





## THE EVENING ANGELUS.

BY JOSEPH A. SADLER.



REST at evening, when the shadows  
 Falling on the landscape grey,  
 Seem to speak in solemn whispers  
 Of the closing of the day;  
 When the sunset's gold is fading  
 Like a glory in the west,  
 And the Angelus is ringing  
 At the evening hour of rest!

Morning, noon, and evening, pealing  
 Bells with herald voice proclaim—  
 Echoing from the village steeple  
 To the city's proudest fane—  
 How of old the Angel's message  
 Came unto the Virgin blest;  
 Still the Angelus repeats it  
 At the evening hour of rest!

Then, while stars their vigils keeping  
 Night falls over land and sea,  
 And our souls with upward longing,  
 Mother Mary, turn to thee—  
 Asking thee to guide and help us  
 Onward in our heavenly quest—  
 While the Angelus is ringing  
 At the evening hour of rest!

Montreal, P. Q.

Feast of Our Lady of Mercy.

## LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

### JAMES A. McMASTER,

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

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

#### CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.



It was the custom with his children always to kiss him upon first meeting him in the morning, and again when he was about to leave home for his office, when they all assembled to bid him good-bye. It was their aim to be the first to welcome him on his arrival home. He rarely failed to bring them something every evening, flowers, fruit or candy. In May he always brought flowers for Our Blessed Lady's altar, and in June for the Sacred Heart. Every night before retiring they each in turn got his blessing, kissing his hand, and saying: *Laudetur Jesus et Maria*, to which he responded. He then would question them as to whether they had said their beads and made some pious reading. He always inculcated saying the beads early in the morning, at least one decade. It was his own practice, and he said that when he failed in it everything went wrong with him. He acknowledged to one of his daughters that he had to be very faithful to all his little devotions, and to his daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or else his heart got the better of him—his natural affections being so strong. He did all in his power to win the confidence of his children, by his tender interest in all that concerned them. He would seat them on his knee and talk to them late into the hours of the night, and he would speak so beautifully about God and Heaven, and of the vanity and nothingness of the things of this world. He used to take special pleasure in reading

to one of his daughters the hymn "Coelestis urbs Jerusalem," commenting upon it, and particularly upon the verse "Scalpro salubris ictibus," etc. He endeavored to impress one of his daughters with the thought that it would be so beautiful to die young, and at one time when she was in very delicate health, he taught her how to prepare herself for death in her daily life and actions. She had an intense fear of death which he could never understand, and he often spoke to her of the Infinite Mercy of God, commented upon the words of the Psalmist: *Et copiosa aqua cum redemptione*. From the time his children made their First Communion, he insisted upon their approaching the Sacraments every week. After receiving Communion, they had to remain in Church for at least twenty minutes, in order to make their thanksgiving. At Mass and after Communion he rarely used a prayer-book. After Communion he would pray with his eyes closed, and oftentimes the tears streaming down his face. His daily prayer was that they all might meet in Heaven, "not one missing." He often spoke to them of their mother, her virtues, etc., doing all he could to keep her memory green. He always continued to practice a little devotion she had taught him, which was to say the *Subve Regina* when in the train or conveyance of any kind, before it started. His first question to his children on such occasion was: "Have you said your *Subve*?"

Once when traveling with his children, as they had a private compartment in the train, he proposed saying the beads together. While thus engaged—he praying with all his heart—the boy came around with *Harper's Magazine*, etc. This was too much for him, and addressing the lad he told him: "Take your dirty, filthy

trash out of here." And then, as if nothing had occurred, he re-commenced making the Sign of the Cross most devoutly. When others would laugh over this incident, afterwards, he would reply that St. Paul enjoined us to pray always without ceasing. His children considered him a delightful companion to travel with; he never wearied in paying them all the delicate little attentions so gratifying to poor human nature.

Although McMaster took exceedingly great delight in the company of his children, yet, with his characteristic unselfishness, preferring their interest to his own, he sent them to boarding-schools, sacrificing the home life, so dear to him, and contenting himself with a couple of rooms which he called "his hermitage." He went even further. He chose for his daughters a Convent-home at a distance from New York, because he was charmed with the simplicity and solidity of the education given by the good Sisters in charge of it. When asked by others, seeking for a school for their children, what he thought of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, he would answer: "Do you think it is for nothing that I keep my daughters nearly a hundred miles away from me?"

The years which followed were indeed dreary ones to McMaster. His repeated losses, and the separation from his children, besides the anxiety he felt for their future welfare, weighed him down. He grew sad and gloomy, but yet his brave heart still clung to what he believed was best for his dear ones, in spite of his own sufferings. It is to be regretted that all his letters to his children at this period have not been preserved. Loving and tender, elevating and encouraging in tone, they indeed portrayed the character of a true Christian father. He did not overburden their young hearts with his own gloomy forebodings. But, if at any time a little of the pain he endured escaped him, he always amply atoned for it, by assuring them that suffering was good for him, and a special grace from God, for which he was most grateful.

When he visited his daughters at school he would have private talks with them, and his instructions were beautiful and practical. "I remember," writes one of them, "how he tried to impress upon my mind that there was no standing still on

the road to Heaven; that not to advance was to fall back; and I used to wonder why he wrote so much about 'the glorious day of the Resurrection' in his letters to me at that time, for being so bad as I was, I could not appreciate it. Even in those early days he would dwell upon the value of sufferings, which he esteemed as the choicest favors of God—a token of His special love."

In 1877, McMaster's second daughter, having finished her education, returned home, and her father was once more enabled to enjoy his own fire-side. Seven happy and peaceful years passed by—years, not unbroken by sorrow for the old losses and other trials.

He loved each of his children with a personal and individual affection. He may have depended more upon one than another, according to the age and disposition of each, but he loved all equally. Whichever child needed him most at a given time, was sure to find in him all she could desire. The following incident shows his sentiments on this point. Two of his daughters were one day engaged in conversation in the corner of his study-room, where he sat reading. One asked the other: "Suppose there were a great fire, and you could only save one person, who would it be?" Not being ready with an answer, the latter turned to their father, proposing to him the same question. He rose to his feet, paced up and down the floor, enthusiastically exclaiming: "Am I a father? Could I choose between my children?" Astonished at his unexpected earnestness, they endeavored to soothe him. "We never were 'a father,' we don't know what it is like." Quick to see fun, he soon joined with them in a hearty laugh. But the event made its impression on them, showing the loyalty of his heart. He had an intense love and appreciation of music, though knowing naught of its theory or execution. He loved to sing in Church, when anything familiar caught his ear. His children did not always appreciate his devotion in this respect.

One Corpus Christi whilst his daughters were at boarding-school, he asked the Rev. Mother to take them for a picnic into the woods, where they spent a very happy day with him. On returning to the Convent

towards evening, they tried to persuade him to leave them on the way, and take the train back to Philadelphia, as it was getting late. He, however, would not hear of it. As a further inducement, they told him there would be Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the Convent that evening, which would make his return home so late. But he was delighted with the prospect, and determined not to miss it. Finally they pleaded with him: "Well, papa, if you do stay, please don't sing." He enjoyed it, and said he would not; but when the *Laudate* was intoned at the end, his fervor prevailed, and he sang out with all his heart.

Perhaps the most striking feature of McMaster's familiar friendship and perfect understanding with his children was that of his intercourse with his son.

He had just attained his fifth year at the time of his mother's death; a year and a half later he lost his little brother, and the following September, 1873, when his sisters were sent to boarding-school, he became the sole companion of his father's lonely hours.

Long and loving and confidential were the talks they had together, and one of McMaster's greatest joys was that his boy was perfectly open and honest with him.

On several occasions in later years when he was about to leave home to be absent for a considerable length of time, and at a great distance, he told his father he would come back to him "just as good as he left him." McMaster loved to recall those happy reunions, when he looked into his dear boy's eyes and received from his lips the assurance that he had kept his promise. He nursed his father during a great part of his last illness, and in a letter written from his sick-bed the latter speaks lovingly of him and of his affectionate care of him. He watched at his bedside during the last two nights of his life, and in the intervals of consciousness McMaster was most loving and tender, so happy to have with him his boy so dear to his heart.

Hence it is that Mr. Harper, of New York, an intimate friend of the family, wrote to McMaster's children:

"My intercourse with the dear papa during the latter years of his life ran through smooth and retired channels, untroubled and undisturbed by incidents

at all calculated to strike the average person as more than commonplace.

"What struck me most forcibly when I first became acquainted with your father, was his exceptional love for his family, and the tenderness, consideration and respectful familiarity evinced by each toward the other. You always appeared to me rather as affectionate brothers and sisters than father and children, and those who only knew your father as a fearless and unsparing defender of the faith he loved so well, would find it hard, I imagine, to believe that he could be so gentle and considerate with his little ones.

"After dear Gertrude's departure, I frequently saw him either at his office or my own, and it was my custom to spend Sunday evenings with him. I am afraid I was very poor company, but fortunately it only required a word or a question to stir up the wells of his knowledge, which seemed boundless, and many were the pleasant hours I spent listening to him discussing almost every living theme of interest.

"He seemed to feel that his end was near, and all his earthly interest was centered in his absent children. His one thought seemed to be for their welfare—his one pleasure and delight to hear from or see them. When a few weeks had elapsed since his last visit to Sharon or Baltimore, he would become restless, and as he used to express it, he became 'hungry' to look upon his dear ones again. When speaking of them his eyes would fill with tears, but he would immediately thank God that they were so well provided for.

"I remember seeing him when he was confined to the house as a result of his fall on the steps of his office, only a short time previous to his death. He seemed a little more thoughtful than usual, and expressed his thankfulness that he had not been instantly killed, the steps being particularly high and steep. 'I do not know,' he said, 'but it seems strange that the accident should have happened on the Feast of the Guardian Angels. The Blessed Virgin may have sent it as a warning to me to change my life or to prepare for death.' In a few days he had almost recovered, and was able to leave his bed, but when next I called, I was informed that he had gone to the hospital, which he was not destined to leave alive."

"None but those who have been very near him," says Mr. P. M. Egan, the assistant editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, "can sound the depth of his loss. Thousands of friends afar off, in all countries, in all the States, will mourn with prayers and tears—above all, prayers—the passing away of this great champion of truth. They know him as the soldier of the Cross, as a Godfrey de Bouillon, the knight without fear and without reproach; always ready to strike for the honor of Our Lord and His Immaculate Mother, and never fearing to strike twice. But to those near him he was as a tender father, a gentle and considerate friend, ever ready to praise, and, when blame blazed from his eyes on those he loved, it was atoned for by self-reproaches and generous amends.

"Among the older printers in the office there was a saying that it 'paid' to incur the Chief's anger—he always made up so extravagantly for the pain he had given.

"In private life he was genial and considerate, and valued highly the friendship and good will of those who were fortunate enough to enjoy the favor of his esteem. He was a most devoted and affectionate parent, taking the deepest interest in the affairs of his children, with whom he was ever in the fullest sympathy. He was not only their counsellor and guide, but he was their friend as well."

"What a father we had!" wrote one of McMaster's daughters to one of her sisters. "I remember as a little thing, how I used to rest my face on the palm of his hand, and feel so safe—just as one feels with the Lord now, or put my head inside his coat and hum away with contentment. Do you remember how he used to call me his little humming-bird? I wonder how many have had their first lesson on conformity to the Will of God from their own father. A short time after dear mamma's death, papa caught me as I was passing behind him, sitting at the study-table. He questioned me as to what I thought made a saint, and then told me how it was not austerities or visions, but conformity to the Will of God. Poor papa! He was having a hard lesson in it just then. And how tender and loving he was from the very first time I let out to him I wanted to be a Nun—in the fall of 1872. On the eve of the month of May,

1873, he took me to see Fr. ———, about it, and during that May, (which was a month of heaven on earth to me, and I thank Our Lady for it every year) he and I used to go over to May Devotions together, I, holding his hand, and he talking so beautifully of spiritual things. After mamma's death till the Sunday night before I came for the 'hood,' you know how often I used to slip to the study after you went to sleep, *making believe* I wanted a drink, but really to see whether papa was ready for a talk. Sometimes he would be busy with his books, or writing; sometimes I would find him prostrate before our little altar; sometimes he would be ready for a talk, and I would sit on his knee for perhaps an hour listening to him. The dear, dear papa! I often wonder—can he, with his beautiful, wonderful spirit of thanksgiving, be still in Purgatory? And our mother, isn't she tired hearing his children crying out to her for him: 'Mother!' 'Mother!'"

Our journalist and his wife have set a worthy example to Catholic parents in what manner to educate their children, how to mould and discipline their character, by a thorough Christian instruction, by vigilance, correction and good example. Marriage, no doubt, has its chief felicity in the family circle, and in the natural affection which preserves that magic ring. The father lives again in his children as he sees them "like olive branches round about his table;" and the mother rejoices in her little ones as special gifts of heaven: "Her children rise up and call her blessed." "They are mine, flesh and soul, mine, O my children! a portion of myself." Whether they are maimed or perfect, sickly or robust, each of them is a sacred deposit, of which the parent is to give an account to Him of whom he received it.

It is especially the mother who is destined by God to bring up children for heaven. This is her grand mission. What a happiness, what an honor, for a mother to give angels to heaven! Would to God she only knew the real dignity and importance of her mission, and comprehended the qualifications in the moral and religious order that best prepare her for the duties of her sublime calling! What mission can be more sublime, more sacred; what mission can be more meritorious before God, than that of giving to the young child

the primary lessons in the true doctrine of Jesus Christ?

If three daughters of our journalist became Nuns, their vocation to the religious life was no doubt the fair fruit of the truly Christian education inculcated by their parents.

#### CHAPTER X.

MR. JAS. A. McMASTER YIELDS TO THE PIOUS DESIRES OF HIS DAUGHTERS, WHO ENTER HOLY RELIGION—HE MAKES A SACRIFICE OF THEM AND OF HIS HOME—“SHARON AND CARMEL.” A NEW YEAR’S GREETING TO McMASTER, BY MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY—THE CARMELITE ORDER—THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN PARENT HOUSE—THE BOSTON COMMUNITY.

Everybody has heard of M. Leon Papin Dupont, the holy man of Tours. Here is an incident of his life—After the loss of his wife, his affection centered in his daughter, Henrietta, whose great and precocious intelligence, beauty, grace and elevation of mind, attracted many admirers. The Christian father feared the temptations of the world for his child. “My God,” he would say, “If thou foreseest that she will stray from the right path, take her from me, rather than that she should be led away by vanity.” It seemed as if God heard this heroic prayer, poured forth with the faith of Abraham. The girl was struck as if by lightning with typhus fever, and died after five days’ illness. Mr. Dupont prepared his child for death, speaking to her of heaven with enthusiasm. I will quote the words of the priest that gave her the last sacraments: “The young girl received the holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction with full consciousness. The doctor was present, as M. Dupont’s friend, nor did he abandon him in this sorrowful crisis. The ceremony over, the father, who was kneeling by his child’s death-bed, arose, and taking her hand, said: ‘Now, daughter, that you have received so many graces, are you happy?’ ‘Yes, father.’ ‘Do you regret anything on earth?’ ‘Yes, father.’ ‘What then?’ ‘Leaving you!’ ‘No, my child, you shall not leave me; we shall not be separated. God is everywhere; you shall be with him in

heaven, and see him; I shall pray to him here, and through him I shall be with you. Two walls at this moment separate us. Yours shall soon fall; mine also one day shall; we shall then be united, and forevermore!’ Every one of us present was in tears. When the girl breathed her last, her father said to the doctor: ‘My child has seen God.’ He then recited the *Magnificat*, to the astonishment of several who did not understand these sentiments of a true Christian, happy in offering to his God his only child, in all the purity of her soul and beauty of her youth.”

At one moment his courage was on the point of breaking down, on the occasion of her funeral. “I see him still,” says another witness; “his daughter laid out on her death-bed; he never left her; and approaching nearer still, his arms crossed, he fixed his eyes on the beloved features, undisturbed by death. Tears ran down his cheeks; sobs were choking his utterances; he was just falling to the ground; but, on a sudden, the Christian threw himself on his knees, recollected his scattered thoughts and prayed. Then rising, his face transfigured, a ray of hope shining through his tears; ‘I was going to be conquered; and yet my child is nearer to me than she was!’ Two walls (he again said) separated us and prevented our reunion; hers is crushed, mine shall fall, and we shall be forever united!’ \* \* \* \* To visitors offering their condolence he would show the funeral couch, saying from the Gospel: ‘She is no longer here; why seek you the living with the dead?’ He found consolation in the sacred texts which speak to the Christian of hope and immortality. ‘The Lord gave her to me, the Lord hath taken her away, blessed be the name of the Lord.’ His faith inspired him with graceful thoughts. ‘As a gardener puts in the hot-house his precious flowers on the approach of winter, so our blessed Lord has taken Henrietta, when she was to enter the world, and be exposed to the poisonous influence of its maxims.’”

On the day of his daughter’s funeral he distributed alms to the different religious communities of the town. A portion of her dowry also he gave to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

We have already said that, after our journalist had lost by death his wife, his

affections, like those of the holy man of Tours, centered in his children. He feared the temptations of the world for them. Like M. Dupont, he often prayed: "My God, if thou foreseest that any one of my children will stray from the right path, take her from me rather than that she should be led away by vanity." It seemed as if God heard this heroic prayer, poured forth with the faith of Abraham. But God heard not McMaster's prayer in the way in which he heard M. Dupont's. He called every one of his daughters to the religious life, a safe harbor amid the dangers and temptations of this sinful world.

In 1877, McMaster was called upon to sacrifice forever the society of his eldest daughter, so dear to him, she having obtained his willing consent to what he considered a great favor—her entrance into the Society of Religions, by whom she was educated.

Again in 1882, the Divine Master came knocking once more at the door of that brave, loving heart, which knew not how to say no to the call of his God. This time his youngest daughter entered the Carmel of Baltimore.

Two years later brought the crowning sacrifice of his life—the greatest, because it was the last. The daughter who had lived with him in close companionship for seven years, urged by a strong and special call, petitioned for admission in what McMaster loved to call, "The Order of the Mother of God." How the noble qualities

of his great heart shone forth during the two months between her acceptance and entrance into the Carmel of Baltimore! He said to her one day: "If I had desired to withhold my consent, I should not have dared to do so. But thank God, my heart has sung Alleluia ever since I knew of your desire." Again he would say so often: "How good God is to let me make this last sacrifice in my old age!" He spoke of it as his last sacrifice, not through any want of affection for his youngest child and only surviving son, who was so dear to him; but because it necessitated once more the breaking up of his home, and the deprivation of the many little loving services which only a woman's hands and heart can render.

"It would be untrue," said Fr. M. Egan, "to think that Mr. McMaster surrendered his children without signs of human sorrow. His heart might be inclined to rebel; but his will was in the matter one with that of God, whom he thanked hourly for graces bestowed on those he loved most. Sister Gertrude, when in the world, made him 'too comfortable,' as he often said. He hated comfort, as an enemy to the true spiritual life. Her care of him was tender and unceasing. His home was filled with the warm glow of love and duty. His was an ideal domestic hearth, but he found it 'too comfortable.' And when Sister Gertrude entered the Carmel he experienced and expressed the purest spiritual joy."

TO BE CONTINUED.





## THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

### CHAPTER III.



R. Vinton," announced the maid.

"Ask Dr. Vinton will he please walk up."

The doctor's graceful acknowledgement of the introduction to Mrs. Redmond bore testimony to his familiar-

ity with the society of ladies: his accent told that he was from the south, that country in which life appears in graceful curves. His face was eloquent of purity and sweetness. He had graduated with John Murphy at the university, and they had ever been devoted friends.

"I am told," said he, "that the young ladies are not at home."

"They will return for luncheon; if your engagements permit your remaining, I shall be gratified if you will join us."

"Many thanks, Mrs. Murphy, I cannot decline an invitation that promises me so much pleasure. I have enjoyed so thoroughly your hospitality that I fear I have often abused your kindness. I can recall the moods of discouragement which I have imposed on you, and I remember that they fled away at the sound of your voice. I have always found this house a haven of peace and rest. To-morrow I leave the city and hope to be at home before Sunday."

"We shall miss you sadly, Dr. Vinton. You have been a welcome guest for your own sake. No doubt you have a circle of young folk in your neighborhood?"

"Yes, I know many agreeable ladies, and I have any number of cousins, but the ladies I have met here seem different. To show you what I mean: When I was last at home we were speaking of 'Lucille,' and I declare if the ladies did not prefer Louvois to Vargrave."

"I confess," said Mrs. Redmond, "I regarded Vargrave as a negative hero."

"Yes," replied Dr. Vinton, "but if you recall the scene in which Vargrave meets

Louvois that early morning in the forest, you will remember that the Duke, by his smile, conveyed the impression that Lucille had favored his pretensions."

"Yes," said Mrs. Murphy, "the Duke lied basely and willfully."

"I remember principally the scene on the battle-field," said Mrs. Redmond. "I always admired the masterly portrayal of the Duke's character, as a foil to the supernatural nobility of Soeur Seraphine."

"The young ladies," replied Dr. Vinton, "reminded me that the Duke repented. I quoted for them the saying of one of our professors: 'That which a man does once he is likely to do again, if subjected to the same conditions.' To me Louvois was a bold, bad man. He chose evil, when good and evil were presented to him. To my mind innocence is superior to repentance."

"I quite agree with you, Dr. Vinton," replied Mrs. Murphy. (She had been turning over the leaves of "Lucille" during the conversation.) "These words of the Duke show that time and sad experience brought to him the same conviction:

"O, blessed are they amongst whom I was not,  
Whose morning unclouded without stain or spot,  
Predicts a pure evening; who, sun-like in light,  
Have traversed, unsmiled, the world, and set bright."

"Your young friends probably looked no deeper than the general's uniform when comparing the two men. As a man, and especially as a physician, you have attained an earnestness of character and a maturity of judgment not to be looked for in young girls."

"But, Mrs. Murphy, these young girls assume the responsibility of choosing for themselves husbands. Their mothers leave them unattended in the company of certain young men, whose mere presence I consider contaminating; men devoid of all principle of honor, of honesty or of purity. This house, in which visitors are entertained in the family circle, is one of the rare exceptions. In the majority the young people have the parlor to themselves, their parents either not appearing, or retiring early. The young maiden is not prepared to discrimin-

ate between the men introduced to her, and there is seldom a prudent adviser who will aid her to consider a man according to his spiritual, moral or intellectual ability. Therefore, the majority of young women, I may say of women, prefer a Louvois to a Vargrave."

"It is well said," remarked Mrs. Redmond, "that no two persons read the same book, and it is likewise true that the same book read at different periods of life by the same person bears to the reader a different message at each reading."

The return of the walking party put a stop to the conversation.

When presented to Mr. Dillon, Dr. Vinton regarded him very earnestly before he said: "I am happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Dillon, under more favorable auspices than those of our first meeting."

"You have the advantage of me, doctor."

"But for your timely intervention, my advantages would have been very limited. I never admired an axe until I saw you brandish one."

"Oh, I suppose you were at the smash-up."

"I was a participant, and came near being one of the victims. For some minutes I was imprisoned, jammed between the seats. Your quickness of perception and fertility of resource were my admiration, especially as I was an interested spectator: every blow of your axe told in the right direction."

"I suppose my Montana experience served me. Are you the little medical who took me to the bishop?"

"I had that honor."

"I congratulate you, doctor, on the skill you exhibited that night. As an old soldier, I have seen some surgery."

"I have been told that our equipment is far superior to that of the ante bellum period. I was much impressed by the serenity of the bishop; he reminded me of the saying: 'Occasions do not make us what we are, they do but show what we are.' I found the bishop unconscious. Do you know that embarkment down which our car rolled was sixty feet in height? I thought at first the bishop was dead. While I was making my examination he opened his eyes and looked up at the stars: 'The heavens show forth the glory of God,' said he; then, after looking about him a

moment, he urged us to leave him, saying: 'I can lie here very comfortably, but I fear those poor fellows over there have greater need of you.'

"I remember his unselfishness. I had to insist on his accepting our services, and told him that such exposure might have fatal consequences. He asked us to allow him to stand, saying he did not think any bones were broken. He found he could not walk, so we carried him into the shanty. There was an old sofa in the room, but the bishop positively refused to make use of it, saying we should place him on a chair, and leave the lounge for some one more in need of it. He urged us to leave him and attend to the others, and to let him know if we found anyone desiring priestly ministrations, assuring us that he could go, with a little assistance, to anyone who needed him."

"This is all very surprising," said Mrs. Murphy. "My husband told me Mr. Dillon had been delayed by a collision, but I had no thought of anything so disastrous as your conversation reveals."

"It is a principle of mine, Fannie, to put no spots on the sun. I found you all smiling and happy. Why should I spring a tale of horrors on you unnecessarily?"

"Why, Uncle Edward, you must be the unknown hero the paper spoke of yesterday," said Mary.

"I hope to remain unknown. Would it not be dreadful if the paper attempted to give my picture. I have suffered much, but that is an ignominy I hope to be spared. To that fate I doom my bitterest foe."

"You remind me," said Mr. Murphy, entering, "of a funny incident that occurred recently. An enterprising newspaper gave a series of pictures of priests and churches, accompanying them with articles, biographical and historical. Many of the portraits were hideous. I was in the office one day, and picked up a copy of the latest issue. The name of my former parish priest met my eye. Looking at the picture I found it a caricature of the saintly man. 'See here,' said I, 'why do you keep up this cheap valentine style. Get good pictures of these men and present them truthfully.'"

"Oh," said the youth I addressed, "Father X is so holy, he would not allow us to print his picture. We could not have given it this week, only he is in Egypt."

"Well," said I, "it is to be hoped he will sue *The Arrow* for libel when he returns."

"My laughter brought the editor out of the joke. The touchiness of the average editor is surprising. They are as sensitive about their paper as a young mother of her babe."

After lunch Dr. Vinton requested a few minutes in private with Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, and the trio adjourned to the library. They found it glowing in the sunlight which entered the south-western bay window, bringing life and bloom to the stand of flowering plants within it. From the walls looked out an army of writers whose works perpetuate the memory of men, whose talents were devoted to the service of God and the defence of the truth. The hands of many of these warriors are mouldering in the grave, but their words have life in them, and continue to instruct the ignorant and stimulate the faint-hearted to persistent endeavor in the fulfilment of duty. Dr. Vinton's face wore an unusual expression, as he rested his head against the pillow on the back of his chair, and his voice was very low and earnest:

"You have been to me the kindest and most sympathetic friends," he began; "your house has been to me a second home. Looking back I recognize the many temptations I have been spared, through the happy hours your cordial hospitality provided me. My family are Presbyterians. I knew no Catholics until I made John's acquaintance. I had been taught that Catholics were idolators and superstitious, and that they were not allowed to read the bible. The first time John took me to his room I saw the crucifix on the stairway, and the statue of the Sacred Heart, with the taper burning before it. I knew John was the brightest man in our class, and knew he was not such a fool as to worship idols. He noticed my interest in the devotional objects and explained that his mother placed the holy reminders where they would meet the eye, thinking that they might preach to her boys, especially on the return home at night. The beautiful custom made a deep impression on me. I felt that yours was indeed a holy house. One Saturday evening I overheard the lesson Mr. Murphy read during your family worship. John had given me an interesting book in the parlor, but the voices had greater charm for me. I found

the reading was from the bible. When I questioned John he told me that you always read the epistle and gospel on the eve of Sunday, in order that the lessons inculcated might sink more deeply into the mind, preparing it for the public reading in church. In the prayers that followed, I was thrilled by the fervent response, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death.' I perceive that in the Mother of the Redeemer you did but recognize an intercessor. I know my mother prays fervently for me, and I am convinced that intercessory prayer is efficacious. Finding that so many of my prejudices were without foundation, I resolved to acquaint myself with the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Until now I have had but little opportunity. Through John's experience, you know how busy is the life of the resident physician in a city hospital. As John's assistant I had every opportunity of knowing him intimately. The duties of our profession furnish rare tests of character, and I have always found him a noble-hearted man, ever true to his religious principles. I love him as I do my brother."

After a moment's pause, he continued:  
 "Your daughters have been to me the loveliest women I have ever met, cordial and unaffected, graceful and so sweetly dignified, they have become my standards of comparison. One day I made the discovery that in Miss Mary were combined all the qualities I imagined, the adornment of my ideal wife. I dared not reveal my love to your daughter. I had heard her condemn the marriage of parties holding contradictory religious beliefs, and I was firmly convinced that she would consent to no compromise. From John I procured a catechism of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. I had read some of it during the journey in which I met Mr. Dillon. He was seated in front of me. When the colliding locomotive struck our train I heard him exclaim 'Lord have mercy on us,' and saw him spring to the relief of his fellow passengers. I saw him make the sign of the cross, when our train left the depot. I was compelled to inaction, wedged between the seats, and could only observe the behavior of my companions. In the momentary hush that succeeded the shock, a little boy was heard to say: 'Oh! mother,

was not God good to us that we are saved? A venerable man near me, a senator returning home from Washington, looked at the child and its mother affectionately, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. I heard him say to himself: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou has perfected praise.' The mother's first act had been to bless herself. She whispered to the child: 'Yes, darling, God is very good. You know this is the meeting-day of our society, and our friends are remembering us at Mass at this moment.' The conclusion is borne in upon me that the practical Catholic finds in his faith assistance in all the trials of life. I have observed in the poor, wonderful patience and fortitude. One of our professors said one day that Catholics made such satisfactory patients; he attributed it to their being trained from childhood in a respect for authority. I have called on Bishop Francis several times at the hospital. He is compelled to remain in bed some days, having suffered from the shock. He has consented to receive me into the church on my return from my visit to my parents. I have now to request your permission to ask Miss Mary to become my companion in my life work.'

"I congratulate you, Dr. Vinton, on having found your way to the threshold of the Catholic Church, and it shall be my fervent prayer that you will remain faithful to the light you have received. I have ever entertained for you a profound esteem and affection. I appreciate the honor you propose in choosing my daughter as your wife. Man can pay to woman no greater compliment. I think it better to wait until you have obtained the approval of your parents. It is advisable that my daughter shall meet a welcome when she turns from the home and family where she has been the object of the fondest love. I know your parents come occasionally to Philadelphia, and an opportunity for a meeting will probably occur at an early day. I shall not disguise from you my impression that Mary appreciates your character very highly. She will be delighted by the news of your conversion. I have noticed that Mary has been overworked of late, and we have concluded to banish her for a little while to a quieter life. She will accompany Mr. and Mrs. Redmond when they return home."

"The plan is, I think, an excellent one,

and I agree with you that Miss Mary spends herself unsparingly. You should have seen her the night of the concert. After her first song an encore was requested. She turned to 'Our Neighbors' and asked them what she should sing. Grandmother Byrnes, who was sitting near the stage, cried out, 'Ah! honey, sing Mary of Argyle.' You would have thought the room was empty; not a sound was heard as she sang, so sweetly as if all alone:

"I have heard the Mavis singing  
His love song to the morn;  
I have seen the dewdrop clinging  
To the rose just newly born.  
But a sweeter song has cheered me  
At the evening's gentle close,  
And I've seen an eye still brighter  
Than the dewdrop on the rose.  
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,  
And thine artless winning smile  
That made this world an Eden,  
Bonny Mary of Argyle."

"I saw tears of love rolling down the cheeks of those poor people who applied to the singer the words of the song. When the audience was dispersing I heard one of the women say to her companion, 'That Miss Mary's an angel; I believe the Almighty sent her to us just to show what a lovely creature a woman can be.' I read lately that if a man wants to know what kind of a woman his wife shall be, let him become acquainted with her mother. Through John I know his mother very well. Many a time he has said to me, when I have expressed my admiration for him, 'I must give the credit, dear boy, where it is due. I owe to my mother, under God, any good there is in me. She never spared me. The first lesson I learned was obedience. During my vacation she noted my foolish tendencies, and nipped them in the bud. She can be very severe, and was merciless when I tried to put on airs.'"

"Indeed, Dr. Vinton, I can apply to my own parents the words my son spoke of me. My father's favorite motto was: 'Let others do as they please, I and my house shall serve the Lord.'"

A knock at the door introduced Margaret.  
"I am very sorry, Dr. Vinton, to anticipate your departure, but it is my turn to supply the essay at our literary society this afternoon, and I am therefore obliged to be punctual. Kathleen is going with me."

After the departure of the ladies Dr.

Vinton returned to the sitting-room to take leave of the other members of the family.

"If you please, doctor, I will walk with you," said Mr. Dillon.

"I shall be delighted with such good company."

As they reached the pavement, Mr. Dillon said: "I suppose, doctor, your professional experience has acquainted you with many a sad history; there are few more pathetic than the one into which you and I were singularly brought at the accident. Do you recall the lady in mourning whom you attended?"

"I do, very distinctly, and have wondered what became of her."

"She died this morning. I recognized her that awful night. She and I were old friends. There is no reason why I should not tell you the whole truth; you are an honorable man. I loved her at one time with all the earnest devotion of a sincere man for a good woman. When I told her of my love she appeared startled and made no reply. When she regained her self-control she said: 'This should not have happened if I had foreseen it. I have been pre-occupied. The truth is, Edward, I expect to be married next month. My intended is not a Catholic, and the marriage will displease the families on both sides. We will, therefore, be married privately. You and I have always been such good friends. I sincerely hope you will soon find a better wife than I should be to you. I know, too late, your worth, and my own foolishness.' In the paper I read the notice of her marriage, and that she had sailed for Europe with her husband. Yesterday was the fifteenth anniversary of her wedding day. Five years after her marriage her husband deserted her for a coarse beauty. The wife closed the house, and lived for some years with her husband's family. She was a gentle, loving woman, and they cherished her tenderly. The money her husband settled on her the day of their marriage she spent for those in need. Often she earned money by her needle, that she might extend her usefulness. She offered all her sorrows in expiation for her wilfulness in the manner of her marriage, and her request from the poor was always the same 'please say a prayer for my intention.' Her friends knew well that the conversion of her husband was the supreme desire of her heart.

Last month her husband asked her to join him. He was alone, out west, and very ill. He died three days after her arrival. Her prayers were answered. He asked to die in the faith that had made his wife a saint. She was returning home when our train was run into. She called me and requested me to see that she was taken to a Catholic hospital. I am to attend her funeral to-morrow morning. Can you go with me?"

"I am at your disposal, and appreciate the confidence you have placed in me."

"There is a fitness in your presence at the last services. She was very grateful for the gentleness you showed her, and I turn to you rather than to my own family. My wound is too raw, even for their loving sympathy."

After parting company with Dr. Vinton, Mr. Dillon took a long walk into the country. Returning home he saw the city lying below him. The setting sun glorified the smoke from the busy haunts of men: rising, it formed into clouds, fleecy and many tinted. Rose color and golden they shone through the amethystine atmosphere. Removing his hat, Mr. Dillon raised his eyes to heaven, crying out: "Thus shines the mercy of God on the blackness of sin. If Thou wilt mark iniquities, oh Lord, Lord who will stand it. Because with Thee there is merciful forgiveness, and because of Thy law I have waited for thee, oh! Lord."

When Mr. Dillon entered the house he found Mr. Redmond had arrived. His mirthfulness put the whole family in a state of jubilation, which found reaction in a tranquil mood after tea.

"O, Father," said Kathleen, in the first pause that occurred, "you should hear Margaret's essay."

"What is your subject, Margaret?"

"It is a review of Mr. Ingersoll's notice of Renan."

"Oh, ho!"

"Well, Uncle John, it came about in this way: Our society takes a magazine which is read aloud at our meetings. Each member in succession writes an article on any subject that occurs in our readings. This being my turn, I thought it necessary to reply to Mr. Ingersoll's article which was read some weeks ago."

"How did you prepare your essay?"

"I had some idea of the life and writings of Mr. Renan from the notices I had read of both in the past few years. You know father subscribes for *The Quarterly Review*, *The Catholic World*, *The Irish Monthly*, *The Century* and *The Review of Reviews*, also some Catholic newspapers. Renan has been mentioned in all of them. I remembered the advice of Balines, 'before reading a history it is very important to read the life of the historian.' Father Lambert's 'Notes on Ingersoll' gave me an estimate of the character of the latter. All these authorities supplied me with matter for my article. Indeed it was with surprise I discovered myself so well equipped for it."

"How does it happen that you are in such a company as this literary society?"

"When our neighbor, Mrs. Brown, urged us to join it mother demurred, but father thought it would be good exercise for us. He said we were now young women, and well instructed in our religion. You see, when the boys were at home we had many an argument. They delighted in charging on us with all the calumnies, old and new. When they first came home from college mother was quite concerned by the manner of John's presenting a subject. She said

to him one day: 'I know your study of logic gives you an advantage over me in argument, but my knowledge of the catechism and apprehension of its spirit, enlightens my mind and enables me to detect a fallacy and to perceive the absurdity of your casuistry.' John looked at mother for a minute. Before he replied his smile was half in fun, but very loving. 'You must not take me too seriously, mother,' he said. 'How do you know that I do not stir you up on purpose and then hand over your replies to the first fellow that tackles me? You know you talk very well, mother, and if you do not know a thing you always know where to send one to find it, and that saves a man a lot of time.'"

"Well, Margaret, perhaps your father's view in this matter is the correct one. You have here a host of authorities to which you can refer, and a good general 'should be familiar with a variety of tactics.' But I consider your case an exceptional one. The majority of young folks would suffer from such contact, because they would absorb the poison and neglect to use the antidote."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A MARTYR OF THE SCAPULAR.

BY S. X. B.



*LES Missions Catholiques* of Friday, May 20, 1892, published an interesting letter from M. Pincou, Vicar Apostolic of Tonkin, as follows: "The race of heroic confessors and martyrs is not extinct,

thanks be to God.

"It was in the early part of April that an apostate who had been remonstrated with, and reproached by some faithful Christians, determined to be revenged. At the time it was only too easy to gain the ear of the Mandarins with any accusation against those who professed our holy faith. Their agents were sent far and wide with letters

of apostasy threatening the neophytes, and disseminating an edict ordering all who had embraced the true religion during the two preceding reigns to renounce it forthwith. Knowing the disposition of those in authority, the apostate repaired to the 'prefecture' and entered against some Christians the false charge of dishonesty and theft. The Mandarin who presided saw therein a grand opportunity to prosecute a Christian, who up to that time had seemed impervious to their malice. He sent a deputation of soldiers to arrest the first Christians who came under their observation.

"Michael Don was arrested. Upon the thirteenth of April he was summoned before the prefect. 'You are accused,' said

the Mandarin to the Christian, who stood calmly before him, 'of having basely stolen some valuable garments from Chung.' 'Noble Mandarin, I have stolen nothing. But as without possessing wealth I have quite sufficient for my wants, I am perfectly willing to make up whatever loss Chung may have sustained. But let it be understood that it is not as restitution, but simply by way of charity.'

"The accusation of theft was a mere pretext, nothing more was said on that subject. 'What is that you wear around your neck?' was the next question. '*It is my scapular, great Mandarin.*' 'Tear it off and throw it away, and that moment you will be set at liberty.' 'Great Mandarin, you might cut off my head. *I would even then still press my scapular against my heart.*' This reply gave such offence that Michael was hurled to the ground: his hands and feet were tied fast and secured to two pickets. 'This man is an insolent wretch,' said the Mandarin. 'Soldier! to your task.' And the soldier, taking the scourge, struck over and over again with the sharp thongs this faithful servant of Mary, who would not renounce her and thereby deny his Savior Jesus Christ. At first the victim shuddered, half rose, then fell again. The soldier struck with pitiless force, and the blows fell like hail upon the quivering flesh. Suddenly, strengthened by divine grace, the Christian conceived the resolution to endure the torture without making the slightest movement. The soldier pursued his cruel work, the blood streamed down, pieces of flesh strewed the ground, but the Christian uttered not a word of complaint. 'Stay,' said the Mandarin. 'Could it be that he is dead?' The soldier leaned forward, looked attentively, and was about to reply in the affirmative, but Michael, raising himself up, said: 'I am alive; you may continue.' And at once the scourge inflicted new torture upon the lacerated flesh. A soldier who had viewed the cruel spectacle, half in pity, half in anger, cried out: 'Fool that thou art, do as the great Mandarin desires: sign the letter of apostasy and thou wilt be tormented no more.' 'Ah! friend,' said the heroic confessor, 'What counsel dost thou give me? To give up the joys of heaven for a few fleeting earthly years! Thou knowest not my re-

ligion; never would I be so base as to deny it.' And the punishment went on.

"When Michael had received 150 lashes the Mandarin, despairing of conquering his constancy ordered him to be dragged to a gloomy prison, where he was to remain in his suffering condition for one month. And as if to compensate himself for his disappointment, the next day was marked by a new act of atrocity.

"The Mandarin bade them drag another Christian into his presence and had him knocked down and beaten with clubs because, like Michael, he refused to give up his faith. He too was a devout child of Mary, and upon the feast of the patronage of St. Joseph that dear Mother bade him welcome to the enjoyment of everlasting bliss in Paradise."

In the *Chroniques du Carmel*, July, 1892, the following item appeared.

"The American correspondent of *L'Univers* relates thus:

"The battle field was strewn with the massacred soldiers of Custer's army and presented a harrowing sight. One lifeless form, and only one, had been treated with any degree of respect, and without being a fanatic on the subject of *religion*, it cannot be denied that it was a veritable miracle, an indisputable mark of the protection accorded her faithful clients by our Lady of Mount Carmel. In the midst of the terrible scene the dead body of Colonel Keogh, an Irishman by birth, and a devout Catholic, was permitted to remain untouched. It was evident that a savage had begun to tear off his linen and his vest, but went no further, for the cruel hand came in contact with the scapular, which the colonel perpetually wore. Without doubt the sacred badge awakened recollections of some devoted missionary's teachings, the image of our dear Mother touched the savage heart and arrested the profaning grasp, and a new proof of Mary's power appeared.

"Certain it is that their fury was calmed at the sight of the scapular. One could see that several of the savages had assisted in bearing the body of an enemy—a few moments before an object of detestation—to a sheltered spot: there placing it in a reclining posture, the head leaning against a tree, they had disposed the badge so loved by the deceased upon his breast and silently stole away."

## CHURCH UNION.

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



FOR the last ten years a desire to effect some kind of a union between the different Protestant bodies has been manifested, and, as time wears on, the desire becomes stronger and more pronounced. Bodies of ministers of different denominations have conferred together and union churches as well as union creeds have been noted.

Can an union be thus established? A Catholic watching these frantic endeavors is not only an interested spectator, but he feels that the ultimate result must be what his heart desires, viz., union with Rome. To effect an union without Rome is a hopeless task, an impossible undertaking.

The essential difference between Catholics and Protestants lies in the teaching authority on the one, and the absolute absence of it on the other side. To free themselves of pretended "Popish abuses and corruptions," the Reformers of the sixteenth century cast off all connection with the church, and as this could not well be done as long as they acknowledged that Christ established a visible church under a visible ruler, commissioned to act as the depository and administrator of doctrine and grace, the Reformers cut the Gordian knot by setting up their rival claims of free interpretation. Doing so they drove a wedge not only into the hated "church of Rome," but into their own creation as well. They did not stop to consider that their principle in its legitimate application necessarily led to disruption, since definite doctrines must form the backbone of every religious fabric.

The Catholics look upon the church as the ground and pillar of truth, planted by God as a means for man to reach Him again. The Protestants on the other side declared the church to be a voluntary union of individuals for the purpose of worshipping God according to their own opinions, not according to the way pointed out by Him. As

tradition cannot possibly exist without teaching authority, it was but logical for them to cast off traditions and confine themselves to the bible, though, in doing so, they lost sight of the fact that the bible itself is but tradition, and only a small part of tradition.

The result showed itself within three centuries. Sects split over and over; a difference of opinion led to the establishment of rival sects. In the heat of controversy, doctrines were abandoned which, up to the time, had been strenuously defended. Moral laws are but logical deductions from dogma. As dogma disappeared these moral laws became weaker and obscurer; they were for a time observed by force of habit, but succeeding generations never acquired these habits, and hence did not allow their religious tenets to fully rule their conscience, and consequently we hear the constant complaint that religion lost its hold upon man, and a Protestant theme, considered in all variations is, "how to reach the masses."

This constant loss of worshippers, and the ever increasing religious indifference, has often been attributed to a spirit of greed, materialism being blamed for it. But there the question confronts us: Why did materialism not make the same inroads upon Catholic populations, and why does the Church of Rome not merely hold its own among pagans, but virtually drives out all competition?

Decidedly worldly circumstances are identical for both; whence the different results? The answer is clear. The pagan orator Cicero gave it before the coming of Christ: "*Concordia minime res crescit, discordia maxime dilabuntur.*" He says, "Union makes the smallest things grow, discord destroys the greatest." This truism is proved daily. "Show us first," said pagans in Asia to the missionaries, "that you agree among yourselves, and we will follow you." In this battle the unbroken phalanx which the Catholic church presents, the identity of doctrines, sacra-



ments and rites, forcibly appeal to the spectator. He feels that union is strength, and he seeks to strengthen himself by uniting with this united body.

The Protestant bodies recognize this and publicly acknowledge it. Protestantism cannot in this duel of spirits hold its own or recover lost ground unless it is able to present an unbroken front. Consequently a union is dear to the hearts of all zealous and well meaning Protestants, and attempts at it have frequently been made, but hitherto always proved abortive. The question now is, will they succeed better in future, or can they ever succeed?

There are only three kinds of union possible, (1) a union of creed, (2) a union of administration, (3) a mere external and accidental union of rites.

This latter could take place if all the different dissentients could at least agree upon certain ceremonies to be used by all in conducting their services. Such an agreement at first sight seems feasible, the more, as Protestants are wont to disclaim any value of external worship and emphasize the adoration of God in spirit and in truth. Yet, if such be the case, the question is legitimate: Why have any ceremonies at all? If there is no intrinsic connection between the expression of the faith and the faith expressed, for what purpose should we keep up this mummerly? Do like the Society of Friends do. Abolish the clergy, the altar, the ceremony, and let every individual await the internal inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

If, on the other side, these ceremonies are to be considered as the clothing of convictions, the external manifestations of the faith that is in us, they must necessarily be in keeping with this faith, and therefore where there is no union of faith there can be no union of ritual, and any attempt, to present the same ritual in spite of differing opinions, would be hypocrisy.

The second kind of union, suggested above, would be an union of administration, analogous to the command of an army, in which the different arms, in spite of the different training and different uniforms and equipments, work in union, directed by the decisive will of the commander-in-chief.

Neither such an union is possible. For whilst all the parts of an army present a

perfect unit as to scope, this is not and cannot be the case with rival religions, and the attempt of England and Germany to eliminate jealousy and secure harmonious work, by distributing their territory, allotting to every sect a certain portion to the exclusion of every other sect, is a monstrosity, and in direct violation of the cardinal principle of Protestantism, viz: free interpretation and absolute liberty of conscience.

Hence every such attempt must fail. Every missionary feels, that he has equal rights with the other, to gain converts and to plant his flag upon every spot of this planet of ours, where he can secure a following. Religion is a matter of mind and heart, not of administration. And supposing such an union would be tried, who is to be the commander-in-chief, whose undisputed authority would assign to each worker his particular field? Is it to be an Episcopalian, a Methodist, a Presbyterian or a Unitarian, etc.? Would all the sects be willing to submit to the arbitrary rule of one of their number, or to a composite body of directors chosen from the different sects? The impossibility of the scheme must be clear to every thinking person.

Besides, even supposing this impossibility possible, what good would flow from it? There would be still the difference of doctrine, of practice, and the jealousy of the sects. And consequently the result of such a union would be only to show their differences the stronger.

Therefore the only possible basis of union would be the union of creed. This truth is felt strongly and various means were suggested to effect it. In Prussia, when the quarrels between the Lutheran and Reformed denominations had been raging fiercely for a long time, the government settled the disputes forcibly. It compounded the contradictory doctrines of the two disputants, published and enforced a new "Legenda" and "Agenda," and bound all the ministers to their use, calling the compound the "Evangelical Church." But conviction cannot be ruled by the baton of the corporal, and instead of bringing union, it fostered disunion in Protestant churches, and the child born, was still-born. It is a corpse to-day.

Another proposition was started in

America, viz.: to take for a basis of union those dogmas only on which all agreed, leaving in abeyance all the others as more or less irrelevant. But there we meet from the onset with a very serious difficulty, or rather a number of difficulties. First, there is no necessity of forming a union in points in which there is no difference. Second, it is not a question of words, but of meaning, and such words as God, Trinity, Saviour, Godman, atonement, etc., mean widely different things according to the explanation attached to them. Third: Which doctrines are essential, which are not? What to one appears a matter of indifference, is precisely to the other the cardinal question on which he stakes his faith and builds up his denomination.


Hence all attempts at union must fail, unless there is a tribunal to decide the momentous questions of the character of the church of God, the ways and means of teaching and dispensing graces, in short, of the whole economy of salvation. For if God does not intend to save man by direct and personal action, it belongs to Him and only to Him to ordain how He wishes to see this salvation accomplished, and in view of the efforts made by so many sincere people to bring about union and efficiency of church work, it is worth the trouble to enquire thoroughly into these matters, and this we intend to do in future articles in the REVIEW.

## BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

### III.

#### OF HOUSEHOLD REASONABLENESS.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.

OBODY that I am aware of, ever accused Madame de Manitenon of frivolity. It is not, therefore, very astonishing to know that she constantly advocated that the young ladies in the famous school of St. Cyr, of her founding, be trained first of all in the principles of common sense, reason, solid piety. The word reasonable, and in no cant sense, was always at her tongue's end.

In this sense also, would I venture to apply it to the conduct of our every day life, our ordinary household affairs.

If the harmony of many households be but the music of "sweet bells jangled," it is principally because unreasonableness rules there.

In such a household, heaven's first law of order will be found to be mostly disregarded. The general good is but little considered. The heads of the family are known as "Mrs. John Thomas and her husband,"—

proving the latter to be an inert lump of unassertive brawn and muscle—or, as "Mr. John Thomas and his wife,"—the latter designation including Mrs. J. T. among the feminine bundles of simpers, sweetness and husband—adoration.

In such a household, individuality dares not assert itself. The children, ruling and unruly, are the centre of the family solar system, or, cowed and sunless, are looked upon as the inevitable evil attending a matrimonial venture.

The life of such a home is a battle of adverse elements, a shuffle and scramble for necessity and luxury,—never the sweet round of toil and recreation molten in never-jarring companionship that family life should be.

It is easy to point out an evil. More tentatively one puts finger to the remedy.

In the meanwhile, one is met with a shrug, and "ideal," and "Utopian," are contemptuously levelled at one.

I protest, it would be idle to speak practically of the ideal that can never be

merged in the real. And Utopia lies not far off from us sometimes.

Of the orderly ruling of a household, whether simple or elaborate, a volume could be written. It is the alpha and omega of family peace and comfort. Whether the family be large or small, whether there are several servants or one, or none at all, whether the income be generous or scanty, order, however difficult its achievement be, is at once a possibility and necessity. A woman can have no nobler task than to evolve order out of household chaos, and compel its enforcement.

"The marriage of true minds," and no other union is worth considering, can scarcely help but result in reasonable harmony. It will be harmony of ideas with friendly friction among minor details, independent thought and opinion, independent action for each in the duties of each one's sphere.

In such a marriage, and no other need be, the world at large will regard the John Thomases as equally important for they will be so well put together that one will not outbalance the other.

Of the exceeding happiness of such a union, none but the two within the magic circle can know. An attempt to reveal it, would be to wander fatuously in the labyrinth in which, from time immemorial, everyone has lost himself who tried to square the circle.

In every household, individual activity should be as much encouraged as general recreations. If circumstances do not admit of the complete development of the talent of each member of the family—in which direction all that is possible should be done, for everybody possesses at least a grain of talent, a grain that, in the end, may prove diffusive as the musk,—let an effort be made to put each one in the way of helping himself. The best that can be done for all of us is to show us how to help ourselves. It is something, too, that, to a certain extent, we have a right to ask from our family and early environments.

Let the household tasks be equally divided among the daughters of the family. Thus shall no one be idle and none too heavily weighted. Even very little children can have their share of little duties and learn the charm of occupation and re-

sponsibility. It is part of the atmosphere of sunshine and simplicity in which alone children thrive.

The varying duties of the day at an end, the evening hour should bring a truce to each one's separate employments, a truce, if possible, to care and anxiety, a truce to the dissention of morbid and unpleasant topics. The home in which the evenings are spent, by the united family, in light and pleasant converse, in games, or music, or reading aloud, is—at least I never knew an instance to the contrary—the happy home.

One destroyer of peace and comfort in many households is the unreasonable attitude between husband and wife towards money affairs.

Most women are ignorant of money matters, thanks to their fathers and husbands, who, when their means permit, have no objection to their daughters and wives running unlimited accounts, but the strongest objections to trusting them with the smallest of allowances.

The result is that women know little of the value of money, are extravagant in some respects and mean in others, are prone to sum up all a man's virtues under the heading, "generous," and, on the other hand, to balance and outweigh all possible good qualities by the reputation or imputation of stinginess.

Every woman has a right to know the exact amount of her husband's income. Such knowledge is a shield to her against harsh judgments of him. It is a shield to him against unreasonable outlay or complaint on her part.

When circumstances permit, a certain proportion of the income should be given to the wife in weekly or monthly instalments for the current housekeeping expenses. If a certain portion also, be given her for her individual expenses, her husband's peace of mind need no longer be disturbed by the gruesome ghosts of milliners and dressmakers bills.

If the daughters, also, are given an allowance, his peace of mind will increase and his pocket not suffer in the long run. As for them, they will have the felicity of enjoying, and paying for, the rapture of a Paris hat or gown and scrimping for an indefinite period thereafter to make up for the extravagance, or of wearing shabby and

out-of-date garments that they may be rich in matinee tickets, books, or other particular fads, perhaps even in a bit of charity and glowingly feel themselves philanthropists in a small way.

However they spend the money, whether

wisely or not, the spending will always be at once a lesson and a delight to them. It does not take much, indeed, to delight a girl. And in this respect, I am inclined to believe, a woman is always a girl.

## A Letter Which Received an Answer.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY PHILIP A. BEST.



OWARDS the end of the seventeenth century the Austrian town of Laingrube could not boast of such fine buildings as it does to-day. It is true there were a few handsome edifices, but the homes of the inhabitants consisted mostly of small poor cottages or huts, into one of which we intend to bring the reader. This little house was on the principal thoroughfare—Mariahilf Street, situated on the spot where now stands a more pretentious house bearing the number "13." In the same was one room and a small chamber, occupied by Paul Merten, a talented musician and his well-educated daughter Josepha, who had been well-trained in needle work and domestic work of all kinds.

But the father and daughter had nothing whereby to earn their bread, for it was only a few years subsequent to the destruction of Vienna by barbarous Turks. Merten and his child could hope for no work from their fellow townsmen, who being put to a great expense during a protracted siege had no money to spare for musical instruction or entertainment. Finally the landlord, one Schmalhaus, took possession of Merten's room, he and his daughter being forced to live in the poor and small chamber adjoining.

One day their poverty had reached that point when it became unbearable. The faithful girl could no longer listen to the piteful complaints of her poor suffering father. "Father," she said, "I will go and try to obtain some work, and I might thereby be able to send you some money."

"Is that so?" asked the old man. "And will you, too, leave me—you degenerate

child? Who will then attend to my wants? No, go not, nothing will come of it."

"But, dear father," replied Josepha, "you have no means to keep yourself. You know well enough that I have long since written to my dear godfather's wife in Neustadt, and have not as yet received an answer."

"I know that," murmured Merten, "it would have been more sensible to have sent a letter to T. rather than to that old miserly godfather of yours, Wild."

"Pshaw! father, after all what is the use of fretting over the matter," exclaimed the girl, "let us rather pray to my holy namesake, and he will obtain help and work enough for us."

"Do you mean that?" said the father, "for my part I don't think that good old carpenter (St. Joseph) above has so much credit as you make it appear. However, write to him, if you wish to try your faith"—so Josepha sat down to the table and wrote as follows on a piece of paper:

*"Holy Joseph! pity our poverty! No work, no means of living! Pray God to send me work, for my father needs food,—I remain your true namesake, Josepha Merten, the musician's daughter, Laingrube."*

Josepha folded the note, and, by means of a silk thread, attached it to the neck of a little canary which she had in a cage. Having opened the window, the bird flew away with its message.

An hour had hardly elapsed when a knock was heard on the door. At the "come in" of the old man there entered a handsome and stately citizen.

"Is this where Fraulein Josepha Merten resides," he asked politely. "Yes, and what do you want with her?" replied Merten, who eyed the visitor with suspicion.

"My name is Joseph Charles Hirtl," said the citizen. "I am a jeweller in this city. St. Joseph, to whom I am greatly devoted, has ordered me to attend to a letter which he has received from your daughter. I need a great deal of needle work done and perhaps Fraulein Josepha can do it for me. Likewise for God's glory and a little innocent recreation I now and then play the organ in the Church of the Carmelites, but I need a musical director in order to perfect myself. Wouldn't Herr Merten and his daughter be my teachers?"

"Indeed, with pleasure," answered Josepha.

"Now, you must allow me to pay in advance for your services," said Hirtl, "for it is a principle of mine never to ask work of anyone without giving them their money as soon as they agree to what I ask them."

With these words he laid five shining ducats on the table.

"Now, father," said the girl, "you see that St. Joseph did answer my letter. I cannot properly thank him."

"Thank him at all times, worthy maiden," said Hirtl, "and you will never be without help and consolation. I

shall send my servant to you with the cloth and patterns, and I shall be glad to hear how the work progresses. Here is my address, Herr Merten. You can't miss the house, on which you will notice a statue of Saint Joseph." This friend bidding farewell, then took his departure. Josepha, shedding tears of gratitude, then threw herself into her father's arms, while he, half ashamed and repentant for his want of faith, kept his eyes riveted to the floor.

The bird had not flown far. Being unused to such liberty it flew into the open window of Mr. Hirtl. The latter was somewhat surprised. Having read the message which the bird carried and thought over it, he concluded that it was providential and decided to call on Mr. Merten and his daughter. He did so with the above result.

After that Mr. Hirtl and Mr. Merten and his daughter exchanged many visits, becoming fast friends. For many years the inhabitants of Laimgrube were edified by the lives of two pious devotees of St. Joseph, Mr. Joseph Hirtl and his loving wife, who had been formerly known as Josepha Merten.

## ST. PAPTICK'S PRAYER.

### A LEGEND.

BY THEODORE VINCENT.



AR in the west of Ireland  
 Croachan's peaks arise,  
 And lifting high their summits  
 Kiss Connaught's laughing  
 skies;  
 And viewed from Clew's bright  
 waters  
 Cloud-wrapt they disappear,  
 Their sun-tipped heights proclaiming:  
 "God's Majesty shines here,"

'Twas on this lonely mountain—  
 The ancient legends tell—  
 St. Patrick oft at eve-time  
 His hymn of praise would swell;  
 With tears would beg his Master  
 To gladden Erin's day,

And soften hardened pagan hearts  
 With Faith's enkindling ray,  
 And oft from highest heavens  
 God's Angel, Victor, came,  
 To grant the blest Apostle  
 The gifts his prayers might claim.  
 And back to his bright mansion,  
 Each time the Angel flew,  
 The holy man would charge him  
 With weighty prayers anew.  
 One eve, as twilight deepened,  
 He begged with fervent heart,  
 That come what might to Erin,  
 With Faith 'twould never part.  
 Though every other nation  
 From Christ should turn away,  
 By God preserved, his chosen race,  
 Would ne'er in darkness stay.

Then came the flashing Angel  
 With lightning-winged stroke,  
 And standing near Saint Patrick,  
 In stern-toned numbers spoke:  
 "Know ye not, Ho'y Bishop,  
 What blessings o'er and o'er  
 The Infinite hath given thee?  
 Why ask ye then for more?"

"And know you this, bright Angel,  
 That here I kneel and pray  
 Till speeding back from heaven  
 The boon is mine, you'll say.  
 And O ye holy peoples!  
 And O ye choirs above!  
 In supplication bend, ye Trees!  
 Beseech the Fount of Love!"

Thus prayed all night unwearied,  
 Nor ceased when daylight broke,  
 Nay, prayed till deepning shadows  
 Again the night bespoke.  
 Till once again the Angel  
 Winged to the Mount his flight,  
 And bathed the kneeling figure  
 In pure celestial light.

"Rejoice! I bring good tidings,  
 Great joy attends the prayer,  
 In Faith thy Isle lives Ever,  
 Thus doth the Lord God swear!  
 Nay more, thine is the Power Sovereign  
*He solely* claims, or may—  
 Thy people thou alone shall judge  
 When dawns the Dreadful Day."

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

### SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MARCH, 1896.

Yes, speak little and gently, little and well, little and frankly, little and amiably.  
 —ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The month of March is so brim full of sweet things to think about that one hardly knows where to begin. But say you, "it is Lent, and who talks of sweet things before Easter?" Well, let us be the ones who will turn the sour into sweet. Philosophy is a big word, isn't it? Yes, and yet a very simple little sentence will make it very easy to understand. It is making the best of things. So now, even in the midst of these sober solemn Lenten days, we can, and may be very bright and happy and turn everything into joy. Why not? Our Blessed Lord did all the sad part of the work for us, and it is His sweet will that we be joyful all through our lives. Oh! if that could be taught to people how much happier, and better, and wiser they would be than they are. First, we will talk of the dear St. Joseph, to whom the month of March is dedicated. Make him your friend,

dear children, and all will be well with you. Ask him to teach you how to be silent in Lent. I think our dear Lord will be wonderfully well pleased with us if we take that for our particular penance. It seems easy—well it isn't—try it—see how many times you'll want very much to talk—and then, as St. Francis de Sales says: "button hole your lips." The sweet little maxim at the opening of this letter will tell you more about it. Read it and turn it over and over under your tongue; see how sweet 'twill be. Then a word, a very loving tender word, about the dear Mother of Sorrows. Yes, I did say we must always be joyful, but that is no reason why we should not run to her every day in Lent and look all that we feel. She will read the love and the sympathy in our eyes. Her sorrows gave us our joys, so spare a few minutes every day to say how gladly you would have shared them with her. Dear, sweet Mother of Sorrows, how much we all owe her. Let us pay it back in love, and ask her to help us make acts of contrition this Lent such as we never made before. What a glorious Easter they will prepare for us. Sorrow is always behind us, joy always coming, dear children.

**GRANDMA'S SHAMROCKS.**

"Here gran'ma, here's a present, it has  
come a distance, too,

'Tis a little pot of shamrocks, and it comes  
addressed to you!

Yes, all the way from Ireland, and the card  
here mentions more—

They were gathered at your birthplace on  
the banks of Avonmore."

"From Ireland! do you tell me? oh darling  
is it true?

Accushla, let me feel them—and you say  
'twas there they grew?

Why, I can scarce believe it; is it really  
what you say?

From my birth-place in old Ireland! dear  
Ireland far away.

"I'm old and stiff and feeble, and in dark-  
ness, God be praised,

Yet, Kitten, how it stirs me, how my poor  
old heart is raised,

To feel it here so near me, the soil that  
gave me birth,

The very clay of Ireland, let me kiss the  
holy earth.

"These blessed little shamrocks! I can't  
see them, yet I know

They bring me back the eyesight of the  
happy long ago,

And rushing thro' the darkness comes the  
picture that I love,

The dear green fields of Ireland and the  
sunny sky above.

"I see, as once I saw them, when a girl like  
you I stood

Amid the furze and heather—there's the  
chapel, hill and wood,

There's the abbey, clad with ivy, and the  
river's winding shore,

And the boys and girls all playing on the  
banks of the Avonmore.

"God bless the little shamrocks, then, for  
calling back the scenes,

The beauty of the sunshine, the brightness  
of the green,

Thro' long, long years to see it, and to see it  
all so plain,

Ah! child, I'm sure you're smiling, but I'm  
feeling young again.

"And, though I'm truly thankful for the  
blessing that God's hand

Has brought around me, Kitten, in this  
great and happy land,

I can't forget the old home, 'midst the com-  
forts of the new;

My heart is three parts buried where these  
little shamrocks grew."

**FOR THE PUZZLERS.****XI.**

My first is a grain, my second is part of a  
house, my whole is an English county.

**XII.**

What word contains all the vowels and in  
their proper order?

**XIII.**

What is that which divides by uniting  
and unites by dividing?

**XIV.**

What letter is always repeated in  
America?

**XV.**

Name me and you destroy me.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.**

(IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.)

VI. Because they try to killtime.

VII. In the dictionary.

VIII. When it is Browaing.

IX. When they make twenty-two (22).

X. Hugh.

**FOR THE THINKERS.**

1. Who founded the conference of St.  
Vincent de Paul?

2. Where was he educated?

3. Who founded the order of Sulpicians?

4. What poet is called "the poet of the  
soul?"

5. What Catholic poet wrote the Irish  
Lyric "Inisfail"?

**MAXIMS FOR MARCH.**

11. How silently the snow comes down!  
We see it, we feel it, but we do not hear it.  
So it is with true charity.

12. There is a mysterious attraction be-  
tween us and heaven. God wants us and  
we want God.

EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

13. The bed of a good death ought to  
have for its mattress the love of God.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

14. God has the goodness to put some of

our purgatory into each day. Let us accept it.

F. RAVIGNAN.

15. When I see a person who has the courage to rise in the morning, I at once form a high idea of his strength of character.

MGR. LANDRIOR.

#### FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

##### GRANDPA'S GLASSES.

My grandpapa has to wear glasses,  
'Cause his eyesight is not very strong,  
And he calls them his "spees," and he's worn them

For ever and ever so long.  
And when he gets through with his reading  
He carefully puts them away,  
And that's why I have to help find them  
'Bout twenty-five times in a day.

But at night when we sit 'round the table,  
And papa and mamma are there,  
He reads just as long as he's able,  
And then falls asleep in his chair.  
And he sits there and sleeps in his glasses,  
And you don't know how funny it seems;  
But he says that he just *has* to wear them  
To see things well in his dreams.

##### CARDINAL MANNING ON CHILDREN.

I have sometimes thought when looking on a church full of children, there is nothing more beautiful in the sight of God. A beautiful garden full of roses, lilies and lovely flowers, is sweet and beautiful to the eye. The hand of man guards and watches over it so that no harm can enter. Sometimes a storm of wind or hail breaks the lilies, destroy the roses and makes ruin where before all was sweet and orderly. The wicked and malicious man comes in to wreck and ruin his neighbor's garden, and when he sees this everybody is touched to the heart. Everything lovely and sweet, trampled down and wrecked, makes one grieved; but in the sight of God, not the most beautiful garden fashioned by the hand of man, not even Paradise, not even the garden of Eden in all its glory and beauty of flowers and fruits, was so bright and glorious as are the souls of little children in whom the Holy Ghost dwells. Such a scene is sweeter and brighter in the sight of God than any garden man ever formed.

##### THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The mountain and the squirrel  
Had a quarrel;  
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."

Bun replied,  
"You are doubtless very big;  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together,  
'To make up a year  
And a sphere.  
And I think it no disgrace  
'To occupy my place.  
If I'm not so large as you  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry,  
I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel-track;  
Talents differ: all is well and wisely put  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut!"

##### THE SEAL-SKIN CLOAK.

BY HENRY COYLE.

(CONTINUED.)

That evening after dinner, Alice held a long conversation with her father in the drawing room; her aunt was present, but when she heard the girls' strange request, she held up her hands and muttering something about turning the house into an "orphan asylum," went to her room in a passion.

"My dear child," said her father, when she had finished her story, "as far as I am concerned, I would not object having the child here, but you know your aunt would never consent; she would leave us at once. But if you really wish to give up your seal-skin cloak, you shall have the five hundred dollars it would cost, to do what you choose with."

Alice had long wished for the cloak; her intimate friend, Vera Alison, was also to have one, and they had even made their selections at Redfern's. It was a sacrifice to the young girl, even in the fresh warmth of her benevolent feelings, to give up the long-wished-for gift, but she did not hesitate.

"Papa," she said, "I will give up the cloak, and pay the little girl's board with the money. I did want the cloak, but I am sure I could not wear it with comfort,



when I thought of poor little Ella without a home."

The next day found Alice in the sick room. Mrs. Morris had already closed her eyes forever on the scenes of earth, but not before she had been assured by the doctor who was present at the time, that her little girl would be tenderly cared for. He called in a few neighbors, and placed a sufficient sum to defray the funeral expenses in the hands of good Father Orr, the parish priest, who had administered the last rites of the Church to the widow.

Alice asked Mr. Murphy to take care of Ella until she could find a suitable home for her, and with a last look at the peaceful face of the dead, she took the doctor's arm, and the two walked in silence across the city.

"How kind you have been, doctor!" suddenly exclaimed Alice.

"Oh, no; I would do much more than that for your sake," he replied earnestly; "dear Alice, I love you: permit me to be a life-long partner in your care of Ella?"

It was a surprise, but a gentle pressure from the hand he held, and a timid glance from eyes beaming with the soft light of the soul's affection, was a sufficient answer, and in love's holiest communings the remainder of the walk was almost unconsciously passed.

There was a heightened glow on Alice's face when she entered the drawing-room, after taking leave of the doctor. Her father and her aunt were seated at a table, the former reading, and the latter working at her lace. In a few words the young girl described the sad scene she had witnessed in the afternoon, and told them the poor woman's story.

"What did you say her husband's name was?" asked her father, suddenly.

"Morris,—Robert Morris, a young lawyer," answered Alice: "perhaps you knew his family, papa; they were very wealthy people, I believe."

"Why, of course," cried Mr. Arthur, dropping his paper; his father was one of my dearest friends! Robert married, and we lost sight of him. It was said—"

"Aunt Mary, what is the matter?"

Miss Arthur had fallen back insensible in her chair. Alice rang the bell for the servants, and in a few moments her aunt regained consciousness. She looked about her in a bewildered way, and then the tears rolled down her face.

"Poor Robert!" she murmured.

"Ah!" Mr. Arthur clasped his hands, and then went to his sister. "Dear Mary!"

"We must have the child here," she said; "She will be my care. Poor Robert!"

Alice was very much surprised, but being naturally clever, she had a suspicion of the truth. When Aunt Mary retired, Mr. Arthur told Alice the story. Robert Morris and Aunt Mary had been lovers, but owing to a cruel misunderstanding, they quarreled and parted. Robert married a girl he did not love: when it was too late he discovered his mistake, and half crazed with grief, he became a drunkard.

The next day Alice and the doctor called at Mrs. Murphy's and brought little Ella to Mr. Arthur's house. Aunt Mary met them at the door; she no longer feared what the neighbors might think or say, but kissed the child again and again, the tears rolling down her face.

"She has a heart, after all," whispered Alice to the doctor.

"Are you my new mamma?" asked Ella.

"Yes, my dear child!" exclaimed Miss Arthur: "I will be a mother to you!"

"And now," said Dr. Marvin, stepping forward to Alice and taking her arm, "there is something else, Mr. Arthur, which only requires your approval to be settled. Is it not so, Alice?"

A modest blush was the only answer—but her father understood, and recovering from his surprise, he took a hand of each, clasped them together in his own, and with a fervent "God bless you, my dear children!" he turned away. Aunt Mary embraced her niece, and hoped that she would be very happy; then little Ella came forward, and had a share in the general rejoicing.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

ALL communications to the editor must be signed with the full name of the sender. Literary contributions for the REVIEW must be strictly original work, and vouched for as such by writers whom we do not know. We have received some very creditable articles, which were unavailable, because these rules were not complied with. We prefer, too, to have the articles appear under the writer's name, although we do not wish to interfere with the right to a *nom de plume*. We only wish to state our preference.

\*.\*

ARE all pleasures forbidden in Lent? No, only those pleasures which are mainly intended for the senses, are to be shunned. And even these only in as far as they are not in conformity with a season of penance. We should mortify the body and elevate our minds and souls. We mortify the body and keep it in subjection by fasting not only from food, but also from pleasures of sight and sound and touch and taste. It is for this reason that theatres and concerts, balls and banquets are to be avoided. We should elevate our souls by good and pious reading, by hearing Lenten sermons, and especially by meditating on the Sufferings of Our Lord and the Sorrow of Our Lady. This is the true Christian method of keeping Lent.

\*.\*

LENT is a preparation for Easter. We are to die with Christ in order to rise again with Him. Die to our passions and unruly appetites by fasting and mortification, die to our past life of sin by a humble and contrite confession, and rise to a new and vigorous Christian life by a fervent Easter Communion. Since many of us cannot fast, and are dispensed by the Church from this salutary practice, we should all the more practice mortification of the tongue by silence; of the eyes by avoiding worldly shows; of the ears, by keeping them closed against vain and frivolous conversations; of the palate by using only plain foods; of

the hands, by not indulging even in innocent games; of the feet, by going to all the Lenten exercises and not going to any places of amusement; of the intellect, by not reading books of fiction and merely amusing literature; of the heart, by keeping legitimate affections under control, and finally, of the whole man, by not indulging in anything for which we would not dare to thank God. No pleasure is innocent at any time upon which we cannot invoke a blessing of God beforehand, or for which we cannot render thanks to God afterwards.

\*.\*

THE fact of holy church blessing palms to be distributed among the faithful reminds us that in some cases palms are blessed in honor of certain saints, particularly the martyrs. Pious pictures frequently represent the martyrs holding palms in their hands as a sign of their victory. Hence the expression "he attained the martyrs' palm." In some countries it is customary to bless palms in honor of the Carmelite Martyr Saint Angelus. In many cases has that holy martyr obtained remarkable cures for those who besought his aid. Even when his holy body was transferred to the new and costly shrine prepared for it, many who followed in the procession were delivered from bodily suffering.

\*.\*

DEVOTION to St. Joseph is steadily increasing. Ever since the time that St. Teresa showed her absolute confidence in the power of this great saint, who, as she says, never was invoked in vain by her—the love of St. Joseph has grown deeper and deeper in Catholic hearts. He was the head of the Holy Family at Nazareth. Of the three members of that family, the Child was the highest in worth and dignity, then came the Mother, and last of all the foster-father. But matters were reversed as regards authority. St. Joseph was the first in authority, the Mother second, and the Child was subject to both of them. What a lesson for our proud and independent

youth, who find it so difficult to be subject to those who are not only their superiors in authority, but also in worth and dignity. Even if their parents were unworthy and undignified, their authority is God's own, and cannot be gainsaid, without infringing upon His rights. Fathers and mothers, too, should learn a lesson from St. Joseph and his family, and if the lesson were heeded holy families would not be so scarce as they are now.

\* \*

The Angel of the Annunciation was sent to the lowliest spot on earth to find an humble maiden at her prayers. The Son of God had chosen this unknown Jewish girl for His Mother. Could He have given us a stronger proof of His love for humble souls? Is it not an indication of the highest nobility of souls to be humble? What more befitting attitude can the creature assume towards its Creator? And is not humility, which means a just estimate of ourselves as we are in the eyes of God, and should be in the eyes of others, a proof of true wisdom. Examine vanity, and you will find it to be silly; examine pride, and you will find it to be stupid. Mary, the humblest of saints, is the "Mother of Divine Wisdom."

\* \*

We have been asked to give more attention to the news of the day, and do less preaching in our editorial notes. Why? To air our views about things going on around us? What can a friar from the confines of his cell find interesting in the present world? Yes, if the cause of Christ, the kingdom of God and His Justice, were to be consulted in our modern politics, if so-called Christian nations were to unite in their endeavors to suppress vice and cultivate virtue, if anything but low and mercenary motives were allowed to govern the affairs of the world, we might be glad to chronicle the good news. But, alas, our Holy Father, whom the whole world respects and loves, cannot obtain justice at His own door; the persecuted Christians of the East are in vain holding up their bleeding hands in prayer to a Christian world that meets in conventions and passes resolutions on what *ought* to be done. France, the eldest daughter of the church, is taxing the ingenuity of its governors to invent

new methods of crippling her mother; Cuba is in the throes of a revolutionary war, and its instigators, members of secret societies and enemies of the church, not only find sympathizers among their own, but even among Catholic editors who are carried away by an undue love for liberty and independence, beautiful ideals as they are: Ireland, united in faith, is still divided on almost every other question pertaining to her weal; Canada is trying to do justice to the abused Catholic minority of Manitoba, but she is doing so with poor grace and in trembling accents; England is amazed at the audacity of other nations who do protest a little too loudly against her overreaching appetite for the goods of others, an appetite which has steadily been on the increase since Henry VIII began to confiscate. She is now protesting her innocence and wondering how people can be so uncharitable, and she hires another poet laureate, worthy of the occasion, to sing her virtues and glories; Russia, true to her disloyalty to the Catholic church, is not helping the Armenians nor allowing others to do so, but she induces a weak princeeling to become an apostate, to break his vows in a most unmanly way, and to sacrifice his innocent son to the demands of a schismatic usurper of spiritual authority; the United States are glorying in their ability to make more debts, and are on the eve of another electoral campaign, which is to be conducted on the lines of unadulterated patriotism and high moral rectitude.

#### PUBLICATIONS.

CARDINAL GERRAND has written a remarkable commentary on a page of Plato. It is a literary gem, full of genius. It is published by the same French firm and bears the title, *Épithème et Harmonie*.

\* \*

*Saint Aloysius Society Manual* is the title of a small volume containing prayers for all occasions, suitable for the young. It is cheap (25 cents), although printed and bound in the best fashion. It is published by Fr. Pustet & Co., New York City.

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The same firm also publish a *Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary*. It contains all the rules of the Sodality, and

the small office of the Blessed Virgin. It is a small volume of 223 pages. Cloth—40 cents.

*St. Thomas' Manual* is intended for the use of those who venerate the Angel of the Schools, St. Thomas of Aquin. It contains meditation and prayers for the six Sundays preceding the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, all the beautiful hymns in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, composed by this great saint, both in Latin and English, and prayers used by the Angelic doctor in his own devotions. To make the manual a serviceable prayer-book for all occasions, the Daily Exercises of a Christian, by Father von Coelem, are added. It is published by Fr. Pustet & Co., in paper; price, 25 cents.

ANOTHER little volume, precious to all lovers of St. Joseph, is published by the firm mentioned. It is *Visits to St. Joseph* for every day in the month. They were written by a Carmelite nun, who must have imbibed from her spiritual mother the great love for St. Joseph, which was such a characteristic of St. Teresa. It is only a little book, paper bound, and costs but 15 cents—but it will prove to be a dear companion to those who make use of it during the blessed month of St. Joseph.

We have received from the publishing house of P. Tequi, 29 rue du Tournon, Paris, France, an exhaustive biography of *Blessed Theophilus de Certe*, who was beatified by the Holy Father with the usual splendid ceremonies on January 25th of this year. A full account of the ceremonies was published in the *Boston Pilot* of the 15th of February. The life is written by the superior of the Seminary of Aix, the Very Rev. Abbe Abeau. It is illustrated with a portrait taken in the lifetime of the saint and many original wood cuts.

The same firm publishes *Letters de P'Abbe Perregé*. These charming letters of the popular priest, whose short lived career was so full of promise, are now in their sixth edition. They give us an insight into a most noble and heroic soul. All the intimate correspondence between him and Pere Lacordaire, and his letters to Count

Montalembert, are published, besides all the many interesting notes of travel written by this fervent son of the church.

*An Hour with a Sincere Protestant* is the title of a little book published by the Christian Press Association. There are many good Protestants in America who will read this truly apostolic book, if it is brought to their notice. And as it is a clear and simple exposition of Catholic truth, with nothing controversial about it, only meeting common objection made by Protestants, it is going to do its noble work well. Protestants, who are of sufficient good faith to read such a book at all, are more swayed by a clear presentation of the truth than by polemical arguments. And yet, the book proves that our homage is a *reasonable* one. It retails at 10 cents; 95 per hundred.

*Ochide*.—A novel by Lelia Hardin Bugg. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis. Fine illuminated cloth binding, \$1.50.

The first effort of a new Catholic novelist, who is true to her high calling, always deserves credit. We are naturally inclined to hail any new competitor in this field, which is so much in need of cultivation. But criticism becomes a grateful task when the work is really meritorious, as it is in this case. The story is one of high motives and noble deeds. The heroine is an unusually heroic type of the American girl. She is educated in a French convent, enters New York society as a rich heiress, falls in love with the wrong man, an English Lord, runs the greatest risk of entering upon a mixed marriage: is saved by the grace of a noble act of justice, and obtains, as a reward, the highest of all graces on earth, that of being numbered among the consecrated spouses of Our Lord. A wholesome tale, full of pathos, and containing many a page of clever thoughts upon our modern questions. The author tries to disarm adverse criticism by an After-Thought, in which she answers beforehand, and in an admirable fashion, the possible fault-finding of the critics.

The *New Mission Book* published by the same firm (B. Herder) is far superior to the old mission book not only because it con-

tains many selections from the devout writings of Saint Alphonsus, but also because it is such a handy and pretty volume. It contains in 465 pages all that a prayer book and a manual of religion should contain; and has an excellent alphabetical index; is prettily bound in cloth with gilt lettering and is sold at the moderate figure of 50 cents.

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*The Comedy of English Protestantism* by A. F. Marshall, is now to be obtained in a new edition, bound in cloth and beautifully printed for the exceptionally low price of 50 cents, from the publishers, Benziger Bros, New York. The comedy is a good-natured satire on the futile attempts made by Protestant sects to bring about a union of churches. Delegates from the Ritualistic, the low church, and the broad church parties meet in convention with delegates from the Methodist church, the Salvation Army, the home-made sects and the imported sects, with a view to restore all the sects in Great Britain to the embrace of their mother, the church of England. How they manage it, how they disagree and make "confusion worse confounded" and how the clever writer draws from their unwilling lips the most convincing arguments for Catholic truth, can only be fully appreciated by a careful reading of this delightful "comedy."

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*A Tuscan Maydalen, and other Legends and Poems*, is the title of the latest book

of poems by Eleanor C. Donnelly. It is published by H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. The volume is printed in excellent typography, on heavy paper and well bound. Some of the poems, including the one which gives the title to this collection, have appeared before in Catholic magazines, and contributed to the renown of the gifted poet. The book is full of gems. No greater heroes ever lived than our Catholic saints. No more inspiring themes could be selected for the lofty flights of poetry than their lives and actions. What fascinating subjects for the Catholic poet. And how fitting it is that the legends of the saints should be told in musical numbers! As the bards of old sang the deeds of their great heroes, so this Catholic bard of the present day sings of the noble deeds of our Christian heroes. St. Margaret of Cortona, St. Francis Xavier, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Christopher, St. Nicholas, St. Zita and other saints, furnish the burden of her songs. And she sings sweetly and nobly, as it becomes such themes. One of the strongest poems in the volume is "The Drama Spiritualized," read before the convention in the women's building at the Atlanta Exposition last November. Recognizing the vast influence of the stage at the present day, the poet voices in lofty strains the cry of all who are anxious to see this great power enlisted on the side of virtue and purity.

## TRIOLET.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.

The rain falls soft, like hushed outcry,  
 And noiselessly men come and go.  
 Grey is the earth and grey the sky,  
 The rain falls soft, like hushed outcry.

'Tis peace, grey-hued, who passes by,  
 Blessing the mournful world below.  
 The rain falls soft, like hushed outcry,  
 And noiselessly men come and go.