



The Assumption.



## St. John Baptist Before King Herod.

" 'T is not lawful for thee!'—bold and clear,  
 The warning rings the pillar'd hall within;  
 —Thro' yonder open portal, comes the Seer,  
 The desert-prophet, in his camel-skin:

The Baptist, whom the King doth dread, yet love,  
 Aye, love the more, because that fearless Saint,  
 The son of Zachary, is set above  
 All base time-serving—every venal taint.

How gaunt and weird he stands before him now,  
 His deep eyes full of heaven's purest light!  
 The godlike majesty upon his brow,  
 Beseemeth well his noble, towering height.

" 'It is not lawful!'—lo! the King Divine,  
 The Lord of lords; ( whose will should ours compel )  
 Forbids thee hold thy brother's wife as thine!—  
 Let her depart,—and save thy soul from hell!"

The spouse of Philip, near the royal seat,  
 Watches the King with cat-like vigilance,—  
 And while her daughter crouching at his feet,  
 Plays with her tambour, waiting for the dance;

The dance, whose witching grace shall garnish Guilt,  
 Whose meed shall be a life beyond all price,—  
 A Saint's pure blood for Truth and Justice spilt,  
 A hero slain, for Lust's foul sacrifice!

See! guilty Herod, ( writhing in his chair ),  
 Settles and darkens 'neath the Baptist's eye!  
 He hears not in his shame and black despair,  
 The woman's hissing whisper, "He shall die!"

Yet knows he that a mighty Grace hath come  
 And gone, despised. — Remorse is in that frown,—  
 Child of Herodias! art thou deaf and dumb?  
 A martyr waits to win, through thee, his crown!  
 —Eleanor C. Donnelly.

## MARY.

**T**HE soft vibrations of that Name  
"At which all knees should bow,"  
Shall blend, in mystic unison,  
With His sweet Mother's now.

Of old, the Holy Spirit touched  
The harp-strings of a Saint,\*  
And joyful were its notes of praise,  
And touching each low plaint!

I may not to Saint Ephrem's gift  
Of glorious song aspire;  
'Tis only by an "Enfant's" hand  
Resounds our Lady's lyre.

And yet, O Blessed Mother mine!  
I fain would sing of Thee,  
And hail the pearly morning-dawn  
Of Thy bright purity.

And in the restful eventide  
I'll raise my thoughts afar,  
To gaze upon thy silvery beam,  
O gentle "Ocean Star!"

The white moon in the tranquil night,  
So silent and so still,  
With low and plaintive melody  
Oft makes our spirits thrill.

We know that in our lonely hours  
Of anguish and of pain,  
Her guiding ray illumines soft  
That land we hope to gain.

Her feasts come round—those welcome days  
"Like stars they strew the year,"\*\*  
With holy thoughts and beautiful  
Of Jesu's Mother dear.

And many a song of gladsome praise,  
And many a mournful strain  
Arises on her joyful feasts  
Or sighs in those of pain.

O, Mary! Name more dear than all  
Save Jesus' Name so blest!  
O may it breathe in our last sigh  
Whene'er we sink to rest.

Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.

\* St. Ephrem. "The Harp of the Holy Ghost."

\*\* "Bright days that strew the year like stars."—Fr. Faber.

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# A Tale of The Indian Days.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

## CHAPTER I.

### The Parting.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

—Moore.

**G**OODBYE, Colette! Goodbye!" Sad words indeed they were, falling from the lips of a young, sturdy Canadian settler, who with tearful eyes, in parting held close to his manly bosom, his wife and only child.

It was only a moment—the door opened wide and he waved his hand and with one long, last, anxious look Eduard Harrison disappeared and was lost in the inky blackness of night.

Colette was a handsome woman, not very tall, with such a girlish face, wreathed in its folds of deep brown hair, and with dark eyes that flashed and danced continually. Her cheeks still had the blush of youth upon them and she could not have been more than twenty or twenty-one. She was still standing at the door of the old log cabin clasping fondly to her throbbing breast her six months old Angela, and gazing with red and tearful eyes into the darkness beyond. She listened until the last sounds of her husband's footsteps had died away. More than once she had whispered almost unconsciously to the soft, cool breeze that swept through the willows, "Goodbye, Eduard! God bless thee! God guide and protect thee!"

Notwithstanding all that Eduard had said to her with a fond hope that he would soon return again—in probably a month or so—notwithstanding his many hearty pleadings and kind words of encouragement and of love, she was

afraid and her heart was nigh bursting with its weight of pent-up sorrow. A presentiment of evil seemed to pierce her very soul. There was a mysterious something raging within her, which her feelings could not suppress.

Hardly knowing what she was doing, Colette closed the door behind her and returned to the room, where one of the servants was busy at work. Walking up to her side, she placed the sleeping babe in her arms and then, passing into a room near by, she threw herself upon a sofa and wept loudly, and the bitter, salt tears, that rolled silently down her red cheeks, shone like dew-drops on the rose of summer.

Slowly the first three weeks wore away. Colette began to breathe more freely and each minute brought its atom of cheerfulness to her eyes, red and sunken, that were so often filled to overflowing. As a wanderer, oppressed and careworn, speeding through a dark and gloomy forest, rejoices when for the first time he sees, far in the distance, a few streaks of silver light smiling playfully through the leafy branches, so, too, did Colette greet the first happy day of the fourth and last week of her solitary separation.

No one seemed to understand her feelings better than her infant child—the blue-eyed, little Angela—for whenever she whispered softly, "Papa will soon be coming," the little, chubby cheeks of baby lit up with a merry smile and she seemed

to understand it all.

It was Monday evening. The day had folded its sunny wings in a sea of crimson and gold, and Colette, her child upon her arm, was slowly walking in the direction in which she expected to meet her husband. It was harvest time. On her way she conversed pleasantly with the reapers, who were all in the employ of Eduard, as they were gladly wending homewards along the dusty road. The overseer, a stout fellow with a sunburnt face, spying her, crossed the street and expressing his pleasure at meeting her, asked her to come across the field to ascertain her opinion as to a certain piece of work he intended starting in the morning. Angela had fallen asleep in the arms of her mother and being tired and thinking everything safe, Colette wrapped her up in her warm woollen shawl, and laid her down softly on an elevated spot on the green hill near by, while she stationed her faithful dog Moro to watch the little darling and following the man her eyes were almost continually upon Angela.

Suddenly Colette stood still in the middle of her conversation with the overseer and trembled visibly, for the piercing howl of a dog was ringing wildly in her ears. Quickly she hastened back to her sleeping child. What meaning in that unearthly cry—was it perhaps a note of warning? Angela was still asleep, and Colette was happy, but the glaring eyes of her faithful dog were riveted on the fallen trunk of a massive tree, which lay near by, and they could not suppress his wild bark and cry of anguish. "Madam," the servant broke forth, "I am beginning to think that the wolves are prowling around this neighborhood. I will quickly call a few men together and with our rifles—who knows we may be able to shoot the wily invaders." And off he galloped at a hurricane speed and was soon lost to view in the

deep gray mists that were creeping lazily around the green hills. Colette, too, her heart stirred to the highest pitch of excitement, snatching her sleeping infant from the grass, set out briskly in order to reach the old log cabin by the shortest way, and left the wolves to face the battle of the hissing bullets.

Trembling with fright and pale and exhausted, she had now reached the forest of maples and birch trees, that lay like a brooding sea between her and her destination. The dark and creeping shadows of the night had fastened their steady hold on everything around; the deserted harvest fields lay gloomy and black behind her and before her eyes there loomed that awful forest like some hateful spirit, dark and loathsome, that might embrace her at almost any moment—and as she gazed onward, her temples throbbed loudly as closer and closer she pressed Angela to her bosom. Slowly and piously she raised her eyes to the starless sky above her and prayed, while the whispering leaves rustled a sweet Amen:

"O Mary! Heaven's mother, mild!  
Come help me! Save my sleeping child!"

Scarcely had these tender words fallen from her quivering lips and Colette, her child in her arms, was pulled to the ground by two strong and grasping arms and a blanket was thrown over them. She tried to cry for help but her tongue and lips were paralyzed with fear. She tried to pray but alas! she could not; all control had left her, but through her mind there still ran in rapid succession those tender words—that loving prayer:

"O Mary! Heaven's mother, mild!  
Come help me! Save my sleeping child!"

A moment the cruel arms relaxed their hold, but only to fasten themselves tighter in their reptile grip. Another moment and Colette and Angela were being borne away on

horseback by the thief with the rapidity of a windstorm-- little dreaming, ah! poor ones! where they were going.

To Colette the speeding hours of that awful ride seemed almost unbearable--the suspense was terrifying and the cold and rough blanket still held them fast. At last she was able to give vent to that awful feeling, which was gnawing at her heart, in an outburst of tears. "O God, my God!" she cried in broken and smothered words, "what will become of me? Thou hast watched cheerfully over little children--save and protect mine now! And Ednard? O my God!" Her cries became louder and now she wept almost convulsively. Angela, having been roused from her sleep by her mother's voice, cried violently. But the tears and cries of a wounded mother's heart and child seemed to produce no effect on the hardened soul of the unknown man. Faster, still faster they galloped on as the whip landed often and unmercifully on the foaming flanks of the beast. At last the thief stopped suddenly and, having lifted the blanket from his powerless captives, dragged mother and child from the horse, without kindness and without ceremony.

And now for the first time Colette saw the fiendish and ugly face of her offender. It was that of an Indian; his eyes had that peculiar wild, fiery appearance, and they seemed to burn into her very soul. Trembling she stood before him; her cheeks had lost their color and her eyes their lustre. Gently lifting them to heaven, she pressed to her bloodless lips the little wooden crucifix that hung suspended on her breast, and kissed it reverently. Her lips moved, but it was in sorrow's silent prayer.

Colette begged for mercy, for freedom, for life itself, but with no avail. The Indian strutted about proudly and merely shook his head.

"If it must be so, at least spare

my child--this little cherub in my arms, my poor Angela."

Again he made no answer, but only stood there with his eyes upon them both and shook his haughty head as if he did not or did not want to understand what the poor woman was saying. Soon he made a bed for them out of the fallen leaves and walking to his saddle, returned with a piece of dried buffalo meat, which he offered to Colette. But she would not eat; she could not.

It was now midnight and a few pale stars shone through the heavy, black sky. I wonder if those angels of the Most High saw the forms of Colette and Angela in their bed of leaves. They were fast asleep. The excitement and the journey had been too much of a strain on Colette's shattered nerves and drowsy Morpheus soon claimed her as his own. At times her eyes opened half dreamily and then closed almost suddenly and it seemed as if they had met the fiery glance of her seducer. She did not sleep soundly. In a moment she rose up from the ground wide awake. Something had startled her; some wild, piercing cry. Was it real or some idle fancy of hers? Had she been dreaming? Was she to fly or remain there, alone in the wilderness--without help and without friend? Just then she moved nervously and listened again, and she seemed to hear a sound issuing from a neighboring thicket of young maple trees.

She held her breath and listened for every sound--the stirring of the leaves and the moving and sighing branches above her all spoke terror to her soul. She stood there like one awaiting a death sentence, pale and worn. The blood in her arteries seemed to have come to a standstill. Gradually the mysterious sound died away and all was peaceful and still, but Colette thought no more of sleep. Her first thought was of the Indian. "Where

can he be?" she said to herself. "God knows, perhaps, I will be able to escape—but alas! he will soon miss me and then if I stay might he not kill us both? And then, too, Eduard is not here. Eduard, my Eduard, where art thou?" And in the fulness of her heart, with folded hands, she poured out her sorrow in prayer to God. "O good God," she cried, "the God of mercy and protection, what shall I do? O send me just a kind light of Thy love, that I may wander back to my old cabin home near the deep green hills, that I may again hear my Eduard's voice! Lead me away from this horrible man! His face haunts me continually. I could not sleep and yet I was so tired. O Father! tell me what to do! Shall I fly or shall I stay? I throw myself into Thy arms. Do with me what Thou wilt." She rose from her knees, strengthened and resolved to face the worst.

Just then that awful cry again pierced with its ringing clearness the silence of the forest and presently out of a thicket nearby leaped forth a dog. It was Colette's trusty friend, Moro, and he ran to her at once and dancing about her wildly, licked her soft, pale hand again and again. Colette wept tears of joy. A new star had suddenly risen on the darkened heaven of her existence and patting her trusty dog and stroking his fine curly forehead, she exclaimed:

"Faithful Moro! God knows, you have come like some bright angel to lead me back to my dear home again. O! how tired you look. With you at my side, I will have nothing to fear."

It was still very dark and Colette not wishing to escape before daylight, sank down upon her leafy bed again and kissed the ruddy cheeks of her darling child, who was still fast asleep.

Daybreak was not far off. Already the eastern sky was growing brighter and gleams of pale, white

light began to melt through the leaden canopy. Along the distant blue hills the mists were rising, yet not a sound was audible save the footsteps of Colette. With Angela in her arms, she was following the guidance of Moro, who snuffled anxiously as he ran over the wet ground. Not far off stood the horse that had carried them in their memorable ride, but the Indian thief was nowhere to be seen. Now an opportune time for their escape presented itself. But wait! Moro ran on and on and presently came back and tucked wildly at Colette's apron strings, as if he were bound to pull her along in that direction. She turned mechanically and following the tracking of Moro, soon found to her surprise, fresh drops of blood sprinkled here, everywhere in the direction she was walking in. Presently she came upon a corpse, blood-bespattered and ghastly. It was that of the Indian, and as she looked at him his eyes seemed to grow more fiery than ever. The dog moved around nervously and barked in rapid succession, and had the power of speech been granted him at that moment he would have cried out, "This is my work. I followed you through the woods and met the returning villain. He lifted his arrow and shot at me. We fought and I conquered. I—I killed him."

Colette raised a thankful eye to that Mother whose smile is ever upon us, and, under her breath, whispered the prayer she had said so often before and which she knew had now been heard. The sinewy arms, that had once held her fast, now lay powerless and stiff at his side. The Indian was no more and the sunbeams, playing around the heavy branches of the thick, old maples above him, knew that another soul had wandered to that long, last, happy hunting ground; knew that another great chief had fallen. Before leaving, Colette covered the body of her enemy with the

newly-fallen wet leaves, and kneeling at his side, breathed forth to Heaven's throne one last, sad parting prayer, while high above her the morning breeze whispered a tender requiem, and having taken with her his bow and arrow, she left him on that fine August morning with his face turned towards the north.

Before long, Colette with Angela in her arms rode quickly through the forest on the horse, which had now found a new mistress. Moro followed in the rear. The forest, with its varying shades of green, was smiling in the pale sunlight and the smell of the cedars and hemlocks was everywhere in evidence. The morning flew by quickly and then the afternoon and the night soon followed, and, weary and careworn, they halted once more and slept in the embrace of darkness, while a God in heaven was watching over them with tender and fatherly eyes.

## CHAPTER II.

### A SAD SURPRISE.

"The world! It is a wilderness,  
Where tears are hung on every  
tree."

—T. Hood.

Ode to Melancholy.

It was Monday evening. Two men were riding together in the same direction. The poor horses, covered with foam and sweat, were running at a great rate and it seemed as if they might fall to pieces at almost any moment, they looked so miserable and no doubt had been on the road all day.

The air was very hot and the winds had settled; in the sky above them there were signs of an approaching storm. Does it not seem natural to conclude that both were making for some longed-for sheltering place? But see! the younger of the two resembles Eduard Harrison, Colette's home-

returning husband! The other man is probably a hunter, judging from his sunburnt face, his dress and the long rifle he is carrying so pompously on his shoulders.

"I have lived in these forests many, many years, and, Harrison, I am sure an awful thunder storm is threatening." These words were spoken by the otherwise silent fellow, Hayward.

"But see the column of thick, blinding smoke that is rising upward over there." And saying this Harrison pointed in the direction of his own log cabin.

"An, no! Pshaw! A column of smoke! Ha! ha! Heavens! Heavens! By Jove! it is—See! the forest is in flames!" Just then both men drew their whips sharply through the air, while the horses doubled their speed.

"Hurry! hurry! We can save her. Colette—Colette is there!" cried Harrison in despairing voice as faster and faster the poor horses galloped. But now they halted; they could go no farther and, dismounting, the two left them to find their stables alone.

Harrison followed the advice of his old comrade Hayward and set out, footing it for some little distance. The thought uppermost in Eduard's mind was of his little cabin home—his wife and little one were in danger and he must be on hand to rescue them. And on they sped, not walking but running. "Here! Here!" exclaimed Hayward, pointing across the road; "let's take this way, it is near and handy. I have a friend living by, who will be only too glad to lend us his horses. Come! Come!"

They met the old, gray-haired farmer at the farm-house gate and the laborers were just coming from the hayfield, their little dinner pails in their hands. "Certainly, my good men," he replied. "You shall have the horses and more—my sons and these men shall go with you and help to extinguish the flames.



But before starting out, come and take a little lunch, you look hungry." And saying this he disappeared and soon returned with bread, cold meat and coffee, and bade them eat, while they were getting the horses ready.

"Eat, my dear man!" he said, turning to Eduard. "You need all your strength." Harrison hurriedly drank a cup of coffee with a morsel of bread, but he was in no mood for eating and wild thoughts coursed quickly through his throbbing brain. Seeing the horses coming up the lane, he ran through the garden and uttering a kind word of thanks that rang in the farmer's ears, he mounted and was soon lost in clouds of dust, that rose between him and the old farm-house.

The western sky was now red in the glare of the leaping flames and the smaller columns of rising smoke shone in the distance, like writhing snakes in a sea of fire. Two hours had passed and at last Eduard had reached his destination.

"Colette! Colette!" he cried in faltering accents, when in despair he found that the greater part of the cabin already lay in ashes. "Colette, where art thou?" again rang that trembling voice, but the creaking and falling timbers alone made answer.

"Mrs. Harrison is not here," cried a servant, who was fighting the flames. "She has been missing for several hours and no one knows where she is—except that dog of an Indian there," and saying this he pointed to a man lying on the ground, with hands and feet tied together by means of ropes. "This wretch," he continued, "is the cause of all this misery. He alone knows where our good mistress is."

White with anger, yet quivering with fear, Eduard hastened to the redskin and, bending over him in a mood of frenzy, he stared into his wild, sparkling eyes. "Unhappy man! My wife—is not here! Where is she?"

The Indian then explained how Colette had been captured by a member of his tribe, in the forest not far from there, and said that upon the payment of a ransom she would be freed again. He, himself, promised to bring her back in three days.

The ransom was paid, the Indian was granted his liberty and went his way.

Later on, Eduard, in conversation with the overseer, heard the details of the story—how Colette had met him with her child in her arm on that memorable evening, how he had led her to a neighboring field, where later on they were interrupted in their conversation by the loud and wild barks of Moro, how he had suspected the wolves in the neighborhood and ran hurriedly away for help and how upon his return he saw that Colette and the child were missing, while Moro was still guarding the spot and whining bitterly.

"I don't know," the man went on, "how afraid I was, when suddenly from the dark forest behind me I heard a noise that resembled a horse trotting away in the distance. What it was I don't know. I only remember that just then Moro took a wild leap and disappeared into the pitchy darkness beyond. Then I heard wild cries in a language I did not understand. I ran to the place where the sound was coming from and found Moro grasping the neck of an Indian, prostrate on the ground. Having procured a few ropes in a field near by, I hastened back and tied the arms and legs of the redskin together. I knew he was a bad man and I looked upon him with a great deal of suspicion and to his ruthless hand, no doubt, can be traced this awful fire. At first no one noticed that our good mistress was missing; later on we grew uneasy and searched the hills for miles around and as yet we have received no clue as to her whereabouts."

"And where is Moro?" asked the anxious, weeping Eduard.

"Moro, too, has disappeared," came the answer. "When the faithful dog saw that the redskin was a captive in his rope bindings, he gave one wild bark and leapt into space and since then no eye has seen him. Undoubtedly he has followed

in the pathway of his mistress."

"God grant it be true," answered Eduard. "Moro is faithful and perhaps by this time he has given Colette the noble assistance she so sorely needs. God grant it be true!"

(To be continued.)

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

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

August, 1901.—ST. LUTIGARDE.

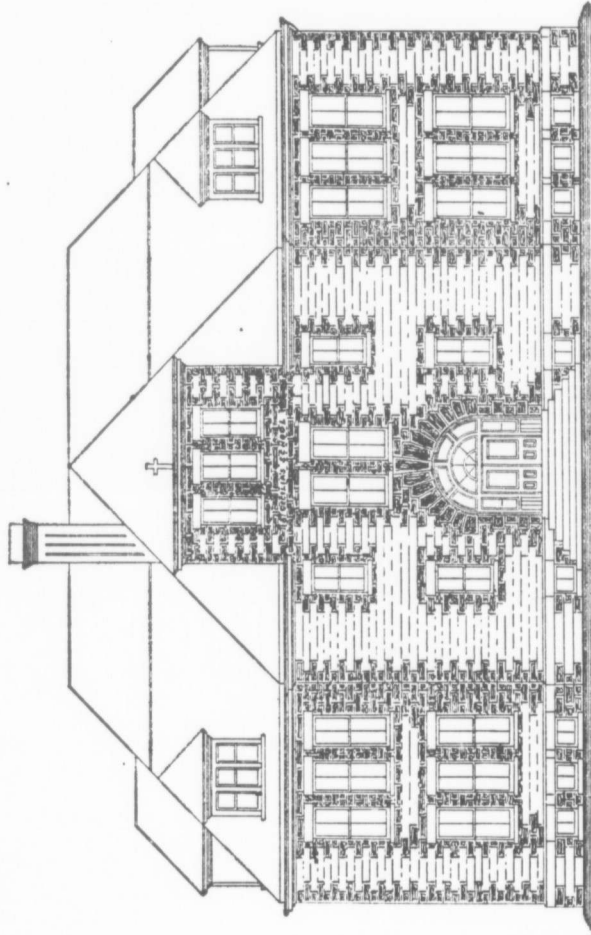
"O hide me in Thy Sacred Heart,  
And close the entrance o'er,  
That from this home my weary soul  
May wander forth no more."

THESE aspirations suggest our practice for this month; recollection, desire of being "hidden with Christ in God." St. Lutigarde, a Cistercian religious will be our model and intercessor, for though all are not called to such intimate union with God as this favored one, yet of all who receive Him, Jesus said: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in me and I in him," and frequently He has given special graces to remember His holy presence, even in the case of souls actively occupied in the world. Our Divine Lord appeared to the saint, and disclosing His Heart, told her to seek there the joys of love. She entered into this blissful abode, imbibed its spirit of self-sacrifice and offered herself as a victim for Holy Church. Yet divine consolations were lavished on her, but when our Lord asked what she desired, the

saintly lover of suffering replied: "Thy Heart, O Lord, for me." Before the end of life, blindness was added to other pains, and at the same time sequestered her more in Jesus' Sacred Heart, but after eleven years of darkness, light shone forth to illumine the valley of death."

St. Lutigarde's eyes unclosed to see angelic spirits who came to bear her away to that land which needs not sun or moon, for "the Lamp is the lamp thereof."—Apos. XXII., 23.

O Sacred Heart! We pray thee to abide ever in us by grace, and may we abide by thee in recollection, purity of intention, and aspiratory prayer, thus anticipating in some degree the happiness prepared for us of seeing, loving and enjoying the Beatific Vision for all eternity.



ST. CECILIA'S PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

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## Summary and General Declaration

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# RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

—OF THE—

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,  
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

*Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.*

### SECTION III.

Of the Office of the Subprior Among  
the Brothers and of the Prioress  
Among the Sisters.

The respective duties of the subprior and prioress are to give good examples in the practice of virtue and in the observance of the rule; to have the first place in the meetings and the first voice in the councils; to watch the preservation of peace; to put the habit on the novices (Brothers and Sisters); to comfort the afflicted; to point out his or her faults to the transgressor with charity and prudence; to give notice to the director if any brothers or sisters show themselves disobedient to admonitions; to visit the sick brothers or sisters. They should, finally, notify the brothers and sisters so that these may assist the sick and be present when the Holy Sacraments are administered to them.

These offices and employments ordinarily last for three years; but if the director, or the greater part of the council, shall judge it expedient, they may be exercised still longer. The Master of the Novices among the Brothers has the same office as the Subprioress among the Sisters; therefore what is said of her duties in the following paragraph will be equally applicable to his.

### SECTION IV.

Of the Office of the Subprioress or  
Mistress of Novices.

It is the duty of the Subprioress to hold the second place in the meetings and to have the second voice in the councils, although she be not one of the Discerners; to take the place of the prioress, if she be absent or sick; to give and explain the rule to those of her sex who wish to be admitted into the Third Order and to introduce them to the director, in order to be examined by him regarding their vocation; to lead the novices to the altar on the day of their taking the habit of their profession; lastly, to ground them well in the exact observance of their rule, in the spirit of prayer and mortification and in a true and sincere devotion for the Most Blessed Virgin. It is also a duty of the subprioress to instruct each one of the novices and explain the rule; but let her not be hasty in answering them concerning doubts of conscience, but direct them rather to the confessor or director in order to be instructed by them. She should ground them well in humility, but especially towards the director, the prioress and the other sisters; and persuade them efficaciously to have charity for the sick, to hear with attention the word of God, to learn to pray well and to walk in the presence of God in all places, as the fittest means to acquire virtue and to be constant in its practice.

On feast-days especially, the novices may come together at her house in order to be instructed; and she herself should seek information from the director or prioress as to the best way to direct each one of the novices in Christian perfection.

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#### SECTION V.

##### Of the Other Offices and Employments, Especially Among the Sisters.

The director, not desirous of acting alone, with the advice of the council shall appoint a procuratress who, during the three years of her term, shall keep the voluntary contributions or alms; and it shall be her office to provide for all common and necessary expenses, such as those for the ornaments of the chapel, the celebration of masses and the support of sick or needy sisters. The money received and the expenses incurred must be marked down in a book and at least once a year give an account of it given in the presence of the father director, discerners and the prioress. And she must not incur any extraordinary expense without the permission of the director and that of the prioress.

Besides these, two or four more sisters, if necessary, shall be elected by the director and council to fulfill the duties of sacristan and infirmarian.

The office of the former is to keep the chapel clean, to preserve and keep the ornaments and sacred vestments in order, to distribute the candles for the processions, to gather them again after the processions, to adorn the altar for the occasions of taking the habit, processions and meetings, as likewise on the feasts of the Saints of the Order, if the director think it fit to celebrate them with some celebrity and distinction. It is also her office to notify the Sisters when the meetings and other functions, according

to the arrangement of the director, will be held.

The office of the latter, the infirmarian, is to frequently visit the sick sisters, to comfort them in their illness, to make known to the director, to the prioress, and, according to their rank, to the other sisters, the hour in which the Holy Communion or Viaticum will be administered to any sick sister, in order that they may, if possible, accompany the same with lighted tapers.

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#### SECTION VI.

##### Of the Council.

The Council, mentioned already several times, is formed of the discerners and of two other sisters who have the first voice, namely, the prioress and subprioress — if these offices be occupied — of the Third Order. All these shall humbly accept the office which may be entrusted to them and shall endeavor to carry them out punctually and with fidelity.

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#### SECTION VII.

##### Of the Book or Register.

The Father Director shall keep in his possession a book in which he shall register, or have some other capable person register, all those things which, in the different councils, have been resolved and agreed upon; the taking of habits, professions, elections, changes of superiors or directors and the like — as also other things pertaining to the Confraternity.

He shall also have another book, in which when the Bursar or Procuratress has given her statement of alms received and expenses incurred, he shall register at least once a year the condition, as to debt and credit, of the Confraternity treasury; and this book as well as the other shall be laid before the Provincial at the time of his visitation.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## Of the Charity Towards Sick Brothers and Sisters and Towards the Departed.

When some one of the Tertiary Brothers (and the same may be said of the Sisters) shall fall sick and the sickness be serious and dangerous, the director, the prioress, and the other brothers and sisters shall be notified as soon as possible so that all may hasten to give proof of their charity, assisting him with visits, prayers, and, if needy, with material support.

When, afterwards, notice is given that the viaticum will be given to the sick, if custom and practice permit it, every Brother not hindered by just cause shall accompany the Blessed Sacrament with lighted candles; and then, by turns, one of them shall always remain to assist the sick man, comforting him with prayers and other expressions of piety.

When any Brother shall have passed to the eternal rest, he shall, if it can be done, be vested in a long dark habit, as described in Chapter VI. of this Rule; a departed Sister shall be, also, girt with a cotton belt, the Scapular and a white veil being also put upon her.

If, in the place where the Confraternity is established, the praiseworthy custom exists of accompanying the departed to the church and thence to the grave, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters shall endeavor to fulfill such a duty to their departed associates, not only by accompanying the body to the burial-place, but by continual prayers, offering up suffrages for the soul.

On the day of the burial of a departed Sister or Brother, or on the octave of that day, all shall receive Holy Communion for the benefit of the departed soul; and those who can read shall recite the entire Office for the Dead, and those who can not read shall recite the Rosary

of Obligation, adding to each part the "Requiem Aeternam" instead of the "Glory be to the Father."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## Of the Advantages to be Gained by Choosing a Patron Saint and Practising the Special Virtue Indicated at each Meeting.

It is a most devout and useful practice to designate every month as prescribed by the Rule, a particular Patron Saint to be honored and imitated, some special virtue to be practised and a subject or topic for prayer. By invoking and honoring some one Saint in a special way we may reasonably hope to pass the month happily under his protection; and by practising one virtue in particular, the habit of virtue becomes established more readily in his mind; since Scupoli says in his "Spiritual Combat," "With the continual exercise of one single virtue, the memory on all occasions turns to it more swiftly; the intellect is always growing into the habit of finding out methods of acquiring it, and new reasons for so doing; while the will yields to it more and more easily, working to better purpose than if busied among a multitude of virtues. By dint of regular exercise and by dealing with one virtue at a time, our mental acts, through the conformity they have among themselves, come to be made with less effort; each one calls to its aid another like itself and through this uniformity they make stronger impression upon us,—finding the seat of the heart already prepared and fitted to receive those newly produced, from having previously given place to similar ones. These reasons come with more force, because whosoever practises one virtue well learns thereby the method of practising the next; and so, as one increases, all the others grow—through the inseparable union between them, that of rays proceed-

ing from one and the same Divine Light."

Therefore, to the end that the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters should experience these good effects with more certainty and acquire these advantages, before they appear at the Meeting, to receive a new Patron Saint and another Virtue to practise, they shall make a mental review of the month preceding, and, lifting their thoughts to God, shall say in the depth of their hearts, "If the last day of this month were the last of my life, would God be pleased with me and my ineffectual desires? Do not the virtues of the Saint whom I have had as my Protector, the past month, accuse me of infinite carelessness and negligence? His fervor in prayer, does it not confound me, knowing the tepidity of mine? The continual turning to God, which made him so pure in thought, so holy in all his affections, in all his intentions, does it not condemn my wandering heart and frivolous mode of thought? The ardent zeal which possessed him for the honor of God—where is it in me? His contempt of worldly pleasure, his love of mortification and penitence—are these, at all, mine?"

Nevertheless, those who ask such questions will find comfort in reflecting that this very Saint, who puts them to confusion with his virtues, gives them, also, great hope of mercy through the power which he has with God.

#### DUTIES TOWARDS THE SAINT.

1. To take interest in knowing about his life and principal virtues.
2. To invoke him every day, at morning and evening prayers, by reciting a Pater, Ave and Gloria.
3. To receive the Blessed Sacraments on his Feast-day or some other day near it and to offer them up in his honor.

This is the mode of practising the virtue :—

1. To take pains to read a treatise upon it by some good author, in order to know in what it consists, the motives for practising it and the best means thereto. Those who cannot read can obtain information in regard to it by applying to their own Directors or Confessors.

2. To make good resolve each morning, that they may put it in practice more easily during the hours of the day. To reflect, at the dinner hour, whether they have committed any faults in opposition to this virtue. To make the same inquiry at their examination of conscience in the evening, and to mark errors, with the resolve to be more diligent next day that there may be no further falling therein. The advance of their souls in the virtue depends upon this.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

That this Rule does not Bind Under Sin; of the Dispensations and of the Works of Supererogation.

Although it is certain that this present Rule does not bind those professing it under any sin, not even venial—the things excepted which by divine or ecclesiastical law are commanded — they should nevertheless endeavor to faithfully observe, for the pure love of God, whatever is contained in the same and thus they will gain great merit for their own souls and can hope for plentiful reward. Yet, if it should happen that they commit any fault through negligence or forgetfulness, they should try to repair the loss by subjecting themselves to that penance which shall be enjoined on them by their directors or confessors.

If anything commanded by the Rule proves to be, for some people, servile and difficult to be observed, the cause being just and reasonable, the director, and, in things of less importance the confessor, can dis-

pense or commute to other works of piety what for just motives cannot be observed. Those, however, who are dispensed must not grieve because they can not keep the rule with such punctuality as they would wish; for they are observing it, really, inasmuch as such dispensations are permitted by it. And he that would not accept them would evidently show that he loves his own will more than the observance of the Rule.

If, finally, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters, inspired by the Lord, would like to add some work of piety or mortification to those enjoined by the Rule—having, however, obtained beforehand the permission of the superior or confessor—God will reward them for it: but let them always use discretion, which is the moderator of all virtue.

#### CATALOGUE.

Of the Saints to whom the Carmelite offers especial veneration; (some being members of the same and some its protectors), of their Feast-days and other Feasts of the year, upon which the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters, with permission from their own confessors, shall arrange to receive the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist and to gain the Plenary Indulgence, which is conceded on these days to all who visit the Churches of the Order. (The star is the sign marking the days of Indulgence and of Communion).

#### January.

\*7. St. Andrew Corsini. (Only in the Carmelite Church of Florence, where his body is still preserved.)

19. St. Dionysius, Pope and Confessor.

22. St. Anastasius, Martyr.

28. St. Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, Doctor, and excellent Defender of the Divine Maternity against the Heresiarch Nestorius.

#### February.

\*2. The Purification of the Blessed Virgin.

\*4. St. Andrew Corsini. In all churches of the Order except that in Florence.

6. Bl. Archangela Girlandi.

12. St. Euphrosyne, Virgin.

13. St. Telesphore, Pope and Martyr.

14. St. Peter Thomas, Bishop and Martyr.

16. Commemoration of all the Saints, whose relics are preserved in the churches of the Order.

25. St. Avertanus, Confessor.

#### March.

3. Bl. Jacobinus de Canepacci.

4. Bl. Romaeus, Confessor.

6. St. Cyril, Confessor and Doctor.

13. St. Euphrasia, Virgin.

14. Bl. Louis Morbioli, Tertiary.

18. St. Gabriel, Archangel, Protector of Our Order.

\*19. St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin, and Chief Protector of our Order.

23. Bl. Baptist of Mantua.

\*25. Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin.

29. St. Berthold, Confessor.

#### April.

8. St. Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem.

\*On the Third Sunday after Easter the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph.

#### May.

\*5. St. Angelus, Martyr.

11. Bl. Louis Rabata, Confessor.

\*16. St. Simon Stock, who received the habit from the Blessed Virgin.

21. The Translation of the body of St. John of the Cross.

\*25. St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.

#### June.

\*14. St. Eliseus, Prophet, and our second Father.



## July.

\*2. Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.

11. Bl. Joanna Scopelli, Virgin.

13. The Translation of the body of St. Teresa.

\*16. Solemn Commemoration of our Lady of Mount Carmel (or, on that Sunday of the month to which in some places it may have been transferred).

\*20. St. Elias, Prophet and our Founder.

\*26. St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin and Protectress of the Order.

28. Bl. John Soreth.

## August.

\*7. St. Albert, Confessor.

13. Bl. Angelus, Austin Mazzinghi.

\*15. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

\*On the Sunday following, St. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin and Protector of the Order.

26. Translation of the body of St. Angelus, Martyr.

27. Transfixing of the Heart of St. Teresa.

31. Dedication of all the Carmelite Churches.

## September.

2. St. Brocard, Confessor.

\*8. The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

26. St. Gerard, Bishop and Martyr.

## October.

\*15. St. Teresa, Virgin.

16. Bl. Mary of the Incarnation.

21. St. Hilarion, Abbot.

26. Translation of the body of St. Andrew Corsini.

30. St. Serapion, Bishop.

## November.

5. St. Frances D'Ambois, Duchess.

\*14. All Saints of Mount Carmel.

15. Commemoration of all the Dead of the Order.

\*21. The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin.

24. St. John of the Cross.

## December.

\*8. The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

14. St. Spiridion, Bishop.

16. Translation of the body of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.

17. Bl. Frances, Confessor.

19. Bl. Mary of the Angels.

N.B.—The days of Communion are indicated by an asterisk in conformity with what appears in Chapter X. of this Rule; but by this it is not intended to exclude the other solemn Festivals of the year mentioned in the same chapter. Nor is it intended to exclude the many other Indulgences granted to the Churches of our Order, since a summary of all is set forth elsewhere.

## AN ALTAR THOUGHT.

"They knew Him in the breaking of bread."—St. Luke 24, 35.

We know Him in the breaking of the bread;

The veil is more transparent day by day,

And softly falls the light of Jesus' Face,

Like gleamings from the star-land far away.

We know Him in the breaking of the bread,

The gentle sweetness of our spotless Lamb

Has often soothed our weary restless souls,

With foretastes of eternal blissful calm.

We know Him in the breaking of the bread,

"Memorial of His Passion," fount of grace,

Sweet Jesus! May we know Thee more each day

Until we see Thy beauty, "face to face."

—Enfant de Marie

St. Clare's.

## The Scapular Festival.

SERMON PREACHED AT THE HOSPICE OF MT. CARMEL, NIAGARA FALLS, ON JULY 16, 1901, BY THE EX-PROVINCIAL, V. REV. PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

"Rejoicing I shall rejoice in the Lord, and my heart be glad in my God, for He clothed me with the garb of salvation and wrapped me in the cloak of justice."

The words I just used are made use of by holy Church in the office of to-day. They call upon us to rejoice and be glad because in wearing the Scapular we are clothed in the garb of salvation. There is a most intimate connection between Jesus and Mary in the economy of our salvation. Next to God none took greater interest, none suffered more and none aided more than Mary. Hence it is but meet that she whom ecclesiastical writers call the "Almighty intercession," should be in the strictest sense of the word a Mother of Mercy, the channel through which God dispenses His favors and graces to the members of the body of Christ. Mary in giving birth to Christ gave birth to us, and thus has all the rights and duties of a mother towards us. One of the duties of a mother is to clothe her children. And when Mary 650 years ago gave the Scapular to St. Simon, she declared it to be a sign of her confraternity, a token of everlasting alliance between herself and all the Carmelites, a covenant of peace, a safeguard in dangers and extending her protection beyond the grave she promised that those who would wear it in death would not see hell-fire. Thus the Scapular became a badge of protection for soul and body in time and eternity. It was a livery by which we protest that Mary is our mother by special election, as Mary distinguishes us by this as the children of her predilection. It is the dress by which mother and child are closely united.

Garments are worn to cover our nakedness, to protect us from the inclemency of the weather and to adorn the body.

Garments are worn to cover our nakedness. And who is more naked in soul than we? Not only have we no great merits which would commend us to the favor of God, we cannot even flatter ourselves that we discharged our religious obligations towards God faithfully, and when our Lord tells His apostles "When you have done all things say you are unprofitable servants," what will we say of our own actions since we have to acknowledge that not a single day passes in which we are not remiss in our duties and that many a time we fail to do our duty, not through weakness nor forgetfulness but with full consideration. How naked then would we stand before the tribunal of God with nothing to show in our favor. But the garb of our Mother covers this nakedness, for it is emblematic of the intensity of the love and the heroism of act of the Blessed Virgin towards her Son. Mary presents to God her own claims in behalf of her children and thus disarming Divine justice compels, as it were, Divine mercy. God forgives the faults of the children for the sake of their Mother. He gives grace to those that have forfeited all claims to it, and hence the Scapular, in truth, becomes a vestment of salvation, a cloak of justice. Rejoicing, therefore, let us rejoice in the Scapular, and put implicit trust in the maternal solicitude and pious intercession of our Mother, and honor the Scapular according to its deserts.

Clothing is worn to protect us from the inclemency of the weather,

and also in our soul sunshine is followed by rain and storm. Our own experience tells us that not a day passes without temptation, that our passions, apparently subdued, rise powerfully in unexpected moments, and that our life upon earth is a constant warfare. We have to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Our experience also tells us how weak we are in these fights and how often we have been overcome. It is therefore of the utmost importance to us to have an ally of whom the Bible says "She is terrible as an army set in array," and of whom God Himself predicted that she would crush the head of the serpent. The Scapular in these fights is our protection. On account of it the Blessed Virgin is induced to measure her own strength against our enemy. She watches over us, warns us, prays for us, and is the shield against which the darts of the enemy are powerless. Who could count the millions to whom the Scapular thus has become a safeguard, and who must confess that they owe their spiritual recovery and their ultimate salvation to the Scapular. On the very day on which the Blessed Virgin brought to us the Scapular, a man dying in despair was reconciled to God and saved his soul through this badge of salvation, and millions and millions have since had the same experience. Thousands of sins were not committed in spite of violent temptations because the thought of the Scapular checked the passion. Wear it, therefore, constantly, as the breastplate against the enemy. And you will experience that a child of Mary will not perish.

I said in the third place that clothes were worn for adornment. It was the custom of princely houses to clothe all their servants in their colors, and it was an object of pride to them to show the world that they owed fealty to their liege lord. But where is there a lord on

earth that can be compared with our liege Lady, the Queen of heaven and earth? How insignificant is the royalty of this world compared to her incomparable greatness. And if it be an honor to wear the livery of a temporal lord, how much greater is the honor to wear the livery of the Mother of God. Those who owe allegiance to a lord of this world form a distinct and comparatively small set, and even amongst them there are coteries and castes separating one from the other in spite of the uniformity of clothing. Not so with the Scapular. All those that wear this badge of the Blessed Virgin are her children and proteges in the same degree and whether they be pope, emperor, king, laborer, or slave, they are all equally protected by the mantle of the Blessed Virgin, cared for, defended, and saved by her. All distinctions cease there, and though external distinctions for this world remain they will disappear at the gates of death and the Mother will receive all her children into her bosom with equal tenderness and joy at their salvation.

Consider yourself therefore honored and distinguished by being allowed to wear her Scapular. Wear it in a becoming way, have recourse to her in all your troubles and Mary will answer your appeals. What you would not obtain from God, you will obtain through her, on account of the sign of salvation that you wear. And therefore often say with heart and mouth, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now—your life is NOW—and at the hour of our death, Amen."

Mary is the stem of that beautiful flower on which the Holy Spirit rests with all his gifts, therefore he who wishes to obtain the seven gifts of this holy spirit should seek the flower of the Holy Spirit on its stem. We go to Jesus by Mary, and by Jesus we find the grace of the Holy Spirit.

## Our Lady of the Roses.

TRANSLATED FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW FROM THE FRENCH  
BY A. LEBLANC.

MANY, many years ago, there existed a small village, called La Roseraie, and this village was a veritable Paradise. Hills covered with beautiful trees and vines hemmed it in, and its freshly painted houses clustered here and there in the valley on the borders of a sparkling stream. But the prettiest sight of all was the immense bushes of roses, from which it derived its name, and that every spring from time immemorial formed a huge cluster of roses. You saw them everywhere, and in the first days of early summer it was wonderful to look at these beautiful bushes, so large and sweet smelling, that seemed to clothe all about them in a brilliant and fragrant mantle, from the ruined mill with its gentle tic tac, to the humble yet kindly presbytery, not forgetting the cabins of the poor. Even the cemetery looked like one of the celestial gardens surrounding God's house; it was as if the pure souls of the simple-minded villagers who slept there had flowered under these rosy petals. The cemetery looked so calm and peaceful, that it almost made you long to die, that you might sleep your eternal sleep in such beautiful surroundings. Then the little church was so very poor and old, that the lizards had eaten holes in the stone, and through the antique windows entered the balmy May air, and the giddy sunbeams came and played on the well-worn pavement. What could you do? The parish was poor, and what little money they had, were it not better to give it to the poor? The best riches are those of the heart, the best offering that which comes from the spiritual treasury. And little by little, at first timidly, then more boldly, and at last quite

familiarly, the old rose bushes, that had bloomed for centuries around the church, crept through the crevices near the windows, like curious children who peep through the doors. And now over the main altar you see the beautiful garland of pink roses fall lovingly at the feet of the Virgin. The old curate Abbe Bonnel, who was ending at the Roseraie a life of fervor and charity, and the old sexton who always thought as did his master, left the roses undisturbed, for they thought all God's creatures had a right to live and that it would be a sacrilege to touch them, for the Blessed Virgin had taken them under her protection. The villagers were of the same mind, and every Sunday as they came to Mass, drawn by the silvery voice of the bell which rang so gaily, they had a smile for the flowery branches, murmuring an Ave to her whom they called the Mystical Rose. Alas! one beautiful summer evening when all nature seemed still and dreamy, the good old curate passed quietly away in the odor of sanctity, and everyone noticed how the bushes then in bloom, bent to the ground, and exhaled a perfume until then unequalled, so sweet yet so sad that all were moved to tears. Abbe Bonnel was mourned as a father. They buried him in the little cemetery, at the foot of a centenary rosebush that he had loved, and near which he often came to read his breviary while praying for the dead; and the next day all noticed how the bushes had shed their choicest petals over the grave of the old man. They named as his successor a young priest, active and full of vigor, Abbe Paulin, just out of the seminary. He was scandalized at seeing the rose bush pen-

etrating so impudently into the sanctuary, and also those that twined around the feet of the Mother of God. This seemed to him a profanation, or at least culpable negligence that must be remedied at once. Youth is so prone to rash judgment, and willingly censures what the old have done. Briefly, Abbe Paulin bade the old sacristan, who was still feeling so lonely for his master, "cut down the rose-bush." The poor man, who could hardly believe his ears, refused respectfully yet firmly, thinking in his simple soul that it would be a sacrilege. The Abbe shrugged his shoulders, and went and cut down himself the offending bushes. Then happened a most wonderful and touching thing. The Blessed Virgin

stretched out her arm to keep the flowers back, then kissing them, joined together the mutilated branches. Abbe Paulin fell on his knees when he saw this, and never again dared to cut down the miraculous branches. And the roses bloomed lovingly and gratefully around the statue of their sweet protectress, and in their perfume they retained the celestial kiss. This was the story told me, in the country, one May evening, by the old women knitting in the twilight, and as I came home I inhaled with delight the delicate perfume of the lovely petals. Then I gazed above my head at the immense garden of golden roses, the clear sky of eternity studded with stars.

#### BENEDICTA FILIA, TU, A DOMINO.

Blessed art Thou, through whom He gave  
The fruit of life to mortal taste,  
Who, to repair the spoiler's waste,  
Was born of Thee, that He might save.

Blessed art Thou ! For Thee alone  
He chose of all our feeble race,  
Thee, pure, unstained, and full of grace,  
He, God of God, hath made His own.

Blessed art Thou ! 'Twas Thine to ward  
His infancy, His early years,  
To wipe away His childish tears,  
To be the Mother of Thy Lord.

Blessed art Thou ! 'Twas Thine to share  
His ev'ry purpose, ev'ry thought ;  
The great salvation He hath wrought,  
Thy part in all His pains to bear.

Blessed art Thou ! He rose again  
Triumphant over death and hell ;  
And first to Thee He came to tell  
The glorious issue of His pain.

Blessed art Thou ! The gates of death  
He opened wide, that Thou should'st go  
To share His throne, as, here below,  
He shared Thy home at Nazareth.

Blessed art Thou ! Forever blest,  
Oh, Mother of a Son Divine !  
Plead for all others who are Thine,  
And bring them to their home of rest.

—Francis W. Grey.

## Notes on Books and Other Things.

### A KITCHEN SAINT.

There is a little book that has floated down the stream of time for over two centuries which is always very interesting to some, because it is a short and simple record of a very beautiful soul. There are only a few pages of it; it consists of some fifteen letters and four "conversations." It is the story of young Nicholas Herman, of Lorraine, in France, a poor and uneducated lad, who first enlisted as a soldier and then became the footman of one of the lords of the court of Paris. When he was eighteen he was converted by seeing a tree in winter, stripped of its leaves; for it made him think that as God could send flowers and fruit to this seemingly dead trunk when the summer came, so God could forgive his sins and renew his soul. It seems a strange thing to us that this one thought, coming to this rough lad of eighteen, in that far-off age, could change his whole life, but from that time Nicholas Herman became a different man.

He says of himself, that he was "a great awkward fellow who broke everything," so he desired his master that he might go into a monastery as lay brother, and be a servant to all, so that he could be made "to smart for his awkwardness and his faults, and that he should sacrifice his life to God"; and, as no one objected, Nicholas was admitted lay brother among the bare-footed Carmelites of Paris in 1666. Here he received the name of Brother Lawrence, and was put to work in the kitchen.

He tells us that he had, naturally a very great aversion to kitchen work, but that he soon accustomed himself to do everything there "for the love of God," and asked continually for grace to do his work as well as possible. He must have

done it well, for the Carmelites kept him there fifteen years, during which time he never complained of his duties. But it began to be noticed what a true saint he was — how gentle, how loving, how prayerful, and yet how industrious over his fires and pots. Nothing that the rest asked him to do was too hard; he had no wish but to serve others. The convent kitchen became a holy place, and Brother Lawrence, humble as he was, became known throughout the Order.

One visitor to the kitchen tells us that "Brother Lawrence's very countenance had such a sweet and calm devotion in it as could not but affect the beholders. It was observed, too, that in the greatest hurry of business in the kitchen he still preserved his heavenly-mindedness. He was never hasty or loitering, but did each thing in its season, with an even, uninterrupted composure and tranquillity of spirit. 'The time of business,' said he, 'does not, with me, differ from the time of prayer; and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great tranquillity as if I were on my knees before the blessed Sacrament.'

Brother Lawrence had only one secret of saintliness, which his letters set forth very simply. He believed in "the practice of the presence of God"—that is, at every moment and in every place he tried to realize that God was present with him. "My soul has been with God" he said once, "for forty years." No wonder his kitchen was like a chapel to him, for God was in one as well as the other, to his mind. When he left the kitchen, after his fifteen years of service among the pots and pans, he said he had never found his work hard, for there were always things there to do for God.

He lived to be eighty years old, always simple, humble and loving, and in a letter written less than a week before his death he says: "I hope, from God's mercy, the favor to see Him within a few days." His hope was realized, and he passed joyfully into the eternal and radiant presence of God for ever.

He was only an uneducated peasant but he had learned the true secret of life. I love to think of him in that crowded convent kitchen, unhurried, unworried by the fire and the cooking and the dishwashing, keeping a serene saintliness through it all. I have no doubt that he was an excellent cook, for just as the Apostle Paul tells us that it is possible to do everything to God's glory, even our eating and drinking, so I am sure Brother Lawrence did his cooking to God's glory, and would have felt that sour bread and scorched meat was almost a sin. It is such people who make such kitchens into saintly places of pilgrimage. It is such Christians who make the little corner where they are in this world, whatever it is, a spot of holy ground from whence goes out help and light for others.

There have been many, many kitchen saints besides Brother Lawrence, only they have been women, not men, and there are no lack of them today. But I am glad that at least one kitchen saint had his story thus written for the world to read, and that the world loves it so that it has not let it die. We all need kitchen holiness—the holiness of daily things lovingly done for the love of God, the holiness that is humble and faithful and persevering no matter how toilsome the task. All honor to the kitchen saint! whether it be Brother Lawrence in his convent, two centuries ago, or some toiling woman in a prairie cabin today—they are all of the same family, and the more of their unselfish ministry the world receives, the more it is forced to ac-

knowledge the presence of and the glory of God in its obscurest places.

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### COUNTRY LIFE.

Probably real happiness is too much to expect in this life. At any rate the only happy individual is the one who has his happiness in himself; then nothing can make him miserable.

But for ordinary mortals a little let up from misery is all that can be expected, and this can be obtained nowhere so effectually as in country life. One may be either on the farm or in a small town, but in any case here is the most healthful, restful life that can be lived. It is a fact that those who read most and think most are the country people. In the fevered rush and scramble of the city there is no time for working out problems of thought. There is no time even for reading. The city man skims his paper to catch the local news, and that which concerns his particular business, whatever it is. In the country the men really think.

Our greatest, most gifted men and women in every walk of life have been almost without exception born and bred in the country. There too, they retire to think out their noblest thoughts, to do their best work for mankind. Apart from greatness however, when we consider the mere pleasure of living, it is outside of the great city that most of it is to be found.

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When a man has become spiritualized and refined in the fire of divine love which purifies him, he then receives the union and inflowing of the loving illumination with the sweetness with which an angel receives them. There are souls who in this life receive a more perfect illumination than the angels.—St. John of the Cross.

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### SUITED TO ALL.

Some are tempted to think lightly of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, as something that is only suited for women and children and that it is not for them. They are mistaken; it is exactly suited to them, and if they will only stop, and take a little time to investigate and study this devotion, they will find it is exactly what they need. It will help them in all their trials, temptations, sorrows, and afflictions; it will give them strength and courage to do their work well; it will hold them up when they are despondent, and will turn their sorrows into joy. In a word, it will change their whole life, and make it really and truly a genuine Christian life. When they practice it, their vision will be cleared and they will see the right thing to do, and will be given the grace to do it. By this devotion they will be enabled to save their own souls, and to help save the souls of their relatives and friends.

Strive to make the devotion to the Sacred Heart a part of your lives, and from this time forward learn to use it daily. Go to the Sacred Heart when tempted, when discouraged or sorrowful, and relief will always be had.

### THE SCAPULAR FESTIVAL.

The first celebration of the holy and popular Scapular Feast in the new century lost none of its fervor or enthusiasm as far as Niagara Falls is concerned. The great annual concourse of devout pilgrims hither seems to have become a permanent affair, which does not wear out with repetition, but rather promises to grow steadily into an international pilgrimage for all clients of the Queen of Carmel. As usual last month there was a large representation of clergy and laity spread throughout the Hospice grounds and in spite of the intense

heat the quaint little prayer-provoking Shrine of Our Lady saw beneath its roof an unbroken procession of devout worshippers who, oblivious of the heats and burdens of the day, came to renew their faith in Mary's all-powerful intercession. As usual holy Mass was solemnly celebrated in the open air, the prayer and song of Holy Church blending harmoniously with the swelling sound of the mighty waterfalls. On this sacredly historic day the celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Philip A. Best, O.C.C., — the Deacon, Very Rev. Timothy J. Sullivan, Rector of Holy Rosary Church, Thorold, Ont., and Sub-deacon, Rev. Benedict J. O'Neill, O. C. C. The panegyric was pronounced by the Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C., Ex-Provincial of his Order in the United States and the Canadas. A report of the sermon will be found elsewhere.

### PORTRAIT OF POPE LEO XIII.

The magnificent painting of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., the work of one of New York's most celebrated artists, J. A. Mohlte, who, in painting this picture, has had the advantage of the constant criticisms and advice of the highest dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in America, who have devoted unusual time in going over the details of this painting with the artist, so that the finished work would be as near perfect as anything that had ever been brought out. Those who have been favored by His Holiness with an audience, exclaim over the remarkable likeness in this painting, "It is, indeed, a portrait absolutely true to life." The work has been gotten out at an expense of over \$5,000, the lithograph being finished in twelve separate printings on the highest grade of chromo paper, and has been treated in a very artistic manner. The value of this picture is almost beyond calculation, since it is the



very latest, and in all probability, will be the last picture ever gotten out from such authoritative sources as have been used in preparing this picture.

The picture is a tribute to the unusually long reign of Leo XIII.

#### TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

A wonderful change in Scotch sentiment towards the Catholic Church and the Holy See is marked by the remarkable letter recently indited by the University of Glasgow to Pope Leo XIII. This year the university has been celebrating the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, and though it is now and has been since the "Reformation," a Protestant institution, its president and governing body and its students are not such bigots as to ignore the circumstances of its origin, and so on the items of the anniversary program was a letter addressed to the Holy Father by the prefect or rector and vice chancellor, inviting His Holiness to be a "sharer in their joy," and expressing their gratitude to the great Pontiff by whom, nearly five centuries ago, the university was founded. This letter is so striking in what it implies no less than in what it expresses that it is a pleasure to reproduce a full translation of it as it appeared in the Catholic Universe of Cleveland:

"To the Sovereign Pontiff,

"The Most Holy, the Most Reverend, and the Most Learned Man,

"LEO XIII.,

"The Entire University of Glasgow, the Chancellor, the Rector, the Graduates and the Students,

"(Send) Health.

"In our great joy (for soon we celebrate our centennial feasts), this above all else we can remember with grateful minds, that this splendid university, which is today enriched with all wealth of talent and works, started from the Apostolic See itself, and that it com-

menced with the most loving patronage of the Supreme Pontiff, as we have learned from our forefathers. For that most learned Pontiff, Nicholas V., in the year of the Incarnation of our Lord, one thousand and four hundred and fifty-one, displaying the greatest love for the Scottish people, being himself a man most illustrious for all the lights of talent and of the liberal arts, founded among us a university, and wished that our doctors, masters and students should enjoy and use all the liberties which had been granted to the university of his own city of Bologna. The which so great benefit, as like a loving daughter, we ascribe it to the most dear mother from whom it came, we think leads us to hope that Your Holiness may become a sharer of our joy, as also to utter due thanks to the Holy See for so great favor. We therefore pray that you may deign to increase this our happiness, with your authority; and if on account of these wicked times it could not be that Your Beatitude should come to us in these feasts over such difficulties of sea and journeying, we hope at least through some other person enjoying your favor, and that this our university, founded by the learned Nicholas, fostered by James, King of the Scots, cared for and defended by William, Bishop of Glasgow, and furthermore enhanced by many benefits from many of our kings, you yourself, most scholarly and most elegant cultivator of Latin literature, through your kindness may deign to honor still more, and to commend to yet new ages: We write at Glasgow, on the Ides of May, MCMI."

Coming from no other country in the world would this utterance be so noteworthy as from Scotland. The Holy Father replied with his characteristic graciousness. He thanked the rector and the students for the sending of this address, which he describes as a noble act,

and recalls the memory of Pope Nicholas, who earned the undying esteem of the Scottish people, and that he prayed God to direct in the way of the university, and to unite the latter to the Papacy in perfect love.

#### FOUNDER OF THE FATHERS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

\*Venerable Father Liebermann, the founder of the Congregation of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, was a Jewish convert, and though not yet pronounced canonized by the Church, a man with the seal of pre-eminent sanctity stamped upon him. His little-known life is a remarkable example of single-hearted devotion to an ideal. Ill-health, opposition, misunderstanding, suspicion from sources whence he might have expected willing help -- all these caused neither wavering nor hesitation in his purpose. And they bore no fruit of bitterness in his patient soul. They served no worse end than to feed the ready fires of his humility.

His parents were the most orthodox of Jews, and from his birth, in the year 1804, the little Jacob Liebermann was brought up in almost fanatic observance of Jewish tenets. From his early instructors he imbibed a thorough aversion for all things Christian, and with his elder brother took great pride in carrying off the honors of Talmudic discussion before the scholars of the Temple of Saverne, in Alsace. His brother afterwards grew dissatisfied, however, and became one of the leaders in a movement which for the Jews of Alsace was as significant as the Tractarian Movement in England, and which resulted in the conversion of many of them to the Catholic Church.

None mourned his brother's defection more sincerely than Jacob, and when two other brothers followed the elder's example, he was stricken with grief. He studied at Metz and

there happened upon a copy of Rousseau's "Emile." This most destructive of books, strangely enough, was the indirect cause of his own conversion. It made him determine to know the truth. He journeyed to Paris to seek light from M. Drach, himself a Jewish convert, and after much mental suffering was there baptized on Christmas eve, 1826.

He entered the house of Foreign Missions in Paris, with the idea of affiliating himself with the order, afterwards being sent to St. Sulpice to continue his studies. He was most eager to become a priest, but his delicate health seemed to be undermined with a nervous trouble, showing signs of epilepsy, and he was not allowed to assume the obligations of subdeaconship. His humility under this heavy trial induced his superiors to send him to their country house at Issy for as long as it should please God. Already, though it seemed impossible of fulfillment, the idea of laboring for the salvation of the Negroes had strongly appealed to him. He could not shake it off, and fostered it in prayer and penance.

Though not a priest himself, M. Liebermann soon after became director of the novitiate of the Eudist Fathers at Rennes. Hence, unwilling but led on by an irresistible force, he started for Rome to lay what was hardly more than an idea, born in his own ardor and communicated to half a dozen others, before the consideration of the Holy See. There is not space here to speak of the hardships of this journey and the blank discouragement at the end of it. Wherever he mentioned his project, it was received with contempt or ridicule. At Rome he was soundly rated for his presumption and advised to go about his business.

But his business was in Rome, and there he stayed, never losing faith for a moment in the divine inspiration of his mission and never

losing hope for its ultimate success.

All success came to him at last—as it does to the dreamers of the dreams of God. The propaganda began to see some good in his design, a Bishop (Mgr. Collier) was found who was willing to assume the protectorate of the new society, and finally the Coadjutor-Bishop of Strasburg offered to bestow Holy Orders on M. Libermann himself. Thus, after twelve years, this crowning mark of God's favor was bestowed upon him at Amiens, in 1841.

His second Mass was the first community Mass for the new Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. It started out with four members, who opened a novitiate at La Neuville. At the end of two years, the missionaries numbered only twelve. Six of these were sent to the African Missions, and though their labors accomplished little and ended in Martyrdom, the founder was not discouraged.

In 1848 the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was united to that of the Holy Ghost, which had been founded towards the end of the Seventeenth Century by a zealous priest of Brittany. The union of the two societies was warmly encouraged by Pope Pius IX., and when it was decided to join their forces in a common cause Father Libermann was elected the first superior-general. The strength of the new order was thus increased, and under the guidance of Father Libermann it became a great power for good, and its seminary, the Seminary of the Holy Ghost, a center of learning and pure doctrinal teaching.

February 2, 1852, its founder, weakened by too much labor, passed peacefully to his reward. Almost immediately his spiritual sons were urged to take the first steps in the process of his canonization. June 1, 1876, Pope Pius IX. confirmed the approbation of the Cardinals and Father Libermann was

given the title of "Venerable." Of his writings, the best known, perhaps, is his "Commentary on the Gospel of St. John," not a learned or technical disquisition, but a beautiful and deeply spiritual interpretation.

He was peculiarly fitted to be a director of souls, and his "Spiritual Letters," just translated and published in an English edition by the Fathers of his Society in Detroit, are marked by the same frankness, simplicity and humility which was characteristic of his life. Especially are they clear-sighted. God gives to the eyes of children, of their faith and purity, a truer vision than that of the wisest of men. The Venerable Libermann has this deep-seeing of a little child. Not by probing or by complex analysis does he get a sight into another soul. It is as if he turned a flood of white light into the dark places, making everything simple, primitive, reduced to primal elements. He is not of the school of hair-splitting, subtle writers of spiritual things. Many will not find him sufficiently introspective and microscopic. But his Letters will be helpful and illuminating to thousands who need direction and light. They are a distinctly valuable addition to spiritual literature.

\*Spiritual Letters of the Venerable Libermann. Vol. I. Translated by Rev. Charles L. Gruenwald, C.S.S.P. Detroit, Mich.: The Fathers of the Holy Ghost. Paper \$1.50. Cloth, \$2.

So it was a Spanish monk that, in 1540, took the initiative in the instruction of deaf mutes. This we were told by a Methodist preacher in Buffalo last Sunday. It is not often that we hear anything good of the monks in the Protestant pulpits. They are usually stigmatized there by ignorance and malice—rather as a dirty and lazy lot.—Catholic Union and Times.

## MONKS AND THEIR PROSECUTORS.

—From the Catholic Union and Times.

Since the days when the Blessed Benedict gathered about him a host of Christian warriors under the shadows of Subiaco, monks and monkish practices have been a chief object of attack from the enemies of the Church. The members of religious orders have been as right wing, left wing and centre of Christ's army, and if any one of them could be pierced or crushed, or in any way confounded, the enemy has felt that victory might be brought more nearly within his grasp. Hence the eagerness with which those cohorts of the Lord have been persecuted by mediæval and by latter day opponents of the only Christianity worth acknowledging.

The religious orders have always been staunch upholders of orthodoxy, uncompromising foes of heresy, the vanguard in the evangelizing of new territories, the first to water new fields of the Church with their blood, as even a casual inspection of the Roman martyrology will amply testify. Now that the seed of the faith has been plentifully sown and cathedrals stand where formerly pagan altars smoked with sacrifice, are we to be so ungrateful as to forget the pioneer service of the religious orders, and condemn them just because they prefer a middle age rule to some modern suggestion, or tremble when they hear the siren voice of progress bidding them conform to the times?

Are the times all right? Are Catholic writers, burning (like Stanislaus Thomas in the New York Sun) to express the failings of regulars before the laity, certain of the ground on which they stand? Not long ago a churchman occupying no mean position in ecclesiastical circles presumed to say that the intelligent casting of a vote was of more consequence to society than all the

macerations of "mediæval monks." Leo who rules in Rome chided the ecclesiastic most gently but with significance. Leo has thunders as well as paternal reproofs, and should our novo maniacs persist in belittling religious orders or their rules because the latter may not have the trademark of modern progress on their title pages? Leo will thunder, and then the novos will crouch and tremble, and beat their craven breasts and murmur, "Parce nobis, Domine!" Don't help the enemy, Catholic writers of the progressist type, by trying to foster discord between the regular and the secular clergy!

## PEN AND PICTURE.

Recently in the "Travellers' Record" of Hartford appeared a picture of a monk engaged in illuminating a manuscript and apropos of the picture the editor of the "Record" wrote:

"Our monk is evidently amused. In his eye beams a beneficent satisfaction; the set of his lips, the hand that nestles the chin, are full of supreme self-complacency. Evidently the copy is a work of art. The letter has moulded perfectly under his careful strokes, or the colors of the careful illumination have blended into a beautiful and perfect whole.

"To him and his kind we owe much. The best thoughts of the old philosophers and poets, the history of past ages, the chronicles of his own day, have been preserved to us mostly through his labors; much also of morality and virtue, in an age when civilization seemed vanquished.

"In the breaking up of the old society which we trace from the fifth to the eighth century, ignorance grew apace. To the men of that day it must have seemed that the world was sinking into barbarism. The arts, the sciences, the culture, all that was best in the old civiliza-

tion, seemed to have shared the fate of all that was worst and been swept into oblivion.

"Rotten and corrupt as was Rome in the years of her decadence, yet the shame of these was dimmed by the traditions of her magnificence and culture in the days of power. To the Roman subject and to the barbarian, himself, Rome remained the symbol of might, and men looked to her, though no longer for power, yet for ideas. They believed she was to rise again, and the reign of Charlemagne seemed to be the forerunner of a new Roman empire, but it was to be only a break in the clouds of anarchy and chaos of the years that again fell darkly with Charlemagne's death.

"The Christian Church, powerful through its organization and discipline, incorporated in itself the force of a real religion and the glamor of Rome's traditional power and glory.

"The monasteries, severe in rule, yet offered a place of peace in the midst of a storm of conflicts, clashing ideas, and general ignorance. Here, in quietness and contemplation, the thoughtful, the virtuous, had a refuge from the utter ignorance, the gross immorality, the dangers of a world in the throes of change. Here, then, could come not only the ascetic man of the Church, but the disappointed, the man tired with the vanities of the world, the scholar, the scientist. These monasteries were the fortresses of civilization. They taught not only the rule of plain living, but the dignity of labor. They gave to the people of that time some knowledge of the arts of peace, of agriculture, far in advance of the rude and barbarous tillage that was generally practiced. They taught the value of public morality and themselves set an example in their own living. To their influence most of the social morality and virtue of the time was due.

#### AN INVITATION TO CARMEL.

We shall be glad to see the ranks of our Third Order of Mount Carmel filling up rapidly and, during this beautiful month of August, to see large numbers of our Tertians men and women, rallying around our Lady's Niagara Shrine would be the consummation of our most earnest prayer. There are many reasons why persons should join the Third Order. The obligations laid down by the Rule are light and the advantages many. This Order is adapted to persons of all conditions of life and in no way interferes with their ordinary way of living. What an inspiring and edifying sight will it not be to see a large number of candidates invested in the holy habit of Our Blessed Lady on the day of her glorious Assumption. It is not necessary to have your habit ready for the occasion. One habit may be used for the investing of one or many.

When will the happy time come, when the divine Mary will be established mistress and queen of hearts? When will souls breathe Mary as the body breathes air? When will that happy time, that age of Mary come, when souls losing themselves in the abyss of her interior, shall become living copies of Mary to love and glorify Jesus? That time will not come till men shall know and practice the devotion which I am teaching. "Ut adveniat regnum tuum adveniat regnum Mariae." — Grignon de Montfort.

The familiar title, "Our Lady," is much more ancient than some writers would have us believe. The deed of Caenwulf, A.D. 821, speaks of the Blessed Virgin as *Dei Genitrix, domina nostra*. The Anglo-Normans called her *Notre Dame St. Marie*; the Anglo-Saxons, *Ur Lavedi*; the English, *Our Lady St. Mary*.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Bible and Rationalism ; or Answer to Difficulties in the Bible. By Rev. John Thein, author of "Christian Anthropology," "Catechism of Rodez," and "Eccelesiastic Dictionary." Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. As reviewed in the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

This splendid work is in four large volumes, each independent of the others and differing somewhat in size and price, but together forming one grand whole—a scientific and logical defense of the Bible as the revealed word of God—the one reliable history of the human race. Volume one proves the authenticity of the Pentateuch as books of Moses—Moses' work in his own time and not the work of anybody else hundreds of years later and the establishment by Moses of the Jewish priesthood as a regular organization. Volume two defends other books of the Old Testament from old and new critics who for one reason or another assail them. Volume three does the same for books of the New Testament ; and volume four goes over the whole ground of the controversy and seemingly leaves nothing to be said in its behalf of the Church's claims for the Bible. All the principles of geology and paleontology, geognosy and geogony, are defined according to the latest accepted rulings, and then their perfect agreement with the simple story told in Genesis is shown. All the discoveries, the reasonings, the technicalities of science—the fullest light of modern discoveries in physics is turned full on the truths of the Bible, only to show how impregnable are the teachings of the Catholic Church, how gloriously is science the handmaid of religion and how wisely the inspired writers worked as if anticipating the assaults of atheists in after ages. Father Thein makes geology come to the aid of Chris-

tion controversy and defends revealed Genesis with the very weapons scientists—certain so-called scientists—turned against it. In an introduction to the first volume Father Thein explains the causes that urged him to this work. We who are glad to take without question what the Church proposes to our belief might wonder at the pains taken to prove what we have never dreamed of doubting. But there are doubters and enemies of the Bible—many and in high places—and it is well for the faithful to know them and their weapons, and to know how to use those very weapons in defense of truth. We give in large part Father Thein's preface :

"The Bible has had enemies in all ages. From the time the pagans became aware of the inspired Hebrew book they insulted it. Even before the Apostles had commenced to preach Christianity, Apion, the Grammarian, mocked it in Egypt, and an unknown painter caricatured it at Pompeii. We might say that subtle intuition admonished the adorers of false gods, that in the pages of this sacred work lay hidden the force which would annihilate their idols and overthrow their altars. When Christ's religion achieved its first victories, the attacks were redoubled with increased wrath. Since that time the war against the revealed Word has never ceased to spread and expand. Infidels, heretics, schismatics, unbelievers of all kinds, hurl themselves in turn upon our sacred books. Today the warfare has attained its acutest stage and the number of the enemies of our faith is myriad. The Bible condemns all evil passions—all the passions have united themselves against it.

"However, if those who outrage and assail holy Scripture are numerous, those who venerate it are still more numerous. The Lord has reserved, in the midst of those who pledge allegiance to the rule of in-

fidelity, legions of believers who always adore their Creator and Master, and who respectfully acknowledge, in our Sacred Scriptures the very Word of God, as their fathers have done.

"But whence comes this diversity of beliefs? Whence originated the cause of the faith of the one side and of the infidelity of the other? How can the same book be, for the former, a divine book expounding divine truth, and, for the latter, a work of purely human production? Is the intelligence of men so widely variant that the same depository may contain the truth for a Leibnitz and Bossuet, and error for a Strauss and Wellhausen? The sun enlightens all eyes. Why does not the Bible enlighten all minds?"

"The reasons for this phenomenon are various and complicated. The one contingent is recruited from the narrow powers of the mind, the other from the rich resources of the soul. We need not inquire here into the moral causes of infidelity and the moral responsibility of those who are attacked with this (alas! so common) disease today. Let it suffice to remark in passing that there are the blind who cannot see the brightest light. There are men who seem to be devoid of the sense of the supernatural, so to speak, as there are some who are devoid of moral sense; and whose intelligence, enfeebled by a species of paralysis, can absorb no truth and become the prey of doubt in all the channels of human knowledge. The causes of skepticism engendered toward the Sacred Books are analogous to those of philosophical skepticism in general. Infidels are persuaded they discover some blemishes in the Bible; these minute specks hide from their eyes the whole beauty of its divine character. They perceive obscurities, and conclude that the Scripture is like all other human works and purely human itself. The believer does not deny that Holy Scripture

contains difficult passages, divergences, even alterations—the fruit of the ravages of time. But he seeks to illuminate these spots which have been darkened in the course of a long voyage across ages—he does not endeavor to transform a vermicule into an elephant, nor a grain of sand into a mountain, and he continues to believe in revelation, in spite of the objections of infidels, as mankind continues to believe in reason and in the perceptions of the senses, in spite of the difficulties of sensualists and idealists.

"The Church teaches that Holy Scripture is a book inspired by God, that is, composed under the influence of the Holy Ghost, in such a manner that it emancipated from all error the one He thus empowered to be His interpreter to man. God did not dictate to the prophet the exact language which he should employ in the process of his general teaching, but left him the free use of his natural faculties, so that the peculiar character of each writer, his style, and manner, reveals itself in his work. Holy Scripture contains nothing but truth revealed for us. But the Holy Ghost did not impart in a supernatural manner to the human instruments of which He made use what they already knew through natural means, either by their personal experience or by the testimony of other men. He taught them by miraculous means only what they could not know of themselves, as, for instance, the secrets of the future. Moreover, it does not matter whether such or such a part of the sacred books has been directly revealed to its author or simply inspired. All that they contain is equally true and certain, for, as Catholic theologians teach, the divine inspiration guarded the sacred writer against all historical or scientific error.

"The Bible, therefore, has gone forth from the hands of God pure and spotless, worthy of its Author,

and obliging human veneration and belief. However, Providence did not judge it proper to fully protect it against the lesser and inconsequential injuries of time, and has subjected it, in a limited measure, to the conditions of human things. Providence has watched over the Sacred Book, to preserve it intact as to its foundation, and that the sacred depository of revelation may be transmitted without grave alterations to the remotest generations, but has not deemed it necessary to perform continual miracles to shelter it from those slight errors and insignificant changes which insensibly enter into all the words of men. The rust of centuries has thus deposited its imprint upon some of the pages of our Sacred Scriptures, and we have no longer a text absolutely conformable to the autographs of the sacred writers. Passing under the pen of thousands of transcribers, in an interval of time extending over from eighteen hundred to thirty-four hundred years, proper names have been disfigured, figures changed, words omitted, various passages shifted, obscured, or slightly altered. A comparison with the most ancient texts and versions furnishes a clear proof of this.

"It is hard for those who have never had any experience in dealing with the manuscripts of books to understand how difficult, nay, almost impossible, it was in former times to preserve the text from all change. The books published in modern times are intrusted to the printer, the proof sheets are carefully revised by the author, and allowed to be printed only when the latter is satisfied with the corrections which he has indicated therein. The work is then issued, and no matter how multitudinous the number of copies—as a product of mechanical product—they are all alike; they vary neither by a word, nor by a letter, nor by a comma. And indeed this multitude

of copies are as exactly alike as though they were the first original work of the author's pen.

"For the ancients, on the contrary, there were as many varying copies as there were productions of the same work. The author read his work to the copyist, each copyist produced a codex; but, with different readings, errors, necessarily unavoidable, were incorporated into the transcription of a large work. All writers of books know now often the printers—by some remission in their manual occupation—alter the meaning by mistaking one word for another, by omissions, additions, and other inaccuracies resulting from lack of attention. The librarii of ancient times were not more perfect than the typographical artisan of our day; but their shortcomings entailed more grievous consequences, because the authors could not correct all the copies which were made of their books. They apprehend the grave results of this technical inaccuracy which they could foresee only too plainly, and they abjured the scribes, with the most earnest solicitations, not to neglect to compare their copy with the original manuscript. "I conjure thee" wrote St. Irenaeus, at the end of his book against the Valentinnians, "I conjure thee, whoever thou mayest be that transcribest this book, by our Lord Jesus Christ and by His glorious coming, when He will come to judge the living and the dead, to realize what thou hast written, and carefully correct it after the copy from which thou hast transcribed it. I pray thee also to transcribe this conjuration and put it at the end of thy copy." (See Eusebius, Church History, v. 20.)

"Independently of the difficulties of language and alterations of the text there is another cause which besets with impediments and obscurity the work of the Bible student, namely, our ignorance of antiquity. The events of sacred his-



tory transpired in very remote epochs, in times and places little known to us. When the objects of our investigation are at a great distance from us, they appear to us as though enveloped in a fog, and become confused and indistinct. We cannot abruptly seize the surroundings and distinguish certain characteristics. Not only are we oblivious of many facts that are indispensable to an exact knowledge of persons and things, and the proper appreciation of their actions, but our political, social, and even religious organizations, our wants, relations, manner of living, and surroundings, in a word, our status as human beings, are so different that, in spite of all the efforts of our imagination, we are unable to reanimate those ancient societies, and see them as they were in reality. The lapse of thousands of years has transported us into a different atmosphere. How many obscure, unintelligible points, which we judge too easily as incredible, were natural and clear as daylight for the contemporaries of those past ages.

"Finally, a last and often most serious source of difficulty in properly understanding the Bible, are the explanations which exegetists themselves have given thereof, and which have changed the meaning. The commentaries which these latter have written on Sacred Scripture are so numerous that they could well fill several large libraries. In this mass of books, in spite of the uprightness of the intentions of their authors, in spite of their perspicacity and their science, there is many an error and many a falsehood. Nevertheless, through a convergence of dissimilar circumstances we accept certain interpretations as well founded, and impute crime to the Bible when it is only the commentators who are at fault. Thus we reproach the Scripture with teaching, contrarily to astronomy, that the earth is immovable and the sun turns round the earth. This

is wrong; the sacred text does not teach this error. The ancient interpreters, it is true, thus understood the words of Josue to the sun: 'Move not, O Sun' (Jos. x: 12), but they were deceived. They mistook a popular expression for the expression of a scientific dogma, and we can apply to them the words of St. Augustine: 'Interpres erravit,' (Contra Faustum, xi: 5).

"Thus the ignorance of facts and surroundings; the unavoidable imperfection of translations; loss of the original text of several of the sacred books; peculiar characteristics of the Hebrew tongue; inherent impotency of human language in general to render all the shades of thought and meaning and to reproduce a complete representation of the facts; the errors of the copyists—result of their false reading, of their negligence or distractions—and finally, the errors of interpreters and commentators concur in producing the majority of the apparent or real difficulties in the study of Holy Scripture, and which give rise to numerous objections on the part of its enemies."

#### IN MEMORIAM.

It is proper that we re-print the following tribute to the late Miss Sue X. Blakely, who died on May 17 last. The same is copied from the Elk County Gazette, of St. Mary's, Pa.:

"We cannot be satisfied with the mere announcement of the death of one so well known, so highly esteemed and so truly loved, not alone by her immediate family but by all who knew her; but the testimonial of respect and expression of regret are alike inadequate to portray the sorrow caused by her demise. Miss Blakely was born in Pittsburg, Pa., where her parents resided for many years. She was educated at the Visitation academy, of Mt. DeChantal, Wheeling, W. Va.,

where she showed herself an exceptionally bright pupil, talented and studious. On being graduated from that institution she carried off the highest honors of her class. Faithful in her friendship, she kept up a correspondence with many of her old schoolmates, who will miss her bright letters, while they deeply mourn the passing away of her bright personality. Miss Blakely came with her parents, to whom she was a devoted daughter, to St. Mary's in the early sixties and has resided here ever since, with occasional visits elsewhere. After her parents' death she made her home with her sister, Mrs. Sebastian Wimmer. Some months ago she was stricken with incipient paralysis, the result it is supposed of a fall. Every attention that love could suggest was hers and her physician's skill and care was unremitting; but she grew no better and the idea that special treatment in a hospital would benefit her, took possession of her mind, and in pursuance of this feeling she was taken to St. Vincent Hospital in Erie. She stood the journey remarkably well and for a few days seemed to improve, although no hope was entertained of ultimate recovery. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary G. Blakely, of Erie, was with her night and day and the good sisters were devoted in their care. Her brother, Very Reverend Aloysius M. Blakely, Vicar General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria, now on a visit to her native land, her sister, Mrs. Mary Louise Ryan, of Cincinnati, and her devoted nephew, Eugene Blakely, eldest son of her brother, the late Dr. Blakely, of Erie, were with her for some days before she died. Her remains were brought to St. Mary's and on Saturday and Sunday were viewed by sorrowing friends at the home of her brother-in-law, Hon. Sebastian Wimmer, of this place. The funeral rites were performed by her brother, Father Aloysius, with requiem mass at the

German church, in accordance with her oft-expressed wish, her beloved parents having been buried from that church, the last rites over both of whom had also been held by Father Aloysius. Her nephew, Ernest J. Wimmer, late District Attorney of Elk county, was also buried from St. Mary's Church. She was laid to rest in St. Mary's Cemetery in the presence of her mourning relatives and many friends, who had followed her weeping and praying to the tomb. Miss Blakely's talents were of an unusually high order. She was a fine linguist, as her translations from the different languages attest, and her stories and poems in the different magazines gained the admiration of all who read them. Her pen was devoted to the service of religion, and her refined taste and elevation of soul made her look with abhorrence on unmeritorious publications of the day. Miss Blakely was a fervent Catholic, and might be called a pioneer member of the Sacred Heart Church at this place. Loving the beauty of the House of the Lord, she took delight in caring for the altar and in beautifying His sanctuary. Many and fervent will be the prayers offered up that she may soon behold the Beatific vision for Whose sight she longed, and that her soul may rest in peace, the peace which passeth understanding."

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In contemplating heaven people are too apt to set before their mind the delights of sense, the sights, the society, the heavenly music, the charity, the agility, the grace and perfection of outward form and color. But all these joys, however true or intense they may be—and even they are, no doubt, intense beyond words—sink into insignificance when we come to think of the Giver. They bear no proportion to the ecstasy of delight arising from his presence. In the words of inspired wisdom, "We shall be satisfied when his beauty shall appear."

ENROLLED IN THE BROWN  
SCAPULAR

Names received at Holy Trinity, Pittsburg, from: St. Mary's Church, Iowa; St. Mary's Monastery, Herman, Pa.; St. Bernard's Church, Frenchtown, Ind.; St. Peter's Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Aloysius Church, Spokane, Wash.; Immaculate Conception Church, Brookville, Pa.; Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash.; Higginsville, Mo.; Montpelier, Idaho; Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mercy Hospital, Pittsburg, Pa.; Newport News, Va.; St. Boniface Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Akron, Ohio; Guardian Angels' Church, Manistee, Mich.; Clara City, Minn.; Fort Wayne, Ind.; St. Mary's Church, Mount Washington, Pgh., Pa.; Elm Grove, Wis.; North Amherst, Ohio; Jakersville, Ohio; Freeport, Ill.; Holy Rosary Church, Antioch, Ca.; St. Joseph's Church, Irontown, Ohio; St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Sisters of Charity, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Vincent's Church, Mount Vernon, O.; St. Mary's Church, Elk Co., Pa.; Devil's Lake, North Dakota; St. Paul, Mo.; Louisville Ky.; Ege, Ind.; Gethsemani, Ky.

OBITUARY.

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

We beg our readers to remember in their prayers of the following who died recently:

Miss Catherine Bresland, of Fitchburg, Mass., who died last May. She was a devout client of Lady of Carmel, generous and self-sacrificing for the glory of God. Deceased was a friend and benefactor of the Hospice of Mt. Carmel.

Sr. M. Eulalia Foley, of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, who died July 2nd.

THE SANCTUARY LAMP.

Like the star of tranquil evening  
Shining in God's holy place,  
Where the Eucharistic cloudlets  
Veil the beauty of His Face.

Like a mystic silvery Chalice  
High uplifted as in prayer,  
Mute yet eloquent — a symbol  
Of our Mediator there.

O, how sweet and re-assuring!  
In the Sacrament of love,  
Jesus' Heart is ever pleading  
As in land of light above.

Beautiful eternal city,  
For thy radiance is the Lamb!  
Shedding o'er bright Saints and  
Angels  
Rays of love and blissful calm.

Now "far spent" our days of exile,  
Steals the pensive eventide.  
Jesus, make our spirits star-like,  
May they in Thy love abide.

"Sursum Corda!" Like the Chalice  
Elevate our hearts to Thee;  
May they ever softly echo  
Thy celestial melody.

Thus we too shall be as star-gleams  
Watching near Thy place of rest,  
Making fervent intercession  
With Thy Blood in Chalice blest.  
—*Enfant de Marie*  
St. Clare's.

Falls View.

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