



THE DIVINE MOTHER AND HER BABE.

Carmelite



Review.

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### The Divine Mother To Her Babe.



LIFE of my life! leap into Thy nest,  
And press Thy soft cheek close to mine:  
    Thy clear eyes shining,  
    Thy warm arms twining  
My neck, that thrills to this touch of Thine!  
Love of my love! cling close to my breast,  
All fears and tears and doubts resigning,  
Lie close, my Beautiful, my Best!  
My Dove, my Darling, my Lamb divine!

Heart of my heart! there is nothing worth  
In the whole round world, but this Babe of mine,  
    This God-Man holy,  
    So meek, so lowly,  
Who hides Him here in my bosom's shrine.  
Soul of my soul! I gave Thee birth,  
Yet, little Babe, Thou art simply, solely,  
The joy of heaven, the hope of earth!  
My Love, my Lily, my Lamb divine!

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF  
CARMELITES:  
DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE  
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.  
BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN CRETE AND AT SMYRNA—PROCEEDINGS AGAINST THE CRETAN HERETICS—  
CANDIA IS PLACED UNDER AN INTERDICT—PUNISHMENT OF THE  
PRINCIPAL OFFENDERS—DEFENDER OF SMYRNA—1359.



NUMEROUS as the provinces might be, of which Peter Thomas had the care, not one of them escaped his watchful supervision, and no insidious foe was ever permitted to threaten any among them with impunity, so untiring was the holy Legate's vigilant solicitude.

A heresy, which can only be described by the word *abominable*, began to gain some vantage ground in Crete. It was therefore the *spiritual sword* which this time was to leap from the scabbard in the defense of the truth. The valiant knight of the Church hesitated not to leave unfinished, for a while, the work so happily begun, to hasten to Crete and undertake a mission more important than any in which he had as yet been engaged. For the principal mission of the Papacy is, as it has ever been, all through the long vista of ages, to guard and maintain intact the apos-

tolitic faith, the most precious treasure that God can bestow upon man. It seemed, however, that disastrous results might arise from this voyage. The first adverse circumstance would be the absence of Blessed Peter from the Christian troops. The captains of the Venitian vessels, although the term of their engagement had expired, had promised to remain for some additional time in the service of the holy cause. Might they not, forgetful of that promise, or negligent, decide amongst themselves to depart? And even if they were willing to remain, and loyal to Blessed Peter, might they not be compelled to go, their leader being no longer there to command? Was there, then, any one so powerful, and, at the same time, so full of malice as to send them off? Yes, the governor of the island, whose authority extended over the affairs of Venice throughout the entire Levant, who would, beyond a doubt, exact immediate tribute for the prolongation of the service. And the pontifical treasury, so generously opened since the inauguration of the war, could not possibly respond to such a demand,

Still more—the governor's wife was closely related to the chief promoter of the Cretan heresy. Was there not grave cause for apprehension that this relationship might influence the ruler until his animosity, already great, would lead him to extreme measures? But the saintly athlete feared rather to offend God by neglecting the least duty than he feared to contend with any earthly power whatsoever. Setting aside all human considerations, he landed at the city of Candia, the capital of the island.

The sentiments of the governor were certainly embittered by this bold proceeding. So far from wishing to honor, in the person of the Bishop of Coron, a worthy Legate of the Holy See—an ally of Venice even—he received him almost as a public enemy. Almost upon the instant, immediate payment for those above mentioned expenses of the fleet were demanded in the most threatening manner. But Peter Thomas, skillfully parrying the demand, succeeded in postponing the definitive appointment of the day when the sum must be paid. Meanwhile he diligently sought for the propagators of the heresy. Amongst the number, besides the relative of the governor's wife, were to be found bourgeois and nobles, all of whom were summoned to his presence without ceremony. There were, alas! many who had embraced the new heresy which was spreading with the rapidity of a blazing fire, or a pestilential contagion.

At the meeting, however, they presented a bold and insolent front, absolutely refusing to reply to the questions of the saint.

The Bishop of Coron, seeing through their idea, thought best to disband them, and submit them to a separate

investigation. His paternal kindness had no effect whatsoever. There remained but one resource—to appeal to the arm of the law.

It was the duty of the civil magistrates, fully recognized at that period by the Christian states, to lend all possible aid to the Church, but the representative of Venice, already incensed by the retarded payments—as above mentioned—assented to the suggestions of his wife to do all that he could to foil the efforts of Blessed Peter.

He never went near the latter except with evil intent, refused all concurrence whatever and went so far as to threaten him with imprisonment.

Thus encouraged, the heretics and their friends disseminated a fanatical agitation throughout the island, especially in the capital. They threatened with death not only the Inquisitor and those who accompanied him, but all the faithful clergy who had remained steadfast, and the Catholics of the Latin rite.

The Legate felt not the least anxiety at the rumors of the threatened misfortune with which the very atmosphere was permeated; but those who had, with him, braved the perils of the campaign were not so quiescent. They could not at first concur with their dauntless leader who had perfect confidence in our Lord and in the "Virgin most powerful." And then the thought of dying a martyr's death had for him no terror, but, on the contrary, brought joy to his soul. And, thinking that it should be the same with his friends, he represented to them that his urging them to accompany him to these scenes of danger was also inviting them to participate in the greatest glory, thus eventually, by his exhortations and example, over-

coming their dread, as also the fears of the Latins. The slightest delay in acting would have intimated uncertainty upon his part, and a want of conviction, which was far from being the case.

The very day after the insolent refusal of the governor, the Legate, whilst the mournful tolling of the bells heralded the momentous event, fulminated the sentence of excommunication against that obstinate functionary, and placed the entire city under an interdict. By this sentence, the public celebration of the divine offices was suspended, the churches were closed, and all access to presbyteries and convents was forbidden to the laity.

In another interview with the Venitian officer, the Legate, with undaunted firmness, reminded him of the then universally acknowledged right enjoyed by the Papacy of bestowing upon those states, which remained faithful, cities or kingdoms. He charged him to warn Venice, that if, through the governor, it would persist in sustaining those heretics, the Sovereign Pontiff would proclaim it deprived of the possession of Crete.

That he might obtain a happy result of these severe measures, our saint had recourse, as was his wont, to penitential exercises and prayer. He addressed himself, above all, to her who is styled by St. Andrew of Crete, "*the inexhaustible fountain of divine inspirations.*"

Thanks to this blessed influence, the governor began to reflect upon the power of God and the dignity of His Vicar upon earth. The numerous miracles wrought by the holy Legate recurred to his memory. He submitted the cause to the administrative council of the island, which body

wisely advised him to repair in person to the Inquisitor and formulate his regrets for what had passed.

The humble Carmelite received him with kindness, and even expressed his sorrow for the misunderstanding which had arisen between the two powers, and especially for the deplorable cause thereof. The mild persuasiveness of his manner caused the last trace of prejudice to vanish like mist before the morning sun, and transformed the bitter feelings of the governor into sentiments of a very different nature. Finally, Blessed Peter obtained his concurrence in the requisite proceedings against the promoters of the heresy. At the investigation which followed, the guilty parties could no longer deny the pernicious doctrines they had disseminated. The most influential amongst them—of whom one was the relative of the governor—were condemned to suffer the punishment of fire.

Although they humbly solicited the boon of life, the petition was not granted. They were delivered to the secular courts, and adjudged deserving of being publicly burned.

The primary author of the heresy, it seemed, was able to defy all inquisitorial proceedings, having been dead for some time, and judged by a higher than any earthly power. Yet, might not he still exercise a malign influence upon the imagination of the people? The wise judge knew how to avert so great an evil. He instituted proceedings against him as he would against any other heresiarch. His memory was dishonored, and, with the same end in view, his bones (he had been buried at la Camee, formerly Cydonia) were exhumed and cast into the flames by the hand of the executioner.

A severe punishment, but a neces-

sary example to restrain those sectaries who sow disturbance in the conscience of the people, and inspire a spirit of revolt against their religious superiors. A just proceeding from a political as well as from a religious point of view. For if such revolts against the faith are not severely dealt with *at once* they will become fatal disturbers of the public welfare. The poignard of the assassin—the touch of the incendiary never comes into play so readily as when the way has been prepared for them and the path indicated by the fanatical hand of a perverted dogma. For great evils then supreme remedies must be employed. In all such cases the supreme ruling power should, after the example of the able surgeon, hesitate not to cut off the injured corrupted limb to save the entire body from ruin.

The Cretans had special need of energetic government. One of their ancient poets, Epiménide, who was born at Gnosse, gives this unflattering description of them: "The Cretans are always untruthful, perfidious, voracious and idle," and St. Paul, recalling this dictum to Titus, their first bishop, thought it his duty to add: "This testimony is true. Govern them, therefore, with firmness that they may remain true to the faith."

Friar Peter, having been formerly professor of Exegesis, no doubt thought of that advice and punctually followed it.

The effect of his vigorous repression was marvellous. The people who at first had, as it were, gnashed their teeth in rage and hate, now regarded him with profound veneration. The governor and the nobles now held him in such esteem that henceforth they would concur in whatever he suggested.

The heresy was thoroughly extir-

pated. Faith, pure and entire, illumined with its splendor all the island of Candia. The saint hastened to disclaim any merit in the affair and would fain have dispensed with their tributes of love and veneration which he advised them to direct towards heaven. Having finally set sail, he visited several points en route, and arrived happily at Smyrna.

This important point had for a long course of years been subjected to the most cruel vicissitudes.

Taken by the Turks from the Greek Empire in 1094, it was re-taken by the latter in 1097. A second time it became the prey of the Mussulman in 1312, but the Christians, uniting together, reconquered it in 1344.

From that time the Roman court was most liberal both in solicitude and largess towards a city the possession of which was so very desirable.

At the suggestion of Pope Clement VI., an agreement was entered into between the Holy See, the Republic of Venice, the Knights of St. John and the Kingdom of Cyprus, the tenor of which was to provide for the security of this last refuge of Catholicism in Asia. But this treaty, unfortunately, was not faithfully kept.

In consequence of the strained relations with the other powers—who, at the same time, had to be treated with all possible deference—the office of nuncio was a particularly laborious and difficult one.

A bishop of Thersuania, Raymond Saquet, formerly counsellor for the parliament at Paris, had been the first to hold the position. But the quarrels of Genoa and Venice, as well as the indifference of the other allies, ruining his authority, he returned to France. Ursus, who succeeded him, hesitated not a moment when Innocent VI. de-

sired him to resign his office in favor of the Bishop of Coron. (1359).

How eminent soever the ability, generosity and courage requisite for the duties, the new Legate was fully qualified for the post. With him at the command, the soldiers of the garrison were assured that they would never be left unprovided for. His first care was to give them a worthy chief in the person of the noble chevalier Nicholas Benoit, to whom he confided the defense of Smyrna as a sacred trust.

He was not content with fervent exhortations to be faithful and brave, but upon more than one occasion he led them on *himself*, and, by his dauntless heroism, succeeded in repulsing the enemy.

"No tongue can tell," exclaims Mezzieres, "the labors of the saintly prelate, the sacrifices he made, and the dangers he incurred in the faithful discharge of his duty."

*Money*, the vigor and sinew of the war, was wanting for the payment of the auxiliaries. The sums received from the Apostolic treasury being sufficient only for the most urgent necessities, the Legate, in his discourses at various points, solicited alms and subsidies from the faithful. And, that his words might be more effective, he set an example of liberality himself. The special emoluments, which the Pope had assigned to him as Legate, were first sacrificed, and that without the slightest hesitation. That was not enough for his noble soul—for does not generosity engender a spirit of still greater magnanimity, and an inclination to deprive self of all but what is absolutely essential? Quite different from avarice, which degenerates into a miserable spirit of selfishness, it en-

nables the giver, and inspires others to follow its lead.

It was not long before the revenues of various bishoprics were given up in aid of the suffering troops—and that with an almost joyous alacrity. And so the treasury of the arsenal was soon amply supplied from the salaries of those self-sacrificing prelates.

Thanks to such assistance, the city, during the administration of Blessed Peter Thomas, in its numerous attacks on the part of the Turks, could always maintain a bold front, and keep those marauders at a distance. After his happy death, the city was given over to the care of the Chevaliers of the Hospital, who successfully defended it until the invasion of Tamerlan's innumerable hordes in 1398.

The arms of the Holy See, in unison with those of Jerusalem, which are still to be seen graven in various points of the city, bear testimony to this long and glorious occupation.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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What does your anxiety do? It does not empty to-morrow, brother, of its sorrow; but, ah! it empties to-day of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil; it makes you unfit to cope with it when it comes. It does not bless to-morrow, and it robs to-day. For every day has its own burden. God gives us power to bear all the sorrow of His making, which the anticipation of sorrow most assuredly is.—IAN MACLAREN.

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Our Lord, before giving great treasures and graces to His servants, sends them great trials and temptations, in order by these means to prove whether they can drink His chalice and help Him to carry His cross.—ST. THERESA.

## A Christmas Memory.



Of all the olden tales we hear  
When Christmas winds are roaring,  
I like that legend quaint which tells  
Of ox and trees adoring.

For I mind me then of children two  
Who crept through the gray one morning,  
Expecting again that wonder great  
Their Christmastide adorning.

But the ox slept on in his quiet stall,  
And never a tree was bending,  
While over one heart swept a fear  
That never has known an ending.

But the other child raised her solemn eyes  
To the East, where a star was bringing  
A message from Dawn, the while on a tree  
A sweet brown bird was singing.

\* \* \* \*

Ah! happy I call you of all mankind,  
Who when knell of earth's faith is ringing,  
Can lift your eyes to one bright star  
Hear one bird sweetly singing.

ANNA C. MINOGUE.

Milldale, Ky.

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## Virgo Amabilis.

THE ancient world lay shadowy and chill;—  
Wailing its loss of bloom, its barren years,  
Its sin and pain, gray doubts and unshed tears,—  
Ere th' Almighty arm wrought His sweet will  
And song and shine fell in ecstatic thrill  
From His full cup of love. Lo, one appears,  
A Rose, all virginal!—Celestial spheres  
Held nothing sweeter, our earth-cries to still.

Thou, amiable most—yea, steeped in love,—  
Who, through thy Son, hast won our rebel hearts,—  
Pure Blossom of the earth, white Star on high,  
Behold the narrow round wherein we move!  
Console us, feeling every tear that starts,  
And show us our Redemption drawing nigh!

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.



## TRANSLATION OF THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETTO.

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



HE close of the thirteenth century saw the triumph of the Mussulman arms in the East, and the opening of the fourteenth beheld with dismay the rise of the Ottoman Empire. In the year 1290, the Sultan of Babylon took Acre, the last stronghold possessed by the Christians in Syria, in spite of the efforts of the Kings of Jerusalem and Cyprus, who with the Templars, Hospitalers, and the Christians of Palestine, made a gallant stand against overwhelming odds, to protect it from the yoke of the Barbarians. Tyre and Beyrout fell without a struggle, and the Latin Empire—the glory of the chivalry of the European nations, fell into the hands of the Sultan.

In vain did Nicholas the IV. appeal to the European monarchs; the voice of the Holy Pontiff was drowned in the discord of the Western nations occupied in deadly strife with one another. Thus Egypt, Palestine and Syria were held in the firm grasp of the Sons of the Prophet, and for the last six hundred years no combination of the Christian nations of Europe has risen in its might to rescue these fair provinces from their degrading yoke.

It was during these passing events, in the year twelve hundred and ninety-one, that the ever-memorable translation of the holy house of Nazareth occurred. It was in this house, according to the most reliable authorities, that the most Holy Virgin first saw

the light. It was there in that obscure valley that the most perfect and the most exalted of created beings was born. Jerusalem, the chosen city of God and of His people, its glorious temple, its altar of sacrifice and of incense, the holy of holies, where the high priest entered but once a year with the blood of the victim, the tables of the law, the flowering rod of Aaron and the loaves of proposition were but the mere emblems of Him and of His Mother, who dwelt in that lowly house where the Word was made Flesh. There, for thirty years and nine months, heaven was lowered to earth, the Eternal Father did not see in Jerusalem, nor in its glorious temple, nor even in the highest heavens, such ravishing glory or such transcendent sanctity as He beheld in the humble home at Nazareth.

From the earliest ages of Christianity, Catholic faith, I almost said Catholic instinct, drew numbers of Christian pilgrims to Nazareth. There, on the very spot in the house where the Saviour of the world became Incarnate, with glowing hearts they poured out their devotion and sought alleviation from the pent-up sorrows that are so frequently the inseparable companions of the weary pilgrims of this life. Among others who looked with veneration and reverence, and who sought consolation and hope at the shrine of Mary, was Saint Helena, the mother of Constantine, the first Christian emperor. As her son adored the Cross and made it the imperial standard, so the Empress would do honor to the house where the Holy Family dwelt. Outside of it she had a magnificent temple erected, which in the course of ages was destroyed by the barbarian hordes.

But God would not allow His holy Sanctuary to be defiled. It is true, He permitted the abomination of desolation to stand in the holy place, as He

Himself foretold, and the temple to which this prophecy referred, He allowed to be destroyed. But He rescued from the profane touch of the infidel the house where He and His Virgin Mother dwelt. Christian pilgrims were no longer allowed to enter the sacred shrine and in the month of May, twelve hundred and ninety-one, the holy house was lifted from the foundation on which it had rested for over twelve hundred years, and carried away by angels. From there it was borne by them to Dalmatia, and placed on an elevation midway between the towns of Tersatto and Fiume. Those living in the neighborhood were astonished to see a strange house, about thirty feet long by thirteen feet wide, resting on the ground without a foundation, having inside an altar and a picture of the Blessed Virgin and Child. They knew not what to think; being well acquainted with the locality, they were fully convinced that up to that day no house had ever stood on the site now occupied by the Santa Casa. What puzzled them still more, a house could not have been built in one night, and, if possible, it would show by the new materials the proof of its recent erection, whilst the house in question had no foundation, and in every part bore testimony to its own antiquity. We may mention here that the place where this event occurred, was not far distant from the Adriatic Sea. The inhabitants were not slow in recognizing that the translation of this house, from where they did not know, was done by a miraculous intervention of Divine Providence, and with haste bore the tidings of the strange phenomenon to Tersatto. The ecclesiastical superior of that place was named Alexander, a very holy man, who at the time was seriously ill, being in-

formed of the miraculous event, he greatly desired to know from whence this strange house had been borne. For this purpose he prayed with all the fervor of his soul, and whilst employed in sending up his humble petitions to heaven, the Blessed Virgin appearing to him imparted the knowledge he desired, and gave his immediate recovery as a pledge of the reality of the vision. Next morning on awaking he found himself enjoying perfect health, and, immediately arising, gave thanks to God and His Blessed Mother for the great favor she had bestowed upon him. With heart filled with gratitude and joy, without loss of time the holy man wended his way through the streets of the town, informing the inhabitants of the revelation confided to his care by the Mother of God. As soon as they understood, that it was revealed to him, that the Santa Casa now in their possession was no other than the holy house of Nazareth, they all, fired with the greatest enthusiasm, followed him to where it stood, and, prostrating themselves, gave humble thanks to God for the innumerable favors bestowed upon them. Pilgrims came in great numbers to the Santa Casa to seek relief from their maladies from the Mother of God, and the number of ex-votos in thanksgiving for temporal benefits received, as well as spiritual favors, speak more loudly than our pen is able to record.

Nicholas Frangipani, being governor of Dalmatia at that time, though a good Catholic, and believing in the miraculous translation of the house, endeavored to collect all the external evidence bearing on the fact, that he could find. He accordingly selected a delegation of three personages distinguished for their learning and known to all for their integrity of

character, whom he sent to Nazareth to examine the foundations of the holy house. Having measured the length and width of the Santa Casa, and having taken note of its interior, and the stone of which the building was constructed, the delegates took their departure for the East. Arrived there, they found many Christians still residing at Nazareth, whom they informed of the object of their journey, stating that they came to gather all the information to be found on the site where the holy house once stood. The Christians declared that all they knew of the matter was that the holy house was no longer there, that it was unaccountably taken away on a certain night, giving the date, that where it was at present they knew not, and that in the interior were an altar and a picture of the Mother and Child. Having received this information, the delegates, by a large sum of money, purchased permission from the infidels to enter and view the foundations. Having measured them with the greatest care, they found them to correspond exactly with the dimensions of the Santa Casa in Dalmatia, and they also found that the material of which they had been constructed corresponded in like manner. The time of its removal and its arrival at the place where it then stood, according to the information collected from the Christians, agreed, and the delegates knew that the altar and the picture spoken of by them, were at that time resting in the holy house.

This investigation confirmed the revelation made to the pious ecclesiastic, and from that moment a large concourse of pilgrims flocked to the holy house. If there could be any doubt of the revelation, the investigation made by men of such integrity

and intelligence, would have dissipated it. But God confirmed both by the numerous miracles wrought in favor of the pilgrims who came to the holy shrine for the cure of their infirmities.

The people of Dalmatia enjoyed possession of the holy house for three years and seven months, when to their great consternation it was taken from them, being carried by angels over the Adriatic, and placed in Italy on December 10th, 1294. The place where it rested, this time, was a grove near Anconda, the property of an arich widow named Laretta. Some writers think that it is from this lady Loretto derives its name, whilst others are of the opinion that it derives its name from Lauretum the name of the wood, so called on account of the laurels which grew there in abundance. But about this matter we will not dispute, as it is quite immaterial as far as the subject of which we write is concerned. Here, as in Dalmatia, the people were astonished to find a house without foundations, remarkable for its antiquity, resting in a wood, where, to the knowledge of the inhabitants of the neighborhood, no house ever rested before. This being noised abroad, pilgrims came in great numbers, as was the case in Tersatto, their faith and devotion were rewarded by the Mother of God, for many who bent beneath the burden of their infirmities, returned from the Santa Casa rejoicing in the possession of perfect health. This event to the inhabitants of Recanati, was a deep source of consolation, and no doubt many of them, as well as the pious pilgrims from afar, found consolation and drank deep drafts of love in the holy house before the image of Our Lady and Child. The world has its saints, laboring in the midst of its turmoils, frequently heavily

burdened with the weight of its cares. All the saints are not confined to the hermit's cell nor to the cloister, we find them in all the walks of life, and at times filling the most difficult positions, coming forth pure and undefiled from the fiery ordeal. All Catholics throughout the world have the same faith, the same sacraments and sacrifice, the same means of salvation, and yet what a vast difference between the lives of the just and the wayward sinner. Opportunities for good to the just makes them more holy, while at times they are lost on the sinner, or are by him converted into occasions of crime. This was the case in the woods of Lauretum, the brigands were abroad maltreating, robbing and even on some occasions, murdering the poor pilgrims. This conduct would appear unaccountable, in the presence of such graces, only we know that the culprits were few, though powerful for evil, and that we are informed by naturalists, that whilst the bee draws honey, the wasp draws poison from the same flower. But God would not allow such foul deeds to continue in the vicinity of the holy house, and in less than eight months after its arrival it was again carried by angels only a few miles distant and placed on an eminence convenient to the town of Recanati. But the site on which it rested was the property of two brothers belonging to a nobility. At first they rejoiced, but afterwards quarrelled regarding the ownership of the property. It had hardly rested there two months when it was miraculously removed for the fourth time only a little distance and placed on the public highway, where it stands to this day, a period of six hundred years. The inhabitants of Dalmatia, hearing of the frequent removals of the holy house, came to the conclusion that it might be the one that had been

taken from them. Crossing the Adriatic and arriving at the place where it stood, they immediately recognized it. Prostrating themselves on the ground and weeping bitterly, they solemnly implored Our Blessed Lady to return to them, exclaiming, "Torna torna a noi, Bella Signora, con la tua casa." We may here mention, as an additional proof of the authenticity of the Santa Casa at Loretto, that in the seventeenth century, when the Franciscans were guardians at the holy shrine at Nazareth, they excavated the place and cleared away the debris, where they discovered the foundations of the holy house whose dimensions agreed exactly with Santa Casa at Loretto.

It may have occurred to some people that the frequent changing of the holy house is unintelligible, as God had it in His power to translate it directly from Nazareth to Loretto. But instead, by the ministry of angels it was carried to Dalmatia, afterwards to Lauretum, then to Recanati and finally to where it now stands. God could undoubtedly have transferred the holy house directly to Loretto, but we are not here writing of what He could have done, but of what He did, and we know He does all things for the best. If we weigh this matter a little more carefully, we will easily see the wisdom of changing the sacred building so frequently, in its translations to Loretto. In the history of the apparitions of Our Lady of Lourdes to Bernadette at the rocks of Massabielle, an incident occurred which seemed at first to disappoint the fervent clients of Mary. She told Bernadette, in one of her visions, to go into the grotto and there eat of the herbs and drink of the fountain. The innumerable spectators who, a moment before, saw the child all radiant wrapt in ecstacy, and who felt a holy influence permeating the atmosphere, knew not what to think when they beheld her dragging herself on her knees into the grotto, and saw her eat a leaf or two of the herbs growing there, and scooping the earth with her little hand. They looked at each other in amazement. After all, was the child demented? But from

beneath her hand, in the little cavity she had made, drops of water began to spring forth, as though they would fill it up, but the water mingling with the earth formed only a pool of mud. It was immediately noised abroad that the Blessed Virgin told Bernadette to drink of the fountain in the grotto, but the child, finding no fountain, scooped a portion of the earth with her hand and that water began to flow drop by drop. If the water had burst forth in great volume, how pleased would the clients of Mary have been, but it was not so. As soon as the infidels and philosophers of the day heard of a spring miraculously rising beneath the hand of Bernadette at the grotto of Massabielle, they examined the place carefully. They reported that after examining the grotto carefully, and after mature investigation they found only a little mud puddle, and that there never had been a fountain there, and that there was none at present. This report was published far and wide in the journals of the free thinkers, and was copied in the official journal of the Department, an extract of which, Lasserre informs us, he took from that paper.

It was only six weeks, after Bernadette had scraped a little cavity in the ground, though coming slowly at first drop by drop, increasing day by day till the fountain produced twenty-five thousand gallons of water daily. If when she had been told by the vision to enter the grotto, and to eat of the herbs and drink of the fountain, a miraculous fountain had burst forth, producing the above-mentioned quantity of water, the infidels would have declared and would have published all over the civilized world, that the fountain had been there always. But they could not go back on their own investigation, the extracts from their own organs, and from the Official Journal of the Department, declaring at the time of the investigation that there was no spring there, nor that there never had been, bear full testimony by the enemies of religion, to the authenticity of the present miraculous Fountain at the grotto of Lourdes.

There we see how God confounds the wisdom of the wise, and we also see His wisdom displayed in the various translations of the holy house of Nazareth. Had it been directly transferred to the public road at Loretto, where it now stands through the lapse of ages, people would not be wanting who would have asserted, with assurance, that it always had been there. But its translation to Dalmatia, and its resting there for three years and a half, drawing not only the attention of the people of the immediate neighborhood but a large concourse of people from distant parts of Europe, made it a notorious fact in the world worthy of the attention of all. Then its second translation to Lauretum in Italy, leaving the people of Tersatto and Fiume inconsolable for its loss, brought them across the Adriatic, to Italy, and there identified the holy house that had remained with them so long, and in which so many cures had been obtained by suffering people. All Italy was astir at the report of a strange house having suddenly appeared at Lauretum. Pilgrims came in large numbers and many and various cures were wrought within the precincts of the sacred building. But about eight months later it was again transferred, by night, only four or five miles distant to a hill near Recanati, and in three months after removed only a short distance and set down in the middle of the public thoroughfare, where it remains to this day. Taking all these facts into consideration, the translation of the holy house four times in five years, people of the neighborhood seeing a strange house where no house had ever been before, and in eight months after seeing the site on which it stood vacant, and seeing the same house five miles away on a hill, and then in three months' time seeing it resting in the middle of the public road only a short distance from where it had been. With all these facts before us, it appears to us, that any sane man who would trouble himself to give them ordinary attention, could not for a moment doubt the authenticity of the holy house of Loretto.

## AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

### CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

"Whatever's happened to yoh, Judith," he asked, in alarm. "Mother was skeered when she didn't see yoh about this mawnin.' Has anything happened to Miss Lacey?"

"No," said Judith, "nothing has happened to her."

"Nur to Bluebell, er the stock, er turkies?"

"Nor to them," replied Judith.

"Wall, Bruno's hyar, an' yoh'r all right; what er yoh cryin' about?" he asked, greatly puzzled.

"My books are gone," she said, the tears again gathering into her eyes. "Someone stole them yesterday while I had gone down the road after Bluebell."

He glanced quickly toward the corner where the books had been, and a gleam of joy lighted his small, mean face. But he was sharp-witted enough to keep his satisfaction to himself.

"That's awful!" he said. "Who'd a thought any body'd go a stealin' uf them books! Who d'ye think done it?"

She shook her head, saying,

"I cannot imagine. If I had known any one wanted to read them, I should have been only too happy to loan them; but to come and steal them, to take them from me forever, Uncle Brian's books!"—

He stood looking at her, not knowing what words to speak to this proud girl who never before had shown him she was capable of such a weak thing as tears, while Bruno sat on his

haunches, his fierce eyes on the man toward whom he had never been known to show the slightest degree of friendliness. Judith pressed back the moisture from her eyes and her gaze coming back to the young fellow, standing sheepishly before her, all her old petulance against him and his officious mother returned.

"Did you say your mother wanted something?" she asked, shortly, dimly remembering he had mentioned his mother's name.

"No," returned he, glad to see that the girl was herself again. "She was afeerd something had happened when she didn't see any smoke comin' out of the kitchen chimney."

"It must keep her busy," remarked Judith, "to have an eye on my chimney as well as on her own," and with slight ceremony she dismissed him.

Toward noon her cousin returned, and when informed of the loss of the books, her face lost all the color the warmth of the day had brought into it. She made no attempt to console the girl, who was standing with her back to the light to screen the swollen eyes and pale face, defiance showing in every line of the up-drawn slight figure, and hatred against her despoiler vibrating in every tone of the low voice.

"The 'bad blood' Brian always feared is up at last," thought Mrs. Lacey. "God grant she may not discover the wretched creature who took from her her one precious treasure, nor

have her suspicions aroused. I do not think she would be accountable for what she would do."

"Judith," she, then, said aloud, "you know, my dear, how grieved I am, as much for my own sake as for yours, for I got a world of comfort out of the books, or rather out of your reading them to me. Now, I am going to set myself to find them, or rather the thief. I want you to promise to let me attend to this matter."

The girl did not answer, and it seemed to the older woman every line of the figure grew hard as stone. She felt Judith had determined to call her four brothers to her aid, and well Mrs. Lacey knew if the thief was within a radius of a day's journey of their wily horses, he would be discovered and the after-consequence none could determine, for they were men who would resent to the death an injury done to one of their blood; and, though they had no great affection for her, still Judith was their only sister.

"Do not say anything about it to the boys, Judith," pleaded Mrs. Lacey. "Let me have the first trial of finding Uncle Brian's books, so no trouble will come out of it."

"How much time do you want?" asked Judith, and even in that moment Mrs. Lacey found herself admiring the perfect control the passionate girl held over her emotions, for the question was asked as calmly as if she had enquired the hour of the day.

"Two weeks," replied Mrs. Lacey, scarcely knowing what she said.

"That is a long time," replied Judith. "If you are not successful, see what I have lost! Two weeks, fourteen long days, during which time the thief can have gotten far away or destroyed the books."

"If they were stolen to be destroyed they are so already," remarked Mrs. Lacey; "and if the person intends getting out of your way, he is miles off by this time. I do not think either supposition is true, however. Wait for the two weeks, my dear, and see what I can do," pleaded Mrs. Lacey.

"Very well," said Judith, turning from her, as if dismissing the subject.

Early that afternoon, Mr. Gray turned his steps toward Judith's home, for so constantly had she been in his mind during the past twenty-four hours, he had half-convinced himself she must be ill. Mrs. Lacey met him at the low door, over which the Virginia creeper, now in full bloom, was climbing, and in her troubled face he saw the confirmation of his gravest fears.

"How is Miss Sanders?" he asked, and at the anxiety in his voice, the woman bestowed on him one keen, sweeping glance. When she gave him the information contrary to what he had feared he was to receive, the troubled expression left his eyes. A few questions, guardedly asked, assured him Judith had told her relative nothing of her fainting spell on Sunday, and while he wondered she should be so reticent, he respected her evident wish the circumstance should not be mentioned.

"Where is she now?" he asked, kindly.

"Somewhere in the orchard. Will you go out and see her, Mr. Gray? The poor child is heart-broken, for her books were more to her than food or shelter."

Judith was sitting under an apple tree. The apron she had been mending lay on her lap and her hands were folded on it idly, while her eyes were

fixed on a wild rose, that clambered over an old stump, lifting a hundred delicately pink blossoms to the June sky.

All the defiance of face and figure, that had so sorely grieved Mrs. Lacey a few hours ago, was gone. The dream of a smile hovered around her lips and in her eyes was a swimming glory. She did not appear to the approaching man the wretched girl her cousin's words had led him to believe he would find, rather, with her sewing resting like that on her lap, with that rapt expression on her face, she dawned on his vision as a living, breathing expression of happy womanhood.

"Is it ever possible to accurately gauge her?" he questioned, mentally. "One time she is a woman, carved from stone, the next a simple girl who blushes at a question or falls into a fainting fit with equal unexpectedness. Here I expected to find her in tears over her loss, and instead she is as radiant as if the gifts of the gods had just been poured into her hands."

As he mused, he came nearer, but not until he was almost at her side, was Judith aware of his presence. As she turned her head and saw him, she sprang to her feet and for an instant it seemed as if she intended to take refuge from her immediate embarrassment in flight. He took off his hat and, smiling at her, said,

"I fear I gave you quite a start, Miss Sanders? I tried to announce my approach, but you were lost in your dream and old Bruno has become so accustomed to my presence on his reservation he doesn't think it worth while to proclaim my coming any more by those fierce barks that used to terrorize me at the first."

All this running fire of small talk

put Judith at her ease, though she did not take her place again at the foot of the tree.

"You are feeling quite well this afternoon?" he asked, with that tenderness in his voice that soothes some women when a man inquires for their health, and irritates others beyond the point of endurance. If you, reader, be a man, and have a rightly adjusted sense of discrimination, you will carefully avoid thus questioning one of those highly wrought, finely balanced women on the subject of her physical well being. It may be, and you may know it, and very likely she does too, that her stock of vitality is small, and that at the rate it is being drawn upon to sustain this nervous pitch and high pressure, it will quickly give out; but if you would preserve her friendship, close your eyes to the fact. Her sister over there with the listless air and not enough energy to keep her blood in circulation, who is apt to forget the small courtesies of life in the securing of her own personal comfort, will hail your question and entertain you by the hour with minute accounts of her ailments. So Judith resented the question addressed her by the minister, and, after briefly answering she was quite well, abruptly changed the conversation by drawing her visitor's attention to the rose bush.

"Uncle Brian planted that for me one spring when I was quite small," she explained. "I had always felt sorry for the old blackened stump forced to stand here among the living trees; in a few summers it was the joy of the orchard. I think Uncle Brian grew to admire it, too, for he often came out and sat under this tree with his"—

She stopped short, and her listener



noticed the slow-gathering of the anguish that came with the remembrance of her uncle's lost books.

"Mrs. Lacey has just told me," he said. "It is too bad. I never heard of anything like it, to go deliberately into a house in open daylight and, leaving everything else undisturbed, steal those books, which, of course, were of no special value to any other than yourself. It must have been some enemy who knows how to wound you keenest."

"But I have no enemy," she said, looking at him.

"Somebody has said that the one who has no enemy has done no good in the world," he interposed. "Now, we know you have done much good, and, believe me, you have thereby won hatred for yourself. There are two classes of persons who are hated: those who deserved to be and those who do not; Judas belonged to the first, and our Lord Jesus to the second. Between these two extremes runs a third class, neither very good nor very bad. They seldom gain much love, never hate. They are people you wouldn't make friends of one, nor dignify into an enemy. And yet, sometimes, one of this middle class steps out to do a treacherous, unforgivable deed, spurred out of his or her (and it is more frequently her) insignificance by a petty malice or revenge. It is hard to meet and deal with such persons. I have always found it best to trust to their own miserable insignificance in the world to render their work powerless. Time is the great avenger. True, we suffer, but so do they, if such miserable creatures are capable of such a thing as suffering, when the world finally sees them rightly classed. Whether it is through such a one as the last you have suffered, of course, I

do not know; but you will always find it is the smallest and basest foe that strikes unexpectedly at your one vulnerable place. They know their weak, poison-tipped dart would be ineffectual against the bold armor we turn to the world; they never meet us as brave men do, but as an assassin, steal up on us from behind."

As she listened, there was unfolded to her the utter baseness of that man or woman who thus steals from us what we prize most highly, whether a few old books as in her case, or, as alas! too often in our own, the good will of those whose friendship we hold, the name we proudly bear for clear honor, hospitality, sincerity, magnanimity, these single virtues which the fine-souled value above all worldly possessions, she felt her own hatred abate somewhat. To stoop to hate one so vile was to debase one's self; yet there was a slow-gathering wrath against the thief, which would not down so readily.

"But," she said, looking from the rose-bush to him, "I intend finding those books, and when I do find them,"—and the eyes that seemed to scintillate sparks, finished the sentence.

"When you do find them," said Mr. Gray, "in your great joy you will forget the very existence of the thief."

"I am not fashioned out of that fibre," she said, looking direct at him.

"Perhaps few of us are," Miss Sanders, he replied, the old sadness unconsciously creeping back into his tones, "but we may become such. You would not spoil the future reading of your old books by a revengeful act?"

"Not revengeful," she corrected, "but strict justice."

"Ah, but you know we are out of the law which demanded an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

"But never past the law which declares the wages of sin must be paid," she interposed.

"Ah, if you take it to that ground, you are right," he replied. "It was a sin which always demands punishment. But if restitution is sufficient under the civil law, don't you think God can be trusted to mete out the penalty under the moral law? Don't you think, if we will not make ourselves our brother's keeper, neither should we make ourselves his judge and executioner? Don't you think the forgiveness of an injury a finer thing than the exacting of strict justice? But," he concluded, breaking off, "I only meant to say I am very sorry for your loss and I hope you will find them. But if you should not, there are other copies of those books to be had. It is not as if you had lost Bluebell or Bruno, a life to which nothing similar on earth can be found."

"I could not care for other copies of those books," she said, a quiver running through her voice.

"None?" he asked. "Not even if I were to give them to you?"

It was a simple question and any one, man or woman, asking it had placed, as did he, the little emphasis on the personal pronoun, but to her, with her new-born love ready to give everything its roseate hue, it was as a drop of Heaven's own comfort to her hungry heart. She lifted her eyes to him and the flood of light they poured out seemed to make a glory around the place. Another man would not have mistaken that expression, but the minister was totally devoid of personal vanity. He noted the light of the

eyes and the tender, inexpressible beauty they threw over the face, but he attributed it to the gratitude of this strangely constructed child-woman, and it warmed his heart toward her as the glance from no woman's eye had done since he had looked for the last time into Judith Evans' and read his love's farewell therein. The yellowish-brown eyes, lighted by that incomparable glory, seemed to lead his way as, an hour later, he retraced his steps to the hotel; and once when he awoke in the night they seemed to lean over him out of the soft, deep gloom.

"The dear child!" he murmured, unconsciously repeating a pet phrase he had, in his long-past boyish days, given to a little sweet-heart, and ever afterwards it was thus he thought of Judith Sanders. And the childless man felt his heart warm under the thought. He might not have had a daughter as old as Judith Sanders, but life's sorrows and experiences had placed him so far ahead of her on the road of time, he felt he might claim for her, in thought, at least, this fatherly affection and care. Her loneliness appealed to his; the fine vein in her nature awakened all his admiration, and though what to him seemed its waywardness, if not harshness seemed at times to all but overshadow that better part, it but needed time and more happy conditions, he told himself, to mould her into what that other lost and loved Judith was, "a perfect woman, nobly planned." So, after that day, his attitude changed toward her; he found himself less in the office of judge and more of sympathetic defender, and the girl's heart began to blossom under it, as a rare flower unfolds itself before the light of the sun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Immaculate!



IMMACULATE! What human mind can know  
What words can tell the sweetness of thy name  
"Above all names," but His? O who art thou?  
That first fair beam which softly heralds in  
A golden day of grace. That lily chaste,  
Which springs in beauty 'midst our earthly thorns,  
Into thy pearly chalice mystic dew,  
So long desired, shall fall. O image pure  
Of Him thy heart shalt love e'en as thy Child!  
But these are human words! List to the praise  
Most softly murmured by angelic lips  
And let that music echo through the aisles  
Of spirit, in celestial melody.  
Immaculate! the "Ave!" came to thee

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

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## "Only flowers."

[FROM A DEAR ONE'S GRAVE.]

"ONLY flowers" of the Spring-time  
From a holy place of rest,  
Snow-white, like their stainless spirits,  
Azure, like their dwelling blest.  
"Only flowers!" but they teach us  
In a whisper low and sweet,  
That our loved ones now are blooming  
At the Saviour's sacred feet.  
"Only flowers" fair and fragile,  
Soon their beauty fades away,  
But God's blossoms ne'er shall wither  
In the light of His blest day.

—E. DE M.

## THE SAND BANK.



At a distance of some ten miles from Saint Riquier there is a parish which is scattered over so wide an expanse that to faithfully attend it the devoted priest who has it in charge must needs labor from early morning until the shades of evening have fallen upon the earth. Doing his duty with a zeal and ardor which never flagged, he was at the same time so retiring and unostentatious, that one would never imagine him to have been a participant in one of the most thrilling episodes that can be conceived. Having heard something to that effect, I entreated the good Father to relate the event for my benefit—a request which was complied with without affectation or hesitation on his part. And thus I found myself a deeply interested auditor of the terrible experience which had traversed the current of an otherwise uneventful life.

“Thirty years ago,” he began, “I was young and full of the enthusiasm of youth. I wished to devote the first years of my sacerdotal life to the missions wherein the greatest danger was to be found. I embarked at Havre for North America, where in the “far West” I had an uncle, a priest, who held the office of Vicar-General, and who would, I fondly hoped, assign me to some point where I could labor among savage tribes, and not only win their souls for Christ, but gain for myself a martyr's crown. I was strong as a Huron, and blessed with a sound-

ness of constitution which seemed to me would be thrown away in the peaceful ministrations of parish duties.

From one cause or another, my departure, which was to have taken place at mid-summer, was postponed until early in the winter season, but I consoled myself by the thought that when the beautiful feast of Christmas would dawn upon the world I would be in some pretty forest chapel, the rude walls hidden by the fadeless evergreen, and the altar decorated with graceful garlands of the same, while glittering lights, like stars, peeped out between. Yes! I could see my dusky children of the forest as they knelt at my first Mass in the wilderness, and fondly did I hope that they were so far advanced as to join in some Christmas hymns.

I cannot tell you the degree of latitude in which we were when a terrible tempest arose and we were driven hither and thither by adverse winds. The captain put forth his best efforts, and the crew worked with the energy of despair, and when a little favorable progress was made the tempest's rage would drive us back until it seemed that we were to spend the winter upon the angry waves. At last the crisis came,—a whirlwind—a tornado—nay, a cyclone of the ocean caught the vessel in its merciless grasp, overturned it as if it were a tiny toy, its shattered parts were driven here and there, and every one felt that his hour had come. Oh! how fervently I hoped that my words of exhortation had borne some fruit, that those poor souls were not unprepared to appear before the Sovereign Judge, that the words of absolution which I pronounced when I realized that the dread moment was nigh

had been ratified in heaven!

I could not swim, and even had I been master of the art, such was the fury of the elements that the knowledge could have availed me little. Crossing my hands upon my breast, and fervently recommending my soul to God, I gave up my body to the waves.

After some time I found that a piece of wood, torn from the rudder, had floated to where I was buffeting the storm, and with a great effort I worked myself upon it. Thus I floated until I felt my feet entangled in something soft, and so clinging that I could scarcely extricate them. At the same time I saw at some distance three heads looming up from the water; they were followed by three bodies with the exception of the feet, which, like mine, seemed captured by something less restless than the ocean. Then a wild commotion prevailed for a while. "*Saved!*" cried a voice, which belonged to one who was apparently the most important of the party—I did not recognize him at first, for the tempest had not given him time to don the gold spectacles and spotless collar and cuffs which formed component parts of his daily wardrobe. "*Saved!*" repeated Louis—one of the sailors—"Do not flatter yourself, sir. We are on a sand bank. The falling tide has uncovered it by degrees, and another hour will permit us to see it wholly. In five hours the tide will be at the lowest ebb. In six more the bank will be covered with water, yes, to the depth of ten feet. We will be drowned, we four, there is no escape, but it is something to have eleven hours of life given us. How many who have been lost at sea have not had the favor of one quarter of an hour wherein to prepare for the great voyage to eternity."

"It is just as if we were prisoners

under sentence of death," said Diogenes, a journalist, "awaiting the arrival at six in the morning of the warden to lead us to the chair. The rising tide in this instance will fill the office of warden."

Plutus, the millionaire, could scarcely contain himself at this announcement. "And you, sir," he said to the journalist, "your jesting is extremely ill-timed. Why not think that there may be some means of escape? A portion of the wreck with which to construct a raft—a sail—yes, a vessel may come, and save us yet."

"A raft of our making could not live in these turbulent waters, and it is but rare at this time of the year that vessels sight this point to which our own luckless ship was driven," said the sailor, whereupon I asked for their attention. I had a strangely diversified audience—Louis, the sailor, Plutus, one of the wealthiest bankers of Paris, enroute for America to arrange for the culmination of some gigantic affair, Diogenes, a journalist, attached to a sensational paper of the American metropolis,—a paper through which many souls were ruined—alas! But unlike as they were, these three men were united in the bonds of one common misfortune. Neither the sailor, whom I had so often heard take the holy name of God in vain whilst at his post, nor the journalist who seemed to be a free thinker, nor the man of millions who gave one the impression that he did not *hate*, but what was perhaps worse, he *despised* and *scorned* the *cassock*, manifested any sign of going away,—you may say—"How could they?" Well, they might have requested me politely, or for the matter of that, rudely, to keep quiet.

I began by reminding them how thankful we should be to our Lord who

had preserved us from the sudden death with which He had seen fit to visit our fellow passengers and given us time for reflection before we were landed upon the only shores which, it seems we will ever touch—the eternal shores. "Louis," said I, has spoken well when he rejoiced at the eleven or twelve hours vouchsafed us before our death. "What will you do with those hours," said I, turning to the sailor.

"An easy thing to decide, Reverend Father. Do you not think it wonderful that of the four saved from the wreck one should be a priest? My advice is that we ask you to hear our confessions, and we will traverse the unknown seas with greater ease. As for me I have not lived as I ought to have done, and when I look back upon my thirty years of life I recall many a gruesome passage. But I have always hoped to return to God and lead a good life. My mother awaits me in her little home, we looked forward to a happy Christmas together, and now I will spend one part of that blessed day on a vanishing sand bank, and the other, by the grace of the Holy Infant, will launch my bark in Purgatory. But come, Mr. Plutus, you can go first, it is perhaps some time since you have gone. *Tant Mieux!* You can sum everything in a few words "Except that I have neither murdered, nor stolen, I have been guilty of all."

"For a financier," said the journalist, "that formula would be a little risky—a banker who has been strictly honest! That would be a saint to be venerated upon our altars!"

Plutus kept silent. It is doubtful whether he ever heard the jest of the irrepressible journalist. "Leave those two to their reflections," said I to the sailor, "you see they have not as yet decided. Since you, my dear friend,

have made up your mind, raise up your heart to God, and let us begin." "Willingly, Father," and he followed me to the end of the bank. His confession was simple, candid and entire—the confession of one who had abandoned without premeditation, and under pressure of circumstances, the practice of his religion which he had always believed in and always loved. He wept for joy when I gave him absolution, and when he rejoined the others his first words were "O! what a blessing has this ship wreck proved! Go to confession and you will tell me that you are as happy as myself!"

The journalist had probably done some very hard thinking during the half hour occupied by the confession of Louis—and thus he spoke: "Reverend Father before you hear my auricular confession, which I promise you I will not delay very long, I wish to make here a sort of public confession and thus begin to unburden my conscience. You think me perhaps a hater of the church and her ministers—nothing of the kind. I was a young man in whom the evil passions which strove ever for the mastery did not always gain the day, but I was greatly in need of money. If the religious party had offered me the position of editor of the "*Catholic Watch Tower*" I would have faithfully served the good cause for a good salary. But how often it happens that capability realizes but little pay in the cause of right, and so I gave my talents, such as they were, to journals wherein I wrote against the Church, and I painted priests in a way that I knew was void of truth. It was a taking subject and my empty purse was replenished. Born in France, but brought up in the New World, I wished to amass an honest (?) fortune there. Then I intended to retire and enjoy life, far

from journalism which I abhor, but near the range of good dinners, horses, etc. Then when my thoughts wandered to that uncertain age which begins at fifty years, and is lost amid the thick mists bordering upon decrepitude I always intended to cry "*Halt!*" before my death. I would return to the religion of my mother, and to her country as well. I would seek the old priest from whose hands I received my first communion, I would marry, I would buy a charming estate in Normandy, and crown the Queens of the rose. I would exert myself to the utmost to suppress wicked journals and prevent them from ruining our youth. I would probably have children whom I would bring up in the fear of God and the horror of journalism. This, Father, is my story—what matters it that I am twenty-five or fifty years of age? Our Lord in granting me ten hours reprieve on this sand bank places me as near the death for which I will prepare as He has led me far from the mad follies and worthless pleasures from which I had not virtue nor strength sufficient to turn away. Christmas is about to dawn, Father, and, with your kind aid, may it be a blessed one to me. If our third confere is not ready I will take my turn."

We went aside as I had done with Louis. Diogenes was truly a noble soul, but he had missed that virile education which would have shown him that in religion alone can be found, even for the weakest soul, the means of conquering passions, be they ever so strong. He could not sufficiently thank God who had been so good to him. "I might never," said he, "have broken the chains which held me fast to an evil which I detested, and prevented me from seeking the good towards which I longed to turn. God has

deigned to favor me,—but what if we might possibly be saved? I almost hope *not*, for I might not persevere in my new life."

"Do not fear," said I, "with God's help, you will not fail. Having tasted the sweetness of divine love you will find that God alone can satisfy the true lover, and that without Him all other things are frivolous." "Well, let it be as He wills, I am ready and resigned."

And now there remained only Plutus. "I have still eight hours," said he—Are you sure, Louis, that the sea will cover this little isle? And you, Diogenes, all that you have been saying was only to please our reverend friend and to persuade me—to work on my feelings so that, the danger over, you can turn me into ridicule and say:—"Look at the great Plutus, the first banker in Paris, foremost in every gigantic scheme, rich and aristocratic; in the face of death he was afraid, he confessed like a coward—to a priest. "*Ma foi*," said the journalist. "Mr. Plutus, as to the greatest coward of the three, certainly it is neither Louis, nor myself." "Without doubt," said the banker as if communing with himself, "whoever said that indifference might do well enough to *live* in, but that to *die* in religion was the thing, did not say such a foolish thing. And if I were *quite* sure that all is over, that I must leave my millions—my *dear* millions! I think I would take the step." "My *dear* friend," said I, "I implore you, do not think of your millions at this solemn hour. Have you faith?" Plutus was not very sure that he knew what that was, and was even less certain that the virtue had any place within his heart. A silence fell upon the group, even as the sea became calm and still, the constellations above grew visibly brilliant, the moon, full and

beautiful, seemed nearer on sea than land. Christmas had dawned, and I could almost hear a faint and far off sounding "*Gloria in excelsis, Deo!*" from my little church amid the vine-clad hills of France.

Diogenes and Louis drew near and took my hands. I gave them my blessing, and they withdrew. It was farewell. I thought it best to leave Plutus to his reflections and I saw, with joy, that he began, step by step, to where I knelt in prayer. We were now fully conscious that *the tide was rapidly rising*. Be merciful, O Lord! Plutus had reached my side, when he exclaimed: "No, no, decidedly I have not faith—just Heaven, a sail! a sail!" and repulsing the hands I had held out in welcome, he frantically tried to attract the attention of a vessel which indeed appeared to view. We were all taken on board, Diogenes and Louis, happy that it had not come sooner, or they might not have gone to confession; Plutus, happy that it had not come later, for he had begun to be impressed by the approach of death, and he might have done as the two others. But of what use since he was saved?

Miserable man! He continued for years to hold the first rank amongst financiers. He died last year of apoplexy. He was Grand Master of the Legion of Honor, nobles—nay, princes mated with his daughters, his name had a world wide reputation—he had just gone to the Senate. But—"*quid prodest homini si mundum universum lucretur, anima vero sue detrimentum patitur?*"

Diogenes and Louis remained true to the lessons of that fearful morning. They did not acquire wealth and in the eyes of the world they are not specially fortunate. The former wages, with his trenchant pen, an unceasing war a-

gainst journalism as he had formerly practiced it. They are both rich with the gifts of heaven, and in all life's trials their hearts are filled with joy.

As for myself I labored for a number of years among my dear children of the forest, and when recalled home, I parted from them with deep regret. I failed to win the martyr's crown, for those dusky warriors loved me far above my deserts. That is my story, and it is always more fresh in my memory as the Christmas Feast draws nigh. How vividly it brings back our vigil when the blessed day dawned for us on a frail little island which awaited a sure destruction from the rapidly rising tide.—*From "Contes d'un Promeneur,"* By S. X. BLAKELY.

#### Of the Advantage of Adversity.

It is good for us now and then to have some troubles and adversities; for oftentimes they make a man enter into himself, that he may know that he is an exile, and place not his hopes in anything of the world.

It is good for us sometimes to suffer contradictions, and to allow people to think ill and slightly of us, even when we do and mean well. These are often helps to humility, and rid us of vain glory. For then we more earnestly seek God to witness of what passes within us, when outwardly we are slighted by men, and incur their discredit.

Therefore ought a man so firmly to establish himself in God, as to have no need of seeking many human consolations. When a man of good-will is troubled, tempted, or afflicted with evil thoughts, then he best understandeth what need he hath of God, and that without Him he is incapable of any good.

Then also is he sorrowful; he sigheth and prayeth by reason of the miseries he suffereth. Then is he weary of longer life; and wisheth death to come, that he may be dissolved, and he with Christ. Then also he well perceiveth, that perfect security and peace cannot be realized in this world.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.



## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

### THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

DECEMBER, 1898.

#### MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

The last month of the year has come to us, and we are all, in spite of ourselves, looking backward. How much this closing year has held for many of us! How many happy days, when God's goodness was so evident that we were almost forced to cry out with the holy man of Tours, "How good is God! Let us repeat it a thousand times." How many graces have been ours during this year of '98. So many joys which came from Him alone—the devil gives us only pleasure which is not always Christian—our joy is always the gift of God.

And the dark days—what of them? They are past and we still live with our faces turned to the sun, still live, feeling that another year has gone, and so we are that much nearer to heaven. That is the real meaning of each passing year. A mile-stone on the journey—so much less weary way to travel, and so much nearer the end which means heaven and home.

St. Theresa talks about life as being only "a night in a wayside inn." Surely she was the saint of good cheer, and large-hearted hope.

We always think of her as a strong woman, who could lift us clean off our feet, as we jump up as little children—and that is just what she does do with those whom she teaches to spring up above the world, remembering that "all things pass away, and God only remaineth."

December brings us the sweet feast of the heart and home—Christmas and the dear Christ Child, and with the thought of Him comes the thought of the poor. Let us not forget them during the days of plenty when the whole world is partaking of good things because of God's best gifts to the world. It is a very great grace to love the poor; to

feel for them as if they belonged to us; to give them, not alone material aid, food, money, clothing, but what is worth more than all—sympathy. Even God deigns to plead for it, so what must its real worth be? Think how many lonely, desolate hearts there are at Christmas time. Pray for such who are living in the happy past, to whom this day brings only tears and a yearning which the dear Babe of Bethlehem alone can satisfy. What *would* we do without God in the world? Is it any wonder that the saints who loved Him supremely were almost beside themselves thinking of sinners who have lost God? Let us pray for them, too, for they are the real poor. Not all of us can help in any other way but by prayers, either for God's poor or poor sinners. Why not be generous then, as we pray during these December days which bring us such sweet and holy thoughts of the coming of our Blessed Lord to His own. Let us go to the holy house of Nazareth and ask our Blessed Lady to teach us how to prepare for His coming—that is what Advent means. A time of longing for God. St. John, the Beloved Disciple, gives us the prayer for Advent, "Come Lord Jesus, come; come quickly!" Every breath our Blessed Lady drew was an offering of this beautiful prayer of St. John. Let us make it ours all through Advent, and surely the human heart of the Divine Christ Child will be touched by our entreaties, "Come quickly!" Who that loves us would not respond to such an appeal? It is such a beautiful petition to say over and over again before Holy Communion, and now when we are expecting the dear Babe of Bethlehem and saying, come Lord Jesus, come quickly, that on Christmas morning our Blessed Mother would really place Him in our arms to press to our hearts in return for our pressing invitations all during the four weeks of Advent. It

pays to be generous with God, He pays back so royally.

And, now, a sweet holy happy Christmas to you all, dear children, with lots of good things, and joys dearer and brighter than ever came before.

Don't forget the poor nor the suffering, and pray for

Your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

#### FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Whole, I am God's gift; behead me, I am what is not always to the swift; behead me again, I am too familiar to many.

2. Who is the spiciest man in the world?

3. What port is sought by every one?

4. What word represents company, avoids company, calls company?

5. What is the count on which you always lose?

#### FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who composed the *Adeste Fidelis*?

2. Where was the first celebration of Christmas?

3. Why is the juniper used at Christmas?

4. Why is the rosemary used in Spain for a Christmas tree?

5. With whom did the Christmas cards originate in England?

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Two and a half.

2. One holds a peck, the other pecks a hole.

3. A bald head.

4. Twenty pounds.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS

1. At Quebec, 1635.

2. Abbe Haüy, a French priest in 18th century.

3. Quinine, rhubarb and ginseng.

4. The Florentines and Siennes.

5. William Caxton, a model Catholic.

#### MAXIMS FOR DECEMBER.

1. A God who was born to save us, is not willing to lose us.

2. My Lord and my God!—St. Thomas!

3. Lo! to grant a pardon free;  
Comes a willing Lamb from heaven;  
Sad and tearful hasten we,  
One and all, to be forgiven.

4. Let your words be few and sweet,  
few and good, few and simple, few and sincere, few and pleasant.—St. Fr. de Sales.

5. All is little that ends with time.

#### OUR DAILY BREAD: OR CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN.

One cold, stormy night, on the 24th of December, 186-, a little, homeless bootblack, hungry and tired and cold after an unsuccessful day, curled himself up in a corner between the steps and wall of a church in New York. There he was somewhat screened from the full blast of the wind that swept through the streets, carrying the fast-falling snow-flakes before it. Far up on the almost invisible steeple could be seen the faint outline of a cross, which had caught the gleam of some far-off light, and looked like a sign set in the heavens. The boy, shivering with cold, lay down with a thought of his old dead mother, who once sold apples and candy at the corner close by, and who, with true Irish fidelity to her religion, had always taken him with her on Sundays into this church, to pray before the altar, all gay with sweet flowers and starry lamps. He thought of the grand cross within with Jesus on it, and the white Virgin Mother with lilies in her hand, who looked like an angel out of Heaven, and he began to say the few prayers he knew—those dear, simple prayers we all know, but which are the holiest and best, because not made by man. While feebly and wishfully saying, "Give us this day our daily bread," he fell asleep, his heavy eyes all wet with tears, and one of his hands still clinging to the beads in his pocket. But though cold and hungry and homeless, the good God was not un-

mindful of him. He was a steady, truthful, honest lad, and he was about to receive his reward. He passed daily through a city reeking with sin, without defiling his soul. He saw sinful deeds; he heard sinful, blasphemous words; but they left no impression on his heart but horror and disgust. The waves of sin passed over him like rain falling from the plumage of the dove, leaving no stain. This instinctive aversion to evil made him avoid bad companions and recoil from the patronage of the wicked. But it produced a timidity in his manner that was fatal to his success; bold boys pushed before him and took away his custom. This day the few who knew and encouraged him were missing from the streets. For days he had only got money enough to barely sustain life. And now the sudden cold weather made him feel more sensibly the want of food. But he did not forget the wants of his soul, and lay down, as we have seen, with prayer, and fell asleep, murmuring words that were once on the holy lips of the Lord Jesus.

Forth from the dark church, where only burned a low, dim lamp on the altar, flew one of the angels of the sanctuary, his face like the evening star, his silvery wings gleaming in the flickering gaslight, and his heart full of the tenderest love. Wherever good angels go they carry blessings with them; they banish evil impulses from the heart and keep us from sin; they inspire us to love God; they especially love to watch over the young who are innocent and pure. There is one near us all, though we see him not.

"Thy beautiful and shining face,  
I see not, though so near,  
The sweetness of thy soft low voice  
I am too deaf to hear."

This good angel hovered with pitying look over the poor boy crouched against the church wall, and let a tear fall on his pale, pinched face, all begrimed as it was. He looked into the lad's heart and saw a light, bright and steady, burning like the little lamp on the altar. It was the light of God's Presence in the soul, as it is in every soul that is free from mortal sin. The heart

of a pure child is like the beautiful tabernacle on the altar, full of the wondrous light of God's Presence.

"Thy home is with the simple, Lord,  
The simple are Thy rest;  
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts,  
Thou makest there Thy nest."

The holy angel bowed his head reverently before that Presence, and murmured an act of love and adoration in tones so sweet that they sounded like the silver bells that ring at the elevation of the Host. Then he folded around the boy his white wings, all warm from the fire of God's altar, and fragrant as the clouds that curl up from the censer. The grateful warmth and the familiar odor seemed to affect his senses, torpid as they were. A dream of hope crossed the poor child's brain—such a dream as angels bring to those who hate all sin—and he murmured, "Our daily bread," as if his heart still watched and prayed.

That cry for bread troubled the Angel of Mercy, and he floated away down the almost empty streets, till he came to a carriage with bright lamps and jingling bells, full of gay young people returning home from the theatre. He beat against the window with his wings, the very vibrations of which gave forth exquisite music; but their ears, still ringing with profane songs, were deaf to heavenly tones—their eyes were so dazzled by the brilliancy of the stage that they heeded not the soft dewy light the angel diffused around him. He flew away.

Meanwhile the boy grew colder and colder, but it was still warm at his heart where God was. He moaned as he lay. The snow was drifting around him.

The lights in the houses were fast going out, but the angel flapped his wings at a casement where a young student still trimmed his midnight lamp. "Help!" cried the angel, "help for the Child Jesus, who is cold and hungry and dying." For he said truly, for, as our Lord Himself says in the Gospel, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me." An act of charity to any one, if only done with the right

intention, is the same as if done to our Saviour Himself. What a delightful thought! All day long we can be waiting on our Lord! Can any one ever be tired of that sweet service?

Learned as the student was, he comprehended not the tongue of angels; but at the holy name of Jesus a trembling came over him. He knew not why, but thought he trembled with the cold. Even innocent pursuits and lawful pleasures may so engross our minds as to make us deaf to the call of charity.

Then the angel passed on till he came to a half-open door that led to a hall full of happy, or at least gay, young people dancing to the sound of lively music and dressed in the richest apparel. There he repeated his cry for help. One pure young heart alone, whose nature was half angelic, felt the invisible presence and heard the tones of entreaty. She cried to her companions that some poor soul was suffering from the dreadful storm, but they only stopped from their giddy round to laugh at her charitable instincts and tell her it was only the moaning of the night-wind that sounded like some imploring human voice. The angel let fall a scalding tear into her heart, that burned there many a day like a pang of remorse, and then floated away like a wreath of snow before the wind.

Again and again he made his appeal, but there were so many ears deaf to angel voices—there were so many blind eyes that the fingers of Jesus had never touched—so many hearts insensible to suffering, because they had never known sorrow, or whom sorrow had only hardened instead of softening.

Almost in despair, the angel flew along the streets, till he came at last to a priest who had been on some midnight errand of mercy to the sick, and whose kind heart was still throbbing with a pity and compassion which made him akin to the angels. He felt the divine impulse hurrying him homeward. He had served too long at the altar where angels veil their bright faces and cry "holy! holy!" not to catch something of the appeal. He yielded to the attractions that drew him on through the wild storm, till he reached the

church. The angel had preceded him. The little shoe-black was covered with a pure white garment of snow, which the priest soon removed. He rubbed his cold hands and felt his failing pulse. Then unlocking the door of the church, he bore the lad into the sanctuary, where the lamp still burned, and succeeded in restoring a feeble remnant of life. But he saw it was only a momentary reanimation. He unlocked the tabernacle and took forth the sacred vessel. The church was filled with dark shadows; there was only a faint glow around the altar, before which lay the almost lifeless form of the boy. Around the priest, who held up the Divine Host, bent the angels of the sanctuary, who filled the arches with a divine music inaudible to sinful ears. The priest, full of holy awe, tremblingly said, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world!" The lad looked up with a smile of hope, and said, as if lingering on the words, "Our daily bread," and closed his lips on the Bread of Angels, never to open them more.

Then the Angel of Mercy rose joyfully up, appearing with him the soul just freed from earth—rose up over the great Babylon full of sin—rose towards Heaven, where there is no hunger or thirst, and no darkness in the everlasting sun of God's Presence. He rose singing:

"My work is done,  
My task is o'er,  
And so I come  
Taking it home,  
For the crown is won.  
Alleluia!  
Forever more.

"My father gave  
In charge to me  
This child of earth,  
E'en from its birth,  
To serve and save.  
Alleluia!  
And saved is he.

"This child of clay  
To me was given,  
To rear and train  
By sorrow and pain,  
In the narrow way.  
Alleluia!  
From earth to Heaven."

## Editorial Notes.

### Entre Nous.

First thanks, dear friend and reader, for all you have done for us! Ours is a "Thank you" of the heart more than of the lips. In the second place, join with us in praying for our dear readers who died during the past year. They belong to us, as you do, for are we not all united by the common bond of our holy Mother's Scapular? Help has come to us from Halifax to Dawson City. The continent responded to those five magic words: "Do you wear the Scapular?" We see the result of it to-day. It bears testimony to the large number of Mary's clients. The daily mail tells us of the divers ways in which the Queen of Heaven rewards those who honor her. The times have been hard. It was a struggle for us, and is now. But with your help we will finish our task. The divine Mother now expects us to adorn her lovely Niagara shrine. She expects you to work with us. And you will. We are sure of that. THE CARMELITE REVIEW is about to enter its seventh year. It has reached the use of reason, so to speak. It has come to stay. We never pretended to make it a literary bargain. It begs. The begging is in her Name—Mary's—for her, with her and through her. Some wise heads predicted dark clouds. They said we could not send out a magazine for a dollar a year. You know better. Next year you have it in your power to annul further dire prophecies. Your letter of cheer will be much appreciated, doubly so if we find something substantial enclosed. In addition to twelve numbers of this little magazine, we give away the beautiful *Home Annual*, so, after all, there is not

much left to us. And the poor printer! He cannot live on air and "pi" alone. Worse than this. Next January the post office will present us with a handsome New Year's gift in the shape of heavy postage. It is quite an item, to be repeated monthly. So you see you owe a duty to us. Send in arrears. Better still, pay in advance, and get your friends to do so—not next year, but to-day. You cannot measure all the good you do to souls by a prompt remittance—all the glory to God—honor to Mary our Mother and your Mother, and the gladness in the hearts of us her unworthy servants.

### Home, Here and Hereafter.

What heart is not moved when Stephen Collins Foster sings to us of the "old Kentucky home far away"? that land of warm hearts and balmy air, where that charming Southern writer, Anna C. Minogue, has brought our readers during the past year, and who now, in the dark and dreary December days of the North, cheers and makes us to "hear one bird sweetly singing" a Christmas song. The thoughts of many a brave soldier boy in far-off Manila will dream much, these days, of his home far over the seas, and so indeed this month does the devout Catholic act likewise. His thoughts wander far over the deep waters to the land of bright blue skies, to his Mother's home—to the home far away—the home sacred to every child of Mary—the holy House of Loretto. How we treasure all that reminds us of Mother. We kiss the ground on which she trod—she, the sacred Virgin, whom St. Dionysius would have adored (as he relates) when he beheld her beauty, did his

faith tell him she was but God's creature. We Carmelites have a special reason to love even the earthly abode of our Queen, because to our Order for years did the Holy See commit the custody of that holy shrine and, moreover, were not our fathers neighbors of the Holy Family? and tradition assures us there was an interchange of pious visits between Carmel and Nazareth. To-day there is an "old Kentucky home" dear to many a good religious sister—she of Loretto, a venerable body of nuns which to-day is spread through the West. They are of American origin, and came together under Mary's auspices in 1812, in the days when bloody war raged along the Niagara frontier. Under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, beautiful convents have been erected by these good servants of hers, but half a century and more has wiped out their old landmarks but one—the first Loretto in America—'tis but a log hut, and "be it ever so humble" there is no place (next to the tabernacle) dearer to these good nuns. And so it is with our Blessed Lady's clients throughout the world. They hold sacred their Mother's humble home, worthy to be carried by angel hands, as the reverend Prior of our Canadian convent so beautifully relates to us in this number when he speaks of the "Translation of the Holy House of Loretto." America has a very close copy of the chapel of the House of Loretto which can be seen at Notre Dame, Indiana. We are reminded also of the fact that only lately the Emperor of Germany made a gift to his Catholic subjects of the hallowed ground at Jerusalem on which the holy Virgin's abode once stood, which is not to be confounded with the house at Nazareth. All of which should cheer us with the fact that our

holy Mother has a holier and more permanent home for us in heaven, whither God's angels will translate us after our exile is ended in this valley of tears.

#### Charity That Cheers.

The poorest of us can dispense alms these days. There are other things besides a well-filled basket or an embroidered bit of wearing apparel. We are richer than we seem to be. We can cheer by our words. It costs nothing, and returns to us with interest. Many look for sympathy, and, alas, too seldom find it. They in vain look for one with whom they may establish a kinship of heart and mind—a heart that answers to every need and throb of their own, and which understands the unuttered thought. Therefore, learn to sympathize. Again, we are too selfish. Let us forget self in making others happy. This will give us a taste of heaven, and, moreover, help us to forget our own miseries. We, also, lack in considering the feelings of others and cause more harm than we are aware of. We ought to get into the habit of giving. Let it be anything, be it but a smile, for such practices enlarge the heart. Someone says that old-time courtesy is passing away, and we deplore the loss of the real gentle men and women of the old school. All these good qualities not only mark the person of refinement but the true Christian and the saint. Let us open our hearts to newer and better things. Do it when we recall the Saviour's birth—we will please Him by thus imitating Him, make others and ourselves happy, and practice the charity that cheers.

#### Magazines as Missionaries.

It is consoling to hear of instances where souls were brought into the true Church by the chance reading of a

Catholic periodical. The New York *Catholic News* lately related a remarkable instance of a family of unbelievers in Oklohoma who received a copy of that paper from a distance friend. They became converts, and their example is being rapidly followed by others. The editor is aware of more than one instance of persons who found the true Church through THE CARMELITE REVIEW. It is truly consoling to us who are engaged in this little work of love, and also a hint to many who have an easy way of spreading truth. It will be a great solace to you on your death-bed if you know you have saved but one soul by means of papers, magazines or good books. There is also a moral to this: Why not pay a year's subscription and have some good Catholic publication sent as a Christmas gift to some near or distant friend who still sits in darkness. Perhaps when another Christmas comes around the seed will have taken root and your own happiness will be immeasurable.

#### Mary at the Manger.

The Christian heart is thrilled at the sound of the word "Christmas." It brings us close to Jesus and Mary. But the whole charm of the festival would indeed be lost did we take the Blessed Virgin from the side of the crib. As a pious Benedictine monk, Father Rohner, says: "Mary, next to Jesus, is the life and light and central figure and point of all our Christmas mysteries." Moreover, holy Church calls upon us to honor the divine Mother in a special manner in her Christmas solemnities. A good resolve would be—to follow the advice of the author quoted—"to carry offerings to the crib of Bethlehem and to lay them in the kind motherly hand of Mary, to be applied for the relief of the poor,

or to assist some struggling church or some other missionary work."

#### Christmas Consolation.

In the grand song of Christmas there is a minor chord with a tinge of sadness. It contains something akin to home-sickness. We remember those gone before us to the better land, those dear ones who to-day celebrate Christmas in heaven. We wipe away a tear when, as we see the vacant chair, we take our place at the family gathering. But we are not like those who have no hope. There is still within the soul the music of wonderful melodies. God grants us a momentary glimpse, at this season, into the glory to come. Our glad hearts, illuminated by faith, for the nonce, hear the celestial songs which

"have power to quiet

The restless pulse of care

And come like the benediction,

That follows after prayer."

Our dear ones have gone to a better world, "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." We shall follow them swiftly, but for a few years courage and patience! Then the glorious re-union—the never-ending Christmas when "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

We trust our readers will be indulgent with us for any apparent neglect during the past year in the matter of mailing and delivering the "REVIEW." Several complaints have been received by us, and each in case we did our utmost to remedy matters. If others, over whom we have no control, are to blame for mistakes which are to be regretted, we crave the pardon and patience of those who suffer, and are willing to mail back numbers of this magazine, and execute any reasonable request.

Stick to the Blessed Virgin during the New Year, and she will stick to you.

We wish you a New Year of happiness and blessing, but our wishes are of less value than a good will on your part.

Reverend Rectors and Superiors desiring missions and retreats are at liberty to send their applications through this office.

We hope soon to be able to supply any of our friends with Scapulars of proper make and material. They will be made under our own personal inspection.

Square up your personal accounts with God and leave the great public questions to Providence. There is only one thing to worry about—your own spiritual progress. *That is your affair.* How do you stand at the close of 1898?

Peace jubilees to the contrary notwithstanding—there is a poor outlook for public peace at the close of this year of grace. But there is peace on earth for individuals. A good conscience and trust in God brings jubilee to the heart in spite of all the clash of arms around us. We make our own heaven or hell.

Brave fellows, indeed, those who followed their country's flag and heroically fell fighting beneath its folds. But the true, the real hero is the one who, quietly and unknown, except to the Father who sees in secret, stands in the darkness of this world, suffers daily, and bears up courageously until the day of reckoning.

It is dangerous to postpone the reformation which conscience preaches to our heart. If we delay, difficulties daily increase and the mind recedes, degree after degree, from the warm and hopeful zone; till at last it will enter the arctic circle and become fixed in relentless and eternal ice. Christmas is the time to turn over a good leaf.

See the coupon! It is on first page following the reading matter.

A Redemptorist Father, well known as a writer, sends us some pretty verses from far-off Australia. They will appear in an early number.

May the Divine Mother obtain from her holy Babe an abundance of peace and happiness for all our dear friends and readers! This is our earnest prayer and wish for Christmastide.

With the gracious consent of Lady Herbert, and the kind permission of her London publishers, we gladly advertise the fact that early in the new year we shall give the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW an opportunity of reading the biography of a famous soldier, model Christian and devout Carmelite tertiary—General De Sonis.

The many American friends of the good and learned Passionist Father, the Reverend Aloysius Blakely, will learn with pleasure of a recent new honor that has been conferred upon him in recognition of his great and zealous work in his new field in Bulgaria. Father Blakely has been stationed in the diocese of Nicopolis and he was recently appointed vicar-general of that diocese and also made rector of the Cathedral in that place. Father Blakely is well known around New Jersey, Cincinnati and in Kentucky, he having been stationed for a number of years in Louisville. The Catholic Columbian says: "Father Blakely is a brother of Laurie J. Blakely, of Covington, the journalist, and of Mrs. Mary Louise Ryan, one of Cincinnati's most graceful writers." He has also another worthy sister, Miss Sue X. Blakely of Saint Marys, Pennsylvania, whose versatile pen has charmed a wide circle of readers.



## PUBLICATIONS.

## One From Many.

CHICAGO, ILL., NOV. 8, 1898.

*The Editor of THE CARMELITE REVIEW,  
Niagara Falls, Ont.*

DEAR FATHER:—

The CARMELITE REVIEW has given me untold pleasure and consolation. Through it we obtained several books and subscribers for papers. Your Review is fine and a bright ornament of usefulness in the library.

Yours very truly,

B. C. E.

In ordering books from publishers our friends will do us a good turn by mentioning the fact that they read of the book in THE CARMELITE REVIEW. The same applies to advertisers. Several readers tell us they have purchased books recommended by us.

"Lasca" and other stories (60 cents retail) by Mary F. Nixon, and "Westchester," a tale of the Revolution, by Henry Austin Adams, M. A. (75 cents retail), are books for the holidays just received from B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. The binding is extremely pretty. The stories are well worth reading. Just the thing for those who cannot afford costly presents.

From *The Ave Maria* press we have a cheap but valuable little work on "A City of Confusion," by Rev. Henry G. Gams, the author of "Mariolatry." A great act of christian charity it would be to send this bright little work to some soul struggling in the waves of doubt and inidelity which deluges the world. The book sells for fifteen cents. For sale by *The Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Indiana.

"Preparation for Confession. A text book of religion, is from the Monitor Publishing Company of San Francisco, and is edited by Rev. Peter C. York. It is not an examen of conscience, but a series of explanations and readings on the text of the Baltimore catechism; and its aim is to elucidate much that must be obscure to the minds of children just beginning the study of the catechism, and so prepare them for the reception of the sacraments of Confession, First Communion and Confirmation. The common prayers and responses, and a number of hymns have been embodied in the text and the book is illustrated with copies of the masterpieces of religious art; for, as the editor remarks in his preface, "it is no mean part of education to familiarize children with the noble conceptions of those who have striven successfully to body forth the tidings of Faith." The book has been

successfully used in the parochial schools of San Francisco, and it seems to us that it would make an excellent guide for teachers of Sunday schools everywhere.

*The Ave Maria* says that "it would seem that longevity is not incompatible with the arduous labors and privations of the Catholic missionary in India. A lay-brother of the Syro-Chaldean Carmelite Congregation has passed away at Kottayam at the great age of ninety-eight years and six months. Sixty-seven years he had spent in the work of the missions; and that, too, in the heart of a torrid jungle, where wild beasts abounded. But only sluggards now believe, what the medical profession has long since disproved, that hard work and abstinence shorten human life. Fasting and labor are as helpful to the body as they are to the soul."

A most excellent work of a Benedictine Father, the Rev. B. Rohner, as adapted by the Rev. Richard Brennan, L. L. D., has just come from the press of Messrs. Benziger Bros., (36 Barclay St., New York) Printers of the Holy Apostolic See. It is a most comprehensive but by no means too bulky work. Besides dealing with Mary's festivals the various devotions to her are explained. Four very interesting chapters tell of the many religious Orders—first amongst them the Carmelites—consecrated to the Divine Mother. The last chapter fully, clearly and accurately explains all about the divers confraternities—amongst them that of the Scapular of Mt. Carmel. We heartily recommend this new work, particularly as a holiday present, which would be much appreciated by your friends. "Veneration of the Blessed Virgin, Her Feasts, Prayers, Religious Orders and Sodalties," is the full title of the work.

The 16th edition of Messrs. Benziger's Catholic Home Annual is now ready for 1899. It is worth fifty cents and sells for twenty-five. Everyone reads it. You can get it by sending a dollar for a years subscription to THE CARMELITE REVIEW. *Do not wait until the end of the year* but order now. Year by year its publishers have added new and additionally interesting features to this popular Annual until this year it can truly be classed as the Annual par excellence, the very best Catholic writers being contributors to its pages. The 1899 edition contains: Frontispiece: A Beautiful Colored Picture of the Crucifixion. "A Christmas Carol" (Poetry). Calendar for each month. "The Impossible:" Story by Maurice Francis Egan. With 2 Illustrations. Some Funny Advertisements (Prose). Full Page Illustration "Out For a Ride." "Thoughts on the Third and Fourth Commandments:" by Rev. Father Girardey, C. SS., R. (Prose). With 2 Illustrations.

Story: "A Winsome Maid," by Clara Mulholland. Illustrated. "Penance, The Key to Heaven:" a Story of the Shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat. Adapted by Rev. Daniel Murray. Illustrated. "The Better Part" (Poetry). "The Passing of Pippa:" By Marion Ames Taggart. Story. With Illustrations. "The Miraculous Medal." (Prose.) By Rev. A. A. Lambing. Illustrated. Full Page Illustration: "The Christening." Our Prize Story. "The Doctor's Compromise." By F. D. Guilfoil. Illustrated. Full Page Illustration: "The Crowning of the Blessed Virgin. List of common English Christian names, with signification and name days. Besides other illustrated articles, it also gives some of the notable events of the year 1897-1898. With numerous illustration, calendars, astronomical calculations, etc., etc.

"Teaching Truth by Signs and Ceremonies; or, The Church—Its Rites and Services Explained for the People," by Rev. James L. Meagher, is a graphic and clear description and explanation of the Church—its shape, and why it is built in that manner, the meaning of each part, a history of architecture, sculpture, music and painting. The THINGS in the Church, their meaning and their object, statues, images, pictures, and the pictorial windows. The Sanctuary, the light, its meaning. The candles, why used, their meaning, their reason, their history. The Altar, its history, why made in that way, what it signifies. Why we have Latin and not some modern tongue. The vestments, their meanings and their histories. The Mass explained. Every movement of the celebrant given when said by either a priest, a bishop, or the Pope, with the reasons and the meanings of each ceremony. The funeral ceremonies given, with their meanings and the origin of all the rites around the coffin and the grave. The most complete and exhaustive work ever published in the English language on that subject. The book is the labor of many years, the ideas having been taken from the great writers and the fathers of the Church, and all who treat of these subjects. The book is intensely interesting to all parties, of whatever religion, saying nothing of any form of belief, but telling in the simplest words the meaning of so much that is mysterious in the Church. Illustrated with twenty-one beautiful engravings. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. Write to Christian Press Association, 54 Barclay street, New York.

#### Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude favors received from: Mrs. J. I., Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. C. F., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. P. F., Elora, Ont.; Mrs. J. W., Penetanguishene, Ont.; L. H. D., Washington, D. C.; Mrs. L., New York City; Miss I. G., St. Louis, Mo.; C. F. C., Walnut Hill, Mass.; Miss E. O'B., Manchester, N. H.; Miss F. B., Phila., Pa.; ———, Exeter, Ont.

#### Please Read This, Dear Santa Claus!

(A genuine letter from a nice little five year old girl.)

#### DEAR SANTA CLAUS:

Please send me a dolly with long hair, a table, a little rocking chair, chairs, and nice tea sets, a little desk, a little broom, a rocking horse for my baby brother, a diamond ring for Grandpa, a diamond pin for Uncle Willie, a little piano for me, and a carriage for my dolly so that I can wheel her, a little statue for me, and some new flowers and a vase for The Holy Infant. Dear Santa Claus, please send me your picture, I will give you something nice too. Send my grandma a box full of diamonds, and Uncle Ernest some new music. Send Aunt S three new books and a charm, for me a little stove, for my papa a new piano, mamma a gold cross and bracelet, lots of candy and toys to all the poor little children, and send me a nice Christmas tree.

NANITA.

[Amen! We will send marked copy to Santa Claus, dear Nanita!—Ed. C. R.]

#### ORITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix, 21.

[During the past month we received thousands of names of deceased persons for whom prayers were asked. We would gladly publish all the names, but our readers can easily see how difficult it would be. Every name received to date has been placed at the feet of our Blessed Mother of Mt. Carmel, to whom our community makes daily suffrage.—Ed. C. R.]

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

THOMAS McCABE, Paterson, N. J.

WILLIAM A. HURLEY, whose pious death occurred lately at London, Ont.

MICHAEL HURLEY, Jersey City, N. J.

MRS. MARY HORAHAN, Jersey City, N. J.

ALPHONSE HUCKESTEIN, who died suddenly in Texas, Nov. 8.

MARY ANGELA DONNELLY, died at Latrobe, Pa., Oct. 27th, 1898.

MRS. HENRY LEGARRY, who went to a well-earned reward on Oct. 20, 1898.

MRS. JOHN TOOHEY, whose charitable life ended at Cayuga, Nov. 8.

WINIFRED A. PEER, who entered into rest at Rochester, N. Y., March 18th.

JOHN BARRETT, who, fortified by the holy Sacraments, departed this life at Pittsburg, Pa., June 10th.

SISTER M. CLARE MALLON, of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, who, on Oct. 18th, after serving God in religion 43 years, was summoned to celestial joys, in the 78th year of her age.

MRS. ANN LAVERY, who died at Erie, Pa., Oct. 12, 1898, consoled by the prayers and sacraments of holy Church. Deceased was a very devout client of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel.

For dead friends and relatives in St. Joseph's parish, Snyder, Ont.

For those whose names were inscribed on our "Dead List" for November.

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

#### PETITIONS.

*"Pray one for another."*—St. James, V, 16.

[Our limited space makes it impossible to specify all the petitions sent to us. None of them are overlooked. They are all included in the general summing up, and, moreover, all recommended each month to all Carmelite priests, brothers, sisters and novices and priories and convents in the United States and Canada. Finally, all petitions are laid at the miraculous shrine of our Lady of Peace at Niagara Falls.—Ed. C. R.]

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

For restoration to health of a lady subscriber. For special requests of thanksgivings. For a family in destitute circumstances—an

unemployed father. Health, 2; parents, 3; sick, 2; special, 4; conversion, 2; fervor, 1; perseverance, 1; parish, 1; success, 3; servants, 1; absent brother, 1; cures, 2; souls, 10,471; thanks, 31; sinners, 1; temporal, 7; spiritual, 4; employment, 1; destitute, 1; particular, 20; readers, 5. For conversion of a brother. For a first communicant. For a promotor. For a father.

#### WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, \* \* \* in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from Belle Island, N. F. L., Our Lady of Sorrows, Manzano, N. Mexico. St. Michael's Convent, Belvidere, N. F. L. St. Patrick's, Java Center, N. Y. St. Patrick's, Napance, Ont.; St. Bernard's, Saranac Lake, N. Y. St. Mary's, Glendale, N. Y. St. Basil's, Brantford, Ont. The Cathedral, Toronto, Ont. St. Patrick's, Java Center, N. Y. The Annunciation, Ireland, Ind. Sts. Peter and Paul's, Ruth, Mich. St. Agnes, Debec, N. B. St. Mary's, Hesson, Ont. St. John's, Catalina, Nfld. St. Joseph's, Acton, Ont.

At Scipio, Kansas Priory, names received from Passionist House, St. Paul, Kan.

Names of persons enrolled have been received for registration at our New Baltimore (Pa.) Monastery from: Belle River, Minn Chicago, Ill. Ogdensburg, N. Y. Menominee, Ill. St. Theresa's Church, Lincoln, Neb. Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

#### Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls, The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below.** are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.