



THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD.

The
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EASTER.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.



touch the inward harp-strings, Lord!
 Let them vibrate for Thee
 In holy strains of Easter-song,
 And joyful melody.
 'Tis said, "Our sweetest songs are those
 That tell of saddest thought." *
 Ah! yes, too oft poetic themes
 With mournful tones are fraught.

II.

But now "the Winter time is past," †
 Behold white flowers of Spring:
 And list! for "Alleluja" notes
 Through angel-choirs ring.
 The mourning mother hears again,
 "O Queen of Heaven rejoice!"
 Once more she sees that Face divine,
 And hears her Son's sweet voice.

III.

O holy time of purest joy,
 And of celestial calm!
 Bright emblem of that glorious day,
 Whose fair light is the Lamb.
 Ye loved ones who have lately gone,
 Rejoice, be glad to-day!
 And send soft rays of Easter peace
 To us so far away.

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER V.

THE APOSTLE OF AVIGNON—THE DOCTORATE—PROFESSORSHIP OF THEOLOGY—SERMONS—HIS SUCCESS IN SOLICITING ALMS—DIRECTION OF SOULS—1343-1347.



HE preacher, for whom the future held within its depths such vast opportunities in the exercise of his wonderful eloquence, had taken, nevertheless, only his first degree in theology. Would not his words possess a greater weight if they were surrounded with the prestige inseparable from the doctorate? Such was—and justly—the universal opinion of his friends. At the solicitation of Cardinal Talleyrand, the General Chapter of Carmelites relieved the Procurator of his charge, and Peter was forthwith sent once more to the Sorbonne, there to enter the lists for the honorable title of doctor.

His marvellous facility enabled him, without ever losing sight of the principal aim, to act as professor for the course of Holy Scripture. Worthy exponent of the inspired volumes, he seemed to be inspired himself, as he

commented upon the texts with the enthusiasm which springs from a fervent piety, and the wisdom which might be expected from his unusual gifts. And then, when he left the professor's chair, and became himself a disciple of the Masters in Theology, he shone forth as one of the most distinguished of the students in an institution which numbered so many illustrious names within its ranks.

According to the ordinary regulations, a five years' course was necessary before the title of doctor was given, but with the unanimous consent of the faculty, in consideration of his incontestable capacity, after only three years he was proclaimed Doctor in Theology, *Magister in Sacra Pagina*.

Behold Father Peter Thomas in the full vigor of manhood's years, in the splendor of his intellectual development, full of enthusiasm for the good cause, ready to go forth, a valiant knight, to combat against the kingdom of darkness. He is now armed with full authority to direct, as chieftain, all over the world, the never ceasing conflict against vice, wickedness and

heresy. The natural ardor of his temperament was intensified. With all the fire of a Machabeus, he hastened to offer his gleaming sword to the service of the holy See. Avignon had not forgotten him. His return (in 1346) was hailed with delight, and, as the new doctor of divinity, he became an object of public attention. He was appointed principal professor of studies at the Carmelite monastery, and, even more, Master of Theology at the Court.

We cannot precisely say what were the duties which this latter office entailed upon Father Peter. We know that it involved a constant intercourse with the ecclesiastical world, and gave him a most thorough knowledge of divine virtue and human frailty.

On the one hand, he proved, most happily all that there was of the pure, the generous, the incorruptible in this protecting element of sanctity on earth, which certainly at no epoch whatsoever has been universally found wanting. On the other, he most bitterly deplored the personal failings, the undeniable remissness, which obscured in so many of the clergy the glorious dignity of the priesthood.

But our Lord who, in his munificent generosity, prepares a way to bring entire nations to a sense of duty, watches over the ministers of his sanctuary with a special tenderness, and never neglects, at the most fitting moment, to raise up apostles whose untiring zeal eventually effects a reformation. Peter Thomas was the one at that time selected for the important mission. Thus, he very often found an opportunity to speak in sacerdotal assemblages, and this duty seemed to bring words of most scathing earnestness to his lips. For the benefit of the untruthful, he knew well how to hold up to contempt the most

repulsive pictures of that vice. Incapable of holding back the truth that might find its aim, he most vehemently reproached certain ecclesiastics who seemed to imitate the free and careless life of the soldier, without, however, taking upon themselves the hardships inseparable from the military life, and who lived upon the "fat of the land" with no thought of exerting themselves in accordance with the Divine command.

His unsparing admonitions were directed especially to those of the clergy who tried to secure benefices by unlawful means, and who, after having obtained them, dared to make use of the patrimony of the Church to keep horses, dogs, and even jesters, rather than to aid and relieve the poor of Jesus Christ.

Whilst Father Peter thus preached the Gospel with true evangelical vigor, and a fearless intrepidity of character, which rapidly gained for him the esteem of the clergy, and frequent invitations to speak before the Sacred College, he was never unmindful of that politeness whose groundwork is the golden rule. Of a noble and upright nature, superior mind, and gifted with great powers of oratory himself, Clement VI. loved to listen to this original genius as he hurled forth the most caustic criticisms, or sarcastic sorties against gilded vice. The Pontiff did not take exception even when he himself felt the point of some keen arrow sent with unerring aim by this undaunted, but, withal, prudent and respectful archer.

The masses also were sadly in want of a reformer. Worthless weeds sprang up amid the good grain; tares on every side amongst the wheat had stifled the growth, and the roots which went deep down into the soil of Avig-

non's spiritual meadow had wrought desolation—nay almost despair. The luxuriant vegetation on the verdant banks of the Rhone formed a screen for dead and withered branches, and it seemed indeed if some precaution were not taken, that this very prosperity threatened to become the leaven of mischief. The peaceful inhabitants of the ancient cities of St. Rufus and St. Aquiola were, it might be said, so taken by surprise at their good fortune that they allowed the primitive simplicity of manners which had distinguished them to disappear beneath the treacherous waves of opulence. The fever of gold, and its inseparable attendant, the fever of pleasure, had enervated their souls! The fatal epidemic found many victims also in the throngs of strangers who constantly wandered hither. With no ties of country, home or family, living in luxurious idleness, how could it be otherwise than that they would participate in the universal disorders? Then, too, the Jews were there, ever ready with their usurious loans, thus promoting the evil deeds of the dissolute youth who applied to them. Even murder was not an infrequent result of the constantly recurring quarrels between the Provençals seeking for some office in the palace, and the Italians carried away by their jealousy and hatred. Political quarrels, which too often led to duels, were not unusual during this period, between the Gascons, so ready always to unsheath the sword, and the French, so proud of their lily white standard.

The *salons* of Avignon at this time were filled with a refined and cultured class of society, although heterogenous elements could not be entirely excluded. Polished in manner, its members could still lend themselves to the most

extravagant follies in the way of amusement.

According to Nostradamus—if we may place implicit reliance upon his history of Provence, which almost borders upon the marvelous—the “Court of Love,” so famed in song and story, still existed at the time of which we write. At least, if one hesitates to give credit to the fact that those indulgent tribunals existed *formally*, it is well known that a fatal infatuation for personal beauty bade fair to exercise an overweening fascination over those who elected to lay their homage at its shrine. No degree of gallantry was too exalted or extravagant, every where the same romantic code was in favor. Strength, as well as authority, power equally with talent bowed down before the flower-decked sceptres of their chosen queens.

Notwithstanding the poetical prestige which surrounded these feminine parliaments, and their severe judgments upon the most delicate questions, in spite of their vaunted morality and assumption of prudery, it required but little time on the part of the zealous Father Peter to set aside the protecting screens, and let in the full clear light of day upon the hidden motives of these too highly flattered objects of infatuation. Bringing in to the service the sarcastic turn, which was so very effective in his discourses, his caustic exhortations frequently brought forth a sickly smile upon the lips, and awakened serious reflections in the minds of these hitherto thoughtless and pleasure-loving creatures.

“*The fashions—the latest styles—the newest thing in dress.*” What an important place has not the chapter under this heading ever occupied in that mysterious volume, a woman's life,—

and the age now under consideration was far from being an exception to the rule. Father Peter did not spare his denunciations.

The excess to which this love of sumptuous attire was carried is well described in an elaborate paper, by a learned Vaclusien, on the extravagant tastes prevalent in Avignon. The masculine mind evidently ran in the same groove; nay, so bizarre were the men of this epoch in their selection of raiment, that often in a crowd it was difficult to distinguish them from women.

Petrarch even—and certainly he was anything but a rigorist—could not refrain, in one of his letters, from expressing his indignation at such preposterous fashions.

In a city where there was such a vast field for a spiritual harvest, the saint could not remain inactive. Multiplying his labors, without ever thinking of fatigue, he frequently preached two and three sermons a day. Sometimes he was summoned to one of the seven parishes—sometimes to the lovely chapel of some grand old cloister, hither and thither, he was ever most willing, and announced the word of God to the most different congregations. Remembering the Divine injunction, "Go, and teach," he did not confine himself to the churches wherein so many sinners never enter. As was permissible in those days, he preached, when expedient, in public places. His oratorical gifts were not less appreciated at the centre of Catholicity than they had been at Quercy. His animated tones, his sympathetic voice, his penetrating glance and above all the practical nature of his instructions, which he knew how to clothe in language accessible to all, attracted the multitudes who hastened from the

hotels and public thoroughfares to hear him. Generously endowed with the Gascon humor, which has passed into a proverb, he knew well how to apply it for the benefit of souls. If the explanation of a dogma, or the exhortation upon the duties of a Christian, threatened to become tedious, he would relate some lively and telling narrative appropriate to the subject. He excelled also in the recital of pathetic little incidents that vied like fragrant flowers from that vast garden of God, the history of his canonized saints.

Popular preachers, of which Father Peter was one of the finest specimens, lend themselves above all to the impulses of passion. But with him passion meant zeal for the glory of God, and the most ardent love for His immaculate Mother. His most enthusiastic passages were those in which he sang the praises, the privileges, the favors of this incomparable sovereign.

Relying upon the inspiration of the moment, the saint rarely put his sermons upon paper, thus we have not a fragment of his oratorical eloquence.

His style would perhaps not have suited the humanist—such as Petrarch—but the effect of his eloquence was not the less salutary. All went away consoled, and resolved to walk in the path of right. All left his presence bearing within their souls the germ of some Christian virtue. His triumphs were the triumphs of the Christian doctrine. The Holy Ghost spoke so evidently by the lips of Peter Thomas that Mezzieres hesitates not to affirm that as a preacher he had in his day no equal throughout the whole Church—and this both by word and example. His holiness of life, fit exposition of the fire of divine love within, even more than his ability, won him forgiveness for his vigorous attacks upon

the prevailing scandals of the age. Condemning the disorders of the masses as well as the evil deeds of the patricians, thundering forth his opinion of the vices of the foreign element, storming at the rapacity of the sub-agents, fearing not to attack the leniency of the Cardinals, he waged war against every abuse with a truly apostolic courage. And still Father Peter became ever more and more of a favorite. As his white mantle appeared in view upon the street, one might observe the esteem with which prelates and nobles, citizens of every degree, old men and youths just standing upon the threshold of manhood hastened to greet him. And the fair objects of his scathing admonitions on certain points saluted him with a reverence none the less profound that he had handled their foibles so unmercifully and even caused them to dispense with some of their superabundant appointments in the way of dress. Meanwhile public opinion was soon to give a substantial evidence of its regard. The Carmelite monastery at that time was under great pecuniary pressure and the field of alms-giving had, for some time, afforded but a very scanty gleanings. Day after day the weary monk, whose duty it was to make the attempt, returned to the cloister with the same discouraging results. In this extremity the Procurator, who had succeeded Father Peter in the office, asked the saint to come to their aid. The amiable religious had not to be entreated a second time, but, with the usual solicitor, went from door to door in accordance with the custom of mendicant friars. That day witnessed the end of the scarcity.

Gold and silver pieces came to fill the two pockets of the wallet to such an extent that the Procurator beheld

at his disposal the sum of 1000 florins (equal in value to 17,000 francs). Behold another result of the promise made by the Blessed Virgin to her faithful servant! Another motive for him to devote himself to MARY more and more ardently through every office that would aid him to save souls and glorify God. Neither the regular hours spent in the Chair of Theology, nor the time taken up as a popular preacher could diminish in the slightest degree the burning zeal of this apostle. It was at this epoch presumably that he composed his Treatise on the Immaculate Conception," one of the most ancient ever written *ex professo* upon this glorious prerogative of the mother of God. How we would delight to enliven our devotion to the Blessed Virgin by a perusal of those fervent and doctrinal pages! But, unfortunately, they are no longer extant. Bernardin de Busto and Salazar name Peter Thomas as one of the most able and vigorous defenders of the Immaculate Conception.

These two theologians (of the fourteenth century) therefore must have had the work in their possession, or at least had access to it, but in the following century the Bollandists when searching for the treatise were unable to find one single copy.

In addition to these theological studies and oratorical duties, the saint succeeded in reserving a large proportion of his precious time for the still more fruitful apostolate of the confessional. Every class was represented amongst his penitents. Prelates, priests, noble dames, men of every avocation hastened with holy eagerness to secure the benefit of his direction. It seemed as though he held the counsel, the encouragement, the consolation, the "word in season" ready

for each one as needed, and admirably suited to the occasion. The most inveterate sinners could approach him with confidence. Never was there a priest possessed of a greater power to lead to penitence an obdurate heart. The *sensible* pain which sin caused him aided the penitent greatly to conceive a heartfelt sorrow for his offences. Like unto St. Paul, willingly would he have taken upon himself the temporal punishment—Purgatory—if thereby he could have saved a soul from hell. So ardent was the fire of his charity!

Willingly—nay *eagerly* would he have suffered martyrdom if his blood would have been helpful to the salvation of the sinner who came to him to cast off in the sacred tribunal a weight of guilt borne, perhaps, from his earliest years.

Priests living in the vicinity frequently had recourse to him to solve some case of conscience, the solution of which they found difficult. The various tribunals of the Roman district consulted with him before their judicial decisions. The highest dignitaries, notably Cardinals Perigord and Etienne Aubert resumed their former custom of inviting him to their dwellings, for Father Peter had special gifts, or qualities, which made him the ornament of their charming and cultured re-unions. His intellect which grasped at first glance, let the question be what it might, added to his vast store of knowledge, enabled him to solve promptly and precisely the most weighty propositions, brought forward *ex-abrupto*.

He was then, it seems, universally sought after, universally lauded, universally beloved. He had no enemies. What was the charm, can you tell me, which environed our saint, and prevented any jealousy or envy in his regard? What was that something which dissipated the slightest approach

to such sentiments, even as the warm afterglow of a gorgeous sunset scatters to the breeze those deadly mists which, in the low lands, wait to cast pestilence and death all about? It was his virtue—the virtue of the *true* children of the most amiable Virgin. Humble and retiring he was, and it is *only* those who are possessed of the two kindred virtues, humility and modesty, who can pursue their way without fear of the arrows of jealousy. Father Peter, in spite of all his brilliant success, gave offence to no one. Destitute of the spirit of ambition, content to merit the *confidence* of his illustrious friends, his desire was ever that to others should be granted their favors. His ardent desire was to enjoy to the utmost in his power the loved seclusion of the cloister, and there enrich the garden of his soul with the fragrant flowers of monastic virtues. Always eager to descend from the pinnacle of his celebrity, he sought occasions to prostrate himself at the feet of his superiors by the most instantaneous obedience, and to assume the rank of a simple religious by the most rigid observance of rule. He could not endure to have the least mitigation permitted him, no matter how fatiguing had been his labors, nor how exhausting his duties. And he would always rise at midnight for matins, even though the evening before had been one of the severest exertions. And when on his travels, during the whole course of his life, even when he had attained to the episcopal dignity, he made it a point to lodge at the houses of his Order and to take his meals at the general table in the refectory where abstinence from meat is of perpetual observance. With all the authority of an ascetic, then, well might he preach to the world union with God and penance.

THE DIGNITY OF WOMAN IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY THE VERY REV. THEODORE JOHN McDONALD, O.C.C.



N our last article we showed the state of slavery in which woman was held in pagan nations, and the exalted position to which she has been elevated in Christian society, through the refining influence of the holy Catholic Church. But as we only touched on one class of woman, it is necessary that we continue the same subject in this article, for the Church recognizes three different states occupied by all Christians. That is the Religious state, the state of Celibacy in the world, and the Married state.

Our Divine Lord taught us by word and example, here on earth, the most sanctified state of life, and the highest degree of perfection to which a human being can aspire. However, He did not command any one to enter this evangelic state of perfection, or to observe the evangelical counsels, by taking the vows of voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and entire obedience, but He counsels those who have a vocation for such a calling to embrace it. The taking and the observance of these vows constitute the very essence of the religious state, and is the nearest approach to the divine life led by our Lord and the Blessed Virgin here below. It is a reflex on earth of the angelic life in heaven, with this difference, that the angelic purity observed

by the religious on earth is more meritorious than that observed by the angels in heaven, for the angels whilst on trial, had no inclination to the opposite vice, as purity is an essential quality of their nature. This reflex on earth of the angelic life in heaven, if you except the priesthood, is the highest state to which the created intelligence can aspire, and it is on this elevated plane the Catholic Church has lifted up and placed the religious woman. But the Church has not only exalted her, but she maintains her in the position in which she placed her, and around this, her consecrated child, she throws the aegis of her protection. It would be a difficult problem to solve, only we know that the wisdom of God is foolishness with the world, how the world does not see nor does not understand the sublimity of the chaste life and the sacrifices of the religious woman. If the Incarnation of our Divine Lord was better understood, all Christians would look with a higher degree of reverence upon chastity. For God the Son, the Second Divine Person of the Blessed Trinity is an infinite ocean of sanctity, and by becoming incarnate whilst not ceasing to be God He became Man also, and by so doing He exalted human nature and gave it a dignity that it had not before. One of the Fathers of the Church, in contemplating the Incarnation and through it the elevation of human nature, exclaimed: "The chaste man does honor to the flesh of Christ!" Our Divine Lord proclaimed chastity a beatitude to

all men, and promised heaven to its observers. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." It is an inheritance that He left to the Church, His divine spouse on earth, it is one of the brightest jewels in her crown, and glitters in the radiances of its beauty in spite of the calumnies of the world. But here we do not intend to make any apology for the chastity of the religious state or of the priesthood, for it requires none. The world may fume in its rage, it may manufacture scandals, it may multiply denials of the sanctity of the Church, it may go farther and have recourse, as it often has had, to persecution, but the stubborn fact still remains. The chastity of the religious state stands out before the world to-day as a fact, and this fact neither the world, nor any power on earth can destroy, because it is a divine gift bestowed by the heavenly Bridegroom to His beloved spouse on earth. This heavenly gift has come down to us through the ages of Christianity for the last nineteen centuries, and it will not cease to go down for nineteen centuries more if the world lasts for so long a period.

It is a strange fact, notwithstanding the protest of the world, that the world itself is forced to respect chastity. As a proof of this assertion we will go back and show that the pagans of ancient Rome, with all their low and brutal instincts, were forced to respect virginity, as undeniable facts prove. There were a peculiar class of women called Vestal Virgins introduced in Rome, and a temple built for their use by Numa, the second king of that ancient city. The number brought by him from Alba Longa was four, but afterwards there were two more added, probably by Tarquinus Priscus, and this number remained through all the

vicissitudes of the state till towards the introduction of Christianity, when another was added, making seven in all at that time. The office of the Vestal Virgins was to act as priestesses, and keep the sacred fire burning on the altar of Vesta, and also to pray for the state when threatened by any impending dangers. They took vows of chastity for thirty years, and during that period the violation of the vow was visited by the most severe punishment, that of being buried alive. But the most extraordinary honors were accorded them. When any of them attended an affair of state she was preceded by a lictor, an honor paid only to royalty. If met on the street by the Consul, or even the Emperor, the fasces were reversed, and the place of honor conceded her; or, if by accident she met a culprit on his way to the place of execution, and pardoned him, he was immediately released. We are sure that many of our readers will think it strange that the proud conquerors of the world, utterly corrupt themselves, the despisers and enslavers of women, should honor and esteem chastity in the Vestal Virgins with such reverence. It shows beyond doubt that in the last analysis there is a moral instinct in the nature of man, no matter how corrupt he may be himself, that forces him to honor and respect the chaste woman.

There is another objection brought by the world against the religious state, that is, that the religious loses her liberty, when she follows the evangelical counsels, and takes the vows. This is a mistake, or rather a misunderstanding of the true meaning of liberty; the religious knows well what true liberty means. She is well instructed, and seriously considers for a long time the state of life to which her

vocation calls her, and when the choice is finally made, it is done with full deliberation and perfect freedom of will. She has a year to become acquainted with her new station of life and its obligations, and at any time within that period she can return to her former home. But apart from all this, is liberty lost by the taking of the vows? It is true, the religious by taking the vows deprives herself of some matters that may be lawful to others, but in the highest sense she enjoys the most perfect freedom. If you deny this, you deny the freedom of the angels and the saints in heaven. They enjoy the most perfect freedom, though they are not at liberty to do anything wrong. The religious can sin, but she used all the means at her disposal to avoid it and by so doing, instead of losing her liberty, she acquired the most exalted and the most perfect freedom that is possible here below. But are worldly people, who take no vows, free? No, they are bound under the most galling yoke. The world is a tyrant that must be obeyed by its votaries, and woe to the truant that dares to violate any of its canons. It binds its minions with the shackles of slavery, which they have not the courage to break. It commands them to walk, to talk, and to dress after a certain code called fashion, and to conform to a thousand disagreeable absurdities, that are continually changing according to the whim of the times. It rules with an iron rod, and if not strictly obeyed by its slaves, it turns them into ridicule and excludes them from what it calls fashionable society. Catholic women should know that the worldly life which we have been describing is not only a waste of time, but a waste of life itself. It is appalling to think that those who have been created for

such a high destiny should waste the best years of their lives on such trifles. The wasted life of the deluded worldling, if she ever gets the grace to see the folly of such a career, will, like a spectre, loom up before her in the downward path of her declining days. But here we would wish to enquire, if the world is so much exercised over liberty in general and over the liberty of the religious woman in particular, why it makes no effort to free its own slaves from the tyranny of the passions? The passions are the greatest slave-makers and slave-drivers known to the human race. They are the fertile source from which springs the greater part of the misery that afflicts suffering humanity. In confirmation of our assertion that the passions are slave-makers, we here quote the words of our Lord: "Amen, amen, I say to you; that whosoever committeth sin is the slave of sin." But the religious is free from the world and its absurdities; she is free from its deceits and its machinations, for she long since trampled its seductive charms beneath her feet. She is free from the tyranny of the passions, because with the help of God's grace she controls and subdues them, which according to the language of Holy Writ: makes her free with the freedom of the children of God. But the religious woman does not stop to think what the world says or thinks about her. She is one of the greatest benefactors that the world has to-day, and it is needless to say how ungrateful it is for the many benefits received at her hands. She is imbued with the spirit of charity and sacrifice, with a charity that knows no bounds; it is miraculous what she achieves without any apparent means. A hospital is necessary, an orphan asylum is wanted—there is no visible

means to build either, but in an incredibly short time the buildings are erected, and the poor weary sick patient has a refuge and a nurse, and the orphan has a home and a mother to protect him. She is ever willing to sacrifice herself for the glory of God and the good of her neighbor; from year to year she is found patiently instructing youth, without any remuneration in this life. What multitudes of children, to-day, are receiving their secular education, as well as a great part of their religious training at her hands! There is no labor too arduous to damp her zeal or to cool her charity; she braves every danger; the battle field and the pest house, with all their horrors, cannot repulse her. She flies to the relief of suffering humanity, no matter in what repulsive form it may be found. She devotes her energies and her life to the alleviation of every suffering, from the abandoned waif left by the way-side to the dying pauper in the home that her charity provided for him.

Besides the religious state, there is the state of celibacy in the world, and the Church acknowledges it, and holds it next to the religious state. The unmarried woman and the virgin, according to Saint Paul, think of the things of God, that they may be sanctified in body and spirit. There are very many women living in this state, who have not a vocation for the religious life, but who wish to lead a holy life and serve God in the world, though they are not of the world. They are a great blessing to society, but society is not always grateful to its benefactors, nor does it appreciate them as it ought. We find these chosen children of the Church very frequently among the wealthy classes, but we also find them among the poor, and it is

not seldom that their poverty throws around them a rough and uncouth exterior, but like the unpolished diamond, beneath that rough external surface, true and genuine worth lie concealed from the eyes of men. Like the religious, they foster the spirit of sacrifice; how frequently an aunt or a sister has sacrificed herself for the good of the family? How often has she not taken the place of the parent, when God in His divine and inscrutable providence took away the mother? She hesitated not for a moment; she became the guardian angel of the orphaned children, and with characteristic forgetfulness of self, devoted her life and her energies to their welfare. For the most part, God gives her no remuneration here, for she has bartered the treasures of earth for the treasures of heaven. She is fully convinced that wealth, power and glory are not God's greatest gifts here below, but the grace of self-denial and courage to travel in the narrow way that He Himself has trod.

Besides the two states we have mentioned, that is the religious state and the state of virginity in the world, there is another state in the Church to which the greater number of women are called, that is the married state. And if it was religion that exalted woman in the two former states, it was religion that exalted her in the latter, and held her in the high position in which it placed her in the family, in spite of the passions of men and the power of kings and emperors. Space does not permit me, here, to show how the Church came to her relief when the immoral citizen sought for a divorce or threatened her with cruelty. And much less will time permit me to show how fearlessly the Church stood before the crowned monarch, when the

diadem was taken from the brow of his virtuous queen, and when driven helplessly forth from the palace of the royal debauchee, how she flew to her assistance and put her back in the position of honor where the holy sacrament of matrimony had placed her. Having the pages of history open before us, and the collected proofs of ages showing the power that the Church exercised, in protecting the wife and mother in the Christian home, it is strange that objections should come from the outside world, against the position held by married women in the Catholic religion. The objections are that the Church holds the husband, by Divine right, the head of the family, and that the wife and children are subject to him. This state of affairs some ultra republicans call a relic of barbarism, from the fact that she is bound to the yoke as long as she lives without any hope of divorce. We acknowledge that the husband is by Divine right the head of the family, and that there is no hope of an absolute divorce, but we deny that it is a relic of barbarism. For in barbarism, even in the highest cultivated barbarism, repudiation and divorce were the order of the day, and the nearer our present boasted civilization drifts back to paganism, and we fear in many places it is drifting there very fast, divorces will increase accordingly. It is the glory of the Catholic Church that she gives no absolute divorce, for she proclaimed the words of our divine Lord to the world: "Therefore now they are not two but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder." The Church also holds with Saint Paul that the husband is the head of the family, and promulgates his words to the nations of the earth. "Let women be subject to their

husbands as to the Lord. Because the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the Church." And the apostle goes on to exhort or rather command husbands to love their wives as Christ loves the Church.

Those who would exclude religion from the life of a people, may have recourse to the civil law and may do what they can to strike a nice balance between the rights of the husband, the wife and the children, but all will be at fault. The principle of authority must be sustained in the Christian home, and with it justice and charity, but to achieve this the civil law is utterly impotent, religion alone can do this. If the civil law is powerless to make men honest in their dealings with one another, if the man that has the means can accumulate unjustly an immense fortune to the detriment of those with whom he deals, whilst the law is powerless to prevent him, it will fail to maintain the principle of authority in the family and much more to promote peace and kind feeling among its members. It is religion alone that can impress the father with the grave responsibility contracted in marriage, it is it alone that can consecrate the love existing between himself and his wife, and it is it alone that can inspire the reverence, respect and obedience of the children to their parents. This achieved, the principle of authority is maintained in the home, so necessary to the preservation of the state. But it is much to be feared, through a neglect of religion, through a misunderstanding of the true meaning of liberty, and through the rage of young people for pleasure, that this principle of authority is somewhat weakened. If this state of things continues to progress in its downward course it will be hereafter felt in the state, for this is

the logical consequence resulting from the relation of the family to the community at large. This result can be very easily seen, for all the families within the limits of a nation, taken in the aggregate, make up the state, and if in general, respect for authority is lost in the family, it will be, if not entirely lost, at least very much weakened in the state, for such as the families are such will be the state, as it can be no better or no worse than the elements that constitute it. But if the enemies of religion should ever succeed, which we hope they will not, in banishing religion from the family and the home, the state would rest on a volcano, that sooner or later would blow it to pieces, in spite of all the power of the civil law and of all the physical force at the command of the government.

We think we have shown beyond doubt that religion has elevated woman in every sphere of life, whether the virgin, the widow or the mother, and that it constitutes the principal happiness not only of all women, but of all men. If any one doubts this statement, let him throw open the pages of history, and look at the dark pages of the Pagan world, where the horrors and the miseries of the human race are written in letters of blood. Contrast this with a peaceful family, where religion and virtue reign, or with the state, noted for the religious observance of its inhabitants, for their stern virtues, and especially their charity to one another. The life and happiness of such nations coming down to us have formed the brightest pages of history that deserve to be written in letters of gold.

ST. AGNES OF MONTEPULCIANO.

Among the white-robed daughters of St. Dominic, adorned with the aureole of sanctity, there is one whose feast is celebrated on the 20th of April, whom we desire to introduce to Carmelite readers.

Agnes, (which signifies in Latin a "lamb," in Greek, "chaste," and which also typifies the spirit of sacrifice inspired by "the Lamb that was slain,") was indeed a fitting name for this saint.

Her childhood of singular innocence and wonderful austerity was, for the most part, passed in a Franciscan convent, until she was called to the Dominican Order, by divine vocation, and the voice of a supreme Pontiff. This was in her fifteenth year, but she had in a short time arrived at mature holiness, and was appointed superior of a newly founded convent at Procono.

After some time, recalled to Montepulciano by the earnest entreaties of its citizens, she established her convent in a mountain haunted by evil spirits, who fled in terror at her coming.

Wonderful and beautiful are the favors recorded in her life. Frequently she received Holy Communion from angelic hands; flowers sprang forth where she prayed, and celestial dew of dazzling whiteness descended on her. Fair emblems, indeed, were these mystic lilies and roses of her virginal purity, ardent charity, heavenly desires. Austere to herself, gentle, as her name implies, to others, perfected by heroic patience in suffering, she was at last called to "the marriage of the Lamb," and passed away in an ecstasy of prayer, April 20th, 1317.

Let us implore of her some little share in that spirit of prayer which was the secret of her holiness and led her on to sublime perfection on earth, and to "follow the Lamb" in eternity.

"O God! who hast so often been pleased to send down a heavenly dew on Thy virgin St. Agnes, and to adorn with flowers her places of prayer; mercifully grant that through her intercession, our souls may be refreshed with the dew of Thy blessing and may be made worthy of eternal happiness. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

AN EASTER REVELATION.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



[CONTINUED.]

AFTER this, days and weeks flew by. Allan saw but little of Bert, who was perpetually with Nora; they frequented the Lenten services, he was told, and he had once met them together on the Avenue. Nor could he deny that Bert had looked more like his old self on that occasion. More wonderful still, the ne'er-do-well had somehow obtained a position with a commercial house, and seemed inclined to make head against his habit of indolence; all which was encouraging, could it prove lasting. He had spoken pleasantly with Nora himself the day they met, though he knew she had slight reason to deem him a friend. Beautiful as she was, it vexed him to think of his brother's uplifting as coming from her hand. Love was a wondrous force, he well knew, one of the few that sway the world; yet why was it so capricious? Why should Bert be wooing a girl beneath him in the social scale, and he, himself, scorned by one above him? "I am wrong, though," he said to himself—he was a stickler for accuracy even in thought—"Miss Hoffman treats me with pure indifference."

He tried to watch Bert a little, as he could conveniently. Once he even followed the lovers at a distance. The night was full of stars; its dark blue depths seemed alive with warm pulsations. It was as if infinite space had suddenly drawn near—nay, as if it had even found voice! Low, mournful harmonies, sequences of love and pain

were in the air thrilling the very centres of his being. But for the two before him, he would never have known their origin; it was a strange idea, that of Bert as leading him anywhere—he had always been leader himself! Yet this night, he was led to the Church of St. Ignatius. The Passion music had drawn him with its cry of love piercing the darkness.

He entered the great Church and, as he sat in the shadows, through the stillness, unbroken save by the strange music, came a sense of unutterable peace. Did it always abide within these walls? Was it what Doane had called "a glow of Divine presence"? Into his soul fell the re-iterant, grieving tones, voicing not alone the long woe of earth, but the unknown measureless anguish of the Divine. He could feel the yearning of love invincible, rising and dominating the waves of pain. Then, a voice touched him to the quick. "Behold and see," it cried, "if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!"

Tremaine started and shivered. He had civilly attended one church or another, enjoying the acumen of intellectual preachers, his coolness unshaken thereby. It had been the contact of ice with ice,—a little grinding and crushing, perhaps,—but no warmth, and surely no melting. This, however, was wholly different. He could no more struggle against it than the breath of violets. This was not dogma, not theology to do battle with; rather the blessed essence of both, purity and love.

A soft, personal touch seemed to be

reaching him, something he felt but failed to comprehend. A sense of nearness mysteriously sweet. He bent his head in sudden awe of the Invisible.

What was he that all this should come to him? He thought again of sin and pardon—not of Bert's sin, but of his own. The altar candles shone down into his heart, lighting its depths, and a great contrition crushed him.

Why should he doubt redeeming love? Could the Divine sacrifice avail for Bert and not for him?

The service ended and brought quick re-action. He strove to banish the new glamour; he had an emotional nature, he told himself, whose existence he had never suspected. But the new power had not done with him. Leave the church under cover of the crowd he came upon Nora and Bert, the latter catching sight of him. He strove to speak lightly. "A beautiful service, Miss Nora! I trust you said prayers for us." The new note in his voice, however, struck her finer perceptions. She answered softly.

"It was for you I prayed. Bert is sorry and the dear Christ will forgive him! It is harder for you."

Her eyes shone with a suspicious dimness, like misty stars.

Again Allan Tremaine yielded to the ineffable forces above him and around. The girl's evident sympathy brought a revelation; he had fancied she hated him.

"Shall I tell you what I asked?" she went on, the low silvery voice sounding clear in the darkness, "That you might share in the love of the blessed Mother at the Cross for her dear Son! That the Easter angels may sing of you—even of you—He is risen!"

Allan Tremaine found no voice to answer. His better nature said "Amen" in silence; it was all one with the strangeness of this strange night.

He was morally bewildered. That Nora Delavan should have forgiven the wrong he had once done her was, in itself, miracle enough; but that she had prayed that very night, not for

Bert, who needed it so much, but for him—for him, Allan Tremaine!—this passed belief. The divine life of love, as it shone out through her action, was a celestial revelation. And in that life Natalie Hoffman also believed.

"Even of you"—Nora had spoken well! She knew how far he was from God. He had held himself above his brother and therefore failed to win him. He recalled the Scripture, "Two men went up to the temple to pray." Was it the parable again in modern nineteenth-century guise, and he, himself, the Pharisee?

Did he not need "newness of life" for himself? More of charity and faith, more of the golden sunshine of God? The thought of Doane came back to him—how he had said, "I also worship!"—and a new reverence for the sunny youth entered his soul. Conscience, too, beset him. How had he worked to save his brother? In what a hard way! He had been stern, rigid, Puritanical. "I know better now," his heart cried out, right humbly. "There is but one Redeemer, one regenerating force in earth or heaven. 'God so loved the world!'" Love—and love alone—could avail, for Bert or for him.

A sharp stir beside him, a sound of wheels, a crash, a blow,—and then utter darkness.

He awoke to a sense of pain, long after, in a cot, at a well-known hospital. The nurse forbade him to talk. "It was a bad accident. You were run over in the street and brought here unconscious. Yes, it is Easter morning, hear the bells!"

He fell asleep, from extreme weakness, even while she spoke. At his second waking the new inner peace was still with him, the Easter joy in his soul. "Live or die," it sang within him, "it is mine! I know it, now,—the blessed love of God.

Beside his bed shone a white glory of Annunciation lilies. "They are for you," observed the Sister, with a smile. "Yes, you are much better—only keep still! The lilies?—oh, Miss Hoffman sent them in."

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER III.



HARRY Earle stood silent in the group of excited men, watching the disappearing riders, then, his wife saw the familiar shrug of his shoulders when he was dismissing something unpleasant from his mind. He crossed the street and mounted the stairs to where she sat in speechless curiosity.

"What's the matter, Harry?" she asked, as he entered the sewing room.

"That was Bill Sharkely, from the Blue Lick," he replied. "This afternoon his uncle was killed by a *nigger*." He was silent a moment, then said, looking at his wife, "They say, honey, the *nigger* is Pete."

"It isn't so!" exclaimed his wife. "Harry, you know it ain't! You know Pete wouldn't kill a worm!"

"Bill Sharkely swears his cousin Lucy says it was Pete. He had been working for the old man, it seems, and they had a quarrel in the morning. Old Sharkely struck the *nigger* with a hoe-handle and Pete left. He was seen at the Springs about eleven o'clock, vowing vengeance."

"Pete always vowed vengeance but he never took it," said Mrs. Earle. "It couldn't be Pete, Harry?"

"Well, the old man's dead, and, as

they say, it was Pete killed him, likely the boy will swing," said her husband. "The sheriff and his crew have started in pursuit of him."

"Will he be brought here?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"Yes," said he slowly, and his wife shuddered while one horrible thought came in the listeners' minds. There was no more gossip that afternoon, for a dread had taken possession of them all. They knew the excitement the crime would cause among those half-wild people and trembled at its consequences.

CHAPTER IV.

To Judith, the time that intervened between that recital and the quitting hour, seemed endless, and the silence reigning in the room and on the street beneath, filled her with forebodings. She knew the temper of people among whom the crime had been committed, those silent, rugged dwellers of the hills, as swift and terrible in their wrath as the wind that bends the tall cedars within whose shadows their lives were spent, and she knew this wrath, wreaking its swift revenge, would not so appal the community because the wretch who had aroused it belonged to the despised negro race.

Had she lived in those days when the question, whether the United States should adhere to a barbarous custom or live up to the principles of its God-in-

spired constitution was to be decided, she had found herself, notwithstanding generations of Southern life on her father's side, an advocate of the principles for which the North contended, not because of emotional feeling, but because of a far-reaching sense of their justness. Conformity to truth was the actuating motive of her life. It was that which gave the grandeur to her character and reflected itself in the regality of face and figure, and as he came to know her more intimately, Mr. Gray thought one of her clear, direct glances would lay bare the most intricate connivings of the wily-minded.

"Did it ever occur to you," he had said to her one evening, when a decisive statement of hers, to him, an uncertain subject, left open the avenue for such personal talk, "that your perception of the truth is remarkably clear and quick? Do you see it intuitively, or, are your reasoning powers cultivated up to that fine point you can thus easily accomplish the hair-splitting process?" She looked at him with a puzzled expression, in her eyes, asking what was remarkable in being able to see the truth. "Why, to me the marvel is," she had finished, "that it can ever be mistaken."

"That is caused," he exclaimed, and the sadness in his voice touched her, "because the intellect is darkened, the faculties blunted,—conditions proclaiming there has been a wilful departure from the teachings of the truth. And," looking at her pale face that the fading crimson light seemed to glorify, "those baneful conditions you have never known." She understood him so readily and her womanly pity made her say in extenuation of the confession:

"One must allow for difference in environments, in temperaments."

"It is pity speaking now," he said, scornfully; "and I had rather your blame than your pity! I will own I have not kept the straight path of rectitude always. Perhaps I tried and perhaps I didn't; but such circumstances cannot alter the actuality of the case, and it is wrong. Many of the greatest sinners have spent a more secluded life than you have, while some of the greatest saints your Church boasts of lived in the courts of kings. What you are, you had been anywhere," he finished, looking from her to the western sky. His estimate of her was right. If her life were as he had at first realized, one of repression and loneliness, it was also guiltless, the natural results of the teachings of religion, not as taken in its narrow sense which ever commands "Thou shalt not!" but in its loftier meaning which leads one by the very force of reason to live naturally, which is purely.

Revolt against those teachings produced a shock in her soul, such as the heart of Nature must feel at some sudden disturbance of the harmony governing her domain, so the crime of which she heard that afternoon brought to her exquisite mental torture, which being conveyed to the delicate nervous system, caused her bodily suffering almost as intense. She longed to escape from her silent companions, whose thoughts she could almost feel and be alone in the dewy solitude and gray-cloaked twilight. That would soothe the excited nerves, restore the mental calm, and then she could pray. She could lift her eyes to the far-off sky and ask God's pardon for the creature that had so outraged Him by this hideous revolt against His perfect ordinances.

When the clock told its six strokes, she hurriedly laid aside her work and

bidding her companions good-bye left the room. The groups of talking men, the undercurrent of excitement in the air, made her steps quicken and more than one took time to break from the all-absorbing topic to comment on her usual haste. A little beyond the town was the cemetery, and at its gate the preacher stood, awaiting her coming.

A close observer would have noticed on his face signs of great mental perturbation. His eyes were fixed with a hard, steady, gaze on the whitewashed fence, separating the road, on the other side, from the strip of level land that made a flower strewn hem for the green robes of the sloping hills; but fence, hill and vale were lost on him or formed an unadmired background for a scene that afternoon had witnessed. There had been but two actors, himself and a deacon, but that indistinct canvas revealed a hundred other faces, Judith's never so fair in its still, white scorn, showing plainest.

He had gone to the church to try a newly purchased hymn and there the deacon had discovered him. This deacon had discovered him. This deacon was one of the ruling spirits of the congregation, an irascible, headstrong old man, who had been accustomed to bending all with whom he came in contact to do his bidding. Mr. Gray had early observed this and had quietly but firmly opposed his coercive system when no other course was to be pursued, though when possible, he ignored its existence. Such treatment was bitterly resented by the old man, but he bided his time, with a certain confidence in his final victory over the minister's strong will. One recent cause of their difference was the deacon's request, preferred in the tone of command, for the dismissal of the organist, his only reason being he had one

whom he deemed more competent for the position. Thisthe minister refused to do, as the girl in charge was in every way satisfactory both to him and the congregation. It was said in a voice that suggested the decision was unalterable and the matter passed from the minister's mind. Hitherto, the deacon had shown his resentment by sedulously avoiding his preacher, so when he entered the gallery that afternoon, smiling affably, supposing he had come at length to see his folly and was there to offer an apology. Mr. Gray, to relieve him of the embarrassment of the situation, greeted him as though their relations had ever been of the friendliest and drew his attention to the hymn. The deacon, still smiling, read it over and expressed himself as well pleased with the words and sentiment. Then, he laid his silk hat on the organ and taking a seat, looked at the young minister, in silence, but still smiling. Mr. Gray caught something sinister in the smile and it threw him on his guard. He ran his fingers over the keys, playing the prelude of the hymn; but he was stopped by the deacon's asking.

"Who, Brother Gray, will play that hymn for the congregation?"

"Miss Owens," returned he, decisively.

"I had rather you had said Mrs. Lewis," said the old man, with pharisaical sadness in his voice.

"Why so?" asked the minister, looking full in the face.

"Then I had been spared a painful duty," he replied.

"We should never seek to spare ourselves a painful duty, Deacon," said the young man, "at the expense of another's failure to perform his."

"There is no duty insisting on you keeping that girl in a position against

the will of the congregation?" said the deacon, angrily.

"Against one will, Deacon, one will," corrected the preacher. "A dominating one it may be, still only one. As for my duty," he continued, with sudden vehemence, "I claim a most sacred duty! As well as I, you know that young lady has no other possible means of honestly supporting herself save by what she receives from this church for services most faithfully rendered. No, Deacon, I will never take the bread out of any creature's mouth, especially when that one is a young and unprotected woman!"

"Then, you will take the bread out of your own mouth!" said the deacon. The minister turned from the organ and regarded the speaker coolly for a full minute, but seeing his anger made no reply.

"You think I am only talking!" exclaimed the deacon "But I tell you," bringing down his clinched fist on the arm of his chair, "if you do not comply with my request, I will have you dismissed in disgrace from this place!"

Behind the minister's calm exterior there was a quick, impetuous nature that an iron will kept in close restraint. It now shot a spark of fire into the blue eyes and sent a flush over the white brow but he set his teeth and after a moment, said, rebukingly:

"You forget, brother, we are in the house of God! Let us hear no more on the subject. There is no cause of complaint against me and the Assembly would not ask a dismissal without a just reason."

"Cause of complaint! A just reason?" repeated the other, angrily. "But I assert there is, sir, and unless you come to terms with me, the assembly will not only accept your dismissal but insist upon it!"

The minister here arose and taking his hat prepared to leave the church, which to him was a most sacred place.

"A just reason!" hurled the enraged deacon after the retreating figure. "Is there not just reason in any decent congregation finding complaint when it sees its minister riding a bicycle through the streets like a rowdy, and stealing out of an evening to walk home with Mrs. Earle's Catholic sewing girl?"

Mr. Gray had reached the stairs when the last few words fell on his astonished ears. With a bound, he stood before the surprised deacon. He never knew what a terrible rage was until that moment, and as he gazed at the spiteful man who had dared speak such words to him of himself and the woman, who, to him, seemed the grandest God had ever made, he felt he could tear him limb from limb. It was instinct alone that kept his strong hands from the trembling figure before him but it could not lock his heat, nor stop the volley of words, indignant, contemptuous as he addressed the deacon, scornful and bitter as he railed against the littleness of his congregation, grandly eloquent and loyal as he referred to Judith. But he ceased almost as suddenly as he had begun. His fury soon spent itself and as reason resumed its control and showed what he had done, he stood appalled. He glanced around, a swift, comprehensive glance, that took the delicately frescoed walls, the patches of colored light falling on the floor and pews, the pulpit, with his table and Bible; then he turned and ran down the stairs and out into the mellow sunshine. He walked on quickly, scarcely heeding in what direction, until he found himself stopped by the low stone wall dividing the cemetery from the

straggling street into which he had turned. He crossed the steps and seated himself on a bench under one of the drooping pine trees. Warm with his hasty walk, he took off his hat and as he pushed back the soft chestnut hair from his damp brow, mechanically he took in his surroundings, and such slight things he noted as the play of light and shade on the green grass of a grave near which he sat, the pungent odors of the pines, the long, oft-repeated trill of a blue-bird on a tree opposite, and he carried these little things with him through the length of his after days. The conviction that he had reached a turning place in the road forced itself in on him and instinctively his mind went back over the scenes he was quitting.

He again saw himself the impetuous, self-willed child, spoiled by a too fond mother; the reckless, wayward youth whose conduct had so often dimmed that mother's eyes with bitter tears; her sudden death and the sharp remorse that followed; his conversion and his self-imposed penance of devoting himself entirely to God, in his ministrations to humanity. He remembered the long, years of study, during which he had fought and conquered unrighteous inclinations an indulgent youth, and fostered the reward that followed, when his sacrifice was accepted and he was a commissioned minister of God to his fellow-creatures. He had three years of ministerial service, and reviewing it in that hour, watching the play of light and shade on the narrow grave and with the long-drawn trill of the blue-bird in his ear, he felt it had not been all in vain. He had striven manfully to do his duty and his zeal had been acknowledged by this promotion to a wider field, with greater possibilities.

He had been in Carlisle but six months, yet he had accomplished some good. Was it not only on that morning a widowed mother had said to him, with tears in her eyes :

"If you had not come to us, Brother Gray, God only knows to what extreme I had been driven to make a living for my babies. No one offered me a helping hand until you interceded for me. God bless you!" He remembered the spiritual dangers from which he had shielded another, the boy he was keeping while he served an apprenticeship in the newspaper office, the night school he had organized, where that boy and others could acquire the rudiments of an education, at least; and these were but a few of the incidents that marked him as a faithful minister. It is true there were things in his past that required all this hard work to blot from the recording angel's book. He never lost the sense of his unworthiness, nor failed in his gratitude for being brought, before too late, to see the sinfulness of his ways. To the man who thus puts God's interests before every personal one, such an occurrence as the afternoon's was an appalling calamity. He realized, with an overwhelming force, its full meaning and it made him cover his face with his hands and groan aloud. In the great moment of trial, he had proven a traitor to the cause he had solemnly vowed he should ever first consider. If the shame this brought to himself would be the only result, he could have endured it more calmly. But it was not. That scene would be spread broadcast among the people of the town and then might the scoffer rail against creed and priestly calling; the scandal lovers of other denominations would not spare his Church, while the devout of every religion would be offended.

Calmly reviewing the conversation in the organ loft, he saw his folly in entering into a dispute with the old man, his want of dignity in even heeding the thrust, and his own after conduct, that terrible rage, it was most inexcusable. He knew nothing had happened of sufficient importance to force his superiors, were they ever so disposed, to call for his resignation, but he realized how difficult it would be to remain now among these people. There seemed but one course to pursue, a painful one to the naturally proud soul, but the right one; to acknowledge his fault to the congregation and Assembly and then resign from this mission.

The feelings of the minister had up to this overpowered those of the man. After coming to this heroic conclusion, he experienced a calm, which was, however, rudely broken across as there came a recollection of Judith, Judith as he had seen her the first time with the crimson light on her white face and enfolding her regal form. He sprang to his feet and began to pace the narrow strip of green sward between the graves. She had been injured by this too. Suppose when the quarrel became known evil tongues should attach some deeper significance to it?

"My God!" he exclaimed, "since there are such people in this town, what may they not say!" The scales dropped from his eyes, and things so long a mystery to him were laid bare by the mere recalling of the deacon's contemptuous tones and words when referring to Judith as "Mrs. Earle's Catholic sewing girl." All the narrowness, all the bigotry of his co-religionists, in fact, of almost the entire Protestant community, were shown to him in one sweeping glance. Here was the cause of the distinct separation

of Catholic and Protestant interests, of the former's entire lack of representation in the town's public affairs, of the complete ignoring of them in social life. Those against whom bigotry and ignorance are directed are despised and how few believe aught but evil of what they regard as base? And he had directed this against one of that despised creed and that one a woman! He sat down helplessly, a despairing expression creeping over his comely face. Why had he done this? Why had he rushed with such impetuosity to the defense, because told he had disgraced his congregation by being seen walking with Judith Evans? Was it solely because the tones had suggested insult to himself or not chiefly because her name had been spoken of contemptuously? Why should he feel this so keenly? Suppose the remark had been made about him and Miss Owens, with whom he, occasionally, had walked after the Sunday evening services, should he have cared sufficiently to break through the restraint he had kept over his passion for years? Should he have turned back to make even a calm protest against it? Then, why had he done so because of Judith? What was she to him? He had walked home with her several evenings—why did they stand out from all the other evenings of his stay in this town, yes, from all the other evenings of his life? Why was she so constantly in his thoughts? Why were her words and smiles so well remembered? All this had some reason, and sitting there under the drooping pine tree, his face quivering with emotion, he asked himself if it were not because he loved her? Then, the breeze swayed the branches, the sunlight fell in a shower on the green grave on which his eyes still rested, the tall cedars bowed, shaking perfume

from their boughs, the bird lifted its small head and a sudden gush of melody filled the stillness, and the heart of the man responded, with a leap of joy. He raised his glance from the grave to the bird, but its bright eyes were not fixed on things mundane; he, too, looked up. Heaven! God be thanked for man and bird and silent sleeper! God be thanked for lasting hope in His eternal promises! He rose to his feet, still looking upward. In that moment all the tormenting thoughts had fled. He had come at last into his heritage! Was it one of joy or pain? He knew not, and it was that doubt sent him to his feet lifted his eyes heavenward, and made the faltering lips to murmur :

“In Thy time and way!”

It was then he heard the town clock striking six. Its voice aroused him, bringing him back from his dreams to the rude reality. The newly discovered love had but made the situation more perplexing. The intention of acknowledging his fault carried with it the inference that the things that, if his resignation were not accepted by the Assembly and he removed here, had been the primal cause of its commission, should cease; but could he be loyal to his God and disloyal to his own to his own heart? Can anyone be honest to his Maker and fellowmen and believe his true self?

TO BE CONTINUED.

“BE OF GOOD CHEER!”

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Through the blue silences methinks I hear
 An angel word. I know its solemn tone,
 Its golden sweetness, as of reeds wind-blown
 And far-off glory tenderly drawn near.

It saith, “O son of man, why quake and fear,
 Loosing thy grasp upon th' Eternal Throne?
 The starry, blazing deeps are all thine own
 If thou be His, who holds thee passing dear.

He, the Divine, embraces thy poor soul
 In every snowy bloom or music-voice
 That touches it with Heaven and saith “Rejoice!”
He draws thee to Him in thy days of dole;
 Save of sweet penitence would crave no tear,
 But, with soft up-lift, cries, “Be of good cheer!”

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel Shows Her Goodness at the great Jubilee in the Year 1500.

In the centuries of faith, a jubilee was a great event. Rome became the local point of Catholicism. From all parts of the world crowds of pilgrims arrived, anxious to be cleansed of their sins and to rekindle their faith. The Blessed Virgin chose this happy period to show the kindness of her heart to all the world and to manifest how dear to her is the glorious title of our Lady of Mount Carmel. In the year 1500, the Pope opened a great jubilee, and from all parts of the world the faithful flocked to Rome.

The pious inhabitants of Naples, convinced that they could not insure better and more completely the immense graces of this jubilee than to make a pilgrimage to Rome, under the auspices of the miraculous Madonna of Carmel, surrounded the holy image with brilliant ornaments of gold and precious stones and placed it under a beautiful canopy, thus carrying it in procession to Rome.

The pious cortege started from Naples on the 5th of April, 1500, preceded by the miraculous Virgin, who inspired these fervent pilgrims with unlimited confidence. During all the journey only prayers, the liturgical chants and canticles in honor of the Virgin were heard.

Just after the procession had left Naples, it met a paralyzed man, who was lying near the road. The poor man, seeing the Madonna of Carmel, felt an irresistible desire to join the crowd. He exclaimed: "O Mary! cure me, that I may also go to Rome." That very instant he rose and followed the procession, thus serving as a living witness to the incomparable kindness of Mary.

This wonder created a great sensation. While on the road to Rome with the holy picture, sick people were brought before it and cured immediately. In all places, through which the procession passed, the bells began to ring by themselves, hailing in their way the coming of the Madonna. The rumors of all these miracles reached the Pope. On the 13th of April, the procession arrived at the gates of Rome. The Pope, followed by his cardinals, the clergy and the people, went to receive the holy image and escorted it to the Church of St. Peter. The other churches, in which the Indulgences of the jubilee could be gained, also had the happiness to shelter under their roofs the miraculous picture. Everywhere was shown the same devotion and the same miracles were repeated. In gratitude all put on the Scapular of Mount Carmel.

The Neapolitans, having finished their devotion, left Rome on the 18th of April, and proudly bore back the sacred image. They reached Naples on the 25th of April. The Madonna of Carmel was received with indescribable enthusiasm. The report of the many miracles wrought by the picture during the pilgrimage had preceded the procession and deeply impressed the minds of all.

In consequence of all these events, many copies were made of the miraculous image and exhibited to the veneration of the people in the churches of the Carmelite Order. These copies were soon surrounded by crowds, asking graces, which never were refused.

Time and space are too limited to recount all graces due to the intercession of our Lady of Mount Carmel. The most wonderful is the holy Scapular, which is known so well and has saved so many souls. Many saints, among them St. Simon Stock, St. Albert, St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross, and others have shown a filial devotion to the Queen of Carmel.

THE HOLY FACE.

[NEWS FROM TOURS, FRANCE, ANENT THE BLESSINGS DERIVED FROM THE CONFRA-
TERNITY OF THE "HOLY FACE."—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH ANNALS AND
READ AT THE BALTIMORE CARMEL BY THE REVEREND CHAPLAIN, E. DIDIER.]



HE last month has brought us many consolations and much encouragement. Our Lord ceases not to bless in a special manner

those who honor His 'adorable Face. He surrounds them with His favors, and, by the wonders which He operates in their favor, gives more and more extension to our dear work of reparation. It penetrates into the most distant countries, and everywhere it is received with joy. It is our duty to thank the divine Master and to redouble our zeal so as to fulfil the important mission which He has deigned to confide to us in spite of our weakness and indignity. He works with us, and every day we see proofs of it.

From Orleans, France, a fervent associate, who every year passes some days in Tours, in order to have the consolation of praying and communicating in our humble sanctuary, writes: "I am happy to make known to you a favor obtained by prayers recited before an image of the Holy Face and by the anointings. A young man of fifteen years had fractured a limb. There remained from this accident a very great weakness in the injured member and he could only walk with great difficulty. After a

novena and the anointings the young man regained his strength."

From Paris, a lady writes: "I have obtained a great favor by addressing myself to our Saviour by His Holy Face. For some time a family was all disunited and on October 27 great misfortune seemed inevitable. I recalled the words uttered by Sister St. Pierre (October 27, 1845) 'By My Holy Face you will do wonders.' This remembrance encouraged me. I prayed with confidence and on that very day peace returned to the troubled and disunited family. May God be blessed forever! I would wish to be able, in gratitude to everywhere spread devotion to the Holy Face."

"I desire," writes another person from Tourcoing, "that you publish in your Annals a cure obtained by the Holy Face in a manner quite providential. I hope this recital will augment the confidence of those who read it. For three months a person suffered from a gland which caused great anxiety. Several doctors, being consulted, judged the extraction of the tumor necessary. We had prayed much before the picture of the Holy Face and a lamp was kept burning. After the recitation, many times repeated, of the thirty-three Our Fathers in honor of the life of our Lord the sufferer consented to make a novena, accompanied by the anointing with the oil of the lamp burning before the

image of the Holy Face. The novena began on October 19th when the physicians declared the operation indispensable. Suddenly a change for the better was perceived in the patient. It was so marked that the astonished doctor ordered his attendants to cease their preparations for the operation. On the last day of the novena the cure was complete and the sick person was very grateful to our Lord."

The superioress of the Good Shepherd convent in Toulon requested that a Mass of thanksgiving be offered in honor of the Holy Face for a remarkable conversion after a novena to the Holy Face.

The Cure of Marsais writes: "We have our re-unions of the confraternity every month. The lamp burns before the holy image every Sunday and all Fridays of the month. The number of associates increases yearly."

These are but a meagre few of the many cures wrought through prayers and devotions in honor of our Lord's Holy Face. This beautiful devotion is held in all Carmelite convents as a reparation for blasphemy and other insults to our Lord, especially profanation of the Sunday. On some future occasion we shall cite examples supplementary to the foregoing ones, and moreover give the readers of *The Carmelite Review* a full explanation of this lovely devotion.

After reading the above extracts, Reverend Father Didier at the last meeting in Baltimore, Md., gave an interesting summarized report of his own branch. This branch has now 27,657 members, an increase of 249 in one month. Several petitions were brought to the prayerful consideration of the pious members all of whom were earnestly requested to pray for the

seamen lost in the warship "Maine." All of which petitions are recommended to the readers of *The Carmelite Review*.

How pleasing to the heart of the Saviour is a soul that loves humiliation. It becomes the very heart of Jesus Christ.—St. Paulinus.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is the shadow which clings to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.

We must not examine if our heart is pleasing to God, but rather if His heart is pleasing to us—that heart so loving to its wretched creatures, provided that they acknowledge their misery.—St. Francis de Sales.

There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means; either will do, the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and to do that which may happen to be the easier.

Look not back upon the past, its sorrows, its cares, its failure, and its sin, with that paralyzing regret that darkens the eye to the new and glorious possibilities of the future. Accept the past as a finality that no years of agonized sorrow can change, but see in the failure the revelation of the true way in which to walk. See rising from the disobedience the resurrection of the law you may obey—the new light of higher wisdom. Know that the life without regret is the life without gain.

RID OF A PEST.

BY CHARLES F. KEYSER.

"Yes, that's the best we can do, Mr. Drane, you can get rid of the lad, without doing him bodily harm. He's a very serpent in your way, and wherever you tread, he lies before you. Do you understand? Do you agree? A word from you, and nothing shall be wanting."

"Richard Maher," said the worried Anthony Drane, "it's the meanest kind of a job you could do; yet, the destruction that stares me so boldly in the face, must be got rid of at any cost. I've spent the young man's money, he now demands it. What else am I to do? Go ahead with your scheme and rid me of this pest!" A moment later he was gone.

Maher broke out into a hearty laugh. "The timid old fogey," he exclaimed. "How easily he's scared." And here it is expedient to touch lightly upon the characters of these two men.

Richard Maher was Waterville's leading attorney. He was much respected. His thirst for gold, however, was not to be allayed, and hence he deemed it but a trifle to pass over the bounds of honesty, for the sake of the almighty dollar. He had, therefore, more than once toiled in the workshop of Dishonesty. He, to whom he had just imparted such cunning admonition, was, probably, but little better. He had been made a guardian, was tempted by the glitter of gold in his charge, fell, and now the Angel of Time wrote "thief" upon his brow.

Anthony Drane came to Waterville twenty years before. Of his previous history, little, if anything, was known. A very wealthy man, with a daughter and a little boy, whose guardian he claimed to be, he had settled here apparently for retirement. He built a beautiful mansion, seemed to live contentedly and the outside world could only think that all was going well.

Mr. Drane's companions were limited, nor were they models of virtue. What a model in the scheming lawyer? Drane's money was freely spent and there was frequently heard, "how wealthy he must be!" It could not, however, be always thus. The road of flowers and fragrant inevitably turns into a thorny path.

Old Drane, it is necessary to say, was not a teetotaller. Intemperance formed one of the many links in the chain of his vices, of which the public soon became aware. His habits were even such, that the honest village folk declared he spent his money too liberally to have come by it "by the sweat of his brow."

Katharine, his darling daughter, had now grown to womanhood. She was, in fact, the "lady of the house," and, with praise to her filial devotion, we note her extraordinary fondness for her father, notwithstanding his wayward habits. This circumstance, however, prevented her not in the least, from dealing out to her wrong-doing parent many a vigorous reproof; and, when the turning point was now at hand, a guilty parent sought refuge and solace from a loving daughter.

To keep within the limited confines of our story, it is advisable to enter Mr. Drane's apartments. We find Philip Ray, the third and youngest member of his guardian's household, in an argumentative heat. Mr. Drane is excitedly pacing the floor. Philip is concluding what, doubtlessly, had been a discussion extremely disagreeable to the nervous guardian.

"You know," said Philip, "I have been very patient and have suffered being put off many times. You can accommodate me, if you will. I beg of you to do so. The money will be put to a good use and, being now of age, I can lawfully demand it. I am

going to take up a course of philosophy at some reliable institution of the country. My knowledge of the classics, though somewhat scant, will, I think, permit it. As to my following any religious calling, shall remain a matter of discussion only with such judges, most capable of a decision. All I seek now is an agreeable answer from you. Your kindness in obtaining for me the opportunity of acquiring a little experience in legal pursuits is certainly deserving of my most gracious appreciation. But now, I deem it no offence plainly to state that I have no taste for law. I shall, nevertheless, remain in Mr. Maher's employ, until things have come to a suitable arrangement."

The displeased guardian was slow to make a reply, thus giving us a moment to make the happy declaration, that Philip was a young man of the highest virtuous character—a circumstance very fortunate for one placed under the guardianship of a person who had for not a little time been so blind to right. "He'll be a priest some day," the old dames used to declare, and when he had now determined to prosecute studies requisite for the sacerdotal state, the good old women would say, one to the other, "Didn't I tell you?" But the unfortunate Philip's cup of sorrow, as yet untasted, now was full to its brim; its bitter contents sought his virtue-sweetened lips.

His guardian, as Philip finished, feigned sadness and disappointment. When assured that the young man had done making the request, with which he was bound to comply, he moved uneasily in his chair and began to speak:—

"Philip, you are ungrateful to me, very ungrateful indeed. Much have I done for you, and yet you are ungrateful." Philip feared he had said too much: he also was inclined to think himself ungrateful; but, did he know the state of that man's conscience, did he know the design contrived against himself, what might he not have said or done?

"Sir," he bravely rejoined, "I seek my rights, no more."

"I asked you if you cared to study law," the old man broke in, "you said you would try it. With some difficulty I prevailed upon Mr. Maher to take you in his office, that there you might do some private studying, acting, at the same time, in the capacity of clerk. He speaks highly of you, and, I think, with a little perseverance, you would be quite successful. Yet, you are unsatisfied, still you keep building castles. If you continue obstinate, I suppose I can give you the money; but, remember, Philip, for the past twenty years, I've done a great deal for you. You are yet a very young man. Wealth may be your ruin: (it certainly had proven to be his). Still, as your guardian, I'm bound by the law. Remember, however, a guardian, and no more, it is that I am to you," and, with a guilty look, he hastened from the room.

Philip was in perplexity. His guardian always seemed kind to him, but it was a kindness well paid for by the unsuspecting youth. Could he have seen that man's heart! Had Philip's father not suddenly died, Anthony Drane would never have gone wrong. "We shall settle, nevertheless," Philip secretly concluded. "Things seem so queer to me."

Philip, for two long years, had read the law books of Richard Maher. Likewise had he proven himself a student of much diligence and application. Yet, in his daily labors, something seemed always to whisper in his ear, "This is not the place for you." Still he remained, and his stay proved fatal.

Night was coming on. The young man left his desk and placed the well-bound books upon their respective shelves.

"Philip," coldly said Mr. Maher, as his clerk was to leave for supper, "Tomorrow being Saturday, I'll be in the office all day. You may, therefore, have your holiday."

Philip kindly thanked him, and peacefully went his way. Entirely alone, Mr. Maher was enjoying his favorite weed, after a day of unusual toils. The voice of his dutiful clerk recalled his promise to Anthony Drane.

"A steady, model, young man," he

muttered to himself. "But why should that be an obstacle?" He laughed aloud. "*Dum vivimus, vivamus*," says the happy proverb. "Why should I not be of those who gather and enjoy? But how can I get rid of him?" "I've got it," he exclaimed, violently striking the arm of his chair. "Those counterfeit bills." How lucky, I've preserved them! By a skilful use of them, I can get the young fellow into trouble; he will subsequently be imprisoned. I'll ask old Drane to pay me for my trick. He'll say he has no money. Then I'll secure for myself the old man's mansion, and finished will be the cunning job. What a capital idea! Ha! never yet did Richard Maher fail in anything he undertook." His eyes sparkled, as if his greedy hand already held in its sinful grasp the document, that would make him owner of the coveted prize. He snatched up his hat and cane and stepped into the street.

Saturday had come and almost gone. Philip had been over to "Rider's Park" to see the "Stars" play ball. He was walking homewards. A message was thrust into his hand. He tore it open and read:—

"Philip, come to-night, will meet you at the train.

ROGER BROS."

"Let's see," for a moment he thought. "To-morrow's Sunday." "Yes," he immediately decided, "I'll spend the day with the boys." With this intention, he hastened home. He bathed and donned his travelling suit. Among other things, he sought his purse, which he always kept carefully concealed in one of the drawers of the chest in his room. It was not there! "Where could it be?" He ransacked the bureau, but in vain. He looked about despairingly. "On the dresser!" "How careless I must have been! "Yet that's only a trifle! No one can have touched it," and he didn't even look to see if its contents were secure. At eight he took dinner with his guardian, smoked a "Havana" and wrote some letters. It being a beautiful moonlight night he thereupon

set out on foot for the depot. He was soon seen purchasing a ticket for "Bangor." He was just in time for the train. The old time-piece in the station room indicated the hour of eleven. Just one hour hence and he would be welcomed by his kindest friends. He carefully buttoned his coat and stepped onto the train. He felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"I've got you," muttered a voice behind him.

"What do you want with me?" asked the frightened youth.

"You're wanted for making bogus money, you are a counterfeiter," said the officer bluntly.

"How dare you to say such things to me?"

"Oh, you can't get out of it that way," answered the policeman. "They've found you out at last. You cannot leave Waterville to-night."

Philip Ray listened as one who hears an unknown language.

"What's the meaning of all this?" he tremblingly asked, "What are you you going to do with me?"

"Oh you'll find that out soon enough. Just come along with me."

"A counterfeiter! A forger!" Philip muttered to himself. "How can it be?"

"Yes, rejoined the officer," and a nice ornament to the law department of a country, arn't you? Come along, I say, come along, this is no place for a trial, so you'll have to come along.

It was useless to resist. "A counterfeiter! A forger! he repeated again and again. Oh, it could not be. He was only the victim of a joke.

None the less, however, did he find himself a week later in the prisoner's dock. On the judge's desk lay twenty thousand dollars in bogus paper money. He could explain nothing. The greenbacks were in his purse, and, to add to his bitter surprise, Mr. Maher, the kind employer of happier days, ardently sought his conviction. What more was needed than the powerful evidence of one, so intimate with the prisoner, and so highly respected by all the country around. The telegraph

message, Philip's attempted departure at so unseemly an hour, the money on his person, his endeavor to get away without the knowledge of anyone, what unfortunate facts! The Roger boys were nowhere to be found, and hence were put down as associates in the crime. He almost led himself to believe that he was guilty of the outrage, of which he was entirely innocent. His guardian wept tears of sorrow (?) as they led him away.

Richard Maher was now in the height of his glory. Seated in his office, subsequent to his victory, we find him boasting to himself, "Never failed in anything! Ha! Ha! Dum vivimus, vivamus." "But he added," my little task is wanting yet. I must get that mansion. It fairly yawns to receive me." Thus kept urging the tempter, who had found asylum in an unholy breast.

Six months had now passed away. Anthony Drane was wearied sad and troubled. The pain of a guilty conscience can hardly be described. He was trying to read but every word spelt out for him the detestable name of "thief." His life was only a burden.

Just then the door-bell ran. Katharine brought in a card, bearing the name of "Richard Maher." The old man, pale as death, violently shuddered with fright. He gathered, after a moment his little remaining strength and painfully gasped, "Show him in."

The door opened. An unwelcome "Good Morning!" met his ears. "A little business is all," said Mr. Maher. The old man motioned to a chair. Maher's face was beaming with his first success.

Thin and pale, the old man's troubled face looked out through his snowy locks. "What is it you want?" he asked at last.

"I came to arrange a settlement," replied the other, sitting down.

"What! already do you want pay for—?"

"Exactly, for ridding you of your pest," added Mr. Maher, with sarcasm.

"I know you have no money, but my

labor is certainly worthy of a reward. Think no more of the young man. Suffice it to say that now we are delivered of him. Don't be troubled any more about him. I believe you ought now to satisfy my claim. You remember mentioning something once about sacrificing the mansion if you could only get rid of Philip. Your wish has become real."

Sad, indeed, to Anthony Drane was the remembrance of the past, sad the thought of the present and of the future. "I see all," he muttered.

"You want my home, yet it isn't mine, it belongs to Philip too. What did Anthony Drane ever possess? Oh God! Character, health and honor have fled, the mansion can go too." The two men left the room. A carriage stood at the entrance gate. They entered and were driven to a near-by notary. A document was filled out and the Drane possessions were now the property of the scoundrel lawyer. Tremblingly, the old man entered, probably for the last time, his familiar apartments. He sought his wretched bed and fell upon it in an agony of grief. All was lost. And now the torture of despair. Is there in this vale of tears a sadder thing than a man despoiled of hope?

Death slowly approached the bed of sorrow, to claim its suffering victim, but it was not yet too late, a respite could yet be granted.

"Katharine!" he cried. In an instant she was at his side, but he could not speak. She rushed out into the street and hailed a passer-by, begging him for God's to run for the nearest doctor, that Mr. Drane was dying. She did all she could, until the physician arrived, for the relief of the sufferer. The doctor and stranger came and the old man after a time was restored to consciousness. It was only that he relieved his conscience, weighed down by years of wrong.

"Katharine, it's growing dark, give me your hand—close those blinds. A storm is going to rise." "Katharine," he continued, "I'm dying and all is lost. Wait! Listen! You have lived here all your life, and yet you

have not known me." The doctor and stranger glanced at each other extremely surprised. "Katharine, forgive me, I am not your father. I am to unworthy of the name. I have spent an idle youth, a shameful manhood and an age of dishonesty, Listen, Katharine, listen! I am a thief, yes, a thief! Philip! Oh where is Philip? He is innocent. I alone am guilty. His mother, Katharine, was my sister, and you, too, are her child. Hush! Let me speak! I have but little time! She stared in fright and wonder. "Your mother died when Philip was born, and only a year later your father was injured in a railroad wreck, from which he never recovered. He put into my care—Oh God! where is it now?—his vast wealth for Philip and you. Had I not many times before successfully deceived him, he never would have trusted me. For years he thought me in honest prosperity, when all I had was borrowed! When of age, you were to receive you respective shares. The time is now at hand, and finds me a squanderer, and you are helpless paupers. I only told Philip of the money when overcome by drink, otherwise, you would never have known anything about it. You always thought me your father. God forgive me, I know you will. I am unworthy to touch so innocent a hand," and he let go her tender grasp. "Philip," he resumed with some difficulty, "has been shamefully imposed upon. Richard Maher, the lawyer, secured that counterfeit money, and when I asked him how I could deprive Philip of his money, that I had falsely used, he said to get rid of him. But how was that to be done? He called it a trifling matter. I was but to put the bogus bills in Philip's purse, which I left on the dresser, hoping that Philip would suspect something wrong, and that the shameful plot might be dis-

closed. But it was not. Mr. Maher would do the rest. I consented, God forgive me! The Rogers boys had, two days before, set out for the far west. They, being Philip's intimate friends, Maher took advantage of their absence, and sent that bogus telegram. How remarkably he pleaded against Philip, and you know the rest." He could say no more. He was suffering the pains of a repentant grief,

Philip, of course, forgave his guardian, although it is not in the least an easy task, to pardon him, by whom we have been robbed of wealth and honor. The old man was even reconciled to his God by a minister of that Church, in which a pious mother carefully had reared him. Death closed the tear-stained eyes and silenced the bitter weeping and the angels wailed a requiem for a wasted life.

Ten years later, you seek the Waterville rectory. Some one at home lies grievously ill. At the door you are welcomed by an amiable lady. Your business, of course, is with the parish priest. A dignified, yet affable, personage hastily responds to your summons. He is no stranger to you, you have seen him before. A man, who has only found the work of his heart, after an ocean of troubles; who seeks, indeed, to raise the wretched, loves to relieve the fallen, and to shelter the innocent; such, indeed, is the noble priest. But you are forgetting why you came. You tell of the sick and with a willing step, the shepherd of God's lambs, immediately hastens away, for,

"in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and
felt for all."

Father Philip Ray, the much-wronged youth of former times, was for many years the former pastor of the people of Waterville. Katharine, of course, kept house for her priestly brother.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings
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THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

APRIL, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

"The winter is over and gone" may we say in truth, and the day of days, the glad Easter is near at hand. THE REVIEW will reach many of you in Holy Week, and so we must think of the Cross of Calvary before we speak of the Resurrection.

Joy always follows pain ; such is the will of God. "Sorrow endureth for a night, joy cometh in the morning" is almost a promise, so faithfully is it carried out. Therefore, we must bear the sad depressing air of gloom which surrounds the Church in Holy Week, feeling assured that the joy of Easter is worth it all.

There are very few people in the world who willingly and maliciously inflict pain on any one. All men have some spark of pity and tenderness in their hearts, and the sight of suffering always draws it out.

Holy Week should find us all, young and old, in deep and loving sympathy with our blessed Lord in His agony and death. The Crucifix is a living truth and brings to us in a very striking manner the words of the Apostle, "Jesus Christ yesterday and to-day and the same forever." The same to-day as He was on that first memorable Friday, which all the world calls "good." Nowhere does He so justly win from us the testimony, "How good is God," as on the cruel cross of our own making. And we who have received good things from Him all our lives, what shall we do for Him in Holy Week? Give Him that for

which our own hearts yearn lovingly. Lovingly give Him your sympathy. What a beautiful word it is—feeling for and with another, and how much power it has even over the hardest hearts.

The Sacred Heart pierced on the Cross deigns to plead for it, and it is our happy privilege to be able to give it to Him. Give, then, nobly and generously, and let the offering pass to Him through the hands of the dear Mother of Sorrows. She is the surest way to Him, and what we give to Him we give to her.

What do we not owe her, dearest tenderest of mothers as she is, and how, save by more love, shall we ever pay our debt? Surely may we call Him "the good God," since He gives us the very gifts which we in turn give back to Him as ours. Love is all He asks, and it must be worth something ; must be worth anything else, since he begs for it, He who holds all things in the hollow of His hand. Holy Week gives an opportunity to prove our love by sympathy for our blessed Lord's sufferings, particularly that which most wounded His sacred Heart, the betrayal of Judas—His own disciple. No grief is so keen as that which comes from the desertion, the ingratitude of those we love. So let us make it up to our dear Lord as best we can by loving, prayerful sympathy, and by frequent thought of Him, in short, loving aspirations.

Mgr. Preston, of happy memory, who for so many years tried to lead those whom he directed to a strong personal love of our blessed Lord, uses this

little prayer in his book, *Watch on Calvary*: "Oh, in Thy woe, be pleased to look upon me, and take the pity of my heart!" Use it in Holy Week, dear children, and by it comfort the agonizing Heart of Jesus in His desolation.

Easter is the day which the Lord hath made, and holy Church bids us rejoice in the glory of the Resurrection. Surely, it should make us glad, because it is a forerunner of our own happiness in God's good time.

Our really happy Easter will be that which shall find us gazing for all eternity on the holy Face of our Lord. Congratulate our Blessed Lady upon the joy which was hers when she saw it for the first time on Easter morning. It was heaven begun on earth for her—so may it be for us. Cultivate a devotion to the holy Face and so secure a glad welcome from our dear Lord when you first meet Him in His sacred humanity.

A happy holy Easter to you all, dear children! and much joy because of the coming of spring. No season makes us think so much of heaven, of paradise, of Eden, as the glad spring.

Enjoy it and be grateful to God for your happy youth. Love God, says St. Philip Neri, and then do what you like.

That is freedom surely—the freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free.

Devotedly yours,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN MARCH.

1. Cordova.
2. In Saligny, France. Run by Trappists.
3. From the Atlas Mountains, which border part of its coast.
4. Six. Latin, Greek, Syrian, Coptic, Armenian and Slavonic.
5. A day with Yesterday or Tomorrow.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN MARCH.

1. A lead-pencil.
2. Because they are rarely seen after Lent.
3. Because it once had a Solon (sole on.)
4. The last one.
5. Fortune.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What animal is an expert in arithmetic?
2. Who was the shortest man in the Scripture?
3. How many weeks in the year?
4. My first is in fish, but not in fowl, My second in soap, but not in towel, My third is in mutton, but not in beef, My fourth is in lawyer, but not in thief, My whole is a king of Israel.
5. Make 7 the half of 12.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who was called the Nero of the North?
2. What was the first daily paper published in America?
3. Over what poet's tomb is inscribed "Here lies one whose name is writ in water"?
4. What saint has been named patron of Eucharistic Associations?
5. What Pope merited this testimony from the Jews: "He had the right to style himself 'Servus Servorum Dei,' the humblest of the Lord's servants"?

MAXIMS FOR APRIL.

1. Make Thy will ours, and keep us patient still,
Be the days few or many, good or ill.
—Christian Rosetti.
2. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent only bear it away.—St. Matthew xi.
3. If we love God, the reward promised us is nothing less than the sight of God Himself, face to face.—Faber.
4. When God leaves the soul, its hell begins.—Fr. De Ravignan.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"What's In a Name?"

Editor Brann in the March *Iconoclast* pays his compliments to a man in St. Louis who has petitioned the court to allow him to change his name from "Patrick" to "Percy." Mr. Brann says: "The court should hasten to ameliorate the young man's misery. The name is too big for the little motor-man, it is a mill-stone slung about the gaunt neck of a Chollie Boy, the load of Atlas placed upon the shoulders of a pigmy. Saints and martyrs, soldiers and statesmen have proudly borne the name of Patrick, hence it is not an easy one to live up to, and we can scarcely blame an intellectual feather-weight for wanting to exchange it for the sweet sibilance of Percy, suggesting only pink lemonade, tooth-pick shoes and chewing gum."

Pope Leo and His Lenten Charity.

Under the above caption Warrey T. Welch tells some interesting things in the *Columbus Press*. But it should be observed that the writer only mentions one of the many practical ways in which the Holy Father benefits his people. Let us quote Mr. Welch. He writes: "It is coming on Lent now, and each year as the season approaches, the good Pope's thoughts are full of his people. His sympathies are with the very poor—those who would be good if they could, and whose goodness means to them self-denial such as they are often not bodily fit to bear. As every good church-going person knows, there are days when the Pope's people must abstain from food. Meat is often pro-

hibited during the Lenten season, yet to go without it means much to certain classes of the Pope's people who cannot purchase substitutes. To guard against a too great abstinence the good Father has this year gone into a bit of commercial enterprise, which, while it may not be a great pecuniary success, will be enormously profitable on the spiritual side of the balance sheet of the heavenly ledger. In Commachio, Italy, there is a section in which lie broad lagoons. For several years past the Pope has owned a portion of these lagoons and has kept the waters well stocked with eels and fish of all kinds. This season he has increased his possessions in Commachio and has become the owner of a great number of small lakes which afford a highly profitable supply of fish food. During Lent the Holy Father will cause these fish to be distributed among the poor of Italy."

An Open Treasury.

Granted that you have made a good confession at Easter and received forgiveness, what about the temporal punishment still due? Conscience still persists in whispering "Pay what thou owest?" and how pray? By good works? alms-giving? or is there another easy method? There is, Holy Church in the plenitude of her power, like an indulgent mother, opens her treasury and invites us to come and receive the Papal Benediction with the accompanying Plenary Indulgence. All can receive it, but only on condition that we are in the state of grace and are determined to avoid the least sin in the future. What a great boon!

but alas! how how many of us are ready to take advantage of it? On Easter Tuesday by a privilege granted by the Holy See the Papal Benediction is given in all churches in charge of the Carmelite Fathers.

The Sovereign Remedy.

If put into practice the prayer of the Chaplain in the United States Congress would indicate a sovereign remedy for the present perturbed condition of the world:—"May we proceed *with calmness and caution, with malice towards none and charity for all.*" These words would be an appropriate motto to be placed at the head of the editorial columns of those journals whose incendiary dicta are inspired by sentiments which are the very reverse of the Christian *modus operandi* of Chaplain Couden. It is really in season that the League of the Sacred Heart prays during this month for the spirit of charity.

Price of a Prayer Book.

Catholic publishers have their grievances. No one denies that they suffer from slow pecuniary returns. On the other hand their patrons, especially the poorer ones, have complaints to make particularly on the score of the cost of books of devotion. The prices are altogether too high. A law case, of interest to Catholics, is now before the Supreme Court of New York. It will throw some light on the real and alleged value of prayer books. It is proved that the profits to publishers are abnormally large. We agree with the *Catholic Columbian* in saying that "not one cent above a fair profit should be allowed in a case involving the spiritual interests of souls."

The Cause and the Cure.

A cry of despair goes out from the unbeliever when he contemplates the

evils and sufferings in this world of ours. He finds that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth until now." He sees men driven to desperation and crime for want of work, women far over the precipice of shame in their endeavor to live, children denied the comforts of home because of poverty, war talked of as the last court of appeal between Christian nations—in a word the great heart of mankind filled with sorrow—and viewing it all he finds no remedy. Even boasted science gives no explanation. To the man of faith—the Catholic—everything is clear. He knows the key to the whole mystery—namely original sin. He patiently bears with every suffering, knowing that one day God will reward him—and, finally, he knows that the sovereign remedy for the present evils is the practical application of the commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Greatest Need.

The fact is too patent that too many burdens have been unjustly shifted to the shoulders of the clergy. The laity have waited too long for the clergy to do things which the former should have done. When these things were carried into effect criticism fell to the lot of the priest. What is the cause? Unpardonable indifference and inactivity. And the remedy? Let us listen to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons:

"What is the greatest need of the Church of the United States?" he asks "Is it churches that are most needed? Churches, indeed, are required, where the people may worship their Maker and hear the word of God. But they are not the most essential requisite. Our forefathers in the faith worshipped in the Catacombs of Rome, and they were the best of Christians. Is it

Christian schools that are most needed? They are, indeed, an indispensable element in the maintenance of Christian faith in the rising generation. But what would schools avail if we had not ingenuous youth to frequent them? Is it hospitals and asylums that are most needed? They are, indeed, potent factors in the alleviation of suffering humanity, and are the glory of our Christian civilization. But they do not constitute the greatest want of times. All these things are but a means to an end. What the Church needs is men—men who place conscience before expediency, who place principle above popularity; men who are guided in their conduct by a solemn sense of duty rather than by self-interest. Above all, we need men of deep religious convictions, and who are ready to uphold these principles in the face of obloquy and adverse criticism. But these qualities of mind and heart require no small degree of force and character."

Back to the Fold.

It is an historical fact that the true faith was taken by force from the people of Denmark, Norway and Sweden. There is also ample evidence to show that one of the last heroes who fought and died for the faith was a Carmelite friar, one Father Elias who was Provincial-Prior in his unhappy country. Thank God! to-day the Scandinavian people are again returning to the true Church. Referring to this fact the *London Tablet* gives some interesting facts, saying among other things:

Christian II., who has been called "the Nero of the North," and Gustavus Vase, played the chief part in robbing the peoples of these countries of that ancient Catholic faith which they had inherited from long generations of ancestors. The goods of the

churches, bishoprics and monasteries, were plundered, as in England. But the Catholic religion appeared to have died out far more completely there than in England. In fact, it is only within quite the last few years that religious freedom and toleration for the Catholic Church has been legally established; and although the numbers of Catholics had sunk down to a very low ebb—merely a few thousand—yet, once released from her fetters, the Church has made truly gratifying progress within the last five years. One of the most interesting spots in the history of Norse Christianity is the ancient town of Trondhjen, once the seat of a Catholic archbishopric, and a famous place of pilgrimage, as containing the shrine of the national patron, St. Olaf, the King. Its ancient Cathedral still remains, though, of course, in Protestant hands. The small handful of Catholics, nearly all poor people, have hitherto had to worship in a little chapel attached to a hospital. The energetic and zealous Vicar-Apostolic, Bishop Fallize, is now taking steps to erect at last a Catholic church in this ancient see, and has appointed one of his priests, Father Timmers, to raise the necessary funds for the purpose."

When we find ourselves in spiritual desolation, let us unite our suffering to that of the Heart of Jesus in the Garden of Olives.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

An eternal ground of thanksgiving is to be found in the righteousness of God, in the consciousness that under all human life there is a foundation which no man can disturb; and that life is so organized that no man can be happy, restful, or prosperous in doing evil; that at every turn he is smitten with penalties, and that real happiness and satisfaction are bound eternally to right thinking and right acting.

PUBLICATIONS.

Very nicely bound in green and gold comes to us "Passion Flowers" by Rev. Father Edmund Hill, the well-known and gifted Passionist. Every line is highly finished and each page reveals the master-hand. This book will be a very agreeable companion to us when trying to free our minds from the noise and bustle of a busy day. In suggesting an Easter present we can think of nothing more appropriate than "Passion Flowers." The popular firm of Benziger Brothers (36 Barclay St.,) New York publish the book. They will mail it to you for the price \$1.25. Write for it to-day.

"Novisimo Mes de Mayo"—is a handy little book printed in Spanish, and will be very useful—as intended—for May devotions. The many examples are new and edifying. This is the second Spanish revised edition and we hope soon to see it in an English dress. The author is Father Juan Angelo Torrents, a Carmelite. The book is neatly printed and bound by the library de Montserrat at Barcelona.

"The Holy Cross Purple" published by the students of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., continually lives up to its aim "to cultivate a high literary spirit." The clever editors also aim at a high standard of typographical art. "The Purple" is pleasant to look at and delightful to read. It is the creation of broadened minds.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from St. Augustine, Ont.; The Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Mt. Carmel, Ont.; Lang, Ind.; St. Leo Military College, Fla.; St. Mary's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; St. John's Church, Dundalk, Ont.; Alexandria, Ont.; St. Peter's Cathedral London, Ont.; Pavilion, N. Y.; St. Stephen's Church, Alexandria, Ont.

At our New Baltimore convent names received from:—Campus, Ill.; Cleveland, O.; Spokane, Wash.; Notre Dame, Ind.; St. Boniface's Church, Westphalia, Iowa.; Loretto Heights Academy, Loretto, Colorado.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received favors from Mrs. H. G. D. Latrobe, Pa.; J. L. Paterson, N. J.; Miss A. F., Boston, Mass.; J. W. Lapool, Ind.; M. A. C. South Framingham, Mass.; Miss O. W. Dash-

wood, Ont.; Miss M. D., Providence, R. I.; The Ven. Sr. A., Montreal, Que.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; J. A. L. M. D. Niagara Falls, N. Y.; W. W., S. Marys, Pa.; Miss McC., Coldwater, Ont.

PETITIONS.

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

For a person who is leading a very sinful life; for reconciliations 4; for conversions 4; for vocation to the priesthood 3; for vocations to religious life 5; for 3 novices, for grace to know God's will 4; to obtain news from absent brother for bodily cures—14; for success of several nurses; for restoration of money; for successful sale of property 2; for family in affliction 3; for success of prayers; for peace between friends and relatives; for means to pay debts 3; for grace to overcome drugs and liquors 7; for successful settlement of a lawsuit; for spiritual favors 13; for temporal favors 8; for special 19.

OBITUARY.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of: John Harris, Guelph, Ont., Feb. 19th.; Mrs. A. E. McBride, Nauvoo, Ill.; Dec. 5, '97; Rosanna, John Joseph and Ellen Aloysia Kelleher, Malden, Mass.; Sr. M. Gertrude, Feb. 22, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. B. Reilly, Feb. 14, Bryanston, Ont.; Mrs. McGuane, Mar. 13, Niagara Falls, N. Y. Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, late Archbishop of Kingston, Ont.; Mother M. Justina Foley of the Ursuline Religious of Pittsburg, Pa.

It avails nothing to subdue the body if the mind allows itself to be controlled by anger.—St. Gregory the Great.

It is better to strew the flowers in the pathway of those we love to-day. The dead can not enjoy their perfume and color.

Self-love is the source of every vice and evil, and is fatal to all the virtues; so self-hatred is the principle and basis of these same virtues, and the destruction of every vice.—Blessed John of Todi.