



Flowers For Our Lady's Altar on Candlemas Day.

For the Carmelite Review.



BY SISTER B.

HERE are ways, our Lady knows them,
And her children all should know
How to find a flower for Mary
Underneath the deepest snow.

How to weave a lovely garland,
Winter though it be, and cold,
How to buy the rarest offering
Costing something, but not gold.

How to buy, and buy them dearly,
Gifts that she will love to take,
Nor to grudge the cost but give it
Cheerfully for Mary's sake.

Does this seem so strange an offering,
Nay, indeed, 'tis something new;
All can give her noble presents,
Shall I tell you of a few?

What were those the Magi offered,
Gold and myrrh and frankincense?
They, you say, were saints and monarchs,
That makes quite a difference.

Well, 'tis sometimes hard to listen
To a word unkind or cold,
And to smile a loving answer;
Do it, and you give her gold.

Thoughts of her in work or study
Are small grains of incense rare;
Cast upon a burning censer,*
Rise in perfumed clouds of prayer.

Here are sometimes bitter fancies,
Little murmurs that will stir
Even a loving heart—but crush them,
And you give our Lady myrrh.

Give your little crosses to her,
Which each day, each hour, befall;
They remind her of her Jesus,
So she loves them best of all.

Some seem very poor and worthless,
Yet, however small and slight,
Given to her by one who loves her
They are precious in her sight.

One may be so hard to carry
That your hands will bleed and smart;
Go and take it to her altar,
Go and place it in her heart.

Check your tears, and try to love it,
Love it as His sacred will;
Thus you set your crown with jewels,
Make your gift more precious still.

There are souls, alas too many,
Who forgot that Jesus died,
Who forgot that sin forever
Is the lance to pierce His side.

Ah! poor sinners, Mary loves them,
And she knows no royal gem
Half so noble, or so precious,
As the prayers you say for them.

Then resign some little pleasure,
Give it her instead to win
Help for some poor heart in peril,
Grace for some poor soul in sin.

Flowers! I should never finish
If I tried to count them too,
If I told you how to know them,
In what garden plot they grew.

Yet I think that each one guesses
They are emblems, and we trace
In the loveliest and the rarest,
Acts of love and gifts of grace.

And such flowers will never wither,
They are not of mortal birth,
And such garlands given to Mary
Die not like the gifts of earth.

Surely now you cannot tell me
That you have no gift to lay
At the feet of our dear mother,
Any hour, any day.

Give her now, to-day, forever,
One great gift, the first and best;
Give your heart to her and ask her
How to give her all the rest.

The Life and Catholic Journalism
OF THE LATE
JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal* and
Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the *Carmelite Review.*

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUED.



MR. McMASTER did not usually soften his words in writing on any subject in which a principle was involved that he strongly believed. He had freely exercised his privilege of criticising the military preparations of the War Secretary, and hence he soon came in conflict with the Lincoln administration, and, in one of those arbitrary fits in which Secretary Seward used to indulge. Mr. McMaster was arrested by the United States marshal in 1861, and the publication of the *Freeman's Journal* was suppressed. The affair created a great sensation, not only in New York, but all over the country, which was intensified by his incarceration in Fort Lafayette, where he was kept confined for eleven months without any charge whatsoever. Many of the papers allowed to stand—for this journal was not the only one Mr. Seward suppressed—expressed themselves warmly in regard to this particular case, the unanimous sentiment being this generous utterance of a journal, in some sense this paper's rival then—the *Boston Pilot*:

"We can speak for the *Freeman's Journal*. And we can say, in all truth, that no journal of the North has denounced the treacherous doings of the South more sternly and more strongly than did Mr. McMaster's paper. Its language has not been ungentlemanly or abusive, but firm and dignified."

McMaster, after his release, spoke several times of his imprisonment in Fort Lafayette and described the horrible battle that raged within him at what he considered the outrageous treatment to which he had been subjected. For twenty-four hours, he declared, he had but one thought, one de-

sire—to escape by any possible means and fly to Washington and wreak a summary vengeance on the man responsible for it, and then calmly await the consequence. The reason of the strong, fierce man won the victory, and throwing himself on his knees he protested that he would not jeopardize his salvation by stealing the prerogative of the God of vengeance. For the sake of justice, for the sake of upholding the constitution and Union, McMaster suffered this unjust imprisonment.*

On his release the publication of the paper was resumed on April 19, 1862, and although its criticisms of the government were none the less outspoken, it was not again molested.

In August, 1863, occurred the famous draft riots in New York. We need not indulge in any extensive description of those terrible days and weeks, for the record of them can be found in the history books. What should be noted is the fact that the workingmen and Irish people were charged by the daily papers with being not only concerned with the riots, but also with the destruction of private property and the cold-blooded murders which disgraced the city. It was an undoubted fact that many of the honest people of the city were growing tired of the war, with its weary years of bloodshed, and, in view of the fact that President Lincoln was even then negotiating for a healing of the breach between the States, were disinclined to submit to what seemed an unnecessary drafting into the army. We can now see how wrong they were, but people then can be excused for short-sighted views. They protested and resisted the drafting officers, thus precipitating the riot. Upon this, as in all public troubles of a similar nature, the thieves and toughs emerged from their dens and began stealing and destroying private property in the general confusion. There was no clearer duty than that of putting down the mob at all costs, but the daily papers went too far when they charged the Irish and the workingmen with being thieves and murderers. This journal, true to its name and purpose, took up their cause and

*When McMaster was arrested the soldiers put manacles on his wrists. They hurried him into a carriage, but from its window McMaster thrust out his manacled hands to the public view of New York City as the conveyance hurried him to prison.

repelled the insults of the daily press with vigor and decisiveness.

On August 8th the columns of the paper contained a letter, dated October 18th, 1862, on the American War, from Pope Pius IX to Archbishop Hughes, deploring the awful fratricidal strife among a people dear to his heart, and praying Catholic prelates to exert themselves for peace.

If all American citizens were as loyal to the constitution of the United States and to all just laws of the State as McMaster was, our Republic would be the happiest in the world.

END OF CHAPTER IV.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

TAXATION AND CUSTOMS.

"Well, Mick, I am really curious to hear what you think of our system of taxation."

"Before I answer you, tell me what kind of taxation you have reference to. Is it federal or state taxes, direct or indirect ones?"

"Of course I mean any kind of taxes, levied by the authorities for any purpose."

"Taken in this comprehensive way, I answer that in my opinion our taxes, for the most part, are unjust in themselves, unjust in regard to apportionment, and unjust in the general system."

"Dear me! I was prepared to hear you object, but I confess I was not prepared for such a wholesale condemnation. It will be impossible for you to prove your assertion. How, for instance, can taxes be unjust in themselves? Has not any government a right to taxes, and was there ever a government carried on without them?"

"You are mixing up taxes and taxation. Certainly the right to taxation is an inherent right of any government, because those that enjoy the benefits of a well-established and well-conducted government, should also bear the burdens of the same. But the government, whilst using the right of taxing, may abuse its power in the practical execution in many ways. How far, according to your idea, Sam, does the right of taxation extend?"

"Naturally as far as the wants of the government."

"Well enough, but how far do the wants of the government extend?"

"That is a question more easily asked than answered. The wants of the government, as I look upon the matter, comprise all the expenses necessary for an efficient administration, proper representation, and the defense of territory, life, limb, and property of its subjects."

"Quite correct. Now, in the case that improvements, so called, are, neither necessary nor in any way useful to these purposes, would you grant the right of taxation all the same?"

"No, certainly not. The government is, in justice, bound to refrain from raising more taxes than are necessary, and we Americans are constantly condemning Europe for raising millions to keep up the superfluous splendor of royalty and kindred matters."

"Yet we Americans are paying yearly millions of dollars for things just as superfluous as the splendors of royalty, and even more hurtful."

"I am not aware of any. What are they, pray?"

"We need not go far to find them. We fit up the White House annually with an expense of thousands, whilst the furniture, carpets, etc., might be used for years. We establish government or national parks, and spend thousands in beautifying them, though the nation, as such, receives no benefit from them. We squander millions every year in useless and unmerited pensions; we spend millions for high schools, which do not benefit the people, but the chosen few in easy circumstances, who could well afford to give their children a higher education at their own expense. The nation threw away millions of acres on railroads."

"This is not a tax."

"It is a tax, indirectly, because, depriving itself of this source of income, compels the government to resort to taxation for other purposes."

"But railroads are a public benefit, and would not have been built but for these government grants."

"Perhaps not by the same company, or at that time, but they certainly would have been built. Companies do not build rail-

roads to benefit the public, but themselves, and their profits, though smaller, would have been ample enough to induce them to build. The same holds good in regard to street cars. Cities gave away the most valuable franchises and taxed their citizens almost to extinction for their misgovernment. How many thousands of dollars annually could and would have been saved in taxes, if simple justice had been done. Now, these are only a few examples to prove to you that a great many of our taxes are unjust in themselves, since they are not levied to defray legitimate expenses, but to enrich rings and combinations formed for the precise purpose of fattening at the public crib."

"I am well aware how much thieving and cheating is going on in these matters. But where is the remedy? People change party, they elect entirely new tickets, but the affairs remain the same. It is a change of names, not of system."

"This is the consequence of voting a ticket in the way it is done. Most of the voters act like ruminating animals; they chew the cud prepared for them by professional politicians. But as soon as they commence to disregard party, and on purpose refuse to vote for any one suggested by the politicians, but select their own upright and trustworthy candidates, matters will improve, and millions hitherto paid in useless taxes will be saved to the taxpayers."

"I am afraid, Mick, this day dream of yours is too beautiful, even to materialize with us. But I am anxious to hear what you have to say to your second charge, that our taxes are unjust in the apportionment."

"Well, Sam, do you really think that the taxes are imposed on the people on terms of fairness and equality?"

"As a rule they are, though, no doubt, there may be cases open to just complaint."

"I beg to differ from you. I am convinced that, as a rule, they are not, because of the system of assessment in vogue. It leaves the door open for any kind of favoritism or malice, and gives an opportunity to schemers to raise a much higher sum than the one sanctioned by the representatives of the people."

"How?"

"In this way: There is a city, the budget of which was put to the council and

sanctioned. Some sums in it were purposely kept far below the real demand, in order not to awaken opposition. The council agreed to levy a tax of so many mills to cover the expenses. It naturally was calculated according to last year's assessment of property. But the board of assessors assess the property anew. A house, considered worth \$2,000 last year, is worth \$2,500 to the great surprise and dismay of the owner, who cannot imagine what change of circumstances rendered his possession more valuable. He complains, but in vain, because he does not know how to pull the wires." Favoritism lowers the value of property, malice increases it. The sum aggregate exceeds the budget by thousands, which are used to hoodwink the taxpayers, and carry on public works at ruinous figures."

"This often enough happens, I grant. But in one way or the other the property has to be assessed."

"Certainly, but this could be done at stated periods of, for instance, five years, and it should not be left to the individual caprice of irresponsible men, and it should be done for all the property at once. Then, again, property has often a more or less fictitious value, and to determine the exact practical and taxable value of this fiction is a matter of great difficulty in which there is a good deal of slanting."

"Do you refer here to location in business centres and the like?"

"Yes, but not only. There are mines, railroads, steamboats, iron mills, fancy manufacturers, etc., which are never taxed in just proportion to the owners of little tumbledown shanties. They hardly pay a tithe of what they ought to pay, and thus burden the small holder, whilst they swell with riches."

"That may all be, but I cannot see how this can be avoided, since the profits derived from such enterprises depend as much on personal skill and business qualifications, as upon their net value."

"Certainly; hence both ought to be taken in consideration when assessing them. The same rule applies to any kind of business whatever. There is yet another matter I take exception to. Street-openings and improvements are charged to the owners of contiguous property, on the assumption that they are principally bene-

fitted by them, though indirectly the whole city benefits. I consider this unjust."

"How can it be unjust? A man's unimproved property certainly gains in value by these improvements."

"And hence you think the city has a right to mulct him to the whole amount of this gain or even beyond it?"

"It never goes beyond it; it hardly ever reaches it."

"I beg again to differ from you, for I know cases where the owners of lots had to pay from \$700 to \$800 for improvements which did not increase the value of their property by \$500, and I know a case where a city opened a street through a cemetery, rendering it hereby useless for its purposes. The city gave for the confiscated part of the property the sum of \$1,800, and charged the cemetery for street improvement \$1,788, thus confiscating an acre of property for \$12. No, Sam, I think that the value of such improvements is real only to the city as such, but problematical to the owner of property, and therefore the city ought to pay for its streets."

"But don't you see, Mick, that it finally amounts to the same thing, as the same rule applies to all."

"This is a mistake. It does not amount to the same thing, for one street is wide, the other narrow, one level, the other rising, one clay, the other stone, and consequently the improvement is much more expensive in one case than in another, whilst the practical gain is often in an inverse ratio."

"Let this pass, Mick. But you attacked also our general system of taxation. What do you mean by this?"

"Well, we have two kinds of taxes, the direct and the indirect, or internal revenue. As to the direct taxes, I told you how I consider the taxes unjust in their apportionment, and I may add that some parties are working hard to commit a new outrage by taxing church property."

"An outrage? Why, I consider it perfectly just. Is church property not a marketable property? And why should I pay for my humble cottage, when a congregation owning a palatial building worth thousands goes free, simply because they use this building for religious worship?"

"This is the very reason why churches, etc., ought to be exempted. A building de-

voted to worship does not belong to man, but to God, and will you dare tax God for His own property?"

"I do not see how you can call God the owner, since every denomination or part of a denomination claims its religious buildings as theirs. You would not be willing to abandon your church to others, not even to co-religionists. Does this not prove that you consider the building as yours to the exclusion of others, and this is the very definition of property?"

"This is true only in regard to its use, not in regard to its title. Those who contribute to the building of the church do not thereby become shareholders. Their contributions were donations to God, they became God's own, and will remain so."

"Yet we hear of church trustees selling churches."

"Yes, but what becomes of the purchase money? Is it given back to the original contributors, as if the congregation was a joint stock company? At least, as far as Catholic churches are concerned, such a thing never happened. When a church is sold, because it is inconveniently situated, or the space too small, the money obtained by the sale is used for building a new church, and thus spent again in the service of God. In a word, it is God's, and remains God's. Now, when a crowd of infidels or fanatics levy taxes upon churches, they levy upon God, to whom the whole country belongs, and this is an act of impiety, an outrage, that will certainly not bring any blessing upon us. Not even the rudest pagan nations ever dared do such a thing."

"However, these churches are not dead property, but sources of revenues."

"Revenues for whom? For God again. The money obtained is not distributed amongst the people, but used in divine worship, and hence does not alter the case."

"And what have you against our internal revenues? Are they unjust, too?"

"Decidedly so, and more so than the direct taxes. There are certain articles singled out for this revenue, and taxed beyond all proportion."

"I suppose you allude chiefly to liquor and tobacco. But in this case the government not only intends to raise a revenue, but also to repress these vices, by rendering the articles expensive. Besides, these are

not necessary articles, but luxuries, and I think it but right to put the chief burden of taxation upon the shoulders of those whose means allow them luxuries."

"Well, Sam, at present we will pass the question over, as I may have a chance hereafter to tell you what I think of these luxuries. But granting for the sake of argument, that they are luxuries, does that give the government a right to tax them more heavily than other matters? The question is not, whether the consumers of liquor and tobacco can pay the tax, but whether they can be asked *in justice* to pay it. Otherwise we might simplify matters a good deal by simply saying: We have so and so many hundreds of millionaires. Now, let each one pay \$100,000 a year of each million he owns, and we let the others free. The millionaires can afford to pay it."

"You are always running our principles to the absurd."

"Yes, because they are absurd in themselves, else I could not do it. Taxes are to be levied in such a way, that all those that share in the benefits of government, partake of its burden, and granted, that rich people as a rule benefit more than poor ones, it follows that the revenues of each man ought to be the basis of his taxes, and the government should not even ask how he spends his revenues, else we may bury our vaunted liberty."

"But what about the repression of vice?"

"If liquor and tobacco are intrinsically bad, the government becomes an accomplice of crime by allowing their sale at all, and if not, the action of the government is an unwarranted interference with private rights."

"I suppose you condemn our custom laws likewise?"

"Partly. However, we shall speak of this at our next meeting. For to-day we have been talking enough."

No labor is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.—QUARLES.

How often it happens that a great sorrow or great joy, or the slow passage of years, makes sayings clear which were dark before.

Heard Between Stations.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY P. A. B.



NOT long ago, whilst traveling towards the Sunny South, I quite unexpectedly met an old friend of mine who was likewise bound in the same direction. We were soon engaged in a lively conversation. We

mostly spoke of old acquaintances.

"One person I shall never forget," said my traveling companion, "and that is, as you may well guess, dear old Father V—. When, in those early days, our family went to seek a fortune beyond the Missouri, we found little chances of living up to our religious duties. We had neither priest nor church. Our good old mother, who kept piety alive in the family, told us to say a little prayer to the Blessed Virgin daily, in order that she might send us a priest."

"Mother's word came true," he continued. "The school mistress came over to our house one day to see one of my brothers, who was ill. She was curious to know what kind of a charm was that around the neck of the little sick boy. It was a Scapular put on him by mother, whose wonderful memory at this moment enabled her to recall an instruction she had heard years ago in Ireland, by a Carmelite friar at Kinsale. Mother repeated this explanation of the Scapular for the benefit of the school ma'am, who knew a great deal about everything except Catholic devotion.

"The school mistress was always able to give us the latest news of the surrounding country, and on this occasion she had reserved the most interesting bit of gossip for the last. As she pulled her shawl about her she remarked: 'Our hired man says, the last time he was down to the postoffice, he heard a drummer tell the wife of the blacksmith, that a Catholic priest was coming here all the way from Palestine, to look after you people. I tell you what, that will be a sight for my bible-history class. They will be curious to see a native of the Holy-land.'

"For the next few days we all anxiously awaited the coming of 'his Reverence.'

"On the next Saturday afternoon, we were all on hand as usual to see the local train come in. One passenger alighted. He was a tall, portly gentleman, arrayed in a manner foreign to us. He wore under his overcoat the brown habit of the Carmelites, with which I have since become better acquainted. The strange clergyman was naturally an object of curiosity to all, and caused a terrible shock to the nervous system of the parson's wife, who was well informed as to whether the new-comer was to be our pastor, were put to flight by the voice of the conductor, a Catholic, who, as he swung onto the car steps, supplemented his stentorian cry of 'all aboard,' with a hearty 'good-bye, Father!' at the same time making a graceful salute to Father V., who walked towards the station house. Having introduced himself, and warmly shaken the hands of those of his new flock who stood in his immediate vicinity, he was conducted to the old log cabin which for the moment was to serve as the church.

"Father V.— came to us every a time after that.

"It would be impossible to do justice to the missionary life of Father V. Perhaps he will have no biographer to detail all the hardships and labors he underwent for the salvation of souls. But all is recorded in heaven.

"We could not afford to build a house for the good Father, so he was content to accept the hospitality of our family. After his labors he used to occupy grandfather's chair. When not engaged in his devotions we used to crowd around him and listen to his many interesting details of missionary life. Besides this, we were anxious to know something of the great order of which the Father was a member. His explanations were always eagerly listened to. We became thereby much attached to the Order of the Blessed Virgin after that, and understood what a privilege it was to wear the Scapular. On one occasion one of my little brothers, who six years previous had been baptized by Father V.—, and received the name of Carmelus—interrupted the Father by exclaiming: 'When I grow up I'll be a Carmelite.' The look on

mother's face seemed to say that she had received an answer to a prayer.

"By degrees the people, even non-Catholics, got used to seeing the attire of the brown-robed friar. At first it seemed strange, but we get accustomed to everything. Even on the trains the monastic garb of Father V.— attracted little attention, except perhaps of some new-comer into that section of country.

"One day I accompanied Father V.— to his next mission. On our way to the station we passed the teacher I spoke of. She bowed slightly, but her looks betrayed suspicion and confusion. I told the Father who she was, and related how she had forestalled his first arrival by the announcement that he was coming from the Holy-land. He laughed, saying, 'That impression probably got abroad from the fact that our order had its origin there, and even to-day has a monastery in Palestine.'

"When we got on the train, Father V.— sought out a quiet corner where he might peacefully recite his divine office, whilst I curled myself up in a seat and endeavored to feast my eyes on the grand passing panorama of people exposed to my gaze as the train rapidly rolled along.

"Father V.— would not be left undisturbed. He was soon accosted by one of those persons who are the blight on mankind every fall, except on a warm campaign. This man was evidently a Catholic, one of the well-to-do country.

"After the usual shell talk about the weather and the like, the priest's new acquaintance made the threatened silence by partly remembering the heavy robe, dress, or what-ever you call it, during such boiling weather."

"You mean this heavy *hoop*? which I wear?" replied Father V.— "It is not so heavy as it looks, and one gets used to it."

"His unbidden guest who sat vis-a-vis to the priest didn't show any inclination to move, so Father V.— had to submit to the inevitable, and meekly answer the many questions put to him. His interrogator—I'll call him Thomas, for I forget his name—was loaded with questions which you would hardly expect to hear from a Catholic.

"I was in the seat behind the priest and Thomas, so I settled down and paid atten-

tion to what promised to be an interesting dialogue, and I must confess I got a lot of information about things of which before I had had but very vague ideas.

"And what's that?" said Thomas, pointing to the long piece of brown wool which ran down in front of the priest's habit.

"My Scapular," replied Father V—.

"Sc-a-p-u-l-a-r?" said Thomas. "My wife has what she calls a Scapular, but it is only a miniature one compared to yours, and she sometimes complains that it is a troublesome thing to have about the body."

"The Church," said Father V—, "allows the lady to wear a small Scapular, but we Carmelites have one as you see, which reaches from the shoulders to the bottom of the habit."

"I don't know, Father," said Thomas, "whether I ought to be more inquisitive; I am, it is true, a Catholic, but I don't belong to the pharisees, still I have a love for my church and a high regard for monks and nuns. May I ask you a few more questions?"

"I am at your service, ask any questions you wish," said the priest, who was getting interested in his travelling companion, who then opened up again by saying: "My wife is deeply convinced that whoever enthusiastically wears the Brown Scapular, and dies with it on him, will not be damned. I have already said that I do not belong to the ignorant class of Catholics. Perhaps I was very interesting to that, however, I am nevertheless a seafarer. I see that my children go regularly to instructions and receive the Sacraments, and keep their room had company, but you must excuse me if I tell you that I cannot understand how two little pieces of wool, worn on the breast and back, can be the means of preserving a person from hell-fire."

"With just the same frankness do I beg to answer your question," said Father V—. "I am entirely of the same opinion as your wife. My firm conviction is founded on two solid reasons. The first is the fact that the Blessed Virgin gave the Scapular to St. Simon Stock, and secondly, she herself said expressly: *'Whosoever dies wearing this garment shall not suffer hell-fire.'*

"Now we come to visions and apparitions. Surely a man of your experience

ought to know how deceiving is the imagination," answered Thomas.

"That is only too true," said Father V—. "The imagination deceives many. But bear this in mind. There are three kinds of visions, and the Church quickly decides which are true and which are false. Some apparitions result from a diseased imagination, or may be caused by the devil. Such visions the church condemns unhesitatingly."

"The Church does right," said Thomas, "and it would be a good thing if many pious people—yes, and some priests, too, would follow her example."

"Wait a moment and don't be so rash in your conclusions," said the priest. "Let us proceed farther. There are what we might call talented visions, that is to say, apparitions made to persons whose virtue and sanctity strengthen the credibility of the revelations which these holy men and women claim to have had. The Church simply examines to see if these alleged visions contain anything contrary to faith and morals. If they do not, then she troubles herself no more about them, and we are at liberty to believe or not believe them."

"That is a very wise way of proceeding," interrupted Thomas. "I am sure many pious devotees here had their origin in the visions of this or that holy person."

"Very true," said Father V—, "but allow me to proceed to the third class of visions. If you recite those mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, which are matters of faith, you will find them to be very few. I might also tell you that even when the Church acknowledges the truth of such a supernatural vision, she does not even then make it an article of faith, that is to say—a thing which must be believed under pain of damnation. The Church simply says in such cases that it would be temerity to not agree with her opinion, or to disrespect that which is worthy of reverence. That's reasonable enough, is it not, Mr. Thomas?"

"Yes, Father, but this doesn't concern the Scapular. I fear you have digressed."

"Not at all, my dear sir. I have just reached the main point. The institution of the Scapular of Mt. Carmel has its origin in a vision of the last kind which I spoke of. The Church has searchingly enquired into the truth of this apparition, and has found it worthy of credence. She gave ex-

pression to her opinion in the matter by causing a feast to be celebrated on July 16th each year, in commemoration of the vision vouchsafed to St. Simon Stock by the Blessed Virgin. (The writer begs to remark that only last year we had another instance of this when the Church instituted the Feast of the Apparition of the Miraculous Medal.) Furthermore, for the past six hundred years millions of Catholics, including kings and princes, popes, bishops, priests and laity, have worn the Brown Scapular. These persons were not devoid of sense. They were able to judge the genuine from the spurious. They wore the Scapular with confidence in Mary's aid, and they considered it a privilege to wear her peculiar badge. This would not have been the case if the devotion was founded on a myth. More than this, do you think God would allow a superstitious practice to flourish so many years in His church? "

TO BE CONTINUED.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel,
Hear my cry;
In trouble and in sorrow,
Be thou nigh.

II.

When I doubt and lose my faith,
Be thou near;
To strengthen and console me,
And to cheer.

III.

From evil and temptation,
Keep me free;
Be my advocate and guide,
Pray for me!

LET the eye contemplate Jesus smiling sweetly on Mary.—ST. ANSELM.

ALL power has been given to Mary in heaven and on earth.—ST. BERNARD.

ALL education must be moral first, intellectual secondarily. Intellectual before—much more without—moral education is in completeness impossible, and in accomplishment a calamity.—RUSKIN.

Our Irish Correspondence.

Miraculous Escape of an Irish Bishop in the Penal Days.

For the Carmelite Review.



BY A. C. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

ANY of your readers will be sorry to hear that the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, the saintly bishop of Ardagh, has, through age and infirmity, asked the Holy See to be allowed a coadjutor. He was for years professor and president of Allhallows College, later on rector of the Catholic University, Vicar General of Dublin, and Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise. He was consecrated by the present Great Pontiff, Leo XIII. He is a most learned, humble and holy bishop, a great friend of the Carmelites, and very much devoted to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. I am sure your readers will pray that God may prolong his days and give him every blessing. This bishop and diocese remind me of a wonderful and extraordinary miracle wrought through the intercession of our Lady of Loretto, and which is not generally known. It first came under my notice in reading an English version of the "Historia Lauretana," by Torsellino, published at London in 1698.

This holy house was guarded by the Carmelites for more than a thousand years in the East, and after it was miraculously translated into Europe it was committed to their care in 1499 by Innocent VIII. The famous Carmelite, Blessed John Baptist Spagnoli, was the superior and wrote its history to the year 1500.

The miraculous incident is as follows: Edmund, Bishop of Ardagh, went to Loretto to pay a double vow. He was driven into banishment from his See by that cruel woman, Queen Elizabeth. He went to Scotland with some of his trustworthy followers. In doing so he went into great danger. The Queen ordered the nobility to put him in prison. Knowing this, he set sail from Scotland and fell into greater danger. He fell into the hands of Admiral Drake on the feast of our Lady's nativity. One of his followers had a vision in his

sleep which gave them great hope. It was this: He seemed to fight naked with heretics in a great assembly of men, and being ashamed of his nakedness a lady of great beauty came and covered him with a cloak. He told this to the bishop. It was believed that the lady was none other than the Mother of God, by whose protection they should be defended. When the enemy approached, Edmund and his followers, seeing no means of escape, implored our Lady of Loretto to preserve them from danger, and that if they escaped from the hands of their enemies they would go to the holy house of Loretto, and give themselves to prayer for the space of three days. Their prayers and vows were heard. The captain of the ship was a heretic, but at that moment showed himself a friend of the Catholics. Seeing the ship of the enemy at hand, and believing it was the bishop and his companions whom they sought, he hid them in a most obscure place near the pump of the vessel. The ship was taken by the English and brought to England, and the servants of God lay eight days in their place of concealment, the chaplain bringing them secretly food each day. The Englishmen searched the vessel each day for eight days for the bishop of whose escape they had notice. At last they searched every place with candles, and even came to the place at the pump. The more they seemed to be in danger, the more the protection of our Lady seemed to be at hand. They found the priest who had the vision already mentioned, they brought him on deck and went in search of the others, but then they saw that the Almighty God protected the Catholics, for the priest escaped out of their hands and was never after found by them, and not being able to find the bishop, they gave up the search and allowed the vessel to go on its course. But on their way to France another danger befel them worse than the former. Another ship, by order of Elizabeth, sought Bishop Edmund for his destruction. They boarded the vessel, searched all the merchandise, and at last found the bishop. As they apprehended him, lo and behold! they were struck with blindness, and being frightened by the undoubted wrath of God, punishing them for their wickedness, they let the vessel go on its way, and by the help of our Lady it ar-

rived safely in harbor. Thus the bishop and his companions ran these terrible risks within eight or nine days. The bishop and his companions arrived at Loretto in 1586. These remarkable miracles were written down in the annals of Loretto by the bishop. This is the account given in this old book written a few years after the bishop's death.

On the death of Archbishop Creagh in the Tower of London, where he was imprisoned, and, it is believed, poisoned by the keepers, Bishop Edmund McGauran succeeded him to the Primatial See, and was killed in 1598 whilst hearing the confession of a wounded man. He was a great prelate and patriot.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE "Leaflets of Loretto," published by the pupils of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, Ont., have put on a new and elegant dress for Christmas. There is an air of refinement about this number, both as regards the exterior form as well as the excellent literary work, which gives great credit to the superior Catholic training imparted to the writers by the Nuns of Loretto Abbey.

THE "Young Eagle," winging its flight through the bright skies of contemporary literature, for a moment perched on the lofty heights of Mt. Carmel, and found itself at home there. Another proof of the nobility of this "young bird." The visits of this young eagle from the Northwest of a new world to the hoary old Mount, makes us forget our old age and helps to renew the vigor of our youth.

THE Confraternity of St. Gabriel, established for the spiritual aid and consolation of the sick, and of converts who suffer from the isolation which their change of faith brought about—publishes an annual record of its work. "Sursum Corda" is the title of this pretty annual which now appears for the third time. There is a well written short story, showing the practical results of the Confraternity's work in a particular case; there are also contributions by Miss Sara Trainer Smith, Miss Emma Forbes Cary, and others. Write to Mrs. Isabel

Whiteley, secretary, 3803 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa., for particulars concerning this excellent work of mercy, and inclose five cents in your letter for a copy of "Sursum Corda."

THE "Sacred Heart Review," of Boston, Mass., has been purchased, and is now published by the Review Publishing Co. The first number of the year shows a marked improvement. A new outside cover and four additional pages make it a twenty page weekly, at the low price of \$2.00 a year. This truly Catholic paper deserves success. It had come up to all the requirements of a religious weekly, and we could hardly imagine in what way it could be improved. A new department of foreign correspondence has been added, and distinguished writers are to furnish special editorial articles.

THE "New World," of Chicago, excels in its reviews of books and magazines. Lately it published a sound, though severe criticism on Marlon Crawford by Maurice F. Egan. As Carmelites we were deeply enchanted with the clear and unhesitating condemnation of "Casa Braecola," as Marlon Crawford in his needful attack on monastic life had singled out a Carmelite convent for his senseless fabrication, and a Carmelite Nun as the frail heroine. For Catholic readers of the century, this unmythical and christian condemnation of one who never was a genuine Catholic writer in spite of his eped, will serve as more than an antidote against the insidious poison of "Casa Braecola."

THE "Rosary" enters upon its sixth year, brighter and more prosperous looking than ever. From the pathetic little story by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, which forms the opening contribution, to the end of the Editorial Notes, there is not a dry page in the 112, which make up the monthly. There are two beautifully illustrated articles, one by Eliza Allen Starr, on the "Rosary in Art," and the other by Maurice F. Egan, on "The Church and the Stage." The whole number is superbly illustrated. Ittenbach's Holy Family, which forms the frontispiece, and Sassoferrato's Madonna of the Rosary,

which illustrates Eliza Allen Starr's article, are gems of art. Portraits of Augustine Daly, Mary Anderson and Ada Rehan, adorn Maurice F. Egan's sensible and sympathetic tribute to the last winner of the Lactare Medal. The "Boy in the Moon," contains two pretty specimens of clever artistic photography.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW cannot be indifferent about the welfare of "The New York Freeman's Journal," the creation of the great McMaster. Since his death, and the subsequent withdrawal of his able associate, M. F. Egan, the "Freeman's Journal" lost much of its old prestige. We were, therefore, more than delighted with the news that Father Lambert had been summoned to the editorial chair of McMaster's paper. We know that he is an able controversialist—the whole world has admired his victorious onslaught on Ingersoll—we also know that he is a clever journalist, for we have seen him at work on the "Catholic Times," of Philadelphia, and we have reason to believe that he will increase in vigor and Catholic championship, aided by the inspirations of the "Freeman's Journal" of the past. He knows how to wield the tomahawk, and he seems to have a bright array of well-sharpened axes. Those he brandishes against domestic foes might wisely be buried, but let him keep those intended for outside enemies, polished and trenchant.

THE "Popular Science Monthly," for January, opens with the second of a series of papers, illustrated with excellent star maps, which Garret P. Serviss contributes. He opens up many delightful vistas in the starry heavens for amateur astronomers, who are fortunate enough to possess telescopes of five, four, or three inches aperture. Mrs. H. M. Plunkett gives a history of sanitation in the United States for the past twenty-five years, containing statistics, which prove to evidence the consoling fact, that this branch of science—preventive medicine—is succeeding in its endeavor to stamp out contagious diseases. "Ethics in National Law," is the title of an essay by Dr. Lewis G. James, in which he criticizes Prof. Huxley's famous

Romanes address at Oxford, from the evolutionary point of view. Prof. Huxley says that "the ethical progress of society depends, not in imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it." Dr. James says this is not consistent evolutionism. He asks, "If that in us which is to oppose and correct the cosmic process, is not in itself a product of the cosmic process, whence does it come?"

As an evolutionist, Prof. Huxley can hardly accept the dogma of special creation, and "no other refuge is left him from the logic of that conclusion which he has so persistently ignored." There are many other instructive papers in this number. There are also "Editor's Tables," and captions literary notices. The editor calls Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt's account of his marvelous interview with the Dalai Lama, of Tibet aged eight years, "food for the gullible."



It would be a mistake to suppose "The Catholic Reading Circle Review," on account of its title, to be merely a school paper: something a little better than an ordinary college journal, but far below the average magazine. Any intelligent reader of the January number will know better. It is an educational magazine, but then we all need education. And it teaches everything we ought to know, and, as a rule, don't know. "Walter Ledy," in the opening article on "Younger Catholic Writers," makes us acquainted with some of our living Catholic authors: that noble band of writers, who are at last, after three centuries of almost exclusively Protestant English literature, creating a genuine Catholic literature, equal, to say the least, to the models held up to us in school. Maurice F. Egan, one of the leading pioneers in this work, continues his beautiful sketches of women writers, and takes Lady Georgiana Fullerton as his subject for the present number. A lecture on the merits of Plattsburgh as a wholesome and health-giving educational resort, by the President of the Board of Health, of Yonkers, N. Y., Valentine Brown, M.D., is of special interest to those contemplating a visit to the next summer school. Rev.

John Thein continues his scholarly biblical studies on the Genealogical Days. Then follows a warm appreciative study of Adelaide Anne Proctor—a portrait of her ideal womanhood, of sweet song, and of her noble Catholic heart, by H. T. Goessmann. Rev. John T. Powers begins his study of the Middle Ages in this number. Chapter first treats of the Renaissance of Women. The study of Ancient Church History, by the Rev. Dr. Loughlin, consists mainly in furnishing the original sources from which history ought to be made. A most entertaining and interesting departure begins in this number, in a trip "through Merry England," by Anna E. Buchanan, under the general reading, "The Review Tourist Club." "Easy Paths to Bible Knowledge," by Rev. E. P. Graham, are so full of interesting facts and are so suggestive, that the study of the Bible is made most fascinating. And last, but not least, a new departure on Current History and Topics of the Day is begun in this number, in a most comprehensive and able manner, by Rev. Morgan M. Shedy. Then follow educational papers and news from Reading Circles. The number of pages has been increased to 96, making it one of the large monthlies of the day, without increasing the subscription of \$2.00. We have purposely dwelt at length on the contents of this number, to show our readers what a mine of interesting, elevating and instructive reading is open to them in the pages of "The Catholic Reading Circle Review," Youngstown Ohio.

If the way in which men express their thoughts is slipshod and mean, it will be very difficult for their thoughts themselves to escape being the same.

God help us! it is a foolish little thing this human life at best; and it is half ridiculous and half pitiful to see what importance we ascribe to its little ornaments and distinctions.—JEFFREY.

I know of no higher attribution that can be given to man than that of unselfishness and dutifulness, recognizing that the law of his being does not spring from himself, but comes to him from God.—ENSKINE.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
 PUBLISHED BY
 THE CARMELITE FATHERS
 IN HONOR OF
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
 AND IN THE INTEREST OF
 THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons,
 Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Arch-
 bishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, Feb., 1895. No. 2.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MANY of our readers are inquiring about the date of their subscriptions. We shall during this month send bills to all subscribers in arrears and enclose return envelopes. The easiest way to send us money is by money order, payable at NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

THERE are about 50 working men employed in cutting stone and preparing material for the Hospice building. As soon as the building season opens the building will be continued, and very probably completed before next winter.

ONE of our benefactors has made the Hospice the generous gift of a large stained glass window for the hall of the staircase. Those who contribute \$75 for one of the four large granite columns of the Cloister, or \$50 for one of the smaller columns of the doorway, are entitled to have their names cut into the base of the columns presented by them.

THE article on Father Hennepin, which will be published in next month's REVIEW, is, (with the articles which have already appeared) from the advance sheets of the "History of the Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula," which will be on the market in a few months. We acknowledge ourselves deeply indebted to the courteous and talented author of the "History of the Early Missions of Western Canada." Our readers will be pleased to learn that we will be able to publish next month an interesting chapter on Father Hennepin, LaSalle, and the Senecas.

SAVE all the pennies thrown away on sensational sheets and subscribe for a decent Catholic paper. You will thereby confer a great benefit on your families, and, moreover, give a helping hand to some struggling Catholic editor who is anxious to give you something worth reading. But he is handicapped, if your money goes into the pockets of those who court your patronage, but hate your religion.

WHAT a patent proof of the greatness and of the necessity of the Papacy was lately shown us when we beheld the military servants of a great republic and the princely messenger of the world's greatest autocrat, paying homage at the feet of Christ's vicar! Such was truly the case when the new Czar sent his felicitations to Pope Leo XIII, and the officers of the United States cruiser *Detroit* lately knelt in the halls of the Vatican.

NOR long ago, in walking through an empty church, it surprised us to see so many prayer-books lying in the pews. This is significant. Is it because people have no time to use the litanies and other beautiful prayers during the week? It is not an uncommon thing to see non-Catholics whilst wending their way to a chapel of ease carrying conspicuously their Bibles and, perhaps, a hymn-book in the bargain. Are Catholics too lazy to take their books home with them, or is it that they are ashamed of advertising their religion?

SINCE the awful year of '47 Ireland has hardly ever wholly escaped famine and its dread consequences. The present winter has seen misery enough in many a poor hut on the western portion of that unfortunate country. The children of St. Patrick, alas! seem fated to undergo an everlasting penance. But this does not dampen their spirits. You may crush, and continue to crush, the heart of Erin's sons and they will still remain the same cheerful and buoyant souls. In the olden days these down-trodden people were told to seek an asylum in Connaught or "some other place." To-day they have but two places whence they can expect aid—heaven or America—and big-hearted Americans will not be slow in answering the cry of distress.

THE British heart is so lacerated by the accounts of Japanese cruelties perpetrated on the poor Chinese at Port Arthur, that the British government has instructed Admiral Fremantle, commanding the British fleet in Chinese waters, to prevent, by force, if necessary, the Japanese squadron from ascending the Yang Tse Kiang river—otherwise these barbarians might finally equal the atrocities committed by the British on the poor Sepoys in India at the time of their mutiny. England cannot afford to be outdone in civilization.

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ONE of the days on which Mary is disposed to obtain favors for her children is on the Festival of Purification. The Blessed Carmelite, Mary of the Incarnation, the companion of St. Teresa, fell into a dangerous illness brought on by her unusually severe mortifications. She had fallen into unconsciousness, when the holy Mother of God appeared to her, and assured her that she would arise from her bed on the morrow, and so it happened. The next day, the feast of the Purification, the holy nun found her health restored, and was able to join the community in their procession to the church.

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THE bound volumes of the CARMELITE REVIEW for 1894 can be ordered now from us. We send them, postpaid, for \$1.50. The book is bound in brown cloth, with gilt title on cover, and makes a good sized volume of 296 pages. Those who have preserved the copies of every month can send them to us, at their expense, and we will have them bound and return the bound volumes, postpaid, for 50 cents. We can supply missing copies (except November) for 10 cents each. The volume, as our readers know, is worth preserving, as it contains complete information about the order and the Scapular and many valuable articles.

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A GENTLEMAN of an observing turn of mind was lately telling of some of his experiences. "Last week," he said, "I made the rounds of several houses occupied by Catholics, and was greatly struck by the incongruous placing of pictures. For instance, in one place I noticed on the walls, in the order named, 'The Virginia Reel,'

'Christ before Pilate,' 'Negro Wedding,' 'The Widow,' 'Bathing Scene,' 'Death of a Martyr,' 'Love's First Whispers,' and 'Mater Dolorosa.' There were other pictures, I am sorry to say, but I am ashamed to enumerate them, and doubly ashamed to say that they disgrace the walls of Catholic homes. What effect must this not have on the minds of the young and innocent! A terrible responsibility lies at someone's door. Plenty good and cheap religious pictures can be had at any Catholic book store."

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BETTING is rather out of place when something sacred is in question. So thought a friend of ours lately. We will call him "A." He contended that if he stood in the vestibule of a certain church, on a given Sunday, and there observed the incoming worshippers as they approached the holy-water font, that only fifty per cent of them would properly bless themselves, whilst the other half would perform a meaningless fillip. If he was wrong "A" was to recite five decades of the beads. If he was right "B" was to recite the beads. "A" won easily. He would doubtless be ten decades ahead if the question was also "How many genuflect properly?" The moral to this is that church-goers ought to act in such a way as to make these pious wagers impossible.

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IN a certain sense Mary's maternity did not stop on that cold December night eighteen hundred and ninety-four years ago. She is still the prolific Mother. Her spiritual offspring is never on the wane. New children are born to her daily, and, instead of swaddling clothes, she clothes them in a double garment. This is true of those who are invested in the holy Scapular, and more particularly so of the members of Mary's own order. When we recall the fact, that once again a privileged few received the religious habit of the Carmelite order last Christmas we have renewed causes of rejoicing. Such events give us reasons to salute Mary as "the joyful Mother of children." What more precious Christmas offering could be brought to the crib than the perpetual sacrifice of hearts that are still young and beating with filial devotion?

"The last time I went across the continent," said a traveling man the other day, "I witnessed a glorious sunset in the Pacific Ocean. It actually moved me to tears. Is there really anything more beautiful on God's earth?" Oh, yes, for instance, a soul in the state of grace. If this enthusiastic lover of nature so admired God's creation what must not be the beauty of things in the spiritual world! "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork," sings the psalmist, but what grandeur awaits us beyond the skies! We remember into what transports of ecstasy our own St. Teresa fell when for a moment she beheld but the hand of our Lord's glorified humanity, "No eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard," says St. Paul, Let us not lose all this future glory for a moment's indulgence in sinful pleasure.

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"Don't abandon us!" was the signal of a recently disabled ocean steamer to another ship, when the cable connecting the two had snapped asunder. But it was an unheeded signal. "It was cruel," remarked one of the passengers. That is just about the way we often treat our fellow-travelers in this sea of life. As soon as life's cord is broken, we often forget our dearest friends. They are left to suffer in the depths of purgatory, and we pay no heed to them when they cry, "Don't abandon us!" It is cruel on our part. As an illustration of the growing indifference to our departed ones, we lately came across an up-to-date "Book of Etiquette,"—and the same had been put into the hands of Catholic youths. Here is one of the rules laid down therein: "Never waste much of your time thinking about the dead, they do not need your services!" This might be one of the causes of polite society. It is not Catholic teaching.

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Last month some person announced to some Bohemian peasants that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him in the forests near Prague. It was only a deception. But many of these simple people went out to verify the rumor with their own eyes. When a crowd had gathered some ill-disposed scoffers precipitated a fight. And now some of the papers are moralizing on

the event, bringing it up as a result of ignorance and superstition. These people are not so easily deceived. Their keen instinct of faith easily enables them to distinguish true from false apparitions. They are as a rule more free from superstitious belief than many of our enlightened ?-infidels, whose superstitious notions border on the ridiculous, as daily experience so often proves. The judgment of the faithful is guided by the Church, whose long experience enables her at once to point out what is spurious. It does not follow from all this that every apparition is a delusion and a snare. On the contrary, so many things go to prove the genuineness of some supernatural visions that none but a fool or his equivalent—an infidel—would endeavor to disprove them.

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There is danger of many among our rising generation becoming exalted. Too many examples are coming to light, which make the assertion too true. Fancy a boy twelve years of age bragging himself because, as the papers put it, "he had had a disagreement with his father." Parents are making the whips which will scourge themselves. Children are taught to shun anything like sobbing, and before they reach their teens, with old heads on young shoulders, they begin to ask themselves "Is life worth living?" There is too much fear of hurting the feelings of children. Shame on such silly statements. Even school teachers who know better than the foolish parent crowd teaching, because the law takes corporal punishment out of their hands. We will reap the reward of throwing Solomon's advice to the four winds. Teach the boy to suffer soon as he can help, and when he has shed his piteous tears he will laugh at pain. Our hardy forefathers, who had not the luxuries of the modern school-room, but were content, while wrestling with "Lindley Murray," to sit all day on a shaky bench without a back, put us to shame. They took hardships as a matter of course, and were none the worse for it.

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"I CAN'T stand this world," was the valedictory of a New Jersey youth who lately sought an other world by the means of the ever-ready revolver. It is sad to hear

of young lives being so abruptly ended. But in some cases how can it be otherwise? Here was a boy who read everything, yellow-covered literature from Voltaire to Zola, and declared there was no consolation to be found in those writers. Who was to blame for this youth's untimely end? Assuredly his parents. He was his mother's pet, received the best possible public school education, but when a trial came it all availed nothing. The brain had received its food, not so the heart. Religious reading and instruction are the means to lighten the heart when crushed with trouble. Take away religion and the world looks dark, and we are anxious to get out of it. Give a boy every chance. Give him physical and intellectual culture. Make him a fighting accountant, a skilled engineer, an expert mechanic or a polished professional man and you may have an ideal man, but no christian. At some time in life we all feel as if "we cannot stand this world," but we must grin and bear it. Give children something to read in their young days which will be a true consolation in after years and the troubles of life will seem light. What sunshine needs on us if in hours of darkness we can bring to our minds some consoling verse of the Bible or A'Keemp's. Teach children self-denial when they are young, and when grown up they will be strong enough to stand the world and its concomitant miseries.

After the death of Sir John Thompson, a Scampar, a Rosary and a Crucifix were found on his dead body. A man, so genuinely great in all things, was equally great in faith.

The admirable funeral sermon, preached by Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, over the remains of the late Premier, does full justice to the various causes which contributed to his greatness. In speaking of his faith, he says: "But there is another and a higher aspect of the life of the late Premier, which on an occasion and in a place of this kind, is deserving of serious consideration. Splendid as were his intellectual gifts and endowments of mind, of themselves they would never have enabled him to win and to retain the esteem and admiration of so many. It was the spiritual element in his nature which

developed and expanded his intellectual attainments, gave consistency to his actions, strength and vigor to his reason, and won the confidence of those with whom he had to deal. Material as is our age, and set though the hearts of the multitude may be on the good things of life, still men can admire and appreciate a line of action which is moulded by a standard more noble than any to which they dream of aspiring. The words of the book of Wisdom: 'Love justice, you that are judges of the earth, think of the Lord in goodness, and seek Him in simplicity of the heart,' had sunk early and deep into the heart of Sir John Thompson."

In speaking of his religious practices, the eloquent preacher continues: "Both in public and in private life, at all times and under all circumstances, he fulfilled with regularity and exactness, not merely the essential duties of his religion, but likewise many of those which a busy man might well be excused for thinking supererogatory. This faithful discharge of his religious duties brought him into close and close intercourse with his Creator, directing his mind from the low of material things, causing him to see the emptiness of worldly honor and applause, and making him realize that a good name is better than riches, and the fear of God preferable to the acquirement of unjust triumphs. How faithful he was to the practices of devotion which he deemed profitable to the soul, can be gathered in an unmistakable manner from what was found on him after death. Amongst other things were a small picture of his Saviour, a crucifix, and a set of Rosary Beads. Be it borne in mind that he could not have foreseen his death at Windsor Castle; consequently even his most bitter adversaries cannot accuse him of posing for the occasion. Such tokens of pious practices, of the utility of which we shall not here treat, but in which he fully believed, were ever on his person. He had gone to Windsor Castle at the command of his earthly sovereign; whilst bending the knee to her and swearing fidelity to her throne with a heart filled with a spirit of true loyalty, he wore, pressed to that same heart, the image of his heavenly King, both as a reminder of the homage which he owed Him, and as a consecration of the service of his soul to the eternal King. He

was to dine with the Queen, and then to remain for the night in her historic castle. He would offer to her every sign of respectful allegiance and ready service. But when he should have retired from her presence, he was prepared to salute the Queen of Heaven, and to commend himself to her care by devoutly reciting the beads in her honor. Have we not here a striking example of the fulfillment of the command: 'Fear God and honor the King.' The thoughtless may smile at such trifles being found on the person of a great public man; we maintain that without them he would have been shorn of half his greatness."

NEW BOOKS.

How DIFFERENT reality is from fiction! Marion Crawford, in "Casa Braccio," gives a false description of a fictitious convent, and a worse than false presentment of a nun. In "*A Story of Courage*," written by George Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, we find the true history of a famous convent of this nineteenth century on American soil. Compare the two. One is a lie, the other the truth. One is evolved from the brain of a novelist, who, in his otherwise clever essay on "The Novel," maintains that there is no higher feeling of the human breast fit for the pen of a writer of fiction, than *human love*! The other is written by two gifted authors, who manifest their own grasp of the supernatural in their warm and enthusiastic admiration of the ways of divine love, and the sublime lives of the "Spouses of Christ." They have taken up the annals of the Georgetown convent of the Visitation from the Manuscript Records, and invested them with all the charms of an exquisite style; thus rendering the record of the inherent beauty of these hidden lives more palatable to the critical outsider, who might never have thought a "nun" worth a second thought. Nor do they seek to hide, or apologize for the marvelous and evidently miraculous happenings in the history of these favored religious. They calmly face them, and give the reason for the faith that is within them. Every Protestant in the country ought to read the second chapter of this book, "Introduction to the Convent," and remember, that the eyes, which saw all

this, and the pens which describe it, were once the eyes and pens of Protestants.

The opening chapter, "On the Threshold," is a short one; the shortest one in the book, but it is one of the most eloquent tributes to monastic life ever penned. We need not dwell upon the story itself, nor on the introductory life sketches of St. Francis of Sales, and St. Jane of Chantal. We merely assure our readers, that in the whole range of fiction they will not encounter anything more fascinating than this true history, written not in the dry, statistical manner of the historiographer, but with all the beauty of style and charm of description of the highest class of modern literature. It is a handsomely printed volume, gilt top, of 380 pages, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park street, Boston. The book is illustrated with pictures of the interior and exterior of the convent, and with portraits of persons connected with its history.

"*Hints on Preaching*," by Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor, is a small book in size, but it is as full of valuable rules for the delivery of sermons, as an egg is full of meat. Archbishop Ryan, who certainly can be considered an authority on the subject, in his letter of approbation, says: "What Talleyrand said to a young author, 'that in his book there were many things new, and many things good, but the good things were not new, and the new things were not good,' I can reverse in relation to your '*Hints on Preaching*.'" Starting with the fundamental law of vocal delivery, the author successively treats of "The Natural Manner," "Cultivation of the Voice," "The Style of a Sermon," "Gesture," "The Public Reading of Devotions," and "Hints for Daily Improvement." Under each heading, in the most practical and sensible way, he gives information which might be looked for in vain in more elaborate works. It is a book, which ought to be made a hand-book, not to be read once, but again and again. Any public speaker can, if he closely follows these hints, reach the utmost perfection of delivery of which he is capable. The book is well printed and bound. It is published by Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, Pa., at the net price of 50 cents.

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

CARMEL IN INDIA.

Very Rev. and Dear Father:

OUR very kind letter reached me in due time. I feel very happy indeed to have become acquainted with our affectionate brothers in such a distant country. Our congregation commenced in 1825 with two secular priests, successive secretaries to the Bishops of Verapoly, as founders. They were most renowned for their sanctity among the native priests of Chaldean Rite. It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that the bishop, who encouraged them and helped them to begin their work, was Dr. Maurellius, a Calced Carmelite, then Vicar Apostolic of Verapoly. He was present when the cornerstone for the Mother house at Mannanam was blessed in 1831, but as his lordship was unwell the ceremony was performed by Rev. Thomas Porukasa, one of the above mentioned priests. The other was Rev. Thomas Palaquel, malpan or rector of the then principal seminary for the ecclesiastical students at Pallipuram. The person destined by God to crown the work was Rev. Cyriac Charvara, one of the disciples of Fr. Palaquel, afterwards the first Prior General of the congregation and Vicar General of Archbishop Bernardinus, of Verapoly. Up to 1855 several of the principal priests of the vicariate joined them and were leading a community life with rigorous fasting, prayers, penances, etc. They had not a prescribed rule of life up to 1855, when Dr. Bernardinus, of St. Teresa, Discalced Carmelite, Archbishop and Vicar Apostolic of Malabar (Verapoly), the great reformer of the vast vicariate, much pleased with them, gave them the rule of the Carmelites and some constitutions, and the name of "Servants of Blessed Virgin Mary Immaculate of Mount Carmel." This worthy patron of our congregation was as a beloved father to us. He gave us his heart and body, which he devoted to the welfare of our congregation. He spent all his leisure time amongst our novices, conducting himself with us, not as an archbishop, but rather as a loving father of a family. The two beginners had

gone to their reward rich in merits before that date. The first fathers under the rule, eleven in number, made their profession on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8th, 1855. Their only outward difference from the secular clergy was a Brown Scapular inside the vest, the skin girdle, and the use of sandals at the celebration of Mass up to 1885. Fr. Cyriac Charvara (Fr. Cyriac of St. Elias) was appointed Prior. They were invested with a white Scapular, Dec. 25th, 1859. In the year 1860 the congregation was approved by the Superior General of the Discalced Carmelites as the Third Order of them. After some years, in May, 1868, the capuce was also given, made of white cloth. Rev. Fr. Marcellinus of St. Teresa, Discalced Carmelite, Missionary Apostolic, afterwards Coadutor Bishop of Verapoly, taught them all religious customs from the year 1855, before which time religious community life was unknown in India. Rev. Fr. Leopold of St. Joseph, Discalced Carmelite, Missionary Apostolic, was afterwards appointed the first Novice Master, then Delegate Superior of the congregation under the archbishop. Fr. Leopold regulated everything; he translated the constitutions of the Carmelites into Malayalam in a brief and modified form, and with the assistance of the prudent and able Fr. Cyriac of St. Elias, he educated the novices according to the rule and spirit of the Discalced Carmelite Order. In 1665 religious life among women was instituted, and the exercises were carried out according to the rules of St. Teresa. Prior to that date convent life was unknown in Malabar. Our congregation is the first and even yet the only one in all India for religious fathers. The principal duty of the congregation was the education of seminarians for the priesthood, and giving missions in churches and retreats to secular priests in our convent. In 1877 a council of the congregation was held at Cooneman, at that time the novices of the congregation, in which the constitutions of the Order, taken from those of the Discalced Carmelites, were arranged according to the condition of the country, and then sent to Rome for approval. The approval was given by the Holy See in 1885, and confirmed for six years for trial. The principal changes were as follows: Election of

Superiors and the office of Prior for large convents, and of a Vicar for the smaller ones. Previously only one Prior General under the Bishop, and the Vicars, who were appointed by the Vicar Apostolic in the general chapter of the congregation every third year, ruled the congregation. On Sundays and festivals the use of flesh meat was permitted. Hitherto strict total abstinence from flesh meat had been observed. Rules for the government of the Order were also determined upon. The use of shoes during ecclesiastical functions was also commanded, instead of sandals, which had always been worn before. The first Prior General, Very Rev. Fr. Cyrine of St. Elias, Vicar General of the Vicar Apostolic, went to his reward full of merits on Jan. 3rd, 1870. Very Rev. Fr. Cyrine of St. Eliseus, succeeded him. When the constitutions were approved by the Holy See with the above changes made by the Carmelite missionaries of Verapoly, he was appointed Delegate Superior of the congregation under the Vicar Apostolic, the principal Superior. As the St. Thomas' Christians were separated from the Carmelite mission at Verapoly in 1857, and two new vicariates—Koltayam and Trichoor—were established for the said nation of Chaldean Rite of Malabar, the Holy See, by a decree of December 15th, 1881, appointed Mgr. Andrew Aluni, Archbishop of Acri and Apostolic Delegate in the East Indies, now Apostolic Nuncio at Munich, as Superior General of the Carmelites of this rite in both new vicariates. His excellency visited all the convents of the congregation in 1880, as the term of two years, for the space of which the constitutions were confirmed, was then completed. The Superior General appointed the four oldest fathers in the congregation to note what things were most necessary to be inserted in the constitutions. When this had been done he instructed his delegate, Fr. Joseph of St. John of the Cross, to convocate a general chapter to the novitiate at Amplakal, where the notes of these fathers might be considered. All the superiors of the convents in Koltayam and Trichoor, together with one socius for each, took part in this chapter. The result of their consultation was sent by his excellency to Rome, and the constitutions were, with some changes, re-confirmed June 1st, 1883, for the next six

years. The following are the principal changes: The Prior General and four Definitors General are to be elected from the congregation every third year. Some articles, as the expulsion of a religious, and the selection of the place for the novitiate, are to be carried out only with the consent of the Delegate Apostolic in India, and when the votes for the election of the Prior General do not agree, the matter is to be referred to his decision. Some articles are also to be carried out depending upon the consent of the local bishop. The blue cape was added to our habits, in commemoration of the establishment of the congregation under the title of "Servants of Mary Immaculate of Mount Carmel." The title was afterwards changed to "Third Order of the Discalced Carmelites." The color and material of the garments were changed to be woollen material of a dark brown or Carmelite color. At the request of our congregation, the Very Rev. Bernard of Jesus, Discalced Carmelite Missionary Apostolic, a Standard, was appointed Prior General of the Order by a special decree of July, 1891. We have at present 630 proficients, two clerical servants, and four branch houses, 57 professed fathers, five professed students of theology, 17 novices in minor orders, 15 professed and 19 novices lay brothers. Since the establishment of the congregation 19 professed and two novice fathers, six novices in minor orders and four lay brothers have ended their lives by a happy death. During these 19 years our poor congregation, the only one in all India, sustained many vicissitudes and great trials, but the merciful God preserved it and brought it to the present prosperous state, through the intercession of our dear Lady of Mount Carmel and the prayers of St. Thomas, the Apostle, and our Holy Patriarch, St. Joseph, on whose powerful patronage the congregation always depends.

Of the first eleven fathers who made their profession, December 8th, 1855, three fathers are now living, also one lay brother, aged 91 years. Of the three surviving fathers, Fr. Alexander of St. Joseph, is a great missionary, appointed by the Holy See a Missionary Apostolic for his great labors. He is known everywhere, and he, too, knows all the Christians exactly. He has visited almost all the churches in Verapoly, Quilon and Cochín dioceses, as well as Koltayam

and Trichoor vicariates. In several of these places he has given retreats, and he is continually occupied in giving missions, preaching and hearing confessions. It was he who first propagated the devotion of the Sacred heart, and he is even now local director of the Apostleship of Prayer.

Our Carmelite nuns are under the jurisdiction of the local bishops. Their rules are as yet not confirmed by the Holy See. Whilst our rule is the same as that given by St. Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, the nuns are taught the strict rules of St. Teresa and they have strict enclosure. One of their convents in Mutholy is very near our monastery and was built by us. A secular priest is their confessor. Their lives are very virtuous.

Now, dear reverend father, if God permits, I intend to send you, from time to time, some particulars about this country, especially things of interest to the order. Asking your reverence not to forget me in your holy prayers and craving your fatherly blessing.

Yours most obediently,

FR. STEPHEN OF ST. THOMAS,

D. C. T. O.

More Wearers of Our Lady's Livery.

Names have been received for registration by Superior Rosemary Ann Farrell, O. S. U., 147½ Abingdon Chapel, N. S.; St. Patrick's Church, Cuba, N. Y.; St. Thomas' Church, Red Creek, N. Y.; St. Columban's Church, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; St. Marilla's Church, Whitefield, Ind.; West. Kas.; St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Watertown, N. Y.; Walkersville, Ont.; Cahab, Mo.

At Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., from the following: Palmyra, Martin Co., Mo.; Louisville, Ky.; St. Peter's Church; St. Paul's Congregation, Bloomer, Wis.; North Ridgeville, O.; Columbus, Ohio; Rev. B. Murphy; Ridgely, Maryland; Beaver Dam, Wis.; St. Peter's Congregation; Columbus Hospital; Immaculate Conception Church, Trenton, N. J.; Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Mary's Church, Milford, Ct.; St. Alphonsus' Church, Murrinsville, Butler Co., Pa.; Madelia, Minn.; St. Michael's Church, Buffalo; St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill.; Holy Family Church, Chicago, Ill.; Alverno, Manitowoc Co.; Holy Cross Church, Columbus, Ohio.; St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, Ohio.; St. Stanislaus Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Joseph's Cathedral, Columbus, Ohio.; St. Nicolaus' Rectory, Zanesville, Ohio; Notre Dame, Cleveland, Ohio.

Twilight Talks.

WRITTEN FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW BY
MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.



THE Star of Bethlehem has set, and the day of the Purification brings us with the Christ Child and His Mother into a new atmosphere, very foreign to the forty days 'twixt the Nativity and the Presentation in the Temple. Peace, the heritage of Bethlehem, had hovered around the new born Babe and His fair, young Mother, as she pressed Him to her bosom in all the raptures of a mother's love. He was all her own—her very own. No shadow had as yet fallen on her or hers. 'Twas as if Eden had been renewed on earth, the days of perfect repose ere sin had cast its shadow on the new creation fresh from the hand of God. But now, strange flutterings of a frightened bird came over her, as with ready obedience to the law she wends her way to the Temple. There is something quite incomprehensible in the devotion which our blessed Lady had to the Temple of Jerusalem. One would think, that living as she did, in the close presence of the Incarnate God, gazing on Him with more than all the united ardors of the saints, as with eyes transfixed they gazed on Him beneath the Eucharistic veils, folding Him to her breast in a union nearer and dearer than that of the most fervent communicant, that she would have no yearnings for the Temple, vast and grand and imposing as it was. And yet we are told that it was one of the sorrows of the exile into Egypt, its isolation from the Temple courts. Why was this? So imbued was she with His spirit so full of His interests, hidden king of men as He was, that the most insignificant ceremonial was to her as a part of the momentous whole in this centre of the Hebrew nation, this sanctuary around which clustered the memories of her people, their hopes, their desires, their glory and their pride. So we see her going to the Temple gate as a simple mother in Israel. Unseen angels

through around her, as with radiant face and quickened step she bears her precious burden. Now and then she turns her beautiful eyes from the magnet of her soul upon the gracious face of her holy spouse beside her. The meek, patient, silent St. Joseph, favored depository of the secrets of the Most High, chosen minister of the divine decrees. How we marvel at his silence—fitting companion of her who "kept all things in her heart." With an admirable simplicity, "the highest grace and the last attained," they bear with them the timid nestling dove's exquisite figure of Him who shall ever accompany the word made flesh. How beautiful this picture to the eyes of our souls, and how utterly inadequate do we find our feeble words, when we come to phrase the thoughts which well up in our hearts as we think of this joyous mystery. Strange are the ways of God, and inscrutable to mere human eyes His dealings with His own. Mary, with the old time humility which drew Him to take up His abode in her ivory palace, where He fed among the lilies, now presents herself to the aged priest of God, venerable in his patient waiting for the desired of nations. The light of life flickers dimly in his eyes, that have long been straining for the sight of Him who would come from the everlasting hills. And now as the modest trio ascends the Temple steps, the heart of the prophet priest is strangely stirred within him. His pulse is quickened, the vigor of youth reanimates his feeble frame, and with a mighty triumph his soul leaps out from his lips in the words of prophecy. Again he changes as he holds the wondrous Infant within his arms. Sweet, and soft, and low as a lute touched by some gentle hand, is his voice as he murmurs his "Nunc dimittis!" Oh! how tremulous are his lips as with a daring reverence and an awe stricken love he presses them to those of Him who will soon be his Judge. But oh! what of her who gave Him into the arms of Holy Simeon? How will the Eternal Father reward this faithful fulfillment of the law in the Child and the Mother? What fresh streams of joy will flood her soul as He comes back to her warm embrace, in all the beauty of His winning infancy? Her eyes see only Him, but oh! her ears are listening and she hears

the minor chord that Simeon sings after his canticle of liberation.

Like an icy wind from the frozen north it sweeps over her soul. "Thine own soul a sword shall pierce," and instinctively she presses her Babe to her bosom as if her first thought had been the fear of losing Him.

What other sword could pierce her soul? Here is the lesson of the first dolor of Mary. When God sends sorrow, press closer to Him, "Even though He slay me, Still will I trust in Him." The Lenten days will soon be upon us. The twilight of the Church. The days of search lights into the grey mists of the soul. The days of darkness that precede the perfect day. What shall we do in the twilights on Lenten days? Sit at the feet of Mater Dolorosa and learn the lesson of her first dolor. In it she appeals to us with a tenderness and a pathos greater even than in succeeding ones. She was so young, so fair, so sinless, and yet the dark waters submerged her, and the night closed in upon her in a darkness compared to which ours is as the brightness of day. Young as she is, yet she will be as a tower of strength to us who lean on her in the days of desolation. Fair and sinless, yet will she be very near to us, because of a common sorrow. Sorrow knits hearts that joy would never reach. So will we spend the Lenten twilights with the beloved Mother of Sorrows, and implore her with our eyes, if our tongues be mute to teach us how to keep close to God even when He tries us.

"Abide with me, fast falls the even tide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide,
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh! abide with me."

"And entering into the house they found the Child with Mary, His Mother." Such the joy that awaited the three kings. Such be ours if we bear in mind the monition.

"The Child, with Mary, His Mother. Let them not be separated, then if sorrow come, as come it must, we will bear it no ill-will, because 'twill be but the shadow wherein the Child and His Mother ever walked. Who would not be with them in the shadow, rather than in the glare of the hard, cold world?"

Grateful shade, no matter whence it fall, if it but give us the peace of heart which we so wistfully seek.

We will find it even in Egypt with the Holy Family.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Mary Angela Spellissy.

I. - A SCAPULAR.

CONTINUED.



HAT broth has put new life into me. Miss Judith, how comes it you are so kind to a good-for-nothing like me?"

"Well, Mr. Craig, it's only neighborly, but it *is* true that I do feel very kindly to you. I chanced to hear that you were very determined about having your child christened last spring and when I found you were ailing I was very much concerned. I know that our men are oftener weak than wicked."

"That's a true word, Miss Judith. When Mrs. Baizley brought me that Scapular you could have knocked me down with a feather. I was invested with the Scapular when I made my first communion and my mother always gave me a new one as the old wore out. She died a year ago, and I clung to the Scapular she gave me last. I was very sick last month, after a spree, and when I got better I found my Scapular was gone. I suspected that my mother-in-law had done something with it, but I knew her better than to ask her for it: I suspected that she knew I missed it. When she brought me your message I was very much astonished. The first Scapular that I ever wore, you gave. I was in your first communion class, and I always remember how earnestly you told us never to lay it off and that, in wearing it, we announced ourselves as the children of the Blessed Virgin and that she would protect us. When I began to drink I often thought I would tear it off me. I felt myself a hypocrite, but the thought that she is the 'refuge of sinners' and I needed her prayers, stayed my hand and I held on to it because of my mother, and respect for the Virgin Mother."

"Blessed be God, Craig, His mercies are

wonderful. How long since your last confession?"

"Well, I haven't been since I was married, that's four years ago."

"God is very good to you, and I see you are not ungrateful. I'll tell you what to do. There will be fewer at confession this afternoon because so many went for yesterday, the first Friday. Take the car and go down to St. Andrew's, tell the priest that you are a sick man, and that you wish to make a beginning. Remember there is more joy in heaven over the sinner that doth penance, than over ninety-nine just that need not penance. It is now two o'clock and you can be at home before sun-down; there is a little car-fare."

Craig would have declined the crisp note that Miss Judith pressed into his hand, but she cut him short with:

"Have sense, man, I know how sickness runs away with money. I don't forget the joy I felt one day, when lying ill, I found the five dollar bill some good soul had put between the leaves of my prayer book."

Pious aspirations for Craig bubbled from Miss Judith's lips as she waited on her customers, who came and went, until at eleven o'clock she closed the shutters she had opened at seven in the morning.

Midnight surprised her on her knees mingling her petitions with grateful thanks for "the sheep that was lost and is found."

Tuesday brought Mrs. Baizley.

"Craig had another hemorrhage Monday morning, and Mrs. Craig asked Miss Judith to come over."

Kitty was hastily despatched for the priest, and Miss Judith, carrying the basket sacred to such occasions, was soon in the sick chamber. To arrange a neat altar was the work of a very few minutes. The necessary articles stood ever ready in Miss Judith's room, and in her neighborhood were often in demand. Loving hearts kept Miss Judith supplied with the loveliest flowers. The donors knew well that Christ or His poor would be their destination. To the sick their fragrant beauty were promises of paradise. A bunch of rare roses lay beneath the crucifix. In a half hour the Sacred heart of Jesus lay lovingly within the sick man's breast, "and there was a great peace."

Extreme Unction was administered and the invalid left to repose. When Miss Judith

called next morning she was sadly disappointed to find that Craig was wonderfully better.

"Dear Lord," she muttered, "why didn't you take him? Don't let him live to wallow in the mire again." It was well that she knew not then, that nine months heroic suffering were in store for her friend.

"Did you get to confession that Saturday, Mr. Craig?"

"Indeed I did, and to a saint; he was not a bit cross. I had little left to tell the priest when you brought him that day."

As soon as Craig got about, he closed his saloon. Miss Judith was a staunch supporter in this resolve, although it appeared to invite starvation.

A chance remark discovered to her the relationship between the dying man and a wealthy family in a remote part of the city.

To her note came a speedy response, in the arrival of his aunt and a cousin. A handsome carriage brought them to her door; the pompous footman attracted the admiration of the neighborhood during the conversation that ensued in the little back room.

Miss Judith's simple statement of the situation was met by mother and daughter very coldly. "Really, Miss Judith, I don't see what we can do. Of course, if a ten dollar bill will be of use, you are welcome to it."

"I think, Mrs. Craig, that the sick man was named for your husband?"

"Yes, but the two brothers saw little of each other after they grew up."

Miss Judith's toe began to prance nervously, but she reined it in and clutched her hands deep down in her pocket.

The next question was put very quietly.

"Was your brother-in-law named David?"

"Yes, he was much older than my husband."

"Quite true, Mrs. Craig, you see I knew David Craig when he saved all his earnings to pay for his little brother's schooling. Alexander was a handsome boy, and the girls thought him very fine, but I always cared more for David; his devotion to his brother was his one weakness. Alexander wanted to go to college, so Davie worked hard and saved every penny to educate his brother. Alec graduated at the end of four years and got a situation, thanks to the

respect everyone had for Davie. Very soon Davie's ignorance became too much for Alec, who could not tolerate anything unrefined. Davie's clothes were not as elegant as Alec's unpaid for suit, and so the two brothers drifted apart. They are both dead now. Alec became very rich, but he was always in my eyes a poor man. No penny of his ever went to Davie."

Mrs. Alexander Craig had changed color many times during Miss Judith's remarks, which were uttered in a soothing tone. At first the widow tried to give Miss Judith a hint to be silent, but the speaker persisted in looking down.

Miss Edith Craig looked from one to the other.

"You must have known them very well, Miss Judith?"

"Yes, dear, we were neighbors' children."

"And happy children, Judith," said Mrs. Craig. "I do not forget the old days, and many a time since my husband's death my heart has cried out for just such love as that of the old friends. Davie's son shall be attended to."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Margaret. Everyone is known and when the poor fellow dies, as he will very soon, it would be a sorry story if his own people knew nothing of him or his sufferings."

"Could you not spare me that, Judith?"

"No, Margaret," retorted Judith severely, "you know you always had a poor memory."

"My dear Edith," said Judith, "your mother and I have had many a tilt before to-day."

"And will have many another," replied Mrs. Craig. "I am coming to see you often and make better use of your lesson than in the olden times."

The dying man never knew how his aunt discovered him; his last days were made easy by the knowledge that he was not leaving his wife and child without friends. Faithful to the end, his piety was most edifying to Mrs. Raizley, who began to question Miss Judith of many things that came to her knowledge for the first time. In referring to the Scapular, Miss Judith read to the non-Catholic a part of the formula used in the admission of candidates.

How sweetly the words fell upon the ear of the sick man. "Almighty God, the

creator of heaven and earth, bless thee, He who hath vouchsafed to call thee unto the Society and Confraternity of Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel; let us beseech her therefore, that in the hour of thy death she may bruise the head of the serpent, thine adversary, and that finally thou mayst attain unto the palm of victory, and the crown of inheritance everlasting through Christ our Lord. Amen!"

"Indeed, Alec, I did not know that your Scapular meant so much. I took yours away because I thought Catholics wore those things, and thought they dared be as wicked as they pleased, and that they would not be punished if they wore those little bags, and it made me mad."

"Indeed you have good reason to think so, Mrs. Bazley, I was but a sorry Catholic."

"The promise the Blessed Virgin made to the holy man to whom she gave this devotion, was that she would show favor to those who wore her Scapular *devoutly*," said Miss Judith. "Alec here wore his Scapular with reverence. He had his weaknesses, and, perhaps, God knows that his craving for liquor was part of his disease; he neglected his religion but never denied it. God has been good to him, and Alec has every reason to hope in God's mercy."

Alec's death was peaceful and Miss Judith said "God's time was a good time."

* * * * *

As I finished reading "the story of a Scapular" the sun shone out glorifying the sky, which the ocean reflected.

Laying down Aunt Hilda's manuscript I remembered her old friend Margaret MacLeod and was convinced that she had furnished the inspiration for the character of Miss Judith.

Peace to their souls.

OBITUARY.

In your charity pray for the souls of the following: James Hanrahan, who died early in December last at Niagara Falls, N. Y.; John Bourke, who died at London, Ont., November 26th, 1894; Timothy Mulcahy, who was killed by a fall at Chicago, Ill.; Miss Maggie Tray, who died at Worcester, Mass.; Timothy Coughlan, Sr., who died at Hastings, Ont., December 19th, 1894, aged 88 years. R. I. P.

The Jesuits and the Neutrals

BY VEVEE BIA, W. E. HAGREN,
CONTINUED.



THE Fathers learned that the Senecas, one of the Five Nations of the Iroquois, have a very different mode of government. Men and women conduct affairs alternately, so that it is now a man who governs them, but after

his death it will be a woman who, during her life, will rule in all things excepting what relates to war; and after the death of the woman, a man will again assume the direction of affairs.

Some old people told our Fathers that they knew of a certain Western Nation with whom they were often at war, who lived not far from the sea; that the inhabitants of the place fished for large shell-fish—a species of oyster from the shell of which are manufactured the pearls of this country. Here is how they describe their mode of fishing.

When the sea rises they wait near the places where these shell-fish abound, and when the violence of the waves throw them towards land, they jump into the water and seize all they can carry. They sometimes find them so large that it is all they can do to hold one. Many assert that only the young men who are virgins can capture this fish, and, if they be not so, the fish disappear. I vouch not for the truth of this. They state that these same people hunt certain aquatic animals, larger and quicker than the deer. The young braves enter the water to tempt this animal to follow them on to dry land, and when the pursuit becomes dangerous, the young men turn and throw down pieces of leather, old moccasins and the like, which, exciting the curiosity of the beast, detain and amuse it till the hunter gains time. This device is repeated every time the monster gains on them, till they arrive at a place where a number of hunters are in hiding, who rush out and finally destroy it. We have been told these stories of this strange land.*

* Evidently this alludes to the alligators of the Mississippi.

French traders have before now visited the country of the Neutrals, but we have not heard of any other priest than Rev. Father de la Roche Dullion, Recollect, who preached the gospel and passed the winter of 1626 among them. The French who were in the Neutral land at the time of his visit, returned, having heard that some of their companions in the remote places were roughly handled.

The above mentioned Father, who undertook this great journey, soon after his arrival among the Hurons, was not acquainted with their language, and, being without an interpreter, he endeavored to instruct those around him more by signs than by voice, as he himself related in one of his own printed letters. This ignorance of their language, joined to the lies which the Hurons, who feared to lose the profits of the trade they carried on with this people, circulated about him, prevented the Father from doing as much for the service of God as he desired.

Fourteen years after his return, two Fathers of our Society, who had charge of a Huron Mission, left St. Mary's November 2nd, 1640. When they arrived at St. Joseph's, or Tean Austajae, the last town of the Hurons, where they were to obtain provisions for the journey, and meet the guides, they learned that those who had promised to accompany them, failed to keep their word, so they had no other alternative than to address themselves to Heaven. After praying, Father Brebeuf met a young man who had no intention of making this journey. I do not know why the Father addressed himself to him, but he simply said: "Come with us and be our companion." This young man, without hesitating, followed them, and remained their faithful companion. Two of our Frenchmen went with them on their journey to assist them, and trade as merchants in the country, for, without this excuse, the doors of the cabins would have been closed against them, as, in fact, they afterwards were. They slept four nights in the woods, and on the fifth day arrived at the first town of the Neutral Nation, called Kandoncho, which they christened "All Saints."

As they knew something of the ill-will of these people, whose minds were poisoned with the lies and calumnies circulated

among them in other days, they deemed it prudent to wait upon the Chiefs and Elders of the tribe, present their offerings, and make known their intentions. For this reason, it was necessary to wait upon the Chief who conducted public affairs, and who was called *Tsohissien*. His town was in the middle of the country. To arrive there it was necessary to pass through other towns and villages, the doors of whose cabins were closed against the Fathers by reason of the fear which filled the people.

The name *Echon*, which is the Indian name of Father Brebeuf, was known everywhere as that of one of the most famous sorcerers or demons that they had ever heard of. The hope of a prosperous trade, however, at times pacified them, and it was owing to this expectation that the Fathers were hospitably entertained at the village of the principal Chief, where they were compelled to wait until spring for the return of the warrior who was on the war-path.

Our Fathers spoke to those who conducted affairs during his absence; made known to them their desire to preach the gospel in the country, and for this purpose wished to contract an alliance with them. In proof of the sincerity of their statement, they offered a wampum belt of 2,000 grains. The principal men, after consulting together, replied that they could not accept the gift before the return of their Chief, for, according to their custom, they would be compelled to offer gifts in return; but if we wished to wait until then, we were at liberty to do so, and give such instructions as we wished. Nothing, it would appear, could happen more opportunely, for it gave the missionaries time to converse with the older heads, and to soften the more angry spirits. But, before they began to preach, the Fathers deemed it prudent to retrace their path and escort their attendants out of the country, then return and begin their duties, which they did. But now that there was no longer a hope of barter, the Fathers were subjected to a renewal of the calumnies which had confronted them on their arrival.

The Hurons had already told these people that before *Echon* entered their country he publicly thus expressed himself: "I will remain so many years, during which

time I will cause the death of many, and then I will go elsewhere until I have brought about the destruction of the whole Nation." Others again said that after *Echon* had communicated a mortal disease to some of the Hurons, he left to make an alliance with the Senecas, one of the Iroquois tribes, sworn enemies of the Hurons, who dwelt but a day's march eastward from the Neutral town, *Oupiaudava*, which is also the name of the river. He said that when he met them, he would make them presents of wampum belts and arrows, and induce them to come and effect the ruin of this country.

Others were continually dinging into our ears that we should be on our guard, lest we be massacred, as was one of our Frenchmen who had undertaken a similar voyage, excited their jealousy and aroused a fear of losing trade. Others again said that when they had buried an excellent christian named Joseph Chivuatenua, *Echon* turned towards the country of the Senecas, who had killed him, and exclaimed aloud: "Senecas, it is all over with ye, ye are dead men," and soon after the Fathers faced towards their country and introduced disease which, in effect, was raging among them (the Senecas) during the stay of the missionaries in the Neutral Nation.

I am sure that from the day of the departure of the Fathers for the Neutral country, until their return, not a week passed that the Neutrals did not report their death. Yet I am of the opinion that, very often, these rumors were circulated by our own pagan Hurons, who, suspecting that some of their own friends might have killed the Fathers, wished to make strangers responsible for the deed.

Be that as it may, it is certain that a Huron named Aouenhokoui, nephew of one of our principle chiefs, went in company with another through several towns of the Neutral Nation when our Fathers were there, saying they were sent by their Chiefs and Elders with presents of axes, to warn the warriors to be on their guard and watch the French if they did not wish the ruin of their country, and, above all, to have nothing to do with our gifts. And these messengers of evil suggested that, in case the Neutrals refused to strike the blow, the Hurons had resolved to destroy the two upon their return, adding that the

design would already have been executed, only that all the Fathers were living together in the same house.

This man Aouenhokoui, having arrived on the same day with the missionaries at one of the villages, bestowed a thousand endearing caresses on them, inviting them at the same time to accompany him still further into the country, but they having other matters to attend to, left him to proceed alone. Afterwards, having heard of certain of his speeches and propositions, they took counsel with some of the members of the tribe, and asked what could have been the motive of Aouenhokoui in so strongly urging them to accompany him. The answer portended no good. This man, although the most dangerous, was by no means the boldest, for another, named Oentara, filled the ears of the people with lies and calumnies. He said that we harbored disease at our house, that our writings were symbols of sorcery, that we brought death to almost everyone in the Huron country, and that we had resolved to destroy all that still remained. He advised them furthermore to close the doors of their lodges against us, if they would prevent desolation coming upon the Nation. He was even bold enough to make his charges against the Fathers in their very presence, and in the hearing of the Elders of the country. However, though Father Brebeuf effectually refuted all his lies, the poison which was injected into the hearts of these poor savages was not easily neutralized, and they still held in mortal dread one whose name was so ominous of evil. Other Hurons, who arrived about this time, confirmed what had been said against us, and awakened much suspicion in the minds of the Chiefs and leading men of the tribe.

Now, although those very men refused to hold a consultation with us in the beginning, stating that they had no authority to act till *Tsohahissen*, their head Chief, returned, they now, after two months and a half, declared that they had the authority to act and to decide pressing affairs in the absence of *Tsohahissen*, adding that they considered our business of such an important nature as to call for immediate action.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARY, Immaculate Mother of Him who is without spot or stain. — ORIGEN.

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude cancelled postage stamps received from Ven. Srs. St. J., St. Louis, Mo.; Ven. U. Srs., Galveston, Tex.; E. K., Detroit, Mich.; Miss M. T., Haysville, Ont.; Ven. Sr. M. H. C., Toronto, Ont.; L. D., Port Dalhousie, Ont.; M. A., —; Miss A. M. N., Lisbon, N. Dak.; Ven. Sr., Harbor Grace, Nfld.; Miss S. X. B.; Mrs. S. J. W.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss N. O'B., Dedham, Mass.; Mrs. L. B.—, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. A. E. McB., Nauvoo, Ill.; Mrs. M. A. C., West Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. S. F. S., Beard, Ky.; P. P., Actonville, P. Que.; E. F., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Miss L. A. J., Petrolia, Ont.; Miss K. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss D. H., North Vernon, Ind.; Ven. Srs. G. S., Columbus, Ohio; D. O'B., Rossport, Ont.; Mrs. T. B., Edgar, Ont.; Miss M. C. O'H., Brookline, Mass.; Miss M. C., Englewood, N. J.; A. J. B., Manayunk, Pa.; Mrs. T. M., Basin of River Inhabitants, N. S.; Mrs. M. S., New Baltimore, Pa.; J. L. Paterson, N. J.; Miss M. F., St. Roch de Quebec, P. Que.; Mrs. A. M. C., Ann Arbor, Mich.; Miss M. E., Pittsburg, Pa.; Master E. S., Chicago, Ill.; K. C., Staffa, Ont.; Miss N. S., Deseronto, Ont.; Ven. Sr. B. O. S. B., Warren, Pa.; Miss D. B., Wallaceburg, Ont.; A. O'N., —?; M. T. McD., Harrison's Corners, Ont.; Miss M. T. K., Pomfret Centre, Conn.; Miss M. S., Findlay, Ohio; also from several other unknown sources.

Devotional articles and other favors have been sent to us by Ven. Srs. St. J., St. Louis, Mo.; Ven. Srs. D. C., New Orleans, La.

PETITIONS.

THE following intentions are recommended to the fervent prayers of our charitable readers: A friend troubled with brain disease; a brother who is addicted to drink; X. Y. Z. wants prayers for restoration to health for herself and sister and some special spiritual graces; that brothers may cease drinking and obtain steady work; that a mother may get the means to pay her debts; that a father may stop drinking; that an aunt may give up the same vice; for peace in the family; that news may be received of a brother who has been missing for 11 years; that T. B. may obtain employment and that his sister may recover the use of a limb; Mrs. M. E. P. asks prayers that she may be restored to health, or spared a little while longer until her child grows up; Mrs. M. C. asks prayers that her husband may obtain work; Anna M. asks prayers for a special intention and that a poor girl may obtain good work; K. A. W. asks prayers for a special intention; for a little son troubled with a running ear; for a safe delivery; for patience with children; Miss E. M. asks prayers that her insane

father may be restored or that God may call him to Himself, also that an abscess which troubles her sister may disappear; Miss B. C. asks prayers that her sister, who is inclined to be wild, may have a change of heart, also that her brother give up drink and become a good Catholic, and for herself, that her vocation may be made easy to attain; prayers are also asked for the speedy recovery of Mrs. M. O'D.; for several very particular intentions of J., Toronto, Ont.; for Mrs. J. O'G., Tralee, Ont.; Miss L. E. asks prayers for a cure of deafness in her mother; also for satisfactory settlement of a suit; prayers are asked also for the father of a family that he may give over drinking, get a good situation and attend to his religious duties; for three other men, that they may reform and get good situations and pay their debts; for a mother that her health may be restored; for a husband that he may fully recover from a nervous attack and succeed in his undertaking and lead a pious life; that a business transaction may be decided for the best; for peace in a family; R. B. asks prayers for a situation; fervent prayers are asked to obtain the grace for a friend to go to Communion, not later than Easter; prayers are asked for a young person to be cured from a nervous attack and become strong; for four men to obtain situations, pay their debts and go to their duty for the New Year; for a brother to persevere in his good resolutions; for a mother's health to be restored; that money stolen may be restored; for the prosperity of a young man in his profession.

Letter of Thanksgiving.

DEAR FATHERS:—According to a promise made to our good Mother of Mount Carmel that if she brought me safe through my sickness I would send five dollars to the building fund of the Hospice, I herewith enclose the five dollars with an earnest prayer for your success.—Mrs. M. C., —, Que.

THE rejection of the mysteries of Christianity will not eliminate the element of mystery from life.

EVERY fragment of human life will illuminate the teaching of the Bible, and no single race can exhaust it.

A MORAL downfall may be sudden at the last, but it is the result of habits long before implanted and fostered.

THE best preacher is the man who touches the heart and thus influences the life. No man can preach effectively what he does not himself feel.