



OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.



## THE CHILD OF CARMEL'S QUEEN.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



I.  
 HE knelt within the altar rail  
 Before our Lady's shrine;  
 The waxen tapers glimmered pale  
 About the Queen divine;  
 Whilst, (o'er the maiden bending down),  
 The priest with whisper'd prayer,  
 In Mary's livery of brown,  
 Vested her client fair.

II.

Long lingering near our Mother's throne,  
 She prayed and sighed unseen:  
 "O Mary! I am all thine own,  
 The child of Carmel's Queen!"  
 And thro' the night, with strange delight,  
 She touched that symbol blest,  
 Or shyly kiss'd the ribbons white  
 That held it on her breast.

III.

Ah! many a long and weary day  
 Has passed since that glad morn.  
 The holy priest sleeps 'neath the clay,  
 The girl is ag'd and worn;  
 But still she wears her livery brown,  
 Still sighs, (tho' changed her mien):  
 "O Mary! I am all thine own,  
 The child of Carmel's Queen!"

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**TO OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.**


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*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.



**S**OFTLY murmurs a mystical cadence  
 Of beautiful melody,  
 And it breathes like the zephyrs of Carmel,  
 Sweet thoughts, gentle Mother, of thee;  
 And oh! what a silvery radiance,  
 As fair as the evening star,  
 Shines forth through the clouds of my spirit  
 From shadowless skies afar.

II.

I lift up my eyes to its beauty,  
 It gladdens their longing gaze,  
 And I walk in the light of its beaming,  
 The path of its guiding rays;  
 'Tis the star gleam of Mary shining,  
 The gift of maternal love,  
 And it soothes all the pains of exile  
 With hope of the gladness above.

III.

As I gaze through the long past vista,  
 Of grace in the dear dead years,  
 There is ever a shrine of our Lady  
 Shining fair through a mist of tears;  
 She was there in the dawn of morning,  
 When the sky was of cloudless blue,  
 And e'en in the shadowy twilight,  
 So faithful and loving and true.

IV.

But now, O my Queen of Mt. Carmel,  
 I feel more than ever thine,  
 And around me in joy and sorrow  
 Thy love and compassion entwine;  
 When shadows of death gather round me,  
 Like twilight so dim and grey,  
 Shine forth, O thou star of my spirit,  
 Fair herald of golden day.

V.

And after this mournful exile,  
 Sweet Mother, the dearest, the best,  
 Show forth to my gaze thy Jesus,  
 Afar in His kingdom of rest;  
 There is joy for each day of mourning,  
 For suffering eternal balm,  
 When we gaze on the glorious vision  
 Of thee and of God and the Lamb.

In grateful remembrance of being made a "Child of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel."

MAY, 1895.

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 VI.

CONTINUED.



It will not be out of place to call attention to the motives which induced McMaster to render public charity to the Holy Father, to religious communities, and priests, etc. He knew that the charity which tends most to the public good, is the most meritorious in the sight of God. So whenever occasion presented itself for rendering public charity, he never hesitated to call on his readers to contribute.

Moreover, he knew that the Lord is merciful in various ways to us for the charity which we show even to the least of his brethren on earth. By saying "to the least of these my brethren," he gives us to understand that there is another class of his brethren who are great in his sight, and whom he loves most tenderly. Now, if God bestows such great blessings upon those who are charitable to the least of the brethren of Jesus Christ, how much more abundantly will he not bestow his blessings upon those who are charitable to his great friends! Those who show themselves very charitable to the friends of God, to the pastors of souls, to missionary and religious priests, and in general to all those who have consecrated themselves for ever to the service of God and their neighbor, shall be blessed in a still more extraordinary manner. The Holy Ghost calls our particular attention to this great truth when He says in Holy Scripture (Eccles. xii. 1, 2.): "If thou do good, know to whom thou doest it, and there shall be much thanks for thy good deeds. Do good to the just, and thou shalt find great recompense; and if not of him, assuredly of the Lord." To the just, especially to those of them who

are eminently so, may be applied what the angel of the Lord said of John the Baptist, namely, that "he was great before God." (Luke i. 15.) The reason of this is, because Jesus Christ lives in the just by His grace. "I live, now not I," says Saint Paul, "but Christ liveth in me." (Galat., ii., 20.) Hence, whatever is given to a just man is given to Christ Himself in a more special manner. To show this in reality, Christ has often appeared in the form and clothing of a poor man, and as such begged and received alms. This happened to John the Deacon, as is related in his life by St. Gregory. The same saint relates also (Hom. xxxix., in Evang.) that Jesus Christ, in the form of a leper, appeared to a certain monk named Martyrius, who carried Him on his shoulders. The same happened to St. Christopher. Also to St. Martin, Bishop of Tours; when he was still a soldier, and receiving instruction for admission into the Catholic Church, he gave one half of his mantle to a poor man. The following night, Jesus Christ appeared to him, wearing his mantle, and said to the angels who surrounded Him: "Behold, this is Martin, who gave me this mantle."

"He that receiveth a just man, in the name of a just man, (that is, for the reason of being just), shall receive the reward of a just man; and he that receiveth you (i. e., the apostles, or their followers, religious, etc.) receiveth me, and he that receiveth me, receiveth Him that sent me.

"He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, shall receive the reward of a prophet." (Matt. x., 41-42.) He who receives a prophet, says our Lord—that is, he who receives a true prophet, a true preacher of the Gospel—will receive the reward of a true preacher. The reason of this is, because by this charitable aid he contributes towards the spreading of the Gospel, and therefore, as he thus shares in the labor and in the merits of the Gospel, he must also share in the reward promised to the true ministers of God; and this reward is always in proportion to the charitable aid he gives in spreading the Gospel. "A willow tree," says St. Gregory, "bears no fruit, but, supporting as it does the vine together with its grapes, it makes these its own by sustaining what is not its own." (Hom. xx., in Evang.) In like manner, he who supports the just man makes his own

those works of righteousness which are performed by the righteous man, thus doing through him what is righteous; and he who supports the true minister of the Gospel, the missionary priest, preaches and prophesies through him, hears confession through him, converts sinners through him, consoles the sick through him, encourages the desperate through him, confirms the just in their good resolutions through him; in a word he sanctifies the world through him, and is, through him, the cause that the Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ is not shed in vain; and he gladdens, through him, the angels and saints in heaven, and especially the Sacred Hearts of Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary.

On this account, St. Ignatius, in his epistle to the Smyrnians, rightly concludes from the above-mentioned sentence of Christ on the last day, that he who honors a prisoner of Christ will receive the reward of the martyrs, because by honoring such a prisoner he encourages him to suffer martyrdom. For this reason, many Christians formerly merited the grace of martyrdom, because they encouraged, fed, served, and buried the martyrs. In like manner we lawfully infer from the aforesaid sentence of Christ, that those who receive and aid doctors, apostles of the Church, pastors of souls, missionary priests and religious persons, will receive the reward of doctors, of apostles, of the pastors of souls, of missionaries and religious persons.

Finally, McMaster knew also quite well that there are degrees in this well-doing. The more just a man is both for himself and others, the more souls he leads to justice, to holiness of life, the greater will be his reward, and consequently the greater also will be the reward of him who assists such a just man. "They that instruct many to justice, shall shine as stars from all eternity." (Dan., xii., 3.) To whom can these words of Holy Scripture be applied more truly than to fervent pastors of souls and missionary priests? They devote their whole life to the salvation of souls, in much labor and penance. There is nothing more pleasing in the sight of God than laboring for the salvation of souls. "We cannot offer any sacrifice to God," says St. Gregory, "which is equal to that of the zeal for the salvation of souls." "This

zeal and labor for the salvation of men," says St. John Chrysostom, "is of so great a merit before God, that to give up all our goods to the poor, or to spend our whole life in the exercise of all sorts of austerities, cannot equal the merit of this labor. This merit of laboring in the vineyard of the Lord is something far greater than the gift of working miracles. To be employed in this blessed labor is even more pleasing to the Divine Majesty than to suffer martyrdom." Hence McMaster felt extremely happy when he could assist such saintly and zealous souls. He complied in an eminent degree with the command which our Lord gave us when He said: "So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven." Matt. v., 16.)

But our journalist complied not less faithfully with what our Lord told us when He said: "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thy alms be in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee." Matt. vi., 3-4.

"His charity bestowed in secret upon the poor," says Mr. M. F. Egan, "always kept him poor." When he went to the market to buy certain articles, he used to buy them from the poor. On the day of his last Christmas on earth, he expressed the wish that whatever money he had remaining in the bank should be given away in charity, and given where it was most needed. On hearing that the amount was about \$500, he replied that he had not always had that amount to dispose of, but that when he had, he considered it his duty to give it in alms. And, indeed, how much money has he not spent as honorary for Masses for the souls in purgatory, and other charitable purposes! We are a witness of this charity to his neighbor.

"If it is not in your power to give even a little," says St. Alphonsus, "then recommend your neighbor to God, by saying at least a Hail Mary for him." I remember a charitable woman, who, when she had nothing to give to the poor, made, in winter, a large fire for them, that they might be able to warm themselves. There are many charitable persons, who, not having any means of their own to assist the poor, or the priest, in building churches, hospitals, asylums, and school-houses, beg

the means of others to assist them, and bear patiently, for the sake of Christ, and the poor, the insults they receive on many occasions. "Be, therefore, merciful according to thy ability," said Tobias to his son: "If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little," (Tob. iv: 8, 9.) but with the generous will to give more if you were able; thus the liberality of your heart will prevail upon the liberality of God to give you more; because the Lord will not suffer Himself to be outdone in liberality. "If any one," said our Lord St. Gertrude, "desires, for the love of me, to perform a good work, but, for the want of means, cannot accomplish it, I will so esteem the purity of his intention as to consider it as if it had really been carried into effect; and even if he never commences what he wishes to undertake, he will not fail to obtain the same reward from me as if he had accomplished the work, and had never committed the least negligence in the matter." (Life and Revelat.)

O the great goodness of God, who receives the good will for the deed! Who can, then, have a lawful excuse if he be deprived of the abundant blessings which the Lord has in store for the charitable, both in this world and in the next?

What a happiness to be able to give! "It is a more blessed thing to give, than to receive!" (Acts xx., 35.) What a happiness to have opportunities to imitate the charity, mercy and liberality of your Heavenly Father. Every little charitable contribution will add to the beauty of your soul; it will render your prayers more powerful; it will multiply your temporal goods a hundred-fold; it will cancel your sins and temporal punishments due to them; every little alms will avert from you God's anger; the sacrifice of propitiation and praise of your charitable donations will cause great joy in heaven; it will be for you a subject of consolation in the hour of death; it will inspire you with great confidence in Jesus Christ your Eternal Judge, and gloriously prevail upon Him to pronounce sentence in your favor; every little contribution will give you one more claim on heaven; it will be one more precious stone wherewith to adorn your palace in paradise; it will bring you nearer

to the delightful company of the great Saints, the noble children of God in heaven; there, in reward for your charity, you will shine like the sun, exclaiming with all the saints in joyful accents: "Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor, and power, and strength to our God for ever and ever." (Apocal. vii., 12.)

END OF CHAPTER VI.

## OUR LADY OF CARMEL.

BY VERY REV. DR. R. MAYER, O.C.C.

Carmel. "The Woods of God, or the Garden of God."



HOW many reminiscences does not the very name awaken! Like a spur of the famous Lebanon the promontory projects into the Mediterranean sea. Olives and laurel skirt its base, oak and pine crown its summit. Abundant waters diffuse themselves over its pasture grounds and fields, rendering it at once one of the most fertile spots and one of the most enchanting views. Hundreds of caves big and small pierce its limestone, affording shelter to the husbandman and his cattle, refuge to the fugitives, and homes to the recluse. Can we therefore wonder that Carmel in the Sacred Scriptures stands for the type of beauty and bountiful blessing, or its devastation as the figure of the divine chastisements? In Isaiah xxxv., 2, the reign of the Messiah is compared to the beauty of Carmel, and in the Canticle of canticles (vii., 5) the bride herself, on account of the beauty of her head, is likened to Carmel.

The shape, environment, and fertility of the mountain are in themselves reason sufficient to arrest the gaze and rivet the attention of the beholder, but there are besides historical reasons to render the mountain sacred, surrounded by the halo of sanctity, and pointing it out as a fountain of grace. Even before the division of Solomon's kingdom, the God-inspired seers of old were wont to retire to Carmel for the

purpose of communing with God. But when the Thesbite gathered the scattered sons or disciples of his predecessors, and founded on Mount Carmel the first school of prophets, the fountain of Elias supplied not only the water for slaking the thirst of bodies, but a spiritual fountain sprang up, changing the desert of souls into a blooming garden, laden with the fruits of holiness, and diffusing its sprays of hope and patient desire over the downtrodden chosen people.

A large cave 60 feet long and 45 feet wide was the cradle of this school. There the promise of a Redeemer, made in paradise, was elucidated; there the adepts were told that personal sanctity, intercessory prayer, and fervent desire might accelerate the fulfilment of the promise, and an anticipated "*Rorate, celi desuper,*" rose from the assembled prophets.

Hence we need not be surprised that God, in answer to so many aspirations, gave a sign. Elias sees rising out of the sea a little cloud shaped like a man's foot, and inspired by the Holy Ghost, he knows it to be not only a sign of the rain promised to Ahab, but a token of the immaculately conceived Virgin, who rises pure out of the contaminated mankind, a pledge of the coming redemption. The signal is given. Henceforth the sons of the prophets centre their aspirations in the future Mother of the Messiah, and as prophet succeeds prophet, as the prophecies become clearer and more pointed, as the time of fulfilment approaches, their hopes grow stronger, their longing more intense, their prayers more fervent.

Could it be otherwise, after Ahab had been told: "The Lord Himself shall give you a sign. Behold a virgin shall conceive and shall bring forth a Son, whose name shall be Emmanuel, that is, God with us?" Could they sigh for the coming Redeemer without yearning for His Mother? Could they pray that the second Adam would retrieve the lot of fallen mankind, without looking for the second Eve, who in an eminent sense was to be the mother of all the living?

Thus there is a nucleus of devotees of our Lady of Carmel anticipating her veneration, and this nucleus at the same time foreshadows, as far as possible in the Old Law, the highest flower of devotion—religious life. For these sons of the prophets

formed a community under an acknowledged superior; they had their devotions in common, and the traditions of their school were as sedulously guarded and as conscientiously handed down as the constitutions of any religious Order of the New Law. Why should this not be so? As everything else of the New Law found its figure and type in the Mosaic dispensation, so the prophetic school prefigures the perfect abandonment of man to God, which is the essence of religious life.

As the plenitude of time approached, God revealed the fact to some of these sons of the prophets, and by them the joyful tidings were communicated to St. Ann, the mother of the Blessed Virgin. It would indeed be difficult to picture the transports of delight engendered by these news. What they had so long and ardently prayed for, their own eyes should behold realized. Their own gaze should fasten upon the morning dawn, heralding the rising of the Sun of justice. From this time the intercourse between Nazareth and Mount Carmel was not only frequent and amiable, but it was the intercourse between a sovereign Lady and her vassals. Deeply interested in the weal or woe of the favored persons, the sons of the prophets never for a moment lost sight of the fact that it was the Mother of the Redeemer of the world and its co-redemptrix, they were privileged to see and to speak to. And the more the extraordinary graces became patent, which God showered upon his child, the more tender and reverent did their affection for her grow. They anticipated the Magnificent: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

When the holy night saw the birth of the Saviour, and angelic hosts announced the glad tidings to the shepherds in Bethlehem, they spoke to Essenians, and these Essenians stood to the sons of the prophets, the hermits of Mount Carmel, in the same relation as a third Order does now to the first Order. Consequently the inhabitants of Carmel were soon apprised of the occurrence, and the "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will" resounded in the caves of Carmel.

The years pass; the hermits are witnesses of the hidden life in Nazareth, of the public appearance of the Messiah, of the catastrophe of Golgotha. They fully under-

stand the heroism of the sorrowful Mother and the deep significance of the "Son, behold thy Mother." Tenderness, sympathy, gratitude and love, all combine to render Mary dearer and dearer to them, if such a thing were possible. The sermon of St. Peter on Pentecost finds them attentive listeners, and the waters of Baptism, there and then received, transform the hermits into a Christian community, the shadow yields to light, the type finds its complement, and the Mother of Jesus for them is no longer the Mother of a promised Redeemer; she has become their own Mother, because in giving birth to redemption beneath the cross, she bore also them as branches of the true vine. This filial love finds expression in the erection of a sanctuary on the heights of Carmel, dedicated to Mary in the year 38, during her lifetime. *It was the first church in the world, in her honor.*

Vicissitudes of life come. The persecution of the synagogue and the Roman empire thin their ranks, drives them for a time from their asylum on Carmel. Hundreds die for the faith, but their ranks close again, their numbers are replenished, and the tradition is kept alive, according to which their chief object of life is the veneration of the Blessed Virgin, Our Lady of Carmel. Pilgrims visiting the sepulchre of Our Lord are sure to visit also the hermits of Carmel, for, as Jerusalem enlivens their faith and love for Our Lord, so Carmel nourishes their devotion to Mary.

The conquest of the holy land by Arabs, and later the Turks, gave occasion to the Crusades. Some of the Crusaders remained in the holy land, joined the hermits on Mt. Carmel, and owing to the difference of nationality, education and aspiration transformed the eremitical into a cenobitic life, electing St. Berthold their first Latin General in 1156; but since the victories of the Crusaders were soon changed into defeats, and life in Palestine became impossible to the Religions of Mount Carmel through the persecution of the Mohammedans, they resolved to leave Palestine and settle in Europe.

The years from 1238 to 1244 saw the foundation of monasteries of the Carmelites on the Isles of Cyprus and Sicily, in England and France. Pope Innocent IV in 1245, counted them among the mendicant

Orders, and in 1247, approved the rule of the "Order of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel."

No good work was ever successfully accomplished in this world without opposition, and the Carmelite Order experienced its full share of it. So much so in fact, that its very existence was for a time threatened. St. Simon Stock, the General of the Order, in this extremity did not try to secure help from the mighty ones of the world, he addressed himself to the Blessed Virgin, praying for a token of her protection. Our Lady of Carmel did not remain deaf to his fervent appeals, she gave him and through him to the Catholic world the Brown Scapular of Mount Carmel.

At the same time she appeared to the Pope, commanding him to announce authentically her favor, and be favorable to her Order. Like the sun breaking through the clouds and dispelling the gloom, this revelation changed matters for the Carmelites. Their enemies were silenced, their friends exulted, the devotees of Mary felt themselves bound to them by a mystic link. They hastened to enroll themselves under this new banner of their Queen, and to wear her livery in order to enjoy the privileges attached to it. Also the membership of the Order increased so rapidly, that in a very short time its monasteries dotted all Europe, so that it was said a pilgrim might start on foot from Norway for Rome, and spend every night of his journey in a Carmelite monastery.

But since even the Church of God has its vicissitudes, sees its times of ebb and tide, mourns to-day over the defection of some of her children, rejoicing the next day over new accessions to her ranks, we are not surprised to see also this old and favored Order share in the drawbacks of the world.

The western schism inflicted upon it a deep wound, of which it never fully recovered. The great apostasy of the sixteenth century involved hundreds of its monasteries in the general ruin. Those that escaped for the time, fell victims to the thirty years' war, or later still, to the French Revolution, the Russian persecutions, the rapacity of Italy and Spain, and the hatred of France. Thus this strong tree was shorn of its principal limbs, and it bore the aspect of a trunk withered by lightning. Yet as the Blessed Virgin



assured St. Peter Thomas, the vitality of this trunk is indestructible, because it blossoms under the aegis of the Scapular. Slowly it recovers from all the blows, and even pinching poverty can but retard its progress.

Wherever there is a Carmelite monastery, it forms the natural centre of the devotion to Our Lady of Carmel, and especially the feast of the Scapular, the historical anniversary day of the first apparition of the Blessed Virgin to St. Simon Stock, is solemnized with all the pomp at command. The processions are thronged, the number of communicants is surprising, the churches hardly hold the people, flocking to the devotions of the Confraternity of the Scapular.

To see these manifestations of an ever-increasing love of Our Lady of Mount Carmel on the part of the faithful, we need not migrate to the Old World, we have the proofs in our very midst. In 1864 two friars of Mount Carmel arrived on American soil, without patronage, without money, strangers to the English tongue. In thirty years they increased to nine monasteries, with a membership of about 120. Of every one of their churches it is true that it forms the natural centre of devotion to Our Lady of Carmel.

Since our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., extended to the Carmelite churches the privileges of the Portiuncula, the circles are getting wider and wider, the interest taken by the people and clergy is intensified, and questions innumerable are asked by those who are not content with the general information of the people but wish to know the exact tenor and extent of the obligations and favors of the Scapular, the Sabbatine privilege, the Third Order of Mount Carmel, etc.

To satisfy these queries and to spread, as in duty bound, the devotion of Our Lady, the White Friars, at Falls View, Ontario, publish since January, 1893, a monthly, CARMELITE REVIEW, and the rapidly increasing number of subscribers, as well as the unsolicited encomiums of the press, prove that the venture was a timely one, and will prove a successful one. It does not, therefore, savor of arrogance if we recommend this periodical to all the clients of Our Lady, the more so, as the annual

subscription of one dollar places it within the reach of all.

Everything bad and reprehensible nowadays is ventilated in the press. Why should not also the good use the same channel, to reach the multitude, edify them, and thus stem the tide of corruption emanating from the secular press? Mary, with her Son, has been a stumbling-block for thousands, but also the redemption of thousands. Who will count the number of those who, by means of the Scapular, were recalled from infidelity or indifference, who were rescued from the very jaws of hell on their death-bed? Who can count those who were defended in peril of soul and body by this Scapular? No wonder, then, that the Scapular, like the Rosary, has long surpassed the limits of a mere private devotion, but has become an important factor in the life of the Church. At least one hundred millions, about one-half of the members of the Church, wear the Scapular to-day, and the number is constantly on the increase. The more willingly the people enroll themselves under the livery of the Blessed Virgin, the more powerful her intercession will be, and it will be found by every devout wearer of the Scapular, that Our Lady of Mount Carmel still holds herself bound by her promises, that the Scapular still is what it always has been, "a sign of her Confraternity, a safeguard in danger, a token of everlasting alliance," and that he that piously dies in this Scapular will not suffer hell-fire.

## Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

### SCHOOL AND EDUCATION.—II.

"Since our last discussion, Mick, I thought a good deal of your assertion, that morality is interlinked with religion, so that the two are inseparable. You gave pagan Rome and Greece as an example of what became of morality when divorced from religion. Now, it seems to me, that these examples are badly chosen, because Rome and Greece based their morals upon their religion, and when we charge them with immorality we necessarily lay the charge to their religion, or if we consider their morality as

distinct from and independent of their religion, it would prove that morality without religion can exist."

"Don't go too fast. We have to distinguish between the different epochs of history. As long as religion was the main-spring of action in Rome and Greece, morality existed as far as it could exist in paganism, but as soon as religion lost its hold upon these nations, the moral depravity became such, that their own pagan authors had no excuse, but only satire in describing it, and there are writers of the time in sufficient number to prove, that even the pagan felt convinced that there was no remedy on earth, only a God could save mankind. Hence these pagans understood what the American seem unable to understand, that religion alone can give us morality."

"Your charge is over-drawn. We have thousands of churches and ministers and spend millions of dollars annually for religious purposes. This proves the high value we set on religion."

"But at the same time you rob your children of the opportunity of availing themselves of this religion, by giving them a purely secular education."

"I cannot see the connection. The public schools will not prevent them from having religion."

"Yes, it will, as experience proves. The child is the father of the man. 'Happy those who bear the yoke of the Lord from their youth,' says the Bible. But in your system, the child does not do this; on the contrary, by carefully avoiding all reference to religion in schools, the children are trained to look upon religion as a secondary and gratuitous matter, whilst secularism holds the sway. Indifferentism and materialism are the necessary outcome of such a training, education I cannot call it, and the result, as I mentioned before, is to empty your meeting houses, and to swell the flood of immorality, which threatens to engulf this country."

"You say you cannot call our schooling education. Now, if it is not education, I would like to know what it is?"

"It is instruction, pure and simple. A development so one-sided that it works mischief."

"In what way?"

"Supposing a man plants a tree, but he

intends that this tree should have branches only toward the North, West and South, whilst on the East side he would lop off any shoot as soon as it appeared. What would be the result? If the tree lived at all, it would be an unsightly caricature, and this is just what you do with your children. You develop intellect, reason and memory and carefully shut out the heart, the will, and the consequence is a caricature."

"But surely you will admit yourself that the state cannot teach the two hundred and eight religions in the country. This certainly would be a caricature of teaching."

"True enough, and therefore the state should not teach at all, unless requested to do so by those who alone have the right and the duty of educating children, viz: the parents."

"Do you deny the right of the state to educate?"

"I do. The state cannot educate. It can, at most, instruct, and it has no right to force its own instruction upon people that do not want it. Hence I would only admit the right of the state to provide instruction for those who prefer it to any other arrangement."

"What do you understand by education as distinguished from instruction?"

"Education consists in the forming of a man's character, impressing from his earliest youth certain guiding principles, which will mould his way of thinking and determine his actions. Instruction or illiteracy are but minor points in this education. A child may be an alphanbet and yet well educated; it may, on the other side, be a prodigy of learning and yet uneducated, as is the case, unfortunately, with so many now-a-days."

"Your kind of education, Mick, is the duty of the parents, the school cannot help in this."

"You are mistaken. Undoubtedly it is the duty of the parent to educate the children, and this education must commence the moment of conception, but if the parents are unable or unwilling to educate the child throughout by themselves, the church and the school have to take a hand in it, and it is the inalienable right of the parents to say which church and which school shall occupy their place. Any other measure infringes upon a natural right, and

therefore is an outrage. The school can aid very materially in this education, because reading, history, composition, etc., can be chosen with reference to a moral lesson, and in close alliance with parental admonition and religious tenets, and only if all the factors co-operate harmoniously will the result be satisfactory."

"Your assertion, Mick, that education has to commence at the moment of conception is most astounding. How, in the name of common sense, can you educate a child yet unborn?"

"In exactly the same way in which the soil is chosen and prepared for the different kinds of plants. Only under favorable circumstances will a plant reach its full development, if set in poor soil it will be stunted. Experience proves abundantly that the offspring of licentious people are licentious themselves, the children of drunkards are inclined to drink, the children inherit scrofula, consumption, insanity, melancholy, etc. As, therefore, the children receive from the parents moral and physical deformities, in order to raise good children it is necessary that the parents in the moment of conception be free of any vices, that can and would be transmitted, and thus the principal part of the education is accomplished, viz.: a good foundation for it is laid."

"Well, Mick, I cannot deny that there is a good deal of truth in what you say. But you will admit that in numerous instances the children of good parents turn out badly, and very badly. How do you account for this?"

"It just proves what I said all along, that home, church and school have to unite their efforts in order to produce satisfactory and lasting success in education. The children you speak of had in them the material of first-class Christians and citizens, but they were neglected. The principles inculcated by the parents were not sustained, or openly contradicted by the school, thus scepticism was thrown into the mind of the child, it was practically taught to look upon the advice of home as an old-fashioned idea, that was long ago superseded by the brilliant light of 19th century learning. This feeling is also transferred to religious teaching, and thus the cockle overruns the wheat and destroys the crop."

"But where is the remedy?"

"The remedy is in denominational schools, whose teaching is in full accord with the religious and worldly principles and views of the parents. These schools of necessity develop the will, and by doing so give a proper direction to the intellect and proper storage to the memory—they educate, whilst your schools only instruct."

"Supposing, however, your views would be adopted, it would be the death knell of the public schools, and this is a pill you cannot make us swallow."

"This pill would not be so bitter, if the States had a sense of justice and fairness, and would adopt the Canadian system."

"What system is that? I plead ignorance in the matter."

"The system is a very simple one. Every taxpayer pays his school taxes to the school to which he sends his children, be it the secular, Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, or whatever school. All these schools are public schools, their teachers are examined by the government, their school boards are recognized by the state, allowed to assess the school taxes, raise loans, give mortgages, and also to collect the school taxes by process of law. The government inspectors visit all these schools periodically, examine the children, report to the government, and the government distributes its school grants according to the proficiency. This system is fair and just."

"But is it also successful as to the standard of learning?"

"They are successful in every way. Their instruction as a rule is superior to that in the public schools, as the exhibits at the Chicago exposition conclusively proved. They are by far more economical, in a good many cases the cost being scarcely 50 per cent. of that of the public schools. They are more moral, because a stricter discipline both during hours of instruction and recess is exercised, and they come far nearer to the ideal standard of a school than all your redoubtable public schools."

"This is a regular panegyric on denominational schools. I doubt, however, its accuracy. How many brilliant men and women have graduated in our public schools. Can you show a proportionate number in sectarian schools?"

"Not only this, but wherever there is a fair competitive examination for high

schools, grammar schools, cadetships in West Point or Annapolis, there the pupils of sectarian schools scored grand victories over their competitors from public schools."

"That your schools are managed more economically I know, but your insinuation of the grosser immorality of our public schools I look upon as an insult to them."

"Because you probably misunderstand my meaning. I do not say that teachers or books inculcate immorality, but there is no supervision outside of school hours. And where all classes of children congregate there are always some bad ones, who infect and seduce the others, as experience proves."

"This same charge might be brought against private schools."

"No, sir, because all the children there belong to the same religion. The moral laws of their religion consequently can be and are enforced in theory and practice, and this forms an efficient counterpoise against the vicious inclinations of a few. The records of both schools prove this to a demonstration."

"Then you maintained that your schools came far nearer to the ideal standard of a school than ours. What do you mean by this?"

"A school, in my opinion, is not to be judged by the actual amount of positive knowledge gained, but its proper mission is to put the children on the road to acquire knowledge, to give them the positive instruction needed for the purpose, viz: the three "Rs," and to teach them to observe, to digest their observations, forming them into judgments, and applying the criterion of revealed truth to the result of their own mental work, as it is by these means that characters are formed. Now, the Catholic schools do this as far as possible, whilst in your public schools there is a superficial cramming process, and the efficiency of a school is judged by the number of school-books, and all the "ologies" and "isms" presented. This standard is absolutely false, and these schools would be far more efficient if they dropped one-half of their branches, teaching the other half more thoroughly."

"Well, well, I see your friendship for our schools is not very great."

"No, certainly not, but my opposition is the more avowed, and it would be a happy day for the American youth if others could see the point, as I do. Good-bye."

## A Letter from Spain.

To the Editor Carmelite Review.

VERY REV. FATHER:



THE "May" number has followed me in my journeys northwards, and altho' through my own fault a few typographical errors crept into my article, still I feel grateful for its insertion.

I have delayed in this cathedral city, to visit the Carmelite convents and churches, as both branches of the Order are represented, as well as to pay a visit to the cloister of its Basilica and contemplate the statue of the distinguished philosopher, Father James Balmes, which adorns its patio. Afterwards I intend to visit Our Lady's Sanctuary of "Santa Maria de Ripoll," a magnificent Benedictine monastery recently restored. Then I shall go to Olot, where the Carmelite Fathers were again re-established within the last three years.

Will you please, in the July number, include in the obituary list the name of *St. Don Jaime Codinach*, of Olot, Spain, the respected father of the Very Rev. Fr. Carmelo Codinach, O. C. C., professor of philosophy at the Carmelite College of Caudete. Don Jaime died on the 31st of December, 1894.

R. I. P.

I have a personal request, to ask your kind readers to pray for my intentions during July and August, and if it please Almighty God to hear my prayers and to grant my request, through the patronage of Our Blessed Mother, invoked by the pious readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW, I promise to have three masses said in the three principal sanctuaries of Our Lady in this Peninsula for their spiritual and temporal welfare.

The enclosed MSS. is intended for the August number. Whilst traveling it is not easy to gather one's thoughts, and still more difficult to transcribe one's notes.

I hope you have enrolled me as one of your benefactors, so that I may be entitled to all the spiritual privileges, which flow from being associated with the brown and snowy robes of Carmel.

Yours respectfully,

JUAN PEDRO.

Vich, May the 21st, 1895.

—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, July, 1895. No. 7

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We call the attention of our readers to the date printed on the labels containing their address. It means that their subscription is paid up to that date. This date on the label will serve in future as a receipt to those who remit their subscriptions. In order to have the date changed in time for the next issue, subscriptions should be paid before the fifteenth of the preceding month.

ON Tuesday, July the sixteenth, the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel will be celebrated with unusual solemnity in our Pilgrimage church at Falls View, Ont. The High Mass will be at 10 a.m. Confessions will be heard on the preceding day and on the morning of the feast until 10 o'clock.

ALL those, who visit a Carmelite Church between the hour of Vespers, 2 p. m., of the 15th day of July, and hour of sunset of the 16th of July, can gain a Plenary Indulgence at each repeated visit. To gain this Indulgence, it is necessary to go to Confession and Communion, and to say some prayers according to the intentions of the Holy Father at each visit. Five times the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and the "Glory be to the Father," etc., are sufficient. Holy Communion will be given at all hours of the morning, and for the accommodation of our visitors we have made ample arrangements to supply necessary refreshments.

THE Church of Our Lady of Peace, which is served by our monastery at Falls View,

is a Pilgrimage Church. All those, who visit this Church, can gain a Plenary Indulgence *once a year*, after having duly received the Sacraments. To every other visit of the Church during the whole year, an indulgence is granted of seven years and seven quarantines.

PILGRIMS from Buffalo will do well to take the Michigan Central train which leaves the New York Central station in Buffalo at 7:35 a. m., arriving at Falls View at 7:54. Visitors landing at Niagara Falls, N. Y., after crossing the upper Suspension Bridge, will find themselves at a station of the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway, an electric trolley line, of which an advertisement will be found in our advertising pages. Conductors should be asked to stop at the Monastery crossing.

PILGRIMS who cross Lake Ontario from Toronto, should take the Michigan Central train at Niagara-on-the-Lake, which arrives at Falls View at 9:40 a.m.

For the convenience of the faithful, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, by a decree dated Aug. 31, 1892, allows the great indulgence connected with the feast of Mount Carmel to be transferred to the Sunday following the 16th of July, together with the celebration of the feast. All the Carmelite churches of our Province, excepting our monastery at Falls View, are making use of this privilege. The indulgence can be gained *only* on the day on which the feast is solemnized. Therefore, in all those of our churches which solemnize the feast on the Sunday after the 16th of July (viz., on the 21st of July) the indulgence cannot be gained on the 16th. Our celebration at the Monastery of the Falls will always be on the sixteenth day of July.

THE hospice is approaching completion very rapidly. The working men are beginning to put on the roof. Our friends and benefactors will undoubtedly be willing to continue their kind and generous help when they see the splendid result of their co-operation. It will fill their Catholic hearts with feelings of noble pride to see Our Lady of Mount Carmel honored by

this monument of their filial love, erected by their efforts on the most beautiful spot on earth. Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, bestows a special blessing on all those who aid, abet and foster this glorious work in honor of the Mother of God, on the confines of two great countries of the Western World.

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THE beautiful group of Our Lady of Mount Carmel giving the Scapular to Saint Simon Stock, which is the subject of the charming engraving forming the frontispiece of this number, was prepared at the request of the *Rosary* magazine. It is reproduced from a photograph of a most artistic altar panel carved in wood for the new Carmelite church of Holy Trinity, Pittsburg, Pa. We are also indebted to the *Rosary* for a copy of an article on "Our Lady of Mount Carmel," written for that magazine by our Very Rev. Father Provincial Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C., which our readers will find on another page. Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly most kindly contributed the poem on our first page. We are also indebted to the Rev. Chas. Warren Currier for the interesting and masterly essay on St. Arsenius, which appears in this number.

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ON Sunday, June 9, the corner stone was laid of the new Church at Niagara Falls, Ont. The parish of Niagara Falls is in charge of the Carmelite Fathers, Father Dominic O'Malley, O.C.C., a member of the Monastery at Falls View, is the present pastor of the Church. Our Very Rev. Provincial preached the sermon at the laying of the corner-stone. The impressive ceremony was witnessed by thousands of Catholics and Protestants, who had gathered from both sides of the Niagara River. In our next issue we hope to give our readers an illustrated sketch of the new Church, and a short history of the parish.

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A GREAT institution of learning, probably one of the greatest in the world, is celebrating its golden jubilee as we are going to press. It is the university of Notre Dame, at Notre Dame, Ind., founded fifty years ago in a western wilderness by the late venerable Father Edward Sorin, the

first Father General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. To a Carmelite, anything bearing the name of Notre Dame, "Our Lady," must be dear. But when it is an institution which has gradually become one of the foremost of the Catholic church in America, when its educational influence is seconded and upheld by a publication of the highest religious and literary merit, when it does so much to encourage and honor the efforts of Catholic men and women to represent Catholic ideas in every field—we glory and rejoice in its name and its success. The best of everything in nature and art is not too good for our Queen. Therefore, it is meet, that Notre Dame University should be the best of its kind, and the "Ave Maria" second to no other Catholic publication. We could not personally present our congratulations, but whatever will have been said during these days of jubilee at grand "Notre Dame" in its praise, will find an echo in our heart.

THE Very Rev. W. R. Harris, Dean of St. Catharines, Ont., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his priesthood on Tuesday, June 11th. Our readers know him. His scholarly and deeply interesting studies on the early missions of Western Canada have been one of the most appreciated features of our REVIEW. We owe him a debt of gratitude, which we are glad to be able to acknowledge publicly. He was the first to encourage our undertaking, and his generous donation was the first contribution we received for the building fund of the new Hospice. Our Very Reverend Father Provincial came to honor our illustrious benefactor, who seems to have established similar claims upon the affections of everybody, who ever came in contact with him. For, among the eighty clergymen, who had gathered around him from all the neighboring dioceses, we noticed beside the prominent ecclesiasties from the secular clergy, no less than three Provincial superiors of religious orders, and three local superiors. It is not our custom, in these pages, to enter into details of such celebrations, but there was one feature connected with this jubilee which, to say the least, was exceptional if not unique. Every guest was presented with a souvenir of the jubilee, consisting of a copy of the Dean's latest work, which had just been published. We

shall review this book, full of masterly research and hitherto unpublished historical lore, in our August number. Our readers have had the first fruits of it, as the Very Reverend author generously placed the advance sheets at the disposal of our magazine. We know how highly these chapters were appreciated. The book is beautifully bound, richly illustrated, and is entitled "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula, 1626-1895." No wonder, that the Dean received as many congratulations upon his literary labors, as upon his successful career as parish priest. It is certainly a lesson to be heeded by all our young priests, to witness the work of a man, who found time, not only to build up one of the best equipped parishes in the Dominion, but also to save from oblivion the glorious records of the missionary labors of the past in the same district, in which his lot is cast. We wish him many years in which to reap the fruits of his successful labors.

#### BOOKS AND EXCHANGES.

WE have received from H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, the "Life of Blessed Alphonsus Orozco, O.S.A." by Rev. W. A. Jones, O.S.A. A review of this timely work will be given in our next issue.

WE also hold over for review in our next issue, the latest and most meritorious work of Dean Harris: "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula."

THE *Catholic Register*, of Toronto, gave the best accounts we have seen of the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church at Niagara Falls, Ont., and of the jubilee celebration of St. Catharines' popular death. A very good picture of our Provincial Superior, and a fine illustration of the new Church building, embellish the account of the former ceremony. It is highly creditable to the management of this paper, that in both instances, full and correct reports are given of the eloquent sermons preached. We are grateful to have the eloquent words of our Vicar-General, the Very Rev. J. McCann, preached at the Jubilee High Mass of the Dean of St. Catharines, preserved for us in print. And we are equally indebted to the *Register* for its report of our Provincial's sermon at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church.

## OLIVE'S OFFERING.

### A STORY FROM LIFE.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. DEST.

#### II.

"All these offerings for My friendship call."—*Ps. 133.*



LIVE REINHART, like every other girl, had her faults. For all that I think she very fairly resembled the "ideal woman." The two last words would make the text for many bulky volumes. I suppose there are as many "ideal" women, as there are people who have minds to create an ideal something. I shall at once resist the temptation to digress on the point which I have raised, otherwise I shall find myself in a labyrinth from which it will be impossible to find an exit. Even Solomon hesitated to say at once what made a perfect woman. So he starts by asking the question, "Who shall find a valiant woman?"

Who is she? Is she to be found at the end of this dying century? Or, is she the so-called "New Woman" ("man-woman" I would call her) spoken of in the lectures of *peripatetic and romantics*? I think not.

A young man, some time ago, gave the definition of his ideal woman as "One who is as pretty as a picture." Unfortunately that young man represents a large class. It is not alone personal charms that form the perfect woman, for does not Solomon the Wise man again tell us that "Beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised." Again, how many women do you not meet, to whom nature has been very sparing with her gifts and who, notwithstanding this, are attractive. Religion and virtue can do more than cosmetics.

We Catholics have not far to go in order to find the woman's true mission and her true model. Her mission is to endeavor to make the world better and happier—to refine and improve—and her principal workshops are the kitchen and the nursery. There is a great work for woman to do, but she must do it quietly, and then, and then only, can it be said that

"The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world."

The true model of Christian womanhood is in God's Church—Mary—the holy Virgin and Mother. Her life was a hidden and obscure one; nevertheless she has exerted a continual and potent influence on women of all ages, even on those who know little of the Madonna, except as a work of art.

Do what the Church has been ever striving to do. Raise woman to the standard represented in Mary, and then you have discovered the true meaning of female emancipation.

Olive Reinheart was a rather good composite of the best girls in her parish. She had a good training at the Normal School. I do not suppose she courted chronic headache in endeavoring to master all the occult sciences, and a thousand and one things of which she had no earthly use, but Olive knew enough and a little more, and was well able to hold her own in any company. She could not only analyse the chemical properties of an "angel cake," but likewise knew how to make it. Housework with Olive was more a matter of choice, than a case of necessity.

In praising Olive's good qualities, I am only indirectly giving a due meed of praise to her mother, who had long since gone to her reward. Yes, she owed everything to home-training. In the family, indeed, that "nursery of immortal souls," is moulded the character of the rising generation.

"That is as it should be!" exclaimed our present great pope Leo XIII., when a mother in presenting her daughter said, "I myself Holy Father, have undertaken her education at home."

When her mother died Olive devoted all her time and energies to the wants of an aged and well-nigh helpless father. Her devotion to him only ceased when he passed to his fathers.

Many of Olive's acquaintances twitted her on being so old-fashioned. One of them volunteered to introduce her into society and coach her at the next "at home". Olive laughed at such proposition. I do not mean to say she was unfit for society—so-called. Olive knew too well that initiation into the sacrosanct inner circle of her friends with the hyphenated names did not make a lady. She did not believe in posing as a decoration in any one's parlor. Although she meant well, and spoke the truth,

on one occasion Olive offended a student in heraldy, whose father was a rich landlord.

"Olive dear," said this girl one day, "do tell me what would be appropriate to paint on our new carriage."

"An eviction scene!" was the staggering reply.

That young lady after that probably chose some other than Olive to teach her how to enter, and retire from the room in a graceful manner at receptions.

More than one suitor sought Olive's hand and heart. She, on her part, was in no hurry to give a satisfactory answer. It was a serious matter and with her choosing a life's vocation required much thought.

Some hailed her as a new leader in the growing army of "lady bachelors," while the most of her acquaintances expressed displeasure in her provoking procrastination in choosing a life-partner, so on the whole Olive found it not an altogether easy matter to keep on the even and "single" tenor of her way.

One day some girl brought Olive a voluminous and confidential list of titled and untitled possible husbands.

"That's all nonsense," said Olive "what do I know of these persons? Young men may be nicely painted, but are not always what they are represented to be. A large number of them may be, it's true, *born* in order to link their fortunes with another, but they do not always *live* for the one marked out for them in the eternal fitness of things. Young men expect us to come on the matrimonial market as perfect angels, while their own wings may be badly soiled. Oh no, girls, I'm not going to make myself miserable. I prefer to give the matter much and serious consideration," concluded Olive.

On other occasions some of her visitors essayed to give Olive sound advice on these vital questions, but it was generally nothing but cheap talk. Olive felt that, and said so.

"Matrimony is no plaything" she often repeated, "it means the saving or losing of my soul, and that of others. In case I marry, I wish only to join hands with one, who will sympathize in my many endeavors to make others happy here and hereafter."

Ennui never bothered Olive. Instructing or helping the poor was her panacea for feelings of loneliness and its con-



sequences. Olive's services were ever at the disposal of the needy, especially poor struggling working girls, whom she not only helped along, but likewise taught how to sew, cook, read, write and a score of other things. If they were remiss in religious duties, or in danger of being led astray, Olive soon brought them to a sense of their duty. In this point she was somewhat like Solomon's perfect woman, "in that she opened her hands to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor."

Olive was always busy, in fact she seemed to follow closely in the footsteps of Martha of old, the saintly

"Pardon of tired feet that ache,  
The while they tread the weary road,  
Of brains that throb, and hearts that break,  
Bearing their undivided load."

One afternoon Olive dropped in to see one of her acquaintances, Hyacintha Hopewell, thinking the latter might give her a helping hand in making up some sham pillow slips for the Industrial Home. When Miss Hopewell opened the door she greeted Olive with a piercing exclamation, which startled her visitor.

"O Olive, it's awful!" exclaimed Miss Hopewell.

"Why, what's the matter, Hyacintha?" enquired Olive. "No one dead I trust."

"It's poor Zolo. He's dreadfully ill," sobbed out Hyacintha.

"Drown the brute and put him out of his misery!" curtly suggested Olive. "Let's sit down" she continued, "and talk of something more important than sick dogs. I want you to give me a little help with some work I have."

"O Olive, how can you dare to ask a favor after the way you have spoken!" said Miss Hopewell who felt like going into a prolonged fit of pouting. But Olive kept her to the point.

"How can I help you, Olive," went on Miss Hopewell, "I am so *very* busy. Why, there are three dances this week. To-morrow Madame Vanderich is to show her china, and, besides, I have to prepare a lecture for the Feminine League on 'How to Manage Husbands' By the way, Olive, have you read this novel on 'The Baron's Bride,' it's just lovely, and—"

Just then the door bell rang. Miss Hopewell called to her servant girl, "Dula, see who is at the door again, but don't disturb Zolo."

Approaching the parlor door, Dula said, "Please, ma'am, it's a poor old beggar with wooden legs."

"Tell him I don't wish any to-day," said Miss Hopewell.

"Please tell him to call at my place in about half an hour," said Olive, who then went off into a fit of laughter at Hyacintha's misinterpretation of her servant's message.

"O Olive, dear! come in to-morrow," said Hyacintha, unconscious of the cause of Olive's risibility. "George is going to bring a nice young man to dinner. He belongs to the Chrysanthemum club, and—"

"That's enough!" said Olive. "I came to talk business, I guess I better go now—so good bye. Take good care of Zolo," and she was out of the door, feeling completely disgusted with Hyacintha Hopewell.

When Olive reached home, she not only found the poor old man patiently awaiting her on his crutches, but likewise a couple of Sisters of Charity on the point of ringing the bell. Everybody in need of help knew that they were welcome at that door, and what is more, they knew that they would not go away empty-handed.

"Sure enough," thought Olive, "to-day is the first of June and the good sisters are making their monthly visits. The day after to-morrow will be my Names-day, and the next day the First Friday, that means two Holy Communion's this week.

As she approached the sisters, Olive said to them, "Welcome, sisters! I was thinking of you and your poor last night during the terrible rain-storm."

"Miss Reinheart," said Sister Niceta, who was well known to Olive, "this is Sister Bona. She is spending a little vacation at Sister Serena's convent and I am taking her around to see our kind benefactors."

"Yes," said Sister Bona, "some are very good to us. I am sure if they could they would hand over their own selves together with their gifts."

There was more in that remark of Sister Bona than might be at first supposed. Her superior was always glad to give her a little vacation every summer, not only because she deserved it, but likewise because Sister Bona usually returned triumphantly with a bevy of postulants.

"I suppose, Miss Reinheart, you are very lonesome since your father died," said

Sister Niceta, following up Sister Bona's train of thought.

"My father's death was a sad blow and I miss him very much, but I am not *lame*, dear sisters. I never knew what it is to feel that way," replied Olive.

It appeared to me that Olive's reply brought a slight look of disappointment on the faces of her hearers. I may be mistaken, but one thing is certain, which is, that if Olive had been convinced that God had called her to a religious life, she would have packed up there and then, handed everything over to her younger sister, and gone straight to the convent.

So Olive Reinheart's name was reluctantly erased from Sister Bona's list of "possible candidates." Providence did not intend that Olive should be

"A pensive and devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast and demure."

Taken all in all, Olive's life, although active, was a quiet one. Outside of her own small circle of friends she was little known, except to the poor, who always looked upon her as a visiting angel.

"She is indeed a highly cultured lady," is about the way it would be put, if you asked for an impartial diagnosis of Olive Reinheart. Olive had made it her study to imitate her patron saint. She strove to become kind and gentle, and especially to copy the Virgin martyr's purity—that "fairest virtue above the rest."

Having convinced herself that she was not called to a religious life, Olive began to consider seriously the advisability of marrying or remaining single. It has been seen clearly that it was hopeless for her to expect any sane advice on so important a matter from her giddy acquaintances.

"After all," said Olive one day, "experience has taught me, that my best advisers and counsellors are our Lord Himself and His holy Mother, who have never failed to solve my doubts, either in prayer, or through my spiritual director." Hence, during the month of May just past, Olive had made more than one novena in honor of our Blessed Lady, in order that she might know her true vocation.

In a matter of such great moment Olive had particularly begged the prayers of one poor old widow, whom she had helped along for many a month. Whenever this poor old person thanked Olive for some

favor she always added a fervent "God bless you, my child." Olive knew that God heard the prayers of the widow and orphan, and that of such a good old soul it could be said, as Cardinal Newman once said of another pious old lady, that

"Through her earnestness were shed  
Fervent and true blessings on the dead."

At the end of May, Olive concluded that it would be better if she had a partner—one who would help her in her many works of charity. Yes, she *would* marry. Whom? Here was another question to be solved.

On the 2nd of June—a Thursday 1886—Olive spent most of her time in church. She always felt at home there, but never more so than to-day—her own Namesday—the Feast of St. Olive. It was getting towards evening, and Olive seemed unconscious of the approaching twilight. She seemed absorbed in deep meditation, as she knelt before the Statue of the Sacred Heart, and the soft red light poising in mid air, in casting its rays over Olive's countenance, revealed the fact that her lips were moving in earnest prayer, their seemingly natural occupation.

It may not be out of place if I recall the fact, that only three nights before our little friend Jus, in seeking shelter from the rain, had entered this same church, and had knelt in the same spot where we now see Olive.

Olive prayed long and fervently. "Dear Lord," she said, "I beg a special favor of thy Sacred Heart. Grant it to me through Thine own merits and those of the most pure Heart of Mary, Thine and my Mother. Since it seems to be Thy holy will that I receive the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony, instituted by Thee, give to me, O Lord, a partner after Thine own Sacred Heart—one whose union with me will help to increase Thy glory, bring help to Thy brethren, the poor, and be a means of securing my own and others' salvation."

Olive then wrote out the substance of this request, and placed it in the intention box. Before leaving the church she dropped a greenback of some denomination (to which she pinned a memorandum) into the same poor box which had received Jus' "extra" cent on the preceding 31st of May.

One month later—July—about two weeks prior to the Feast of the Holy Scapular,

Olive had occasion to meet Father Seligmacher. They both opened up the conversation on that ever-convenient topic, the weather.

"The heavy rain we had last month did a large amount of damage," said the priest. "It somewhat injured the walls of the church, and I notice that the picture on the Blessed Virgin's altar suffered from the dampness. Perhaps its present pitiable condition will induce some good soul to start a collection to buy a new statue for Our Lady's altar—something to correspond to the one on the Sacred Heart altar. It is fitting that the two *Holy Hearts should be together in one temple.*"

These last remarks of the priest seemed to cause a slight blush on Olive's face, and as she was telling Father Seligmacher that she would have a new statue in position before the Feast of the Pure Heart of Mary, she at the same time turned her head slightly aside, presumably arranging one of her sleeve-puffs. The priest, unconscious of any double meaning in his remarks, which I have emphasized, noticed Olive's slight embarrassment, and to judge from a far-off twinkle in his eye, suddenly divined the cause of it, so to relieve his fair visitor, he said:

"It will soon be time to commence the novena for the Feast of the Scapular. I suppose, Olive, you have, as usual, plenty of particular favors to ask of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel?"

"Yes, indeed, father," replied Olive. "And this time I have a *very* important request. I hope you, father, will join your prayers with mine that I may obtain what I am asking for. I have every poor person in the parish praying for my *special* intention."

"Since you mention the poor, Olive, that reminds me of a very poor family in my parish," said the priest. "Probably you are unaware of their existence, since they live away out in Bogland. Their name is Wright. I wish you could find time to call on them."

"Certainly, father, and with pleasure," said Olive, "and if I can't find the place I'll ask my friend Lena Front. There is not an abode of misery in town that she doesn't know."

The next morning bright and early, every one in Bogland Square was wondering what

business brought such a fine lady to "Wright's Roost," as they vulgarly called it.

The first thing Olive did, when she stood in the room with the springless sofa, was to give the family a little lecture on cleanliness. Then taking an immaculate apron from her embroidered shopping bag, she put it on, and went to work with a will, being entirely oblivious of Mrs. Wright, who stood staring with astonishment. Olive soon put a new face on everything.

"Why, it looks as good as new again," said Mrs. Wright, looking at the stove with its shining new coat of black.

A large pile of rubbish was swept together ready for cremation, and Jus spied something in the pile of dirt, what he declared to be his "week-day hat".

"Never mind, my child, I'll get you a nice new hat," said Olive soothingly.

When Olive was emptying the debris into the stove, she noticed a piece of paper with writing on it which was very familiar to her. She unconsciously exclaimed to herself in an almost inaudible tone, "Why, that's my own writing, how did it get here?"

She threw the paper in the fire little thinking that any one overheard her. But she was deceived in this, for few things escaped the sharp ears of Jus, who remembered every word on the paper. He repeated the words to the delight of all except Olive, who was confused, and entreated them to say nothing of it. But in vain. The next day every one in Bogland knew who was the "Friend of the Sacred Heart," who had unknowingly sent such timely help to the Wright family on the first Friday in June, as it stands boldly written in Jus' "Account and memorandum book."

This offering of Olive on behalf of Christ's poor would draw upon her the friendship of the Divine Heart, which has declared that what is done to the least of His brethren is done to Him.

But Olive was to make another offering. Of what kind? We shall see.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HERE in our streets we pass face after face without a sign of recognition, but in heaven the common happiness will speak through all eyes.

## Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
Miss Matilda Cummings.



THE vacation days are upon us. The busy year has come to a standstill, and those who yearned for a respite 'mid the burden and heat of the day are at last suffered to fold their hands and rest. Rest! what is it? A change of occupation. Not the simple frittering away of time, and the wishing the hours away. The days of a sweet doing nothing are likely to be times of wreck and ruin for the spiritual life. The summer, with its languid heats and enervating air plays sad havoc with many who acquired a healthy vigor of mind and body in the press of work, minus worry. Now that June, the queen month of the year, has passed, and July, with its vast opportunities for rest and relaxation has come, with what shall we fill the long twilights of mid-summer? What is the crowd of tourists that surge in and out of village and town seeking? Rest! Yes, happy they to whom Nature, kindly mother, applies the soothing balm for tired head and aching limbs. Pleasure! The gay crowd rushes in pursuit of it, and 'tis found by sea shore and mountain, but 'tis a summer's growth, often lasting only as long as the foam on an ocean wave. Danger often lurks in the shade that is not of the spirit, which is "pleasant coolness in the heat." How many are seeking happiness in their vacation days? Happiness, this will-o'-the-wisp, this ignis fatuus! What is it that one and all we are chasing? After a long and bitter experience it has been borne in upon us that in its genuine purity it is *only* found in the unselfing of ourselves. We all yearn for sympathy, for tenderness, for counsel, for love. All lawful desires of the heart, which cries out so piteously for them. But often times in *giving*, that luxury which is not confined to him whose coffers are full, but alas! whose purse strings are often tightened, in *giving*, we but

follow the promptings of a nature which is all the time but gratifying self. This may seem a distorted view to take of generosity, the pouring out of our affections, our very selves on the object which most appeals to our sympathies. But all at once it comes to us that what seemed so high and holy, so worthy of our devotion, was in very truth, but another form of self worshipping self. When face to face with that inner consciousness before whom as the very face of God we may not blush and cast down our eyes, we are forced to say as we sift the fine sand of our motives: I am full of self. 'Tis a humiliating admission to make, but out of it comes strength. And is it not this which the best of us need most sorely? Not virtue in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but the coat of mail, the *jac simle* of the divine armor which will envelope our souls—nay, our hearts, those vulnerable points—with a panoply which is proof against all darts. The twilights of July must be filled with the thoughts of the Precious Blood, the fountain whence will come the strength which our souls so sorely need—our stronghold of comfort when all other comforts flee. In its ruby light, reflected from the sky, which burst forth in crimson glow over Calvary's height, when the dead eclipse was over, we may read the lesson of life. From its saving stream we may drink our fill, still say I am insatiable, and fear not that the cup be withdrawn from our lips. The summer hours are very prone to the dread disease *ennui*! More deadly in its effects than the direst miasma, and more fatal to the peace of the soul than the mad rush of the work-a-day year. Let us pray against it in the twilights of July. Summer days, when hands and heads are idle, are very likely to bring hours of brooding. Against them, too, with their train of bitter thoughts, let us strive and pray. Oh! how full is life of weary days, and what a living, walking providence of God is labor. Blessed be His mercy which sends it to so many of us as a very salvation—a saving of us from ourselves. For after all we are our own enemies, and the vacation days give us time to think how much we need to befriend ourselves. Days of thoughtful reflection! Would that the summer would bring even a stray one to us. Days when God draws very nigh to us, because we answer His gentle invita-

tion: "Come aside and rest awhile!" Strange are the designs of His will. Rest in Him and with Him is *accid* found, save with the Cross. "Would seem as if it were the recompense of seeking Him—the finding Him only in the shadow of the Cross, So with our dear Lady of Mt. Carmel. He may ask us to go up on the mountain of sacrifice—the high plane, where one by one the lights of earth flicker and fade and die out, while our poor hearts cry aloud, because they are lost to us.

Oh! if peace be found on the heights of Carmel, who that loves God will refuse to scale the mountain! So, whether it be the beloved of kith or kin of whom He robs us, leaving us only their sweet and gentle memory to move us to tender tears, or the Kindred Spirits, communion with whom made life so inexpressibly joyous and cheering, let us offer Him the sacrifice of our will, and the tears that flow so copiously because of their abandonment, will only add to the worth of that which He demands at our hands.

"And yet I can rejoice there are  
So many things on earth to love,  
So many idols for the fire,  
My love and loyal charge to prove.

He that loves most hath most to lose,  
And willing loss is love's best prize;  
The more that Yesterday hath loved,  
The more Today can sacrifice."

#### Early Mention of Niagara Falls.

The first historical notices of Niagara Falls are given in Lescaobot's record of the second voyage of Jacques Cartier, in the year 1534. On the maps published to illustrate Champlain's discoveries (date on maps either 1613 or 1614) the Falls are indicated by a cross, but no description of the wonderful cataract is given, and the best geographical authorities living to-day doubt if the explorer mentioned ever saw the falls, Brinston's work to the contrary notwithstanding. Father Hennepin is said to have written the first description of the Falls that was ever penned by one who had ever personally visited the spot. The editor of "Notes for the Curious" owns a map, date 1757, which does not figure either the Great Lakes or the Falls.

#### PRAYER.

We are not angels but men. The soul is united to a body, and acts in the body and with the body. Thus your soul thinks, judges, reflects; but does it all by the brain. The soul sees, but it is with the eyes of the body. It hears, it listens, but by means of the ears. Your soul does nothing without your body. It is the same when you pray. It is your soul that prays, it is your heart that unites itself to God, which goes up to Jesus; but the body does not remain inactive during this beautiful work, for the tongue recites the prayers, the eyes read the words in the book, the knees are bent, the hands are joined. The most perfect prayer is that in which soul and body pray together. Nevertheless, prayer is above all an affair of the heart. One may pray, and pray well without saying a word. Look at Magdalen in the Pharisee's house, sitting silently at the feet of Jesus and weeping bitterly the while.

MANY men are out of work in the cities, and in some places crowds march the streets, demanding bread. Yet we know a man who owns a farm of 200 acres in Maine, and who says that he cannot work it for all it is worth because he finds it impossible to get men to work for him. Farm work is healthful, not too hard for a strong man, and at this season is well paid. How many thousands of families are there that would be healthier, happier, better and in every way better off, if living in some quiet place in the country, than they are in the crowded, dirty, unhealthy and demoralizing conditions of a city.—S. H. Review.

From the souls of those who have once gazed on celestial truth or beauty, the remembrance can never be effaced.

MEN often climb half way up the ladder and stay there; but it is seldom they fall half way down and stop short at the bottom.

THERE is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least, happiness. It is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others.

## AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
Mary Angela Spellissy.

### LOVE AND LOVERS.

**A**FTER the little skirmish between the old friends, Mrs. Bryce and Ethna came not to Mrs. Acton's cottage. The rigors of our climate told heavily on Aunt Hilda and she was advised to spend a fortnight at the sea-shore. She was unpacking her trunk the morning after her return, when "Miss Bryce" was announced.

"Ask Miss Bryce will she kindly come to my room."

The first glance at Ethna's face showed that she was in trouble. "Are you ill, child?"

"No, Aunt Hilda, but something awful has happened."

Laying her hand on her friend's shoulder, the poor young creature sobbed so violently that her slight frame was shaken like a reed in the wind.

"Cry it out, Pet. You will be the better for it."

Fondly the arms of the matron encircled the sorrow-stricken girl.

"I am ashamed to act so like a baby," said Ethna, as after a few minutes of abandon she strove to control herself, "and you have been sick too, are you better?"

"O, yes, child, but tell me what has happened. Can I help you?"

"I don't know. I have wished for you so much. I was afraid to speak to Miss Judith, she would get so angry. Mother is disgusted with me: it's all about Mr. Stuart. He's coming to see you this morning. You *will* see him, won't you?"

"Certainly child. Are you engaged?"

"No, that is, not exactly. You know he is not a Catholic, and he would not consent to be married by a priest. *He* does not mind, so much, but his father is very bigoted. You see in the town where Mr. Stuart lives there are no Catholics of

refinement. Only mill hands, and the Stuarts are people of importance in their town."

A sad smile passed over Aunt Hilda's face. "How came this condition of affairs, dear. You know that the Church disapproves of mixed marriages, and the young man knew that he must not take to himself a Catholic wife."

"Indeed, Aunt Hilda, I did not know that I cared for him except as a friend. I found it out quite suddenly."

"You left the garden gate open, dearest, and the despoiler found you an easy victim. You forgot the warning, watch and pray that you enter not into temptation."

"Mr. Stuart says that he was in love with me before he knew I was a Catholic. He was never more surprised than when he made the discovery."

"The children of the world recognize the charm of the daughters of the Church, but are slow to discover the cause. What does Mr. Stuart propose to do?"

"He has passed his examinations splendidly. He returned from the last just as I left the house. The poor fellow looks awful; between his studies and our own affairs he has grown haggard; his eyes are sunken. You would think he had been ill for weeks."

"You are not much to look at yourself, Ethna."

"Don't I know it? I am ashamed to go to table, everyone is watching us. O, I wish we had never come to the city. Mr. Stuart met me this morning as I left the dining-room and told me to ask you if we could talk the matter over with you."

"Has he read any book on Catholic doctrine?"

"Mother lent him 'Milner's End of Controversy,' but he could not pay any attention to it, and now he is in such a flurry with his packing. He is to sail on Saturday."

"And this is Wednesday. That is short notice."

"He has received a letter from his father, urging his immediate return. They have some American machinery in their new factory and the people over there can't manage it. There he is now, I guess," she said as the door-bell rang.

"Mr. Stuart to see Mrs. Acton," announced the maid.

"Say I will be down directly. Shall I go alone, Ethna?"

"I told him I would introduce him to you."

"Freshen yourself up a little, dear."

Mechanically, Ethna made some little improvement in her appearance. Her head had rubbed itself into considerable disorder as she nestled in Aunt Hilda's arms.

"Drink this glass of milk, child."

"You are so kind. Do you know I am famished. I have been eating very little this week."

When they descended to the parlor Aunt Hilda found that the lover's appearance corroborated Ethna's statement. They were a wretchedly unhappy looking pair.

Young Stuart began in manly fashion as soon as Ethna presented him to Aunt Hilda.

"It is a shame to come bothering you with our affairs, Mrs. Acton, but I thought that as you have lived in England you would understand better how different life is from America. I am very much in love with Ethna. She is dear to me as my life. I wish to make her my wife and take her with me. I know my family would welcome her with open arms, and do all in their power to make her happy, but she will not consent to be married by anyone but a priest. That I cannot consent to. My father would disinherit me. He is the presiding elder in our kirk and would think it a great disgrace that his child should be married by a priest."

"Does not Protestantism inculcate the principle of private judgment, Mr. Stuart?"

"Yes, but the Catholic Church is so arbitrary. It claims to be infallible."

"We certainly hold that Christ founded a Church, not many conflicting churches. Truth is one. We claim also that every humane creature is bound to find out which church is the one which our Divine Lord commanded his people to hear, and that when found, he is in duty bound to accept her teachings and conform his life to her commandments. Since we Catholics hold that our Church has been founded by Christ and maintained by Him unto the present day, will you not give some attention to the proofs on which our claims are founded?"

"It could make no difference to me, Mrs. Acton. You know how the Catholics are looked down on in the manufacturing towns of the Old Country."

"Yes, Mr. Stuart, Catholics are despised as our Lord Jesus Christ, and His followers, were despised by the proud Romans, but Christianity flourishes gloriously in this, the nineteenth century of its existence, while the Romans came to grief long since in spite of all their boasted power. In your present agitation your mind is incapable of giving attention to a statement of the doctrines of our Church, so I will give an answer only to the worldly side of the question. You have reminded me of the contempt with which Catholics are regarded in Great Britain. Do you forget that the noblest citizen in England to-day is the Catholic Cardinal Manning, the peace-maker of the nation? When the base injustice of the worldly drove the poor man to deeds of violence, such as intimidated men of all conditions, and they shrank in terror from the thousands of starving men and women who took possession of London highways, the mediation of the Father of the poor was the only influence recognized by those desperate creatures. They knew that he recognized in each one of them a brother or a sister in Jesus Christ, and that he realized the desperate straits to which they were driven by cold and hunger and oppression. Like his Divine Master, the Cardinal loved the poor and made his cause their own. If you will look into the doctrines of the Catholic Church you will learn the principles upon which such characters are founded. They are the same as those laid down by Christ on the mountain and by which he revolutionized the world. The meek receive no more recognition from the world of to-day than they did when our Saviour walked the earth that He came to redeem. Nevertheless, our Lord proclaimed 'Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land.' 'Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Have these thoughts ever occurred to you, Mr. Stuart?"

"I cannot say that they have, Mrs. Acton. Pardon my bluntness when I confess that I can think only of this matter between Ethna and me. Why can she not agree to be married by a magistrate?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Reflections on the Life of St. Arsenius, Anchorite.

BY CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.



ON the 17th of July the Church celebrates the Feasts of two Saints, who form a striking contrast to each other, and exemplify the two extremes of the active and contemplative life. St. Vincent de Paul appears to us as the very type of active charity, while St. Arsenius withdrew himself as far as possible from the world, and during fifty-five years, which was more than the latter half of his life, took no active part in the affairs of this world. There was a marked difference between the careers of these two great men. The one, St. Vincent, was born in obscurity, but gradually rose to the highest distinction by the practice of that virtue which shed such brilliant light before the world; the other, born in distinction and placed in the highest honors, flies from the world and buries himself in obscurity.

Both appeared at the courts of sovereigns, the one to draw all men to God, the other to make the sacrifice of earthly dignities; the one finds the sphere of his activity in conversation with men, the other shuns, as much as possible, the society of his fellow-creatures.

But, in spite of these differences, both St. Vincent and St. Arsenius practice the same virtues. In both, the motive power that impels them is the love of God and the desire of eternal salvation; both are eminent for the practice of humility; both shun glory, which, nevertheless, follows them in spite of themselves.

These two saints, so different from each other in their exterior life, and yet so like unto each other in their inner virtues, are both the products of the same supernatural society, both the children of the same mother, the Church of Jesus Christ. Their lives show how grace works upon nature, and how circumstances affect the lives of saints as well as of ordinary individuals. They teach us also that God conducts His saints along different roads to the same glorious end.

The life of the silent, contemplative

Saint Arsenius, will form the subject of this essay. We know that the Saint was a Roman by birth, and that he was highly connected, but of his life little has been handed down to us. He was educated in learning and piety, and was well skilled, not only in the Holy Scriptures, but also in the profane sciences, and versed in Latin and Greek literature. From an early period of his life he seems to have been inclined to solitude, for we find him leading a retired life at Rome with his sister. He was then in deacon's orders. This obscurity, however, did not last long, for he was summoned thence, at the recommendation of the Pope, by the Emperor Theodosius the Great, to become the tutor of his children. Arsenius was received at the Byzantine court with all marks of distinction, raised to the rank of senator, and loaded with honors. No one at the court wore richer apparel, none had more sumptuous furniture than he. He had at his disposition no less than a thousand richly clad servants. Arsenius spent eleven years at the Court of Theodosius. But earthly honors could not satisfy him. His inclination for a retired life had always continued, and he had for a long time earnestly prayed to know the will of God. One day he heard a voice saying to him: "Arsenius, flee the company of men, and thou shalt be saved." At that time the Egyptian deserts were peopled by a host of solitaires, who drew upon themselves the admiration of the world. The fame of an Anthony and a Pacannius had gone abroad, and those who desired higher perfection fled to the great masters of the spiritual life in the deserts of Nitria, Scete and Palestine. St. Arsenius, tired of the world, and obedient to a higher call, sailed to Alexandria, and proceeded to the desert of Scete, where he embraced an anchoritical life. He was then in the fortieth year of his age. Fifty-five years he spent in this obscurity, conversing as little as possible with men, and leading a life of penance until his death, about the year 449.

Here we have before our eyes the example of a man of learning and talents, a man highly esteemed by the world, who suddenly leaves all that was most desirable to human nature, in spite of the wish of emperors to retain him at their court, in order to plunge into the depths of a wilder-



ness, and spend his life in prayer and the humble labor of making mats. Does not this seem opposed to prudence and wisdom? We may ask ourselves: What good did Arsenius do to himself, what to the world? Could he not have saved his soul in the world, and there practiced the highest virtue? The answer to this question we find in the voice Arsenius heard. It is not so certain that he could have saved his soul with equal facility at the Court of Constantinople. But supposing he could, we must remember that God needs no one, and if God wanted him in the desert, it was his duty to obey. For, after all, man is the servant of God, and his highest perfection consists in doing the will of his creator.

But would it not have been better, you ask, if Arsenius had remained at the Court, where he might have done so much good by word and example, especially as the world is in need of good men? What good did he effect by going into solitude; what influence did he exercise upon society; what mark has he made upon the history of the world? Ah! children of men, reflect, reflect. Once more; God needs no one; it was in His power to give the world a hundred Arseniuses; but He wanted Arsenius in the desert. You say he could have done more good by remaining in the world; but by what standard do you measure the amount of good done? You might also say that God could have done more good by creating more than He did create. It is certain that the Almighty beholds in His mind an immense number of possible creatures, which shall never behold the light of existence. Can anyone blame the Eternal Wisdom for not creating them? Thus, also, it was the will of God, that all the possible good that Arsenius might have done in the world should not be effected. This perfection lay in another direction.

But is it true that Arsenius did nothing for the world, that he exercised no influence on society? Had he remained where he was, his name might never have been heard of. Of how many tutors of kings and princes do we know the names to-day? Arsenius plunged into obscurity, and this very obscurity rescued his name from oblivion, and that name shall be remembered as long as the Roman martyr-

ology exists. History speaks of many of contemporaries who were greater than ; what mark did they make upon tory? The consequences of their tions still exist; for the effects of the actions of even the most insignificant individual continue in the history of the world. But who can trace them? Who can show to-day any special existing benefit for society that ensued from the reign of Theodosius the Great, or his son, Arcadius? The very empire of which they were the rulers, has passed away, and only the keen eye of the most observant historian could still detect any consequence of their lives in that Constantinople which was once their pride and their glory.

But it is not thus with Arsenius. It is true he built no cities, he led no armies to battle, he erected no monuments, he wrote no books, he only made mats, but he has left behind an influence which will continue to be felt as long as time itself exists. During his lifetime the fame of the silent solitary of Scete was spread over a great portion of the Roman Empire, and it no doubt drew many to the practice of virtue. Since his death he has been looked upon by the most eminent monks of succeeding ages as a most illustrious pattern of their state, and he shines to-day before the church as a brilliant example of virtue. How many have not read the life of St. Arsenius who have been drawn to virtue by its perusal? Can such a life, then, be said to have been useless?

One thing which strikes us in the life of this holy servant of God, was his utter disregard for the opinion of the world. In the desert he lived truly as a solitary, for not only had he fled from the world, but he prevented it from reaching him. This was not the courtesy of a Saint Francis de Sales which welcomed all men with sweetness; no, he rather forbade them to approach him. His former pupil, Arcadius, having succeeded to the empire after the death of Theodosius in 395, desired to call back to court his holy master Arsenius. Being informed that he was in the desert of Scete, he wrote to him, offering to him the disposal of all the tribute of Egypt, that he might make a provision for the monasteries and the poor at his discretion. His only reply was: "God grant us all the pardon of our sins; as to the distribution of

the money, I am not capable of such a charge, being already dead to the world." The favor of the great of this world which he had voluntarily renounced could not tempt the noble soul of Arsenius. The Saint had been tutored in the austere school of Saint John the Dwarf, under whose care the ancients of the desert had placed him. It happened that when Arsenius first presented himself to be admitted among the brethren, St. John sat down in the evening with the rest to take their repast, but left Saint Arsenius standing, and, as if this were not enough humiliation, in the middle of the repast he threw before him a loaf of bread, bidding him, with an air of indifference, eat it, if he would. Arsenius fell on the ground and thus took his meal. His master immediately recognized in him a fit subject for the religious life. Would to God that these examples found more imitators! St. Arsenius was not made much of on account of the position he had occupied in the world; on the contrary, as we see by this example, he was specially humbled. The same is done now-a-days in fervent religious communities.

St. Arsenius would seldom see strangers who came to visit him; and he made exception for none, Theophilus, the patriarch of Alexandria, came one day, in company with a certain highly placed personage and others, to pay him a visit, and begged he would entertain them on some spiritual subject. The saint inquired whether they would follow his directions. On receiving an affirmative reply, he said: "I entreat you, then, that whenever you are informed of Arsenius' abode, you would leave him to himself, and spare yourself the trouble of coming after him." On another occasion when the same patriarch sent to inquire whether he would be received, the saint replied, that if he came alone he would, but that if he brought others with him he would seek out some other place, and stay there no longer. Melania, a noble Roman lady, travelled all the way to Egypt only to see Arsenius. Having met him as he came out of his cell, she threw herself at his feet. The saint said to her: "A woman ought not to leave her house; you have crossed these great seas that you may be able to say at Rome that you have seen Arsenius, and raise in others a curiosity to come and see me."

She begged that he would always remember and pray for her. The answer: "I pray that the remembrance of you be blotted out of my mind."

He treated his brethren no better. He never visited them, and contented himself with meeting them at spiritual conferences. The abbot, Mark, having asked him one day why he so much shunned their conversation, he answered: "God knoweth how dearly I love you all; but I find I cannot be both with God and men at the same time; nor can I think of leaving God to converse with men." He often said: "I have always something to repent of after having conversed with men; but have never been sorry for having been silent." Such a man we might, now-a-days, feel inclined to call a crank, but we ought not to forget that God calls some of His saints to walk in admirable ways. If He gave to Vincent de Paul, and Francis de Sales, that sweetness which rendered them amiable, others he called to live in complete seclusion from the world.

We must not, however, imagine that the life of St. Arsenius was a morose and melancholy one; for the contrary was manifested by the serenity of his countenance, which appeared to have something angelical or heavenly. He shunned the company of men, says St. John Chrysostom, that he might not lose something more precious, which was God.

The best time to judge of life is when that life is approaching its end. The echo of such a judgment has come to us through the lapse of ages. A contemporary of Arsenius was the active patriarch of Alexandria, Theophilus, whom we have mentioned. He it was who had most contributed to the destruction of idolatry in Egypt. By order of Theodosius he had destroyed the magnificent temple of Terapis at Alexandria, together with the sanctuaries of the gods. The people seeing their deities thus demolished, without avenging themselves, turned to Christianity, and idolatry was overthrown. This same Theophilus, on whose reputation there exists more than one stain, became, through the hatred of one man, a persecutor of the monks of Nitria, and of the Holy Patriarch of Constantinople, St. John Chrysostom.

When, in the year 412, Theophilus lay on his death-bed, the image of the saintly Arsenius arose before him, and, as eternity loomed up beyond the horizon of time, he exclaimed: "Happy Arsenius! who has had this moment always before his eyes!" We here behold these two men: one a high dignitary of the Church, but living amidst the turmoil of human passions, the other a poor solitary with death constantly before his eyes. This poor monk is called happy by the Patriarch at that moment when all earthly happiness is at an end. O! Blessed Arsenius, may we, walking in thy footsteps, seek for that true happiness which death even cannot take away from us!

### The Mystery of Grace.

A STORY which illustrates the mystery of grace and which is not without parallel elsewhere is told by the *Liverpool Catholic Times*. In one of the aristocratic families of Scotland some time ago a Catholic servant was induced to attend Protestant services and became to all appearance an apostate. Shortly after she gave up her situation, leaving behind her some Catholic books of devotion. Curiosity at first and then interest induced her mistress to read these books. The lady is now a fervent Catholic, and the servant at last reports was still a Protestant.

### OBITUARY.

THE following persons, who have died lately, are recommended to the pious prayers of our charitable readers: James F. McGarry, who met a sudden death at Tonawanda, N. Y., May 3rd; James Mulligan, who died April 25th, at Lockport, N. Y.—R. I. P.

### Favors Received for the New Hospice.

CANCELLED postage stamps have been received from the following places, and are herewith gratefully acknowledged: Ven. Sr. M. A., San Francisco, Cal.; Miss L. K., Eastwood, Ont.; Miss J. McC., Taylor, Ia.; Miss J. McP., Ashmont, Mass.; Ven. Srs. St. F., Oldenburg, Ont.; Ven. Srs. St. F., Oldenburg, Ind.; Mrs. S. F. S., Greensburg, Ky.; Miss S. X. B., Mrs. S. J. W., and W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Mrs. A. M. L., Kingston, Ont.; Mrs. T. D., Mill Creek, Mich.; C. B., Cleveland, Ohio; M. H., Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. G. H. S., Niagara

Falls, N. Y.; J. McK., —? Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; H. D., Staffa, Ont.; Miss F. K., Netherby, Ont.; Miss N. O'B., Dedham, Mass.; Miss J. H., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Ven. Sr. M. B., Buffalo, N. Y.; and from several sources unknown to us.

Devotional articles have been sent by Miss J. A. C., Snyder, Ont.; and Miss F. K., Netherby, Ont.; to whom we wish to acknowledge our gratitude.

### Our Lady's Own.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular Registry, from Saranac Lake, N. Y.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; Walkerville, Ont.; Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Lancaster, Ohio; Whitfield, Ind.; St. Peter's Church, London, Ont.; St. John Evangelist's Church, Johnville, N.B.; St. Basil's Church, Toronto, Ont.; Watertown, N. Y.; Mt. Angel, Ore.; Dresden, Kas.; St. Francis Church, Ridgfield Park, N. Y.; Hesson, Ont.; St. Anthony of Padua Church, Centreville, Ont.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from University of St. Louis, Mo.; Evansville, Ind.; Avon, Ohio; St. Francis Convent, Trenton, N.J.; La Crosse, Wis.; Durango, Colo.; St. Aloysius' Church, Chicago, Ill.; Scranton, Pa.

### PETITIONS.

OUR readers are requested to remember the following intentions in their prayers: 2 children, 1 husband; a lost brother; 3 insane persons; safe delivery, 2; conversions, 3; 9 cures; 3 situations; reform of 4 persons addicted to drink; reform of 2 persons who have ceased to practice their religion; 7 special requests; 7 temporal favors; 6 spiritual favors; the novices and students of our Order, and the progress of the Hospice.

SCRUPULOSITY is the sign of a little mind. "Perfect love casteth out fear."

THE saints accepted as favors the sickness and the sufferings which God sent them.

GREATNESS is to take the common things of life and to walk truly among them. Happiness is a great love and much serving.

BE charitable towards your neighbor, liberal to the poor; regard God in all your actions; seek Him in simplicity, purity, and humility of heart, desirous only of pleasing Him, and of attributing to Him the glory of everything.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY.