



Our Lady of the Scapular.

Carmelite Review.



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Feast of Mount Carmel.

Our Lady's Invitation to Her Children.

○ FT we hear sweet invitations,
Stealing through the "gentle air,"
When the pearly dawn is breaking,
Or at tranquil evening prayer,
Softer than those twilight zephyrs
Sighing low through woodland trees,
Soothing like the ceaseless murmur
Of the rippling, sapphire seas.

On bright festal days of Mary,
Breathe her accents "Come to me!"

O what tenderness maternal!
What celestial sympathy!
"Come, dear souls! for exile sorrow
In my love there is a balm,
Come, O restless hearts and weary,
Near my Shrine is restful calm.

But there is a special gladness
In God's Holy Church today.
Is it caught from golden harp-strings
Of the light-land far away?
Through the aisles of grand cathedrals
Thrills a grand, melodious voice,
And the solitudes of Carmel
Echo: "Let us all rejoice!"

In the silvery chime of joy-bells
Ringing through this summer day,
Or in humble rustic chapels
Where the peasants watch and pray,
Glorious Queen of Holy Carmel!
Thou enthroned so far above,
With most joyful hymns we greet thee
As the "Mother of fair love."

We are all thy favored children,
In this desert pathless land;
We are clothed with "double garments,"
Given by thine own dear hand.
May this holy feast of gladness
Bring new gifts of choicest grace,
Lead us ever upward — onward,
To the vision of God's Face!

Enfant de Marie St. Clare's.



WE, according to the request of our beloved son Aloysius Maria Galli, General of the Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, have decided to enrich the Carmelite Churches with a singular privilege.

—Words of Pope Leo XIII.

swallowed edifices, and also citizens when they were least on their guard. John's genius was luminous, agreeable, incomparably bright and suave, but on occasion bursting forth like thunder from a calm sky and reducing to powder human fortune and glory—things which appeared to all eyes as firm and unshakable. Anthusa, not yet knowing what her son might be nor even what he desired to be, gave him an education suitable to his times and rank. It was the education then in vogue among the noble and wealthy families of Antioch. Good schools were opened in the city, and John was first seen among the grammarians. Great care was also taken in these early days for the physical training of youth. Antioch was ruled by the old Greek spirit and thought, and body and mind were simultaneously developed. In the Palaestra John learned how to control the various members of his body and to compose his exterior. He practised gymnastic exercises so zealously that his attitudes and the slightest motions of his body were ordered and accomplished with the greatest grace. A more graceful orator never stood in a pulpit. According to the training received in these ancient schools of "physical culture," he was rubbed well with oil, moulded and kneaded by the hands of professional athletes, rolled in the dust, deluged with the healthful sweat of his own exertion, and then bathed in pure and perfumed water. His muscles, under such treatment, became supple and hard, and his limbs alert and strong. John entered with zest into this daily exercise, and he endeavored to subdue his body which in time yielded to the effort of his will as does the wild beast to the whip of its tamer. When in after years he exhorted his hearers to overcome their unruly senses, he did not fail to recall to their minds the peaceful but laborious contests in which they engaged under the direction of the gymnasiarch.

The grammarians taught John how to read and write. It was the custom even among the Christians to place the pagan writers of antiquity in the hands of their children, for these authors were considered to be the well-spring of the beautiful and also models of reasoning and elegance. Another motive which induced the Christians to have their sons taught the pagan classics was derived from the active opposition displayed by the rhetoricians to permit the Christians to read the ancient writers. In fact Julian the Apostate published a decree in which he forbade the Christians to read the pagan classics, and he told them to be content "with Matthew and Luke." John's mother, though very pious and devoted to religion, did not hesitate to initiate him into the studies of pagan antiquity. He read assiduously the classic poets, and they were afterwards explained and commented on in the schools. He was particularly pleased with Homer, that inexhaustible narrator of adventures and battles who captivates the imagination of the young. He also became acquainted with the writers of the Alexandrian epoch who were very popular with the frivolous Antiochians on account of their airy elegance and agreeable philosophy. He knew by heart the finest passages to be found in them, and recited them in loud voice and with admirable action before his fellow-students. This was a practice in the ancient schools, charmed by the harmony of sounds and the music of verse. Accordingly John stocked his fertile mind with the pleasing fictions of Greece, and later on it will be no surprise to find him dwelling on some characteristics of the classic poets whom he desired to forget in order that he might think of God and meditate on the Sacred Word. This acquaintance with the poets of antiquity served him well in later days, when he became a writer, for he knew perfectly how to clothe his

discourse with a rhythm and cadence which would caress the delicate ear of the Antiochenes, like the murmur of the waves dying sweetly on the Syrian shore. He also scatters here and there in his sermons the charms of poesy, stories that are enlivening, historical incidents that call up classical memories, all of which captivated the mobile spirit of his fickle audience. "How shall we laud the order of the year's seasons?" he exclaims. "Is it not like a band of fresh young girls dancing a roundelay, which they keep on continually executing, following one another in perfect order, or in which those in the middle of the circle lead on gently and easily their companions from one extremity to the other?"

Accompanied by his pedagogue, with his tablets and stylus under his arm, the young scholar, going and returning, heard the din and the cries of the street. In the morning, the city awoke in a confused bustle. There were the sailors of the Orontes discharging their cargoes; the workmen in the armshouses incessantly pounding on their anvils; the peasants coming into the city to salute their patrons and to sell their commodities. The last class drove on their heavy lumbering carts which grated on the marble pavements, and grains of wheat and barley fell from them, which the doves from the neighboring roofs picked up ravenously. Often the way was encumbered by troops of lazy mules, urged on by drivers as indifferent as the beasts themselves.

Under the shadow of the porticos, on either side, was ranged a long line of shops and booths, for Antioch possessed an immense market, which was not confined to one locality, but rather extended through the length of the city, so that the citizen could provide for his wants almost at his own door. The young student often looked at this blustering, noisy crowd of Greeks, Syrians, Persians, Arabians and Egyp-

tians, all in their strange costumes, exchanging in the public place of Antioch the products of the East and the West, which ships or caravans had brought from most distant countries.

At midday, when John was returning home from school, he came on another scene none the less interesting. He met the leisurely class, the loungers who were returning from the bath, arrayed in tunics of silk and gold, on which were embroidered in the midst of arabesques figures of fantastic animals; griffons, sea-monsters, chimeras, and these fabulous beasts seemed to live on the fine silken tissue of the garments. The Christians were easily to be recognized by the scenes from the Old and the New Testament and sentences from the Scriptures wrought on their robes. John gazed for a long time at this daily spectacle and was dazzled by its magnificence. He also watched the rope-dancers and the acrobats who were wonderfully skilled in their art. Some, forming themselves into a circle, rolled along like the wheel of a chariot; others, by means of wings attached to their bodies, flew in the air. There were jugglers who threw daggers into space and received them on their sleeves, and others who held on their chin a tree in the branches of which were perched children like birds.

As the young scholar gazed on these different scenes, he was making an ample provision of forms and colors for future days. Like the painter preparing his palette, John was collecting in his imagination a variety of shades and tones, and was acquiring that infinite wealth of ornament amidst which his personages would be drawn in days to come. We may justly say that St. John's discourses are, from one end to the other, a tissue of many-colored images, slowly unfolding themselves in the midst of an oriental luxury of gold and silk.

At home John received Christian

instruction from his mother. "Your parents" he said later on to his townsmen, "formed you to piety; from your childhood you were instructed in Sacred Letters." Every day Anthusa opened the book of Scripture and read from it; she then gave it to her son to read, and he thus tasted early the honey of God's Word, which was more pure and palatable to him than any other food. It would seem as if he remembered those pious and recollected scenes of home-life, when he narrates in his picturesque style the history of Anna and Samuel or when he preaches the eulogy of the Mother of the Machabees. The narratives of Genesis, as simple and gracious as those of Homer, Abel and his flocks, Rebecca's marriage, Noah in the ark and Joseph at Pharaoh's court, all made such a deep impression on his soul that he was able to reproduce their emphasis and noble simplicity in his numerous commentaries. The holy Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles captivated his mind and heart. St. Paul in particular appealed to his religious sense; the Apostle's journeys, voyages, prisons, miracles, and eloquence transported him with admiration and excited in his fervent young soul the desire of the Apostolate. These thoughts acted on John's imagination more vividly than they act on ours, for Antioch whose child he was had in former days listened to the voice of the great Doctor of the Gentiles. There was yet to be seen in St. John's time, in a quarter of the city known as Strigonia, the place where St. Paul had often preached and the house which he had sanctified by his presence. Anthusa could have recounted to her son in these very places the birth of Christianity in a city which had been the witness of numerous prodigies. The first missionaries had come to Antioch from Jerusalem and from it departed to Cyprus and Syria, and they preached the good tidings not only to the

Jews, but also to the Greeks. The conversions were so numerous in a short space of time that the Ancients sent Barnabas to Jerusalem to give an account of the state of things. Seeing that he was unable to govern so large a church alone, Barnabas went to Tarsus to seek Paul, to whom he entrusted the office of preaching. From Antioch both of these Apostles departed on their Asiatic mission, and to it they returned to re-establish peace which had been sorely vexed by the quarrels of the judaizers.

As John grew in years, he began to love his native city not so much for the number and beauty of its buildings and palaces, as for the honor of having given the faithful the name of Christians. He congratulated it for being the second cradle-land of Christianity, the Jerusalem of the Greek people, the luminous centre whence the Gospel had shone on Asia and the Isles. The day that St. John departed from Antioch for his see of Constantinople, he shed tears and left his heart in his native place. "Do you want to pronounce the eulogy of Antioch?" he said. "Do not boast of the groves of Daphne, nor of the number and height of their cypresses, of the fountains of water, the multitude of her people, the freedom of promenading in her public places till a late hour in the night, the abundance of her markets, for all these advantages refer to sensual satisfaction and are limited to the present life. But we glorify Antioch when we publish the virtues of her people, the gentleness of her manners, their almsgiving, their holy watchings, their modesty and wisdom."

The suburbs of Antioch were not less beautiful and interesting than the city itself. Numerous chapels scattered through the country surrounded the city like a cincture of faith and imparted a religious atmosphere to the city's environs. These small buildings were dedicat-

ed to the martyrs whose relics and statues reposed in them. The martyria, so they were called, were erected everywhere: on the mountain-sides, in the midst of rocks or verdure, generally not far from the places sanctified by the blood of the martyrs, or, again, they lined the right bank of the Orontes, placed at different points among the reed-grass and the aquatic plants. The rich visited these picturesque sanctuaries when their leisure-time hung heavily on their hands, and the poor walked to them when they were urged by the call of faith. John paid many a visit to them in the company of his mother. In later days he will also revisit them to celebrate the Synaxis on the festivals of the martyrs and to pronounce their eulogy before the Christian populace.

It was from among the pagan rhetoricians who had surrounded Julian the Apostate and acclaimed him as the Restorer of Hellenism that John's mother selected his teacher of eloquence. The choice was the celebrated Libanius, some of whose writings have come down to us. The child's faith was not in danger, as paganism at this period was in a dying condition and the home influence continued simultaneously with the teachings of the sophist. Besides, Libanius enjoyed an almost universal renown. He had taught at Athens, Constantinople and Nicomedia, and in the midst of his glorious career, he was seized with a longing for his birthplace, Antioch. He returned to his native city and opened a school which was at once much frequented. His former pupils were scattered all over the empire and occupied positions of trust and honor. He counted among his friends governors of provinces, prefects, consuls, bishops and emperors. By reason of his intimate relations with the court and the army, he wielded a powerful influence.

Anthusa understood what benefit

in future her son would derive from the teaching of a master who was not merely a rhetorician, but who was devotedly attached to his pupils and followed them with his solicitude and influence even after they had left his school. None of them departed without receiving a letter of recommendation, which facilitated the bearer's appointment to posts of honor and distinction. The day that John appeared in the school of Libanius, the master asked whose son he was. One of the scholars replied: "He is the only son of his mother." "How long is she a widow?" returned Libanius. "Already twenty years," was the answer. "Great gods!" the teacher exclaimed, "what women there are among the Christians!" It was Anthusa's glory that she drew from the lips of an obstinate pagan the eulogy of both her religion and her widowhood.

We can hardly say that John learned eloquence from the teaching of Libanius, for that noble art had been lifeless for a long time, but he was taught the mechanism of discourse and the canons of rhetoric, which, if they are not sufficient to make one eloquent, yet help him in becoming such. He was trained in all kinds of discourse, the two principal ones of which at that time were exhortation and controversy. He wrote out and delivered before his master and fellow-students descriptions, parallels, eulogies, accusations, apologies and invectives; he spoke for and against the physicians and the tyrants; he pleaded fictitious cases drawn from the famous quarrels of antiquity, as, for example, the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon. By this mental exercise he acquired a marvellous versatility of passing from one subject to another without effort, a splendid wealth of invention and a prodigious faculty for public speaking. When he was Patriarch of Constantinople and was almost continually absorbed in the multi-

farious duties of his pastoral ministry, he was always ready to preach and would draw thunders of applause from his appreciative audience. If he saw that his hearers were distracted and would not listen, he gained their attention by his oratorical flights, stories, interrogations, dialogues and artifices of all kinds.

The disciple soon equalled, if he did not surpass, his master, and the latter, it appears, dreamed of bequeathing his chair to him, if the Christians would not steal him away. At the same time, John also studied philosophy under Andragathius, of whom we know little but his name. In the Antiochian schools, the ancient systems of philosophy were condensed and reduced to a kind of gnosis over which Platonism ruled. The teaching consisted chiefly of the history of philosophy on which the master commented, introducing the ideas which he particularly cherished. In this way John read and studied all the celebrated philosophers: Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Diogenes, and all others who had left a name and works. The judgment he formed of them was altogether unfavorable. He complained of the obscurity which enveloped their writings, a fault which makes them inaccessible to the multitude; for it requires length of time and much study to extract their meaning. Again, it was sure to happen that the subject treated disappeared, overwhelmed by the waves of inexhaustible verbosity. He admitted their beauty of language and refinement of style, and some of them, he knew, were rightly esteemed for their eloquence, as for instance, when the Athenians exposed to the view of the public Plato's letters which Dion had sent them, but he maintained that the result of their labors was of small account; they disagreed on many important issues; the most humble peasant knew more than they about

the immortality of the soul, if he had attended the school of the Apostles who were but simple fishermen.

In his younger days, John did not always speak so harshly; indulgent towards himself, he was equally so towards others. He frequented the theatre and listened to the plays without, however, giving into indolence or dissipation. With a few of his fellow-students he was the most industrious and best disciplined of all the scholars. His enemies, who were numerous, after ransacking the particulars of his early life, could not discover the least vice in it. He owed his purity of character to his mother and his love of study. A simple catechumen, destined for the bar, master of a good fortune, he wished to see the world and to be seen by it. His sermons are full of precise details regarding the usages of elegant society. He brings us to the shops of the perfumers, where the young men discuss the news of the city, while the frivolous old gallants are much disquieted if every hair is not in proper shape and repeatedly ask the hairdresser if everything is well arranged. In the shops of the jewellers, he shows us the fashionable world; the dandies, the effeminate and the indolent aristocrats who have come hither to inspect the precious stones and who cast wistful eyes on the pearls and gold ornaments. He gives us a glimpse of every phase of social life in his moral pictures, and skillfully dissects the malice underlying it.

Of all public diversions, none delighted the people of Antioch more than the spectacles. Daily large crowds gathered to see and admire the cleverly-executed voluptuous dance of the mimes, who interpreted, to the music of the flute, the pleasant and questionable fables of antiquity by their motions and wonderful play of the face. The masterpieces of the ancient drama

had not been yet eliminated from the theatre. The comedies of Aristophanes were still acted. John was probably acquainted with them, at least from his reading, since many believe that they find a trace of them in some of his writings. Moreover, he employs in his criticisms of popular vices and caprices all the irony, vehemence and crudity of expression to be found in the plays of the Athenian satirist.

Following the custom of the Asiatic Greeks, John passed his leisure time in the forum. At Antioch the forum was a magnificent, vast quadrangular place paved with marble and bordered by porticos, traversed from east to west by the street of Herod and from north to south by a great thoroughfare that began at the bank of the river and extended to the citadel on Mount Silpius. It was in the heart of the city, and at the junction of the streets which passed through it was the central point, the navel of the city from which all distances were reckoned. The forum was equally the centre of business and pleasure. In its vicinity were the shops of the larger tradesmen and the grand hotels famous for their number and the excellent fare they provided. Merchants of all kinds exposed for sale between the columns of the porticos everything beautiful and costly produced by nature and art. Precious stuffs, jewels, toilet articles, cordials and perfumed confectionery, bronzes, carved work, exotic curiosities,—all the caprices and fancies of fashion were retailed under the porticos and excited the desires of the loungers. At night, the number and brilliance of the lamps shed a light almost equal to that of day. On days of festivity the monuments were covered with purple draperies and the columns engarlanded with flowers; roses, which were much used, crowned the capitols and fell down in graceful festoons.

John learned as much amidst the splendor of the forum and its varied crowd as among the rhetoricians; he learned the science of life

which is not written in books. Mingling with the loquacious and gossipy throng, he listened to its derisive talk anent the deliberations of the Senate, the extortions of the judges, the campaigns, the monopoly of grain, the result of the races and the relative value of the contesting horses, the celebrated comedians and their intrigues, the dancers most famous for their excellence and beauty, and the public and private scandals that helped to swell the Antiochian chronicle. It sometimes happened that the hero of an incident or anecdote appeared on the scene, superbly dressed, inebriated with glory and power, surrounded by an escort of parasites who drove the chafing crowd before them. John was not insensible to such scenes; he drank in impressions which he has communicated to us when they were purified by the touch of religion. He drew, however, from them the taste of plastic beauty and the love of form which pleased his fellow-citizens so much. "A sculptor," he said, "appears to us especially admirable, not when he places before our eyes a beautiful statue of gold, but when he fashions from the clay a perfect finished image. Thus nothing is more calculated to make us admire and praise the ability of the Sovereign Artist than the beauty which He has imprinted on ashes, than the ineffable art which shines from the creation of our body."

He saw only dust and ashes in all human beauty, and this contemplation of death led him logically to contempt for the world and its pleasures. A radical change came over the direction of his thought and the project he had in view for the future. "We have lived the life of the flesh," he writes, "let us henceforth live that of the spirit; we have lived amidst pleasure, let us now live in virtue; we have lived in neglect, let us now live in repentance."

This is what he did with the grace of God and he became Saint John Chrysostom.

The Cost of a Soul.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

PROF. Hermann Mittelstrom was idly drawing wonderful chords from the small pipe-organ which enriched his music-room. His thoughts were elsewhere and cast a tone of involuntary sadness into the rich, rolling splendors of his improvisation.

"Lost souls!" he murmured. "How many, Lord—how many? Yet they are Thine, Blessed Jesu; Thine, every one! Oh, save them for Thy mercy's sake!"

Before his ardent vision loomed up the immense throng of his concert audience the evening before. He was a musical genius, of profound learning in his own profession and so finished in his renderings of the great master-work that his piano and organ recitals not only drew the public, but held it, as with magnetic spell. Those swelling crowds, that sea of upturned faces on the previous night, even — ah, what a concourse of souls! If he could only charm some of them into the Kingdom—a few, even, a very few—his gift of sweet music would not be in vain. The power was his — that he knew, — and he cried aloud, "O Jesus, give me Thine own consecrating unto its more effectual use!"

Even as he breathed the prayer, he caught the sound of approaching footsteps. His door was half open and looking up he perceived two young women at the threshold. One, plainly the elder, a smart, aggressive girl, looked very mannish in her tailor-made suit and a sort of slouch hat, yet behind her came a sweet little Aphrodite, whose witchery he knew. There were the deep eyes, blue as the sea, which always made him think of an unawakened soul. It was Constance Ellesmont.

He came forward to greet her

with a distinct sense of satisfaction.

"This is simply delightful, Miss Constance," he exclaimed. "I am only too happy to meet you again. But, pray, where did you come from? You did not drift down from the skies?"

The smile that came in response to this was simply delicious in its frankness. The girl had not yet reached the age of suspicion, when compliments weary. Moreover, her old teacher, this very Herr Mittelstrom, had been stern—yes, often severe—in her callow days of piano-playing. She had been decidedly afraid of him. Now she merely looked up at him in unconcealed gladness, like a voiceless Undine, and it was the smart girl with her who answered his question.

"We came over from Brooklyn, where I live, this morning, Herr Professor. Miss Ellesmont is my far-off cousin, and my guest also, just at present." Then the tailor-made girl rushed off into a broad discussion of matters musical, in which Herr Mittelstrom bore his appointed part, as in duty bound, yet mechanically and with his thought fixed all the while upon his former pupil. How beautiful she had grown! The years since he had seen her last had wrought magical changes! Yet there was still the same soft, misty, unawakened look in her eyes that used to puzzle him. "Her soul has no home! O, the pity of it!" and, as he whispered this within himself, his face fell. "She is even yet astray in God's universe!"

Then he asked her to play. She did so, with the simple obedience of a little child. At the first notes he started in pleased surprise. Finishing, execution, and a certain attractive, individual style she had cer-

tainly attained. Yet, much as she had gained during her stay on the Pacific coast and excellent as her San Francisco training had evidently been, there remained the old lack of spiritual quality. Whatever of perceptiveness now marked her work was not her own, but put into it by some musician whose teaching possessed power.

The tailor-made girl, Miss Ethel Schwartz, was by this time getting impatient and hastened to broach her errand. Could not he, Prof. Mittelsstrom, get them a couple of tickets for the first public representation of the new opera, in which the great Bavarian prima-donna was to take part? But alas! that very morning he had given away the last of several tickets placed by the manager at his disposal. Poor Mittelsstrom! He would have been everjoyed to do the young ladies this little service, yet fate decreed otherwise.

Miss Schwartz hardly listened to his explanation, but, rising with promptitude, summoned her companion with a glance. Again, the appealing blue eyes; and, this time, they gave the Professor an inspiration.

"Let me tell you!" he interposed eagerly. "I had nearly forgotten it—but Madame Kakzinski is to sing next Sunday at the Cathedral. If you should go—and go early—you would have a fine opportunity to hear her. She is *bonne Catholique*, l'enfant adorable! I love her voice myself."

When they had gone, the Professor shook his head soberly. "They are Protestant," he murmured, "I doubt if they will go."

None the less, however, he besought the Mother of Mercy and Her Dear Son for these two souls, precious in God's sight, that they might be led into ways of salvation and into paths of peace.

He had slight faith that his prayer would win answer; yet, at the Cathedral, he beheld his two visit-

ors of the week before seated at but short distance from him. Then, he took courage—the Blessed Mother had, indeed, heard his prayer!—and he prayed again, with many an "action de graces," that her Divine Son would pour the great gift of faith on these stray souls that had sought His Presence.

The music, that day, surely soared to heaven, for Madame Makzinski sang with the warmth that only faith can give. Miss Schwartz sat and listened with precisely the same air of well-bred appreciation she would have worn at a concert. But the beauty of it all, the glory of it, the sense of unearthly mystery—nay, even the consciousness of Divine presence were slowly revealing themselves, one by one, to Constance Ellesmont. One swift glance showed the Professor that the blue eyes, which had been his study, were suffused with quick tears. Then the little bell rang and Constance, with soft impulsive motion, fell on her knees with the rest.

"Most Blessed Virgin, Mother of Mercy!" prayed the devout musician, in all sincerity, "Hear, oh hear her petition and show her Thy Holy Child Jesus!"—and the winged prayer might well have been caught and borne upward by waiting angels.

She went home that day in a grave mood, hardly knowing what had happened to her. "How lovely it all was!" she cried in rapture, over and over again. "Indeed, it was good to be there!" Ethel Schwartz was more than puzzled. "I did not think Constance was so impressive!" she said, in the depth of her heart. "Perhaps I ought not to have taken her there." But aloud she contented herself with declaring that Makzinski was superb; one could not help being touched by such musical power.

During the many weeks that followed Prof. Mittelsstrom lost sight of his former pupil, save for a stray

glimpse of her, now and again, among the worshippers at the Cathedral. Some attraction drew her thitherward—that was evident—and with much power. Miss Schwartz did not bear her company; she glided in alone, in a timid way, and knelt humbly in a quiet corner.

She was destined, however, to be brought before the Professor's mind—and sharply, too,—at this juncture. One fine day Adolph Levasseur, manager of the Folies Dramatiques, a light entertainment company, came sauntering up to his little table at Riccadonna's. This Levasseur, with whom the Professor had some slight acquaintance, was a brilliant fellow, a respectable singer, a man of the world, at home everywhere, but a man, also, who always had an eye to business. During lunch he surprised the Professor by a sudden question flung into a white-capped sea of chat.

"By the way, Professor, how is the little Ellesmont getting on? She used to be your pupil, years ago, she says."

The older man looked up in amazement.

"I mean," pursued Adolph, airily, "has she any talent? I have half an idea of engaging her and bringing her out soon. She looks teachable—has a way of flashing out things, that is 'taking'—and is adorably pretty, besides!"

The good Professor answered not a word. He was trying to collect himself. He knew he had reason to be startled. If Adolph should meet the Angel Gabriel himself, straight from heaven, he would try to engage him for the trombone or French horn! Reverence was not in his nature. It took all Professor Hermann's self-control to answer calmly.

"I did give Miss Ellesmont a few piano lessons, at one time. She has made progress since, but I do not know her present capabilities. May I ask how you made her acquaintance?"

A sarcastic curl of the lip proved that the impresario understood the Professor's hauteur. "I was presented by her valued friend, Ethel Schwartz"—and again came the curl of the lip. "She can sing after a fashion, your Miss Ellesmont! Has some sweet tones in her voice and some vibrant force. Six months' training under old Baumbach would bring it out—at least, enough for my purpose. A light song,"—here the Professor shuddered—"fairly sung, with one of her bewitching smiles annexed, would score a success, I know! The crowd would shout. Yes, she is a winning card, sure!"

"Perhaps she would refuse to serve."

"Nonsense, mon cher! They are all dying for a chance to appear! Twenty-five applicants yesterday, for chorus places, with hard work and poor pay. I can do better by Constance!" Again the Professor ground his teeth. "Yes, she'll come when I whistle! They go for the theatre like moths for a candle, the little dears!"

And with this parting shot, the manager rose from the table and went his way.

The thing weighed on the soul of Professor Hermann. It haunted him night after night, like a dream of evil. He woke each morning with a boding dread of the day. It oppressed him so that he went to take counsel with Mother Mary Francis of the Carmelite Priory. Mother Francis had advised with him before; she was a woman of calm good sense, yet warm sympathies, and she felt the sincerity of his distress as he told his tale.

"She is a motherless girl, away from home. Her father lives in New Haven now, and is deep in business cares. He supplies her with money and lets her flutter about, as American fathers do! Her friend, Miss Schwartz, has not the right influence, I am sure. She is pure as a star now,—so innocent of all evil that she does not know it, or fear

it. She is in peril, unawares. Adolph Levasseur feels the charm, knows that the world will feel it also, and means to make money out of it."

"The old story of Eve and the serpent" replied the grave Superioress, looking at him with pity, as a sudden uprising of wrath choked his utterance. "But do not be unhappy and do not despair! Heaven protects its own; the holy angels are her guard of honor. Moreover, innocence has peculiar ways of protecting itself, even in the midst of evil. Yet there may be work left to us, also."

"How? Miss Schwartz is Protestant and friendly with Adolph. I dare not warn the girl, myself. I could not prove my disinterestedness! She would only think me malicious, envious of Adolph or bent on injuring his troupe. No, you cannot snatch away a new toy from a child without his resenting it. This hope of public success is her bright, toy balloon! Oh, the pity of it!"

"Use her musical gift to save her with, my friend. Do not oppose her openly, but lead her to the nobler melodies, to the Divine in music! And I will pray—we will all pray for your little white lamb."

Days and even weeks passed, after this, in a silence deeply fraught with anxiety. The one item of intelligence that came in regard to Miss Ellesmont was of evil omen. She had begun taking lessons in voice-culture from Herr Baumbach, a competent trainer for opera bouffe. This, as the Professor knew was part of Levasseur's scheme and his heart sank within him. It so chanced, nevertheless, that soon after, on his way to a rehearsal he came upon her most unexpectedly. She was alone, tripping along with her music-roll, a vision of daintiness. A fluffy feather boa, curling about her neck with its softness of white and gray, enhanced the effect of her black picture hat. Within

the shadow of the latter shone the sweet face, touched to rose by the sharp winds of autumn. The glad smile flashed out from him in swift recognition just as it had before, Adolph Levasseur had not drawn her away from her old friends.

Then, the Professor's courage rose her greeting seemed just as cordial, and he ventured on his first counter-move.

"I have had some lovely Hungarian music sent me from Buda-Pesth by Herr Potowski of the Imperial Chapel. Will you not come in some time and let me play it over for you? I am sure you will like it."

"Oh, thank you!" was the quick response and the blue eyes shone with delight. "Indeed, I will come and with the greatest pleasure. You are good to me always."

"Are you at leisure Wednesday afternoon from three to four?"

She nodded assent, but only the angels knew that on that little nod hung mighty threads of destiny.

Never had the Professor striven for the applause of great audiences as he now strove for the musical subjugation of Constance Ellesmont. She sat listening, mute, fascinated, entranced — her eyes often suffused with tears — all that Wednesday afternoon, while two girl-pupils of the dull sort sat in the low window-seat trying to write exercises in Harmony. To her the rare music was harmony and melody in one, a deep blue sky alive with stars. Its throbs and fine vibrations filled the very core of her being. And there were other Wednesday afternoons of like experience. Rich Catholic music, the marvels of Palestrina and Sebastian Bach, the strains of Handel, the Passion-music, the rich religious Oratorios,—it was the great music, ever and always. The greatness charmed her and swept her out of herself, like archangelic strains, great fiery blossoms from out the Central Glory.

Her bright intelligence caught the

new meaning. "He is trying to teach me something," she said to herself, "and he is teaching against Herr Baumbach."

The opportunity for more direct teaching arrived at last. Appearing a bit late one afternoon in a whirl of excitement, and with many apologies, she dropped her music-roll and several sheets flew out. Picking them up with his usual grave politeness, he cast his eye upon the titles. To see one was enough.

"My child," he cried,—there was a world of tender reproach in his tone,— "what sort of a song is this?"

A flush of scarlet mantled the delicate face. "I am not to blame, Herr Professor. That song was given me to learn. I had no choice."

He looked down upon her with a supreme pity. Beneath that gaze, which she understood only too well her self-restraint gave way. The ice was broken. A burst of confidence ensued, whose sincerity swept away every barrier to a perfect understanding between them.

"Herr Professor, honestly, I do not like this thing!"

"Of course not. I was sure of that."

A look of intense relief illumined the mobile face. She had not forfeited his respect, then, and he still had faith in her. His own face, too, shone with delight. Then he motioned her to a seat. "Now, let us talk it over, my child."

Through her fresh, vivid expressions, he beheld the whole case, as it were, mapped out before him. Levasseur had begun with deferential attentions, aided by flattery; then, interested and fascinated her with accounts of European theatres and foreign singers, exciting her curiosity, stirring her imagination, picturing glories and triumphs which had crowned others and might one day be all her own. His indignation rose at the cunning of the man. Yet he spoke with quiet solemnity.

"Once, in the history of the world our Blessed Saviour was taken up into an exceeding high mountain and shown all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; then one said to Him, 'All these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me.'"

The girl shuddered. "Is it as bad as that?" She fixed the blue eyes on him with a startled gaze. "Can it be? A Satan-offer! God forbid! That is fearful."

"I am reasonable, my dear child. If you were forced into this by poverty, by any dire extremity, you might take your soul in your hands, beseeching God and His Holy Angels to guard you. But if you go wilfully, in defiance of warning, is it not tempting Him? If you cast yourself down from the pinnacle whereon you stand, at the bidding of any evil, can you ask Him to save? There is a price to pay for all the Evil Angel gives. For a worldly success you will sacrifice your peace of mind, your independence—for you will be a slave to the public—your beautiful white purity which wraps you round now, like a snow-drift, for it will be soiled, of necessity, by contact with the evil—nay, perhaps your love and worship of the Divine will be swept with the rest. Dare you risk this?"

"I will consider what you have said, Professor—truly I will. I am not sure, though. If I have any musical gift, it is the gift of God; why should I lose faith in Him by using it?"

"It is given you only in trust, to be used in His service. Why not use it, as the angels do, for His praise and glory? For example, why not study the great music? Why not learn the organ? Why not sing in church or in the great oratorios?"

"Signor Levasseur says I have not the talent; that I am only fit for light operetta."

Again Prof. Hermann groaned in spirit. The sweet humility of this girl only made her the more helpless, more of a mere bleating lamb,

in the hands of this hireling who cared not for his victims. Could no one lead her to the Good Shepherd?

"Besides," she continued, "I have no time. I cannot—unless I leave Herr Baumbach."

"Leave him, then, my child, and, like Mary, choose 'the better part, which shall not be taken from you.'"

The bright, hesitating face, uplifted so eagerly, gave him many rays of hope. But the opposing force retained its grasp. She spoke slowly—he thought with reluctance, even.

"It would be hard breaking my word. Consider, Professor. Signor Levasseur has my promise. But I will reflect! He may be willing to release me, but I fear not." Then she bade him a hurried good-day and disappeared.

The next Wednesday she failed to present herself in the music-room; and yet a friend had informed the Professor that M. Adolph Levasseur was on the point of sailing for Italy; that a fine opening, which he had not expected, now lay before him in Florence; and that he might even remain abroad for some years. This good news the Professor had, in his turn, communicated to Mother Mary Francis and both had rejoiced. But, as chance would have it, in the midst of his joy, he came upon Levasseur himself at one of the hotels. The manager greeted him with a mocking smile.

"Sorry for you, Professor!" he cried, "and for your lost game! You have been working on the tender conscience of my little debutante! Never mind that, though! Every man to his trade. But now I am going to take her away from you. We sail next Saturday and I shall bring her out in Florence."

Adolph flung out his irritating laugh, with a mocking salutation as he bid the other good-day.

"The supreme hour has arrived," murmured the Professor, "and I am helpless! I can only pray. O Blessed Mother of Succor, Fount of Sal-

vation! O Thou Only Saviour, Shepherd of the Sheep, help and strengthen the soul of this child! Defend her and save her, in mercy and power, for evermore!"

The prayer calmed him, yet he renewed it insistently. "Out of the deeps I have called upon Thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice!" All day long his spirit lifted the *De Profundis* of the ages for this frail, white butterfly,—this child-soul of today, which despite its feebleness, had uplifting power of wings. Out of the eternal depths of Divine Pity fell answer, sharp yet sweet.

He was sitting alone at his organ awakening its *Miserere* cry, when his door sprang open and Constance Ellesmont came flying in, like a frightened dove.

"Oh, Professor, pray take care of me!" she cried, holding out her clasped hands. "Take me away somewhere, anywhere! I will not go to Florence. I have run away; I am afraid of them. He shall not talk to me again. He shall not drive me. I will telegraph my father! I will not be made to go."

"Hush, my child! Do not tremble so. You are safe here. And I will take you to Mother Francis, our good Mother Superior. Be quiet just a moment and I will telephone for a cab."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" she cried nervously, her wide-open eyes still full of fear.

On the way he gathered from her broken disclosures that the *impresario* had presumed too much on her supposed feebleness. There had been a scene, during which he had dropped his tone of deference and grown, at last, authoritative. In her anger she refused to sign the contract he brought, or any other, and he had departed, furious. She had next outwitted Miss Schwartz whose watch had been that of a cat over a mouse, and stolen away from her guardianship.

In the convent calm she regained composure, Mother Francis advising her to remain within its walls

fill Levasseur had left New York. But, for a long time after, she timidly lingered, her affection for the Sisters increasing as the days went by. The organ lessons were begun and her beautiful voice expanded like a flower. She was received into the Church and after a short visit to New Haven returned with her father's consent, declaring that her one wish was to become a member of the community. Her novi-

tiate seemed to Mother Francis a direct response to prayer, and the Professor said, in his grave way, "God be thanked! The Good Shepherd has folded His little lamb!"

Yet his friends remarked that Herr Mittelsstrom was growing old, and he was sometimes heard to exclaim wearily, "O Lord, Thou alone knowest the cost of salvation—the cost of saving even one soul!"

A Little Crown for *the* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

By *Enfant de Marie*, St. Clare's.

July, 1901—BLESSED BAPTISTA VARANI.

THIS fair flower of the Franciscan Order is chosen as Patroness in July (the month of Jesus' Precious Blood) because of her singular devotion to His agonising Heart. The life of Princess Camilla Varani, in religion Sister Mary Baptista, is most attractive in holiness and beauty. We would gladly record its most striking incidents, were it not that they far exceed the limits of our First Friday reflection. However, to one feature at least we call attention, as the "Holy Hour" has now become so well known, and is so fervently practised, namely the love of Blessed Baptista regarding it.

She entered into, and tasted in spirit the agony of Jesus, and her revelations are profound, yet touching, encouraging, and consoling. She tells us that His interior pains far surpassed those of the exterior, and that the consideration of them is even more profitable. "Not every one wishes to navigate the sacred

sea of the Sacred Heart of Jesus!"

Let us listen, as we kneel before Him, to the mournful words: "Could you not watch one hour with me?" and respond to the pleadings of love by the "Holy Hour," or if unable to do this, at least by visiting Him frequently, compassionating His loneliness in Gethsemane and pouring forth our varied feelings of contrition, love, confidence, gratitude for the Precious Blood of our Redemption.

We might, also, remember the "Hour of Guard," which only needs a little aspiration to direct an hour of the day to reparation, and sanctify it by purity of intention, and loving remembrance of Him.

Thus may we emulate from afar the Blessed Baptista, and, with her eternally chant the canticle above.

"The Lamb that was slain, is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction."—Apoc. VI., 12.

The Parish School.

FOLLOWING is a synopsis of the most excellent discourse delivered at the corner-stone ceremonies at St. Cecilia's, Englewood, N.J., last month by the Rev. Henry Brann, D.D., pastor of St. Agnes' Church, New York. This powerful defence of a great system by an able champion was the occasion of many fierce and illogical attacks in the New York press by the rabid enemies of Christian education. Dr. Brann spoke as follows :

"It is a great pleasure for me to be here today, my dear brethren, to be back in my old parish where thirty-five years ago, we laid the corner-stone of your church, and named it in honor of St. Cecilia the patroness of music. I am glad to see that so many of those who were present then are still living to witness this important ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone of a new parochial school. Your good pastor, Father McDonald, and your former pastor, my old friend, Father Anastasius Smits, and the other Carmelite Fathers are to be congratulated on their success, the result of a zealous apostleship in your beautiful city.

"Although absent from you for many years, my brethren, I have been always near you in thought and love. Besides my associations in New York with actual or former residents of Englewood (New Jersey), have kept constantly before my mind the people and the neighborhood. I hear that now just as in my time all the neighbors help in the good work, and just as in my time every non-Catholic, people of all creeds and classes gave me assistance, and contributed to the building of the small church which you have since enlarged and beautified ; so to this day the courtesy, the kindness and the generosity of

the people of Englewood are not limited by race or creed. I get all the news about you almost daily from one of your most distinguished citizens, my personal friend, General James, who is as well known, respected and beloved by the people of my parish of St. Agnes in New York, as he is in this neighborhood where you have bestowed on him well-deserved honors in the State of New Jersey.

"And why should not all help a good work ? If I should ask you now, and if I could call back the dead and ask them also, whether the erection of this church was a benefit or an injury to the neighborhood, all would answer that the building was a blessing. Catholics would say so, because they remember the many spiritual favors and graces imparted to them from the Sacraments received at its hallowed altar. Non-Catholics would admit at least the financial and commercial value of a Catholic Church. It brings Catholics to the place where it is built, and makes them content to remain in it, for no good Catholic wants to live where he cannot hear Mass and have the services of a priest to give him the Sacraments. Although specially intended for Catholics, your church has benefitted all. It has increased the population of the place and enhanced the value of the property of the citizens, for nothing can benefit a part without benefitting the community taken as a whole. No one will deny that the church has also preserved and increased the purity, the honesty, and the sobriety of the people, and promoted law and order in the community. This is the record of your church, and of your priests.

"Now, after thirty-five years of struggle and progress, prompted by

the teaching of the Vicar of Christ and of all the bishops, but particularly of all the American bishops assembled in the last plenary Council of Baltimore, you lay the cornerstone of a parochial school, a necessary annex of the church, a fortress to defend and preserve the faith and morals imposed on all men by the Divine Redeemer of the human race, Jesus Christ, our Lord and our God. What is a parochial school? Let me briefly answer this question and some of the objections made against the parochial school system of the Catholic Church. The parochial school is the school of the parish. The parish is a limited district, in a diocese, and is governed by a parish priest. His subjects are the Christian families of the district. The parish has the same relation to the diocese that the township has to the state. The one is an ecclesiastical, the other a civil division. The parochial school is a Christian school, because its purpose is Christian; it is founded by Christians, controlled by Christians, and because its pupils are Christian children, under the control of Christian teachers. No infidel or agnostic is allowed to teach in a Christian school. The children learn in this school all that they could learn in any other. The course of secular instruction is the same in the parochial as in the state school; and although the state school is supported by all the power of the state, and by all its wealth drawn from general taxation, the parochial school, although built and supported chiefly by the contributions of the poor, holds its own and compares favorably with the state school in general results. In a long experience, I have yet failed to see any superiority of the children of the state schools, over the children of the parochial schools. The influence of religion on the teacher and on the child in the parochial school, makes both conscientious in the discharge of

duty; the one has a higher motive in teaching, the other is more industrious in study. A common Christian faith and a common Christian charity, unite teachers and pupils in a union of hearts as well as of intellects. The spiritual and the ideal, as well as the material, find a place in the parochial school.

But, besides the secular education, a specific religious education is given in the parochial school. Religion is not merely for adults. If it is good for the old it is good for the young. Every child in the parochial school is instructed in the principles of Christian faith, and taught to obey the precepts of Christian morality. The child is taught to pray to God, to reverence holy persons and holy things, to revere the Bible as the inspired Word of God, to know and keep the Ten Commandments, and thus become sober, chaste, honest, truthful, and obedient; to be a good Christian and consequently a good citizen. In a word, the parochial school specifically tends to preserve and promote Christian faith and morals. Now, how can any Christian fail to appreciate this training? How can a man call himself a believer in the divinity of Christ and oppose a training which is founded on that dogma? An enemy of Christianity, an agnostic, an infidel might, or if there be a man who hates the name of Christian, he might find fault; but every Christian must logically approve the action of the Catholic Church in insisting on the religious education of the young. I cannot weary you by a complete development of this subject; but I shall put my argument in a short syllogism, and challenge the world to gainsay it. Whoever believes in Christian faith and morals should help whatever specifically tends to preserve and promote them; but the parochial school specifically tends to preserve and promote Christian faith and

morals; therefore, whoever believes in Christian faith and morals should help the parochial school. I ask those gentlemen, who call themselves ministers of Christ and yet attack our Christian schools, to reflect on this argument and answer it if they can. Let them be just to the parochial school. Is this a Christian country? Is the majority Christian? If it is, why is it that no child is allowed to learn the Christian religion in a state school, and that teachers are forbidden by law to teach any form of Christianity in a state school? Yet the majority of the parents and majority of the children, and the majority of the teachers are Christians; and the lawmakers are supposed to be Christian. What an anomaly! But it will be said: "We want no union of church and state." Why? Is it a crime for the state to aid the church? Does not the church, unasked, aid the state? Remove the church and what becomes of the state? Why then should not the state reciprocate? The three greatest nations of Europe today are those in which there is the closest union between the church and the state. The state in Russia, England and Germany helps the church; and the state is not weakened by the alliance. Politics are neither pure nor sound when they are not moral, and they cannot be moral without religion.

"Now Catholics certainly want no such union of church and state as exists in Russia, England and Germany; but they are not frightened by "bugaboos," or by the stage thunder of so-called Christians who do not believe in the Bible, or by sham patriots who talk about the "flag" while they are pocketing the appropriations. To exempt people who build and

support their own schools from the burden of double taxation which they are now paying for education, or to give them back in subsidies a part of their own money, is not a union of church and state. The doing of this would simply be an act of justice to fifteen millions of Americans -- a very large and efficient portion of the population. In many cities and towns, Catholics are the majority of the inhabitants. Surely they deserve some consideration for all that they are doing to prevent the spread of anarchy and socialism. No power in the country is so strong as the parochial school in enforcing the Commandments, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not steal." But there are people who say, "It cannot be done. We cannot solve the problem. It is not fair, we know, but we cannot help it." Such talk is an insult to American statesmanship. Germany has solved the problem and recognized the parochial school. England has solved it. Canada has solved it. Is it not an insult to American politicians to say that they cannot solve a simple problem which has been solved by the politicians of a neighboring province? The solution is easy if you follow the natural law of justice.

"But whether it is solved or not, my friends, we shall go on building and supporting Christian schools to preserve Christian faith and morals which are our best inheritance. We believe them necessary for the good of the country and we believe them necessary for the salvation of our immortal souls, for 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' Matthew XVI., 26.

A LITTLE WREATH OF FLOWERS FOR OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

By *Enfant de Marie* of St. Clare's.

1st Day—"Look at the star ; call on Mary."—St. Bernard.

2nd Day—"As the soul nears Mary, it also nears its own birth-place in the heart of its Creator, and is drawn with an ever-quicken- ing speed to its final repose."—Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J.

3rd Day—"Mary must be our model of the interior life."—Ibid.

4th Day—"How close to God, how full of God,

Dear Mother, must thou be,

For now the more we know of Him,

The more we think of thee."

5th Day—"There are many things we wait to learn in Heaven ; Mary is one of these."—Fr. Faber.

6th Day—"A child of Mary can- not be lost."—St. Alphonsus.

7th Day—"O Jesus, that I could love Thee as Mary loved Thee ! O Mary, that I could love thee as Jesus loved thee !"

8th Day—"Mary, His Immaculate Mother, His Apostles and Disciples in the New Law have suffered. Ey- ery suffering, borne well, is a grain of spiritual gold treasured up." — Rev. J. B. Leybourn, O.C.C.

9th Day—"Devotion to my Ros- ary is a great sign of predestina- tion."—(Words of the Blessed Vir- gin to a Dominican.)

10th Day—"The true children of the Rosary shall enjoy a great glory in Heaven."—Ibid.

11th Day—"The *"Memorare."*

All ye who pass by the wayside

With many an anxious care,

Look up to the far blue heavens

And breathe St. Bernard's prayer.

—E. de M.

12th Day—"Of what use would be Mary's great power if she did not employ it in our favor ?" — St. Augustine.

13th Day—"Do not, then, forsake me,

Mother of sweet love."

—St. Alphonsus.

14th Day—"Go without fear to the Blessed Virgin, pray lovingly to her ; you will always find her ready to grant all you ask."—St. Bernard.

15th Day—"Whenever our Holy Father Leo XIII. is presented with any flowers he always places them before the statue of the Madonna." Let us do likewise.

16th Day—

O beautiful flow'ret of Carmel,
O fragrant and clustering vine
Round the hearts of its loving
children

Thy care and protection en-
twine.

—E. de M.

17th Day—"Daily return thanks to the Blessed Virgin for all the benefits you have obtained from her."—St. Anthony.

18th Day—"We have not yet praised, exalted, loved and served Mary as we ought to do."—B. De Montfort.

19th Day—"Mary, most glorious, mediating between God and man." —St. Ephrem.

20th Day—"O holy Virgin, Queen of my heart, I wish to behold you." —B. John Soreth's dying words.

21st Day—"O Mary, it is from thee that Jesus has received the blood He shed for us."—St. Hilary.

22nd Day—"Each of us is called to be a star in Mary's crown." — Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J.

23rd Day—"Mary's soul is a lily from the spotlessness of its purity, the fragrance of its charity, the grace and delicacy of its form." — Ibid.

24th Day—"O Immaculate and Most Blessed Virgin, Mother of the

Lord of our salvation, pray to Him for us thy children who have recourse to thee."—Dr. Ullathorne.

25th Day—"Oh! blessed is he who clings with love and confidence to those two anchors of salvation—Jesus and Mary."—St. Alphonsus.

26th Day—"Very sweet in life is the most holy name of Mary; sweeter still will it be to us when dying."—Ibid.

27th Day—"O Mary, if I put my

confidence in thee, I shall be saved."—St. Andrew of Candia.

28th Day—"All the treasures of the Mercy of God are in thy hands."—St. Peter Damian.

29th Day—"O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary! bless us now and at the hour of our death."

30th Day—"O Splendor coeli! May we gaze for ever on thy beauty."

31st Day—"Grant us a mother's blessing and care." *Monstra te esse Matrem!*

THE PURITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

By *Enfant de Marie* of St. Clare's.

"*Sancta et Immaculata Virginitas,
quibus te laudibus offeram
nescio!*"

The purity of Mary has been in all ages a source of noble inspirations in science and art, and poetic minds have, as it were, raised the veil from many of creation's beauties that we might see how symbolic they are of God's master-piece, the Immaculate Virgin.

They have twined around her dear name the early snow-drops and sweet May-blossoms. They have gazed at her reflection in crystal streams and placid lakes, and the white moonlight or pearly dawn. Fragrant lilies, and pure wild-roses of summer, and the untrodden snows of winter—in a word, all that could even faintly serve for emblematic praise, has been laid at her shrine accompanied by the devoted love of her children. God Himself was enamored of her stainless heart, and, as Father Father so beautifully expresses it, in his learned work on "The Precious Blood," "There is no place in creation so white with its redness as her Immaculate Heart." O Blessed Mother! scientists have written

well of thee, and poets have sung thy praises in ever-varying strains of graceful imagery. Artists have endeavored to delineate thy beauty, and Saints have contemplated it with ecstatic love. But I,—an "Enfant"—what can I say but this, "*Quibus te laudibus offeram nescio!*" Truly I know not how to praise or love thee worthily, but I at least know that Jesus' Sacred Heart, like a golden lyre, is ever praising thy beauty and ever loving thee with infinite love. There is restfulness in this thought, my Mother! and in union with Him I offer this unworthy tribute and earnestly pray thee to make our hearts more like to His and thine.

Pure as the lilies, Mother dear, forgive

The fond but feeble trope,
Mother of Hope,

Fair love, and Holy Fear, there
does not live,

Virgin Immaculate,

In all the grassy haunts where lilies
bloom,

As white, as rare, as sweet a flower
as thou.

—Eleanor C. Donnelly,
(In *Carmina Mariana*.)

EFFICACY OF DEVOTION TO THE HOLY PROPHET ELIAS.

THOSE who have carefully read the Old Testament know the power with which the Prophet Elias was invested. At his prayer streams of fertilizing rain poured down on earth. By his word Satan was confounded with his agents; virtue became triumphant and the holy name of God was glorified. The immense influence, which this great prophet had over the heart of God, became still greater after he, by one of the most wonderful miracles, ascended into heaven in a fiery wagon, drawn by blazing chargers. His protection often has been shown by great miracles. With unlimited confidence his mediation has been sought. The holy Patriarch, whose charity is only equalled by his power, takes care of everything confided to him and provides for all wants. Most especially Elias is invoked in the following cases:

1. To obtain rain, as can be easily verified by perusing the Book of Kings.

2. For the recovery of sick people. In the year 1659 the plague raged in the Kingdom of Naples. Every day a great number of inhabitants died. Medical skill was powerless against the terrible scourge. At Sperona stood a church, dedicated to St. Elias. The picture of the Saint was above the altar. The prophet appeared to the curate and told him that he would stop the plague immediately, if the parishioners repaired his church and would keep burning a lamp before his image. This the curate told to his flock, which promised to do the bidding of the Saint. The sickness disappeared. But after the danger and the first fervor were over the people neglected to fulfil one part of their promise. The plague appeared again and raged more than

ever before. Then the people asked forgiveness from St. Elias, repaired and embellished the church and the altar, prayed fervently and fixed a continually burning lamp before the image of the Saint. Now the plague disappeared for good. This Sanctuary of St. Elias became the center of much-frequented pilgrimages. From this example we may learn to surround the images of St. Elias with every kind of veneration in order to deserve his favors.

3. To dispel dangers which threaten families. The inhabitants of Capua, Italy, were disconsolate in consequence of public calamities. Every family had had its trials and was threatened with new misfortunes. There was a continuous fear. The authorities placed the city under the protection of St. Elias. All promised to celebrate every year most solemnly and with great piety his feast. The people kept their word. Peace was no more disturbed, every danger disappeared and calm was restored to this pious city, so much devoted to St. Elias.

4. To end wars. Roger, Count of Sicily, had terrible struggles with the Saracens. He addressed himself to St. Elias, who, armed with his sword, appeared to Roger's enemies and filled them with such fear that they fled precipitately. The grateful Count erected in honor of St. Elias a church and a monastery, which he gave to the Carmelites.

5. To find again the peace of soul. St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland, once was assaulted by the most violent temptations. It appeared to him as if hell were opened to swallow up his soul. In this terrible anxiety, which only a God-loving heart can understand, the Saint turned to St. Elias, who im-

mediately came to his rescue, dispersed his fears and gave back to him the peace of soul.

6. To attract abundant blessings on souls consecrated to God. St. John of the Cross, at the beginning of his religious life, asked from St. Elias the gifts of prayer and mortification. His prayer was granted and he excelled in these two virtues thus, that he became a great Saint, a true disciple of Elias. Great was the devotion of St. Teresa to this grand patriarch whom, with filial confidence, she called "Our Holy Father Elias." The Patriarch assisted her almost marvellously in her work of reforming the Carmelite Order. The Venerable Mother Anne of St. Bartholemew always addressed herself to this powerful Thaumaturgus, who showered inestimable benefits on her. One day, while in ecstasies, she beheld Elias holding his mantle over a general chapter of bare-footed Carmelites. Later on Mother Anne learned that the Saint had visibly shown his mighty protection over that venerable assembly and had showered abundant blessings on its works. This tender piety of the virtuous mother to Elias greatly edified the whole Carmelite Order.

7. To insure the security of monasteries. The monks of Mount Carmel, seeing their monastery threatened by the Mohammedans, invoked St. Elias, who filled the infidels with such fear that they did not dare renew their hostilities and left the monks undisturbed.

8. To be protected against misfortune. The inhabitants of villages adjoining Mount Carmel did not consider themselves safe until they had placed themselves under the protection of St. Elias. "They

often made pilgrimages to the Church of Mount Carmel, venerating there the statue of St. Elias, covering and surrounding it with votive offerings on the feast of the Saint. Numberless examples of the miraculous protection of the Saint are told.

From the above we see that all human wants are objects of sympathy to St. Elias. No wonder, therefore, that he is held in so great veneration. A great number of churches, altars and statues have been erected in his honor. Countries and cities have chosen him as their patron. It is known that, when leaving this world, Elias bequeathed to Eliseus the gifts of prayer and mortification, contemplation and activity, love for God and the neighbor; all these heavenly gifts, which were the very soul of his actions. His disciples had the courage to make shine forth these virtues, which unite so intimately the soul to God and procure for it much glory. As its motto the Order of Carmel has adopted the words of the illustrious chief of the prophets, "I am burning with zeal for the Lord, for the God of hosts." Every year on the 20th of July his feast is solemnly celebrated.

These are the claims of the holy prophet Elias to our veneration and pious homage. The devotion to this grand servant of God befits our time. Competent voices do not cease to repeat, that the ever-rising flood of human iniquities, finally will exhaust divine patience and bring down on the world great misfortunes. Therefore let us not delay to place ourselves under the protection of this kind patriarch, of whom has been written in Ecclesiasticus, "He hath been chosen to appease the wrath of the Lord."

Come to Our Lady's Shrine on July 16th. It is the Feast of Mt. Carmel. All wearers of the Brown Scapular are welcome at the Hospice that day and every day.

Notes on Books and Other Things.

By THE EDITOR.

The Reverend Bernard Feeney of St. Joseph's College, Mt. Angel, Oregon, has done good service in bringing out what he has named a "Manual of Sacred Rhetoric." "It is intended," he says, "first of all, to inculcate the necessity of earnest preparation for preaching in view of the present requirements of American life," and to show "How to prepare a Sermon." The work is timely and practical. There are plenty of works treating of the same subject, 'tis true, but Father Feeney's book fills a much-felt want. B. Herder of St. Louis prints and sells this book. Price one dollar and twenty-five cents.

One of the great masterpieces of mystical theology is "A Mirror for Monks." This is a new and revised edition from the work of Lewis Blossius. It is an ideal book for religious. It is printed and sold at twenty cents the copy by B. Herder of St. Louis, Mo.

PSALMS PENITENTIAL.

"Meditations on Psalms Penitential" will recommend itself to many. It is published by B. Herder at seventy-five cents. The seven songs called by holy Church "penitential psalms" have been the voice of her penance in every age. "From the wealth of her treasure in the Psalter," says the author in his preface, "she singles them out specially for use in her public Offices, and commends them for the private devotion of her faithful children. She appoints them to be sung at the Consecration of her Altars and Cemeteries; they accompany the Public Excommunication and Reconciliation of her Penitents; a

newly-elected Abbot receives her Benediction in the spirit of their humility. She weaves them into the framework of her Canonical Hours, orders them for the daily Lenten use of her Priests, and sanctions them for constant recitation by her Religious Orders.

But not only to the sons and daughters of the Church does the Psalter bear a message of consolation and hope. A tired generation, wandering bewildered through time's desert, fevered with the spirit of analysis, sick with disappointment as one by one the mirages of its theories of life sink into sand and nothingness before its eyes, turns again and again by the sheer necessity of its being to, slake its thirst at the waters of the ancient wells of Life, preserved undefiled through the ages by the guardianship of the Catholic Church. Such deep and living wells are these psalms of penance. The profound spiritual experience which they reveal finds a response in the yearning of every unsatisfied heart; the assured faith of their inspired writer is a beacon-light to the perplexed and despondent. In them the true penitent has an inexhaustible fount of devotion; for the contrite soul can find no fitter words wherein to break silence and utter its lamentation before God."

B. Herder (17 So. Broadway) of St. Louis, Mo., has published "The Bible and Rationalism," or "Answer to Difficulties of the Bible," completely revised and greatly enlarged, by Rev. John Thein, author of "Christian Anthropology," "Answer to Difficulties of the Bible," "Catechism of Rodez," and "Ecclesiastical Dictionary." There are

four volumes, cloth binding with gilt title on back and side of cover. Vol. I.—Answer to Difficulties in the Book of Moses, 167 pages, \$1.00. Vol. II.—Answer to Difficulties in the Historical, Didactic, Sapiential and Prophetic Books of the Old Testament, 200 pages, \$1.00. Vol. III.—Answer to Difficulties in the Books of the New Testament, 162 pages, \$1.00. Vol. IV.—Answer to Difficulties in the Mosaic Cognogony, Anthropology and Biblical Chronology, 259 pages, \$1.25. Each volume forms a whole by itself, and sells separately.

The "Spiritual Letters" of the Venerable Father Libermann, founder of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, have been brought out by the Holy Ghost Fathers of Detroit. These letters make delightful reading.

The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell, pioneer Sister of Mercy in California, has been compiled by her brother, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., and published by the Apostleship of Prayer, 27 and 29 West Sixtieth street, New York City. Those who read this account of the life-work of this noble woman and holy nun, as it appeared in instalments in the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart, will be glad to have it in book form. Mother Mary Baptist Russell occupied a unique spot in the hearts of not alone the religious, but of the outer world with whom she came in contact. The book is well produced, being enriched with many photographs of more than the average interest. Price, cloth, 75 cents, morocco \$1.50.

July is the month dedicated to Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, who gave us the Brown Scapular, and you cannot honor our Queen in any better manner than by becoming a member of "The Pious Union

of Mt. Carmel," from July 16, 1901, to July 16, 1902. Ask our fathers all about it when you visit the Shrine and Hospice.

POISONED TONGUES.

"Knocking" is the latest slang phrase for backbiting. Commenting on the same the New York Sun says:

"You can hardly take up a newspaper without finding in it some story of desperate affray or suicide or murder, of somebody done to death by poisoned tongues. But even these positive and palpable results of 'knocking' are not so sinister as the effect of it upon the hardened though perhaps unconscious practiser of it. He or she, acquiring the censorious, snooping, backbiting habit, becomes a nuisance and a curse, a mere bag of bile and jaundice, a collector of the oil of ill nature."

"The language is strong but just" says The Pilot. "Alas that the Sun is compelled to say 'he or she'; for it is a fact that even the gentler sex is sometimes, thoughtlessly of course, given to speak other than unvarying eulogy of its sisters and brothers."

A COMMON EVIL.

The Chicago Record-Herald pronounces against the high schools of that city on the ground that "the people are supporting the institution to enable a very small percentage of our hundreds of thousands of school children, mostly of one sex, to fit themselves for a single business or profession." It has been figuring on the statistics of the classes graduating from the high schools, and estimates that the percentage of girls to boys is at least 75 to 25. It is explained by the principals of the Chicago high schools that many boys are taken from the schools before they can complete the course, because they

are obliged to earn a living. "The girls are kept in school mainly in the hope that they will become teachers." Might not the same state of affairs be found to exist elsewhere if thorough examination were made ?

AN UNSULLIED PRIESTHOOD.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his only tribute of praise to the Catholic priesthood concludes by describing the clergy of today as "a priesthood eminently virtuous, and, by partnership in ages of suffering, justly endeared to the people, but trained at Maynooth under an intensely sacerdotal system, and turned out in an almost hide-bound condition of imperviousness to the intellectual influences of the day."

"Mr. Smith would be perhaps surprised," remarks the Ottawa Union, "to be told that his highest praise of the Irish priesthood is contained in the last words of the above sentence. That noble body of Christian scholars and gentlemen rejoice in nothing more than in their open indifference and undisguised contempt for the crazy vagaries of a century of unmeaning shams and ephemeral catch-words dignified into 'intellectual influences.'"

The Ave Maria says that a pretty feature of the first Holy Mass of Father Ralph Kerr, of the London Oratory, was the circumstance that the server of the Mass was the young priest's father, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, K.C.B. Lord Kerr is, under the King, the commander-in-chief of the British navy (for that is what his position amounts to as First Lord of the Admiralty); and a convert who was followed into the Church by almost all his near relatives. Readers of the life of General De Sonis, which appeared in these pages, will remember the model soldier.

SPREADING THE LIGHT.

The International Catholic Truth Society has published its second annual report. This excellent society is now on a solid footing. Amongst the good accomplished by it must be mentioned the fact that it was instrumental in having the unjust Brooke Marriage Law in Cuba repealed; that it succeeded in driving Margaret Shepherd out of New York State for all time as a law-breaker; that it did much to popularize Catholic authors of real merit and have their works placed in public libraries; that it supplied poor families, missions, convents, etc., with many journals, magazines and books, which proved to be truly precious gifts; that it imparted information about the Faith through private letters written by specialists to numbers of persons outside the Church; and that its members individually refuted numerous slanders and misstatements in leading daily papers. Any one interested in the work of the Society will be gladly supplied with further information on writing to the Rev. William F. McGinnis, 225 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn Borough, New York City. The International Catholic Truth Society is a thoroughly active and practical organization, and as such should receive the encouragement and assistance of Catholics everywhere in this country, through the medium of membership at least. Among the religious leaders connected with the society are Cardinal Gibbons, seven Archbishops, twenty-seven Bishops and a large number of priests.

A Plenary Indulgence can be gained on July 16th at every visit to Our Lady's Shrine at Niagara Falls. See the Letter of the Pope. We also call your attention to the first page of our advertisements.

You may confess or communicate in your own parish church on the morning of July 16, or you may receive at the Shrine. We shall have early Masses. High Mass later on the porch of the Hospice. We supply refreshments to the pilgrims. See June number of Carmelite Review.

MEXICAN MANNERS.

"It is admitted that foreigners rarely enter the best Mexican society, and the why and wherefore of their exclusion has been guardedly discussed of late in the journals of that land," says the Boston Pilot. "F. R. Guernsey the Mexican correspondent of the Boston Herald, declares that it is simply because of their bad manners and vulgar prejudices against the Catholic faith. He gives some striking examples from his own observations of the shocking rudeness of 'evangelists,' and other money-makers. These assume ignorance and obtuseness on the part of the 'natives,' even against the evidence of their own senses, and discuss the Mexicans brutally in English, in which language the latter are sometimes more proficient than their self-constituted instructors and reformers and rescuers from the tyranny of Spain. Adds Mr. Guernsey: And in this way we go forth to conquer hearts and rescue souls in Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines! Our inward graces must make up for our outward lack of politeness, and let us hope the 'natives' discern our true spiritual goodness and the benevolence of our intentions. It is pleasant to know that the natives estimate American assumptions at their true value. The Mexican gentleman accounts no man educated who is not well bred. With him, 'Manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind.' Book-learning, apart from character and breeding, is mere 'instruction.'"

The annual Pilgrimage to the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, under the auspices of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston and the reverend clergy of his diocese, will take place this year on Tuesday, July 23. Pilgrims will, as usual, be conveyed by special trains over the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railways. Michigan Central trains leaving Exchange street, Buffalo, make close connections at Toronto. The Pilgrimage will be under the immediate direction of Rev. D. A. Twomey, Tweed, Ont., who will cheerfully supply all necessary information to persons wishing to visit the shrine.

In a timely letter to the New York Sun, Rev. Dr. H. Brann touched on a vital point when he said, "The masses are drifting more and more toward infidelity and socialism. One of the popular evening papers, within a few weeks, has been advocating the feeding of the children in the State schools at the public expense. Thus would socialism, through the schools, deprive children of Christian faith, and thus degrade and pauperize the laboring classes. They now pay enormous taxes for education, and the money is spent in 'fads' in large salaries to teachers of the luxuries of education which the poor man's son can never enjoy. The politicians and the bigots would not give a dollar to help him to be a good moral Christian, but thousands a year to show him how to make artistically a mud pie!"

This month Detroit celebrates its two hundredth anniversary. As its establishment and the foundation of the Church within its limits were simultaneous, the Right Rev. J. S. Foley, Bishop of Detroit, deemed it becoming and proper, that while co-operating with their fellow-citizens in celebrating the wonderful

material progress of the city during the last two centuries, the Catholics should also hold a distinctive commemoration of the establishment of their Church.

The Hospice is now open to Pan-American guests. Everything here is safe, neat, comfortable, and home-like. In order that you are not disappointed let us know of your coming beforehand. Address "The Hospice, Niagara Falls, Ontario."

There is a Plenary Indulgence attached to every visit you make to the Shrine of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel at Niagara on July 16th. This indulgence is applicable to the poor souls in purgatory.

The Novena in preparation for the Scapular Feast commences on July 7th.

Try to arrange your itinerary so that you can be at the Central railroad station in Buffalo on the morning of July 16th. A special train will be there in waiting to convey you to the Hospice without change, starting at 7.30 a.m. sharp.

Solemn High Mass will be celebrated as usual on the open porch of the Hospice on the Scapular Feast. A prominent clergyman has been engaged to address the pilgrims.

THE CARMELITES IN THE EASTERN STATES.

The excellent school buildings erected during the past few years by our fathers in the Western diocese of Leavenworth, Kansas, and in the diocese of Pittsburg, Pa., not to speak of our new college recently opened in Chicago, are speaking monuments of the zeal of

the Carmelites on behalf of Christian education. Looking towards the East we beheld a few weeks ago the laying of the corner-stone of a large and substantial parochial school in the vigorous little town of Englewood in New Jersey, whose spiritual interests are in care of the Carmelite Fathers. The ceremony of laying and blessing the stone was performed by the Very Reverend A. J. Kreidt, O.C.C., Provincial of the Carmelite Fathers. This ceremony was very impressive and was closely watched and listened to by a multitude. On the platform besides Rev. Father Kreidt and Rev. Dr. Brann were Rev. Father T. J. MacDonald, pastor of St. Cecilia's; Rev. Bernard Fink, assistant pastor; Rev. Angelus Lager, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Tenally; Rev. Paul W. Ryan and Rev. Father Huygen, besides General T. L. James, ex-Postmaster-General. The feature of the day was the sermon by Very Rev. Dr. Brann, of St. Agnes' Church, New York, the first pastor of Englewood.

OUR AUGUST VISITORS.

Everybody is coming our way this year. Next month the great annual pilgrimage will arrive from Pittsburg city. The excursion will probably start on or about August 13th next so the pilgrims can celebrate the Feast of the Assumption at Our Blessed Lady's Niagara Shrine. The pilgrimage will be under the auspices of the Carmelite Fathers (1501 Centre Avenue) of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who will gladly give any required information to those who contemplate joining the party. A postal card sent to the General Passenger Agent, 299 Main street, Buffalo, N.Y., will bring to your address all printed information about fast trains of the Michigan Central, which come from all points direct to the Hospice.

ALL WELCOME !

The Catholic people of Pittsburg diocese, to quote "The Pittsburg Catholic" of June 12th last, "contemplating a visit to the wonderful exposition at Buffalo, will miss a splendid opportunity if they do not avail themselves of taking a few hours, even a day or two, in visiting the famous Hospice of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls, Canada. Here the Carmelite Fathers, with that zeal and forethought characteristic of this most ancient order, have turned by their labors what naturally is a most beautiful spot into a veritable paradise. It would take columns to describe the wonderful scenery that surrounds this religious Eden. The Hospice is famed for its genuine hospitality. The excellent monks vie with each other to make the guest, the transient visitor, feel at home. The headquarters of the order for the American province are located here, and it is the residence of the provincial superior. It may not be generally known that the place is open the year round for guests and there are always many here, who come to enjoy the salubrious air, recuperate their jaded senses with the unsurpassed scenery and to make spiritual retreats." The Carmelite Fathers of Niagara Falls extend a hearty welcome to all their Pittsburg friends.

In the language of the street we recently heard a passenger exclaim, as he alighted from a Michigan Central train at Falls View, "that's the real thing!" So it is. In fact the best, only satisfactory and most comprehensive view of the great cataract is to be had from this Canadian view-point.

Recently we heard a zealous priest during a mission urging his hearers to always wear the Brown Scapular. He also recommended the black scapular saying

that it should appeal to the men especially, as the wearer had no obligation to say any particular prayers. This seems to imply that the wearers of the Brown Scapular of Mt. Carmel were obliged to the recitation of certain prayers. They are not. No prayers are prescribed or made obligatory.

SEEKING STRAY SHEEP.

From an interesting letter from an active missionary who has labored in the West some valuable suggestions are taken. Speaking of his methods for reaching those not of the fold this good priest says :

"Dealing with non-Catholics I treat them as I treat my own people in a social way, never standing aloof from them, doffing my hat and speaking to them in passing, talking kindly to them as much as possible, manifesting an active interest in all their concerns, inviting many to call on me, an opportunity neglected by few, presenting them with some little medals, some with Sacred Heart badges, and others with catechisms and missionary prayer-books. To some who I feel will use and appreciate the gift, I present Cardinal Gibbons' most excellent "Faith of Our Fathers." Always when invited, and sometimes when not invited, I call on my non-Catholic friends, and make myself at home very much. A few days ago a Jewess told me on the street she had been sick, and was at one period of her illness about to send for me, for she said : 'I know you could have done me good.' Would I have gone ? Certainly. What would I have done ? Given her the priest's blessing, a St. Benedict medal, and said to her in German or English, 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.' At every funeral, large and small, of the old and the young, even infants, I preach a short sermon on some beautiful Catholic truth, for many non-Catholics and lukewarm Cath-

olics attend funerals who do not at any other time darken the door of a Catholic Church. My experience teaches me that the pointed funeral sermon is productive of the best spiritual results."

An indescribable sight of unparalleled grandeur is the electric illumination of the great Falls of Niagara by the searchlight of the Michigan Central Railroad. It will be the topic of a lifetime for all Hospice guests.

The song of the whip-poor-will out of the darkness of the evening twilight is sweeter than the song of the robin in the early dawn. The sweetest of all songs is the song in the night.—Lyman Abbott.

MAY FORTUNE FAVOR IT!

Mr. Charles J. O'Malley, formerly editor of the *Midland Review*, has assumed the editorship of the *Pittsburg Observer*, with the avowed object of making that journal a daily within the next nine months. If that is true, it will be an interesting and notable experiment. There is plenty of capital to back the enterprise, says the *Catholic Telegraph*, and that is what is chiefly needed to develop the highest possibilities of Catholic journalism. Mr. O'Malley has ability, but ability without money is worse than money without ability, because in the latter case there is always the power of purchase. Whether he has the executive force and largeness of grasp essential to the making of a great daily, only the opportunity can discover. *Pittsburg* deserves to be the first city to bring a Catholic daily to light and Charles Jaegle is the man who has the energy to push such a scheme as one glance at the pages of the *Pittsburg Observer* will readily show. A German Catholic daily—the *Beobachter*—has been issued from the same office for many a year.

We are glad to hear from Berlin's bright and busy "Bee" that Mr. J. William Fischer, a worthy alumnus of St. Jerome's College and one who is no novice in the literary world, has passed his third year's examination with honors at the London (Ontario) Medical College.

The patient reader will, we pray, kindly pardon the printer and ourselves if we postpone the insertion of the interesting notes of Very. Rev. Father Blakely until our August number.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"In loco pascuae ibi me collocavit."—Ps. XXIV. 35.

How beautifully expressive of Jesus as "Good Shepherd" in the Most Holy Sacrament, is the twenty-fourth Psalm.

On the second Sunday after Easter, it seems, as it were, murmuring with unwonted sweetness through the liturgy of Holy Church. He is indeed a "Good Shepherd"; we want for nothing in this "place of pasture," and St. Paul tells us "in all things you are made rich in Him." Here are refreshing waters of grace, to satisfy our thirst, as He Himself has declared. "If any man thirst let him come to Me and drink." He has "converted" our souls, attracting them to Himself, and watched over them with unceasing vigilance. His strength sustains, His compassion consoles, His love gives us rest and peace and even now an earnest of everlasting happiness.

Each one of His sheep is known by Divine and human knowledge and to each Jesus is "all in all" during life, if only they on their part belong wholly to Him and follow the guidance of this Good Shepherd. They need not fear the "valley of death" if strengthened by the Holy Viaticum, and may hope for that eternal Kingdom illumined by the Lamb, where they will praise

with rapturous gratitude His mercies in the Most Holy Sacrament, which was their "place of pasture" on earth until they attained the vision of His face in Heaven. Let us echo the glowing aspirations of St. Thomas, "Angel of the schools and of the Altar":

"Bene Pastor, Panis vere,
Jesu nostri miserere,
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium."

—Lauda Sion.

Jesus! Shepherd of the sheep
Thou thy flock in safety keep;
Living Bread! Thy life supply
Strengthen us or else we die,

Fill us with celestial grace!

—Enfant de Marie

St. Clare's.

SAVED BY THE SCAPULAR.

The following letter was written by a poor widow to a person acquainted with her troubles. The letter is dated January 8, 1889.

My troubles increase every day. The loss of my employment, the impossibility for my son to leave, are the climax of the difficulties which have been harrassing me so long a time. But I have most solemnly promised not to hasten the hour of my death and, though I have to suffer very much, I shall keep my oath. For, hardly two months ago, I have tried to die and without a miracle of Divine Providence I would have been lost eternally! Judge for yourself the infinite mercy God has shown to me.

Towards the end of last October, having no means whatever, being a burden to my son-in-law, without work though I tried very hard to find some, I gave way to distress and despair and went to drown myself in the Seine, looking at death as a deliverance from all miseries. What I suffered that day is impos-

sible to describe. Leaving Paris in the morning I went towards St. Cloud. On the way I thought of my past life. At six o'clock in the evening, at a lonesome place, after having prayed the Rosary and the Angelus, I, without any hesitation, jumped into the Seine. Nobody can understand the tortures of my agony. Nevertheless, all my thoughts centered in God and in the Blessed Virgin. At the moment when death seemed certain, at the moment I was going to be lost eternally, Providence saved me! As far as I am able I will give you a full account. In the fearful convulsions, caused by asphyxia, I suddenly felt the touch of a hand, but neither touch nor hand seemed human. This hand—this supernatural support—raised me from the depths to the surface of the river. At this moment of grace God permitted that a belated laborer saw from afar a floating black mass. The brave man threw himself into the water, and, not without much trouble, taking hold of my shawl and my dress, brought me to the shore. His hand had not touched me. The indefinable sensation I had had came from my Saviour. I will not attempt to express what took place in my heart since that time. There are secrets which cannot be written down and which can be told only while we are kneeling down, confessing with a low voice our sins. After my miraculous rescue I was brought back, a dying woman, to Paris. The Superior of a convent took me to her house and there, my soul and my body being taken care of, I recovered under the influence of a generous and sympathizing charity, which I forever shall hold in deep gratitude.

Never, never,—with the help of God—shall I forget the protection I was favored with at a moment when I gave way to despair. Never shall I abandon the Scapular which on that day I had on me.