



"Mother of God, Pray for Us."

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## The Joyful Mysteries

Where shall we find white roses in this dreary month, to lay on the altar of Mary? Not in earthly gardens surely, but in the enclosed garden of God's Holy Church, by contemplating her joyful mysteries.

Whiter in purity, charity, joy, peace are these flowerets, than the wintry snow drifts, or the first frail snow-drops that seem such beautiful emblems of Mary's Immaculate heart drooping humbly at Angelic praise.

In this brief article, we can only indicate these mysteries which volumes of learned thoughts could not portray in all their beauties. May our Blessed Mother suggest to all who are twining a chaplet of "Fifteen Saturdays," sweeter reflections than ours. Let us look up on the first Saturday to God the Father who gave His only begotten Son. Let us unite ourselves to the filial love of Jesus' Sacred Heart, and adore the Holy Spirit who overshadowed Mary. With Gabriel we will salute her, "full of grace," and admire, love, and imitate her example in purity, charity, humble resignation, offering some special white rose of celestial fragrance, by an act of whatever in this mystery we feel attracted to.

It is a holy and beautiful idea when reciting the "Angelus" to offer the first "Hail Mary" in honor of her humility, the second of her purity, and the third of her charity, asking at the same time for an increase of these virtues. The Visitation seems as it were, embalmed with summer flowers and mountain breezes, and resonant with the melody of Mary's inspired "Magnificat." It is a mystery of gratitude to God of charity, zeal, sympathy for souls, and has ever been most dear to us as beautifully sugges-

tive of the Adorable Sacrament. Jesus is more hidden now than when Mary "went with haste" bearing Him over the hills of Judea. The visit enlightens, rejoices, purifies us still in Holy Communion and those interior graces, consolations and lights that are nameless indeed, but make His presence a pledge of future glory.

Let us enter into her sentiments, and magnify Him in the tones of a voice more sweet than the melody of golden harps before "the great white throne" and "crystal seas." Let us also exhale the "good odor" of charity, thoughtful sympathy and that joy which a holy writer says, "without speaking, preaches" Him, whose spirit is one of charity, joy, and peace.

We would gladly linger amidst these white roses of joyful mysteries, and inhale their celestial fragrance. This we may do at all seasons near God's Holy Altar, for eternal love always blooms there, "yesterday, to-day, the same for ever." "The Babe and the Host," whom we can adore like Mary and Joseph, or again, with angels, shepherds, and kings. The victim, whom we can offer as of old Mary did at His Presentation. The teacher, whose lessons are whispering to our souls in His sanctuary. There alone, is Jesus to be found, and we rejoice in the bliss of our sweet mother when her treasure was regained. We admire the zeal of Jesus' Sacred Heart about His Father's business, its submission to Mary and Joseph, its meekness and humility in Nazareth.

Sweet-scented rose-buds! Let us gather them with gladness and wreath the chaplets meet to lay at the shrine of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary even to encircle her royal brow.

## Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

Specially Prepared for The CARMELITE REVIEW by VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C.P., Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

### BETHLEHEM

During our stay in Judea, Jerusalem was the point of departure from which we radiated to various places of interest in the portion of Palestine just named, returning to the Holy City after each excursion, for rest and for further exploration of the same. Thus, as you will remember, we went to Jericho, the Dead Sea and the Jordan, following upon our initial visit to the Holy Sepulchre, the Grotto of the Agony and the Garden of Gethsemane.

This method lent the charm of variety to our devout sight-seeing, and greatly relieved the monotony inseparable—even in holy things—from a protracted contemplation of the same object, even though under different aspects, and a prolonged sojourn in any one locality, however sacred. I have already told you much that we saw subsequent to our first "hegira," and now I am about to chronicle a second, which shall live forever in my memory as the fulfilment of a life-desire, and the accomplishment of a longing that was with me from childhood, but which seemed, at times, so utterly chimerical, that its realization came in the nature of a shock. I refer to our going to Bethlehem. We had already been at Nazareth, where the great mystery of the Incarnation took place. Now we were about to visit that city in which the Saviour of the world was born. You will not think it childish in me if besides the reflections of maturer years, founded on and inspired by faith, my mind was busy with the days of innocence, when, with my brothers and sisters, I dreamed on Christmas eve of the gifts which the Christ-child was to bring us, and saw in anticipation, as it were, the holly and the mistletoe intertwined in festive garlands about the walls of our "best room," in whose midst rose the traditional "Tree," ablaze with the soft light of countless waxen tapers, and laden with those identical toys, etc., which parental ingenuity and affection had,

by the employment of various diplomatic and non-committal artifices, learned from us, individually, were the objects of our eager choice. And, going further on in life, was it strange that I should now recall how in my eighth year, after having attended one of the first "missions" given in the United States by our Fathers (Passionists)—when, as an "altar-boy," I served mass in dear old Father Gibbs' church,—I was taken by them to our monastery of St. Paul of the Cross, where, after a week's retreat, I made my first holy communion at the midnight mass on Christmas morning? Could anything have been more natural than these thoughts as I found myself drawing nigh to Bethlehem? The day was beautiful, and all my fellow pilgrims were in the best of spirits. We made a joyous company indeed: for the priests of our party were to celebrate mass that morning in the "Grotto," and many of the lay members to receive holy communion. (Bethlehem is interpreted *Domus Panis*—the "House of Bread;" for it was within its walls that the words of Jesus were to meet with their verification: "I am the living bread, which came down from heaven.") St. John, VI. 51. (And we were soon to be nourished with that divine food—"the bread of angels"—in this most favored spot of earth!) We left Casa Nova, in Jerusalem, about dawn; and after a ride of an hour or so—during which we saw the tomb of Rachel (now in charge of the Mussulmans) and "David's well,"—we entered the city, where, some two thousand years ago, Mary and Joseph sought a lodging in vain on the vigil of the first Christmas. Our first halt was at the Franciscan convent adjoining the "Basilica of the Nativity." As the Fathers had been notified of our coming, there was no delay in commencing

\* Note—St. Mary's Church, then Lawrenceville, now incorporated with Pittsburg, Pa.

our masses. Some of the priests preferred to celebrate in the church rather than await their turn in the "holy stable," but I gladly tarried; and, being the fourth in number, drawn by lot, of those who, like myself wished to offer the holy sacrifice where Jesus was born, I soon had the ineffable consolation of celebrating the divine mysteries in the "Grotto of the Crib." After all the private masses had been said, our party assisted at the solemn high mass of the pilgrimage, sung by our Rev. Director, Monsieur l'abbé Potard. Then the good children of the Seraph of Assisi entertained us at a modest déjeuner, after which we devoted all the time at our disposal to visiting, under the conduct of our experienced guide, all that is of interest in Bethlehem. I feel that I cannot do better than condense his interesting and instructive "talks" in this connection, so I shall invite you once again to give ear to Père Paul.—"The origin of the famous city we are now visiting," he said, "is lost in antiquity. Its existence can be traced back 1740 years before the Christian era, though it undoubtedly flourished long before that period, being known also by the name Ephrata, a title which seems to have been divinely chosen, since its signification, to wit, *fruitful*, is most apropos of the sublime event which has distinguished Bethlehem for all time. Here, what we may call without irreverence, 'the sacred romance of Ruth, the Moabitess,' was enacted. Here, too, her illustrious descendant the shepherd-boy David, was anointed King of Israel by Samuel the prophet at God's command; from which incident, Bethlehem came to be called the 'City of David.' Mathan and his son Jacob—the latter, father of the glorious St. Joseph—were Bethlehemites; and a tradition informs us that St. Ann, the mother of our Blessed Lady, was born here. But the crowning glory of this favored little city will ever be the fact that the Son of God, made man, was brought forth within its precincts. *'And thou, Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come forth the ruler, who shall rule my people Israel.'*—St. Matthew, II. 6. (The prophet Micah has it thus: 'And thou Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one

among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel: and his going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity.'—Micah, V. 2.)"

Bethlehem, as you notice, is shaped in the form of a crescent, rising upon terrace after terrace on the hillside. On one of these terraces, (here, Père Paul directed our gaze to eastern extremity of the city,) are grouped the massive buildings of the Latin and Greek convents, between which stands the basilica of the Nativity, charming the eye by the peculiar grace of its lines. All the houses are distinctly Jewish in appearance, with flat roofs capped by cupolas, and many of them have pointed archways which offer pleasant places for repose in hours of sun or shade.

This creeping of the houses down into the very gardens of the valley, heightens wonderfully the beauty of the landscape; while in the background toward the Dead Sea, the mountains of Moab tower majestically above the gentle undulations of hill and vale.

You will observe that every feature of this never-to-be-forgotten scene is full of sacred significance. In front of the city lies the field where Ruth and Boaz met, and near by is the spot where the shepherds were told of our Saviour's birth. At a point still nearer the city is the well from which David so desired to drink after giving battle.

(I will interrupt our Rev. guide at this point, to cite the Scripture of the last mentioned occurrence, as it is found in the eleventh chapter of "First Paralipomenon:" "And three of the thirty captains went down to the rock, wherein David was, to the cave of Odallam, when the Philistines encamped in the valley of Raphaim. And David was in a hold (fortress?), and the garrison of the Philistines in Bethlehem. And David longed, and said: O that some man would give me water of the cistern of Bethlehem, which is at the gate. And these three (Abisai, Sibbachai and Jonathan) broke through the midst of the camp of the Philistines, and drew water out of the cistern of Bethlehem, which was in the gate, and brought it to David to drink: and he would not drink of it, but rather offered it to the

Lord, saying: God forbid that I should do this in the sight of my God, and should drink the blood of these men: for with the danger of their lives they have brought me the water. And therefore he would not drink.")

"Bethlehem," resumed Father Paul, "is situated on a mountain composed largely of soft rock of a calcareous nature, and is surrounded, as you perceive, by fertile valleys planted with fruit-trees and vineyards. It runs from east to west. Formerly a fortified and walled city, it is now without either of these protections. Its population consists of some 8,214 souls, of whom 4,700 are members of our holy faith; 3,200, Schismatic Greeks; 180, non-uniate Armenians; some 20, Protestants; a hundred Mussulmans, and 4 Jews. Several religious orders have flourishing establishments here, viz., the Franciscans, Carmelites, Priests of the Sacred Heart, Christian Brothers, Salesian Fathers, Sisters of St. Joseph ('of the Apparition,') and Sisters of Charity. Schools, hospitals, orphan asylums and other charitable works are directed by these zealous servants of Him who, King of kings, as He was, vouchsafed to appear among men in this city in the feebleness of infancy, surrounded by want and privations, with a stable for His palace, a manger, out of which beasts led, for His royal couch, wretched swathing bands for His raiment, and a few poor shepherds for His courtiers." I need not say, we were all moved by these concluding words of our good guide, who never failed to mingle some pious reflection with the information he gave us."

But now I must come to that portion of my "Notes" which will, I know, be of paramount interest to you, namely, the description, as far as my observations may allow, of the "Grotto" and its surroundings. After the solemn high mass of the pilgrimage, etc., we had ample time to look about us. Our worthy guide led us through the main grotto and its several dependencies, viz., the "Grotto of St. Joseph," (in which the saint slept while the Holy Family was at Bethlehem, and where, after the visit of the Magi, he received the command of God, through an angel, to flee into Egypt with the divine child and its mother.—St. Matthew, II. 13.) the "Grotto of the Holy Innocents," in

which a number of mothers vainly sought refuge for their babes from the executioners sent by Herod to slay all the male children of Bethlehem and vicinity, of two years and under (St. Matthew, II. 16 et amplius), and where, according to a tradition, the relics of many of these first martyrs of Christianity were kept; the "Grotto" (or chapel of the Tombs in which the bodies of Sts. Jerome, Paula and Eustochia were buried; and finally, the grotto (called also the oratory) of the first named saint, in which he used to pray and meditate, and where he evolved those masterly commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures which won for him the titles of "Father and Doctor of the Church."

Now, to give you an idea of the Grotto of the Nativity, etc., I will ask you to represent to yourself a vaulted corridor, or "hall-way," about forty feet in length by a little more than three yards in width. As this corridor (or cave) is under ground—having been originally cut into the solid rock on the hill side,—it is reached from above by two stairways, leading from the "Basilica of the Nativity." The one used by the "Latins" consists of sixteen steps. At the foot of this stairway, and to your left as you descend, is the place where our Saviour was born, known as the "Grotto of the Nativity." It is a species of excavation in the shape of an alcove, and forms the eastern end of the corridor or cave already mentioned. On turning to your right and walking a few steps, you come to the "Grotto of the Crib," situated on the left side of the main "corridor" as you recede from the first-named grotto. Then, proceeding onward, you reach the western end of the main corridor, from which one enters the other grottoes, the titles of which, beginning with that of St. Joseph, I have already given. The floor of the main corridor is paved with marble slabs, and its walls are hung with rich tapestries, the gift of Monsieur Felix Faure, late president of the French Republic. The light of day never penetrates the principal grotto, (I say this in contradistinction to that of St. Jerome, which has a circular aperture in the top, leading into the open), but fifty-three elegant lamps of precious material and skilled workmanship burn there—before our

Saviour's birth place—day and night. In the "Grotto of the Nativity" a "table" serves the purpose of an altar, seeing that only priests of the Schismatic-Greek and Armenian rites celebrate there (of this, more anon); but underneath the same is a silver star about six inches in diameter, around which is a broad circlet of precious metal bearing the Latin inscription:

Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est. (Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.) It is the pious custom of pilgrims to kiss the spot thus indicated, and we were not slow in conforming thereto, despite the ever present Greek ecclesiastic, whose lynx-eyed vigilance never relaxes, and who would doubtless prevent such acts of devotion on the part of any but "Orthodox" (!) Christians were it not for the Turkish soldier constantly on guard a few feet away—armed cap a pie—to see to it that the rights and privileges of Catholics (*Latins*) be respected. The Grotto of the Crib is lower than that of the Nativity, and one has to go down three steps, leading from the main corridor, to get to it. The dimensions of this small apartment are about four yards in length by two and a quarter in width. It, too, is cut in the rock. The ceiling is covered with drapery. In the west wall is an excavation some three feet long, two high, and one deep. Here, tradition has it that the wooden manger was stationed out of which the ox and the ass fed, and in which our Blessed Lady placed our new-born Saviour. In the Grotto or chapel of the Crib there is an altar, and the "Latins" have exclusive charge of it;—as, indeed, was once the case with all the sanctuaries of Palestine. The constantly increasing encroachments of the Schismatics upon the time-honored rights of the Church in the Holy Land are a painful subject to contemplate. They have been renewed time and again during past centuries with the connivance of schismatic or heretical governments, such as Russia and England. The inner history of the religious policy of both these powers would, if published, be a surprise to most mortals. Catholic nations are not without their faults in this connection, it is true, but this is not so much the question, as what the final result will be. To pass over the many

attempts of the Greek, Armenian and other schismatic creeds, dating from the year 1564, to seize and control exclusively the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the Grotto at Bethlehem, etc., etc., I will merely cite what occurred on the 25th of April 1873, with regard to the latter sanctuary. Without the least warning to the devoted Franciscan religious, who until that date had, in virtue of repeated firmans of the Sublime Porte, been in sole charge at Bethlehem, the Greeks—not laymen only, but ecclesiastics, in all, some three hundred,—armed with sabres, guns and pistols, rushed down the steps leading to the place of our Redeemer's birth, and wrought ruin and destruction on all sides, their avowed object being to utterly blot out every inscription and sign of prior possession on the part of the "Latins" (Catholics). They burned, broke, and trampled under foot everything that came in their way. Five Franciscans were in the grotto at the time of the onset, and attempted to stay it, more as a form of protest, indeed, than with the hope of triumphing against such tremendous odds; but they were severely wounded and utterly routed. Even the Mussulmans in their respect for Christ as a prophet, have shown more reverence for the holy places than these miserable renegades from the unity of the Church. By the vigorous action of the French government, the damage done was in a measure happily repaired; but the "Latins" never recovered control of the spot on which our Lord was born, the Turkish authorities, in conjunction with the French, considering it wisest (?) to leave the Greeks in possession, for peace' sake (*sic!*), whilst the Catholics were permitted, after centuries of prior right, to keep the "Grotto of the Crib!" It was after this outrage that Felix Faure (then a private citizen) covered the walls of the main corridor of the grottoes with costly hangings representing scenes in our Lord's life. The pavement, in marble, having been utterly ruined by the Greeks, was replaced by the government of France, as were also many of the priceless objects stolen by the Greeks. I shall not weary you, my dear Walter, by an exhaustive description of the grand basilica of the Nativity, built originally over the holy

grotto by St. Helen, the mother of Constantine the Great. Suffice it to say that the sacred edifice which now bears this name is a grand and imposing structure, but, alas, unused, because the rival (?) claims of the Latin and Greek branches (?) of the Church cannot be settled. The dear, good and holy Franciscans, however, have erected a beautiful church, called St. Cath-

erine's, next to the basilica, where the faithful may worship in peace. Let thus much suffice for the present, dear Coz., lest this letter be swollen beyond due proportions, and the Turks prevent its transmission, through the fear that it might be a treasonable document.

(To be continued.)

## A Miniature Life of Leo XIII.

J. William Fischer.

"From a pure heart proceeds the fruit of a good life."

St. Thomas à Kempis.

The birthplace of the Holy Father is the little town of Carpineto—built on the slope of the mountains, which rise opposite Velletri. The hand of despoliation has already done its deadly work and ruined castles and fortifications, once the glories of a by-gone day, tell their tale of woe to the passing traveller. A little up the mountain, surrounded by massive chestnut trees, stands the quaint French chateau in which Joachim Vincent Pecci, who was one day to become the successor of St. Peter, first welcomed the light of day. This was on March 2nd, 1810. His father, Count Louis Pecci, was a colonel in the Italian imperial guard of Napoleon I. and a descendent of an ancient noble Roman family, with a very distinguished history. In 1792, Count Louis married Anna Proserpi-Buzi, a descendent of the famous Cola di Rienzi—a woman of culture, in whom were found all the virtues and qualities of the ideal wife and mother. Her only thought, her only desire, in fact her every solicitude, was in the welfare and education of her children—those precious souls so near and dear to her. Being of a very religious turn of mind, she early inspired her children with that piety, which was ever a solace to them in their after lives. The Countess was the mother of six children, two girls and four boys. Cardinal Joseph Pecci, the third of her sons, speaks of his mother thus: "She was a woman devoted to the poor and to good works. She toiled unceasingly for those in need. During those years when the

harvest failed, she baked bread, which she distributed at her own door, or sent to the old and ill. She was the soul of all charitable works in the town and its surroundings. But in spite of all this, she never neglected anything which had to do with the welfare of her family and the education of her children. She was unceasingly active in all good, and this, undoubtedly, shortened her days."

When at the call of Pope Pius VII. the Jesuits returned, young Joachim Vincent—or Vincent as he was called while his mother lived—was sent to their college at Viterbo. He was then in his eighth year—precocious, docile and pious. The many admirable qualities, which a mother's soothing influence had implanted on his pure young soul, soon blossomed forth in all their beauty, nourished by the teachings and examples of those self-sacrificing and noble sons of St. Ignatius. The professors of Viterbo, especially the distinguished Father Leonard Giribaldi, were not long in noticing the extraordinary talents of their young protégé. He early conceived a great love for the tongue of ancient Latium; Cicero, Dante and Petrarch became his most cherished friends in his silent hours. Soon he began to write poetry and his productions were a credit to the brilliant young student of twelve.

While at Viterbo, his mother took ill. Vincent left his Alma Mater in all haste and arrived in time to receive her sainted dying blessing. His responsive, sympathetic heart had experienced its first great sorrow; a

dark cloud hung heavily o'er his young life—it seemed to strike his very soul with a strange terror and for a time he was inconsolable. He had loved his mother with a tender heart and, now that she was gone, his cross was doubly hard to bear.

After his mother's death, young Vincent came to Rome to live with his uncle in the Palazzo Muti, and to prosecute his studies at the Roman University, Sapienza—that famed nursery of intelligent minds. Under the watchful eye of a Minimi and a Buovicini, he completed his course in rhetoric, and at the close of the scholastic year, he was given the prize in Greek, physics, chemistry, mathematics and Latin poetry. The subject chosen for the latter by the examiner was Belshazzar's Feast, and in six hours, without the assistance of professor or books, Vincent had composed one hundred and twenty hexameters of such eloquence and accuracy that the much coveted prize fell to his honor. "I can attest," writes one of his classmates, "that while he was still at Viterbo, we all admired him for his fine intelligence, but still more for the singular purity of his mind and habits. In the classes of literature, I was his friend and rival and everytime I saw him, he gave me the impression of a lad, who was full of keenness and intelligence. During our studies at Rome, he cared nothing for social gatherings, games or amusements. His little study table was to him his world; his delight was to master the tasks which were given him. At twelve and thirteen years he wrote Latin, both in prose and verse, with an ease and elegance which were remarkable at that age."

Early in life, an inner voice was ever leading this promising youth onward—directing his steps toward the holy priesthood—that noblest of all vocations. In 1830, therefore, the Sapienza claimed him as a student of theology. Here he took the name of Joachim instead of Vincent and did not abandon it until he assumed the title of Leo XIII. About that time, also, his health was beginning to fail, and it was then he penned the following touching lines:

Scarce twenty years thou numberest,  
Joachim,

And fell disease thy young life invade!

Yet pains, when charmed by verse,  
seem half allayed,

Recount thy sorrows, then, in mournful hymn

Wakeful till latest night, thy limbs in vain

Court needful rest; nor sleep nor food restore

The strength outworn—thine eyes,  
all darkened o'er,

Dejected sink, while racked the head  
with pain.

Fever consumes thee; chill, as ice congeals,

Or parch'd with burning thirst. Pallid as death

Each several feature; toils the weary  
breath—

Through all the fainting form the languor steals.

Why dream of future years, with  
promise bland,

While fate swift urges? Then I said:  
"No fear,

My spirit shall quell! Draws death  
indeed so near?

Cheerful I wait, to grasp his bony  
hand.

No fading joys allurements offer now;  
All undelayed, I pant for bliss supreme.

Glad as when wanderer's footsteps  
home return,  
Or seaman, when to harbor veers his  
prow."

A veritable dirge! And yet the author of these self-same lines, lives after the lapse of seventy-two long, eventful years.

In 1832, he took the degree of Doctor of Theology. He next entered the Academy of Ecclesiastics—a training school for prelates, who were destined to serve the Pontiff, where he remained until 1837. During those years he received the degrees of doctor of both canon and civil law. Joachim had now surpassed all his classmates and, on the eve of his entry into the priesthood, his admirers were many, among them, the eminent Roman prelates, the Cardinals Pacca and Sala—names well known in church history. "It was a close friendship that existed between the



future Pope and Cardinal Sala, who favored the youth in many ways and afforded him great assistance by wise councils and admonitions." On December 23rd, his fondest hopes were realized and the young noble was duly ordained by Cardinal Odescalchi. "There had hardly been a hesitation," writes one, "as to his vocation from the first; and he, doubtless, at his ordination, wept most abundant and sweet tears at the thought of what he had then become; but he is reticent, even in his poems about his inmost feelings." Ah! little did the pious Cardinal dream that Joachim Pecci, the priest, whom he had just anointed, was some day to serve the Catholic world as its Pope; little did he dream that, that same Pope was destined to steer the bark of Peter over a stormy sea of disorder and trouble into a haven of peace.

And now, although only twenty-six years old, Joachim Pecci began to show great executive ability and Pope Gregory XVI. did not hesitate to intrust him with offices of the greatest importance. In February, 1838, he was therefore appointed civil governor of the papal province of Benevento, which was then a veritable hell of criminals, smugglers, brigands and conspirators. Disorder and carbonarism spread everywhere; misery, want and despair soon followed. Such was the state of the country of which he was to become the reformer and enlightener. It was a great and terrible responsibility, that he was called upon to face, and he was young in years; but he had vowed to God to do his duty and he went to work with a heart and a will—

"For where he fixed his heart, he set his hand  
To do the thing he willed and bear it through."

History tells us that during his administration tranquility and prosperity reigned everywhere, and that it was a veritable transformation. "He was too alert to be hood-winked," writes one, "too firm to be terrified," and as Justin McCarthy, the eminent biographer writes, "he dealt with the mighty problem firmly, unflinchingly, justly." His Holiness, however, wishing to find a vaster field of labor for the young governor, recalled him to Rome in 1841. He was immediately

appointed delegate to Spoleto, but before he left the Eternal City the Pope also made him governor of Perugia—the capital of Umbria. Perugia proved another Benevento to Monsignor Pecci, but as before, he worked wonders in bringing about necessary reforms, and scarcely was Umbria enjoying peace, than he was again summoned by the Holy Father.

It was a great surprise to Mgr. Pecci, when upon his arrival in Rome, in 1843, the Pope—more than ever convinced of the Monsignor's abilities—preconized him, Archbishop of Damietta, in partibus. The next three years found the Archbishop doing heroic work in Belgium, and the King and Queen felt keenly their loss, in his departure in 1845. And more than that, the Catholic subjects of Belgium, also, had their regrets, for they felt that they had lost their best friend, "whose rare wisdom had bridged over more than one difficulty. His advice was always of great value to Leopold. The Queen, while regretting the departure of the accomplished and skillful diplomat, regretted still more the educated prelate, who, like Bayard was without fear and without reproach. Everywhere it was a universal concert of regrets and praises." Shortly after Archbishop Pecci's return to Rome, Pope Gregory XVI. died. A few weeks later, Cardinal Feretti became Pius IX. On January 10th, 1846, Mgr. Pecci was made Bishop of Perugia and named a Cardinal. And now he became the spiritual head of the province, which had already claimed him as its civil governor. In Perugia, 60,000 people gave him a hearty welcome. Most of his time here was devoted to education. He himself reorganized the studies of the diocesan seminary, created new professional chairs and filled them with the most famous lecturers. He took a personal interest in all matters pertaining to education. "Neither my pupils nor I," writes Professor Brunelli, "will ever forget a certain incident. I do not know how the thing happened; but, one day, I failed to be at my place at the regular hour. As soon as I perceived my mistake, I hastened to the class-room, but what was my surprise to see His Eminence seated in my chair and instructing my pupils. Confused at first, I was soon reassured, and seat-

ed myself among the students, begging Mgr. Pecci to continue his lesson. But he left the chair and graciously invited me to take his place, at the same time exhorting his young admirers to gather from the study all possible fruits. Perhaps the smile he cast at me was a tact but amiable reproach!" While stationed at Perugia, he also built thirty-six churches, a seminary for the ladies of the Sacred Heart and the institution of St. Thomas Aquinas for priests. Simple in his manner of living, indefatigable in his efforts to instil into the hearts of the Umbrians the love of order and peace, he daily added to his treasure of knowledge. His was a life, every minute of which was either consecrated to study, work or prayer. "During the thirty-two years of his episcopate," says a writer, "he constantly showed himself gentle and benevolent, yet firm and austere. He admitted no consideration, where there was a question of principle."

Called by Pius IX., Cardinal Pecci took the dignified office of Cardinal Camerlengo, in July, 1877. Sixty-seven summers had now shed their blessings on his fair brow. But he was not long to hold his office. With a heart, crushed in deepest grief, he knelt at the death-bed of Pius IX. on February 7th, and watched the last spark of life of this truly noble man die away. "There is a strange and striking ceremonial," writes a recent biographer, "by which the Cardinal Chamberlain assures himself and the Vatican and the outer world that the late Pope is actually dead—that 'gone is gone and dead is dead,' to quote the words of Jean Paul Richter. The Cardinal Chamberlain approaches the bed of the dead Pontiff and bears in his hand a little hammer of silver. The Cardinal Chamberlain prostrates himself before the bed, and calls the dead man three times—not by his name as Pope, but by the name which was given at his baptism—and three times touches him lightly on the forehead with the silver hammer. The silence which follows this appeal by voice and by touch is final proof that he who makes no answer to it is beyond its reach, and the Cardinal Chamberlain announces officially to the waiting priests, that the Pope has ceased to live. This was the sad ceremony, which Cardinal

Pecci had to perform, and he three times touched the forehead of the venerable Pontiff who lay there with a face still beautiful in the marble of death."

After the Pope's death Cardinal Pecci superintended the arrangements of the coming conclave. It was then he wrote to his former flock as follows: "I implore of you, dear brothers and beloved children, fervently to ask God that He will soon deign to accord a chief to the Church, and when he shall be elected, to cover him with the buckler of His virtue, so that the bark of Peter may sail through the storms until it reaches the desired port." Truly lovable words! But little did he dream as he penned those sweet lines, that he was asking the faithful to pray for himself. Ah no! Cardinal Pecci was a saintly and an humble man and asked no favors of a flattering future.

On February 18th, 1878, then, sixty-one cardinals of the Sacred College assembled in the Pauline chapel at Rome. Three were absent—Cardinal Broesais, St. Marc, was at the point of death; and Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, and Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, arrived in Rome after the Pope's election. After mass the Cardinal proceeded to the Sistine chapel, where the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" was sung. After the ceremonies each cardinal was escorted to a cell in the Cortile di San Damaso of the Vatican, where he spent the time in meditation and prayer. At nine o'clock that evening the conclave was declared closed.

The next morning a small silver bell broke the stillness of the long, breathless halls of the Vatican, and then followed the clear ringing voice of the Master of Ceremonies in the—"Ad Capellam Domini." At nine o'clock the cardinals assisted at high mass, in the Sistine chapel, celebrated by Luigi Amat, the Dean of the College of Cardinals, and then the election of a new Pope began. At noon the votes were counted. Cardinal Pecci had received twenty-three votes, but this was not sufficient, as he had not received the required two-third vote necessary for the election of a Pope. The ballots were burned and the ashes thrown out from one of the chapel windows, told the assembled multitude that there had been no election.

Some time elapsed. A second election soon followed with the same result. Cardinal Pecci had received thirty-eight votes, and for the second time he could not be elected.

On Wednesday, February 20th, the third sitting took place. Joachim Pecci, pale and trembling, knelt alone in his cell, and heavy was the burden of thought that weighed upon his tender heart in all the fervor of his soul he prayed that God would not permit this cross to rest upon his shoulders. That morning the sound of the bell and the "Ad Copellam Domini" pierced his very soul with a new terror. The long row of scarlet-gowned cardinals wended piously and slowly toward the Sistine chapel. Cardinal Pecci was in the rear; his face looked troubled and he walked nervously—upon his lips a last, humble, pleading prayer to his God and Creator.

The election began, and now for the third time the strains of the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" faded away and died in the distance like the sounds of angel voices. Many ballots had been deposited, and now the last one was thrown in and the counting commenced. The name of Cardinal Pecci was heard again and again—ten, twenty, thirty—yea, forty times. He turned sickly pale and every muscle in his body twitched and quivered like a leaf in a rain-storm. Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, who was sitting beside him, draws the following interesting pen picture of what happened then. "I noticed that Cardinal Pecci, hearing his name reappear so often, and when everything seemed to point to him as the successor of Pius IX., could not contain himself. Great tears rolled down his cheeks and his hand trembled so that the pen he held fell to the floor. I picked it up and returned it to him, saying: 'Courage! you must not think of yourself; the only question now is of the Church and the future of the world.' He made no reply, but raised his eyes as if to implore the aid of God."

The last vote had been counted; Joachim Pecci had received forty out of the sixty-one and he was proclaimed Pope of Rome and Vicar of Christ upon earth. He took the name of Leo XIII., in memory of Leo XII., whom he loved deeply.

When Caterini, the oldest cardinal-deacon, announced to the anxious multitude, occupying the piazza of St. Peter's, the election of Leo XIII., 50,000 voices struck up a cheer that filled the air for miles around with its notes of love and thanksgiving; and, when the tall, emaciated form of the newly-elected Pontiff appeared in the distance, enthusiasm ran high. But when two thin, trembling hands were raised in their first, solemn, papal benediction, all hearts seemed dumb-stricken, and silence fell like a shadow over that surging sea of up-turned faces, below. It was a happy moment and thousands and thousands wept tears of joy, as they besought God to strengthen and prolong the life of His Holiness and we know their prayer was answered. When Leo XIII. retired, fifty thousand voices again thundered forth their shouts of "Viva il Papa!" "Viva Leone XIII.!" "Viva il Papa Re!" and the sound of jubilant voices floated down the Tiber and gradually died away in the distance and before long the shades of evening hung like a veil over the majestic dome of St. Peter's. Rome—fair city of the Caesars! Thou hast known many a gala day in thy history, but that day, on which tender, warm, blue skies looked down upon the pale, pious, ascetic face of this great man—this ruler of Christian peoples—will ever remain one of the dearest, one of the brightest.

The solemn coronation ceremonies took place early in March. The Mother-Church celebrated the advent of its new Ruler with all becoming pomp and splendor, and the leading lights of church and state saw the tiara placed upon the head of the Pontiff, who looked as if life's sunset was already throwing its shadows around him. And now Joachim Pecci—the brilliant rhetorician of Viterbo—the distinguished theologian of the Sapienza—the noble priest and self-sacrificing archbishop—the humble and pious cardinal—occupied the chair of St. Peter. Many prophesied that the aged man with the tiara on his head, could not last very long, but many years have elapsed since then, and Leo XIII.—the idol of an admiring world—is still at the helm of the Catholic Church, directing her safely, let us hope, for many more years to come.

Leo XIII. has a striking and charming personality, and I can do no better than quote the impressions of several, who have come into contact with him. Our own dear Cardinal Gibbons wrote of him several years ago: "Represent to yourself a man in his eighty-sixth year, pale and emaciated, with the pallor almost of death upon him, and this pallor intensified by the white cassock and zucchetto which he habitually wears. His body is more bent than it was eight or ten years ago, but his eye is bright and penetrating, his voice is strong and sonorous, his intellect is remarkably clear and luminous, and his memory is tenacious, enabling him to recall events accurately which occurred eighty years ago. He has, also, an astonishing power of physical endurance, which enables him to hold audiences for several consecutive hours, treating on important subjects with cardinals and foreign representatives, as well as with private individuals, and passing with ease and elasticity of mind from one subject to another. He is remarkably familiar with the public events of the day."

The following pen picture is that of Mr. Thaddeus, an English artist, who once painted a portrait of His Holiness. He said of his distinguished sitter:

"Pope Leo XIII. is of medium height. His attenuated figure is bent by study and the weight of years; but in every movement he is astonishingly quick and energetic. His head is a most remarkable one, once seen, never to be forgotten, with its every feature out of strict proportion, yet with the harmony of the whole. The small, bright, rapid eyes set close together, denote 'the man who is ever on the search,' the largely developed aquiline nose, a capacity for domination. The mouth, when under a pleasing influence, forms into an exceedingly wide sweet smile, its benevolent expression brightening the whole face, and supplying the benignity which is less observable in the eyes. The skin is so thin—a rare thing with Italians, and much admired by them as a sign of high breeding—that a perfect network of blue veins (the 'blue blood') is visible over all the white ascetic face. His Holiness is gifted with the fire and impulse of youth without its accompanying

physical strength, and feels keenly the disabilities of age. When he saw my portrait for the last time he thoughtfully remarked its look of years, and advised me to remember when painting another Pope (?) that 'Popes are of no age.' I thoroughly appreciated the finesse of the phrase, and only regretted that a painter could hardly give it practical effect. During long functions the Holy Father's muscular force almost entirely gives way, but by a nervous effort he will raise himself from time to time straight as an arrow."

Justin McCarthy pays his Holiness the following glowing tribute: "It is hard, indeed, not to grow enthusiastic as one studies the records of such a career. Statesmanship and philanthropy are combined in it, each at its best and highest. Pope Leo loved the working classes and the poor and strove unceasingly with all his power to lighten their burdens and to brighten their lives. He spread the light of education all around him. As a great leader of men, endowed with unrivaled influence, he made it his task to maintain peace among his neighbors. Better praise no man could have earned; a better life no man could have lived." And again he writes, "I always think of Leo XIII. as one of those figures which must have been more often seen in the days, when saints walked the earth, as, indeed, some saints do walk the earth even now."

A great writer once said that many a visitor to the Eternal City, when seeing the great ruler of the Church, is reminded of Cardinal Manning—that great Prince of the English Church—and when we place the two portraits side by side, we cannot fail but admit that there is a strong resemblance. The Pope lives a very frugal life. His austerity is extreme and it is said that he spends less than a hundred francs a month for his table. He is a man of great mental activity and "at times those about him perceive a moment of exhaustion and collapse; but a little happiness, a piece of good news, or a pleasant telegram restores the life of his worn frame. Suddenly well again, he takes up once more his heavy burden, and betakes himself to that work of reconciliation and peace-making to which he devoted himself."

"In some rare high types, head, heart and hand are balanced to one expression of power," writes Marion Crawford, the distinguished novelist, "and every deed is a function of all three. Leo XIII probably approaches as nearly to such superiority as any great man now living. As a statesman his abilities are admitted to be of the highest order; as a scholar he is undisputedly one of the first Latinists of our time, and one of the most accomplished writers in Latin and Italian prose and verse. As a man, he possesses the simplicity of character which almost always accompanies greatness, together with a healthy sobriety of temper, habit and individual taste, rarely found in those beings whom we might well call "motors" among men. There has not been his equal intellectually for a long time, nor shall we presently see his match again."

The encyclicals, of His Holiness,—those tender, heartfelt, encouraging missives to his loyal children of the Church—will forever stamp him as one of the brightest luminaries in the literary firmament of to-day. In them, he shows the world how thoroughly he understands the social problems pertaining to modern society and governments and how he sympathizes with all classes of men. Who does not remember his beautiful encyclical alluding to his Golden Jubilee, which occurred in 1887? Its sentences were pregnant, with that strong love for his children, which ever distinguishes the timely and fatherly utterances of the Prisoner-Pope of the Vatican.

His tender and sympathetic poems, too, have won their way into the appreciative hearts of many warm admirers. The following sapphic verses were written in honor of St. Constantius, Mgr. Pecci's predecessor at Perugia:

Dive, Pastorem tua in urbe quondam  
Infula cinctum, socium et laborum  
Quem pius tutum per iter superna  
Luce regebas,  
Nunc Petri cymbam tumidum per  
aequor  
Ducere et pugnae per acuta cernis  
Spe bona certaque levare in altos  
Lumina montes,  
Possit o tandem domitiz procellis,  
Visere optatas Leo victor oras;

Occupet tandem vaga cymbra portum  
Sospite cursu.

Here are a few tender lines, addressed to Hermelind Montespetti, a pious Abbess of the Cistercian convent of St. Juliana:

High born, yet with true virtue more refined  
God's consecrated Hermelind,  
Watching thy cloistered charge with  
mother's heart,  
In counsel wise, thy chosen better  
part,  
Strenuous to keep, yet ever kind.

Many of the Holy Father's poems have been translated into the English language, and "represent," as one writer puts it, "very unworthily the grace of the original."

What a tender bit of verse is the following, entitled "O si daretter hora!"

Listen to the agonizing cry of pity of  
the poor lost souls!  
'Through Hell's dread vault resounds  
the tortured groan:—  
"Oh, might one hour for those lost  
hours atone!"  
What, were it given? for penance  
would they live,  
And one brief hour their life's trans-  
gression shrive.

In 1885, Leo XIII. penned the following beautiful verses—a prophecy of the glorious triumph of the Church:

With prophet eye, the tremulous dawn  
I mark;  
Lumen in Coelo! breaks the radiant  
day:—  
And terror-struck, all demon-forms  
and dark  
Plunge to their Stygian lake, there  
sink away.

God's human foes perforce His might  
have own'd,  
Tearful their sacriligious crimes  
confess'd—  
Hush'd is the long fierce hate, and  
love enthron'd  
Within those hearts, in sweet alli-  
ance blest.

The virtues chaste, our fathers once  
bequeath'd,  
Faith, manly trust, their ancient  
home regain;  
And Peace, her glorious brow with  
olive wreath'd,  
Bids the Arts flourish, and fair  
Plenty reign.

Wisdom's pure torch on every watch-tower burns

Through this dear land, to scare dark Error's crew—

Such be the triumph, when Italia learns

What heaven-fed springs her vigor may renew!

Leo XIII! What heart does not throb with pride at the sound of this sweet name? From the lips of King and beggar alike fall the sacred words of allegiance. The Indian in his wig-wam in the western wilds, listens eagerly to the words of the zealous missionary, as he paints the glorious picture of the Church, and extolls the praises of the humble, white-haired Prince, who sits on the throne of Peter.

The shadows of evening are creeping around his noble life, but let us hope that the night is still far off. The weight of years and the fatigues of yesterday are upon him, and the morrow brings forth new trials, new hopes, but the aged Pontiff is ever active, spreading forth his kindly rays of faith and understanding over the whole world,—in his heart, the love of Christ and His Church and on his lips a tender prayer for the welfare of his children. Leo XIII. is and ever will be the *Lumen Coeli*—the Light from Heaven.

God grant that he may yet be spared for years to come, so that he may long shine forth in his prison-home—a guiding star for every true and loyal Catholic heart!

## True Education

(For Carmelite Review.)

By P. W. R.

An erroneous and pernicious theory seems to have taken root in our soil, that education is the fundamental principle of happiness. The youth of our age are led astray by those whose duty it is to teach them the truth. Probably there is no land on earth where so much time, talent and money are devoted to the propagation of knowledge and the instruction of the coming generation. Yet it seems that all this expenditure of labor and capital is comparatively abortive, because founded on a false notion. The real foundation of civilization is not the diffusion of science. Culture and refinement are not merely the results of knowledge. Real wisdom, in order to bring with it, a love of the good, the beautiful and the true, must be based upon a more secure and permanent ground. Nothing but religion can provide the abiding aliment on which civilization and happiness subsist and thrive. There is no doubt a certain glitter and grandeur in the munificence, and even extravagance, with which the state fosters the school; but all this guise of zeal and reckless expenditure ill conceal the sordid and material views which prompt it. I do not pretend to give a diagnosis of the causes in which the present system of

primary education, prevailing in our country originated, but I do claim that it proceeds from very worldly views. Nay more it bears upon its very brow the stamp of secularism. It even assumes a hostile attitude to Christianity. Whether it is born of malice against God, or nurtured on ignorance of Him I will not set forth as a fact, but it requires little effort of a mind attuned to the tenets of Christian belief to penetrate its spirit. Especially is there existing an animosity to Catholic Faith, which it hesitates not to declare an enemy of the spreading of knowledge. It seems that the element of our population who repudiate the idea of God are in the ascendant in controlling the instruction that must be imparted in our schools. All religion must be banished from its precincts. All questions of God must remain outside its walls. Nor is this all. Insinuations are made that Faith, at least, that of Catholics, is incompatible to the development of science. Some partisans even publicly teach that the Roman Church antagonizes the progress of ideas as unfolded through successive centuries and culminating in the present civilization.

Before entering into the subject of

education, I find it necessary to say that volumes could be written on this theme, and I shall confine myself to a certain view, namely, that it must be begun and for the most part carried out in the bosom of the family, that is, it must be safeguarded by religion and that the state has no right to assume that she alone can prescribe what shall be taught. And then I shall proceed to eradicate some queer notions that are rampant concerning it. Education does not consist merely in an extensive memory of facts and events that have transpired. More pertinent to it is the regulation of will power and logical deductions grasped by our intellect. Now, in order to have our will pursue only that which is good and our intelligence follow that which is true, they must be educated and trained to these objects from the earliest dawn of infancy. There is no use trying to delude ourselves. Our minds and hearts are prone to evil which can never be fully eliminated from our being until we pass through this fleeting and perishable life. There is no perfection here below, hence perfect education cannot exist. We cannot hide from ourselves that a curse was pronounced upon our race, that our intellects were clouded and our wills weakened and our hearts perverted. From this fact arises the need of education. Were we born in the same state as Adam was created, the meanest of us would outstrip the greatest savant that ever lived. It is to obviate the shortcomings of our nature that we must be instructed. When we enter this world our minds are endowed only with receptive faculties. They gradually become aware of their exterior surroundings. Through our external senses we imbibe our earliest knowledge. But even these senses are not fully alive to the functions they must perform until the dawn of reason. They are not aware of the tremendous responsibilities that rest upon them until reflection is awakened in the mind. Thus in our early youth, others must think for us, others must teach us, others must provide for us in every way. We are not responsible agents during the term of infancy any more than one whose mind in mature years is bereft of its wit and become a lunatic. Yet during those first years of our lives, our minds are very tender and more capable of receiving impressions than

later on. Consequently it is then that our training should commence; it is then our character should be moulded; it is then our disposition should be formed. In after years the memory of what transpired about our cradle may fade and vanish in mists of forgetfulness, but still the adages we then learned, the principles that then guided us, the lessons in virtue that illumed us, will be potent factors during our entire career. Hence the important period for every one of us, is the time when we are cast upon the resources of our parents and the friends that surround our youth. The all-wise Creator, therefore, made that peculiar institution amidst humanity, called the family the closest by ties of blood, the sweetest by reason of endearing charms and the most fascinating possible. On it he reposes the preservation not only of the individual but of all society. To preserve it and keep it intact is of incomparably greater consequence than even the political life of a nation, because the family is the second soul of humanity. Disrupt it and you pave the way to the destruction of the state. History is no silent witness in this matter. From its pages you can glean without great labor or erudition, that empire after empire, kingdom after kingdom rose, fluctuated and fell, according as the family bond flourished among their citizens. What makes a people powerful and prosperous? Is it not respect for lawfully constituted authority? Is it not contentment and happiness among those subject to that authority? But will there be peace beaming benignly all over the land, will there be serene countenances of contentment, if virtue both moral and civic be not practised by the inhabitants? In society and in the family life same laws must be observed, the same magnanimous qualities manifested. But these things are not spontaneous to our nature. They are the results of early and persistent training. The education that elicits generous impulses, open-hearted and guileless hospitality, firm and courageous wills and nobility of character, must take place in the bosom of our family. The home must engender these traits else they cannot be found. It would be eminently unfair to contend, for instance, that the defenders of any nation are made in the barracks or on the battlefield. And it would be just as

illogical to hold that the rulers of the country are found in the political arena, or that the thinkers are produced in our academies and universities. No; if the home brings forth only a weakling or only educated as a sensual pleasure seeker, of what avail would be the military drill of such a person. All the manoeuvring could not drive cowardice from his heart, or dispel the element of treachery. If children are not taught to regulate their fancies and trained to submit their wills, govern their tempers, curb their passions and manifest their obedience to parental authority, they will never be able to rule over others. Only those who know how to obey can wisely and prudently command others. If the mental faculties be dwarfed in childhood, if the mind be too stunted to take hold of home truths, all the teachers in the world, all academic lore, will likely make no impress. No; education must begin and mostly carried out around our own hearthstones. Elsewhere they only receive what may be called the finishing touches. I do not wish to institute comparisons. All are not born with equal mental *avoirpouis* any more than they are born with the selfsame physique, strength and form. In life we are not all determined by a wise Providence to engage in the same pursuits. There are varieties of avocations, each demanding a different training and a widely divergent education. To become proficient in any special calling, it is necessary that all our efforts tend to that one end. Now generally, I do not say always, our special sphere in life is selected for us by our nearest and dearest. So on them should devolve the responsibility of fitting us for our after life. It is to be regretted that the world at large does not understand this, hence so little real education in the world. A father who perceives that his child's brain is not apt, in a certain line, does it the greatest injustice in forcing it to adopt his fancy. It is undoubtedly laudable, for parents to desire exalted stations in life for their children, but their desires and wishes must not run away with their common sense, when there are convincing proofs that their sons or daughters are not designed for what they affectionately intend them. Such misfits too often occur, and they bring neither happiness to parent or child. Those who are rich and pros-

perous often bring untold misery on their progeny by not being discreet enough to educate them according to their capacities. Their son Tom would make a far more successful farmer, than doctor, and at the same time find joy and pleasure in the life. But no; like pagans they take a degraded view of physical labor, see nothing ennobling in it, see nothing God-like in it, and consequently their boy, who is unfitted by nature to a doctor's life, and who is inapt in mental acumen to master even the names of the various parts of the body, much less diagnose their ailments, must trudge on through a medical college for years without comfort, and then in the end make a very indifferent saw-bones, and so often administer the wrong medicine to his patients to their injury as he prescribes the proper remedy. Their daughter Antoinette, according to their view, warped by ill considered affection, must prepare for the drawing-room, to which she will never add grace nor dignity. By nature and by grace she is too modest to discharge such onerous duties without awkwardness. On the contrary, if properly trained, she would be an ornament to a merchant's home, make a sweet and tender mother and a delectable wife. It is highest time that our families should realize they are the principal moulders of character and not the schools, where they are taught to read, write, cipher, acquire a little knowledge of history and geography, even later on in life should they send their children to academies and universities to be further developed in science, art or literature, it is an absolute requisite that there be character, that there be virtue and mental equilibrium for the instructors to work upon. The home should be the sanctuary of everything great and noble. It is natural to expect that children bred amidst squalor, shame, intemperance and crime would inherit these same conditions and propagate them in the next generation. "Evil communications corrupt good morals."

Unconsciously we take in the intercourse and example that surround our early years. True, in this world our minds only touch each other externally. There is a commerce or exchange of civilities, but rarely any interpenetration of thoughts and ideas. Yet alas there is certainly too much, if it be of a vicious nature. Should



our ears only hear conversations that are replete with modifying clauses, known as cursing, we will all too soon become adepts in stringing like phrases together. If lewdness meet our eyes and ears constantly we anticipate strong animal propensities. Should sots and bums and idle and corrupt persons be the companions of our tender years it is difficult to see how we are going to arise above the same level. If on the contrary we witness nothing but a conscientious performance of duty, if we perceive a continual manifestation of affable conduct, if we hear only worthy topics treated, without being spattered with invective and ribaldry, it seems to follow as a consequence that we imbibe those lessons and that we persevere in them throughout life.

However, no constant effort to educate properly can be dreamt of without the aid of religion. By religion I wish it to be understood that I refer to the faith that Jesus Christ taught and which He wished to encircle the globe. He being God, was invested with all power and all authority, and He commissioned His Disciples to "go forth and teach and preach." Any so-called knowledge, science or art that is not in accord with His doctrines is a positive evil and subversive of the best interests of mankind.

Religion is an indispensable condition of humanity and there has been nothing sublime in any work of man which did not originate in it. Seek where you may you will never succeed in finding a whole people devoid of it. There may be and are isolated and perverted creatures who have flung it aside. Even though it be a false religion, it has formed the chief basis of society with every nation and wherever there is a record of man, there is also a record of religion. It overlies and moulds the whole range of thought both in literature and art throughout the ancient pagan nations of the Orient as well as the Grecian, Roman and Christian world. Philosophers, orators, poets, artists, one and all, declare it the inspiration of their works and masterpieces.

Before the advent of Christ there was little happiness or hope in the world. The vast bulk of mankind was bound hand and foot in the darkness and error of paganism. He who is the way, the truth and the light, came to

dispel the mists. There are instances among different people and at different epochs of men who had attained the highest point of human science and art. We stand in wonderment even to this day at the triumphs of their genius. We have the relics still extant of the mighty intellects that dwelt in Egypt and Assyria, yet if we scrutinize history without bias, we shall find little ennobling in all their enterprises, or of lasting benefit to the human race because they were reared on erroneous ideas. At different eras during Grecian history we find traces of the highest perfection of human art, both in architecture, sculpture and painting, but being devoid of soul or reason for their existence, produced by little influence over the hearts of the people. True indeed, philosophers, like Plato, Aristotle and Socrates, have been scarce during the world's history. It seems these men have sounded and fathomed the very depths of human knowledge, unaided by the light of revelation, but after all their opinions swayed but few hearts. From merely an intellectual point of view, few, if any, Christian philosophers have had more penetrating minds. Few are the poets in any language that have surpassed those of Sparta and Athens. Few the orators to rival Demosthenes. Few the epochs in any country or among any people to vie with ancient Greece in the zenith of her glory. And yet that glory was restricted to a very few. Nearly the entire population outside the few names handed down to us in history, lay groaning in the darkness of ignorance and slavery and sin.

When dominion passed from Greece to Rome and with it genius and culture we beheld the same, if not a worse state of existence.

High birth is an accident, not a virtue.

Humble wedlock is far better than proud virginity.—S. Austin.

"I go through my daily stage, and care not for the curs who bark at me along the road."—Frederick the Great.

"I would rather make my name than inherit it."—Thackeray.

Idleness is many gathered miseries in one name.

If an organ can drown a curse, don't silence it.

## The Mission at Tucker

(By FR. H. J. HAMERS, O. C. C., Tucker, Miss.)

Tucker is the name of a post office situated in Neshoba County, in eastern Mississippi, at the public road, six miles from the county town, Philadelphia, and thirty-eight miles from Meridian, Landerdale County, nearest R. R. station, Neshoba, as poor as its sister counties, has over thirteen thousand inhabitants. Its only brick building is the court house in the county town. Glass in windows as well as brick chimneys are still an article of luxury. The erection of the post office at Tucker was chiefly the work of one of our Catholics, M. P., Mr. Daly, twenty years ago. Whether Mr. Tucker, the celebrated jurist of Virginia, is the godfather of the post office, we cannot tell. In the beginning there was mail three times a week. Since July, 1900, we have mail every day, Sunday excepted. Tucker is renowned for nothing but for its mission for the Choctaw Indians. There are now two religious communities engaged in the conversion of the Indian and white people, the Sisters of Mercy, an American foundation, and the Carmelite Fathers, a Dutch foundation. There is a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the title of the Most Holy Rosary. The mission has two schools, one for the Indian and one for the white people, conducted by the Sisters. Both are well patronized.

### THE INDIANS.

It is a general belief among historians that the Indians who are the first inhabitants of America, descended from Jews. They prove their assertion by the likeness in the Indian dialects to that of the Hebrew. Color and other qualities peculiar to the Indians they ascribe to their mode of life, food and climate. This fact assumed, they are said to come from Asia by way of the Behring Straits. Whether they passed over land or water into America is a case still undecided; for it is thought by many that the Behring Straits came into existence by a convulsion of nature at a more recent date. Once in America, they began their journey from west to east, never making a permanent settlement, attracted as they were by

better hunting and fishing grounds. They were always at war, one tribe with another. Book shelves are full of records about their lives, wars and heroism. The once stout, strong, vigorous Indians of old form now a dying nation in the wilds, unnoticed by their white brethren. According to the census given in the "Mission Work," there were on the first January, 1901, 244,000 Indians within the boundaries of the United States; 99,338 Indians belong to the Catholic Church; a few belong to the different Protestant denominations, while the largest number is in complete heathendom. Eighty-seven priests are engaged in the mission work among the Indians, in one hundred and fifty-four churches, while their fifty-seven schools are conducted nearly exclusively by Sisters of different congregations. In 1892 they numbered twenty-nine tribes within the old bounds of the Indian territory. At the present there are in the Indian territory 100,000 Indians. Of these there are only three thousand and thirty Catholics.

### THE CHOCTAW NATION.

The Choctaws descend from a people called the Chickemicans, who were among the first inhabitants of Mexico. When first known to Europeans, they occupied the territory on the left bank of the Mississippi, from the Ohio River almost to the Gulf. In September, 1830, the Treaty of Chochofahithl Bogue (Dancing Rabbit Creek) was effected, and the Choctaws disposed of their land in Mississippi to the United States Government and the greater number moved to the Indian territory. The treaty was fought with great obstinacy by many powerful chiefs of the tribe; but according to Claiborne, the prevailing policy was to make a general sweep of the Indians to the West, but the Government finding it impossible to effect this with the obstinate Choctaws, owing to the influence of the dissatisfied chiefs offered to insert what is known as article 14 of that treaty, which secured to every Choctaw, who would signify, within six months to the resident agent of the United States his

intention to remain, a section of land and a portion to each of his children, said reservation to include his place of residence at that time. But for this clause with all the influence of the chiefs in favor of the treaty, the removal of the Choctaws could never have been made. More than three thousand Choctaws remained in the country, and at the appointed time applied to the agent to register their names. Said agent was frequently drunk or absent from his post. He interposed every obstacle to registration and finally, after registering a few, absolutely refused, declaring he had his orders from Washington. The Indians with their families were required to travel from remote points to his agency. They abandoned their homestead for that purpose, taking their families along, and enduring all the severities of the weather, hunger and sickness, at last to be told that he would not write down their names. On returning to their homes they often found them in possession of white men, who said they had bought them and sadly and sorrowfully they lingered around their former homes, in poverty and humiliation, or wandered into swamps in search of food and perished from exposure and hunger. Since, several attempts have been made to allow the Choctaws their rights in the State of Mississippi and in the Indian territory, but without any success. The white people abuse their ignorance in order to enrich themselves. According to the report of the commissioner of Indian affairs for 1869, p. 37, they numbered 17,000 souls; 12,000 Choctaws were living in the Indian Territory in 1892. The Choctaws of the Indian Territory, with the Snake Creeks under the leadership of their newly elected chief, Daniel Bell, are in a state of rebellion against the United States Government. Three thousand Choctaws are still living in the State of Mississippi. Their number in Neshoba County is estimated at six hundred. The census taken by the State prior to 1885 was less than the number given in 1885 by His Grace the late Archbishop Janssens, then Bishop of Natchez. "The discrepancy," says the New York Freeman's Journal, May 16, 1885, "has been fully explained to us. These poor Indians have been systematically cheated by the white agents of the Govern-

ment, that ought to have protected them in their rights. Consequently the Indians look on paper, pencils, pens and ink as instruments of further depredation. Only a short time ago a census-taker for school purposes visited the "Bogue Chetto" Indians, who also are Choctaws living in the north-eastern part of Neshoba County. He could not find that there was one child of school age, so he had to come to the Catholic priest at Tucker, the self-sacrificing Father Bekkers, to find out what the latter, with his school master, would tell him." A similar fact happened in the year 1899 in Scott County, when there was a white man for making claims in the Indian Territory, in behalf of those who would give their names. Nobody dared to do so, unless the father approved of it. The Choctaws are one of the five civilized nations. If we believe the statement of His Grace Archbishop Janssens, that the Choctaws can boast of having never sullied their hands in the blood of white people, then they make a rare exception. The Choctaws, or properly Chetto nation, is copper-colored, has black, coarse hair, no beard; beard and moustache tell us that he is of mixed blood. The Choctaws, like all other tribes, have their own dialect, which is very difficult to the white man to learn. It has many peculiarities. Some of them are as follows: I. The want of the verb "to be" as a declinable word. II. The want of personal pronouns in the third person singular and plural. III. The want of a plural form in many nouns, verbs and adjectives. IV. The irregular manner in which the plural is made. V. The want of a passive voice in some verbs, and its irregular formation. VI. The order of words in a clause or sentence. VII. The use of prepositive particles or prefixes. VIII. The use of post-positive particles or suffixes. IX. The use of fragmentary pronouns, simple and compound. X. The repetition of pronouns. XI. The numerous gerund forms of the verbs arising from internal changes in the primary root. XII. The negative forms of verbs, adjectives and fragmentary pronouns. XIII. The causative forms of verbs. XIV. The internal changes in the causative forms. XV. Uniformity of grammatical forms and structure. XVI. The extent to which the rough aspirate "h" supplies the want of the

verb of existence. XVII. The difficulties in resolving and translating the article pronouns. The alphabet is composed of sixteen letters; the consonants, c, d, g, j, q, r, v, n and z are absent in Choctaw. By way of example, hina—road, henah—there is a

road. David—Lewi; Rachel—Luchel. A. J. Beckett, vol. 1, p. iv. Hunt McCatel. The Weekly Picayune, New Orleans, Sept. 15, 1892. Le Moniteur de Rome, Dec. 4, 1887. Mr. Byington's Choctaw Grammar. Chatha—people having cooking utensils.

## A Favorite of Caesar

By Dolorosa Kline.

The noises of the city had ceased, the shouts of the populace had died away, and the lordly waters of the Tiber swished calmly and gently beneath the rays of the setting sun, as if enjoying to the fullest, the unusual quiet, that had settled over the throbbing streets of Imperial Rome.

Caesar was tired after the day, spent in all the wild excesses of the Saturnalia, and wishing to enjoy uninterrupted rest, until the games of the coming week would need his august attention, he had given orders that for the present hours all traffic and noise in the streets should be stopped, and no one, patrician or plebeian dared go contrary to Caesar's will.

About the twelfth hour, there issued from the gate of the Imperial palace, the magnificent litter, of the Senator, Aulus Cortonius.

Aulus was a man high up in the favor and estimation of the Emperor, a devout adorer of the gods, and an enemy pronounced of those despicable people, the Christians.

Now Aulus was a busy man those days and a very happy man, for had he not enjoyed himself well during the celebration of Saturn's feast? and had he not seen to the arrest of many of his Christian enemies, who would later make amusement for him and his friends? Caesar had called him, "a tower of zeal and good sense". Surely that was a delicate compliment to his pleased senses? Ah yes! Aulus was a very happy man.

He was also commissioned, to inform his son Colinthius, who like himself was a favorite of Caesar's, that he was to sit on the latter's right hand at the games, an honor which any Roman youth might envy.

Chuckling with anticipated pleasure, at the delight his son must experience

upon receiving such news, the senator smiled and rubbed his hands and bade his slaves hasten with double speed to the palace near Campus.

The home of Aulus was rich and magnificent. He had inherited it in all its grandeur, from his father, the elder Aulus, and it lacked nothing in all that was grand in art and elegance.

The Senator's wife had long been dead, and as selfish as he was, he cherished Fermoya's memory so that he never took unto himself a second spouse, but chose to live alone with his son and heir and a princely retinue of slaves.

The young Colinthius was reclining with indolent grace against the silken lining of his velvet couch, when his father entered the atrium. Instantly the youth rose up, and extended his hand in greeting.

"To my father, the noble Aulus, peace, from whence comest thou sir? I have not seen thee since the fifth hour." "Thou knowest well, thou god-like," and he looked at the noble young face fondly, "that I come from the palace on the Tiber, aye, from the august presence of our Emperor. The Saturnalia is finished, and Caesar is resting. May the gods continue to smile on him benignly, and I have word for thee from him. Wouldst wish to hear it, Colinthius?"

The youth toyed carelessly with the jewelled dagger fastened at his waist, and a strange light came into his dark eyes.

"If thou feelest disposed to tell me now, oh noble father, if not some other time will do?"

Aulus frowned. Colinthius had of late been acting strangely. He was now seventeen and according to popular belief and opinion, handsome, honorable and clever and having a brilliant future before him, in whatever

profession he might adopt. These facts were highly satisfactory to the ambitious Aulus, but of late Colinthius had caused him grave apprehension and no small annoyance and that was, the youth seemed to be daily more and more, showing his aversion to the worship of Rome's Deities, and leaning towards the superstitious creed of the Christians, and most terrible of all crimes he was growing constantly indifferent to the many favors the Emperor saw fit to shower upon him. However, Aulus comforted himself with the belief that when his son had come more fully to man's estate, he would change his mode of life and become like himself, a warm admirer of Caesar and a zealous defender of the gods against the Christus of the Christians. How blind thou wert poor pagan! that thou couldst not see that thy son had already thrown to the winds the passing favor of Caesar, and the false beliefs on whose dark waters his soul had so long been tossed and sought now only the favor of God in heaven, and believed only in the truths of Christianity.

"Thou speakest carelessly, Colinthius, thou speakest as if thou didst not care to be a favorite of Caesar's!" he said, the frown deepening on his intellectual brow.

"Thou art right, noble father, thy son despiseth the patronage of Rome's Emperor, for know thou, there is a higher and greater Emperor than Caesar and One who reigns in a mightier court than Caesar does; but what is it thou wouldst tell thy son?"

"Thou hast spoken as I have heard the dogs of Christians speak, boy;" he looked at the youth sternly, "and I forbid thee ever to do so again in my presence or in the presence of others, but enough of this! here is Caesar's word to thee. He commands thee, oh Colinthius, that at the games which commence on the first day of the third week, thou shalt sit on his august right. Think of the honor thou hast been done. Art thou pleased?"

"Caesar is kind, of father, but I say to thee, I am not pleased, for have I not told thee I belong to, and serve a greater Emperor than he, whose head the people crown with laurels?"

In a minute the truth dawned on Aulus and he knew that which he had so long dreaded had come to pass, his son was a Christian. Then, it was,

that all self control deserted him, and springing towards Colinthius he caught him by the throat.

"Art thou a Christian?" he demanded fiercely, "hast thou forsaken the gods of thy forefathers and of Rome, for the false Christus? Speak, I command thee!"

He loosed his hand on the boy's throat while the terrified slaves crouched in the corners trembling lest their beloved young master who never spoke to them but in kindness would be killed before their eyes.

Without the least hesitation and calmly making the sign of the cross, Colinthius fearlessly replied:

"Thou hast guessed rightly on my father, I am a Christian and love and adore only the One True God."

With an oath which he called the gods to register, Aulus threw the youth to the ground, wounding him right and left with his gleaming dagger. Then leaving the slaves to do what they could towards binding up the bleeding wounds, the inhuman father took his departure muttering, "thou shalt pay for this, ungrateful boy; thou shalt return to thy gods and Caesar, or thou shalt furnish amusement for us at the games. We shall see, we shall see!"

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The sun shown brightly, the market places were decorated, the temples of Mars and Venus were a mass of fresh flowers and shrubbery and Rome was once more en fête. The day of the games had at last arrived and every one was happy, that is, the pagan portion of the Imperial city.

Early in the third hour the crowds began to wend their way to the Amphitheatre, the patrician in his luxurious litter, jostling the less fortunate plebeian and smiling haughtily down on him as from an inaccessible height. When would the time come when Rome would give equal rights to all? When would the proud imperious patrician noble learn to respect and bear with their poor brethren? When would they cease to walk on them?

Only when they had bowed their proud heads to the sweet firm yoke of Christ, learning from Him the meaning of true justice, by wrapping around themselves the cloak of charity, by strengthening themselves by humility and by sharing a true bro-

therhood with all classes. It would take many years for the accomplishment of all these things, but He the Omnipotent One, would work them, and His glory would be sung in all quarters and by all classes in Rome's dominions. As we have seen it was so. How brilliant, how splendid looked the moving throngs, now all attired in gala dress. How loud was the hum of those thousands of voices raised in the praises of Caesar, or on subjects of less weight. All were hastening in the one direction and soon every seat in the vast amphitheatre was taken up.

"Didst hear," said a man sitting amidst a group of others to the rear of the building, "that the young Colinthius sits on Caesar's right to-day?"

"Yes," was the reply, "we have heard, and by Jove he is handsome, the handsomest youth in Rome."

"See! he comes! he comes! Great Caesar comes!" interrupted a chorus of voices from below and then the whole multitude rose up in cheers and greeted the Emperor, whom inwardly numbers of that same multitude hated with a hate born of unjust treatment and tyranny, but who were powerless to demand anything of a different or better nature, at least for the present. Smiling graciously and followed by his princely court, Caesar advanced with dignified mien and seated himself in the purple bedecked space he always occupied on such occasions.

Aulus Cortonious, strikingly imposing in his senatorial robes, was with him, but the young Colinthius was missing. Much conjecturing as to the cause of the youth's absence passed from mouth to mouth, for who had not heard of the honor that had been conferred on him?

"He must be ill," said the man who had first spoken in the little group of Christians we have already mentioned.

"Bah," said another, and not a Christian, "how could he be ill for the games? See Caesar and Aulus are talking together. There must be something that has hindered the young Colinthius. We will learn later. Ah! here is the champion Gondona; see how he wrestles!"

The wrestling matches and other feats were soon gotten through with, the victors applauded and the defeated ones hissed and laughed at and then

every cruel eye began to concentrate itself more attentively on the arena. The last number and to those pagan hearts the most interesting on the day's programme was about to be performed, the slaughter of the Christians would soon begin. First a gentle slave girl was brought in and instantly dispatched by the horns of a wild bull, then a mother and her two young sons after most painful tortures were put to the sword and so on, until upwards of three hundred Christians had received the crown of glorious martyrdom. Then a strange thing happened. An attendant came in and poured fresh sand over the blood-marked spots, and the praetor led forth, into the arena, a splendid young specimen of Roman youth, bare-armed, bare-legged, and deprived of all other raiment, save a long white tunic, and the band of gold that adorned his dark noble head.

"Colinthius! Colinthius!" rang through the whole Amphitheatre, "what has happened to Colinthius?"

A second more, and the question was answered by the youth's father, as jumping to his feet, Aulus pointed a scornful finger at his son, standing so straight and manfully before the sea of cold irresponsible faces, gazing down upon him, and cried in angry tones.

"That is not Colinthius Cortonious; hear me, oh Emperor! Romans, hear me plebeians! that is not my son standing before you, that is a dog of a Christian, ha! ha! ha! Aulus meant what he said; thou shalt make amusement for us to-day, ha! ha! ha!"

People looked at each other speechless with wonder. What did it mean, this, the Senator's denunciation of his only son? Was it possible that Caesar's favorite had forgotten his Emperor, his father, and his gods? Even so, surely his father must feel some pity for him who had drawn his life's blood from his own veins? But no, he could not, or he never would have made that bitter speech. Caesar clapped him on the back when he had concluded the taunt, crying warmly: "Bravo! Bravo! thou hast spoken well, thou hast indeed no son, but we shall give him one more chance." The cry was quickly taken up, for those fickle Roman hearts, who so sudden-

ly felt a ray of pity creep into them, for their young countryman, with few exceptions as quickly closed again, and Aulus was applauded again and again, for the stand he had taken against his Christian son.

The Emperor was noticed talking to one of his followers, and immediately after Coelum stood up, and when silence had been restored in the audience, he addressed Colinthus thus:

"Young man," he said in a stern voice, "thou hast heard the charge against thee, and thou darrest not contradict it; this day of the games, our August Emperor commanded thee to sit at his right, but thou didst slight that command, so kindly given, because thou sayest, thou hast given thy allegiance to a Greater Emperor. Thou hast been guilty of great contempt, which merits the sword, but our high and generous Caesar, because of thy youth, and god-like beauty, will give thee one more opportunity to repair the insult thou hast offered him; therefore, I ask thee, wilt thou abandon the false principles taught by the old man, Polycarp, concerning the Christus and return to thine ancient worship and to Caesar's favor? What sayest thou. Turn thy face up to Caesar and answer him."

The young man looked immediately towards the Emperor, and then on the calm June air, his answer floated back, as loud and clear as the notes of a clarion, to the head of Rome and the awaiting multitude.

"I am a Christian, oh Caesar; I was baptized a month ago by the priest Polycarp, who has since gone from Rome, and I say to thee, I love and adore only the one true God. All other gods are false, but Christ Jesus, whom the good old man, Polycarp, hath taught me to know. He is the God who reigns, He is a mightier Emperor than thee, and His kingdom shall yet conquer thine. Again, I say to thee, I am a Christian, and thou, oh my father, noble Aulus, I repeat it to thee, and I forgive thee for the part thou hast taken in delivering me up to my enemies, and I pray that thou, too, will yet be converted, and learn to know and love our Supreme God."

"Choke him! Kill him!" cried his inhuman parent, whose pride was

stung to the quick, at being known as the father of a Christian, causing him to forget all those sacred ties which should have bound him to his son. "Put him to the sword," called out several voices, while from the group of Christians occupying seats in the rear of the buildings, sobs and loud weeping issued.

But Caesar would not permit the dauntless youth to be put to the sword, as was the custom in dealing with a Roman offender. No, there would be too much honor, in that, for a Christian, and an ingrate like Colinthus, so he must suffer the deepest humiliation. Accordingly a fierce Numidian lion was set upon him, while the yells of the populace were horrible to hear; a merciless, pitiless populace yelling at a defenceless, beardless youth. What a spectacle for Imperial Rome!

"Fare thee well, oh Caesar. Fare thee well, oh my father, Aulus; I will pray for thee," and waving his right hand to Caesar, and his left to his exasperated father, Colinthus had just time to murmur, "Jesu," "Mary," when he felt the hot breath of the king of beasts upon him, and in another minute, the devoted boy to his God was a bleeding mass of lifeless clay. Until the last breath left the quivering body, the populace amongst them, the young martyr's father jeered and laughed, then waited impatiently, till it was hauled away to give place to greater cruelties. The praetor threw the body that Aulus would not claim, nor even look upon, into a pit, just as it was, without preparation or funeral rites; but two hours afterwards, Seedeni, Colinthus' faithful freedman, rescued all that remained of his young master, and washing the cold, lifeless form, that had once been the envy of Rome for its grace and shapeliness, Seedeni wrapped it in purple edged linen, put a fresh band of gold in the black matted hair, and laid the martyr to rest, deep down in the catacombs, and Rome knew Caesar's favorite no more.

If a man is not virtuous he becomes vicious.

If a man once fall all will tread on him.

If an ass goes travelling he won't come home a horse.

# Happiness

St. Augustine once determined to write to St. Jerome to find out from him what he thought about happiness. In the meantime, however, St. Jerome had departed this life and after his death appearing to him, said: "See, if you can count the stars of heaven and the grains of sand on the sea-shore. For it is easier to do this than to explain in words the state of happiness. For it is so great a thing that unless I had seen it, I would never have believed it. Moreover, it is something infinitely greater than all that I considered it to be during my life-time." St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, says: "The eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love him."

Human words are insufficient to explain fully the state of perfect happiness. Still it can be defined. St. Augustine says: "A man is happy when he has everything he wishes, and does not wish anything unbecoming." For to be happy is to be contented. Perfect happiness implies a total absence from all suffering of both body and soul. Trials and tribulations, pains and sufferings, misfortunes, calamities, disasters are things incompatible with it. To be perfectly happy in this world is utterly impossible, because the above-mentioned evils are unavoidable. Only in the next life will man's happiness be complete and lasting. In this life everything passes away and vanishes like smoke; in the next all things remain forever and ever. Neither death nor any other evil shall approach the habitations of the Saints. For "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and death shall be no more, nor mourning nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away. And night shall be no more; and they shall not need the light of the lamp, nor the light of the sun, because the Lord God shall enlighten them and they shall reign forever and ever." Apos. xxi. and xxii. There, beyond the clouds is the abode of bliss, of supreme happiness, of never-

ending joy. All shall be satiated to the full as the Psalmist says: "They shall be inebriated with the plenty of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the torrent of thy pleasure. For with Thee is the fountain of life, and in Thy light we shall see light." Man's ideas about the state of future beatitude are confined within very narrow limits. They hardly ever go beyond what he sees, hears, tastes, smells or feels. As a horse invited to a splendid banquet would wish for nothing else but the choicest quality of oats, the coldest and best water, because all other delights are unknown to it, so also a man who knows hardly any other pleasures than those that come to him through the senses, cannot better understand or explain the pleasures of Heaven, than through banquets, delightful sceneries and similar things. But when the veil is drawn aside, when the shadows disappear and the brightness of God breaks in upon the immortal soul, then the darkness of mysteries will be unravelled, untold-of wonders will rush upon her, and she will be swallowed up by an ocean of supreme delights and heavenly joys, so that she can truly cry out with the royal prophet: "O, how great is the multitude of thy sweetness, O Lord, which thou hast hidden from them that fear Thee!"

This supreme happiness can be obtained by man and even in this life a certain foretaste may be had. The Saints of God rejoiced in the midst of the greatest sufferings and trials; they laughed at torments, they welcomed labors and hardships, because, by considering the greatness of the future reward, all these things seemed small to them. The labor demanded is of short duration, but the reward is long, aye, everlasting. A fly once addressed the ant: "Behold," said she, "what a mean and contemptible creature thou art. You inhabit little excavations in the earth and creep continually on the ground, and you work hard for a scanty living. But my wings carry me on high, I am present at the tables of kings, partake of the choicest food, rest upon



the royal purple and even kiss the most beautiful cheeks." To which the ant replied: "Your improbity and boldness have made you hateful to all for which reasons fans and poisons are prepared for your destruction. Your happiness lasts but for a short time of the year and in winter you soon perish. But I labor moderately in summer, that in winter I may have a quiet and secure life." So likewise man labors in the heat of the summer of this life, that afterwards he may have a secure, quiet and blissful eternity. The wicked and impious sometimes prosper in this life,

they have plenty of all things, they are honored, esteemed and flattered by the children of the world, they take life easy, never giving a thought to the things beyond the grave. But lo! a few years more and all this glitter of prosperity is at an end. Like the fly, they boasted in their pride and greatness, looking down with a certain mien of contempt upon the poor and needy, the pious and saintly. But at the end they themselves will perish miserably, whilst the friends of Christ will continue to live happily for ever and ever.

"B. K."

## Holy Communion

All men acknowledge that love tends to union. This flows from the very essence of love, for love is nothing more than the yearning or outgoing of the heart to the object loved.

It springs from our nature to desire always to be near those dear to us, and when the different vocations to which we are called compel us to separate from them, the separation casts a bitter sorrow over our hearts and brings, though involuntarily, tears to our eyes. And when again we meet these dear ones, how our hearts are filled with joy; how, for example, will a loving mother fly to receive her darling boy from whom she has been separated.

Love, therefore, essentially tends to union. Jesus having tenderly loved men, and as He was to return to His Father, found out a means of leaving the world in such a manner that He ceased not to remain in it and to be united to man, on earth, until the consummation of time.

This union of love Jesus effects through the Holy Eucharist. When we receive the Holy Eucharist Jesus is united to us in His Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity. To give us this Bread of Angels, Jesus is not changed into us; no, He, because we are less perfect than He, changes us into Himself. Hence those beautiful words which St. Augustine puts into the mouth of the Saviour, "I am the food of grown men, grow up and you shall eat Me; you shall not change Me into you, as happens with bodily

food, but I will change you into Me."

The life of man, left to himself, is a life of pride, of love of creatures, of forgetfulness of God, of self-interest; a life of all the passions, and all kinds of sin.

The life we draw from the Holy Eucharist, is a life of meekness, of humility, of patience, of charity, a life of all the virtues, and of all kinds of good works.

His own divine life is communicated to us, for He says: "He who eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, abideth in Me and I in him."

"When Jesus Christ is within us," says St. Cyril, "He relaxes the cruel law of our members, abates the ardour of our passions, and heals our wounds. Then Holy Communion strengthens and beautifies the soul."

"The man," says St. Cyprian, "who has not been armed by the Church, is incapable of martyrdom, and the soul which has not received the Holy Eucharist falls."

"The divine blood," says St. Chrysostom, "causes the image of Jesus Christ to shine resplendently in us."

Holy Communion purifies, adorns and refines the soul, which becomes, in consequence, brighter than gold or fire.

As he who dips his hand in liquid gold draws it up all gilt, so the soul plunged in this Divine Blood becomes as pure and as beautiful as gold.

The poor sinner, whose soul is grovelling in the most shameful and sordid kinds of sin; who hates himself for the wretched life he is leading;

whom misery and sin drive almost to despair; if this poor sinner were encouraged to drink often at this fountain of grace and love, and to persevere in receiving Jesus in Holy Communion, how soon would not his evil desires be checked! How eagerly would his soul begin to love virtue and hate vice! His soul, cleansed in that crimson stream flowing from the pierced heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, becomes brighter than ever, and by receiving again and again this sacrament of divine love, the sinner would finally conquer the world, the flesh, and the devil, three powerful and dreadful enemies of man's salvation. He would overcome the evil maxims of the world; the world, with its pride, with its avarice; the world, flooded with impurity and bad example. That great enemy, our flesh—the blood in our veins; the passions and the senses of our bodies cannot be strangled and smothered without the grace of God. The intensity and fever of the passions are blighted and cooled down forever by drinking, frequently, at this fountain of grace. St. Ambrose says, "I

ought often to take the blood of the Lord, so as often to obtain the forgiveness of my sins; since I sin often I ought often to have the remedy for sin."

Oh, how many sinners would be brought back to God! How many Catholic youths and maidens would be snatched from a life of vice and shame and turned to the paths of virtue, if they were encouraged to kneel often at the Holy Table and receive Jesus, their best Friend and kindest Benefactor, who has in store for them happiness eternal; for He says, "This is the Bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this Bread he shall live forever."

Communicate often, dear reader, and encourage those around you to do likewise; but always with the advice of your spiritual father; "and believe me," says St. Francis de Sales, "as the hares become white on the mountains in winter from seeing and eating snow; so by adorning and eating beauty, goodness, and purity itself in this divine sacrament, you will become all beautiful, all good, and all pure."

By T. O. N.

## Death of Mr. J. G. Moylan

(Monday's Ottawa Citizen.)

Ottawa lost an old and distinguished citizen on Saturday night in the person of James George Moylan, ex-Inspector of Penitentiaries. His death which came suddenly, occurred at the family residence, Daly avenue. For some time the deceased, who had attained his seventy-fifth year, had complained of not feeling well and was subject to pains in the region of the heart, yet he moved about the house with his usual activity. On Saturday night, as was his custom before retiring, he took a cold bath and getting into bed became critically ill. Dr. Prevost and other physicians were summoned but the patient never rallied, dying soon after the last sacraments of the Church had been administered. Heart failure is assigned as being the cause of death.

The late Mr. Moylan had a long and eventful career. According to Morgan's Canadian Men and Women of the Time he was a descendant of an

old and prominent Cork family. Born near Maynooth, Ireland, Jan. 11th, 1826, he was educated at St. Carliath's Tuam, and at the Royal College, Maynooth, being a fellow student at the last named institution of the late Martin O'Gara, for many years police magistrate of Ottawa, and like that gentleman was, it is said, intended for the priesthood. Coming to America in 1851, he became attached to the Chilean legation at Washington under Count de Carvallo, then plenipotentiary from that country to the United States. On his recall in 1852, Mr. Moylan entered journalism as Washington correspondent for the New York Times and other leading journals in the Northern and Southern States. Subsequently he joined the staff of the Times under the late Henry J. Raymond. In 1856 he came to Canada as professor of classics and English literature in the College of the Jesuit

## THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

Mission, Guclph, Ont., remaining there till 1858. In that year on the suspension of the Catholic Freeman newspaper he established the Canadian Freeman at Toronto and continued to edit and publish it as an organ of the Irish Catholic people of Canada. In his hands the paper wielded much influence, first as an organ of the Liberal party and afterwards of the Liberal-Conservative party, led by Macdonald and Cartier. Mr. Moylan was on close political and personal terms with the late lamented Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Geo. Brown and other founders of the Dominion, and was consulted by them in many matters affecting the welfare and advancement of the Irish Catholic people. It was he who secured the appointment to the Senate of the late Sir Frank Smith, having himself first declined the honor. In 1869, on the personal solicitation of Sir John A. Macdonald, then Prime Minister, he went to Dublin, Ireland, as commissioner of Immigration for the Dominion, he being the first to fill that office. On his return to Canada in 1872 he was appointed a member of the Board of Penitentiary directors, and in 1875 on the abolition of the Board he was named by the Mackenzie administration sole inspector of penitentiaries for the Dominion. This office he continued to hold up to January, 1895, when he was on the retired list with a liberal superannuation allowance. During his term of office four new penitentiaries were opened—at St. Vincent de Paul, in Manitoba, British Columbia and Dorchester, N. B. He also initiated and carried into successful operation many necessary and valuable improvements and reforms in matters of administration and discipline and for the benefit, morally and physically, of the officers and prisoners, more especially the latter.

Personally, the late Mr. Moylan possessed a charming and agreeable manner which won for him a wide circle of friends throughout Canada. An able writer, at all times vigorous and sincere, his productions were crowned with grace of style and gave evidence of unmistakable ability. A devoted Catholic, the late Mr. Moylan was one of the mainstays of St. Joseph's parish, and Rev. Father Murphy made a touching reference to

the loss sustained in his death. He leaves a widow, nee Markham of Dunbeg, county Clare, a niece of the O'Gormans of the Causeway, and two daughters, Mrs. Philpots, wife of the manager of the Bank of British North America at Kingston, and Miss Moylan, who resided at home.

One who had known the late Mr. Moylan long and intimately on hearing of his death Saturday evening spoke in the highest terms of his services to the government of Canada at a momentous period in its history. At the times referred to Mr. Moylan may be said to have literally carried his life in his hands—in fact his life was once attempted during a visit to Buffalo in the sixties. To get him out of the country in order that he might not share the fate of McGee, Sir John Macdonald sent him on the mission to Ireland. Mr. Moylan, he added, was a journalist belonging to the school of Howe, Brown, Macdougall, Kinneir, Penny, Sheppard, Morrison, Chamberlain, Lowe and others who in their day wielded an important influence in the affairs of British North America, and whose utterances were widely read. He was a man of the highest sense of honor—a gentleman to his finger tips—and had never been known to say or do anything unworthy of his high character.

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If an idiot were to tell you the same thing for a year, you would in the end believe him.—Burke.

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If everyone knew what one says of the other, there would not be four friends left in the world.—Pascal.

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If evil be said of thee, and if true, correct thyself; if untrue, laugh at it.—Epictetus.

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If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—Longfellow.

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If we do well here, we shall do well there.

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If you can't heal the wound, don't tear it open.

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Many good purposes lie in the graveyard.

## Thoughts for Lent

The holy season of Christmas has passed, and we are now standing on the threshold of Lent. Many, indeed, are the exhortations which Holy Mother Church lavishes on us during this holy season; many, indeed, are also the graces, which Almighty God bestows on us. Lent was instituted in honor of the forty days, which our Divine Redeemer spent in fasting and prayer, to prepare Himself for the great mission, for which His Heavenly Father sent Him into this world. Now our Lord wishes us to follow Him. He Himself said, "If any man wish to follow Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me." He wishes us to follow His example. This is why He came down from Heaven, to give us an example, to show us how we can gain Heaven. If man were left alone, he would never find the road to Heaven. Man would be like the lost sheep in the desert, which could not find its way back to the fold. When that good shepherd found his sheep, he took it on his shoulders and carried it home. Now, supposing the lost sheep had not followed the shepherd, when he found it? It would have perished, because it could not find the road without a guide. It is the same way with us. We were lost sheep, and it was therefore necessary, that our Lord, the good Shepherd, should show us the right road to our true home, to Heaven.

Following our Lord during the holy season of Lent, we have to pay special attention to fasting and prayer, because this was the sole occupation of Christ for forty long days. However, nobody is bound to the impossible, but fasting is impossible for many, either because they have hard work to do, or for some other reason, they are not able to fast. But they can pray.

Everybody can pray. There is no excuse for anyone for not praying. From the child, who is learning how to speak, to the man, who is on his deathbed, all, without exception, can pray, and are bound to pray. Christ Himself said that we should pray always, and never cease to pray.

Prayer is especially recommendable during Lent, because during this time

of the year, Almighty God seems to be more liberal with his graces than at any other time. This seems to be likewise the opinion of Holy Mother Church, because during Holy Mass, she uses the words of the Prophet Isaiah, "Behold, now is the acceptable time, behold now is the day of salvation."

Prayer is the elevation of the mind and heart to God. When we converse with God, we are praying. It is not necessary that we read a certain formula in our prayer books. The best prayers, and those to which Almighty God will always answer, are those which we compose ourselves in times of sufferings and trials, because such prayers come from the heart. We pay attention to what we say, and have the necessary faith, which is required for prayer. Moreover, such prayers are always simple and childlike, and this is what our Lord wants. "Be ye simple as doves," said He on one occasion. A man who prays and expects to be heard, has to act like a poor man, who goes to the rich to ask for alms. If a beggar would go to a rich man to ask him for an alms, and look out to the window whilst asking, he would certainly not get anything, even though this beggar quote Shakespeare to the rich man. It is the same way with God; if we don't attend to what we say, if we are not humble, have no confidence, God will not hear us, because such prayers are more of an insult to Him, than anything else, even though we read the most rhetorical formula of prayer. The simple, childlike heart is the heart which God loves the most. On one occasion our Lord said, "Suffer little ones to come to Me, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," and again, "Unless you become like unto these little ones, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." God will certainly not hear the proud, because Holy Scripture says that "God resisteth the proud."

Prayer is necessary for everybody. It disposes us to receive the grace of God in a more proper state. Prayer will help us to take notice of and grasp the good thoughts, which present themselves to our minds. The

consent of the heart will follow much easier, because we will perceive the helping hand of God in all our good actions.

Prayer is necessary, because it is the most efficacious means to alleviate the troubles of this life, the sufferings and trials, which visit each one of us. Where is the man who has no cross to carry in this world? Everyone has his own. Some have a heavy one, others have a light one. Almighty God gives no one more than he is able to carry, because our God is not a cruel God. If we, in our afflictions look at our Saviour, Who has carried His cross before us, and ask Him to

help us; if we, in our trials, have recourse to prayer, we will surely be alleviated. Our Lord is anxious to help us carry our cross, but He wants us to ask Him. "Ask, and you shall receive."

Let us therefore during this holy season of Lent lift up our hearts to God frequently, and pray more fervently than we have formerly done. Let us also teach our children how to pray. The most pleasing occupation for a mother should be to teach her babe how to pray. If the child is taught to pray, the man will love to pray.

B. H.

## The Society of Saint Vincent de Paul

This is the season of the year when the Society, called after the great Apostle of the poor and wretched, is at the period of its greatest activity. When the snow lies deep and cold winter storms are blustering; that is the time when the efforts of the Conferences are appreciated at their fullest.

Wherever is gathered a Conference of the Society, there will be found self-sacrificing men devoting considerable of their time and energies and of their means, to the Christ-like labor of alleviating in some measure the sufferings and privations of the poor and unfortunate ones of the earth; of those whom our Saviour has said we will have always with us.

The mission of these good men is by no means a narrow or limited one. Rightly understood, it includes every phase of human life.

Commencing with supplying the necessities of physical life, food and clothing, they are then confronted with the delicate task of speaking to the ones they are assisting concerning their attendance at Church, whether they send their children to school, and Sunday school, and other questions of like nature. They are questioned about what can be done for some sick one of the family, about work for the growing up boys, about what can be done with the husband, who has got into lazy, idle habits, also numerous other enquiries; in fact, are expected to know something of everything which can affect these poor families.

Now all of these duties, when faithfully attended to, form a task of no light labor, and it is a labor which is the outcome of strong faith, and real charity. Very rarely, indeed, if ever, will it be found that it is undertaken for any of the usual worldly considerations, such as political or social reasons, which enter so largely into the motives of men.

Workers in this noble cause are not without recompense, however, here below. They feel a distinct satisfaction in the knowledge that they are doing something to show gratitude for the greater advantages and favors which have been bestowed upon themselves, and that they are fulfilling in some measure the responsibility which is thereby placed upon them to do something for the less favored ones.

They nearly always find a profound respect and gratitude shown them by those assisted; and even the slightest help, given kindly, and with a word of cheer and encouragement, brightens up the careworn faces they so often meet. Though indeed the visitor often remarks that many of his "patients" are more cheerful and happier of disposition, than the rich and pampered-followers of the pleasures of the world.

The sons of St. Vincent on their return from their calls have a very tangible realization of what our Lord meant when He promised blessings to those who feed the hungry in His name.

—W. M. W., Toronto.

## Editorial Notes

February, the shortest month in the year, a real winter month, the month of expiation (from *Februum*—an expiation), the month of purification of the ancient Romans, is a strange month. It is very cold, yet still roots and bulbs begin to sprout and the sap of the trees begins to circulate. Seedmen begin to be busy. The farmers prepare for the dropping of the maple sap. As they say, the racoon comes out at Candlemas and if he sees not his shadow he goes to hibernation yet for six weeks.

To us Catholics this month has a great meaning. The Feast of the Purification of our Blessed Lady on Feb. 2nd brings to our minds the necessity of purification of our souls. Our Blessed Lady, though all pure and immaculate in her humility, in obedience to the Jewish law, submitted to the ceremonial of purification. The truly innocent and pure are always humble, like Mary. We can awake and shake off the lethargy of our usual ways and open up a beginning of purifying ourselves from our sin and daily failings. The Blessed Virgin offered a pair of turtle-doves. We can well afford to make some offering. Religion without some offering and renunciation is not true religion. Our Lady offered her all—her Divine Child, the Eternal Father, in the Temple. Holy Simeon rejoiced when he held his God and Saviour in his hands. Simeon rejoiced and now was ready to die, having seen with his own eyes his Saviour. Mary's heart though was pierced with a lance, for Simeon prophesied to her—a sword shall pierce thy soul. As good children we console with Mary's sorrow. She is the Woman of Sorrow. She is most innocent and pure—the Mother of God.

Now, we are taught that Christ has brought the sword of sorrow to test all the hearts of His true children. What He wishes of us is the renting of our hearts with true sorrow and repentance. We can give up nothing that we love without suffering, and yet the demand stands that we must renounce ourselves if we wish to be His disciples.

Spiritual sorrow, however, begets peace and joy of the souls. As hunger lends zest to our appetite, so sor-

row and troubles give a spiritual appetite to noble Christian souls. Sorrow chastens and purifies virile hearts and leads them to strength and beauty in the grace of God.

Men toil and sweat in the zero-cold North and the torrid equator, and all for gold with which, after all, they can only feed and clothe themselves. The children of light, if they would only have such wisdom as the children of the world, how happy they would be! The youngest stripling knows how necessary is sacrifice and hard work in order to the obtainment of proficiency in any pursuit. We should be as wise as the world is in worldly things, in the pursuit of eternal things.

Without purifying our thoughts, words and actions, we are only pretences and shams as men and Christians.

To-day many men shirk sufferings and pains, especially if they must be borne for God only. We have heroic examples of many who suffer much for the sake of God. Many women bear such tortures in love for their children, putting up with the sin and evil example of many around them; having to deal with grisly-hearted husbands and ungrateful children, but these mother-like, true heroines carry out their work firmly and determinedly to the salvation of their families and the glory of God. Some men are brave, their hearts are eaten up with the canker of domestic infelicity—sometimes the woman plays the game of insolent pride in her power and despises the husband of her youth—nagging, discord, coldness and indifference take the place of the holy matrimonial vows—and the man must be strong. And by what strength? Only the strength of God which is to be found in silence and truth.

Lent opens this year on February 12. Blessed ashes will be sprinkled on our heads on that day; and the Church, by the ministry of her priests, will tell us: Remember, man, thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return. This truth has knocked all the pride out of the king and the mighty ones; for if we are only dust, why should we exalt ourselves? Wherefore, why do we not resolve to

exert ourselves in the spirit of the Ninivites and all true penitents in work of penance and good works, for, as our Saviour says: For unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish.

Lent is a time of penance. If we look at the tables of some of our Catholics, we are naturally astonished at much laxity in the observance of Lent. Of course, the hard workers, and the sick, and so on, are not obliged to fast. Unfortunately, some neither work, or are sick, or have any excuse whatsoever, and yet do not fast; or, in fact, keep Lent as they ought. And why? Ignorance and want of faith. The Church is a good mother, and she asks nothing impossible of us. It is a noble thing to do a little fasting; but the wise ones of the day often discard fasting and such like sufferings from their plan of sanctification. However, it is far more safe to be ordinary Catholics and keep the laws of Holy Mother, the Church.

Some, for many reasons, cannot and should not fast. They should not, however, forget the spirit of Lent. Many a good old Catholic who put away his pipe from Ash-Wednesday until Lent, did an heroic work for his own soul. The giving up of all alcoholic drink during Lent, in honor of our Divine Saviour's thirst, would be a most acceptable offering. Parents should teach their children, both by word and example, to give up something at each meal, in honor of the forty days' fast and the Passion of our Divine Saviour. Nowadays we hear all kinds of comments about youth and maidens going astray in foolish and insane ways, and the reason for all this is that the parents of such children never taught them to restrain themselves in anything. Hence, not being taught in restraint, they rushed into every license.

Though the exact time when the use of lights during the Divine mysteries was first introduced is a disputed point, yet we are safe in ascribing their origin to apostolic times. The first mention of lights in the new law is found in the Acts of the Apostles, "And there were a great number of lights in the upper chamber where we were assembled," xx, 8. The use of lights is mentioned in all the Oriental liturgies. St. Jerome also bears tes-

timony to the early use of lights during the Divine ceremonies. This celebrated Doctor of the Church, in his reply to the heretic Vigilantius, who considered them to be a superfluity, says: "Throughout the churches of the East, whenever the Gospel is read they bring forth lights; not certainly to drive away darkness, but to manifest some sign of joy, that under the type of the corporeal light may be symbolized that light of which we read in the Psalms, 'Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my paths.'"

The Feast of the Purification is called Candlemas because on that day the candles were blessed by Holy Church and carried in procession in commemoration of Jesus Christ, Who was carried by His Mother to the Temple and presented to the holy Prophet Simeon, by whom our Lord was called the Light of the World.

St. Anselm tells us the reason why Holy Church has selected wax candles in preference to all other kinds. He says: "The wax, the product of the virginal bee, represents Christ's most spotless body; the wick inclosed in the wax, and forming one with it, images His human Soul; whilst the flame, crowning and completing the union of wax and wick, typifies the Divine nature subsisting unconfusedly with the human nature in one Divine Person."

The intentions of Holy Mother Church respecting the use of blessed candles is well shown forth in the prayers used by her in the blessing of these candles. In one of them she asks Almighty God, who on this feast day presented His only-begotten Son in the Temple, to be received into the arms of Holy Simeon — to deign to bless these candles which the faithful desire to carry in honor of His Holy Name; to the end that they may be inflamed with His holy charity and meet to be presented in the Holy Temple of His Glory. In a second prayer, our Divine Saviour, who was received into the arms of Holy Simeon, is besought to bless the light which we have undeservedly received through the invocation of His only Son; and that it serve as a light to His people, and that He would deign to grant the true light of His glory to all those bearing this light.

Holy Church in all her functions,

makes use of blessed candles. They are used during Holy Mass, the most sacred of all moments: when the Son of God, the Light of light, is immolated upon our altars, as a symbol of Him who is the light and truth of the world.

Scarcely are we brought into this world, when the Church, at Holy Baptism, places a candle in our hands, exhorting us at the same time to preserve our baptism unsullied, so that when Christ, the Way and the Light, shall come we may be able to see Him and thereby possess life everlasting.

The candle, with its ruddy flame, shows us how our love for God, our Divine Saviour, should be inflamed—like the fragrant smell of the wax it should be mingled with the odor of devotion and charity. Our hearts, like the unadulterated wax, should be pure and simple, they should not be concerned and taken up with the things of this world. Like the candle, other than wax, that are used during Divine services, they should only use the world as a means to their final end.

There exists in the Church a beautiful and praiseworthy custom of making a donation of one or more wax-candles on the Feast of the Purification, to be burned during the Holy Mass. How consoling must not the thought be to those whose circumstances do not admit of their being present at Holy Mass, when they are able to raise their hearts to God and tell Him that although they are not able to assist, yet their candles will be as a testimony of their good will!

If the people of our time would accustom themselves to the frequent use of these holy candles, many and untold would be the trials and dangers that would be averted from their homes. Like holy water, they are a preservative against the attacks of the evil one.

This is the reason, no doubt, why Holy Church wishes us to make use of these holy candles. We therefore, as Catholics, should try to place more confidence in these candles, "for the prayers of the Church have ascended that God would bless and sanctify them for the use of the faithful, for their souls and bodies."

Devout Catholics always keep wax candles in their houses, and light these candles in their family devotions, and in all dangers, storms, and

afflictions. The priest who visits these Catholic homes is always pleased, on his sick calls, to see everything so well prepared for the receiving of the Holy Sacraments: spotless linen, blessed crucifix, holy water and blessed wax candles. Such devout Catholics deserve the grace to die holding the blessed candle in their hands as a testimony to Him who lives in their hearts. And the last word on their lips and in their hearts is Jesus, their life and light.

On February 4th we celebrate the Feast of St. Andrew Corsini, Carmelite, Bishop and Confessor. For learning, and holiness and austerity of life, our Saints give us a lasting testimonial.

Nowadays, many complain of the difference of times and the many circumstances interfering, in these modern days, with the progress in virtue and holiness. The arm of God's might is not shortened, and the obligation is upon us all, to work out the way of our salvation. No matter in what state of life we may be, we can always be pleasing to God. We can set to work earnestly and begin this Lent, the good work of curbing our appetite, and see to it that we do something for God. Many are so self-conceited and self-sufficient that they forget the words of our Saviour: Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish. Like our Saint, we can give ourselves up to penance. To work I am not able, to beg I am ashamed. Many say, to fast I am not able, and to pray I have no time. Surely, hard workers and many others cannot keep the fast of the Church, but why not do some fasting, and practise some restraint in food and drink and the use of other luxuries. Some delude themselves about fasting; they say it is hard. Of course it is hard, but we should at least do a little penance for our sins and in memory of the passion and sacred fasting and thirst of Christ, do a little sacrifice to ourselves by restraining our passion for eating and drinking. During these Holy Days, we should pray with special devotion; assisting at the devotions in our Church and saying our Rosaries and other devotions at home, and if possible in common with all the family. Let us pray and mortify



ourselves as St. Andrew did, and then Lent will be most salutary for our bodies and souls. Love our Blessed Lady, as he did, and we shall be true children of God.

The recent dispersal of the religious orders in Paris—according to the correspondents of the New York papers—has been followed by the appearance of a large number of religious books in the boxes of the dealers on the Quai d'Orsay. Here they jostle with Voltaire, under the shadow of his statue, and with ditties of the "café concert." These books principally come from the Carmelites' library, in the Rue de Vaugirard, which was dispersed two months ago, when the order turned its back upon France at the bidding of an inhospitable law. Some of the books are very old, dating back two or three hundred years. The signatures of their pious owners are pale and rusty on pages that have turned yellow with age. Neither will it require much diligent search on the part of those who haunt old book stores in our American cities, particularly in Boston, to find several valuable books which once adorned the library shelves of some Carmelite convent in Europe. Alas, 'tis sad, but true.

Many Scapulars, made of felt and other materials have been received by us and we are sorry to say that some of the lovers of our Blessed Lady have been deceived by ignorant peddlars and unscrupulous sellers. The Scapular should be not only brown, but of pure wool. These shoddy, rotten imitation of Scapulars have been scattered far and wide. As we have said in former months, we are prepared to supply a limited amount of Scapulars of our own make. Since our Blessed Lady has given the Brown Scapular to the Carmelites, necessarily we wish to cry out against the deseminatation of Scapulars, which are not Scapulars at all. We shall be happy to supply out friends with Scapulars. Enclose stamps or silver, five or ten cents, and we shall send Scapular to you by mail. We shall also be pleased to send brown habits, shrouds, to those who order them. Many are sold which are not entirely correct.

The contract for \$1,000,000 has been let for the development of elec-

trical power on the Canadian side of the River. This will probably be the greatest achievement of man's ingenuity so far, in harnessing the Niagara River, and causing it to develop 200,000 horse power for light, heat and power. It is also certain that by spring, another company will start the development of power, leading the waters of the Welland River, a distance of two miles, and allowing it to drop in a pit to the level of the lower Niagara River.

The intention of the Sacred Heart League for February is "The Benefits of Penance."

We ought to pray for the spirit of penance. Without that spirit we will not be able to keep Lent as we ought, and, we find in ourselves a very poor showing for the benefits attached to penance. Penance is the work of the children of the Church of Jesus Christ, who was crucified. Many bolster up their spiritual life by imagination of all kinds of perfections, but the test of all true success before God is the true practice of spiritual and bodily penance. If St. Paul said of himself, I must chastise myself, etc., how much more must we poor sinners set about in reality to practise work of penance.

The energy with which men work for material gain, should incite us to work for the eternal reward.

The Review has been placed under a better printing management, and, we hope, by the March number, to see the Review published on time and, in first-class form.

The Pope has appointed a special Pontifical Commission to consider all questions connected with Biblical studies. Cardinal Parocchi is its president, Cardinals Segna and Vives Luto assessors. There will also be eleven consultants chosen from different countries.

In three Canadian cities the Catholic increase has been notable since 1891—67,967 in Montreal, 10,121 in Ottawa, and 7,174 in Toronto. Combined the Church now shows, in the three cities, a greater number than can be claimed by all the other denominations.

The completion of the recent Rus-

sian census affords a revelation of the strength of the Catholic Church in that country. In cold official figures it is shown that there are eleven and a half million Catholics in the empire of the Czar. In Canada the statement will be received with astonishment.

Even society makes a show of change in its turmoil of excitement during Lent. What will we do for Lent. Resolve upon something and keep your resolution.

Niagara Falls can now boast of the

most wonderful picture in the world. The winter scenery, the gigantic, grotesque and sublime ice-bridge, the wonderful beauties of frozen spray on every side, give a new view of Niagara, never to be forgotten.

The Sacred Passion of our Lord should be in our mind every day during Lent. Read the history of the Passion, according to the New Testament. Look often upon the Crucifix and make the way of the Cross. Meditate upon the sorrowful mysteries of the Holy Rosary.

## Notes on Books and Other Things

Libri quatuor De Imitando Christum auctore Thomas a Kempis.

A new publication in Latin, by Ferdinand Philips, North Penn Junction (4th street and Glenwood ave.) Philadelphia, Pa. This edition has received great commendations for the purity of its latinity and the exactness in expressing the mind of the Ven. Thomas a Kempis. The book is most beautifully gotten up, well bound, and of a size and form that will be most pleasing to all its readers. The publication will fill a long felt want in our schools and will give much pleasure to the teachers and pupils in latinity, giving to them the polish of the classics and the profundity of wisdom of the great and renowned writer of the Imitation of Christ, a book which ranks next to the Holy Scriptures in doctrine and wisdom. This book should be translated by every Latin student and daily read by all readers of Latin.

"Saint Anthony in Art," and Other Sketches; by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

This book is really a most complete album, containing dozens of true copies of the pictures of the greatest masters. Even a novice in artistic knowledge cannot help from being deeply impressed by the grandeur and beauties of these masterpieces in religious art, which are found in these pages. Native taste and lucidity of text elucidate the masters and their work. Having often looked at these illustrations of our Blessed Lady and

Her Divine Child, and at those of the Saints, we begin to realize in some degree at least, a truer ideal of spiritual things. This book is really invaluable, for most of us cannot have the original paintings of the masters, but in this book, we can, at all times, find their work near at hand. This book should be found in all libraries and in every home. 260 pages. Net \$2.00. Marlier & Co., Ltd., Boston, Mass.

"The Perfect Woman." Translated From the French of Charles Sainte-Foi. By Zépherin N. Brown.

This book is most opportune, and will help to offset the many false teachings of the day in regard to perfect womanhood. The principles ably shown forth by the author, should be implanted deeply in the mind of the young girl, and she should be trained in this spirit from her youth. The cause of all the mistakes that woman makes is found in ignorance and in the want of practical training. Parents and superiors would do well to often peruse this book, and every man and woman would be improved and enlightened by meditating on its truths. The book is a credit to its translator and to its publishers.

Marlier & Co., Ltd. Net \$1.00.

The Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; by Rev. A. Tesnière; translated by Mrs. Anna R. Bennett-Gladstone.

This valuable book furnishes its readers, in the form of meditations,

with a clear description of the life of our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist. It describes the glory of His Divinity, the surpassing beauty and loveliness of His humanity and what He is to us. It supplies us with strong motives for adoring Him in this Sacrament of His love, and enkindles in our hearts a strong love for this Holy Sacrament.

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Short Visits to the Blessed Sacrament; Compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance.

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## Obituary

We recommend the following deceased to the prayers of our readers:

Elizabeth Hiernan, who died on December 13th, 1901, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gilbert Connolly, who, being fortified by the Sacraments of Holy Mother, the Church, recently died.

Mrs. Catherine Schult, a native of Oberberg, Westphalia, Prussia, died on January 7th last at Reese, Michigan. The deceased was a good friend, a devoted mother, a patient charitable Christian and sincere Catholic.

We were glad to have received the following letter from our old friend Mr. John S. Ormsby. His poetry and prose often, in the past, brightened the pages of our Review. We pray that he may succeed and prosper in all things.

James G. Moylan, who died at Ottawa, Ont., Saturday, January 18th, was a most devoted son of our Lady of Mt. Carmel and a sincere benefactor to us. May he rest in peace.

We beg the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Father J. A. Van Hoomissen, late pastor of St. Peter's Church, Mount Clemens, Michigan, who was called to the reward of a life spent in zeal for souls, having received with edifying devotion the rites of Holy Church. Deceased was a model priest, a friend

to all, an upright citizen, and one who practised all that he preached. He died young, as far as human reckoning goes. Before God his years were full of merit. His memory will live in our prayers.

Charles F. Lutz, who died at Buffalo, N. Y., on January 23rd, was for many years a staunch and true friend of ours, and a man truly devoted to his Holy Religion. R. I. P.

The Rev. Peter F. Cassidy, S. J., died Jan. 19, at the clergy house of the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, New York. A week ago while taking part in mission services which were being conducted in the church by the Jesuit Fathers, he was attacked by pneumonia. Father Cassidy was born in Ireland on May 13, 1845. He came to this country at the age of five and was educated at St. James' School, Brooklyn, and at the College of St. Francis Xavier in New York, where he was graduated in 1865. Entering the Society of Jesus in the same year, he studied philosophy at Woodstock Seminary in Maryland and theology in Laval, France, where he was ordained a priest. Returning to America, he taught at St. Francis Xavier's, at St. John's College, Fordham, at Boston College and at Georgetown University. He was at one time president of St. Peter's College, Jersey City. The last four years of his life had been devoted to missionary work in this country and in Canada.