



La Madonna del Pesce.

BY RAFAEL.



TO THE DIVINE "PRISONER OF LOVE."

Exitus matutini et vespere delectabis.—Psalms LXIV, 9.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



HERE was light in my spirit at early morn,
 Illuming the sky with its gleaming;
 And into that radiance soon faded away
 Bright visions of earthly dreaming.

How soft through the sanctuary's mystical shade
 It shone o'er the pathway before me;
 With lustre as fair as the silvery rays
 From the Altar-lamp beaming o'er me.

Ah! Yes, there was light in the early morn,
 And gladness untainted with sorrow;
 That came from the Heart of the "Prisoner of love,"
 No thrill from earth's joys did it borrow.

O sacred, O beautiful Heart of our Lord!
 What thanks shall my spirit render
 For e'en the remembrance of that bright beam,
 Illuring to love so tender?

O Star of the Altar! though darksome clouds
 Oft veiled thee with mournful shading,
 Yet still dost thou shine with a golden ray
 Of love everlasting—unfading.

When evening has come wilt thou gladden my soul,
 And still all its pain and repining?
 Wilt thou rise o'er the shadowy vale of death,
 And light up the night with thy shining?

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.



THE Presbyterian life of Mr. McMaster was a most interesting chapter. Even after he had repudiated Presbyterianism, its early and strong impressions, discipline and training gave to his manners and struggles a certain charm of sternness, sincerity and vigor. Even his fondness for the classics was an inheritance from the higher Scotch life, and Edinboro was to him in a certain sense a modern Athens. He was the youngest son of a distinguished Presbyterian minister of one of New York's rural districts, and the young Covenanter was brought up under parental and church traditions. He learned from practical experiences what authority and obedience meant. In any relation of after life when he was a subject he implicitly obeyed—so likewise when he was a superior, as he certainly was in the office of the *Freeman's Journal*, he made everyone feel that he must be obeyed. I could name more than one assistant who realized this condition. The positiveness of the Presbyterian tenets so harmonized with his character that he was long blinded to their inconsistencies. He never liked anything half way. He could tolerate water, he could relish milk, but he abhorred milk and water mixed. While he did not find in Presbyterianism, nor could his aggressive mind have found it in any of the sects, all that his heart sought, yet he found in it elements that went to create and foster a strong belief in a personal God and in the revealed system of divine rewards and punishments. As his active and vigorous mind canvassed and

scrutinized unsparingly even the religious society and tenets of his youth and young manhood, he was not slow in detecting its weak points and untenable assumptions. In this he was chiefly struck with the claim of the Presbyterian Church to be the Church of Christ, while the absence of the Apostolic Succession was fatally absent. It was in search of the Apostolic Succession that his journey through the logic of religions led him to the Church nearest to him that laid claim to that indispensable mark of the true Church, and this was the Episcopal Church. It claimed the Apostolic Succession.

Mr. McMaster had now started in search of the true religion, as revealed by Our Saviour to the Apostles. He scanned the claims of the Episcopal Church even more closely than he had those of the Presbyterian sect. Assertion was not enough for him; proof was the duty of truth, and truth must be the possessor of proof. He found the claim of the Episcopal Church to the Apostolic Succession to be a mere pretension. The Presbyterian Church, not claiming it, had never possessed or severed it. But the Episcopal Church, claiming it, had both severed it and forfeited it. It was, however, sufficiently removed from the errors of Presbyterianism to be a safer guide, an intermediate ground. But it proved itself so near the Catholic Church as to show how openly rebellious it was against the Church of God, and how inconsistent it was with its own tenets. It was an easy church to live in, and it was in a worldly aspect so very respectable. He could not feel satisfied with this, for his Presbyterian training even had taught him the spirit of sacrifice for conscience sake. But in the Episcopal Church he found the conscience had quite an easy time. I once heard a prominent public man, an Episco-

pallian, give a queer reason for adhering to the Episcopal Church in preference to any other: "Because," he said, "it is the only church which I know that does not interfere with a man's politics, his morals, or his religion." The church was too easy going, and not sufficiently aggressive for the aggressive mind of our deceased editor. Little did he know, while a Presbyterian, of that ancient and venerable teacher of truth, that infallible guide in matters of revealed religion and morals, the Catholic Church; except as an abomination, the Anti-Christ. But in the Episcopal Church he gained the inestimable benefit of hearing more of the Church of Rome as distinguished from the Church of England, and his Presbyterian prejudices were so far modified as to lead him to the conviction that the Roman Catholic Church was at least a "branch" of the Christian Church. In the Episcopal communion he received baptism. It was not long, however, till his logical mind discovered the Catholic Church to be the trunk and the tree, and that the sects were the lopped off and decaying branches of a vigorous and indefectible original, the pillar and ground of truth. Episcopalianism made but little impression upon his mind or character. He brought with him into the Catholic Church more of the methods, the thoroughness, the sense of submission to a teacher, the exactness of the Presbyterian, than the liberal, indifferent, easy and accommodating features of the Episcopalian.

Having become a Catholic from overpowering conviction, his conversion was complete, and he joyously believed "all that Holy Catholic Church believes and teaches." Like Dr. Brownson, he found all he needed in the children's Catechism to convince his intellect, while he always attributed his conversion to divine grace. But how could such a mind remain inactive? He was too constitutionally aggressive to rest content with his own convictions; he must at once become a teacher to others of the truth he had received, and this leads us to the fifth aspect of his remarkable career, when he offered his life to the apostolate of Catholic truth, and sought the commission to teach in the authorized priesthood of the Catholic Church. And even here he manifested the thoroughness of his character, its essential-

ly aggressive nature, in preferring to the secular priesthood, which is the great militia of the Church, the more compact and rigidly trained regulars, a religious order.

It was such a train of circumstances and characteristics that led James A. McMaster to enter the Congregation of Our Most Holy Redeemer. He entered the Novitiate of the Redemptorists in Belgium. The training which he had received was of inestimable service to him in after life. He was a close and earnest student. He had been such from childhood. His mind was stored with solid learning. He became acquainted with the writings of the fathers and doctors of the Church to a remarkable degree. He was now in touch with Peter and his successors, and his loyalty to the Church was chivalrous. The Patristic theology and the methods of the schools gave a strict, cogent and logical trend to his methods of thought, argument and controversy. But it was the Ligourian theology, a splendid development of the Patristic, which peculiarly saturated his expansive intellect, because it was the application of the Patristic theology, of the mediæval and scholastic epochs, to the needs and requirements of modern times. What could be more striking to such a mind as Mr. McMaster's than the contrast and yet the concordance between the theology of the angelic doctors of the thirteenth century and the practical doctrine and spirituality of St. Alphonsus in the eighteenth? This period of his life and studies gave a peculiar and interesting turn and expression to the thoughts and sentiments of the great American Catholic journalist. It has been truly said of St. Alphonsus de Ligouri that "in theology he was a warm opponent of Jansenism and rigorism, and he was remarkable for his profound contempt for all exterior show, for the extreme austerity of his life, and activity in reforming abuses." The same can be said of Mr. McMaster. There are many articles from his editorial pen in the *Freeman's Journal* which ably and unsparingly combat the false tendencies and errors of Jansenism. His disregard, amounting to an openly expressed contempt for all outward show was displayed in his whole life; his rejection of conventionalism and hatred of fashion were decidedly Ligourian. In his

life he was a rigorous observer of the fasts, penances and holy days of the Church, and yet, apart from this, he was not rigorous in his methods of living; and here we find the only remaining influence which his brief Episcopalian association had made upon him, for he was sociable, convivial, easy-going and indulgent in other relations of life. His studies among the Redemptorists in Belgium had given him powers of close, rapid and logical reasoning and argument, and he was quite scholastic. His sojourn among the Redemptorists made him devotedly attached to them through life, and he preferred them for his confessions to all others.

But now a remarkable result came from his religious life in Belgium. His avowed purpose in becoming a novice of the Redemptorists was to test and ascertain his vocation, and he was most anxious and zealous to attain the holy priesthood. But in this, his cherished pursuit, he was destined to meet with disappointment. His spiritual directors and superiors in the Congregation of the Redemptorists frankly told him that he had no vocation to the priesthood. This was a great blow to so resolute a man, but he had to submit. But his confessor did not stop at this unwelcome revelation; he went so far as to declare to him his true vocation. He imposed it upon Mr. McMaster to return again to the world and become a journalist. Strange as it may seem he obeyed this injunction, much as it was against his strong will, and obeyed it to the letter, even so far to become a Catholic journalist.

We must now review Mr. McMaster's career as a journalist. Had he entered the field of secular journalism there would certainly have been presented before him a field of brilliant success. There was not a journalistic pen at that time in the country that could have successfully coped with him in varied learning, in boldness, energy, fighting qualities, satire, ridicule, repartee, and brilliancy. But he had almost an excess of these latter qualities, and had he entered upon a career of secular journalism he would have been perpetually in hot water. He would have had to encounter many personal conflicts; personal self-defence would have become a frequent necessity; personal collisions might follow, and society and the public would have been

entertained. One thing is certain, with his moral courage, he never would have consented to accept a challenge to fight a duel, but with his tall and powerful frame he was well able to defend himself from assaults, and his pen would do the rest. Such an antagonist would have been certainly let alone. His weapons were powerful enough in the end to conquer peace. To appreciate these observations it is only necessary to recall the condition of the press and of secular journalism half a century ago.

But Mr. McMaster became a Catholic journalist, and, in 1848, he purchased from Bishop Hughes the *Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register*. For nearly forty years he was the leading Catholic editor in the United States, while he and Louis Penillot, editor of the French *L'Univers*, were the recognized leading Catholic editors of the world. The columns of the *Freeman's Journal* were instructive, entertaining, and educational, almost bordering on, if not quite sensational. The editor was an uncompromising champion of religious truth, and also of secular truth as he said it and understood it. He was honest, faithful, chivalrous, and brave. The journal of today, even the Catholic journal of to-day, has been transformed by the community of journalism and the community in the news of the world. The telegraph has placed them all nearly on a par, members of a profession and of a craft. But forty years ago every journal was, besides its public functions, the personal organ of the editor. It took its character, its form, its fire, its impulse, its creed, its opinions, and its scope and trend from its editors. His individual pen infused soul into the paper. There were not many Catholic papers in those early days, and hence the *Freeman's Journal* became a force in American Catholic life, its personal editor a striking figure.

But his fire, his independence, his lack of human respect, his fighting qualities, his antagonism to everything wrong and every person doing wrong, made his paper a power in the land. If he assailed the policy or measure of a bishop or priest, it was not because he did not venerate the hierarchy or the priesthood, but because the individual and his acts alone were under review. So bold and fierce were his attacks upon whatever or whomever he regarded as hurtful to

religion and the church, that many good and learned men in ecclesiastical life regarded the effect of his censorship as wholesome. It became a standing joke each week for us to seek with eagerness the *Freeman's Journal* and ask, *who or what is to catch it this week*. There were undoubtedly eccentric features in his editorial management, but they certainly made the paper very interesting. While the paper was chiefly devoted to Catholic news and Catholic questions, it was not exclusively so, for he was a Democrat and was ready to espouse the cause of his candidate in his paper. There was only one Democratic candidate for the gubernatorial or presidential chair that he ever opposed, and this was Samuel J. Tilden. He was too ardent a friend of the Hon. John Kelly, politically and personally, ever to support Mr. Tilden. Besides religion and politics, he enriched the columns of the *Journal*, as he used to call it, with vast materials in history, biography, science and literature. It was a most readable journal.

Mr. McMaster was a Union man, but he did not approve of the measures of Mr. Lincoln's Administration. Hence he was opposed to the war against the South, just as Mr. Charles O'Connor was. He was also a lover of the South and of the Southern people. These circumstances led to his violently opposing Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, Mr. Stanton, and their war measures. Any violation of the personal liberty of the American citizen was the greatest of crimes with him. No administration could do this with his support, even in time of war. His editorials on the war policy of the administration were unsparing. He thus brought upon himself what he had been resisting for others. His paper was suppressed in 1861, and himself arrested by orders of the administration. He refused to be submissively arrested and succumbed only to force, and, as he was driven in a carriage through the streets of New York under arrest, he thrust from the carriage windows his manacled wrists, that the public might see how the constitution was violated in his person. He was sent as a prisoner of state to Fort Lafayette for eleven months, and on his release the *Freeman's Journal* resumed on April 19, 1862, but with little modification of its tone.

Mr. McMaster's fame as a Catholic

journalist was worldwide. He was frequently called the Abbe' McMaster, a name for which he had no relish. He was a powerful writer. He was astute yet cold, correct in his theological opinions yet untrammelled, aggressive yet logical, unsparing yet generous to an opponent, and well informed generally yet not pedantic. He was very tenacious of his opinions. When the Catholic Union of New York, at my suggestion, adopted as its festival days the 22nd of February and the 4th of July and celebrated them with High Mass and sermon, he openly criticised this action. But he was capable, though not easy or frequent to change his opinion. It happened one Sunday morning, shortly after our celebration of the 22nd of February, he and I had gone to communion at the Paulists Church, and on coming out he commenced in a friendly way to criticise such religious celebrations on non-religious days. I answered, that it was in consonance with the practice of the early Christians, who turned many of the pagan festivities of ancient Rome into Christian holidays. He answered, "that's so." In the next issue of the *Freeman's Journal* he gave a characteristic account of this brief and passing colloquy, and made much of it, gave my answer and his change of opinion, and strongly advocated the custom. Some of the clergy laughingly remarked that this was the first time they had ever known Mr. McMaster to admit a change of opinion. Mr. McMaster was unique. It was difficult to find his exact parallel. He was heroically devout.

RICHARD H. CLARKE.

364 GORDON AVE.,

CLEVELAND, O., SEPT., 1892.

Rev. Dear Sir,—

In reply to your letter, I would say that whatever merit (if any) the letters signed "Jus" (in the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*) possess, I am the writer of them. *There is no need now of concealment*. At first, it was expedient, for if it were known that a poor ignorant fellow like your humble servant wrote them, they would probably have been left unread; the rumors as to the source whence they came and the mystery as to their authorship gave them perhaps more extrinsic value than anything they intrinsically possessed. The occasion that called

them forth was when, in 1869, a letter appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* relating to ecclesiastical affairs in Canada. I wrote to the *Freeman* commenting on the state of the Church (as to discipline) in Canada, and which I thought far more conformable to Canon Law than that of ours. This letter was signed "Ecclesiasticus." McMaster wrote to me that many priests had applied to him that more should appear in his paper on this subject and requesting him to develop it. As some priests knew that I wrote the letter signed "Ecclesiasticus," I signed the succeeding letters "Jus." In some things I also differed from "Ecclesiasticus," while in the main, I agreed with him. So much for the occasion of them. I do not know how many letters I wrote, nor have I them. They continued to appear until November, 1853, when I went to Rome. Before sailing I despatched two letters from my hotel and they appeared in the *Freeman* during my absence. I have had some interesting letters from McMaster and I send you a few, which assure you that I am "Jus." Others claimed the authorship of the letters. I hope that the biography will do ample justice to McMaster, the able exponent and defender of the Church in this country.

Yours, etc.,

(REV.) E. M. O'CALLAGHAN.

The Rev. James J. Dunn, of Meadville, Pa., in forwarding the following, renders the highest testimonial to the qualities of mind and heart of the Rev. Father O'Callaghan, whose modesty is a pointer to the soundness of his character.

MEADVILLE, Sept. 20th, 1892.

Very Rev. Mark S. Gross:

VERY REV. DEAR FRIEND, — Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan, the only graduate of this year (1856) was born on the 4th of May, 1831, near Newmarket, in the County Cork, Ireland. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, though not possessing a superfluity of this world's riches. Being the youngest of the family and of a delicate constitution, which disqualified him for labor on his father's farm, he was permitted to attend school regularly till his twentieth year. During this time he devoted himself to the study of English and mathematics. At the age of twenty he left his native land and came to the "land

of the free and the home of the brave." The young student proceeded at once to Detroit, Mich., where a brother and two sisters dwelt in comfortable circumstances. They knowing how entirely unacquainted their younger brother was with anything like labor, wished to maintain him until some suitable occupation could be obtained. The young "Irish boy," however, valued his independence more than an easy life, and accordingly shouldered his axe, determined to make his own living; and after a painful apprenticeship of some weeks, succeeded in doing a respectable day's work, at the honest trade once exercised by a late president of the United States.

In 1852 Father O'Callaghan went to Toledo and engaged as teacher in the Catholic School, then under the direction of Rev. Father Foley, since deceased. During this time he pursued the study of Latin with that energy which is a distinguishing feature in his character. In 1853 he entered the University of Notre Dame, and after three years of assiduous application, during which time he won the esteem of his professors and fellow students, he received the degree of A. B., and left Notre Dame, taking with him in addition to his degree, the premium of honor for that year. Two years later he received his second degree of A. M. In September, 1856, Father O'Callaghan entered the Theological Seminary at Cleveland to prepare himself for the ministry. The superior of that establishment soon discovered that the regular studies of the young seminarian did not occupy all of his time, and moreover that he was of too energetic a disposition to remain unoccupied; he therefore requested him to teach at the preparatory seminary, which was then adjacent to the seminary proper. Father O'Callaghan cheerfully accepted the offer, and undertook the classes of English and mathematics. The writer of this brief sketch (Joseph A. Lyons, A.M.) having enjoyed the benefits of his teaching, takes sincere pleasure in testifying to its thoroughness and systematic clearness.

In 1859 Father O'Callaghan was ordained priest, and since that time has been dealing out the benefits not only of his zeal for the spiritual welfare of those committed to his care, but also of an extensive and varied knowledge, rendered pleasing and attrac-

tive, by that suavity of manner which always accompanies a well cultivated mind.

Whilst stationed at Youngstown, Ohio, where he wrote the famous letters signed "Jus" for the *Freeman's Journal*, his business tact and management was of immense benefit to the congregation over which he was placed. He is now pastor of St. Colman's Church on Gordon Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES J. DUNN,
Rector of Catholic Church.

Very Rev. Sir,—

In asking have I the "Jus" letters, or if not, to give you a synopsis of them, you set me a difficult task. I have not the letters and know not where they may be found except in the files of the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* if these exist. As to a synopsis, not having read the letters since their appearance in 1869, you will understand how hard it is to undertake such a task. Many questions which I now quite forgot were discussed in the series. However, I remember a few points.

I. The Irremovability of Pastors. It was urged that in a well-established permanent congregation the pastor whose life was irreproachable and who was acquainted with and acceptable to his people ought not to be removed *ad nutum*. 1st. He can truly say: "I know mine and mine know me." 2nd. Whilst he may labor successfully in this congregation, yet through want of knowledge of another congregation and of the individuals composing it, he may make many serious blunders that may require years to remedy. 3rd. Whilst in a missionary country the right of removal *ad nutum* is a necessity, the United States in many places have lost this character and grown entirely out of it. We

have congregations as permanent as in any Catholic country, and therefore in such congregations there ought to be permanent pastors or parochi, as in Catholic countries. 4th. As well try to govern a man with the government suited to a child or feed him on the food of a child as to govern dioceses with permanent parishes by a system suited to a missionary state. Martial law is not exercised in times of quiet and peace. 5th. We have a fully established hierarchy and therefore we ought to have its complement—permanent pastors, parochi. 6th. It does not indicate that a priest is a mercenary or a hireling even if it is said that he would labor more zealously and assiduously if assured that he should enjoy the temporal fruit of his labor. 7th. Such is the law of the Church, and we ought to conform to it when and wherever practicable.

II. It was advocated that pastors ought to have at least a voice in the nomination of Bishops. 1st. Priests know their fellow priests better than do the bishops, and are capable of judging of the qualifications of him who is to rule them. 2nd. The bishops of to-day were mere priests yesterday, and if fit to judge to-day it would be offensive to suppose they were not fit yesterday. 3rd. It is absurd—nay, monstrous, to imagine that any sinister or unworthy motive would influence priests to place in irrevocable authority over their own heads one who in their conscientious judgment is unfit to exercise such an exalted and awful responsibility. 4th. In Catholic countries the priests (either the chapter, or the parochi)—not the bishops, nominate the future bishop. 5th. How conformable is this system not only to Canon Law but also to the civil law of this country in which we elect our own rulers.

TO BE CONTINUED.



THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISST.

CHAPTER VI.



SHOULD like to see you in the library, Mary," said her father one morning. He held in his hand an open letter. Mary found her mother awaiting her.

"This letter, daughter, is from the father of our friend Dr. Vinton, and concerns you very intimately. Before leaving Philadelphia the doctor made known to me his intention of becoming a Catholic, and requested my permission to his proposing to you to become his wife. The doctor has been examining the teaching of the Catholic Church for some months and he is to be baptized by Bishop Francis next month."

"This is good news, dear father, and an ample return for my prayers. For the past year I have sent each month his name to the League. I have always esteemed him very highly and confess that I have never met anyone I liked better. He is so earnest and kindly, and always so respectful in speaking of women."

"His mother is a Presbyterian and has a very poor opinion of Catholics," said Mrs. Murphy.

"Yes," replied Mary, "but his uncle is an officer in the regular army. He married a Catholic lady in New Orleans. I am told she is a noble woman."

"Well, daughter, I must be off; here is your letter."

With a glance half shy, half tender, and altogether loving, Mary kissed her father fondly. Her mother's open arms received her.

"My daughter, I have watched the conflict between love and duty, and I bless God that you have been faithful to principle. 'Seek first the things of God and His kingdom, and all things else shall be added to you.'"

"The little prayer you taught me, mother, when I made my first communion,

has been my help and comfort. 'May the holy will of God be accomplished in me, and through me in others.'"

When Mr. Dillon returned from his visit to the Butlers, he propounded a question to the family circle:

"Who is going to Montana with me? I will give a prize to the one who guesses first."

"Man or woman?" asked Mr. Murphy.

"It is knowledge you want," replied his brother-in-law.

"I know," said Kathleen, "it is Edward Butler."

"You are a witch, young woman; how did you guess?"

"Well, uncle Edward, when you were all talking the evening the Butlers called, you inquired particularly about him."

"I must watch myself. Can you tell what I am thinking of?"

"Only sometimes."

"I am glad you have your limitations, Kathleen is correct, I am going to take Edward to the ranch."

The girls exchanged glances.

"I know it appears a very ridiculous undertaking, but he is not as big a fool as he seems. When his wings are clipped he will show that he has good stuff in him. Removed from his companions, I shall be much disappointed if he does not show that he has been foolish rather than wicked. I met an old servant of the Butlers the other day who gave me a very good idea of the lad. Kate's sister, Mrs. Sarsfield, is a widow, and blind. She is dependent on her daughter, a young girl who is a cashier in one of the large shops. Edward is very kind to his cousin, Gertrude. The girl has no amusement. He noticed the monotony of her life, and has made it a rule to give her some pleasure every week. In the winter he is her escort to the theatre or concert, and in summer they have many a pleasant excursion. Such kindness proves he is not a senseless fellow. The removal of the family to that palace was a great

mistake, and they are all very glad to leave it. They have proved the folly of trying to force themselves into a social circle to which they have nothing to commend them but money and the finery it brings. The slights they have met turned honey into gall. I was very angry at Kate, and could not help showing it the other evening. Her visit here set her thinking. I had seen Tom the day before they called, and promised to use my privilege as Kate's cousin in trying to open her eyes to the folly of her fashionable aspirations. Tom has an excellent offer for his place and intends looking for a house in this neighborhood. Kate was quite amazed to find your daughters on familiar terms with the very people whose intimacy she vainly desired, and whom she had disgusted by her vulgarity. She asked me if it were true that Mary was engaged to Dr. Vinton."

"I think she is near the mark, Ned," said Mr. Murphy.

"Well, Mary, I am glad of it; I think he is a fine little fellow."

"Thank you, Uncle Edward; I share your opinion. I received delightful news from him this morning; shall I read it?"

"I will be delighted to listen."

"I will not bore you with the whole letter."

"Ah, do," rose in chorus.

With a pretty shake of her head, Mary began:

"In my case I find the verification of the French proverb, 'it is the first step that costs.' I shrank from telling my mother that I was about to become a Catholic. When I left home she considered the name synonymous with everything bad, thanks to the misrepresentations she had listened to from the pulpit and read in Sunday school literature. While making my toilet, I saw from my window a new building, a pretty gothic chapel, the spire surmounted by a cross. I postponed all inquiry until our evening chat. 'Are there any changes in the neighborhood, Motler,' said I. 'We have some new neighbors since you left us; they are now like old friends. It is now two years since they bought the Carter place. They are Catholics and have a very romantic history. Mrs. Sherwin is a very unusual woman. She was born in Dublin, and lost her mother while a mere child. Her father was a scholarly man,

and devoted to study. The responsibility of his little daughter appalled him. He wrote to his sister, a nun, in New York State, asking her to take charge of the child. He received a cordial affirmative, and gladly left the home where everything reminded him of his loss. The little Berenice passed a happy, holy childhood, between the convent and her vacation visits to her father, who doted on her. Just before she graduated he died. In her desolation she shrank from going out into the world, and asked to be admitted as a member of the order. The superior advised her to remain for the post-graduate course and to make no further change for a year. During that time a venerable priest visited the convent. The superior advised Berenice to consult him as to her future. The good man compelled her to spend a year in New York before entering the novitiate, and told her that in his opinion her place was in the world. She established herself in the city with an old friend of her mother's. She met Mr. Sherwin at a large party one evening, where both were strangers to the majority of the company. Mr. Sherwin had been in public life for many years, and had just returned from Egypt. Berenice attracted him by her exquisite grace and womanliness. She proved an intelligent and sympathetic listener, and in the enjoyment of each other's society the evening passed delightfully. Their chance acquaintance ripened into intimacy. In six months they were married and became our neighbors. They are a great acquisition. 'Yes,' said my father, 'wonders will never cease. I am inclined to think, my boy, that your mother's admiration will soon lead her to imitation. The Sherwins have built a little church, in which they have Mass on Sundays and holy days. To it your mother tries hard to persuade me to accompany her.' You may be sure this surprising information made me very happy."

"My throat is husky," said Mary, "I will not read any further."

"Let me relieve you," said Mr. Dillon.

"I prefer to spare you the effort," she replied, laughing.

"This is indeed wonderful," said Mrs. Redmond. "I confess I entertained some apprehension for your happiness, when I

thought of your entrance into a family who held your faith in abhorrence."

"I, too, congratulate you, Mary," said Mr. Dillon, "that the way is prepared for you. It will be pleasant to think of when I am again an outcast from society. Perhaps you will visit the Yosemite on your wedding trip. If you call for me I shall be pleased to do the honors. I must turn my face homeward this week."

The approaching separations threw a shadow over the circle. Mary was to spend a month with the Redmonds, and, with the prospect of the longer separation, in the near future, would gladly have remained at home, but her parents generously urged her to accept the rest and wholesome change that her aunt's invitation promised.

Dora called one afternoon. She was much changed; an air of sweetness succeeded the excitability which formerly controlled her; her toilet was tasteful, but very quiet. Mr. Van Brunt had failed in his suit for divorce. By Mr. Scott's advice his daughter had secured an agreement which compelled her husband to contribute to the support of herself and child. In parting from her husband, at the lawyer's office, she said to him: "I am always your wife, Max. Perhaps in the future you will be truly my husband." The quiet dignity of her deportment and the calmness of her utterance affected him strongly. He turned, as if to follow her, but shrank back muttering, "too late." Dora suffered in the thought of Mrs. Redmond's departure. They had been frequent companions in the walks to daily Mass and the afternoon visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

"Why do you not leave home for awhile? You need a change, my dear."

"I am yearning for quiet, and long to hide myself far from the people who have made me and my sorrows the subject of their idle gossip. If I go to the sea shore my movements will be public news. I wish to drop out of sight and be free to live as a Christian."

"Will you come with us, Dora?" asked Mrs. Redmond. "Our neighborhood is very beautiful and the mountain air bracing. Mary will be an agreeable companion for you, and Mr. Redmond and I will be glad to have our empty rooms occupied. Adolph will be a sunbeam to all of us."

"I know your offer is made in kindness, and I will gladly accept it. I try to comfort my father, but he cannot recover from this cruel sorrow at once. In spite of my indignation at the behavior of my husband, I find my love for him remains. I did not separate from him until on two occasions my life was in danger. When Max reforms I am ready to return to him. My father cannot understand my entertaining any other feeling for Max than repulsion. It is better for my boy to hear no mention of his father's faults. If I go away for a time father will not have my presence to remind him of my misfortunes. I feel now that I stand between my father and mother. I am like an orphan, and bereft of my husband. But my desolation has brought me nearer to God. Had I never turned from Him I should not be as I am."

The brave little woman choked down her tears and took leave.

After the departure of the travelers, Margaret and Kathleen applied themselves to their studies at the institute. Margaret resumed the course in dressmaking. Kathleen choose the course in stenography, hoping to aid her father in his growing business by her services at the type-writer and in drawing.

For the first time in her life Kathleen had the opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies of the Church. She drank in fervently their spirit and significance. With her missal, a present from her uncle, she followed the services of the different festivals. The blessing of the candles on the Feast of the Purification she found very interesting. On the evening of the feast she placed herself on a little stool at her aunt's feet.

"I want to ask you something, Aunt Fanny. I hope you will not think me impertinent."

"That is not probable, my darling."

"During the blessing of the candles this morning your eyes were closed. I happened to glance at you and saw you were smiling. May I know what you were thinking about?"

"Indeed you may. Candlemas is one of my favorite feasts. I am so familiar with the service, that although I had forgotten my book, I could, with the word I overheard occasionally from the priest, follow the ceremonies with ease. I saw the

lovely young Mother presenting her Divine Child in the Temple. Simeon's venerable face was illumined with loving adoration as he received the babe. The eyes of Anna rested on Mary, while Simeon uttered that wonderful canticle: 'Now, oh Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant in peace, because mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.' Then came those solemn words, so pregnant with mystery, prophesying sorrow to that innocent creature: 'And thine own soul a sword shall pierce.' The conclusion: 'Mary kept all these things in her heart,' is an eloquent lesson. I shall always remember the Candlemas ceremonies in the chapel at Ranelagh. We were in the gallery; the body of the church was filled with the hard working people of the neighborhood. Every one held a lighted taper, no thicker than my little finger. The dense fog outside served as a background to the window glass, and the scene within was represented outside. Behind the grille the nuns were chanting the 'Nunc dimittis'; their voices reached us distinctly, and we heard 'A light to enlighten them that sit in darkness.'

"How beautiful. You lived in Dublin for some time?"

"I spent a winter there. During the week we attended Mass at the Nun's chapel. It stood within an inclosure, secluded from the publicity of the streets, by high walls. The avenue was shaded by magnificent horse chestnut trees, many of them centenarians. Ranelagh had been a famous resort of the wits and nobility in the last century. The Carmelite nuns hallow the spot to-day by prayer, silence and fasting."

Lent came quickly and was sanctified in Mrs. Murphy's family by work and prayer. Kathleen attended the ceremonies of Holy Week at the Cathedral. From the Tenebrae of Wednesday afternoon to the Mass of Holy Saturday morning, she followed the services with which Mother Church commemorates the awful mystery of man's redemption. It seemed to her that never

until now had she realized the wondrous gift of faith.

When Mary returned home in March, she was pronounced an advertisement of the wholesomeness of Sargent's Ville. Dora remained with Mrs. Redmond. She was very fond of music, and devoted herself to training the choir. The work gave her occupation, and the drive between Mrs. Redmond's and the church was enjoyed as much by Adolph as herself. She became quite an idol with the villagers, who loved her frankness and were lost in admiration at her musical ability. The tranquillity of her life had brought back much of the beauty of her girlhood. Of her it might be said: "The beauty of the king's daughter is from within." Her charm was something more lasting than that of brilliant color and beautiful form. Holiness shone from her eyes and gave to her movements a gentle grace. Mr. Scott was so interested by the description Dora sent him of the beauty of her surroundings that he surprised her one day by appearing, quite unexpectedly, at Mr. Redmond's. Secretly he was pining to look once more on his beloved daughter and her boy. He was much gratified by the improvement in both, and concluded to build a nest, to rest in, when jaded by the friction of city life. He chose a beautiful site, on a hillside, midway between the little church and Mrs. Redmond's. From it could be seen the Blue Ridge mountains, in the distance; in the foreground, the valley, already green with the upspringing wheat. A busy little tributary of the Susquehanna gave life to the picture. Mr. Redmond accepted, with pleasure, the contract to build a home-like cottage, designed for comfort, not magnificence. Dora's heart was very joyful at the thought that once again she might rest peacefully with her parents. She never alluded to her husband, but her silence was most significant. The friends who knew her well recognized that Dora's life was inspired with one thought, to atone for the past by fervent love of God, offering all her life in petition for her husband's conversion.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



NO question in modern times has been more anxiously discussed and found more widely different solutions than the social question. The very name is vague, because any question affecting human society is a social one, and it speaks volumes about the all-pervading materialism of our age that the thoroughly material question of the relation of capital and labor and its annexes should be the social question.

Before entering upon a consideration of the merits and demerits of this matter from a Catholic standpoint, we crave pardon for a little digression into the past in order to show that not only science, but art, trade and commerce as well owe their development to Catholic times, and that the unadulterated basis of our present social system is of Catholic origin. This is the more necessary as we are accustomed to hear daily that the Catholic Church did everything in its power to prevent progress, and that only since the Reformation the world advanced materially. In this digression we gather our information chiefly from the standard work of "John Janssen's History of the German people since the end of the middle ages."

During the rule of pagan Rome sculpture and architecture were highly developed, but the social question then had the face of slavery. Independent artisans there were none, since manual labor was held to be degrading to man and fit for slaves only.

Hence slaves were taught trades and arts, and the fruits of their industry and skill filled the coffers of their spendthrift owners. A friction between capital and labor was impossible, as all the capital, even that represented by muscle, was concentrated in one hand, whilst the laborer had only those

claims to the necessaries of life, which his master allowed him.

As the political power of Rome declined, arts and trades became discouraged and corrupted likewise, until in the flood of the fifth century, the irruption of barbarous nations, nearly all vestiges of former civilization disappeared. The conquerors brought fresh blood and iron sinews, but also a very decided distaste for labor of any kind. Former masters from among the conquered became slaves in their turn, and as their mechanical skill was little above par with that of the conqueror, the cause of civilization appeared hopeless.

Obviously barbarians cannot be changed into a cultured nation within a lifetime. Their manner of living, tastes, religious and political traditions, disqualified them from at once availing themselves of the remnants of the ancient civilization and building thereon. Only as the leaven of Christian dogma and moral gradually permeated the masses, the foundation was laid for every kind of progress and development. The baptism of Clovis was the dawn of the new era, but it was left to Charlemagne to bring order into chaos, and to systematise the isolated efforts at moral and economical improvement.

The vast extent of his empire seconded him well, for it comprised according to modern nomenclature Spain north of the Ebro, all France, Switzerland, Austria, northern Italy, Germany, Belgium, Holland and Denmark. Thousands of imperial crown domains were scattered over these countries, all of which he controlled with a sway absolute, not allowing anybody or anything to interfere with the execution of the designs of his giant intellect and will power.

He gathered model farmers and gardeners, tradesmen, artists, musicians, and distributed them over his domains so as to make of each one an agricultural, polytechnic and art school, a model for the surrounding country. In person he watched the enforcement of his regulations and

allied labor and religion by intimate bonds, thus becoming the creator of the new Christian civilization.

The only power that could second his efforts, and did so effectually, was the Catholic Church. The monasteries and convents became at once the centres of religious unity and life, and the model schools for all the branches of human activity, and the bishops were the greatest builders of the age. They raised from their ruins and enlarged the destroyed Roman towns and military camps; wherever a bishop established his chair or the gates of a monastery opened they formed the nucleus of a town, which by its fairs, shops, traders and as the natural centre of the agricultural population was a most efficient means of civilizing the people, bringing at once the blessings of religion and the material comforts, just as the wants of the churches fostered domestic art.

These towns formed independent and self-sustaining, self-sufficient communities, which considered the maintenance of religion and material progress a duty devolving upon them. Thus they protected their citizens, created local monopolies for their trades, restrained foreign competition and legally recognized the right to labor for all their population. Here we have a first sample of the nineteenth century cries, "America for the Americans," etc.

The right to labor was expressly acknowledged as given by God and the civil authorities. The labor itself was looked upon as an office given in behalf of God for the benefit of the commonwealth.

The work done in the imperial demesnes was executed chiefly by serfs, who, however, could redeem themselves and when set free flocked to the Episcopal cities and monastic grounds to work as independent artisans. Both bishops and monasteries offered them liberal terms and every inducement, obtained for them imperial safeguards and liberties and encouraged technical studies with a view to outrivalling all competitors. Hence the intended scope of the imperial schools was obtained, labor was honored and prized, wealth was amassed and in its turn fostered a high development of skilled labor and art in all the different branches of labor, the cities superseded the imperial establishments

and soon monopolised trade, commerce and art.

The commonwealth as such was supposed to give the right to labor and its emoluments to the different groups of laborers as a fief, and the laborers themselves united their several classes into guilds and unions, thus forming a ring within a ring and attending to their affairs as an independent body over which the municipality exercised only the control necessary to prevent a clash between the different guilds and to insure an output satisfactory in quantity and quality of goods.

It would be an error to suppose that the guilds and unions of the middle ages were merely associations for acquisition of wealth they were rather confraternities which made it obligatory on their members "to preserve brotherly love and faith and to assist each other according to the ability of each not only in personal matters, but in civic matters and whenever it was necessary."

Labor was looked upon as a pious work and a necessary concomitant of prayer, and hence the intimate union of both. Religion and workshop was symbolized by the tools which these guilds placed into the hands of their patron saints, for, as a book of the time puts it, "a Christian shall see by the work the saints have done how noble labor is, how much a man may do by work to promote the glory of God and benefit others, and how he himself by the mercy of God can gain heaven."

This union of labor and prayer gave to each separate guild the character of a pious sodality, who had a saintly patron who formerly had followed the particular trade or art, whose statue was placed into their guildhouses, whose feast was kept solemnly by all the members, to whose honor a chapel or altar was dedicated in the church where the members of the guild assembled for prayer. After the death of a member of the guild the latter provided for the widow and orphans, if necessary had masses said for the repose of his soul, at which the whole guild was present.

In perfect keeping with this spirit was the careful vigilance practised by the guild masters over the moral conduct of the different members and the kind of work and material they used in their workshops. All the different workshops were locked upon as branch houses of the one undivided

guild. The success or failure of one master was such to the whole guild, and therefore they provided sufficient work for all, helped one another in filling orders and provided expert foremen for the widows of the deceased masters so as to allow them to continue the work.

Any aspersion of character was considered an affront to the guild, that took up the defence of the accused member, but on the other side did not hesitate to expel from the guild anyone that was proved guilty and had to undergo the punishment of a felon.

Thus we have a thoroughly Christian, even ecclesiastical framework in the labor and

trade associations of the middle ages. Their constitutions put faith and morality into the foreground, they enforced a Christian life, they acted as benevolent societies in case of sickness, death and destitution, they were the rampart of civic liberty, the glory and power of their commonwealth, the backbone of the social fabric. They even took the place of police magistrates regarding their own members, they were the chief instruments in developing the new Christian civilization.

Our next article will treat of the position of journeymen and apprentices of these guilds.

THE CORPORAL OF COMPANY "C."

A MAY STORY.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CONTINUED.



all went to Mass that Sunday, and were very much edified by the devout attention with which the Indians assisted at the service. It would cause many of us to blush with shame. What good people they would be if the whites only left them alone. After Mass, May devotions and Benediction followed. I was much affected when I heard the Indian choir sing my old familiar hymn *O Sanctissima*. I couldn't refrain from joining in the singing.

"I called on the priest after Mass. He asked me if I was enrolled in the scapular. I told him no, but that I always carried one, which was rather faded, in my pocket, although I hadn't worn it. The priest was very sorry he had not a supply of new scapulars, so he invested me in the old one. I remember he said to me: 'That is the best bullet-proof cloth for a soldier to wear.' Afterwards I likewise discovered it was a good thing to have about you when in Indian prisons.

"When we had again all filed into the fort and were just sitting down to our mess, Mr. Perfectos ventured to ask: 'What price is the black gown asking for absolution to-day?'

"But he had no more questions after one of the boys asked him: 'How many bad smelling cigars is the U. S. chaplaincy worth?'

"None of our company knew of my having received the scapular on the preceding Sunday, until one night, feeling unwell, I retired before the lights were out. This gave one of my messmates a chance to see 'my charm,' as he called it. He said nothing though, at least not then.

"One day at mess, this private was at a loss for a subject, so he planned to have a little 'battle between the Chaplain and the Corporal.' He whispered something to Perfectos, who, imagining he was at his old stand working a customer, said in his bland way:

"Corporal, I hear you made quite a conquest at the settlement last Sunday. Remember what the book says: Thou shalt not—he forgot the rest of the text. However, he was never known to be stuck when

quoting Hoyle. The Captain came to his rescue by prompting him) A-a-ahem!—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.' 'And a squaw, at that,' chimed in one of the privates, sotto voce.

'My Irish blood was boiling, as I opened up fire on the Chaplain, by shouting: 'What do you mean, sir? Clergymen of your denomination, whatever it may be, can't afford to fire at random.'

'Unfortunately for himself, Perfectos had a good memory. His consciousness of the past bothered him, so he blushed at my remark, and said, half apologetically:

'Well, I don't blame any young man in getting all the fun he can out of life, providing he doesn't get caught in doing wrong.'

'That may be *your* doctrine,' said I, 'but it is not *Catholic* teaching. We are allowed by our Church to amuse ourselves as much as we please, provided in doing so we commit no sin. A sin is a sin, whether men see us or not, God sees everything. Every little Catholic child will tell you that.'

'Perfectos winced, but he didn't like to unfurl the white flag at once, so as a parting shot, he said:

'Well, it's nice and proper to keep about you some little souvenir of a sweetheart. I myself, wear over my heart a locket with a portrait of my dear wife.' (*Wives* whispered somebody, hinting at Perfectos' polygamic tendencies.)

'You are right, *reverend* (with emphasis) Mr. Per-fec-tion,' I answered ironically. 'Every man to his taste; that's why I carry on my breast a miniature picture of the greatest, holiest and most perfect woman that ever trod this earth. I can never praise *her* too much. She is *my* blessed Lady. When I honor and pour out my heart's affection to her, she is always by my side ready to protect me. Her power transcends that of the whole United States army. I speak of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, whose picture adorns this small woolen garment—what we call the scapular—and I consider it greater honor to carry it upon my bosom than all the military regalia ever invented.'

'Bravo, comrade!' shouted everyone except Perfectos, who didn't dare to lay himself open for any more such broadsiders. He saw that I had on my war-paint, and con-

cluded that 'discretion is the better part of valor,' and kept silent. After that, not wishing to have any more of his guns spiked, he confined himself to moss-covered stories, which usually commenced: 'When I was with Grant, during the late unpleasantness.'

Here Corporal Gunn stopped in his narrative, and Freidsnker took advantage of the intermission to remark that "When we fought with Siegel—"

But his story was left to hang fire until some other evening. Corporal Gunn begged pardon for interrupting, and continued by saying:

'Now I come to the most critical moment of my life.

'One day some of the blue coats, including myself, stole away from the fort in quest of a 'little diversion,' as one of our good-natured comrades put it. Getting out was an easy enough matter, but in order to get in it was necessary to have on our return a bountiful supply of rations (wet and dry—the latter was tobacco) in our canteens to propitiate the sentry. We took our noon-day's meal at a settler's hut, and while there some of the boys took aboard too much damp ballast. This moved them to all kinds of devilry. 'Let's pay our respects to the Indians,' some one said. 'It's a go,' they all answered, except myself, but go I must; there was no retreating. When the boys struck the agency, they knew the agent's weakness, and he got his share of 'Johnny Barleycorn.' The agent said the trail was all clear, which meant there were no black gowns in sight, for the missionaries were the only ones whom Indians, agents or blue-coats feared, or respected. We had a gay old time, but it didn't end gay for myself. The boys screamed and yelled and pillaged right or left. The Indians were justly furious and gave chase. All the boys escaped, except poor me, whose only crime was joining in the war-cry, and carrying an insignificant part of the spoils. I was surrounded by the native police, who supposed they had caught me *flagrante delicto*, and I was duly escorted into durance vile, to suffer on behalf of my erring but more fortunate comrades.

'A council was called immediately. All the evidence went to show that I was guilty of a very serious crime, and I was duly condemned. It is true the Indians had the

alternative of handing me over to the commander of the fort, but they would not do that, because they knew I would go set free. Too many precedents had taught them that there was little justice to be expected from the whites. My only hope of escape was blasted. I thought there was a chance to get away that evening while the Indians were at May devotions, but ill luck would have it that the priest didn't come that night. In the morning I was to be executed. The thought was fearful. To be shot down as a soldier is honorable, but to be executed as a culprit by a lot of savages was awful. My God! how I prayed that night! My whole life flew past my eyes like a rapid dissolving view. 'O Mother of God, save me!' was my uninterrupted prayer. My only consoling thought during those hours was the fact that I had been to confession and communion only a few Sundays before.

"In the morning early—May 31st—I'll never forget that day—I was led out to execution. When my coat was pulled off the old chief looked puzzled, and he waved to the six Indians who stood ready with their shining Winchesters, to retire. Something had been discovered about my person, of which I myself, for the moment, was unaware. It was my scapular! The chief looked toward the sun, as if calculating the time, and then whispered something which was interpreted for me afterwards by the priest. It meant—'Let us wait till evening.' So I got a short respite, but what a terrible suspense! The Indians seemed to look upon my person as something sacred. They brought me plenty of eatables, but you can easily imagine that I had no appetite.

"Night came. A blessed night for me! The priest was there, but when I made signs that I wanted to see him the Indian didn't understand me, and I feared my last chance of escape would vanish as soon as the black gown departed. But my sign-language was heard in heaven. The devotions commenced; I could hear everything. The Indians sang very nicely, and never did anything sound sweeter to me, as I heard it floating over the prairie than the air of my old familiar hymn *O Sanctissima*.

"After devotions, the priest paid me a visit, which was a thousand times welcome. Never before, or since, did I so deeply

fathom the good old Irish saying of '*Ceaf m'le faillte!*' I was free! After the priest had concluded the *entente cordiale*, I was on a double quick march to my fort. God and His Holy mother be praised! Father X— has told you all the rest.

"I saw no more of that priest until last night, when he preached in the Franciscan church. How my heart fluttered! Little did you think that he was referring to me. I called on him this morning at the monastery. He was surprised, but glad to see me, and received me very graciously. He very much regretted he could not accept my invitation to call at the house. His time, he said, was limited. A telegram had just been received telling him at once to repair to one of the big universities, where on the morrow he was to commence two series of lectures, one on Chinese literature and the other on higher mathematics, so we missed the pleasure of his visit. He gave me some pretty scapulars as souvenirs for the family. I have enough to go around, and one to spare for some friend. This ends my story."

Everyone was much affected by the Corporal's long narrative, and didn't complain if he did exceed an half-hour. The first to break the silence was Freidenker, who remarked:

"Was that all true, Cap?"

"Certainly, and without a word of exaggeration," said Gunn; "what object could I have in manufacturing falsehoods?"

"Well, then, I will also wear the scapular," said Freidenker.

"Not too soon, Freidenker," said the Corporal. "First you ought to go to the Sacraments. Clear up your conscience, and turn over a new leaf, and then you will be fit to receive Mary's scapular."

"That's right. Maria, you give me the scapular," said Freidenker, turning towards the Corporal's daughter.

"I meant the scapular of Mary, the Holy Mother of God," said Gunn. "Say the *Hail Mary* to her daily to make you worthy to receive it."

"O ja, I think of that prayer; I used to say it years ago. *Vater unser, der du bist*. Is that not right?" asked Freidenker.

"No," said Mary, who knew some German; "that is the *Our Father*." She then taught him the *Hail Mary*, after much patient labor.

Soon after that our friend Freidenker again made his peace with God. He was enrolled in the scapular—the same one which the Corporal received from Father X—. Freidenker was a better and happier man after that.

If any one should follow Corporal Gunn

to that beautiful little Franciscan church during the evenings of May, he would observe that in Gunn's pew there regularly sits a very devout stranger.

That's Freidenker.

(THE END.)

THE DEATH OF MARTIN LUTHER.

BY CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.



CONTINUED.

HOWEVER, Luther had hardly expired when various rumors concerning the manner of his death were put into circulation in the very city of Eisleben. One of these is mentioned by Coelius in a sermon held by him in the same city on February 20th, shortly after Luther's death. "We will now," he said, "speak of the manner of his death. He is not yet buried, not even dead a day, and still there are people who, driven by the evil spirit, are said to pretend that he was found dead in bed."

Besides the "Historia," composed by Jonas, Ansifaber and Coelius, we have a few other sources whence we glean information concerning Luther's last moments, or at least the opinion that existed about them. Cochlæus (*De Actis et Scriptis Lutheri*) has incorporated into his work the account of "a certain citizen of Mansfeld," from which we learn, among other things, that the evening before his death Luther had, as usually, amused those who sat at table with him by his ordinary gaiety, but that about 8 o'clock he felt somewhat ill. After midnight the two physicians of Eisleben were suddenly summoned to his bedside, but on their arrival they could notice no beating of his pulse. They sent for the apothecary, but the latter insisted that remedies were useless, as he was already dead. The two physicians disputed among themselves as to the cause of his

death, one ascribing it to apoplexy, the other to catarrhal suffocation. After his death several persons arrived. Jonas sat at his head, lamenting and wringing his hands. Being asked whether the evening before Luther complained of any pain, he replied: "Oh, no! He was yesterday more jovial than ever. O, Lord God, Lord God." All the restoratives which were applied failed to resuscitate him.

When we compare this account with the "Historia" there are especially two things that strike us, the sudden summoning of the physicians after midnight and the use of restoratives, which facts would seem to indicate an unexpected death.

In the year of Luther's death there appeared at Cologne an *Address to the Lutherans*, by Longolius, in which he says that they knew that Luther had died a miserable death. The Franciscan Helmesius, in his *Captivitas Babylonica Martini Lutheri*, writes that a sudden death had cut him off. According to Genebrard in his "Chronographiæ," the evening before his death Luther ate and drank freely. Flornmond Ralmund says that he died as Arius died. Cardinal Bellarmine said that after a sumptuous repast the evening before Luther died with contorted mouth. The contortion of the mouth is also mentioned by the citizens of Mansfeld.

The most important account, however, which we have of Luther's death is from one of his servants. Unfortunately we do not find the name of this man. We know that Luther had several attendants. First there was his faithful old Neit Dietrich, but he cannot be the man in question, as the latter was quite young at the time of

his master's death. The "Historia" mentions his servant Ambrose, and adds that there were other servants present in his last illness. From which one have we the account we know not.

This servant of Luther was converted to the Catholic faith after his master's death and became one of the acquaintances of Cardinal Bozio. From this man Bozio learned the fact which he published in his "De Signis Ecclesiae" in 1593. We read as follows: "Luther, having supped plentifully and retired joyfully to rest, was suffocated the same night. I have heard by the testimony of his servant, who then served him as a boy and later became one of ours, that Luther miserably put an end to his own life by hanging, but that all the members of the household were made to take an oath not to divulge the fact out of respect for the gospel." (1) This testimony

(1) Tit. II, lib. xxiii, c. 3.

of Luther's servant was in 1693 published by Sedulius, who affirms that he obtained it from a trustworthy man at Triburg of Brisgari.

The testimony is as follows: "Although I am pushed on to cast aside all fear of human indignation and offence, and am begged to give just testimony to the truth, I am impelled much more powerfully by the reverence I have for the Supreme Deity and all the blessed. Nor do I ignore that everywhere glory must be given to the wonderful works of God, and that I ought rather to obey the divine precept than a human command. Hence, although the distinguished men of Germany have most strictly charged me not to make known to a mortal the horrible end of my master, Martin Luther, I will not conceal, but to the glory of Christ and the edification of the entire Catholic body, I will make public what I saw myself and particularly found out and what I made known to the principal men who were themselves gathered together at Eisleben, neither urged by hatred of anyone nor influenced by the love or favor of any. It happened, therefore, that when on a certain occasion Martin Luther among the more illustrious of distinguished German men had plentifully indulged his propensity and, being entirely overcome by drink, was

conducted by us to bed and placed on his couch, we wished him a beneficial sleep and retired to our apartment, and then, neither expecting nor suspecting anything evil, quietly fell asleep. The following day we returned to our master to assist him in dressing, as was our wont, and, alas! we saw the same Master of ours, Martin, hanging beside his bed strangled miserably. At the sight of this horrible spectacle of the hanging body we were struck by great fear, but without long hesitation we hurried to his fellow drinkers of yesterday and the principal men and made known to them the execrable end of Luther. They, struck with a no lesser dread than ourselves, began to promise everything and to implore much: First of all that we would keep the affair suppressed under a constant and faithful silence, that nothing might come to light; then that we should untie the foul corpse of Luther from the halter, place it on the bed and then spread among the people the rumor that my master Martin had died suddenly. This we intended to do like the guards who had watched by the tomb of our Lord, being ourselves corrupted by abundant promises, if a certain strength of unconquerable truth had not persuaded us differently. This truth may be kept down for some time by the fear or respect of men or the hope of gain, but on account of the impelling action of religion or conscience it cannot be forever suppressed."

Protestant authors in dealing with Luther's death have evaded this document as if they felt their weakness in its presence. It stands opposed to the "Historia," which is also the testimony of those who say they were eye-witnesses. Which of these two documents deserves greater belief it is for a careful historical critic to decide. If the testimony of the servant of Luther is not to be accepted as conclusive evidence it at least casts a strong doubt on the veracity of the account of Jonas, Coelius and Ansifer.

The foregoing essay we have composed principally from a German pamphlet published at Mentz in 1890 by Paul Majunke, entitled *Luther's Lebensende*, the "Death of Martin Luther." Further discussion and investigation may throw more light on the end of the Apostle of Protestantism.

The Eucharistic Miracle at Alcalá de Henares.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



THIS being the month which the Catholic Church specially consecrates to the devotion towards Our Divine Lord in the Sacrament of His Love, no subject can be of more thrilling interest or more timely, than the relation of some of the many well-authenticated miraculous events associated with this Divine Mystery of our faith, and which the ecclesiastical records of Spain so abundantly furnish.

The particulars of these miracles are unknown to English or American readers, and, therefore, all the more worthy of their attention.

There are three sanctuaries in Spain, blessed by the possession of miraculous Eucharistic species.

The first is in a city one and one-half hours' journey from Spain's metropolis, the ancient university city of Alcalá de Henares, the scene of the martyrdom of Sts. Justus and Pastor, and the birthplace of the Spanish Shakespeare, Cervantes.

The second is in the Monastery Church of the Augustinian fathers, in the world-renowned "Escorial" whose situation is so well known that it needs no further description.

The third is in a small town—San Jose de las Abadesas—in the plains of Olot, beneath the shade of the Spanish Pyrenees, distant some few hours' journey by rail from Barcelona, and within one and a half hours' journey by coach from the French frontier.

The miracles of these places have one circumstance in common, viz., the well-authenticated "incurruptibility" of the sacramental species, preserved in each of these churches after a lapse of centuries; in the first of four, in the second of three, and in the last of seven centuries. In all other circumstances they differ widely.

For years past the scene of the first is the destination of numerous pilgrimages, which

annually flock there from Madrid and all other parts of the Castillas, on the second Sunday after Easter. The last pilgrimage was presided over by no less distinguished a member of the Spanish Episcopacy than the eloquent and illustrious Archbishop of Santiago de Compostella, Dr. Martin Henera, accompanied by the Bishop of Madrid, who headed the procession of the various confraternities, sodalities and pious congregations of men and women, with bands and banners, which in the early dawn of a beautiful spring-like morning, wended its way through the silent streets of Madrid to the railway station.

The history of the occasion which gave rise to this annual pilgrimage is one that is placed beyond doubt by documentary evidence, but which it would be impossible to transcribe within the limits of this article. It has withstood for centuries the criticism of the infidel and the scepticism of the freethinker.

We will strive to condense the facts of the miraculous event so as not to exceed the limited space, which the generosity of the CARMELITE REVIEW can place at our disposal.

The devotion in honor of the sacred "Forms" of Alcalá recalls one of the many momentous interventions of Almighty God's power, which are met again and again in the historic diocesan records of the Peninsula. And these have not the fleeting character which usually attends even great events of worldly interest, but on the contrary, they are so permanent that they annually acquire additional interest.

In 1597, a Jesuit priest, Father Jaurez, was, as usual, at an early hour in his confessional in the Collegiate church of this ancient city. An unknown man entered the confessional and accused himself of having led an abandoned life in company of a vicious marauding party of confederates of Moorish origin. In such company, it was no wonder that he dare to brave the might of God's omnipotence and led a life regardless of his duties to Him, and utterly

oblivious of his eternal salvation. In one of their pillaging excursions they had made churches the hunting ground of their depredations. Accused as was his mode of life, and frightful the record of the crimes in which he participated with his infidel companions, yet, at times, a ray of faith would seem to have penetrated his guilty conscience, as the subsequent incident discloses. Having, in various churches, robbed the "Hermit Home" of our Divine Lord, and abstracted the ciborium with their consecrated contents, yet notwithstanding the horrid crime of sacrilege which he thus added to his guilt, he, on one occasion gathered up the sacred particles, wrapped them in paper, carried them away, and hid them amidst the heap of rubbish, within an old unused beehive, lest they should suffer fresh outrage from his Moorish companions.

Time passed, and he heeded not the sacred deposit, until accidentally he had occasion to remove the rubbish surrounding the beehive, when, to his surprise, he saw that from the old unoccupied beehive, in which he had placed the consecrated hosts, there oozed out honey in abundance. This discovery excited his curiosity no less than his cupidity. On examination he found that the hive was occupied by a colony of bees and that they had formed an arched comb, which covered as a tabernacle the Holy of Holies. This precious honeycomb was the bountiful source of the overflowing supply of honey, which had occasioned his surprise and which now excited his fears. Yet, stupendous as the miracle evidently was, he schooled himself into believing it a mere accident.

But he feared, from the unceasing buzzing of the bees, that the attention of his neighbors might be attracted to their precious laboratory and thus the proof of his hidden guilt unveiled. He therefore determined to remove it and place it in a site more difficult of access. He withdrew the sacred deposit and having placed them into another beehive, he secreted it under the roof of his house, and covered it completely with briars.

Some time afterwards, he returned to look at it again, and to his intense astonishment he beheld again honey distilling from this new hiding place. Bees had again constructed a new tabernacle of greater beauty than the former one, over the place where

the sacred forms were deposited. Seeing that the sacred particles, now so long hidden in different places, and subject to all atmospheric changes were still uncorrupted and that the honey still continued to flow abundantly from their vicinity, he began to reflect on this singular coincidence. He began to fear more acutely, than ever the danger their possession entailed, and determined to get rid of them at any cost.

With that determination he proceeded secretly to deposit them in a church, and there to deliver them, under the seal of confession, to the first priest he would meet. He would thus shield himself from the direful consequences, which in that age, would have been meted out to his guilt. Taking them from the unwearied protection of God's creatures, he carried them to the Collegiate Church of "La Campana," and the first priest he met was Father Jaurez, S. J., to whom, after narrating all the circumstances, he handed the "Priceless Treasure." Father Jaurez, treating him with the charity of an angelic soul, told him that his human fears of being discovered added to his utter forgetfulness of his obligations to Almighty God, were not the proper disposition to receive absolution then. But he encouraged him and impressed on him the necessity of returning again to the tribunal of penance, in the meantime imploring God's pardon for his past crimes, which had now occasioned his present unrest and remorse. Notwithstanding the gentleness of the devoted confessor, the penitent did not again seek the Father's absolution.

After his departure the holy priest carefully guarded the restored deposits and minutely examined its contents. He saw that the particles must have been trampled upon when abstracted from the ciborium, as four of them bore distinct traces of the outrage. But they were all surpassingly fresh and white as if freshly made. The impression of the stamp used in the church to which they formerly belonged was clear and distinct.

The fact of their restoration being submitted by Father Jaurez to his confessor, a prudent and learned theologian, the latter advised him to be very cautious, and not to consume them, lest they might be the product of some satanic malice, and contain poison. Although his doubts were thus

aroused, Father Jaurez reverently cared for them, and frequently returned to see them.

At length, having accidentally heard a confirmation of the facts attending the church robbery, he felt impelled to lay all the facts before his Provincial, submitting to him the sworn testimony of one of the leading merchants of the city, to whom his Moorish servant had confided, that he and his companions had robbed the church, and how, under seal of confession, one of them had delivered the "Sacred Particles" to the Jesuit Fathers.

To test still further their miraculous preservation, they were placed in a cupboard with other relics, and for months subjected to minute investigations, but they were always found as fresh as years before.

At length, inspired by holy awe, the fathers caused all the facts to be judicially examined so that, if there were a miracle, it might be made manifest.

The distinguished and learned dignitaries of the Church, to whom the examination was referred, determined to deposit them in a damp subterranean crypt, and to place with them four other particles freshly made and *unconsecrated*. Every precaution was taken that there should be no tampering with them, and the crypt was sealed, rendering all ingress impossible.

At the end of a considerable length of time the commission proceeded to examine them. They found the unconsecrated hosts yellow, decomposed and emitting a foul odor, whilst the others were, as they had been during all the years, which had already elapsed, *and as they are to-day, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, as fresh and glossy, as if newly made.*

The matter became the general topic of

conversation, and all the details were publicly made known. This led to further detailed examinations by the most learned and astute ecclesiastical dignitaries, assisted by the most distinguished medical experts, who subjected them to still further experiments. The sacred "forms" were found to be "incorruptible" after all these proofs. After this triumphant vindication of their miraculous state, they were carried in procession and permanently placed in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. A "conclave" of the most learned theologians of the Church of Spain, having declared them miraculous, these "sacred particles" have for centuries been the "Mecca" of many a Spanish heart.

No procession can be more imposing, none more solemn, than that of the second Sunday after Easter, when the "Sacred Particles of Alcala" are carried by the priests amidst clouds of incense and hymns of thanksgiving, followed by tens of thousands, assembled from all parts of Spain, to kneel in reverence and in awe before Him who, to-day, hides His Divinity and His Humanity beneath the rescued "forms" of three centuries ago, as He once hid His Divinity under the flesh and blood, which He received in the chaste womb of His Immaculate Mother, the Sinless Queen of Carmel, who now, and for all eternity, rules the angels of heaven in queenly supremacy.

The history of the miraculous host of the Escorial, which had been rescued from the sacrileges of the impious sectaries of Zwinglius in the Netherlands, and carried by the pious intervention of Philip II. to the Spanish "Escorial," as well as the history of that of "San Juan," we are obliged to hold over for some future article.



FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,
1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JUNE, 1896.

Oh! how sweet to die after a life of constant devotion to the Heart of Him who is to judge us.—BL. MARGARET MARY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The dear month of Mary has passed and now in her sweet winning way this gracious Queen of angels and men leads us to the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son. That is the doctrine of the Church about the Blessed Virgin. She is the way to God. Dearly as we love her, sweet Mother of Mercy as she is to us, we would never dream of being satisfied with her alone, nor would she in turn suffer us to do so. In the beautiful prayer which is so familiar to us all, the *Salve Regina*, we say so touchingly and pleadingly, "after this our exile show us"—not thyself, sweet Mother, but "Jesus" the blessed Babe our Brother. Only this—they are never separated. The Mother and the Child will both welcome us after our exile. 'Tis such a sweet pretty thought to think of heaven as our home. Perhaps none of us who are not yet very old people know what it is to be an exile. But we have heard those who were homesick for the dear old land beyond the sea talk wistfully and tearfully of "home," which meant for some of them the home of their happy childhood long years ago. Now that is just the feeling we should have about heaven. You read at the opening of this letter the bright happy words of that charming young nun of the Visitation, Bl. Margaret Mary. She who has taught us so much about the Sacred Heart. How ardently she loved our Lord and how hard she worked as apostle of His Sacred Heart. Now that June has come you too, dear children, are going to work for the same dear object. Let one and all be little missionaries hunting up members for the League of the Sacred Heart. What a grand

army it is now, all fighting for God and His holy Church. It would be a shame to be idle when all around us are so busy. So let us be up and doing. You know the great enemy of our souls is a mighty busy spirit, flitting here and there, never tiring, never ceasing in his unholy warfare against God and souls. Why not outwit him? Get the best of him every time. Miserable wretch that he is, *he* cannot laugh, but we can and let it be *at* him. Fear him? Yes, I suppose so, but I'd rather laugh at him and forget him, because this is the month of the Sacred Heart and we have no time to waste even a thought on His enemy and ours. How many of you, dear happy children, will make your First Communion this blessed month. So I have put in your corner a very beautiful piece of poetry which I cut out of a Sunday school paper twenty-four years old. Think of it. I wonder how many of you will keep this number of the *CARMELITE REVIEW* for so many years. Well, at least you will keep until the end of your life the memory of your First Communion day, that day which the great Napoleon called the happiest of his life. How the angels envy the children at whose side they stand in lowliest adoration when they receive for the first time the Bread of Angels. Happy children! So very dear to the Sacred Heart, which draws them so close to Himself in the sacrament of His love. Surely they at least will not forget Him any day in June. No, I am sure they will go to visit Him daily in His own House and *tell* Him they do not forget Him. He knows it, you say? Of course He does. So does your own dear mother know it when you put your arms around her and say you love her. Still she likes to hear you say so, and so does our dear Lord. No mother's heart so loving and tender as His. Who should fear to die after loving the Sacred Heart faithfully and well in life?

No one, because "like all good fathers He wants His children home." Do not forget that sweet truth, dear children. Heaven is our true home and there only shall we really know how much the Sacred Heart loves us.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What word is that which if you add a syllable it will be shorter?
2. What most closely resembles a half moon?
3. What is that which, though always invisible, is never out of sight?
4. What can pass before the sun without making a shadow?
5. Where do figures go when you rub them out?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE.

(IN MAY NUMBER.)

16. Plane, Cork, Locust, Pear, Beech, Birch, Tulips.
17. Jonah.
18. Because they are trying to catch time.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who was the Pope who sent missionaries to England?
2. A King, Crusader and Saint.
3. Whose version of the scriptures is used by the Church?
4. Who was the first christian painter?
5. The Angelic Doctor?

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

MAY.

1. At St. Augustin's baptism.
2. St. Genevieve, Mo.
3. Marquette.
4. San Antonio, Tex.
5. A French naval officer, Governor-General of Canada, and a Catholic.
6. Lydia of Thyatira, converted by St. Paul at Philippi. Acts xvi, chap xiv, verse.

APRIL.

1. Cuba.
2. The call of herd boys in Switzerland.
3. Cardinal Newman, London, 1810.
4. Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," bought for \$53,500 and presented to Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.
5. Japanese — because their needs are small and they are satisfied with little.

MAXIMS FOR JUNE.

1. Our Lord assured me that He took a singular pleasure in being honored under the figure of that Heart of Flesh, the image of which He desired should be publicly exposed so as to touch the insensible hearts of men, promising me that He would pour out abundantly on those who honor It the treasures of grace wherewith It is filled.

—B. MARGARET MARY.

2. I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

3. One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die like a man.

—DANIEL WEBSTER.

4. God's ways seem dark; but, soon or late, They touch the shining hills of day; The evil cannot brook delay, The good can well afford to wait.

—WHITTIER.

5. What is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own.

—POPE.

6. Who will not mercy unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?

—EDMUND SPENSER.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

TOM'S EYES AND MINE.

My brother Tom is just too mean,
And says the very worst of things
About my lovely doll Irene,
Who's just an angel, all but wings.

He says her face is made of wax,
And that her curls are not true hair,
But only common yellow flax,
And that 'tis paint that makes her fair.

Tom's eyes are not like mine I know,
Or he could see her almost cry,
To hear him talk about her so,
And not be able to reply.

But boys are only boys, you know,
You can't expect too much of them,
I only wonder that they grow

In one and twenty years to men.

A MIRACLE OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

IN the land of Palestine, many years before the birth of our Lord, lived Eliseus, a holy man who went through all the land, telling the people about God. In this

travels he often came to a village called Sunam, where there lived a very worthy woman, well known for her charity and good will to God and man. The prophet so often stayed at her house in his journeyings that she said to her husband, "Eliseus is a very holy man; let us build a little chamber for him, that shall be his alone, so that if we have other guests in our house there will always be a place for the prophet of God." So they built him a little room and put in everything he needed to make him comfortable. Not long after he came as usual and saw what the great heart of this good woman had made for him—even a home in her own house. After he had rested and slept in the snug little room prepared for him, he sent for the woman and said to her, "What can I do for you, who have been so kind to me? Shall I ask something of the king for you?" She told him she was very contented and had no wish for anything the king could give her. Then Gehari, the servant of Eliseus, said in a whisper to his master that she had no child. Eliseus said to her, "In one year God will give you a son. She could not believe him, for this, of all things, was what she most wanted. But in one year God did send her a fine boy, who was a great comfort to her as he grew to the age of twelve years. About this time he went out into the fields one day with his father and the laborers. They were cutting the wheat, the weather was very hot, and they did not notice the boy till he called out to his father, "My head aches! my head aches!" His father told the servant to carry him to his mother; she held him in her arms, watching his failing breath, till noon, when he died. She carried her dear, dead boy, with great sorrow, to the room of the man of God, and laid him on his bed, and then begged her husband to let her go and seek the prophet. She knew if any one could help her, it would be the holy man of God. Her husband did not refuse this request, though he did not believe the journey would do any good. But the believing mother saddled

an ass and rode hastily to Mount Carmel where Eliseus spent much of his time in communion with God. The prophet saw the afflicted mother at some distance, and sent his servant to meet her and ask if all were well at home. She would not stop to talk with the servant, but only said "Well," and rushing forward, threw herself at the feet of the man of God in an agony of grief. The servant, Gehari, wished to take her away, but the good prophet said, "Let her alone, her soul is in anguish." Then the weeping mother cried out in her grief, "You prayed God to give me a son; I did not ask it. But now, oh, now I am childless!" Eliseus said to his servant, "Go forward; speak to no one by the way, but hasten; take my staff, and lay it on the face of the child." Gehari went, but the mother did not stir; she waited, imploring in her grief the presence of the holy man of God in her own home. Eliseus seeing her determination and her great sorrow, went with her; and as they went they met the servant, who told the prophet he had done as he bade him, but that there was no life in the child. When Eliseus came to the house, he found the dead child laid upon his own bed, and going into the room alone, he shut the door and prayed most earnestly to God that He would give back the boy to his mother. He then went to the bed and put his mouth on the child's mouth, his eyes on the child's eyes, and his hands on the child's hands, and the child's flesh, that had been cold, grew warm; and Eliseus went out and walked through the house, and came back and stretched himself again upon the child, and presently his breath came again, and he gaped and opened his eyes. The man of God called the mother, and she came fell down at his feet, thanking God and His prophet with all her heart for giving her again her living boy.

If you wish, my dear children, to find this story for yourself, it is in the Old Testament—the fourth book of Kings, the fourth chapter, beginning at the eighth verse.

FIRST COMMUNION.

Down the long aisle they walk with
reverent tread,

Folded the hands, and lowly bent the
head,

With robe of white, and veil, and flowers
most fair,

And hearts all purified by love and prayer;
Down the long aisle, while all is hushed
and still,

Save the low *non sum dignus*, and the bell
That bids the kneeling worshippers adore
The Lamb that died, but lives for ever-
more.

Up to the altar steps, and then within,
To-day they cannot come too near to Him,
Even to the holiest place, and there they
kneel,

So still, so reverent, and so fair withal,
That most we think the angels have come
down

To taste this Heavenly Food prepared for
men.

Oh, blissful hour! their hearts' desire has
come;

Rejoice, oh, angels, God and man are one!
Oh, happy hour! for this our Lord has died,
And only this His love has satisfied!

Oh, blessed hour! for this they too have
prayed,

And wept for sins and preparation made.
Oh, hour of joy, and love, and holy peace!
Would they could always stay in God's em-
brace;

But ere the crown is worn it must be won,
And all life's duties lie before undone.

Then, while they kneel, oh, God, we pray
thee bless,

And keep in faith and holy innocence,
These little ones, whom Thou hast loved
so much

As even to give Thy kingdom unto such!

Oh, happy hour of life's most happy day!
Sweet First Communion, may thy memory
stay

In these young hearts, a blessing and a
grace,

While life shall last, and when their death
shall come,

Be a sure passport to their Father's home.

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

VI.

OF FAMILY COURTESY.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



JUNE is generally the month of family re-union. The closing of school and college sends the young flock back to the parental nest or, if they be attending day schools, gives more leisure to young and old for fuller and freer daily intercourse.

Discontent with the imperfections of their family environment, as well as a keen eye and a sensitive feeling in discerning these imperfections, are a part of every youthful nature. The sense of proportion is mostly lacking in youth. The difficulties of life are only vaguely realized and, quite ignorant of the stern uses to which, in

most ordinary households, every dollar must be put, the boy or girl of dreamy, esthetic notions, thinks querulously that it is hard to be deprived of the beautiful and harmonious surroundings, the delightful and, of course, expensive amusements that more fortunate school fellows and most fortunate heroes and heroines in favorite novels, are so abundantly blessed with.

Querulousness is seldom confined to thought nor is it commonly the fault of one member of a family circle. Where it exists, peace and good will and the beautiful flower of courtesy, never flourish with it.

It was courtesy, that outward sign and symbol of inward truth and purity, that vanished from Arthur's court when evil

found place among the Knights of the Round Table. It was courtesy that was the outward badge of mediæval chivalry; courtesy that marked the lives of the early Christians so beautifully that even to the material Romans their love for one another was a subject of open admiration, and to-day it is courtesy that proves the distinguishing test between the well-dressed snob and the true lady or gentleman. Above all, in family life it is courtesy that makes the home an earthly paradise or an ideal Inferno.

The genial autocrat's opinion that much of the misery of unhappy marriages was due to the intimate knowledge, and the consequent power of bitter taunt and jest, possessed by husband and wife of each other's weaknesses, applies with equal force to family life in general.

Each member of a family is thoroughly aware of the weak point in the armor of each of the others. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, know where to touch one another's sensitive spot and seldom refrain from yielding to the temptation when a fit of anger or even a momentary vexation leads them into it.

Life in a large family that is governed partly by impulse, partly by that unwholesome candor glorified sometimes as truth and sincerity, and partly by quite uncontrolled fault-finding, leaves much to be desired. One condemned to such a circle is apt to occasionally long for the less affectionate and familiar but more comfortable intercourse of friendship and pleasant acquaintanceship.

It is indeed a subject of devout thanksgiving that the accepted ordeal of civility compels those not of kith and kin to speak and listen to each other with outward deference and amiability and that it is only afterward that the observant eye, the ill-natured thought or construction, and the sarcastic speech find vent.

Let us be really grateful that the candid, and therefore scarcely complimentary, opinions of our friends are seldom given in ear shot. And shall we not preserve at least a like measure of prudence and charity in our family intercourse?

It is not a dream of an impossible ideal to speak of a large family, not blessed with sufficient wealth to be removed from the temporal anxieties and cares of existence,

whose life, passed mainly at home, is full of interest and happiness.

In this home, from tiny child to grown up sons and daughters alike, justice is the first rule. Complete impartiality guides the distribution of pleasure and work. Whatever luxury or amusement may be obtainable, is shared equally by all, if not at once then in turn.

In such a family, there is an atmosphere of frank and wholesome admiration for one another's good qualities, a silent pity for the warped or stunted character growth that may exist in the group. Inquisitiveness and reserve contrive to hold the balance in a wise, affectionate and not too familiar confidence.

Such people are strangers to idleness, though they are neither driven by work nor totally unacquainted with leisure. Each possesses an individual work, interest, ambition, and all work and play in harmony together.

In this family, the parents frankly explain to the children, when they reach a proper age, what outlays and amusements are possible to them and what are out of the question. They live in the blessedness of content with the measure of prosperity given them, free from envy of those more richly dowered.

Deeply conscious of the serious purpose of life, they are, however, full of a humorous appreciation of the incongruities of every day existence. But they are never morbid and never flippant. With them physical defects are never a subject of amusement. Neither the thin and fragile looking member of this family, nor the stout and aggressively robust one, is made the butt of jest or the theme of commiseration. For indeed with these people, personalities are never a part of an evening's amusement.

I might expatiate further on the various aspects in which this family intercourse presents itself to me, but I shall summarize it all by saying that, though no wondrous fairy gifts of wealth or genius or personal beauty or fascination, were showered upon these friends of mine, they have been given the greater grace of up-bringing in that genial, peaceful, sunny climate of the soul whose abundant and beautiful flower is courtesy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

The month of Mary is a worthy introduction to the month of Jesus. The love of Mary and the love of Jesus are inseparable. After we have offered the flowers of our affections and good resolutions at the altar of the Queen of May, we are ready now to offer the first fruits of divine love at the altar of the Hidden God—the throne of the Sacred Heart.

.

The article in this issue on Eucharistic miracles in Spain, from Juan Pedro, forms very interesting reading during this month of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Sacrament. We boast so much of the liberty of the Catholic Church in the United States, but the magnificent out-door ceremonies and Corpus Christi procession, customary in Catholic countries, are practically prohibited.

.

We call attention to the article on the social question, which appears in this issue. It is the first one of a series of papers on this problem of the day. The writer is fully conversant with the subject and gives us some interesting historical information in this first instalment. All the more interesting, as it is mainly called from the writing of Prof. Janssen, the famous Catholic historian, whose works are now being made accessible to English readers.

.

On the 16th of July, the usual pilgrimage in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel will take place at the shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View, Ont. Besides the plenary indulgence attached to the pilgrimage itself, all those who have received the sacraments, either at the shrine or at their own churches before coming, can gain a plenary indulgence for each repeated visit to the Church until sunset. The pilgrims will have an opportunity to visit the new Hospice buildings and see the progress of the work. We are sorry that it was impossible to have the building ready for occupation this summer,

but such a great undertaking requires time and patience. Our Blessed Lady will see it carried out to perfect completion.

.

WHAT we maintained all along, that the Cuban insurgents are a lot of adventurers, undeserving of the sympathy which is wasted upon them by some Catholic editors, has been fully confirmed by a letter from Father Louis Friedrick, O. S. B., published in the *St. Vincent's Journal*. This father who has been stationed for years in one of the South American Republics says that all these governments which were "liberated" from Spain, have deteriorated, and are not now as far advanced in civilization, as they were under Spanish rule. He says that all these revolutionary movements, fostered by Freemasonry, are aimed at the church, and since in all Latin countries material progress is impossible without the full recognition of the church, they have only injured themselves, even materially by bringing about a separation between church and state. It seems that our good Mexican neighbors are beginning to realize this fact. There is a pronounced movement on foot to bring about more friendly relations between church and state, especially since the arrival of Mgr. Averardi, the new Apostolic Delegate to Mexico.

.

A MOST convincing proof of the supernatural nature of the revelations made to the Ven. Anne Catherine Emmerich, has lately been discovered. The *Sun* among its foreign notes of interest publishes the following: "Three miles from Ephesus the ruins of the house in which the blessed Virgin and St. John lived after the ascension of Christ, have just been discovered by Father Eschbach, superior of the French seminary at Rome, and Father Paulinus, superior of the Lazarists in Smyrna. The place was indicated in the revelations of the German nun, Anne Catharine of Emmerich. It is known to the peasants as Panaghia Capouli, the 'Place of the

Virgin'." It is remarkable that the news of this discovery should reach the Catholic world during the month of May, during which Pilgrimages to the shrines of Our Lady were made the object of the general intention of the League. If the news is reliable this new shrine will be one of the most important on earth.

.

THERE is a great deal of excitement in France on account of so called supernatural manifestations. A girl in Paris, another in the Vendee, and some other individuals not so widely advertised are prophesying all kinds of catastrophe in the near future. We have very little faith in these prophets and prophetesses—and will not accept any thing they say, unless it is approved by the Holy See—but without being prophets ourselves we are certain that many of these predictions will come true. The downfall of all great empires of the past is the infallible herald of the downfall of the great world powers of to-day—that England shall be humbled, that France shall be reconstructed, that there shall be more revolutions, that the church will temporarily suffer, and finally triumph, requires no Miss Conedon, who claims to be the mouth-piece of the Archangel Gabriel to tell us. The history of the world foretells all that—we have read years ago the very same predictions in the writings of great philosophers, who arrived at them by logical deductions from existing evils. The Holy Ghost has taught the world centuries ago, that those who sow the wind will reap the whirlwind. Every deed of man has its logical consequence, and the deeds of nations are subject to the same laws as the deeds of individuals.

.

So many good people complain that they cannot say their daily prayers without distractions. And yet a few easy precautions would soon put them on the right road to fervent prayers—Prayer is an elevation of the mind and heart to God. We must lift our hearts, before we begin to pray—"Sursum Corda," in other words, all our mental faculties must be elevated. Among the most uncontrollable is the imagination, which, in its turn, depends mainly on the senses of the body for its food. Those who are distracted at prayers, should, therefore

guard their senses and imagination, and bring them under control before beginning their prayers—religious pictures, crucifixes and statues of Our Lord and the Saints are powerful aids to the senses—have these around you when you are about to pray. At church it is so much easier, because everything that affects our senses speaks of God. The altar, the music, even the incense, all solicit the elevation of our mind to God. When we enter into a Catholic house and find the walls covered with profane pictures, the tables covered with frivolous books, and not a sign of Catholic faith in evidence, we are sure of one thing, that, if there are any prayers said in that house at all, they *must* be full of distractions. Everybody cannot afford to have a private oratory at home, but everyone can surround himself with things that elevate the mind. One of the promises of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque reads: "I will bless the houses in which the image of my Sacred Heart shall be exposed and honored"—are there any of our readers whose houses are without a picture of the Sacred Heart?

.

THE Very Rev. Father Putzer, C. SS. R., the writer of the article on the Brown Scapular in the April number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, has kindly furnished us information bearing out what he states in his article, that the Redemptorist Fathers have still the privilege of receiving members into the Confraternity of Mount Carmel without registering their names. He writes:

1. "The privilege of investing the faithful with the Scapular of Mount Carmel simultaneously with other Scapulars by a decree of the Sacred Cong. of Indulgences dated 27th of April 1887 ceases on the 27th April 1897 (not in July). After this date the Brown Scapular on account of the special honor due to it must be given separately from all others. (Beringer; Die Ablassse, Paderborn 1887, p. 719.)

2. "The decree of the 27th April 1887, is a revocation of an indult given by the same congregation on the 30th April 1830, at the request of the Superior General of the Carmelite Order, allowing the valid reception into the confraternity of the scapular without inscription of names in the album of the confraternity. But the decree of April

27th, 1887, did not revoke any other indulgences, prior to the Gregorian one of 1850. The Redemptorist Fathers, by a decree of the Sacred Cong. of Rites, dated January 8th, 1803 had been empowered to invest with the Brown Scapular (and others) and to receive the faithful into the Confraternity of Mount Carmel with all its privileges and indulgences—without inscription of names. (Decreta authentica, S. C. Indulg. n. 350, and Ulrich, Tresor spirituel, Paris 1863, p. 137.)

3. " Besides this decree of the 27th of April 1887 did not revoke any special indulgences. Thus the Jesuits of Holland and Belgium have a special indulgent to invest in the Brown Scapular without inscription of names. (Acta S. Sedis, Vol. xxv, p. 319.) "

We are very grateful to the Very Rev. Father for this information, backed up by documentary evidence which is entirely correct, as we have found. It is, however, advisable under all circumstances to inscribe the names of those who receive the scapular on the registers of the confraternity in order to obtain for them the suffrages of the order and the Confraternity of Mount Carmel after death. Therefore the Congregation of Indulgences in a decree dated Sept. 26th, 1892, while admitting that religious societies who had obtained a perpetual indulgent to invest with the scapular without being obliged to register names, still retain this privilege, yet advise them all to write down the names of those invested with the scapular by them, and to have these names registered in order that the faithful thus received may obtain the suffrages of the confraternity after their death. (Acta S. Sedis xxv, 319; Decr. Auth. No. 330.) (Also Beringer, Die Ablassse ed 1895, p. 552.) Acting in accordance with this advice of the Sacred Cong. of Indulgences, Redemptorist Fathers have more than once sent names for registration to our monasteries, and thus secured for those who had received the scapular at their hands, the suffrages and prayers after death, which they would not otherwise have obtained.

OUR subscribers in St. Thomas, Ont., are kindly requested to pay their subscriptions to Miss Mary Casey, 31 Barnes street.

NEW BOOKS.

THE REV. F. REGIS PLAUCHET, a priest of the Seminary in the City of Mexico, published a pamphlet on the scapular called *El Escapulario de Nuestra Señora del Carmén*. It is now in its second edition. Re-

sides the history of the Confraternity of Mt. Carmel, its numerous privileges and indulgences, its conditions and obligations, the Rev. author also gives the formula of investing with the scapular, the formula of General Absolution for dying members of the Confraternity, and a formula of petition for the erection of the Confraternity.

.

P. TEQUÉ, of Paris, France, publish *Les Causes et les Remèdes du Socialisme*, by the Rev. M. A. Onclair. The book (281 pages) contains a series of comprehensive and profoundly philosophical studies on the causes and remedies of Socialism in its present form. As causes he assigns: (1) Rationalism; (2) modern Constitutionalism, or rather the principles of modern states in relation to politics, religion, morality and social economy; (3) Internationalism, and (4) Free Masonry. The remedies he proposes are: (1) The renoucement of Rationalism; (2) the return theoretically and practically to Catholic principles; (3) the intervention of governments.

.

THE REV. THOMAS F. WARD, of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn, N. Y., has rendered a valuable service to clergy and laity, translating from the French a new *Month of Mary*. The book, well bound in blue cloth, (251 pages, price 75 cents) is published by Benziger Brothers, New York, and bears the title *Month of Mary at Mary's Altar*. There are 32 considerations, one for every day of the month and a concluding one on perseverance in the service of Mary. The life of the Blessed Virgin, her virtues and devotions in her honor form the subject matter of these practical considerations, treated in a popular manner at just the proper length, and yet full of dignity and devotional interest. The Holy Scapular is made the subject of the consideration for the 26th day and is treated in a most worthy manner as the livery of Our Lady.

.

Hoffman's Catholic Directory for 1896 is by far the best compilation of ecclesiastical statistics which has yet appeared in this country. The publishers deserve the highest credit for the steady progress made from year to year, and the valuable

improvements and additions of this particular year. Besides the usual ecclesiastical map of the United States, there are diagram and tables giving complete statistics of the whole Church, and the gradual historic development of the Church in the United States. The reports of each parish in the United States and Canada are now complete, showing the missions attended from each parish and all schools connected with it. There is a very useful alphabetical index of all places in which churches are located, or which are attended. For the first time also statistical reports are added from dioceses in Mexico, Central and South America. These are not fully complete, but the publishers promise complete reports of all dioceses on this continent in future issues of this already unique directory.

PERIODICALS.

THE Catholic Truth Society has an official organ in the United States. It is a quarterly, published at 23 Catharine street, Worcester, Mass., under the title of *Catholic Truth*. Small as it is, containing but 24 pages of reading matter, it is rather a high-priced means of spreading the truth. The subscription price of one dollar per year seems not to be in harmony with the commendable work of the Catholic Truth Society in disseminating leaflets and tracts at a nominal cost. But we hope that they will find so many subscribers that they will find it safe, from a financial point of view, to give their readers a monthly instalment of just such valuable reading matter as this first number offers.

THE *Catholic Gesellen Verein*, of Dayton, Ohio, has sent us the first number of its official organ. It is a quarterly, published in German and English, and in honor of its special patron and protector calls itself *St. Joseph's Post*. The Dayton branch of the *Gesellen Verein* has always held special devotions to St. Joseph during the month of March, and many graces and favors have been obtained by this beautiful practice. We are glad, therefore, to see this new proof of their love for St. Joseph, and are confident that their hopes for success in their literary venture will be fully realized. St. Teresa, who did so much to spread the

devotion to St. Joseph, whom the Carmelites for centuries have venerated as their primary protector, says: "My happy experience in invoking St. Joseph leads me to wish to persuade all the faithful to adopt him as a patron." This wish has been fulfilled, as the late Pope Pius IX placed the universal Church under the patronage of St. Joseph.

A CARD OF THANKS.

W. W. wishes to return thanks for relief from severe pain. He made a novena to St. Albert, and used some of the blessed water with happy results.

PETITIONS.

THE following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:—Conversions and reform, 28; employment, 10; vocation, 7; temporal, 14; spiritual, 6; special, 16; cures, 4; sick persons, 9; happy marriage, 1; souls in purgatory, 1; children, 2; novices, 1. Thanks are also returned for four favors obtained.

OBITUARY.

PRAYERS are requested for the eternal repose of the souls of the following named sisters, all of whom were members of the Society of the Daughters of Mary, and whose holy lives were recently closed by happy deaths:

Miss Hogan, died at St. Joseph's Female Orphan Asylum, Cleveland, Ohio, on Palm Sunday. She entered religion 42 years ago, one year after the community came from France. For several years she was superior of St. Mary's Home for Working Girls, Cleveland.

Miss Moffitt, died at the Ephpheta School for the Deaf, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Daly, died at St. Elizabeth's Female Orphan Asylum, 235 east 14th street, New York City.

Miss McGee, died at St. Joseph's Deaf Mute Institute, Fordham, New York City.

Miss Golden, died at St. Mary's Academy Buffalo, N. Y.

Also for Mrs. Barbara Seitz, died March 24th, 1896, at St. Mary's, Kansas, and Geo. Miller, died at Buffalo April 25th, aged 82 years, 2 months and 23 days.