in this holy island, our own dear native land,
Is'twined with skill poetic, by priestly master-hand,
A "wreath of song" for Mary, a graceful touching strain:
"Magnificat!" most gladly, we hear thy notes again.

"No artist," sings our poet, "has struck the faultless grace,"
Or caught the inspiration of Mary's childlike face,
On that sweet summer evening, so beautiful and calm,
When scarce a leaf was rustling, of cedar or of palm.

Through sun-lit day—at even' when fall the shadows dim;
"In sanctities of night-time" we hear that glorious hymn.
Now thrilling like to song-birds, among the woodland trees
Then murmuring as wavelets, of rippling sapphire seas.

And is the singer lowest of Mary's bardic train? *
Ah! No! May verdant laurels immortalize his strain!
Its rare poetic beauty, and glowing imagery
In metaphors well chosen, from earth and sky and sea.

The measured classic rhythm of ancient Grecian lore,
Seems blending with this music from our historic shore;

† O scientist and poet! I praise God's gifts to thee,
And, like the listening Angels, now silent shall I be.

My song seems but discordance, thine every perfect chord
Awakens aspirations, to "magnify the Lord"
With thee, and with our Mother, the star-crowned Queen above,
In praise and in thanksgiving, humility and love.

* "And I the very lowest, of all thy bardic train,"
† Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

— ENFANT DE MARIE,
St. Clares.

Apostolical Letter of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII

To all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic World, on the Dangers Which Threaten the Church and Society, and the Remedy for Them.

In presence of the immensity of the evils which overwhelm society, and the perils which menace it, our duty compels us to again warn all men of good will, especially those who occupy exalted positions, and to conjure them as we now do, to devise what remedies the situation calls for, and what prudent energy to apply them with delay.

First of all, it behooves them to inquire what remedies are needed, and to examine well their potency in the present needs. We have extolled liberty and its advantages to the skies, and have proclaimed it as a sovereign remedy and an incomparable instrument of peace and prosperity which will be most fruitful in good results. But facts have clearly shown us that it does not possess the power which is attributed to it. Economic conflicts, struggles of the classes are surging around us like a conflagration on all sides, and there is no promise of the dawn of the day of public tranquility. In point of fact, and there is no one who does not see it, liberty, as it is now understood, that is to say, a liberty granted indiscriminately, to truth and to error, to good and to evil, ends only in destroying all that is noble generous and holy, and in opening the gates still wider to crime, to suicide and to a multitude of the most degrading passions.

The doctrine is also taught that the development of public instruction, by making the people more polished and more enlightened, would suffice as a check to unhealthy tendencies, and to keep man in the ways of uprightness and probity. But a hard reality has made us feel every day more and more how little avails instruction without religion and morality. As a necessary consequence of inexperience, and of the promptings of bad passion, the

mind of youth is enthralled by the perverse teachings of the day. It absorbs all the errors which an unbridled press does not hesitate to sow broadcast and which depraves the mind and the will of the youth and foment in them that spirit of pride and subordination which so often troubles the peace of families and cities.

So also was confidence reposed in the progress of science. Indeed the century which has just closed, has witnessed progress that was great, unexpected, stupendous. But is it true that it has given us all the fullness and healthfulness of fruitage that so many expected from it? Doubtless the discoveries of science have opened new horizons to the mind; it has widened the empire of man over the forces of matter, and human life has been ameliorated in many ways through its instrumentality. Nevertheless, everyone feels and many admit that the results have not corresponded to the hopes that were cherished. It cannot be denied, especially when we cast our eyes on the intellectual and moral status of the world, as well as on the records of criminality, when we hear the dull murmurs which arise from the depths, or when we witness the predominance which might has won over right. Not to speak of the throngs who are a prey to every misery, a superficial glance at the condition of the world will suffice to convince us of the indefinable sorrow which weighs upon souls and the immense void which is in human hearts. Man may subject nature to his sway, but matter cannot give him what it has not, and to the questions which most deeply affect our gravest interest human science gives no reply. The thirst for truth, for good, for the infinite, which devours us, has not been slaked, nor have the joys and comforts of life ever soothed the anguish

which tortures the heart. Are we then to despise and fling aside the advantages which accrue from the study of science, from civilization and the wise and sweet use of our liberty? Assuredly not. On the contrary, we must hold them in the highest esteem, guard them and make them grow as a treasure of great price, for they are means which of their nature are good, designed by God Himself, and ordained by the Infinite Goodness and Wisdom for the use and advantages of the human race. But we must subordinate the use of them to the intentions of the Creator, and so employ them as never to eliminate the religious element in which their real advantage resides, for it is that which bestows on them a special value and renders them really fruitful. Such is the secret of the problem. When an organism perishes and corrupts, it is because it had ceased to be under the action of the causes which had given it its form and constitution. To make it healthy and flourishing again, it is necessary to restore it to the vivifying action of those same causes. So society in its foolhardy effort to escape from God has rejected the divine order and revelation; and it is thus withdrawn from the salutary efficacy of Christianity which is manifestly the most solid guarantee of order, the strongest bond of fraternity and the inexhaustible source of public and private virtue.

This sacrilegious divorce has resulted in bringing about the trouble which now disturbs the world. Hence it is the pale of the Church which this lost society must re-enter, if it wishes to recover its well-being, its repose and its salvation.

Just as Christianity cannot penetrate in the soul without making it better, so it cannot enter into public life without establishing order. With the idea of a God who governs all, Who is infinitely wise, good and just, the idea of duty seizes upon the consciences of men. It assuages sorrow, it calms hatred, it engenders heroes. If it has transformed pagan society—and that transformation was a veritable resurrection—for barbarism disappeared in proportion as Christianity extended its sway, so, after the terrible shocks which unbelief has given to the world in our days, it will be able to put that world again on the true

road, and bring back to order the states and peoples of modern times. But the return to Christianity will not be efficacious and complete if it does not restore the world to a sincere love of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. In the Catholic Church Christianity is incarnate. It identifies itself with that perfect, spiritual, and, in its own order, sovereign society, which is the mystical body of Jesus Christ and which has for its visible head the Roman Pontiff, successor of the Prince of the Apostles. It is the continuation of the mission of the Saviour, the daughter and the heirress of His redemption. It has preached the gospel, and has defended it at the price of its blood, and strong in the Divine assistance, and of that immortality which have been promised it, it makes no terms with error, but remains faithful to the commands which it has received to carry the doctrine of Jesus Christ to the utmost limits of the world and to the end of time, and to protect it in its inviolable integrity. Legitimate dispensatrix of the teachings of the Gospel it does not reveal itself only as the consolator and redeemer of souls, but it is still more the internal source of justice and charity, and the propagator as well as the guardian of true liberty, and of that equality which alone is possible here below. In applying the doctrine of its Divine Founder, it maintains a wise equilibrium and marks the true limits between the rights and privileges of society. The equality which it proclaims does not destroy the distinction between the different social classes. It keeps them intact, as nature itself demands, in order to oppose the anarchy of reason emancipated from faith, and abandoned to its own devices. The liberty which it gives in no wise conflicts with the rights of truth, because those rights are superior to the demands of liberty. Nor does it infringe upon the rights of justice, because those rights are superior to the claims of mere numbers of power. Nor does it assail the rights of God because they are superior to the rights of humanity.

In the domestic circle, the Church is no less fruitful in good results. For not only does it oppose the nefarious machinations which incredulity resorts to in,

order to attack the life of the family, but it prepares and protects the union and stability of marriage, whose honor, fidelity and holiness it guards and develops. At the same time it sustains and cements the civil and political order by giving on one side most efficacious aid to authority, and on the other by showing itself favorable to the wise reforms and the just aspirations of the classes that are governed by imposing respect for rulers and enjoining whatever obedience is due to them, and by defending unwaveringly the imprescriptible rights of the human conscience. And thus it is that the people who are subject to her influence have no fear of oppression because she checks in their efforts the rulers who seek to govern as tyrants.

Fully aware of this divine power, We from the very beginning of Our Pontificate, have endeavored to place in the clearest light the benevolent designs of the Church and to increase as far as possible along with the treasures of her doctrine, the field of her salutary action. Such has been the object of the principal acts of Our Pontificate, notably in the Encyclicals on Christian Philosophy, on Human Liberty, on Christian Marriage, on Freemasonry, on the Powers of Government, on the Christian Constitution of States, on Socialism, on the Labor Question, and the Duties of Christian Citizens, and other analogous subjects. But the ardent desire of our soul has not been merely to illumine the mind. We have endeavored to move and to purify hearts by making use of all Our powers to cause Christian virtue to flourish among the peoples. For that reason we have never ceased to bestow encouragement and counsel in order to elevate the minds of men to the good of the world beyond; to enable them to subject the body to the soul; their earthly life to the heavenly one; man to God. Blessed by the Lord, Our word has been able to increase and to strengthen the convictions of a great number of men; to throw light on their minds in the difficult questions of the day; to stimulate their zeal and to advance the various works which have been undertaken.

It is especially for the disinterested classes that these works have been inaugurated and have continued to grow in

every country, as is evident from the increase of Christian charity which has always found in the midst of the people its favorite field of action. If the harvest has not been more abundant, Venerable Brothers, let us adore God who is mysteriously just and beg Him, at the same time, to have pity on the blindness of so many souls, to whom unhappily the terrifying word of the Apostle may be addressed: The god of this world has blinded the minds of unbelievers, that the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ who is the image of God, should not shine to them." (II Corinthians iv; 4.)

The more the Catholic Church devotes itself to extend its zeal for the moral and material advancement of the peoples, the more the children of darkness rise in hatred against and have recourse to every means in their power to tarnish its divine beauty and paralyze its action of life-giving reparation. How many false reasonings have they not made and how many calumnies have they not spread against it! Among their most perfidious devices is that which consists in repeating to the ignorant masses and to suspicious governments that the Church is opposed to the progress of science, that it is hostile to liberty, that the rights of the state are usurped by it and that politics is a field which it is constantly invading. Such are the mad accusations that have been a thousand times repudiated and a thousand times refuted by sound reason, and by history, and, in fact, by every man who has a heart for honesty and a mind for truth.

The Church the enemy of knowledge and instruction! Without doubt she is the vigilant guardian of revealed dogma, but it is this very vigilance which prompts her to protect science and to favor the wise cultivation of the mind. No! in submitting his mind to the revelation of the Word, who is the supreme truth from whom all truths must flow, man will in no wise contradict what reason discovers. On the contrary, the light which will come to him from the Divine Word, will give more power and more clearness to the human intellect, because it will preserve it from a thousand uncertainties and errors. Besides, nineteen centuries of a glory achieved by Catholicism in all the branches of learning

amply suffice to refute this calumny. It is to the Catholic Church that we must ascribe the merit of having propagated and defended Christian philosophy, without which the world would still be buried in the darkness of pagan superstitions and in the most abject barbarism. It has preserved and transmitted to all generations the precious treasure of literature and of the ancient sciences. It has opened the first schools for the people and crowded the universities which still exist, or whose glory is perpetuated even to our own days. It has inspired the loftiest, the purest and the most glorious literature, while it has gathered under its protection men whose genius in the arts has never been eclipsed.

The Church the enemy of liberty! Ah, how they travesty the idea of liberty which has for its object one of the most precious of God's gifts when they make use of its name to justify its abuse and excess! What do we mean by liberty? Does it mean the exemption from all laws; the deliverance from all restraint, and as a corollary, the right to take man's caprice as a guide in all our actions? Such liberty the Church certainly reprobates, and good and honest men reprove it likewise. But do they mean by liberty the rational faculty to do good, magnanimously, without check or hindrance and according to the rules which eternal justice has established? That liberty which is the only liberty worthy of man, the only one useful to society, none favors or encourages or protects more than the church. By the force of its doctrine and the efficaciousness of its action the Church has freed humanity from the yoke of slavery in preaching to the world the great law of equality and human fraternity. In every age it has defended the feeble and the oppressed against the arrogant domination of the strong. It has demanded liberty of Christian conscience while pouring out in torrents the blood of its martyrs; it has restored to the child and to the woman the dignity and the noble prerogatives of this nature in making them share by virtue of the same right that reverence and justice which is their due, and it has largely contributed both to introduce and maintain civil and political liberty in the heart of the nations.

The Church the usurper of the rights of the State! The Church invading the political domain! Why the Church knows and teaches that her Divine Founder has commanded us to give to Caesar what is Caesar's, and to God what is God's, and that He has thus sanctioned the immutable principle of an enduring distinction between those two powers which are both sovereign in their respective spheres, a distinction which is more pregnant in its consequences and eminently conducive to the development of Christian civilization. In its spirit of charity it is a stranger to every hostile design against the state. It aims only at making these two powers go side by side for the advancement of the same object, namely, for man and for human society, but by different ways and in conformity with the noble plan which has been assigned for its divine mission. Would to God that its action was received without mistrust and without suspicion. It could not fail to multiply the numberless benefits of which we have already spoken. To accuse the Church of ambitious views is only to repeat the ancient calumny, a calumny which its powerful enemies have more than once employed as a pretext to conceal their own purposes of oppression.

Far from oppressing the State, history clearly shows when it is read without prejudice, that the Church like its Divine Founder has been, on the contrary, most commonly the victim of oppression and injustice. The reason is that its power rests not on the force of arms but on the strength of thought and truth.

It is therefore assuredly with malignant purpose that they hurl against the Church accusations like those. It is a pernicious and disloyal work, in the pursuit of which above all others a certain sect of darkness is engaged, a sect which human society these many years carries within itself and which like a deadly poison destroys its gappiness, its fecundity and its life. Abiding personification of the revolution, it constitutes a sort of retrogressive society whose object is to exercise an occult suzerainty over the established order, and whose whole purpose is to make war against God and against His Church. There is no need of naming it, for all will recognize in these traits

the society of Freemasons, of which we gave already spoken, expressly in our Encyclical, *Humanum Genus* of the twentieth of April, 1884. While denouncing its destructive tendency, its erroneous teachings, and its wicked purpose of embracing in its far reaching grasp almost all nations, and uniting itself to other sects, which its secret influence puts in motion, directing first and afterwards retaining its members by the advantages which it procures for them, bending governments to its will, sometimes by promises and sometimes by threats, it has succeeded in entering all classes of society, and forms an invisible and irresponsible state existing within the legitimate state. Full of the spirit of Satan who, according to the words of the Apostle, knows how to transform himself at need into an angel of light, it gives prominence to its humanitarian object, but it sacrifices everything to its sectarian purpose and protests that it has no political aim, while in reality it exercises the most profound action on the legislative and administrative life of the nations, and while loudly professing its respect for authority and even for religion, has for its ultimate purpose, as its own statutes declare, the destruction of all authority as well as of the priesthood, both of which it holds up as the enemies of liberty.

It becomes more evident day by day that it is to the inspiration and the assistance of this sect that we must attribute in great measure the continual troubles with which the Church is harassed, as well as the recrudescence of the attacks to which it has recently been subjected. For the simultaneousness of the assaults in the persecutions which have so suddenly burst upon us in the later times, like a storm from a clear sky, that is to say without any cause proportionate to the effect; the uniformity of means employed to inaugurate this persecution, namely, the press, public assemblies, theatrical productions; the employment in every country of the same arms, to wit, calumny and public uprisings, all this betrays clearly the identity of purpose and a program drawn up by one and the same central direction. All this is only a simple episode of a prearranged plan carried out on a constantly widening field to

multiply the ruins of which we speak. Thus they are endeavoring by every means in their power first to restrict and then to completely exclude religious instruction from the schools so as to make the rising generation unbelievers or indifferent to all religion; as they are endeavoring by the daily press to combat the morality of the Church, to ridicule its practices and its solemnities. It is only natural, consequently, that the Catholic priesthood, whose mission is to preach religion and to administer the sacraments should be assailed with a special fierceness. In taking it as the object of their attacks this sect aims at diminishing, in the eyes of the people, its prestige and its authority. Already their audacity grows hour by hour in proportion as it flatters itself that it can do so with impunity. It puts a malignant interpretation on all the acts of the clergy, bases suspicion upon the slenderest proofs and overwhelms it with the vilest accusations. Thus new prejudices are added to those with which the clergy are already overwhelmed, such for example as their subjection to military service, which is such a great obstacle for the preparation for the priesthood, and the confiscation of the ecclesiastical patrimony which the pious generosity of the faithful had founded.

As regards the religious orders and religious congregations, the practice of the evangelical counsels made them the glory of society and the glory of religion. These very things rendered them more culpable in the eyes of the enemies of the Church and were the reasons why they were fiercely denounced, and held up to contempt and hatred. It is a great grief for us to recall here the odious measures which were so undeserved and so strongly condemned by all honest men by which the members of religious orders were lately overwhelmed. Nothing was of avail to save them, neither the integrity of their life which their enemies were unable to assail, nor the right which authorizes all natural associations entered into for an honorable purpose, nor the right of the constitutions which loudly proclaimed their freedom to enter into those organizations nor the favor of the people who were so grateful for the precious services rendered in the

arts, in the sciences, and in agriculture, and for the charity which poured itself out upon the most numerous and poorest classes of society. And hence it is that these men and women who themselves had sprung from the people and who had spontaneously renounced all the joys of the family to consecrate to the good of their fellowmen, in those peaceful associations, their youth, their talent, their strength and their lives were treated as malefactors as if they had formed criminal associations, and have been excluded from the common and prescriptive rights at the very time when men are speaking loudest of liberty. We must not be astonished that the most beloved children are struck when the father himself that is to say the head of Catholicity, the Roman Pontiff, is no better treated. The facts are known to all. Stripped of the temporal sovereignty and consequently of that independence which is necessary to accomplish his universal and divine mission; forced in Rome itself to shut himself up in his own dwelling because the enemy had laid siege to him on every side, he has been compelled in spite of the derisive assurances of respect and of the precarious promises of liberty to an abnormal condition of existence which is unjust and unworthy of his exalted ministry. We know only too well the difficulties that are each instant created to thwart his intentions and to outrage his dignity. It only goes to prove what is every day more and more evident that it is the spiritual power of the head of the Church, which little by little they aim at destroying when they attack the temporal power of the papacy. Those who are the real authors of this spoliation have not hesitated to confess it.

Judging by the consequences which have followed, this action was not only impolite, but was an attack on society itself: for the assaults that are made upon religion are so many blows struck at the very heart of society.

In making man a being destined to live in society, God in his providence has also founded the Church, which as the holy text expresses it, He has established on Mount Zion in order that it might be a light which, with its life giving rays would cause the principle of life to pene-

trate into the various degrees of human society, by giving it divinely inspired laws, by means of which society might establish itself in that order which would be most conducive to its welfare. Hence in proportion as society separates itself from the Church, which is an important element in its strength, by so much does it decline, or its woes are multiplied for the reason that they are separated, whom God wished to bind together.

As for Us, we never weary as often as the occasion presents itself to inculcate these great truths, and we desire to do so once again and in a very explicit manner on this extraordinary occasion. May God grant that the faithful will take courage from what We say and be guided to unite their efforts more efficaciously for the common good; that they may be more enlightened and that our adversaries may understand the injustice which they commit in persecuting the most loving mother and the most faithful benefactress of humanity.

We would not wish that the remembrance of these afflictions should diminish in the souls of the faithful that full and entire confidence which they ought to have in the Divine assistance. For God, in His own hour and in His mysterious ways, will bring about a certain victory. As for Us, no matter how great the sadness which fills our heart, We do not fear for the immortal destiny of the Church. As we have said in the beginning, persecution is its heritage, because in trying and in purifying its children, God thereby obtains for them greater and more precious advantages. And in permitting the Church to undergo these trials He manifests the Divine assistance which He bestows upon it, for He provides new and unlooked for means of assuring the support and the development of His work, while revealing the futility of the powers which are leagued against it. Nineteen centuries of a life passed in the midst of the ebb and flow of all human vicissitudes teach us that the storms pass by without ever affecting the foundations of the Church. We are able all the more to remain unshaken in this confidence, as the present time affords indications which forbid depression. We cannot deny that the difficulties that confront us are extra-

ordinary and formidable, but there are also facts before our eyes which give evidence, at the same time, that God is fulfilling His promises with admirable wisdom and goodness.

While so many powers conspire against the Church and while she is progressing on her way deprived of all human help and assistance, is she not in effect carrying on her gigantic work in the world and is she not extending her action in every clime and every nation? Excelled by Jesus Christ, the prince of this world, can no longer exercise his proud dominion as heretofore; and, although doubtless the efforts of Satan may cause us many a woe they will not achieve the object at which they aim. Already a supernatural tranquility due to the Holy Ghost Who provides for the Church and Who abides in it reigns not only in the souls of the faithful, but also throughout Christianity; a tranquility whose serene development we witness everywhere, thanks to the union ever more and more close and affectionate with the Apostolic See; a union which is in marvellous contrast with the agitation, the dissension and the continual unrest of the various sects which disturb the peace of society. There exists also between bishops and clergy, a union which is fruitful in numberless works of zeal and charity. It exists likewise between the clergy and laity who more closely knit together and more completely freed from human respect than ever before, are awakening to a new life and organizing with a generous emulation in defence of the sacred cause of religion. It is this union which We have so often recommended and which We recommend again, which We bless that it may develop still more, and may rise like an impregnable wall against the fierce violence of the enemies of God.

There is nothing more natural than that like the branches which spring from the roots of the tree, these numberless associations which we see with joy flourish in our days in the bosom of the Church should arise, grow strong and multiply. There is no form of Christian piety which has been omitted whether there is question of Jesus Christ Himself, or His adorable mysteries, or His Divine Mother, or the saints whose wonderful

virtues have illumined the world. Nor has any kind of charitable work been forgotten. On all sides there is a zealous endeavor to procure Christian instruction for youth, help for the sick, moral teaching for the people and assistance for the classes least favored in the goods of this world. With what remarkable rapidity this movement would propagate itself and what precious fruits it would bear if it were not opposed by the unjust and unfriendly efforts with which it finds itself so often in conflict.

God, who gives to the Church such great vitality in civilized countries where it has been established for so many centuries, consoles us besides with other hopes. These hopes we owe to the zeal of Catholic missionaries. Not permitting themselves to be discouraged by the perils which they face; by the privations which they endure; by the sacrifices of every kind which they accept, their numbers are increasing and they are gaining whole countries to the gospel and to civilization. Nothing can diminish their courage, although after the manner of their Divine Master, they receive only accusations and calumnies as the reward of their untiring labors.

Thus our sorrows are tempered by the sweetest consolations, and in the midst of the struggles and the difficulties which are our portion we have wherewith to refresh our souls and to inspire us with hope. This ought to suggest youthful and wise reflections to those who view the world with intelligence, and who do not permit passions to blind them; for it proves that God has not made man independent in what regards the last end of life, and just as He has spoken to him in the past so He speaks again in our day by His Church which is visibly sustained by the Divine assistance and which shows clearly where salvation and truth can be found. Come what may, this eternal assistance will inspire our hearts with an incredible hope and persuade us that at the hour marked by Providence and in a future which is not remote, truth will scatter the mists in which men endeavor to shroud it and will shine forth more brilliantly than ever. The spirit of the Gospel will spread life anew in the heart of our cor-

rupted society and in its perishing members.

In what concerns Us, Venerable Brethren, in order to hasten the day of divine mercy We shall not fail in Our duty to do everything to defend and develop the kingdom of God upon earth. As for you, your pastoral solicitude is too well known to Us to exhort you to do the same. May the ardent flame which burns in your hearts be transmitted more and more to the hearts of all your priests. They are in immediate contact with the people. If full of the spirit of Jesus Christ and keeping themselves above political passion, they unite their action with yours they will succeed with the blessing of God in accomplishing marvels. By their word they will enlighten the multitude; by their sweetness of manners they will gain the hearts, and in succoring with charity their suffering brethren, they will help them little by little to better the condition in which they are placed.

The clergy will be firmly sustained by the active and intelligent co-operation of all men of good will. Thus the children who have tasted the sweetness of the Church will thank her for it in a worthy way, viz., by gathering around her to defend her honor and her glory. All can contribute to this work which will be so splendidly meritorious for them; literary and learned men, by defending her in books or in the daily press which is such a powerful instrument now made use of by her enemies; fathers of families and teachers, by giving a Christian education to children; magistrates and representatives of the people, by shoeing themselves firm in the principles which they defend as well as by the integrity of their lives and in the profession of their faith without any vestige of human respect. Our age exacts lofty ideals, generous designs, and the exact observance of the laws. It is by perfect submission to the directions of the Holy See that this discipline will

be strengthened, for it is the best means of causing to disappear or at least of diminishing the evil which party opinions produce in fomenting divisions; and it will assist us in uniting all our efforts for attaining that higher end, namely, the triumph of Jesus Christ and His Church. Such is the duty of Catholics. As for her final triumph she depends upon Him who watches with wisdom and love over His immaculate spouse, and of Whom it is written, "Jesus Christ, yesterday, to-day and forever." (Heb. xiii, 8.)

It is therefore to Him, that at this moment we should lift our hearts in humble and ardent prayer; to Him who loving with an infinite love our erring humanity, has wished to make Himself expiatory victim by the sublimity of His martyrdom; to Him who seated although unseen in the mystical bark of His Church can alone still the tempest and command the waves to be calm and the furious winds to cease. Without doubt, Venerable Brethren, you with Us will ask this Divine Master for the cessation of the evils which are overwhelming society, for the repeal of all hostile law; for the illumination of those who more perhaps through ignorance than through malice, hate and persecute the religion of Jesus Christ; and also for the drawing together of all men of good will and close and holy union.

May the triumph of truth and of justice be thus hastened in the world, and for the great family of men may better days dawn; days of tranquility and of peace.

Meanwhile as a pledge of the most precious and Divine favor may the benediction which We give you with all Our heart, descend upon you and all the faithful committed to your care.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, 19th March, 1902, in the twenty-fifth year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII.

Mary, Our Mother.

In our holy Religion we find much that is attractive, much to console us on our pilgrimage through this valley of tears, and to aid us in attaining the great object of our existence. The everlasting joys of heaven. This is certainly true of the Catholic belief concerning the Blessed Virgin Mary. What noble and lovely a character is not this fair daughter of our race! Spotless and innocent during her lifetime, adorned with every virtue and supernatural beauty, Mary was the object of God's prediction, the privileged daughter of the Heavenly Father, the beloved Mother of the Divine Son, the fair Spouse of the Holy Ghost. She is the *coredemptrix* of the human race; she finally was constituted by her dying Son, the Mother of all men; and now she is the glorious Queen of Heaven and earth. How much attraction, how much consolation, how many advantages for us does not this doctrine of our holy faith contain?

But of all these titles and prerogatives we will consider more closely one: What she is to us, and what in consequence we should be to her.

We remember well the closing scene in the deep tragedy of the Sacred Passion, when our divine Saviour, before expiring, addressed to His sorrowful mother those words: "Woman, behold thy son." By those words Mary is constituted our mother. S. John, who, as the Holy Fathers tell us, then represented the human race, is named Mary's son and child. And is not this another proof of the immense love our Divine Lord and Master bears us? After lowering himself to such a degree as to become man, to suffer the most cruel torments, and about to die the shameful death of the cross, in order thereby to save us, in order to render to His Heavenly Father satisfaction for our sins and to redeem us from the clutches of satan, into whose power, by sin, we had fallen; in order to give us another chance to possess in heaven the happiness which our heart so ardently desires; after all this He also gives us a mother to love us, a mother to console us in our afflictions, and to help us

in the difficulties and hardships which we must encounter in this land of exile.

And this mother is Mary. She, who is also the mother of God, who is all-powerful with her Divine Son, since He can refuse her nothing; she whose heart is burning with love for us, because we are the beloved children of God, for whom her Divine Son has shed the last drop of His precious blood. Her, we have a right to call by the sweet name of mother, to her maternal love, to her tender affection and sympathy, we, as her children, can lay claim. What need we fear, when we are the child of such a mother; what harm can our infernal enemy do to us, and what hope have we not of finally succeeding to our endeavors to gain heaven, when we have Mary to help us?

It is a well known fact that there is no greater love on this earth, than the love a mother has for her child. This we see illustrated by the following example. We find it related that there was a shipwreck on the ocean, in which all the passenger with the exception of a mother and her child perished. These two the waves had washed on a deserted and barren island nearby. The child was hungry and growing faint, but there was nothing to eat. At last the poor mother could no longer endure to see her infant suffer, and in her despair she opened her veins, and with her life blood she nourished her babe. Thus the child's life was preserved, and when, soon after, a rescuing party arrived, they could save the child, but they had to bury the mother.

This is but one instance of a mother's strong love.

Now, Mary's love for us is incomparably greater; her solicitude for us far exceeds that of the most tender mother for her children. What then may we not expect of this loving mother, who is not only most desirous of our welfare, but who also has the power and the means to aid us. Her Divine Son has made her His treasure and the dispenser of His graces; we well know, that with the scepter of intercessory prayer, she

rules that sacred realm of all mercy and all love, the Sacred Heart of Jesus. "To the weak she can give the grace of strength, to the afflicted the grace of consolation, the grace of victory to those who struggle, to the sinner the grace of reconciliation with God, and to all the grace of salvation."

What then must be our bearing as Mary's children, towards such a mother? Ah, we must love her; Mary deserves our love; besides God, there is no object more worthy of our hearts most tender affection. We must be devoted to her all the days of our life. In all our necessities we must have recourse to her. When in affliction, when harassed by temptations, when in need of enlightenment and strength, go to your mother, call upon Mary. She wants us to come to her with confidence, for it is her desire to have all her children gathered around her in the glorious and happy land of Paradise; it is her desire to save them all from the terrible calamity of being lost.

Devotion to Mary is a sign of predestination; it is a sure sign of salvation. "A true servant of Mary, says S. Bernard, cannot perish," and S. Bonaventure exclaims in happy transports of joy: "He who honors you and recommends himself to your kindness is far from perdition. Those who love you, will enjoy peace, and their souls never will go to the eternal fire." "I am going to Paradise," S. Aloysius said shortly before his death, "because I have been so much devoted to Mary."

You must all practice a devotion so fruitful and consoling, the devotion to Mary. You must say her rosary and wear her scapular. Place yourselves daily under Mary's protection and recommend yourselves to her care. Impress deeply on your mind, and repeat frequently to yourselves: "Mary is my mother."

And with Mary's aid, and under her powerful protection, we shall vanquish the infernal foes that battle against us, Mary, with the sweet ways of a mother, will console us when in affliction and distress; for her maternal heart sympathizes with us her afflicted, suffering, exiled children. Mary will guide us through the stormy ocean of this life into

the safe port of celestial beatitude. And this is our ardent wish.

SAVED THROUGH THE SCAPULAR.

A young German priest of the Society of Jesus in England writes in the "Kath Missionsblatt," (1887, p. 443) that a certain lady, whose sons were educated at a Jesuit Institute, told him the following: Dr. L.—, a much respected physician at D. was, together with his wife, a member of the Masonic Lodge, in which he was holding a high position. Both he and his wife were Protestants and had no children. One day, it was during the octave of the feast of the Assumption, the wife went into a Catholic church and prayed fervently, asking Almighty God to bless her with a child. And so it happened that when her time was up, she gave birth to a child. But the child took ill, and she conceived the idea, that it might be her duty to have the child baptized. After it was baptized by a Catholic priest, it recovered, and a short time afterwards the physician and his wife embraced the Catholic faith. One evening, when, after paying a visit to the priest, Dr. L. was on his way home, another doctor, a Freemason, and who seemed to have been waiting for Dr. L., stepped up in front of him, held up a revolver and shot at him, aiming for his head. The shot was heard, and a crowd gathered around Dr. L., who had fallen to the ground. He was examined and it was found out, that the bullet had penetrated his clothes and left an impression on the skin, without doing any further damage. (The lady who related this to the priest, said that she had witnessed the latter part of the story with her own eyes.)

The would-be murderer was imprisoned but soon afterwards released. This seems strange, but it is easily explained, when we consider that he was a Freemason. Dr. L. wore the Scapular at the time he was attacked.

Man is only what he becomes. — Amiel.

Let the child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what you will.—Franklin.

A Glimpse of Ireland.

Just twelve months ago, it was my privilege to have attended a two weeks' mission conducted by two fathers of the Society of Jesus, in my native parish in the north of Ireland. Some recollections, which I have of that mission, I have considered may be of interest to many of the readers of the Carmelite Review on this side of the ocean. The time was the month of May, a beautiful month in Ireland, when I might say the Emerald Isle is seen at her best; nature's charms are once more visible at every step; the meadows are covered with flowers, the hillsides with the proverbial green grass, the hedgerows of beautiful hawthorne encircle the fields with their sweet scented foliage, the trees have now spread out their green leaves; on their branches the thrush, the blackbird and robin sing their sweet songs; all nature's charms seem to unite in harmony to sing the praises of their Creator, and our thoughts are quite naturally lifted up from the consideration of things earthly, to contemplate the beauty, the goodness and the wisdom of the Designer of all things, and also we naturally try to picture to ourselves the beauties of our destined home,—the Paradise beyond the grave.

It is a busy season in Ireland, the month of May. In our parish, the congregation consisted of about 650 families, all, or mostly all, earning their living, as the majority of the Irish do, from the culture of the fields. If May is a favorable month, everyone is busy, and good laborers are at a premium. It would be hard to expect, then, that these poor people could well afford time to go a long distance away to the parish Church twice each day, or even once, and give up their very necessary labors; but faith before everything in Ireland; and our mission was but another example of the strong faith of those simple Irish farmers. For, no sooner were the sweet tones of the church bell heard sounding on the hilltops and in the glens, work was suspended, the spade and shovel were cast aside, the teams were unharnessed, and one and all, young and

old, men and women, hastened, as if called by the voice of God, to that little parish church, to hear the words of the Gospel, this time preached by the devout disciples of St. Ignatus. And it seemed to me that God blessed their little sacrifice, and blessed them even then abundantly, for it was remarked that the crops were never better, and I heard those farmers say that they never regretted a few hours each day given to God. What a striking contrast is their faith with that of many so-called Catholics this side of the ocean, and often, alas, many of these lukewarm Catholics are proud to call themselves "Irishmen." How often do we not witness very slim congregations in our churches during the month of May devotions, or unfortunately is the Sunday mass neglected for some flimsy excuse, and yet we expect to get to heaven! I think a few months' visit to Ireland would be a very fine sermon for some of our Catholic young men or women.

I have digressed, but the comparison struck me, and my feelings as an Irishman are pretty strong upon this matter.

During a mission in Ireland it is a practice that on certain days the fathers, instead of giving all their time and attention to work in the church, hearing confessions, and giving communion, etc., visit a certain district of the parish and call upon the aged, the infirm, and those who, through some reason or another, are unable to come to the Church. The people of such districts were notified beforehand by the parish priest, and the people were required to hand in the names of any sick people in the district, who wished to see the fathers. A certain day was selected by the district of the parish in which I happened to be living, and as I was pretty well acquainted with the locality and knew the people, I was asked by the fathers to accompany them. Starting at eight o'clock on a beautiful May morning, on an Irish jaunty car, with instructions fully given to our journey, we went off

along the country roads at a royal rate of speed.

I had the list of names which the parish priest gave me; it contained about twelve or thirteen names; we were, therefore, expecting that we would have done with the work pretty soon, but a surprise was awaiting us. Here and there along the roads crowds of people, men, women and children, were awaiting our coming; for the time being work was suspended, and all hastened to the roadside to get the blessing of the fathers as they drove past. Sometimes they held in their hands beads or pictures or medals, which they asked the fathers to bless for them; perhaps they wanted an Agnus Dei or some memento of their visit to the neighborhood. I had told the fathers of this beforehand, so that they came along prepared. Everywhere our arrival was heralded as if we represented the royal sovereign. Suffice it to say that on that day, the fathers attended to about sixty people in that one district alone, and the last of those whom we reached were awaiting our arrival from early morning and were fasting until four o'clock in the afternoon! Surely this was strong faith and faith manifested by their actions.

During our visit I had the privilege of bringing the fathers to visit one of the most romantic spots in the north of Ireland. It is a famous spot called the Hill of the Devil, a very wild and rocky retreat, where it is traditioned that the druids once held their temple and called their disciples together to their weird devotions. It is for this reason that this spot derives its name. I suppose his satanic majesty had quite a share in their devotions. But wherever St. Patrick preached, these representatives of Satan vanished, and their idols were scattered to the winds, so here tradition has it St. Patrick had his residence for some time and established the Christian religion. The stone altar is still pointed out, and stands on the top of a high cliff, over which the oak branches now spread as a canopy over head; on the gospel side of the altar is the Episcopal chair, beside which are still to be seen the marks of his crozier in the solid rock and the impression of his sacred feet. Here also, St. Patrick baptized, as from

the side of the stone altar. Out of the solid rock a stone basin is hewn which yields a constant supply of fresh water. Strange mementos of ancient Christian religion of Ireland, connecting links still pointing to the same mass, same sacraments as we see in our Divine Service now.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Catholic Record.

Sir Rowland Blennerhasset contributed to a recent number of the Cornhill some very interesting reminiscences of the late Cardinal Newman. Nothing could well be simpler than the daily routine of the great cardinal's life. Even when far advanced in years he was wont to rise as early as 5 a.m.. He said his daily mass at 7, had breakfast at 8, and had retired to his study by 9 a.m.. There he remained, working unceasingly, till 2 or 3 p.m. After a light lunch the Cardinal generally went for a walk, or called to see people with whom he had business dealings. He dined at 6, was in his study again by 7, and after a long day's work retired to rest about 10. It was the Cardinal's desire that his friends should treat him, even after his elevation to the purple, as they used to in the olden days. He had a horror of anything approaching obsequiousness, and had hoped to live and die a simple priest. Some years before he was created a Cardinal, it was proposed in Rome that some ecclesiastical distinction should be conferred upon him. This offer was made through his friend, Father Ambrose St. John, who was then resident in Rome. But Newman wired him at once to the following effect: "Above all things, no decorations for me." Herein we catch a glimpse of the retiring character of the man. His one desire was to serve the sacred cause of Holy Church to the best of his ability, which was marvellously great, without the least wish for regard or recognition in this life.

In the world's opinion, marriage, as in a play, winds up everything, whereas, it is, in fact, the beginning of everything.—Swetchine.

Saved From Disgrace.

On Hamlet street in one of the many suburbs of New York, lived William Hobin, with his small family. Mr. Hobin was a retired merchant, and still owned a large share in one of the department stores of the city. He had been a hard worker in his day, and had amassed a large fortune by steady plodding labor, turned to a moderate degree of talent. Liberal education, he had none; he was narrow-minded, and outside his particular line of business, his knowledge was by no means extensive. As he had worked himself upward in the financial world, so had he done in the social. His social equals, however, had always regarded him as parvenu, and in so judging him they were not wide from the truth.

If his affectation for social distinction made him obnoxious to the leaders of the society in which he moved, his disdain and scorn for those beneath him made him ten times more odious to those from whose ranks he had risen. To all he was a mushroom aristocrat, and as such was in as little esteem as any of these usually are. Yet Mr. Hobin had money—about the only thing he did have—and by a lavish use of it, and the attractive sweetness of his wife and family, he held his position and received that homage, which he so much coveted.

Mrs. Hobin stood in strong contrast to her husband. She belonged to the middle class, and though the position of her husband elevated her, she always remained simple and unassuming; as complaisant and kind to those beneath her, as her husband was uncivil and unkind. Her winsome and modest manners gained her many fast friends, and helped to stay the general feeling of disrespect toward her husband. To all this was added the fact that she was most religious in her duties and charitable to the lowest. In her large heart the poorest and the most wretched found refuge. On this account it was that the poor looked up to her and loved her as a mother.

It was about 10 o'clock on the evening of May 10th. Mr. Hobin had been to

the city to transact some business, and had returned about an hour before. Comfortably seated in an easy chair, he sat reading the evening paper. By his side sat his wife reading a magazine. Having finished reading the news, Mr. Hobin turned to his wife and asked:

"Where are Mary and the boys?"

"They went over to Mullen's this evening to a card party, and I expect them home soon now," said Mrs. Hobin, laying down the magazine and looking up at the clock.

Mr. Hobin was again silent and sat gazing in silent reverie before him. His wife looked at him a few moments and then began to read again.

"I don't understand what Mary sees in that Jim Severn," said Mr. Hobin, suddenly, raising his head and looking at his wife. "A mere upstart of a fellow, without standing, or money, or distinction."

Mrs. Hobin laid down her magazine again, and looked meekly at her husband.

"Well, William," she said, "you know that Jim Severn is a good young man. I think he is one of the most sincere and religious young men I know."

"Good, sincere, religious!" said Mr. Hobin, ironically. "You women have queer notions as to what a young man should be. A whining simpleton, so only he be a little pious and religious is a model young man for the daughter of a millionaire! Yes, I suppose. A few prayers and kind manner count for everything; social position, and name, and wealth are of no account."

"O, William," said Mrs. Hobin, uneasy under the sarcastic tone of her husband's words, "you don't mean that, I know. What would any of us be if we had all riches and honor, and never thought of being good?"

Mr. Hobin never liked to be crossed, no matter how absurd the opinions he broached might be, and so he answered very sharply:

"Fudge! Have a little common sense, Mary. I detest and nauseate your whining, religious ways, and I think if

we had less of them we should be so much the better for it."

With this he arose and retired to his bed-room. Mrs. Hobin sat gazing sorrowfully down at the rug at her feet, and wondering why her husband could be so unreasonable. Suddenly the door bell rang, and in a moment Mary Hobin and her brother entered the room.

She was a tall, slim girl, with an easy and graceful bearing. Her step was light and elastic as she moved across the room to kiss her mother, whom she loved with a truly filial love. Her wavy dark brown hair was caught back from a high, smooth forehead. Her mouth was small and her cheeks full. But the kind, sincere look that came forth from her deep black eyes spoke of the noble spirit within.

Her brother John, who entered with her, was shorter and slimmer than she. His face was thin and haggard; his curly, light-colored hair made his head appear larger than it was in reality. His fallen cheeks gave him a delicate and worn look. He was studying law, and the enormous amount of reading he had lately done had been very trying on his health. His face, though true and frank, was, perhaps, less beautiful, physically and intellectually, than that of his sister.

"O mother," said Mary, as she stood before her mother and took off her hat and gloves, "we have had a fine time this evening. John was within two points of getting the booby prize, and I nearly got the first."

"And who got the prizes?" asked the loving mother.

"Alice Warren got the first, and as anyone could guess, Jim Severn got the booby prize," answered John, with a sly look at Mary. "He couldn't look at the cards when Mary was around, and everyone was laughing—"

The remaining words were smothered by Mary's tiny hand, as she clapped it across his mouth, exclaiming:

"You naughty brother, I won't like you one bit if you say such things."

John managed to null his sister's hand away, and began again, banteringly.

"Yes, mother, everyone was laughing at the absent-mindedness of Jim whilst playing cards."

Again he was stopped by his sister's hand, as she pressed it against his mouth. Just as John was about to begin for the third time, the door-bell rang.

"It's Frank, I suppose," said Mary, stepping aside and brushing back her hair, which had been slightly tumbled. Without waiting to see who it was, and to avoid giving John another chance to rally her, she quickly took up her hat and gloves, and saying "good night," tripped out of the room. As she had supposed, it was Frank, her other brother, who rang the bell.

"So you're home before me," said he, entering the room. "Where's Mary? I thought you came home with her?"

"Oh! she has just left in high dudgeon," said John laughingly. "I was going to tell mother all about the fun at Mullen's, and she wouldn't let me."

"Well, it was amusing," said Frank. "Everyone enjoyed it."

"Did you notice that tall, black-haired fellow, with ears set close to his head?" asked John suddenly.

"Yes, I did," answered Frank. "I was told that he has only lately come to this place, and that he is wealthy. But I didn't like the cold, piercing look of his eyes. It sent a chill through me, in spite of his apparently kind and courteous way."

"That's just what I remarked," said John. "There seemed to be a cold and impertinent curiosity in his look that wasn't by any means sincere and earnest."

"Well, I'm glad you enjoyed yourselves," said the good mother, as the sons stopped speaking. "What's the name of that gentleman of whom you speak?"

"Mr. Ross," replied John.

"Mr. Ross? Ross, Ross?" said the mother, musingly. "Yes, I believe that's the name. I heard your father speak of him as a real gentleman of high standing and of considerable wealth. He was greatly taken with him, and asked him to come here some evening."

Mrs. Hobin had arisen as she was speaking, and as it was now almost eleven, all retired.

Mr. Hobin had met Mr. Ross several times, and had really taken a great lik-

ing to him. The seemingly kind and extremely courteous bearing won Mr. Hobin's good will in a few days. That Mr. Ross was of good family and of high social standing in Louisville, but added lustre to his reputation in Mr. Hobin's eyes. The reception accorded him in the best society of — was proof enough to Mr. Hobin of Mr. Ross' honor and dignity, and so, without further thought of discretion, the retired merchant received the new comer in a most confidential manner. In fact, he plumed himself on having attached so closely to himself an aristocrat of position and wealth.

Next morning Mr. Hobin told his wife and children that Mr. Ross was coming to spend the evening, and he hoped that all would be present to entertain him.

At seven o'clock Mr. Ross arrived and was ushered into the luxuriantly-appointed salon of the Hobin mansion. He was astonished at the lavish display of paintings and curios. His practiced eye, however, soon perceived that there lacked a fine taste in the owner of so rich and wanton a display of wealth. That the owner was wealthy anyone could see; and that he was tasteless was easily patent to anyone who had any correct perception of beauty. The appointments of the room were too lavish and wanton; in fact, in their extravagance they were boorish. All this Mr. Ross took in at a glance, and he chuckled to himself as he thought of the sort of people he had fallen in with.

"It will not be a difficult matter to cajole him," mused Mr. Ross, as he sat waiting the arrival of his host, "a little flattery regarding his good taste will doubtless tickle him in a weak spot. I have always found such men as vain as the giddiest of girls. I trust he will take kindly to the notion of my marrying his daughter. She, however, seems already to have chosen a husband from what I learned yesterday evening. "Never mind," he murmured to himself, wrinkling his brows till his face lowered like a thunder cloud, "I'll get the old man; the rest will be easy."

At this point in the soliloquy, Mr. Hobin entered. Mr. Ross rose to make his

most winning bow, and to shake hands in the heartiest manner.

"Good evening," said Mr. Hobin, shaking the proffered hand; "I'm pleased that you have honored me with your presence."

"Good evening," answered Mr. Ross with his blandest smile; "I feel highly flattered with your kind invitation. I hope to be able to return the kindness when you come south."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Hobin, "I have been thinking of spending a few days in the southern cities next winter, if I can arrange some little business before that time. I am never very busy since I have retired from active life; still there are, now and then, a few matters, trifling in themselves, you know, but requiring personal attention."

"Certainly," answered Mr. Ross, acquiescingly; "but, I suppose, what you call trifling, would be, for many, a very intricate matter."

Mr. Hobin smiled assent. A moment's silence ensued, then Mr. Ross began again.

"I have been looking at the pictures and curios here, and have admired your excellent virtue. The repose of that niobe is charming,—really exquisite. The blending of the room's colors is perfect. I have never seen them in such melody."

"I am glad to hear that," said Mr. Hobin, quite flattered. "I have always been a little vain in my taste."

A twinkle of satisfaction was visible in the corners of Mr. Ross' dark eyes. He now felt confident; he had measured his man.

Thus the conversation flowed on as it usually does in such cases. A snob is ever as greedy for the compliments of his superiors, as a small boy is for meringue; and meringue, apropos, is, perhaps, more substantial and less injurious than most compliments.

The rest of the family soon entered. After having been introduced to Mrs. Hobin, and having bowed and smiled in his sweetest manner to the two brothers and their sister, Mr. Ross again took his seat. No one could have been more winsome and affable than he. His unabating courtesy, his lively conversation and his large knowledge of places and

people, were attractive to all. Only the occasional cold deep glance of his dark eyes was again remarked by the two brothers. Another thing which attracted the attention of the brothers was the extremely polite attention he paid to Mary. The father noticed this also, and was as pleased with it as with any thing Mr. Ross had said or done that evening. It had long been his desire to obtain some aristocratic man for his daughter, and he now prided himself that he was at last successful. Jim Severn, of whom he had spoken of so harshly to his wife the evening before, was detestable in his eyes. He had forbidden him to come to his house, and he thought and hoped that all friendship between him and his daughter was at an end. In this, however, he was quite mistaken.

When the conversation flagged somewhat, Mr. Ross requested Mary to favor them with a song.

"I have heard that you are a charming singer, Miss Hobin. Will you please to favor us with a song? I dote on good singing."

"Well, I don't think you will dote on mine," said Mary, modestly, "but if you desire a good lively song, I think John will please you better."

"That's right. We can hear you both and then we can adjudge the prize," said Mr. Ross pleasantly.

To this all agreed. John sang a lively air with a nerve that was quite attractive. Mary sang a pathetic song with equal ease and grace. Mr. Ross turned towards Mrs. Hobin, saying:

"Now, Mrs. Hobin, who is the better singer?"

Mrs. Hobin left it to him to decide, so he then addressed Mr. Hobin.

"Really, I can't hardly presume to say," answered Mr. Hobin, "but the pathos of Mary's was certainly more reaching than the gaiety of John's."

"That's just my opinion," said Mr. Ross, smiling at Mary as she resumed her seat. "I think you'll have to yield the palm to your sister, Mr. Hobin. Pathos is the most life-deep feeling we have, and whatever touches our pathetic side has an attractiveness that nought else can claim.

Mary smiled and blushed at the com-

pliment, and her father moved in his chair with delight.

Thus the evening wore away, pleasantly to all, and extremely pleasant to some. Mr. Ross left with the pressing invitation of Mr. Hobin to come in of an evening whenever business allowed him. He promised to do so, and kept his word.

Several months after the evening Mr. Ross first came to the Hobin mansion, Mr. Hobin entered the room where his wife and daughter were sitting. His scowling face showed that he was not in the best of spirits. The contracted eyebrows and a cynical curl about the corners of his mouth foreboded no good. He walked across the room and seated himself very deliberately on a sofa opposite to his daughter. He held a folded newspaper in his hand, and drawing this through both his hands as if to compress it into the smallest possible compass, he said without prologue:

"Mary, you have been obstinate long enough. I told you some time since that I wanted you to have nothing to do with that Severn fellow,—a mean, low, shiftless fellow. I wanted to see you well cared for. Mr. Ross has asked for your hand—asked both you and me. He is a real gentleman, wealthy, everything that could be desired by one in your position."

"I know he is all that, father," said Mary, fearful of consequences, "but I can't like him; he——"

"Nonsense!" broke in her father. "You must like him. You must take him or I shall cut you off without a cent to your name."

"O, father, I don't want to be disobedient, but——"

"I have told what I want," said her father, again interrupting her. "You have nothing against Mr. Ross excepting a mere fancy or whim of yours, which must be set aside when so momentous a question as your family's reputation is at stake. Have sense, child. Be considerate of your father and mother, who have done so much for you."

Here, poor Mary burst out sobbing. Thus far, Mrs. Hobin had sat listening in mute fear, but now when Mary began to sob, she could keep silence no longer.

"O, William, have pity on the poor

girl. Spare her feelings. What does she care for wealth or position? You

"You're quite as foolish as she is. Quite as thoughtless, and you're to blame for her obstinacy. I tell you she shall do as I wish, or," and he brought the newspaper down on his leg with a loud clap, "I'll know why."

"But give her time to consider," said Mrs. Hobin, pleadingly.

"I have given her time," replied Mr. Hobin. "How long does she want? A life time? If she don't make up her mind to this before next Sunday, when Mr. Ross comes again, I'll turn her out of house and home. Remember."

As he spoke these last words, he rose, and crossing the room, he left his wife and daughter weeping at his harsh behavior.

The next few days were days of sorrow, distress and anxiety for Mary. She loved her father dearly, and would not willingly disobey or offend him, if she could possibly avoid doing so. This had always been one of her most loveable traits,—unfailing devotion and love to both her parents. She was a good, true daughter in every respect. As a member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, she had been beloved by all her girl companions. No deliberate love for wrong could ever find a place in her heart. Her life had glided along as smoothly as the lark sails upon the morning breeze. It was precisely this undisturbed flow of her past years that made this abrupt rise of distress all the harder to surmount.

It was already Saturday, and she hardly knew what to do. The loss of wealth or personal standing were absolutely nothing to her. It was the disgrace that her father said should fall upon her parents, upon the family, that racked her. It was true that she had no positive objection of marrying Mr. Ross, beyond a lack of deep and true love for him. In short, she respected and admired Albert Ross, but she loved Jim Severn.

On Sunday morning she went to Confession and Holy Communion and prayed to the Blessed Virgin to aid her in choosing aright. She returned home resolved — resolved not to follow the

deep wish of her own heart, but the will of her father—resolved to make this sacrifice of her own desire and right, to save, as she firmly believed, the reputation of a family.

After returning, she went to her father and told him of her resolution. He received her decision in a very cold, matter-of-fact way, and told her it was the only sensible thing she could have done.

"You have done right, Mary. I thought you would; you were always sensible and I didn't think you would lose your reason altogether."

The coldness of her father's answer went like cold steel through her heart. She could scarcely restrain her tears and sobs till she got beyond his sight and hearing.

When Mr. Ross came that evening, he was elated to hear how his suit had prospered. Mr. Hobin was now quite joyful and treated Mary with an unusual display of fatherly affection and condescension. Mrs. Hobin showed no sign of joy, but John and Frank showed a dislike to the marriage, and were quite in sympathy with their poor, self-sacrificing sister.

As Mr. Ross said he would have to leave for the west on pressing business within a few weeks, the arrangements for the wedding were considerably hastened. The few weeks before the marriage sped by, and Mary seemed to recover a modicum of her former cheerfulness. She felt that she was obeying the dictates of her conscience, and was happy proportionately.

The members of the Sodality to which she belonged presented her with a small statue of the Blessed Virgin. This present she esteemed as highly as any she received, and these were not few. Into her trunk she packed this statue, together with a beautiful ivory crucifix, and a bottle of holy water. How truly Catholic was all this! Yes, and it stood her in good stead, when the day of distress and suspicion dawned upon her.

The wedding day came. Mr. Ross desired no great display, so the wedding was conducted most modestly at St. Patrick's church, early in the morning. The newly married couple and the guests returned to the Hobin mansion for break-

fast, and then Mr. and Mrs. Ross left on a north-bound train for Albany, where they were to stay over night, thence they were to go west, and then to return to Louisville.

How gorgeous was the display this morning at the Hobin mansion! How filled was the air with fragrance and gaiety and joy! Sad contrast to that sorrow and distress which were to reign there before the sun had sped his course to his western goal.

The train that bore Mr. and Mrs. Ross drew into the station at Albany, at half past two o'clock in the afternoon. They went to the R—, made arrangements to stop over night, and then took a cab to visit the State Capitol, and other places of note in the city. They returned about six o'clock. They had stepped from the cab and were entering the hotel when Mr. Ross felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder. Turning indignantly he looked full into the face of a constable.

"I arrest you for robbery and bigamy," said the latter.

Albert Ross blanched instantly. Endeavoring to collect himself, he stammered out some broken sentences. But it was of no use. The constable showed his warrant. All was right. Albert Ross was a prisoner.

Poor Mary! If the words of the constable had made Albert Ross turn pale they had fairly taken the breath from her. She uttered a scream, staggered, and was prevented from falling only by a man standing near, who supported her. She had fainted away, and had to be carried into the hotel. Here, after some few minutes, she was restored and taken into custody. The entire baggage was seized and taken to the head police station. Here a hurried examination was made of the prisoners and the baggage.

In the trunk of Mr. Ross were found several diamond rings, studs and loose diamonds, with articles of lesser value. The diamond wedding ring on Mary's hand was taken. Her trunk was examined, and while this was doing, the poor girl was crying as if her heart would break. Alone, unbefriended, in the company of an accused villain, she felt as desolate as any one might feel under the trying circumstances. She pro-

tested her innocence, and said she had nothing in her trunk but what was her own. This was true, as Albert had been wary of giving her articles that he had purloined.

The officers, however, persevered in their search. The articles other than clothing were named to the head officer. Three of these articles were the means of saving Mary much further distress and annoyance. The policeman held up to the magistrate a crucifix, a small bottle engrossed "Holy Water," and the statue of the Blessed Virgin. The judge eyed them a moment and then looked at the weeping girl. His face softened, and turning to the policemen, he said:

"That will do. Put those things into the trunk again. The girl who carries those emblems of her faith with her cannot be an accomplice in these crimes. Take her hence and see her attended to."

She was lead from the court room, as her brother, Frank Hobin entered. Overcome with grief and joy at seeing her brother, she fell weeping into his arms. A cab was called and Frank soon had his sister well attended to for the night. Mary was too weak to return that evening, so he resolved to wait till the next day. In the meantime he telegraphed home that she was safe.

Needless to say, there was both sorrow and joy at Mr Hobin's, at Mary's disgrace and escape. It is true that the joy was of a kind entirely different from that of the day before, but it was as heartfelt and sincere.

The trial of Albert Ross soon came off. The punishment he received was out of all proportion to his guilt,—five years in prison. But this mattered not to the Hobins. Their daughter had been saved from disgrace; and that undoubtedly by her tender love for Mary, the Mother of God.

Mr. Hobin had little to say. He was too deeply cut by the awful hoax of which he had been the dupe, and by the terrible disgrace and distress that he had really forced upon his daughter. He never again protested against the presence of Jim Severn, and his notions regarding good breeding and wealth underwent considerable change. His snob-bishness disappeared to a great extent.

A terrible lesson had been read to him, and not in vain.

Jim Severn had known of the circumstances of Mary's forced marriage, and her love for himself; but he was too humble and generous to think of asking anyone to sacrifice wealth and position for his benefit. Hence it was that when he knew of Mr. Hobin's stern command to his daughter, Jim Severn was never again seen at the Hobin mansion, till some weeks after Mary's mock marriage. Now, however, he went there often, and was welcomed by all.

In six months Mary Hobin and Jim Severn were married amidst the rejoicing of everyone who knew them; and,

perhaps, Mr. Hobin was the most pleased of all.

Years have come and gone since that time. Mary lives happily with her family in a little cottage on the banks of the Hudson. She is as devout to the Blessed Virgin as she was of yore,—the little statue of the Blessed Mother on a bracket of her sitting room will tell you that. Before this you can often see her kneeling of an evening, her children kneeling beside her. And if there is any worldly possession that Mary would be loathe to part with, it is this little blue and white statue of the Immaculate Mother,—her model and safeguard throughout life.

C. J. A.

Saved Through the Scapular.

The following miraculous conversion of a great sinner is narrated by St. Alphonsus Liguori, a priest companion of my late labors and travels, while engaged in the Confessional, saw a young man passing by, whose troubled features gave clear evidence of a great interior struggle. The missionary surmising the cause thereof, left the Confessional and approaching the young man, asked him if he wished to go to confession. "My confession, father, will be very long; would you not hear me in some other place?" Covered with shame and confusion, he wished to give the priest a consecrated host, which he had carried off. When they were alone the youth related the following story: "I am a nobleman from a foreign country. My life has been but a series of innumerable crimes and outrages committed against the Divine Majesty, at the sight of which I am almost driven to despair. I will not mention all the atrocities I am guilty of; I will only say, that having despaired of salvation, I rushed headlong into the mire of sin not so much to gratify my unruly passions, as rather by offending God, to give full vent to my hatred. I carried a small crucifix about me, which I contemptuously flung aside. This morning only—I am horrified to mention it—I went to

the table of the Lord to commit a most horrid crime; for I had the sacrilegious intention of trampling under foot the sacred host. I would have executed my wicked design had not the presence of some persons prevented me from so doing. Here, father, look at the sacred host, take it, lest I become guilty of decide. Passing by the church something powerfully urged me to enter notwithstanding my great unworthiness. My heart, racked and tortured by the stings of conscience, caused me to listen to the terrible voice of repentance that arouses the guilty sinner. A vague intention of going to confession flashed across my mind. In approaching your confessional my knees commenced to totter and instantly all courage left me. The fear of God's avenging justice deprived me of all hope of pardon, so that I changed my purpose, but upon your accosting me, I felt as if seized by an invisible hand. O, father—thus I am before you—I will confess. Everything appears to me like a dream, so much am I astonished."

The missionary answered: "My dear man, to what must we attribute the grace that brings you to my feet? Have you performed any good work to-day? Have you made any sacrifice to God, or called upon the Most Blessed Virgin Mary? Surely a conversion like this, a

grace so great comes from her maternal heart; you have asked her intercession." "I made sacrifices. I offered up prayers!" exclaimed the poor sinner. "You are very badly mistaken father; a desperate sinner like myself, who has been the slave of the devil for so many years, dare he raise his eyes to Mary?" "But, my good young man," replied the priest, "just think for a moment!—" "Oh, father," answered the sinner, "what shall I say? and uncovering his breast, "see here," he said, "this is all I have." The priest perceiving a scapular, exclaimed: "My son, do you not see that it was Mary who granted you this favor? Behold, the church in which you are is dedicated to

her honor." Hearing these words, the young man, with many tears, confessed all the sins of his whole life. His grief and sorrow for them were so great that he lay prostrate at the feet of his confessor for some time, as one unconscious of himself. At last he recovered, and after having completed his confession and received absolution, he approached the sacred table with sentiments of great fervor and devotion. His confessor allowed him to make known everywhere the great mercy of God, which he had obtained through the intercession of our Blessed Lady. (Translated from the *Rundschau vom Ferge Karmel.*)

Where Jesus Lives.

A short time ago, thus narrated Cardinal Perraud at the Eucharistic Congress of Paray le-Monial, a Protestant minister arrived in the capital of England, accompanied by his little daughter, a child of five years. Of late especially his soul had been under the powerful influence of the divine grace.

Having entered a Catholic church, the little girl asks her father: "Papa, why is that red little light there?"

"Because Jesus lives in this church, my dear."

"Then, I wish to see Him, papa."

"You can't see Him, He is locked up behind those golden doors."

But the child kept on saying: "By any means I want to see Him."

"You can't see Him," the father replied, "even if the doors were open. We cannot see Him with the eyes of our body."

Then the child gave in. They left the church continuing their walk, until they came to a Protestant church, where they entered also.

The little girl curiously looked around and was visibly surprised; she saw no red light.

"Papa, is there no red lamp here?"

"No, my child."

"Why not, papa?"

"Well, Jesus does not live here."

"Then I go away from here. I wish to be where Jesus is."

These childlike words struck the pious heart of the father and completed his conversion. Since a long time he felt himself attracted to the Catholic church, but now he was firmly resolved to make this step at once. A few days later he tendered his resignation to the Anglican "bishop," and with his family embraced the Catholic Faith.

By this courageous deed he lost a yearly salary of more than £30,000. Extreme poverty would have been his fate were it not for Card. Vaughan, by whose charity he is supported.—The Annals of St. Joseph.

The World is Thine.

The world is Thine—O Heart of Jesus—
We lay it at Thy feet ;
Wreathed in its June-time roses,
Incensed with their odors sweet,
O'er-hung with the blue heaven
Of summer's fairest hours,
And ringing with glad bird songs
From countless leafy bowers,
It seems in its bright freshness,
From grief and sin apart,
A gift which we dare offer
To Thy stainless Sacred Heart.

The world is Thine—in beauties
Decked by artist nature's hands ;
From the flower-spangled prairie
To ocean's golden sands.
It stands with its fresh garlands
On summer's threshold here,
Like scriptural virgins waiting
The approaching Bridegroom near ;
For nature and its graces
Interpreted, speaks God,
From far off snow-clad summits
To the lowliest valley sod.

The world is Thine—the longings
Of its weary hearts for thee ;
A thirst for those living waters,
Which Thou hast given free ;
And love we know is royal—
A gift for the King of Kings—
And Thy great wisdom claims it
From all earth's meaner things.
O Sacred Heart that calls us
So sweetly still to Thee,
May we, like Gertrude, long for
And blest Mary Aloccoque, see.

—ROSE C. CONLEY

Fifty Years a Carmelite.

During the latter part of May Sister Mary Catharine, a Carmelite nun, of St. Louis, celebrated the golden jubilee of her religious life. The Church Progress speaking of it says:

It was no ordinary event that with unusual ostentation for three days of last week called forth a celebration marked with beautiful religious ceremonies within the cloistered walls of the little Carmelite convent on Eighteenth and Victor streets. The quiet solitude that reigns supreme and spreads its fragrance around the peaceful cloister of the Daughters of St. Teresa was broken to sing its psalms of praise, yes, to chant the grand jubilee hymn of one of their number, who had won the golden crown, an emblem of fifty years' of service in the Master's vineyard. It was the first event of the kind ever celebrated by the Carmelites of St. Louis.

Sister Mary Catherine, the distinguished jubilarian, was born at Elphin, Ireland, eighty-three years ago. She came to this country when quite a child and as she grew to womanhood the pleasures of the world soon waned for her, and she turned from its alluring paths to enter upon the austere life of a Carmelite. She became a member of the order in Baltimore and remained there until thirty years ago, when she came to St. Louis. Her career as a Carmelite has been a noted one. The years of labor, of austerity, and the long hours of prayer have, it seems, lengthened her life. We almost shudder when we hear the word Carmelite. We draw back in fear when we hear of their mortifications, and yet it seems a life of this kind is compatible with some natures. Why wonder that the Church, her priests and the noted Catholic choirs of St. Louis should assemble and pay their tribute of praise to this distinguished spouse of Christ? Why wonder that a priest of the Sanctuary came with the golden crown and placed it upon her noble brow, as a seal of her fidelity to God in the vocation she had chosen? What must have been the feelings of those privileged to kneel

around this favored soul and witness such a beautiful sight. It was no idle fancy that brought that concourse of people within that cloister chapel. The strains of "The Angels' Serenade," was but an echo of that beautiful serenade sung by the choirs of high heaven, and as the last note died away and the great organ pealed forth its grand Kyrie it seemed that heaven itself had opened and the countless choirs joined in one grand jubilee.

Many who have devoted their lives to religion have spent but a few years in its service. Some have celebrated their silver jubilee, but seldom do we hear of any who win the golden crown. It is remarked by Sister Mary Catherine that she had never known an unhappy hour in the convent. Most admirable vocation. Happy, thrice happy sister. Not even a passing cloud had marred the sunshine of her life. May this grand jubilee just celebrated here below be the herald of a happy, thrice happy eternity in that beautiful hereafter, where all shall be one eternal jubilee.

(Dedicated to Sister Mary Catherine)

Beautiful years of sweet labor,
Spent 'neath the cloister dome;
Toiling each day for the Master,
Working for Heaven's true home.
Why wonder that Heaven rejoices,
And the angels chant their lay,
And sing with soft willing voices
Thy praise, this bright, happy day!
May the prayers that are lisped, jubilar-
ian,
Rest at the feet of His love,
And a welcome be sung when the bugle
Shall welcome thee home above.

—Anita G. Henry.

Ignorance shuts its eyes and believes
it is right.

In the handling of trifles a man
shows what he is.

Keep cool and you command every-
body.—St. Justin.

Incense is a tribute to God, to men it
is poison.—Goethe.

A Few Words About the Brown Scapular.

It is many years since England merited the title of "the Isle of Saints," but it was so once and it was in those days, actually on July 16, 1251, that Our Blessed Lady gave the scapular personally to St. Simon Stock, General of the Carmelite, at the university town of Cambridge, now, alas! a rearing place of Protestant clergymen and even a home of heresy and atheism.

Everybody knows what a scapular is. It is a dress, really, which covers the shoulders, and still forms a part of the religious dress of regular orders. But it was through the Carmelites that the devotion, as we have it and understand it, came to us.

"The scapular," says Bossuet, "is no useless badge. You wear it as a visible token that you own yourself Mary's children, and she will be your Mother indeed, if you live in your Lord Jesus Christ," and similarly speaks Pope Benedict XIV, but he admits that it is only too possible to abuse such symbols and badges by a misplaced or too great confidence in them. Nevertheless, many of the Popes, including those of modern times, have granted innumerable indulgences to confraternities of the scapular, and it would be wrong for any Catholic to doubt the usefulness and piety of such an institution.

In "Our Favorite Devotions," it is written, "All who wear the scapular enjoy a twofold privilege through the merits of the Blessed Virgin, who is their protectress and advocate. One is of a spiritual nature and the other is temporal. The first is founded on the works of the Blessed Virgin to St. Simon Stock, 'Any person who wears this, if he dies a pious death, will not suffer in eternal fire. This is the sign of his salvation.' The Blessed Virgin will never allow, for so great is the power of her intercession, her true disciples to undergo condemnation; she will protect them efficaciously,

especially at the hour of death. They may hope that Our Lord will give them such an abundance of divine grace that they will escape the machinations of the wicked one. The scapular has been found to be a protection in the trials of this life. In sickness and in the hour of death many have found that they have derived help in invoking the assistance of the most glorious Virgin of Mount Carmel."

The saint through whom we have received the scapular, De Bussi, tells us, had a perfect and most filial confidence in the Mother of God. Nearly all the monarchs of Europe have gloried in wearing this livery of the Blessed Virgin, and holy Popes have approved of the devotion and enriched it with the treasures of the Church and multiplied miracles have shown now agreeable it is to the Mother of God.

"I know," continues the Reverend Jesuit, "that heretics have endeavored to cast ridicule on the devotion of the scapular; but, tell me, if all in the service of the great ones of the earth are proud to wear the livery of their masters, why should not we wear with enthusiasm the glorious livery of the Mother of God? What an outrage it would be to wear this livery and lead a life of impurity. If we wish to enjoy the privileges of this glorious livery let us honor it by the practice of the Christian virtues, and above all by inviolable chastity. True children of Mary are, like their mother, pious, humble, chaste and charitable."

It should be observed that the scapular, after proper investment, must be worn day and night, but may be removed for any needful reason. It will not be enough to carry it about in the pocket, like beads or crucifixes. Scapular means a shoulder robe, and as it is known as the "little-habit," so should it be worn.—Pittsburg Observer.

Mount Carmel.

William E. Curtis, writing to the Chicago Record-Herald, has this to say of Mt. Carmel:

Mount Carmel is one of the most beautiful hills. Its slopes are always covered with verdure, flowers and sweet herbs, nurtured by the dew which was famous in Scriptural times. The original name, Kehm-el, means "the garden," or "vineyard of God." In Bible times, as now, it was not only a prominent landmark, visible up and down the coast from Jaffa, on the south to Tyre and Sidon northward, but produced fat harvests of olives and grapes, and a profusion of flowers, plants and shrubs. The odorous thyme grows in great masses, wild roses climb over every rock, and the earth is covered with a variety of ground orchids. No other part of the country yields such olives and grapes and nowhere else are the sheep and cattle so well fed.

In Bible times, as now, Carmel was the abode of hermits and the asylum of fugitives from justice, who dwelt in caves and grottoes which are numerous on both slopes among the limestone ledges. The prophet Amos says, "Though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence." a place of worship from the earliest times. The mountain was a sanctuary and a place of worship from the earliest times. It was claimed both for Baal and Jehovah. Both had altars near the crests where the priests of the rival religions, as told in the vivid language in the book of Kings, fought out an awful debate to determine which was supreme. The struggle took place in one of the sublimest landscapes conceivable, a charming vision of earth, and sea, and sky.

Almost every spot on Carmel is associated with Bible history. Upon the promontory toward the sea is the Deir iel Mar Elyas, an enormous Carmelite monastery, erected over the cave in which the Prophet Elijah is said to have made his home. There is very little doubt about the historical accuracy of the

traditions of Carmel. It is one of the few places in Palestine where you can be confident of seeing the real thing. There is no humbug there, and, although Elijah may not have lived in that particular cave, he certainly occupied for many years a cave in the immediate neighborhood. The accounts of events that occurred on Carmel are related with such detail in the Bible and the topography is so explicitly described that there can be no mistake. Any one who has travelled in the Holy Land can appreciate the satisfaction.

The Carmelite Order was officially recognized by Pope Honorius III, in 1324, and this has always been their headquarters. The Brotherhood and their buildings have been badly treated from time to time and have endured a great deal of persecution. Many of them have been killed and captured. They have repeatedly been stripped of their worldly possessions; the monastery has been destroyed several times and has twice been converted into a Mohammedan mosque. When Napoleon made his campaign in Palestine in 1799, the building was used as a hospital, and the monks nursed the soldiers, but upon his retirement the wounded and their nurses were massacred by the Turks and are buried under a small pyramid just outside the gate.

A word and a stone cannot be recalled.

Love is the bond which never corrodes.

Hell is paved with good intentions.—Johnson.

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment.

Money is a good servant but a dangerous master.

He whose work is on the highway will have many advisers.

Custom may lead a man into many errors but it justifies none.

Knowledge humblyeth the great man, astonishes the common man, and puffs up the little man.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.

Year 371.—In this year John, the later Patriarch of Jerusalem and historian of the Order, joined the order on Mount Carmel. About the same time Cyril was born, who, as patriarch of Jerusalem, was such a shining light in the Church and the champion against heresy.

Year 372.—This year became memorable by the death of S. Hilarion, at the age of 80. S. Jerome describes the occurrence thus: "In the eightieth year of his age, whilst Hesyclus was absent, he wrote with his own hand a short letter, a testament as it were, in which he left him all his riches, viz.: the gospel and the clothes he wore. For his servant had died a few days before. There came to the sick man from Papha (a town in Cyprus) many religious — they had heard him say that he was to travel to the Lord and free himself from the chains of the body. But also as holy woman, a certain Constantina came, whose son-in-law and daughter he had freed from death by anointing them with oil. All these he adjured not to leave his body above ground even for a part of an hour, but to bury him at once in his clothes in the garden. There was hardly any heat left in the body, and nothing of a living man but touch, and yet he spoke with eyes open: 'Go out my soul, why do you fear; go out, why do you doubt. Nearly seventy years you served Christ, and are afraid of death? With these words he died, and was buried at once. After Hesyclus in Palestine had heard of his death, he went to Cyprus, and, pretending that he wished to live in the garden to watch the body, he, after about ten months, under peril of his life, stole the body and brought it back to the monastery. Both the body and the clothing were perfectly preserved, and exhaled such fragrance as if it had been anointed with spiced oil."

At this time the intermarine war between the Arians and the faithful Catholics raged with relentless fury, and hun-

dreds of Religious were killed, maimed and banished by the Arians.

Year 379.—About this time John, who afterwards became the 44th Patriarch of Jerusalem and the historian of the order, had for his disciple Palladius, who, in the year 422, was sent by Pope Celestine to Great Britain, as its first apostle.

Year 380.—This John, called by the Patriarch, came to Jerusalem, and as the Archdeacon of the Patriarch, had charge of the convent of sisters near the holy sepulchre. There he received as a disciple a certain Theona, who had been married, but whose wife had joined the sisters at the holy sepulchre, whilst he became a monk of Mount Carmel.

Year 386.—It was probably in this year, that after the death of Cyril, John ascended the patriarchal see of Jerusalem. Theodoret, the bishop of Cyra calls him a man worthy of admiration. Prosper of Aquitain says: "The monk John is famous for the purity of his life and the gift of prophecy which he received from the Lord. He undertook to govern the Church of Jerusalem after Cyril." Cyril of Constantinople reports that, "there was in the time of the Emperor Arcadius and Honorius on Mount Carmel, as fathers of the aforesaid Religious, a man of wonderful virtue and perfection, John by name, who induced by word and example, his companions, the monks on Mount Carmel to acquire perfection according to the discipline of monastic life, introduced by the Prophet Elias. This rule John explained to them by passages of the old and new law and by some tracts, left by his predecessors. He finally, for his sanctity, was elected to the episcopal chair of the church of Jerusalem, the 44th successor of James the Apostle.

After John became patriarch, he appointed a Carmelite monk, Evagrius, as archdeacon and director of the nunnery of the Holy Sepulchre. But when his health failed Evagrius left Palestine for

Egypt, where he lived for 16 years in the monastery of Nitria (outside Alexandria.)

About this time S. Euphrasia, a daughter of Antigonus and Euphrasia, and a relation of Emperor Theodosius was born, and after the death of her father, she, still a child, was carried by her mother to Egypt, where, at the age of nine, she entered a convent of Carmelites.

Year 412.—About this time Patriarch John of Jerusalem, wrote his book, "De ortu Monachorum," to a certain Caprasius, an hermit on Mount Carmel, and very probably John's successor as the supreme moderator of the hermits of the Elianic institute. The book contains the mystical explanation of the origin of the order, its habits and its principal obligations and explains how the order could be in spite of the different names of sons of the prophets, Anchorites, Rechabites, Brothers of the Blessed Virgin, etc., the identic institute.

This book was treated by the Carmelites as their first written rule, as S. Cyril of Constantinople testifies in his letter to the hermit Eusebius on Mount Nervi, and it was translated by Patriarch Aymera of Antioch.

Years 413-414.—S. Cyril occupied the patriarchal throne of Alexandria. He professes himself an hermit of Mount Carmel, fought the heresies of his time strenuously, expelled the Jews from Alexandria, and built near the city a convent for women, to which he gave the Carmelite rule.

Years 415-416.—Patriarch John, admonished by the priest Lucian, found the relics of S. Stephen, Nicodemus and Abibas, the son of Gamaliel, and brought them into a church on Mount Sion. Under his presidency also a synod was held in Diospolis, where the errors of Pelagius were condemned.

The 500 monks of Vitria came to the rescue of S. Cyril against the Jews, driving them out after defeating them in a pitched battle.

Zacharias, a Carmelite from the monastery of Geraza, found the body of the prophet Zacharias.

The year 416 saw the death of Patriarch John. He was called Blessed or Saint by many writers, both at and af-

ter his time, but was never canonized by the Church.

Year 424.—This year is famous by the death of S. Euphrosine, who was the daughter of wealthy parents, left the parental roof and in male attire, under the name of Smaragdus, lived in a monastery of Carmelites, enclosed in a cell and separated from the community for 38 years. Her death approaching, she made herself known to her father and the community, and died a holy death. Her father, Paphnutius, after her death, joined the community and lived in the cell of his daughter for 10 years, till the time of his death. He also died in the odor of sanctity.

Years 429-431.—Palladius, the disciple of John of Jerusalem, and in correspondence with S. Cyril of Alexandria, was sent to Great Britain by Pope Celestine, in order to work there against Pelagianism. He also prevailed upon the Scotch King, Constantine, to aid the Britains against the Anglo-Saxons.

S. Cyril, the patriarch of Alexandria, fought strenuously against the Nestorians, and wrote a little work for the oriental monks, to save them from the Nestorian heresy. These Religious proved to be staunch defenders of orthodoxy. S. Cyril, as the legate of Pope Celestine presided at the council or Ephesus, where the heresy of Nestorius was scolded, and the title "Mother of God" solemnly vindicated to the Blessed Virgin.

We may insert here, that the celebrated monastery of Lerin, which at a later time adopted the rule of S. Benedict, was founded by Honoratus, who had received his monastic training by the Carmelites of Palestine, and introduced their way of living. Among the famous men that came from this monastery before the adoption of the Benedictine rule, we mention, Honoratus and his brother, Venantius, Caprasius 390-400, Justus 370, S. Hilary 440, Eucherius 435, Lupus 450, Amandus (who had 3000 monks under him) 420, Maximus 470, Salvianus 480, and many others. Lerin was then a nursery of archbishops and bishops, who for the greater part are called Saints, though at the time the canonical canonization was not yet in vogue.

Year 444.—This year is notable for the death of S. Cyril, the patriarch of

Alexandria. Before his death he saw the fruit of his labors, in behalf of orthodoxy. Nestorius was deposed and banished, the dignity of the Mother of God solemnly vindicated and Cyril succeeded in bringing back to the faith many who for a time had favored Nestorianism.

Year 448-450.—At this time Eutyches disturbed the Church and especially the religious orders in Constantinople by his heresy. To assist in the good fight, Caprasius, the superior of Mount Carmel, sent some of his disciples to different provinces. Liberatus and Felix were sent to Africa. Timotheus became superior of the monastery of the Black Mountain near Antioch. Timotheus in his turn sent from the latter place Simplicius to Rome, and Romanus to Constantinople; the latter being expelled there, also went to Italy, where at Subiaco for three years he gave the necessities of life to S. Benedict. Timotheus kept with him Martyrius, Minulfus and Anthony, the servant of S. Simeon. On the 15th of October, 450, Caprasius died.

Years 455-457.—Euthymius, a member of the order, became conspicuous by his valiant fight against Eutychnianism. He was seconded by his subjects, of whom there is a personal mention made of Elpidius, Gerasimus, Chrysippus, Gabriel, Andrew and Sabbas.

Years 464-466.—In one of these years Euthymius died, and his life was written by Cyril, one of his monks, who also gives in full the last words addressed by the dying abbot to his monks. His person is described by Cyril thus: His appearance was natural and mild-mannered, his face sparse and white, cheerful and pleasant to behold, he was gray, below middle size, with a dense beard reaching below the belt, sound and entire of body, not wanting even a tooth. He is mentioned in the Roman Martyrology on Jan. 20th.

Year 477.—Two prominent disciples of Euthymius are mentioned, Elias and Martyrius, who became patriarchs of Jerusalem.

Year 483.—A persecution against the Catholics was commenced by Honorius, the successor of Genseric in Africa. In this persecution a great many nuns perished, after suffering torments, which modesty forbids to retail.

Years 491-493.—Mention is made of several members of the order, who rendered distinguished services to religion. Marcian was employed by Patriarch Sallust to repress the heresies of Lazarus and Anastasius, two reprobate monks. Sabas and Theodorus were the superiors of the monasteries in and around Jerusalem, the former of the Anchorites, the latter of the Coenobites. Elias and Martyrius came to the monasteries in Palestine from Nitria in Egypt; both became patriarchs of Jerusalem. Of Elias, Baronius says: It was clearly by the providence of God, that from the obscurity of the cloister Elias was raised to that sublime see, in order that he, in the spirit of Elias, would reprimand Achab persecuting the Church, and transfix with a sword the prophets of Baal. Cyril, his historian, remarks that Elias, immediately after his elevation built a monastery beside his cathedral, and provided plentifully for the religious gathered there.

Sabas fought valiantly against Peter the Fuller, who had intruded into the see of Antioch.

Years 494-496.—In the year 494, S. Benedict, the founder of the famous Benedictine Order, retired to Sabiaco, where he was for three years supported by Romanus, as we said above (years 448-450). Romanus, as we learn from Gregory the Great, lived there under Theodorus, and this convent, afterwards given up to the Benedictines, was peopled by Carmelites. Romanus himself was from Lyons in France, but had joined the order on the occasion of a visit to the Holy Sepulchre.

Years 504-513.—The Carmelites in Palestine were hard pressed and persecuted by the Saracenes, under their Sultan, Alamundaz. Some suffered martyrdom, others fled into a new monastery, established at Nicopolis by Abbot Sabas, who prevailed also upon John the Silent to take refuge there. The hermits of Mount Carmel assisted Patriarch Flavijan of Antioch against heretics, who made him suffer much.

Years 514-523.—In a report to Pope Hormisdas, the Carmelites of Palestine and Syria mention, that of their number 350 had been killed by the heretics, and

others wounded. Sabas became famous by the miracles he wrought.

Patriarch Elias of Jerusalem, a Carmelite, received divine inspiration, that he would be banished from his see and die in exile. On Mount Olivet, a Carmelite nun, Anastasia, was conspicuous by her sanctity.

Years 524-526.—Abbot Zosimus found the Egyptian Mary in the desert, administered to her the sacraments of the Church, and buried her body. The earthquake at Antioch was miraculously foretold to Theodosius, the superior of the Cenobites in Jerusalem. John, a monk of the convent of Cuziba, on the Jordan, became bishop of Cesarea.

Years 527-530.—Cerisus, the commander of the Roman forces, approached the Theodosius above mentioned, and recommended himself to his prayers, before going to battle. Theodosius gave him his cibicium in token of victory, and he gained a splendid victory. A certain monk, Theophanes, had imbibed the spirit of Nestorianism, but visiting another monastery of the order called Calamon, he was brought back to orthodoxy by the Superior Cyriacus.

Year 531.—This is the year of the death of Sabas, aged 94. Both before and after his death, he wrought many miracles. In the place of the deceased Theodosius, a certain Leontius became abbot of the Cenobites in Jerusalem.

Years 532-534.—The monasteries in Palestine were very much disturbed by a monk Nonnus, who preached the heresies of Origen, but after hard battles, orthodoxy prevailed.

Years 535-536.—Polychronius was abbot of a new monastery near the Jordan, called Laura of the Towers. He foretold the brethren his death, and at his burial a star appeared above his head, until he was buried. On Mount Carmel there was a hermit James, famous by his life, death and miracles. He had the power of expelling devils and curing the sick. Also of the heretics many approached him, whom for the greater part he converted to the faith.

Years 537-539.—In the year 538 Chosroes, sr., the King of Persia, occupied and devastated Palestine, and in the following year also Antioch. The Carme-

lites in these wars lost nearly all their monasteries, and a great many monks, and only the hermitages on Mount Carmel, along the Jordan, on Mount Quarantine and on the Black Mountain, escaped.

Year 549.—At this time Abbot Myrogines of the Laura of the Towers, was famous through his austerities.

Year 550.—The hermit James of Mount Carmel, whom we mentioned above, (year 536) gave an astonishing proof of his virtue by holding a hand into the fire, until it was nearly consumed, and this for the purpose of resisting impure temptations. By this heroic act, he converted and baptized an abandoned sinner.

Years 566-572.—At this time Abbot Cosinus of the Laura Pharon was famous for his miracles and his stubborn resistance to heretics.

Year 578.—S. Leander, the bishop of Hispalis in Spain, was a member of the Carmelite Order. This is proved by S. Fridon, who, speaking of the founders of his and Leander's monasticism, in his 2nd book de Officiis, expressly alludes to Elias, Eliseus and the other prophets as their teachers. Leander worked at the conversion of the arianic Visigoths in Spain, and converted S. Hermenegild, the martyr, and his brother, Recared, the King. He died 80 years old. Also Fulgentius, the bishop of Carthage, followed the elianic rule.

Years 582-589.—S. Theodore was a member of the community at Chuzoba, near the Jordan. Of an hermit of the order named Antiodrus, it is reported, that for 60 years he had not tasted wine or oil, or similar things; for thirty years he had eaten no bread, being content with herbs, salt, vinegar and water.

(A great many monasteries in Spain, Great Britain, France and Italy, existing in these times, are claimed by the Benedictine Order. But, though they joined the order, they were not founded by it, but ante-dated it by many years, and had originally observed the Carmelite rule.)

Living well is the best revenge.

The formation of character ought to be the chief aim of every man.—Goethe.

Editorial Notes.

The Novena, preparatory to the feast of the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, begins on July the seventh.

* * * *

The annual pilgrimage to the Shrine of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel will take place this year, on Wednesday, July 16th.

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The daily press is not satisfied with bringing the Pope to the point of death, but now they even elect his successor. Notwithstanding all this, Leo XIII continues to live and enjoy good health.

* * * *

If the influx of Protestants into the Catholic Church continues at the present rate in England, where in one diocese alone, the number of converts in one year exceeded a thousand, Edward's successors, if they refuse to change the Coronation oath, will soon brand the majority of their subjects as idolators.

* * * *

On July 16th, the feast of the Scapular, all can gain a Plenary Indulgence for themselves or the departed souls, every time they visit a Carmelite church and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father. It is very edifying to see such a large crowd every year at Our Lady's shrine, taking advantage of this singular privilege.

* * * *

This year again, as two years ago, many pilgrims are flocking to Rome to pay their homage and respect to the common Father of Christendom. Very often there are several pilgrimages there from different countries at the same time, and it is certainly very edifying to see them visiting the different churches and shrines to venerate the precious relics preserved in these places.

* * * *

If the report concerning the conduct of our soldiers in the Philippines is true, acting on the same line as we did with the Cubans, it is about time for some nation to interfere for humanity's sake, and put an end to those barbarities. Our Catholic societies seem not to have done

much to prevent the injustice done to our Catholic brethren in those islands. We do not believe that the grown up people will throw aside the beautiful ceremonies and practices of the Church, to join the bible societies, but what will become of the little children educated in infidel schools by Protestant teachers?

* * * *

By the death of Archbishop Corrigan, the Catholic Church of America has lost one of its greatest prelates. The great concourse of people that flocked to the church during the time the body lay in state, and took part in the funeral, testify to the great esteem he was held in by all people, rich and poor, without distinction of nationality or creed. But nothing in our opinion was more touching than the sight of the poor people, the tender sisterhoods and the little orphans marching in procession and standing near the remains of the saintly prelate with tear-bedewed eyes, mourning the loss of their spiritual father and kind benefactor.

* * * *

From the month of Mary, we pass to the month of the Sacred Heart. Our Blessed Saviour is offended so much by the world, and receives many insults from those who profess themselves Catholics, who outrage him by the neglect of their religious duties, by their lukewarmness and by the unworthy reception of the Sacraments. No good Catholics can remain indifferent when considering this, but will endeavor to do all in their means to make some atonement. As this month is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, all should try to make some satisfaction for all these insults and injuries, and thus show how they love their Saviour not only in word but also in deed.

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Habits are first cobwebs, then cables. Great souls endure in silence.—Schiller
A word from a friend is doubly enjoyable in dark days.—Goethe.

Most men forget God all day, and ask Him to remember them at night.

Book Review.

We gratefully acknowledge the artistically made up booklet, which Mary 'Allegra Gallagher, 11 Chelsea Str., East Boston, Mass., dedicates to her friends.

Under the title of "Wild Flowers Gathered on the Wayside of Thought," these lovely poetical thoughts will be an offering highly appreciated, we trust, by the author's privileged friends.

* * *

On opening the little work "Communion Day," by Rev. M. Russel, S. J., we were confident of finding in it choice matter for reading and reflection; and we have not been disappointed.

The pious and beautiful thoughts contained in each chapter will greatly help to receive the "Bread of Angels" with fervor and fruit, and also to preserve the good dispositions which this reception produces in the soul.

Benziger Bros.; price, 60c net. Neatly bound in cloth.

* * *

"The Dangers of Spiritualism," by a member of the Society of Physical Research, is a work that brings out strongly the detrimental results, both physical, mental and moral, which arise from spiritistic practices, the farspread evil of modern society.

From the various facts narrated—and it would be foolish to deny them—it seems clear that the spirits gain over those, who indulge in these diabolical communications, a control which ultimately may lead to their utter destruction.

* * *

"The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century," translated from the German, of Rev. M. J. Scheehen, D. D., is a pamphlet in which the author briefly reviews the lives of persons who died in the odor of sanctity during the last century, and what may in the near future be venerated as Saints on our altars.

This little work offers a practical proof of the ever new and wonderful vitality of Christ's Holy Church in leading souls to the highest degree of perfection and sanctity. Benziger Bros.; price, 10c.

The confessions of leading spiritists, as cited by the author, in his "Notes and Comments," following the narration of facts, are a weighty confirmation of his conclusion. This book is therefore a splendid vindication of the Catholic Church and a further proof that, as in all her decisions, so also in the Condemnation of Soiritism, she is guided by a superior light.

We are confident that this book will do much good. It has the approbation of the Most Rev. J. J. Kain, Archbishop of St. Louis.

Publisher, B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Bound in cloth, 75 cents net.

* * *

We have read with rare pleasure and with growing admiration as we went along the little work of Rev. L. B. Paladino, S. J.

It is a development eminently scholarly, of those pregnant words spoken by the dying Saviour: "Woman behold thy son; "Son see thy mother," and of the great promise given by God in the Garden of Eden: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman," etc.

With surprising clearness and simplicity this book discloses to us their deep significance. Mary's position in the divine plan of man's redemption, that namely, "Mary is our Mother." This is the great consoling truth revealed in them, and the subject of the author's sublime exposition.

This little book well deserves to be read by all. Publisher, B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.; price, 15c.

* * *

The treatise on the "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," by the Blessed L. M. Grignon De Montfort, is spoken of by competent judges in the highest terms, and it needs no encomiums. The writings of De Montfort have been pronounced by Rome to be exempt from all error which would be a bar to his communication. "I have experienced," says an Examiner in the Cause of Beatification of De Montfort, an interior unction, a peace and consolation, which the writings of highly favored servants of God, endowed with lights and sanctity of an extraordinary kind, are known frequent-

ly to produce." "No one can do better," says His Em. Cardinal Vaughan, "than spread the knowledge of this golden treatise on the devotion to our Blessed Mother."

Application to be made to Rev. F. H. Lavallee, Sherbrooke, P.O., Can., who is the organizer of the "Marian Museum" in Canada.

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We have received at our office from the Catholic Record, published by House, 484-486 Richmond St., London, Can., a copy of Father Elliott's "Life of Christ."

This work of the distinguished Paulist missionary fully deserves the high encomiums it receives in the press. With the Gospel narrative as a basis, the author has interwoven beautiful reflections and comments, historical and geographical explanations and opposite moral applications which make up one continuous whole of singular attraction and merit.

Avoiding a controversial tone, which, as a rule, does little or nothing towards inspiring noble sentiments, Father Elliott aims principally at producing solid diety, and exercising on his readers an elevating and sanctifying influence, which the sublime and lovely character of Jesus if truly portrayed, is so well calculated to effect.

The book is profusely illustrated and has about 800 pages. We can highly commend this excellent work as a powerful aid to engrave deeply on the soul a true and attractive picture of our great Leader and Model, whom we must have ever present to our mind, and imitate in our actions.

Catholic Book Exchange, New York.

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Mariae Corona.

This is the attractive title of Dr. Sheehan's latest contribution to Catholic literature, and we trust it will be instrumental in obtaining many new readers for the glorious Queen of Heaven, and those Saints of whom he speaks so eloquently.

All who have read with interest and pleasure this gifted writer's works of fiction, or listened to the sweet, touching strains of "Cithaea Mea," and "Magnificat," will recognize similar trains of

thought and notes of music which captivated them with their beauty. For example, who does not remember in "My New Curate," how he speaks of Mary as a child, and in the "Magnificat" sustains throughout the title of "Child and Prophet?" These thoughts recur in "Mariae Corona," where he expresses the wish that her childhood was more known and loved.

In "Mary the Glory of Israel," fourth chapter of this book, there is a very sweet, and, we think, unusual idea conveyed in the following lines: "In exaltation and in humiliation, in glory and in shame, in joy and in sorrow, she knew but one prayer,—that the will of God be done. God himself must have inspired that prayer, and then she was made the teacher of Jesus, and Jesus taught that prayer to the world, when His Disciples asked Him how to pray, and He consecrated that prayer forever in that moment of supreme agony, when he received that intimation from Heaven that his own Father would abandon Him on the Cross. "Not my will but Thine be done." These were the words of consecration! "And where did he learn them? From her to whom He taught them." In the pages devoted to St. Augustine, we hear one of the most beautiful melodies from "Cithara Mea," reproduced, namely: "What Mary Scheffer Painted," the conversation of St. Monica and her son at Ostia. It is doubtful whether the picture, however artistically painted, excels the delicate "word-painting" of this priestly hand, or appeals so eloquently to the Soul. SS. Peter and Paul, St. Dominic, our own glorious Apostle, St. Patrick, St. Alphonsus and St. Aloysius, even St. Teresa—all are described with learning and piety, both in their characteristic virtues and the relations their distinctive spirit bears to God's Holy Church.

We would gladly linger over the reminiscences of each saintly name, but after all, a "book notice" is merely an invitation, as it were, to readers, in order that, having given them a faint sketch, they may be attracted to study the beauties of its original. We are confident that such a story will afford interest, pleasure, and, above all, spiritual profit. We are still more confident that

if it is done through devotion to these Saints and their glorious Queen, great will be the reward of pious readers. As to the gifted writer, may he obtain that reward which is promised in Holy Scripture.

"They that explain me shall have everlasting life." Eccl. xxiv.

Enfant de Marie.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

A mother wishes to return thanks for the recovery of her daughter from a serious illness, through the intercession of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Dear Rev. Father :

Will you kindly publish in your lists of favors obtained, thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery of a little boy from sickness.

M. R.

Rev. and Dear Sirs :

I asked the souls in Purgatory to pray for the recovery of my mother, who was dangerously ill, and promised, if request was granted, to publish same in your Carmelite Review.

Sincerely,

N. B. H.

Dear Fathers :

I promised our Blessed Lady, if she would grant my request, to return thanks through the Carmelite Review, and I am happy to say she has been pleased to grant it to me.

I also wish to return thanks to St. Anthony and the Souls in Purgatory for two favors granted.

Sincerely yours,

M. H. G.

Rev. Fathers :

We wish to return thanks to our Lady for a great favor that she obtained for us. My mother had been very sick for about three months and was using different medicines prescribed by the doctors, and every kind of nourishment that we could think of, without any relief. Then we promised to have two Masses said in honor of Our Lady of

Mount Carmel, and to give an offering to the building fund of the Hospice of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, at Niagara Falls, and she recovered immediately. We are very grateful to Our Lady of Mount Carmel for this favor that she obtained for us through her intercession and we wish to have it published in the Carmelite Review.

M. McG.

Rev. and Dear Fathers :

Again I beg leave to ask you to allow me to acknowledge in the Review another favor granted me through the intercession of our Blessed Lady. She has indeed been a friend and protector to me, and I am sure will be the same to anyone seeking her powerful aid. I enclose an offering for a mass in her honor for the poor souls.

Yours respectfully.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at : Falls View, from North Sydney, C. B.; St. Bonaventure's Monastery, Detroit, Mich.; Wabasso, Redwood Co., Minn.; Pere Pockmuche, N.B.; Bridgeport, C.B.; Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.; Verbooit, Ore.; St. Michael's Church, Belle Isl., N.F.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; St. Catharines, Ont.; Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, Ont.; Sheet Harbor, N.S.; St. Peter's Church, Oshkosh, Wis.; Stayner, Ont.; St. Peter's Church, Toronto; Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Carlsruhe, Ont.; Trinity, Nfld.

Scipio, Kan., from Greenbush, Crawford Co., Kan.; Marienthal, Kan.; Minoqua, Wis.; St. John's Church, Argentine, Kan.; Eastian, Mo.; Cumberland, Iowa; Cainterville, Mo.; Wea, Kan.

New Baltimore, Pa., from Auburn Centre, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Scranton, Pa.

Petitions Asked For.

That a young lady, the only support of the family, may pass a successful examination; that a Catholic may obtain a position; for five special intentions.

Obituary.

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

Mrs. Jane Keefe, Mrs. Johanna Corigan and Mrs. Elisabeth Lamoreille.

Ravul Depaz, Louis Depaz and Gaston Susbielle, three devout servants of Mary who perished at St. Pierre, Martinique, May 8th, 1902.

Martin T. Kelly, died May 31st, and was buried at Waterloo, N.Y., on June 2nd, 1902.

May they rest in peace.

LILIES OF THE ALTAR

St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Aloysius

These are two fair lilies from the garden of Holy Church, that boomed with virginal beauty and shed their mystic odors in Jesus' Eucharistic Presence, and at the feet of His Immaculate Mother! How like and yet how different! "The Angel of the Schools," a marvel of erudition, whose teachings resound to all time in the aisles of God's Church, and whose melodies echo day by day in the Sanctuary, and the youthful Saint, Aloysius, who entered the land of Angels on the Octave of Corpus Christi, for which feast these melodies were written. This lily of the valley was not doctor but disciple, not priest but Levite, not teacher, but hidden in the shade of interior life. Yet how like in love for the Most Holy Sacrament, and devotion to Mary! How like also in purity, so angelic that both are held up as models of fair virtue,—both are styled "Angel," and to both we have given in these humble lines the title of "Lily." The "Bread of Angels" rendered them chaste, and elevated them to a participation of celestial joys even in this life. Beautiful names that are like music in His Holy Place! Beautiful Saints following the Lamb in His Kingdom! May we emulate them from afar in love for Jesus and Mary, and in that purity of heart to which is promised the vision of His Face. "Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God."

Enfant de Marie.

MAY-TIME MEMORIES.

Plaintive memories of May-time!
 Gliding ever to and fro,
 Like the rippling waters sighing
 In a cadence soft and low.
 Washing through the aisles of spirit
 Like sweet incense while we pray,
 Or the scent of snow-white blossoms
 Coming once again with May.
 Gleaming in those golden sunbeams,
 Tinging them with brighter hue;
 Sometimes veiling o'er their beauty,
 Like white clouds in skies of blue.
 Are there echoes in light wavelets
 Murmuring on silvery sand,
 Or most dear familiar voices
 Thrilling in God's blessed land?
 Are the fragrant, fragile flow'rets,
 Breathing soft in hamy air,
 Emblems of their white souls blooming
 In eternal radiance fair?
 Plaintive memories of May-time!
 Yet, so full of holy calm,
 When our eyes are gazing upward
 Towards the Kingdom of the Lamb.
 Where our weary ones are resting,
 Where all tears are wiped away,
 But unfading lovely May.

Enfant de Marie.

*.—In Heaven, there will be perpetual Spring, as to beauty; perpetual summer, as to love; perpetual autumn as to joy; there will be no winter in Heaven.—St. Francis de Sales.

Living well is the best revenge.

Many talk like philosophers and live like fools.

In moderating, not satisfying passion, lies peace.

Ignorance shuts its eyes and believes it is right.

In the handling of trifles a man shows what he is.

Keep cool and you command everybody.—St. Justin.

Knowledge humbleth the great man, astonishes the common man, and puffs up the little man.

In olden times men painted to show the object of faith; to-day they use objects of faith to show their painting.—Ruskin.