



Celestial Recompense.



B E HOLD, a glory of the sun,
 Another, of the moon,
 Another of the stars—if won,
 A grand celestial boon :
 That splendor of sun-rays is hers,
 Sweet Mother of our Lord,
 Whose changeless peace no shadow blurs,
 With Him in full accord !

What is the glory of the sun,
 Thou student of the Word ?
 Its roseate strands of glory spun
 Hast thou or known or heard ?
 Hast watched the trembling of the dawn,
 Or seen the sunset pour
 Its scarlet flood o'er vale and lawn,
 Earth kneeling, to adore ?

And what the glory of the moon,
 Waxing or waning cold ?
 White as a rose in heat of noon
 Or soft as liquid gold ?
 Hast seen the quivering whiteness fall
 On dewy, daisied fields ?
 Or mournfully, on crosses tall
 Where Death his sceptre wields ?

This shadowed glory, wrung from tears,
 The blessed martyrs wear ;
 Its silvery light—yet sweet—endears
 Their presence everywhere,
 We love to know their loving deeds,
 We see their waving palms !
 Yea, Lord ! amid our sordid needs
 We hear their blessed psalms !

We saw them meekly bow beneath
 A frenzied might of wrong ;
 The scaffold and the blasted heath
 Have known earth's saddest song.
 "Now Heaven hath heard!" to-day we cry ;
 "Victorious, ye reign !
 Teach us your Hymn of Praise on high,
 O martyrs of Compiègne !

No glory ours of moon or sun,
 We follow from afar ;
 Our best reward, when all is done,
 But as the faintest star.
 Yet give us grace to struggle on,
 Dear Lord, where they have striven,
 Thy Captaincy, to lean upon,
 Our one foregleam of Heaven.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

TO THE CARMELITE MARTYRS
 OF COMPIEGNE.

I.



LILIES of holy Carmel
 Robed in its garb of white !
 Beautiful virgin-martyrs,
 Crowned in the land of light !
 Sweet is that song celestial
 None but the virgins sing ;
 Yes ! and the tones of martyrs
 Soft in *your* accents ring !

II.

Ah ! you have nobly followed
 Jesus, the Victim slain,
 Dyeing your robes with crimson,
 Deep in the press of pain.
 And to His restful kingdom
 Lifting your longing gaze,
 Gladly you drank the chalice
 Chanting the Bridegroom's praise.

III.

Whilst we ascend the mountain,
 (Wearisome oft our way !)
 Beautiful virgin-martyrs !
 Aid us to watch and pray.
 May we, in pain and sorrow,
 Ever be nobly calm.
 Blissful our home unending !
 Glorious its light—the Lamb !

ENFANT DE MARIE,

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES:

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)



THE next morning a vast throng of fervent Catholics were present at the holy sacrifice-- of whom three hundred were German warriors

in the pay of Rascia. The hope of martyrdom had sprung up with passionate fervor in those hearts, awakened to self-sacrifice by the ardent love of a saint.

Stratimir, when he heard of it, was not able to control his fury. Despots deem it an outrage when their subjects dare to make any manifestation of moral courage. To place the voice of conscience above the ready connivance with their guilty caprices and the price offered for such base compliance, is in their eyes only a rebellion. Imbued with this view of the case, the King lost no time in summoning to his presence the German officers. The captain of this valiant band permitted the first outburst of rage and threats on the part of the tyrant to be spent, and then with true Christian dignity he spoke in the name of all. "We do not pretend to deny, your highness, that we were aware of the edict which you promulgated. If we did not obey, it was because according to the sacred writings in which you believe, as well as we, that it is better to please God than man.

We are Catholics, and are attached to our holy Church with every fibre of our hearts. Would it be possible for us to leave the legate sent by the Holy See—and *such* a legate, the well-beloved father of our souls, to celebrate the divine mysteries without being present on the occasion? Know, O! Prince that our religion is dearer far to each one of us than *the apple of his eye*. We are ready to sacrifice everything to defend it, to preserve it, and to diffuse throughout the splendid radiance of its glory."

At these spirited words and noble sentiments from those over whose heads he, as it were, held the sword suspended, the tyrant was utterly confounded. Thus in almost every instance does it happen with the enemies of the Church in the face of a vigorous yet prudent opposition.

Their vaunted courage is mere bravado and vain boasting, their encroachments are infinite when they perceive any evidence of weakness on the part of those whom they fancy to be in their power, but their arrogance vanishes when they meet with the noble courageous soul that dares their poor small natures to do their worst. Stratimir forced a smile and pretended to be satisfied with the captain's words. He gave utterance to some expressions

of approval for such "noble sentiments," and even formulated a few phrases expressive of approval for the legate. The next day he publicly declared his friendly sentiments towards St. Peter Thomas. The legate, profiting by the few days of grace afforded him by this truce, placed himself in communication with the various churches which were as yet not in communion with the one true fold. Several gave him positive assurances of a return, but alas, few had the opportunity to realize them, for Stratimir perceiving that he had nothing favorable to hope for from the Holy See in his conflict with his suzerain, resumed his former attitude, and indulged to the fullest extent his deceitful and intolerant spirit. He went so far as to lay snares for the papal legate, and made several treacherous attempts upon his life. Justice, though its action may at times be tardy, will eventually have its way. After six years of unsuccessful attempts, a war ensued. We will have occasion, later on, to speak of this final conflict—in which the victorious King of Hungary, invading the dominions of Stratimir, seized upon Dodona, the capital, and triumphantly bore off the despotic tyrant to languish in a well-merited captivity.

Meanwhile the Bishop of Patti, with fervent prayers for those unhappy provinces, bestowed upon them the Apostolic benediction, and with the deepest emotion, left with his associates in the embassy and pursued the journey towards France.

His mission, which had lasted a year, had by no means been without fruit. Those who were Catholics, but indifferent ones, had been strengthened and confirmed in their faith. Then the newly converted ones persevered despite the persecutions more or less

violent which they had to endure either from the Greeks or the Turks, when the latter invaded Rascia in 1458.

A numerous tribe of Catholic Rasciens emigrated at that time to the southern part of Austria, and established themselves permanently there. They have perpetuated the holy faith and in all the changing vicissitudes of years have remained faithful children of the Church, and fearless defenders of her truths.

CHAPTER X.

THE MEDIATOR BETWEEN HUNGARY AND VENICE—GENEROUS CONCURRENCE OF HUNGARY—FIRST OVERTURE OF PETER THOMAS REGARDING THE CRUSADE—THE VENETIANS WILL NOT ACCEPT THE PROFFERED PEACE, AND SUSTAIN A DISASTROUS DEFEAT—1356.

After the manner in which his legates had been treated, and the unwelcome interruption of their mission, the Sovereign Pontiff, in the matter of the Bulgarians and the religious liberty, so much to be desired, recognized that to rely upon the arguments of theology would indeed be useless. His only hope rested upon the proposed military expedition of Louis I. against the rebels. It was therefore an exceedingly great disappointment to him when an unexpected diversion drew the valiant army of that brave monarch in quite another direction.

In the year 1356, the Venitians had taken possession of Zara in the Dalmation country, a maritime city belonging to Hungary. In reprisal King Louis, in the month of June, laid siege to Treviso (in the same province) a city under the dominion of the Venitians. To still the fury of the tempest and calm the rage of the belligerents,

Pope Innocent VI. determined to propose the paternal arbitration of his Legates.

The Bishop of Patti, after having rendered an account of his mission in Southern Slavonia, vainly petitioned to be allowed to return to his people in Sicily. Although he had not been entirely successful in his former legation, he had nevertheless evinced so much diplomacy and such great energy that the Sacred College knew well how to appreciate his worth. Having but recently visited Venice and Hungary, he had gained an insight into the manners and customs of the people and had won their esteem and veneration. Surely no one could be better fitted to act as a messenger of peace between the conflicting parties.

Five different bulls relating to the mission of Hungary were issued in the month of July—or, as some say, August—1356.

Peter Thomas and Stephen (a Franciscan and Bishop elect of Agram in Croatia) were sent to the King of Hungary, and also to John Grandenigo, then doge of Venice. The first subject to be broached was the cessation of the unfortunate spirit of animosity which existed between the two sovereigns, while the second was to invoke their assistance against the enemies of the Church.

To Louis they were authorized to offer the position of Commander-in-Chief of a large army—all devoted Christians. The main object being to bring Stratimir into subjection, the next to marshal their forces against those Italian nobles who had revolted against the temporal power of the Holy Father. To promote the desired ends, they would constitute King Louis vicar of the Sovereign Pontiff in Italy, and standard-bearer of the Holy Catholic

Church. To provide for the expenses of the expedition, the King was at liberty to retain the ecclesiastical tithes throughout his domain for the period of three years.

To the doge, the legates were to recommend that he should hold entirely aloof from *all* negotiations with the Esclavonians (a name similar to the Rasciens) and to do all in his power to aid the cause of the Church.

Innocent VI. invoked also the co-operation of the Patriarch of Aquileia, and the Archbishop of Salzburg, prince of the Holy Empire. These prelates were to watch diligently and strive to dissipate any trouble that might arise in Hungary—and, under penalty of excommunication, they were to avoid being on intimate or too friendly terms with any heretic or schismatic.

The intrepid Peter once again crossing the Alps, and taking in Lombardy, arrived before very long at Venice. He was received with every mark of respect, and before an illustrious assemblage of dignitaries, he demonstrated the motives which should convince the Republic of the advantages of peace. In response to his paternal remonstrances, the "Council of Ten" made many fine promises, but owing to the absence of the first magistrate, they could enter into no definite agreement. The doge, Grandenigo, was dead. His death had occurred on August 28, and John Delphino, at that very time in the besieged city of Treviso, had been chosen as his successor. There was certainly cause to fear that it would be very difficult to gain his consent to pacific measures in the midst of a turbulent army. The Venetian troops were, generally speaking, hirelings who thought only of gain, or parties who, living by means of the pillage rendered easy by the constant

out-breaks of war, were never in favor of laying down their arms.

The Bishop of Patti hesitated not a moment in going to seek those formidable bands. Nothing seemed impossible to him, sustained as he was by an implicit faith in divine Providence, and fervent devotion to the Blessed Virgin. As a craven fear of death found no place in his brave heart, despite a thousand perils he passed through cities filled with the wild tumult of expected war; went over streams where, their bridges having been torn away, he, perforce, availed himself of hastily placed planks, or perhaps of a frail boat which seemed ready to sink beneath the waters to rise no more. He penetrated into the depths of forests, where dangerous foes were concealed in ambuscades so artfully covered that they could neither be seen nor guarded against, and all this was done in the hope of accomplishing his noble aim.

Such unparalleled heroism commanded the respect of the leaders and induced them to promise to temporize until his return.

Without a moment's delay, our undaunted hero pursued his course to the very battle field trodden by the two opposing armies, and succeeded in gaining speech with some of the Hungarian hussars. Influenced, perhaps, by the force of his determined will, they, not any too willingly, procured him an audience with King Louis. This good and able monarch, in whose veins flowed also the blood of France through the branch of the royal house of Sicily, received Blessed Peter with every mark of respect, and in a lengthy audience proved to be all that Innocent VI. had anticipated. The legate, having presented his letters of credit, told the sovereign of the great confidence placed in him by the Pontiff

and repeated the generous offers of the latter. The King responded most graciously. Returning thanks to the Holy Father, he loyally accepted the titles and subsidies offered to him. He begged the legate to convey to the Holy Father his appreciation of the latter's good opinion, as also the concurrence of a faithful servitor and the loving devotion of an obedient son.

From this time King Louis continued to overwhelm the holy bishop with every conceivable honor. He wished also to defray all his expenses. He sought every opportunity of conversing with him, and always consulted him, for he looked upon him as the wisest and most learned prelate he had ever met. It may be imagined, therefore, that before very long his animosity towards Venice grew less and less pronounced, and more amicable sentiments took possession of his heart.

The proud and fearless eagle, ready to swoop down from the Carpathian summit and bury its talons deep in the quivering flesh of the lion of St. Mark and harass the noble beast until he would be lashed to an impotent fury, was induced, at last, to remain inoffensive as an innocent dove. Under the influence of the Sovereign Pontiff, this Christian monarch permitted sweet charity to resume its sway, and proffered an armistice to be observed during the six succeeding months (from October, 1356, to March, 1357). The question of concurrence in granting the pacification of the Roman states, was also regulated to the entire satisfaction of the reigning Pontiff.

The fructification of these lovely virtues in the midst of a sterile soil charmed the sympathetic heart of our sainted hero, and encouraged him in

the hope of gaining the King's consent to a still more glorious undertaking. In the secret recesses of his soul, the ardent religious had cherished for many months the possibility of a wonderful project.

The piety of King Louis, and the many noble traits which he possessed, accorded so well with this hoped for achievement, that Blessed Peter could not resist the inclination to confide it to him. If, in thus taking the initiative, he went somewhat beyond his prerogative as a nuncio, he felt assured at least that he was in perfect accord with the heartfelt desires of the Pontiff. For was not his dream one that was shared by all Christendom? It touched upon the recovery of the right of our holy mother, the Church to the hallowed places so dear to her loving children's hearts, and included the project of a crusade for the possession of our Lord's sepulchre.

Noble hearts beat in unison with each other. King Louis did not require much persuasion. During the ceremonies attendant upon his receiving the standard of the Church, with his hands placed within those of the Bishop of Patti, he took a solemn oath that before a decade of years should have passed, he would go in person to the Holy Land at the head of a powerful army.

Blessed Peter Thomas had now attained the summit of his desires. He bade farewell to the King and set out upon his homeward journey. When he had first traversed that way, the Hungarian militia had taken a malicious pleasure in choosing "the little monk" as the target for many a jest. But now all was changed. All along the route he was received with deference, the soldiers being, unanimously, imbued with the pacific disposition of

their sovereign.

Quite different was his reception at Venice. In a re-union held at the ducal palace, Thomas dilated upon the resources of Hungary, and the bitter animosity which at first was felt towards the Venitians by "the powers that be." He told how nobly it had been overcome, and what an amicable disposition now reigned in its place. The King promised to give up the definitive possession of Dalmatia—that is to say Zara—to annul all subjects of complaint, that had existed heretofore—and for all future time to maintain the most friendly terms with his former enemies.

But one condition was required. As a souvenir of this (projected) cessation of hostilities, a snow-white palfrey was to be offered annually to the King of Hungary by the most serene Republic.

But favorably as the kingdom of Hungary spoke through the lips of the Papal legate, no voice of concurrence was heard. A murmur of disfavor passed through the Senate, and the Council of Ten, entering into solemn conclave, were so unutterably mistaken as to reject the overtures. In vain did the Bishop of Patti, who was most grievously disappointed at this unlooked-for result, implore the Senate, in the name of everything sacred, to re-consider their decision. In vain did he depict the disasters which might overwhelm them if they continued to resist the wishes of the Holy Father.

Trusting to their much-vaunted strength, and carried away by the pride of their riches and magnificence, the Senators remained deaf to the warnings of heaven. One of the ten evinced more than all others a most bitter and inimical disposition. He

ridiculed the words of Blessed Peter, and laughed alike at his promises and his threats. He denounced him in the most violent and blasphemous terms. The insolence of this diatribe went far towards influencing the nobles, who, a few moments before, were inclined to respond to the mediator.

But the day had not yet ended when the wretched man met with a sudden death. He was stricken down by a just God who does not always withhold swift and terrible punishment to the blasphemous sinner. And nevertheless—O! incredible blindness and hardness of the human heart! The warning had no effect upon the rest who refused, more firmly than ever, to consent to the treaty.

At the expiration of the six months' armistice the homicidal fury burst forth anew, but to the detriment of the misguided recalcitrants. For the victorious Hungarians drove out the Venitians from Zara (September, 1357) and cut to pieces another of their armies (January, 1358). Repenting, when too late, the folly of having disdained the former conditions, favorable as they were, the Republic was constrained to sign an iron-bound article of capitulation.

Blessed Peter Thomas, having exhausted all the means at his command to accomplish the desired aim and end, left the scene of a misfortune which he could not avert. With a sorrowful heart, at the thought of the Christian blood, which would turn to crimson the waters of the Adriatic, and fervent prayers to implore mercy for those who had refused it from man, he returned to Avignon to give an account of his mission. The result of this fourth embassy, equally with that of Rascia, was not fully satisfactory except to the humility of the saint. For suc-

cess—which is *God's* part in the works which He assigns to us—often assumes a form which cannot easily be seen.

An end and aim that even his servants deem highly advantageous and desirable escapes fruition in some mysterious way. But, lo! an other of which they had not thought presents itself, and the result proves all that could be wished for. Blessed Peter knew this well—and, therefore, any failure (whether real or merely apparent) which might have been mortifying to one carried away by pride and ambition had not the slightest effect upon his prompt and instant obedience.

The slightest intimation from the Holy Father would have found him ready to hasten to the most remote quarter of the globe!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Except in the act of contemplation, in all exercises and good works, the soul must make use of good meditations on, and recollection of, what is good in such a way as to increase devotion and profit, particularly dwelling on the Life, Passion, and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ, in order that its works, exercises, and life may be conformed to His.—St. John of the Cross.

They who have passed on to the state of contemplation, must not for that reason suppose that they are never to make their meditations any more; for in the beginning the habit of it is not so established that they can have it whenever they will; neither are they so far removed from meditation as to be unable to meditate as they were accustomed to do.—St. John of the Cross.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)



WHILE the minister hung between life and death, the negro he had sacrificed himself to save, stood at the bar of justice, awaiting the verdict that was to determine his fate. When it was announced his trial would be held during the present court's sitting, Harry Earle went to the leading lawyer of the town to secure him in the prisoner's behalf. The lawyer was his warmest friend, hence he was unprepared for the prompt refusal.

"You know, Earle," he explained, "I have offered myself for the Legislature and I cannot antagonize voters, as I should do by espousing the nigger's cause. It would count dead against me at the Blue Lick, and you know that is a precinct not to be disregarded. Moreover, my sympathies are not with niggers, as you know; for I cannot forget a father and two brothers, a home made desolate and a fortune ruined. But there is John Caldwell, he's a Northern sympathizer, and will be glad to defend Pete."

Mr. Earle was turning away, with a bitter expression on his face, but his friend stopped him.

"Is your interest in the nigger because of Mr. Gray?" he asked.

"Partly," returned Mr. Earle; partly because his mother was my

own nurse, and wholly because I know the boy is innocent. Jack, it's awful to let the wrong man swing!"

"Earle," said he, bringing his hand down with force on the table, "I'd do anything for you, yes, I'd stake my chance of being elected, to accommodate you; but I can't defend a nigger!"

"That's all right!" returned Mr. Earle. "You can't expect a man to go against his sentiments."

"Get Caldwell," continued the lawyer. "It will be a case followed with attention, tell him, and there is splendid opportunity for him, if he but knows how to properly grasp it. I'll see that you are appointed on the jury, and a friend in the jury box is worth twenty lawyers."

Harry Earle had slight relish for the promised appointment, but he heroically put his own inclinations out of sight in his efforts to save Pete. Mr. Caldwell was a thin, keen-eyed man, considered a good lawyer, but never popular because of his extreme Yankeeism; while his opponent was the hail-fellow-well-met of the entire community, the possessor of a brilliant intellect, a certain persuasive eloquence, and the invincible weapons of wit and ridicule. It was his boast he had never lost a case if he found an adversary open to ridicule or discovered a point on which he could turn the flash-light of his wit. But he realized the case under consideration admitted of no such handling; the tragic

element in it made it the gravest that had demanded his attention in all his phosphoric-like career. The public sentiment was entirely against the people he had been called upon to represent, for while it was desired that the murderer of Jake Sharkley should be brought to justice, it could not be forgotten the friends of the dead man had thought to usurp the privileges of the law, and, to carry out their unholy proceedings, had not scrupled to make an attempt on the sacred persons of a minister of God and a servant of the commonwealth.

The opening day of the trial saw the old court-house crowded to the doors, while, an unusual thing in the South, in the space reserved for ladies there was not a vacant chair. The hill element was well represented, but their faces wore subdued expressions, and more than one threw apprehensive glances toward the soldiers, who, the day following the raid on the jail, had been dispatched by the Governor to guard the prisoner. A large number of white citizens testified as to the character of the prisoner, which had ever been free from blame. But his sole witness was a young farmer, who stated that shortly after noon on that Monday, while on his way to the Blue Lick Springs, he had met the prisoner, on the road leading to Sharkley's house. The prisoner had told him of the quarrel with his employer in the morning, but, as the last month's wages were unpaid, he had reconsidered his first intention of leaving, and was on his way back to Mr. Sharkley's where he had decided to remain until the time for which he had engaged himself had expired. The prisoner, on that occasion, wore a suit of dark clothes. He had not expressed the slightest resentment over the treat-

ment he had received, and when they parted, began to whistle.

The witnesses against the prisoner were many. A dozen men, who had been at the Lick smithy, had heard his threat to "fix the old man," while others declared, at noon, he had been seen going in the direction of the La Rue Hotel, where, it was known, another negro was employed, who was seen to have in his possession a pistol. It was a significant fact that since the murder this negro had left the hotel nor could his present whereabouts be located. But the witness in whom the greatest interest centered was Lucy Sharkley, the only child of the dead man. She was a slightly built, timid creature, with the fragile fairness of the wild lily-bells that flourish in the sunless depths of her own dim forests. Her eyes were delicately blue and tender and her tears, as she spoke of her father, touched every heart. Her mother had died several years ago, and the pathos of her young life, as she unconsciously revealed it on the witness stand, was not without its visible effect on that crowded room. She confirmed what had been said of Pete's character, and admitted that while her father was often harsh, the boy had never shown him any disrespect and had been prompt and faithful in the performance of his duty. She had not witnessed the quarrel and the first intimation she received of it was when the prisoner had rushed through the kitchen on his way to his room, which was adjoining. When she next saw him, he had on his "Sunday clothes" and carried a bundle under his arm. In answer to her query where he was going, he had answered to the Springs. He then told her of the quarrel and concluded by saying he intended fixing the old

man this time sure. When her father came in to dinner, she said, he was very angry, though not, she believed, over the morning's occurrence, for when she informed him of the prisoner's departure, he had laughed and said, "He'll be back by supper-time." Her father had then said perhaps he had been too hard on the prisoner that time, but excused himself for his conduct by saying he was angry and scarcely knew what he was doing. She remembered he had complained of having much trouble with some people and declared they had better let him alone and not cross his way again. When asked by the lawyers if she knew to whom he referred, she replied she did not, for her father seldom made her his confidant. He went back to the field soon after dinner, and she had thought no more about the matter until she heard the shot. She was standing by the kitchen window washing the dishes. The window gave her a full view of the field, though at a distance. When she looked through it, hearing the shot, she saw her father throw up his hands and fall backwards. The man who shot him turned to run. She saw he wore blue cottonade overalls, a dark coat, that he was bare-headed and his face was black. He was tall and slight of figure, like the prisoner, but the distance was too great for her to distinguish his features. She had run out into the field but before she reached her father he was dead, and his murderer had disappeared. It was apparent the girl was telling the exact truth, and it was remarked by all her sincerity and her entire freedom from bitterness or animosity toward the supposed murderer of her father, for whom, it was very evident, she entertained deep love and filial devotion. She was shy in the presence of

so many people, but the questions put to her did not disconcert her, nor was there ever the shadow of a variation in her story.

The prisoner was allowed to go on the stand and the story he told was, in substance, what he had related to the minister. He admitted he had said he was going to "fix the ole man," but that his meaning of the phrase was he intended leaving him then, and without help, in the beginning of the tobacco season. He had seen the negro employed at the hotel, and it was acting on his advice he (the prisoner) had finally concluded to return to Mr. Sharkley's house. After parting with the young farmer, whom he had met on the road, he said he had sat down on a rock to tie his shoestrings and that he had remained there for, perhaps, half-an-hour. Then, he had re-commenced his journey. When within a short distance of the Sharkley farm he heard a pistol shot, but attached no importance to it, until, a little further on, a man emerged from the bushes edging the road and shouted to him to run, as old man Sharkley had been killed, and people would fasten the blame on him, because of the quarrel that morning. Frightened by the announcement, and fearing the people of the neighborhood, he had immediately thrown away his bundle, which contained his working clothes, and struck out through the fields, not knowing to what point his route led, his only desire being to put miles between himself and Sharkley's friends. He, also, said the man had worn blue cottonade overalls and a dark coat, but that when he met him, he was carrying a straw hat in his hand, and that the brim of it was lined with red. But he repeated his assertion that the man was not a negro

for while his face was very black, his hair was yellow.

Two days were consumed in the examination of witnesses and on the morning of the third, the prisoner's lawyer arose to make his address to the jury. Much depended on his words, but he antagonized his hearers at the very start, by a bitter denunciation of Southern methods of administering justice to that race to which his client belonged. Harry Earle, then, bowed his head, knowing, as his friend had hinted, the man was too little for the occasion. His adversary's plea was a burst of eloquence that surprised the house. He threw light on all the doubtful points, forcibly brought forward the suspicious aspects, tenderly referred to the anguish and loneliness of the faithful and loving daughter, chivalrously dwelt on her desire to see justice done; which held back the indignation that naturally swelled from her daughter's heart, as she stood face to face with the treacherous servant, who had deprived her for ever of her one and only protector; passionately referred to the sufferings of her brave marshal and undaunted minister, who had imperiled their lives, not for the sake of that brutal criminal, but in vindication of the eternal rights of the law; and, with an eloquence that fairly swept that audience off their feet, he appealed to those twelve jurors not to dare falter in the execution of their sacred duty, for the blood of a foully murdered man demanded justice, the justice it was in their power to give!

With a few words, the Judge dismissed the jurors and Harry Earle's face had settled into hard lines, and those who knew him best understood

their significance.

The minutes wore into hours, mid-day waned to afternoon, and afternoon to crimson-lighted evening; but the low door of the jury-room remained closed and bolted, while the people outside impatiently awaited the verdict. Night came and the Judge dismissed the Court, the prisoner was returned to his cell, and reluctantly the greater portion of the audience quitted the house. When the evening meal was over, numbers returned, but still those twelve men sat, in the light cast by one small lamp, in solemn silence, or animated dispute. The long night hours passed, but, fascinated by the unusualness of such an occurrence, the crowd remained. Some dozed, some talked, but the brows of all were anxious. At length, word was sent the Judge the jury had reached its decision. He hurried to the court-house, the prisoner was roused from his fitful slumber and returned to the dock, the lawyers, who had been mixing with the crowd, resumed their posts, while the dark-browed hill people pushed forward, peering anxiously toward the jury-room. A few lamps shed their feeble light over the gloomy building, with its rude seats and desks and piles of heavy law books, while the silence of the tomb hung over the scene. The door opened and in single file the men passed out; and it was noticed that the face of Harry Earle, while it had lost its hard lines, was whiter than the collar he wore. The Judge watched them silently as they took their places, and when the last one was seated, he asked:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," was the reply.

"Mr. Clerk, read the verdict," said the Judge.

The clerk stepped forward, and took the verdict, and read :

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty and fix his punishment at imprisonment for seven years, without hard labor."

Dead silence followed the words. There were those who had thought the prisoner would be freed, and those whose opinion was he would be found guilty, with the death penalty attached; but such a sentence none had anticipated. The prisoner sat unmoved; after having lived through the horrors of that other night, seven years of prison life had no alarm for him. His lawyer glared savagely at the jurymen, seeing which, his opponent smiled broadly, though, at first, he had run his fingers through his soft brown hair, perplexedly. The Judge looked grave, but the twelve men who had passed their sentence on a fellow-creature, showed no concern at the reception accorded that judgment. It was then, down the darkened aisle, came a fierce voice, and at its first sound the prisoner started to his feet, and threw up his manacled, clasped hands.

"This is the justice we had to wait for!" it shouted. "This is the justice the law, as represented by judge and jury, gives!"

"Clear the room!" commanded the Judge, in thunder tones.

The constable rose to obey, but half way down the aisle, he saw a dark figure slip back into the shadows and disappear through the portals. Then the Judge addressed a few words to the prisoner and thanked the jury for their services, and again dismissed the Court. And afterwards it was known how for fifteen mortal hours Harry Earle had hung that jury, how he had brought eleven men from a

unanimous sentence of death, down, by gradations, to the one rendered and how, before he consented to that, the penalty of hard work was removed. It was a victory, but he never quite forgot the struggle it cost.

That very night, the high fever of the wounded minister began to abate, and as the soldiers were leading the prisoner back to his cell, he fell into a quiet sleep from which he awoke, conscious, to take up life again, with all the realities of the past and the conjectures of the future.

CHAPTER VII.

The sheen of a June morning was over the land. Under it, the moaning cedars showed less gloomy, while the foliage-covered hills were rich in beauty. Nature here is capricious, wilful. Ask her to yield to cultivation and she does so niggardly, repaying man's unceasing labor with the hand of a miser; leave her to work her own sweet pleasure and she proves how great and artistic she can be in her generosity. But an acre of corn means more to man than the beauty of a thousand shrub-clad hills; and little wonder if the disappointed farmers yearn for possessions in the rich, if unpicturesque Blue Grass Belt.

On the low, roughly-fashioned porch, that served as a dining-room in summer, and that commanded a full view of the road and Judith's home, sat Mrs. Logan, her hawklike eyes fixed on the house below, well defined against its back-ground of orchard trees. Though the hard, high, straight-backed chair had never been intended for anything comfortable, the natural restlessness of the woman made her rock it to and fro, and the rhythmic fall of the front and back feet on the

carpetless floor served as an accompaniment for her vigorous thoughts. The catalpa tree, brought many years before by Brian Lacey from the Blue Grass country, where he had been working, and planted opposite to his window, where its broad leaves might wave him welcome on summer mornings, was now in full bloom; and partly because it represented a strange vegetable growth, partly because Judith Sanders, sitting in its shade with a large book resting on her lap, represented a phase of life, likewise strange, Mrs. Logan regarded it with a displeasure she made no attempt at concealing.

"Thet hejus tree's bloomin' agin," she mused. "I doan know what ole Brian seen in it to make him fetch it frum Burbon an' ten' an' keer fer it like ez ef it was a child. An' she's ez crazy 'bout it. When I tole her tother day she oughter cut it down so's the sun kin git into the house uf a mornin' she looked at me ez if she thought I was a fool. I wish sumthin' 'ud happen to it, fur sence the leaves cum out I can't see the light uf a night an' tell how long they set up. An' she's been a-settin' out thar all mornin,' with one uf them books. It's awful the way thet gal spen's her time, with one uf them books 'mos' always in her han's. An' yit she gits along, sumbow. Her work's always done 'long afor anybody elses. She raises more turkeys than any one in the country and yoh can't count her chickens. Things prosper bettah with her than they did with Brian."

For some time she sat motionless.

"It's no use his tryin,' he says," she then thought, recommencing her hard rocking. "She doan take any more notice uf him then she does uf the nigger Rody sen's up to ten' the

crap. He says he heerd her say once she warn't ever goin' to marry any man. The idy! An' thet place to go to Rody's chil'n an' we to go on livin' up hyar on this po'r hill. It's them books as what has got the' gal so 'ceptional frum every body else. Thar's witchcraft in them! If I could only"——

The sound of a man's laugh, clear, ringing and strange, broke across her thoughts. It brought her hard rocking to an abrupt stop, and turning her eyes from the girl, sitting under the catalpa tree, she saw her son climbing the steep hill, followed by a tall, well-dressed gentleman, who, with one hand, was guiding a bicycle through the wiry white clover and timothy that were making desperate effort to cover the narrow fence-path.

"Wall, I'll declar'!" she cried, springing to her feet, "ef it haint the Baptist preacher, what Lucindy Smith tole me was stoppin' at the Hotel at the Licks! Whar on earth did Bud fin' him? He'll be hyar fur dinnah an' thar haint even a fire in the stove yit!" She ran down the three short logs that, properly placed, served as steps for the porch and peered anxiously at the bottom one; then, said to herself,

"An' it's 'way pas' eleven o'clock already."

Many years before, Mrs. Logan's brother, from Headquarters, a village some eight miles distant, had visited her, and, being the possessor of a watch and finding no timepiece in his sister's house, he had cut a deep mark on the log step, where the shadow fell that day when the noon hour was reached. That was her guide as to the serving of the dinner. It were useless to attempt to convince her that her time was correct only one day in

the year; her neighbors' horns, guided by clocks or watches, might blow before her meal was cooked or after it was eaten, but they were early or late, as the case might be, and she alone correctly on time. The minister's watch indicated an hour and half still remained of the forenoon, but the shadow on the door-step showed about a space of twenty-five minutes between it and the deeply-cut mark; and Mrs. Logan engineered her work accordingly. Before the men had reached the brow of the hill, a fire was roaring madly up the narrow stove-pipe and some hastily gathered lettuce and radishes were cooling in a pan of water, the nimble woman, in the meantime, finding a minute to don a fresh apron and smooth down her iron-gray hair. She met her guest at the front door and welcomed him with that simple cordiality which being sincere transforms the mistress of every home, however humble, into a gracious queen. Before the minister had time, however, to express the pleasure it gave him to meet in a settlement almost entirely Methodist, one of his own persuasion, she hurriedly left the room.

"If I only could lay my han's on yoh!" she remarked to a young chicken, sunning its plump body on one of the log steps, but with a sharp eye fixed on the door, "it warn't well fur yoh neck. But thar'll be ham an' eggs—I reckon I'll have to break in on that settin' I was savin fur the Domin-ecker hen. I'll have to fetch up sum of the buttah too I was keepin' to sen' to the store nex' week. It's mighty lucky I have sugah an' coffee in the house. I'd hate awful bad ef the fus' time one of my own preachers cum to see me, I'd nothin' but milk to give him. I'll open that jar uf cherries I

put up las' Monday, though I did want to keep 'em till Bud's uncle comes in from Texas nex' fall; but I kin put up sum blackberries; them's just as nice. I'll sen' sum uf the cherries over to ole Mrs. O'Hagan, now thet ther're opened. She doan of'n git anything sweet. Then thar's sum apple pie as good luck would have it. Wall," heaving a sigh, "I reckon he's ust to fine things to eat, but ef he's hungry this dinnah 'll taste good enough."

So as she cooked it, she soliloquized, while the minister wondered at the prolonged absence of his hostess, and and the first intimation he received as to its possible cause was when a playful breeze, stealing around the house, carried to him the smell of frying ham, which it had caught in passing the open kitchen window. Then, he experienced a sudden appreciation of her kindness for he had been out several hours, walking most of the time since country roads are not favorable to a bicyclist's progress. Exactly as the shadow crossed the mark on the log step, Mrs. Logan opened the door separating the front room from the porch and invited the minister out to dinner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Throw yourself into the bosom of God, as upon a bed of rest.—St. Augustine.

Love is the salt that preserves affections and actions from the corruptions of life.—Eugenie de Guerin.

Earth can never be wholly happy, because it is not heaven; nor ever wholly unhappy, because it is the way thither.—Eugenie de la Ferronays.

Feast of the Assumption.

“ Arise my love and come !
The winter now is past,
Thine exile pains are o'er
Fly home my dove at last !

“ Arise, like morning's dawn
All beautiful and fair,
Leave in thy tomb the scent
Of fragrant lilies there !”

It rang through azure skies,
It glided o'er the sea,
That glad celestial voice
Of wondrous melody.

The glorious angels gaze
Upon her radiant face,
“ O who is she that comes
Up from the desert place ? ” *

Into the golden light
Earth's gentle dove has flown
Far o'er seraphic choirs
Is placed her queenly throne.

No joy so pure as hers,
No stars so brightly shine
As those, which, like to gems
Her royal brow entwine.

O may the holy Church
With joy to-day o'erglow,
For still that glorious Queen
Remembers all below.

Sweeter than harps of gold,
That e'er vibrate above,
Sounds to the Sacred Heart
The pleading of her love.

Look down, O Mother chaste,
Most amiable and mild ;
List to a song of praise,
'Tis only from thy child

ENFANT DE MARIE.

“ Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful
one and come ! ”

* Canticles VIII.

MARTYRS OF MARY.



HE heroic death of the pious Carmelite virgins of Compiègne—“martyrs of undying memory, who, radiant as angels, mounted the scaffold raised in the capital of France by the enemies of the altar and the throne,” is, without question, one of the most touching episodes of the Reign of Terror. It would be hard to find in the Acts of the Martyrs even, anything finer, more moving or more sublime.

Martyrdom was the earliest dream of Saint Theresa, but the crown she aspired too was to be offered to God by the hands of her daughters.

In the tragic death of these women, transfigured by grace and crowned with purity and strength; in the martyrdom of the whole of this community of cloistered virgins, who did naught but love God and pray for their brethren, there is shown strength of character, elevation of sentiment, superhuman courage, sublime heroism, and heavenly peace and serenity, which will bear comparison with what we admire in the glorious death of the Macchabees and of the forty martyrs of Sebaste. We may add, that the weakness of the sex makes divine grace shine forth the brighter; it makes the victory more brilliant and the triumph more glorious.

Could this light have been given to the world to be hidden under a bushel? Does not Saint Augustin say, that in honoring the constancy of the martyrs we learn to imitate them? At our epoch especially, according to the judicious reflection of Mgr. Freppel, “the world has no less need of ex-

ample than of doctrinal teaching, and the spirit of sacrifice wields a power over souls, which far surpasses force of reasoning.” In his magnificent “Eloge de Jeanne d’Arc,” Cardinal Pie spoke these words: “In the divine scales, a martyr weighs more than a hero for the salvation of a people.” Accordingly there is nothing more persuasive or more salutary, than the example which he gives us.

In this month when we honor the most pure Heart of Mary, it is in place for us to recall those who were souls like unto and most dear to our divine Mother’s Heart.

In a hasty glance through the Memoirs of the Carmelites of Compiègne, we see them edifying all by their saintly lives. They suffer expulsion from their peaceful monastery—bear with their false accusers, and joyfully undergo imprisonment. Their lives of sacrifice, purity and charity made the preparation for the great day on which they were to receive the martyr’s crown.

Their day of trial came. It was a mock trial. Like with the Jews of old before Pilate, no real charge could be brought forward against our Lord. So it was now. Well remarks a writer of the time: “At this epoch of final expiations the discovery of a Scapular of the Sacred Heart was a pledge of martyrdom.”

On the day following the Scapular feast they went to the scaffold looking—to quote an eye witness—“as if they were going to their own weddings.”

These “victims of salvation with the fragrance of virginity” strengthened themselves, at the last moment, against the terrors of the scaffold, by reciting the Office of the Dead. They were finishing their pious psalmody

when they were summoned to go to execution. With calm and recollected countenances, they got into the carts which were to carry them from the Palais de Justice to the Barriere du Trone, where the guillotine was permanently set up. This time also their hands were bound, and they rejoiced at this mark of resemblance with their Divine Master.

The way was long, yet their noble bearing never altered for an instant. Their gentle serenity and their eyes fixed on Heaven showed the direction of their thoughts. They sang by turns the *Miserere*, the *Salve Regina* and the *Te Deum*, thereby expressing, in the sublime language of the Church, sorrow for their sins, their devotion to Mary, the Queen and glory of Carmel, their thanksgiving to God, and the joy of their souls. In the pure and sweet voices of these women on their way to death, there was a nameless accent which was more than human, as well as a mysterious harmony. Amid their sufferings, there shone from their transfigured faces, the ray of supernatural beauty which glorifies great souls at a solemn hour. Upon their countenances was an indescribable expression of goodness and modesty, sweetness and strength, and a reflection of purity and joy which struck everyone.

These funeral processions were generally escorted by an insolent or drunken crowd, the greater part of which was made up of the vile creatures known as "The furies of the guillotine." They would shake their fists at the condemned, overwhelm them with abuse, and follow them with the most abominable imprecations. On the present occasion it was different. A few vixens did, it is true, try at first to insult these heroic women, who opposed to their violence naught but the gentleness and sweetness befitting the gospel. Soon, however, these possessed creatures found themselves disarmed, and the hatred of the most excited was changed into sympathetic curiosity.

This procession, so different from every other, was followed by an im-

mense crowd, which seemed to be deeply impressed, and kept a respectful silence. If a cry was heard now and then, it was a cry of pity and admiration for the condemned. "Oh, the noble souls! What a heavenly look! If they do not go to Paradise, it must be because there is none." We are told that flowers were thrown into the carts by unknown hands.

These heroic virgins were clothed in white. It was, no doubt, with the foresight of their martyrdom, that they had carried their white choir mantles with them upon leaving Compiegne. What a sublime and touching thought to adorn themselves on this, the day of their eternal nuptials, with the symbolic garment which the nun of Carmel wears on the most solemn festivals and each time that she is bidden to the eucharistic banquet of her heavenly Spouse!

The foot of the scaffold was reached. Calmly and simply the Carmelites descended from the carts. Kneeling, they began the *Veni Creator* with as much serenity as though it were the prelude to a religious ceremony in their Monastery. In a loud and clear voice, they together renewed their promises of baptism and their religious vows. The executioner, the guard and the people, allowed them to pursue these religious acts with no show of displeasure or of impatience. That she might support the courage of her daughters to the end, the Prioress asked that she might be the last to be put to death, and her request was granted.

The first to be called was Sister Constance, the youngest of all. She was a novice whom the Revolution had deprived of the happiness of taking her vows. She was born at Saint Denis, near Paris, and was but twenty-eight years old. In the world she had been called Marie Meunier. Kneeling before her Prioress, she asked her blessing and permission to die; then mounting the platform, she sang the canticle of holy joy, the "*Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*," which she finished in Heaven; she then gave herself up to the executioner. "You would have thought

her a queen going to be crowned," relates an eye-witness.

The second victim was Annette Pelras, Marie Henrietta in religion. She was born in Cajare, in the diocese of Cahors, in 1760. She came of a family every member of which was the picture of holiness. When she was about sixteen years old, she, like her sisters, entered the Congregation des Dames de Nevers. Her extraordinary beauty, however, exposed her to dangers which alarmed her innocence, and she resolved to seek a refuge in the cloister from the flattery of the world. She was twenty-five years old when she had the happiness of seeing the gates of the Carmel of Compiègne opened to her. We have spoken above of her courageous bearing before the public prosecutor, and of her joy at finding herself condemned to death for God's cause. "She never looked more beautiful," says Cardinal Villecourt, "than when, as she mounted the scaffold, she raised to Heaven, for the last time, eyes sparkling with the sacred fire which consumed her soul."

On the day of her martyrdom, according to the testimony of several worthy persons, her brother, M. Jean Jacques Pelras went home at a rather late hour, and was not a little surprised to find his way lighted by a mysterious light which accompanied him through the hall, up the staircase, and into his room, while the neighboring houses were in utter darkness. He was deeply impressed by this phenomenon. His wife likewise remarked it. A few days after, he heard news of his sister's execution, whereupon he cried out: "Poor Annette! it was you who came to see me."

Following the example of Sister Mary Henrietta, each of her companions bowed in turn before the Mother Prioress to receive her last blessing, then quickly mounted the steps of the scaffold, as if each envied her who went before, the favor of being sooner admitted to the glory of Heaven. Sixteen times the hideous knife fell and the blood of the victims gushed forth. Sister of Jesus Crucified as well as her companion in age, Sister Charlotte of the Resurrection, re-

covered all the vigor of youth in offering to God the last instants of life, although both had, at first looked forward with terror to so bloody an ending. The former said to the executioners, "I forgive you with all my heart, as I desire that God may forgive me."

Like the mother of the Machabees in former days, the Mother Prioress had suffered death each time that she had seen one of her daughters beheaded. To complete this great holocaust, which she had foreseen in prayer, she mingled her pure blood with that which they had so generously shed, and gathered herself at length, the palm of martyrdom which had long been the object of her desires.

Not a cry, not a beat of the drum. A deep silence reigned in the crowd which was divided between fear, pity and admiration at the sight of these fearless virgins who, with no other arms than their ardent faith, waged victoriously the combat of God, the great battle of Christ, triumphing over the executioners, and preserving in the face of death, freedom of speech, an incorruptible soul, and divine courage.

The bodies of the victims were laid in the Picpus quarter, in one common ditch, close to the garden of the Canonesses of Saint Augustin. To-day it is the cemetery near by the community of the Nuns of the Sacred Hearts called of Picpus.

Amongst these valiant daughters of Saint Theresa, we must mention a native of Compiègne who edified the community by her spirit of great recollection and union with God. This was Marie Gabriel Trezel, called in religion Sister Saint Ignatius. After the departure of the nuns from the convent, she went, in deference to the advice of her worthy Prioress, to console her sister, whose child had just died immediately after Baptism. She took the child in her arms and said: "My dear little angel, obtain for us all that we may go and join you in Heaven, and be with us in the act of consecration to death, which we make to the Lord every day, to obtain a cessation of the evils which cover the earth and especially France your country."

To My Brother.



READ a *Memoir of the pure affection
A sister twined around her brother's heart ;
It touched the heart-strings of the inward music
And whispered of a loved one far apart.

Yes ! far apart, the onward pathways chosen,
The scenes our eyes must gaze on day by day,
But to the same "sweet home" we're ever tending,
Our meeting *there* will never pass away.

For love of Him who is our dearest Brother
And yet, the Lord and Master we adore,
I left thee, loved companion of my childhood,
Until the time when partings are no more.

'Tis said that distance cools the heart's affections,
Until, at last the fire grows dim and cold,
But near the sacred, burning Heart of Jesus,
The flames are bright and lively as of old.

I pray for thee, I wish thee every blessing,
I ask a little loving prayer for me,
That when the shades of exile are all over,
We may the Face of God together see.

Walk in the paths of life as pure, as nobly,
As ever thou didst walk in them of old ;
Bright is the crown of glory that awaits thee
In the fair kingdom with its streets of gold.

Thus do I pour thee out my inward feeling,
Thus I unclasp a sister's love for thee,
And may its image brightly be reflected,
Deep in the calmness of thy sympathy.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

* Eugenie de Guerin Letters.

A CIRCLET OF STARS.

"The risen stars are round thy throne in Heaven."—REV. H. A. RAWES, O.C.C.



HOSE "risen stars" ever gleaming in the celestial firmament, and differing in glory, are the saints of God, encircling His blessed Mother like a royal diadem. In this month dedi-

cated to her Immaculate Heart, while rejoicing at her glorious Assumption, we may also rejoice in the consideration of how many spiritual luminaries entered into "the joy of the Lord," about this time, as if to grace the recurring feast and reflect its glories. Let us watch them going up "from the desert," flowing with delights, all leaning on the Beloved. First we have the white-robed St. Dominic, who taught us to honor her Assumption and Coronation in the Rosary, and, to all time, his mystic chaplets embalm with sweet rose-fragrance, the aisles of Holy Church, refreshing the hearts of her children with Mary's love.

There is St. Cajetan, dedicated to her from earliest childhood, favored like St. Anthony with the embraces of the Divine Infant whom she placed in his arms; and, at last, breathing forth his soul in Mary's presence as if in answer to her sweet invitation; "Cajetan, my Son calls thee, let us go in peace."

St. Clare, that "little plant" culled in the spring-time of beauty and laid by St. Francis on the altar of "Our Lady of Angels" passed to the eternal nuptials of the Lamb, August the 11th.

She also was favored with a vision of our Heavenly Queen, and robed for Heaven in a mystic garb of dazzling magnificence.

St. John Berchmans—a fair lily from the garden of St. Ignatius, breathed forth his soul enamoured of Mary, on the 13th, clasping in his wasted hands the treasures most prized—the Crucifix, the Beads and the Rule.

And another saintly Jesuit novice—St. Stanislaus, died, we may say, of longing desire to celebrate Mary's glorious triumph with the angels. The touching accents of his favorite "Salve Regina" only died away on earth in order to swell into a more ecstatic hymn above than we can conceive in this "vale of tears."

During the Octave also, we have many beautiful star-gleams from saints specially devoted to Mary.

St. Hyacinth (true disciple of his glorious father, St. Dominic) of whose ardent love we read many instances in the annals of his Order, claims our mention.

On one occasion, when the Tartars besieged the town of Kiev, this saint took the Ciborium, and was hastily leaving the church to save the most Holy Sacrament, when a voice from our Lady's image exclaimed: "Hyacinth, my son, why dost thou leave me behind? Take me with thee, and leave me not to my enemies." Full of confidence in God, he took the heavy alabaster statue, now become light almost as a feather, and with Jesus and His Blessed Mother's image, walked on the waters of the Danube to a place of safety. He celebrated

his last Mass on the Assumption, was anointed at the foot of the altar, and went that very day to praise our holy Queen forever. His feast is kept on the 16th.

On the 20th is celebrated the transit of St. Bernard, who made the solitudes of Clairvaux melodious with the sound of her sweet name. "Look at the Star: call on Mary!" His beautiful "Memorare" has been through all ages, a source of unflinching light and comfort in Holy Church. How many souls have been converted, strengthened, soothed in various emergencies of life, illumined in "the vale of death," led safely on to Mary's welcome on the everlasting shore, by St. Bernard's touching "Memorare!" Only eternity will reveal this secret.

St. Jane Frances de Chantal, whose life of exceptional suffering was in some manner assimilated to that of the "Mater dolorosa," and St. Philip Beniti, true "Servite" of Mary, sanctified in the Order founded by her in remembrance of the Seven Dolores, passed to eternal joy ere the rays of this glorious Octave had faded away.

At the close of August we are refreshed with the mystic fragrance of

that Dominican flower—Rose of Lima, lovely reflection of our "Rosa Mystica," in purity, love, and heroic self-sacrifice.

These are a few of Mary's star-gems, and as we gaze on and admire their beauty, let us also try to gain their interest by imitating the bright examples placed before us, and echoing those prayers they loved, the Rosary, "Salve," "Memorare," etc. Thus, as the author of the "Imitation" tells us, we will "make to ourselves friends of the saints of God," and they will "receive us into everlasting tabernacles."

* "Those who in her steps had trodden, followed her in robes of white, Palms within their hands were waving, they were crowned with gems of light."

Ransomed from earth's tribulation, safe forever in the fold,

Passing 'neath the pearly gateway—walking in the streets of gold;

And I heard their thrilling anthem floating o'er the crystal sea,

"Unto Him who hath redeemed us, glory, praise, and honor be."

ENFANT DE MARIE.

* From "A Dream of Paradise."—H. M. Stuart. ("Carmine Mariana.")

SYMPATHY.

How often have we desired to stand with the "Mater dolorosa" at the foot of the cross, and relieve the sufferings of our agonizing Saviour! Perhaps we have envied Simon, who assisted Him, or Veronica, who gazed on the sacred though disfigured Face, and tenderly offered her veil to wipe from it the Precious Blood. Jesus "dieth now no more," but He appeals to our sympathy in the persons of others. He touches now one, now another inward chord to wake all the spirit-music of our hearts. Longfellow says beautifully:

"Only the sorrows of others
Throws its shadow o'er me."

Every sorrow, every pain should awaken our sympathy, and every joy that is good and pure should light us with a golden ray, in imitation of St. Paul's world-wide comparison, "rejoice with those that rejoice, weep with those that weep." There is only *one* way of true and holy sympathy, namely, to see Christ in others, and remember His divine words: "As long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to Me."—St. Matt. xxv., 40.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Our Lady of the Scapular Protects Her Clients.

I.

One of the most appalling catastrophes is fire, and no one can see the lurid flames mounting higher and higher as if eager to consume whatsoever might come in their path, without a thrill of terror, and a shudder of fear.

In vain the gallant firemen would put forth their best efforts if our Lord did not assist them in extinguishing the flames. His divine Mother, too, seems to show forth her power in checking the fiery element on earth, even as she tempers the ardor of those flames which encircle her children of the suffering Church.

There was in China a very good faithful Catholic, who unhappily was mated for her life to a pagan, and one of the very worst specimens at that. He was an opium fiend, brutal in manner, and jealous as a Turk. All she had to console her was the annual mission to which she looked eagerly forward, and the scapular, the little badge she was always careful to replace by a new one at the yearly visit of the priest. On one occasion when she returned on the following day the priest asked, in response to her petition for another scapular, what had she done with that one she had so recently received.

"I will tell you, Father! We lodge with a pagan at one end of a court where there is always a large quantity of sorgham. The night after you gave me the scapular, we were awakened by the brilliant light which illumined the court, and by the cry of fire, for indeed the whole court was ablaze. My poor children could not cross that sea of fire. My husband swore and raved like a mad man. I fell on my knees, took off my scapular, and wrapping it round a stone cast it in the midst of the flames. The fire at once abated, then it stopped. Our poor home, with all our belongings, was saved. Thanks to Mary. The next day, accompanied by some Christians, I went to look for

my scapular, but being under the debris I could not find it. (Her lively faith would not permit her to say that it was perhaps burned.) I therefore came in all haste to ask for another."

II.

The city of Saint Anlaye, in the diocese of Perigueux, was in danger of being destroyed by a terrible conflagration. It was during the progress of a mission. One of the priests called to a young man in the church noted for his faith and devotion and before the assembled multitude said: "Jalagie, go to the fire and throw your scapular into the flames." The youth obeyed, and rushing past the terrified citizens, cried out as he went, "Pray to the blessed Virgin, I am going to put out the fire!" And then as he cast his scapular into the flames, a column of fire rose grandly aloft to the height of fifteen feet, then gradually sank, leaving darkness to follow in its path. "Thanks to the Queen of the Scapular," cried the faithful. "The boy is a sorcerer," cried the impious. Rather would they believe him to be a wizard than to acknowledge the protection of Mary! Next day appeared a new proof of her power, when the scapular was found unharmed amid the still living embers.

III.

On the eighth of May there happened to the train bound for Versailles an accident, the terrible details of which will not soon be forgotten. More than one hundred dead and many injured were heaped up amid the wreck and debris of the shattered cars. Fire added its horrors to the scene, and many who escaped the wreck fell victims to the flames. On the morrow attention was attracted to a young man who had been only slightly injured, and who protested that he owed his escape to Lady of the Scapular. "I was the only one in my car who wore the scapular, and all unknown to myself, I found myself safely landed at some distance from the wreck with but the slightest injury, while my poor fellow travelers were dying or dead.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

AUGUST, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

I wonder how many of you have grown tired of vacation. The long summer days *do* hang very heavily if they are only days of sweet doing nothing; but if one would keep in mind that complete living means two things: to enjoy one's work, and to enjoy one's leisure, then there might be an effort made in vacation to happily combine the two.

I read lately a very fine quotation from a deep thinker: "This would be an ideal world if each one were doing the work which he is best fitted to do."

Now, in vacation, one *can* do the work for which he is best fitted to do—can take books, or sewing, or drawing, or housework and make *that* work and so be happy—it is the absence of work, of a definite object in life, in or out of vacation, that causes a great part of the world's unhappiness.

We constantly hear people carping about the necessity of work, little knowing that in that very necessity lies their salvation. One month of the long vacation remains, and it would be a very good thing to think seriously of the work before us in the fall, and quite as seriously of the work done in the past.

The latter, surely, was not all one could desire, and we are not willing to go on adding to the mistakes already made. Every school boy or girl, who is old enough to read the CARMELITE REVIEW, is old enough to plan out the

kind of work to be done in the future. Very often we do not bring our conscience to bear upon our work, and we fail to recognize that our duty is divided into two classes—our duty to God *and* to our neighbor—(the duty to ourselves is included in the two.)

One's work has always more or less to do with the neighbor—be it school work or the business of the great outside world.

The *duty* of work is imperfectly understood. The necessity of being useful, whether with head or hand; of taking a definite *part* in the world and "doing" our own little patch in the garden—all this is as much our duty as to hear Mass on Sundays, or abstain from meat on Friday, or to keep any of the commandments of God or the Church.

Vacation time seems an odd one to select for a talk on work—but it *is* the time to think, if one isn't entirely careless as to the kind of character one wishes to build up for life.

We hear a man or woman spoken of as "a conscientious worker," and immediately we think of a fine character—so it follows that work depends on character, and we can *make* character depend on work.

The 15th of August brings us the sweetest feast of the summer vacation, "Lady Day in harvest" as the old-fashioned Catholics still call it. I don't know of any feast *after* our Lord's Ascension, which gives us such a longing for heaven as the Assumption.

We sigh as we think that our dear, long suffering, patient Blessed Mother is at last gloriously crowned forever in the home of her eternity, while we are

still wending our weary way in the dust and the heat,—stumbling, falling, picking ourselves up, and so often losing heart and hope because the way is so long, and we are so tired and so weak—yet to look up to her, and think that she too had a long and weary way to travel, (particularly during the fifteen years between the Ascension and the Assumption) is enough to give us fresh hope and strong courage, particularly when we remember what the old darky so sweetly called her—"jest a human you wuz, dear blessed Mother."

Yes, hers was a human heart, even as the Sacred Heart of her divine Son, and in that very thought lies a world of comfort,

We are of the same human family—"Jesus and Mary and I" may each individual soul say with perfect truth, just as a child would say, "father and mother and I." What a claim—so sure, so well grounded, and so full of hope in life's long weary way when we sometimes fear that we will never reach the home, never be one of the family, never be safely housed. "Lady Day in harvest" will give us a longing for heaven, and God is greatly praised by desire. Wasn't David called "a man of desires?" and he was a saint of the Old Testament; so our desire for heaven will help us *also* to become saints. To learn to wait is a virtue; and to wait patiently for God will be rewarded by His giving us our heart's desire—what *is* our heart's desire, or rather what *should* it be? Let each one read the first question of the catechism, and in its answer find the answer to the other question.

Make the best of the last month of vacation, dear children— if you want to be lazy, thinking it is your last chance, why I'm quite willing—only keep the working days in mind and prepare for them by good, hearty resolutions.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN JULY.

1. Leonardi de Vinci; Michael Angelo, and Raphael.
2. Collection of ancient marbles from the Acropolis at Athens, obtained by Thomas, seventh Earl of Elgin, and sent to England. Now in the British Museum.
3. The Inca of Peru.
4. Lydia at Philippi (see Acts).
5. Thomas Jefferson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN JULY.

1. Belt—Bet.
2. Draw—Raw.
3. Malt—Mat.
4. Meat—Eat.
5. Hilt—Hit.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1.
I'm only a fish to be taken and eaten,
Or else I'm a rod which none have
been beaten,
I'm often a rest; so have weary ones
found;
Who, when I'm at hand, will not sleep
on the ground.
2. Divide a city of Ireland into a
metallic instrument and quick.
3. Behead one fish and leave another.
4. Curtail a wild swan and leave a
large deer.
5. Dissect a month into a bird, a
tree, a measure and an English river.

MAXIMS FOR AUGUST.

1. Blessed is he who has found his
work; let him ask no other blessed-
ness.—Thos. Carlyle.
2. The noblest mind the best content-
ment has.—Edmund Spencer.
3. Truth is the highest thing a man
may keep.

4.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
—Shakespeare.

5.
Thee, magnificent, oh Queen ! we greet,
Enthroned upon thy heavenly seat.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Dolly's Bath.

This is the birthday of sister Polly,
Come, let's give her a nice surprise.
Suppose we wash her dear old dolly ?
But don't let the soap get into its
eyes.

The precious dolly—the dear old
dolly—

Fill the basin, and in she goes.
Rub away, scrub away ! Isn't it
jolly ?

Now for her cheeks and the tip of
her nose.

What is the matter ? Her cheeks
were painted.

Where are the eyebrows she had
before ?

Whiter and whiter ! The doll has
fainted.

And the giue is gone, and the wig
she wore.

Forgive us, forgive us, sister Polly.

We have dried her and dressed her,
but what will you say ?

You hardly will know your own old
dolly,

Now half of her beauty is washed
away.

What a beautiful thing thought is,
and what pleasure it gives, when it
lifts itself on high ! 'Tis the natural
direction, which it resumes as soon as
it is freed from terrestrial objects.
There is a mysterious attraction be-
tween us and heaven. God wants us,
and we want God.—Eugenie de Guerin.

The Song of the Bee.

Buzz ! buzz ! buzz !
This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow ;
A jolly, good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny,
He's getting his honey ;
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax :
On pinks and on lilies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms,
He levies a tax !

Buzz ! buzz ! buzz !
The sweet-smelling clover,
He, humming, hangs over,
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings :
He never gets lazy ;
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz ! buzz ! buzz !
From morning's first light
Till the coming of night,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh ! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary ;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do.

There is one thing in our day that
ought to make us afraid : persons who
have hardly begun to make their medi-
tations, if they seem to hear anything
during their recollection, pronounce it
to have come from God ; so they tell
us, God has spoken or I have had an
answer from God. In truth all this is
nothing : these persons have been
speaking to themselves, out of a long-
ing for such communications.

Editorial Notes.

The Wonders of St. Theresa's Heart.

On the day preceding the Feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, the Carmelites commemorate the Transverberation of the Heart of St. Theresa of Jesus. At Alba de Tormes in Spain. In the monastery where St. Theresa died, her holy heart has been venerated during the past three centuries. It is preserved in a crystal urn, through which may be plainly seen the wound made by the seraph when he transpierced her heart with a flaming dart. Many wonderful things have been noticed at different periods in connection with this holy heart. At times the glass of the reliquary broke, without any apparent cause, and thorns were discovered growing out of the heart. Transverberation is the name we call the wound in the heart of St. Theresa, both because the Church in her liturgy uses this word, and also because we find it the most suitable expression. In her biography the saint tells us of the angel whom she saw before her, and how he held in his hand the long spear of gold at the point of which there seemed to be a little fire. The angel appeared to be thrusting the spear into the heart of the saint, causing her excessive pain and joy. The pain was great, but of a spiritual kind. This suffering was—to quote St. Theresa's words: "A caressing of love so sweet between the soul and God, that I pray God in His goodness to make him experience it who may think I am lying." God, indeed, has chosen the human heart as the principal field of the operations of His grace. Wishing to give men a sensible proof of His action upon the hearts of some saints, He has made

these hearts after death the scene of marvels apparent to the senses. There is no doubt that if God's grace wrought wonders in St. Theresa, her heart was the scene of these wonders. The fire of charity consumed her living heart for sixty-seven years, and it may be piously believed that the phenomenon of this organ after death is a testimony of the flame of ardent love existing therein even before the seraph pierced it with his fiery dart.

The Boston Carmel.

The new Carmelite monastery in Boston has lately been opened to public inspection and, like the Niagara Hospice, what is much admired are the beautiful windows picturing the saints of our Order. Among the many windows, one, to which it is in season to refer this month, is that of St. Albert holding in his arms the Infant Jesus, a marvellous favor accorded the saint. St. Albert was born of noble parents at Trepani, in Sicily. He was consecrated before his birth to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and when very young entered her Order at Messina, where he was distinguished for his great devotion to the Blessed Virgin and his angelic purity. After a life full of virtues and extraordinary miracles, he died near Messina, August 7, 1306. At his funeral two angels appeared to all who were present in the church and intoned the Mass, "Os Justi" of Confessors, instead of the Requiem about to be chanted. The use of water blessed with a relic of the saint, for the cure of the sick, and particularly in cases of fever, is well established in the Order of Carmel, and is justified by innumerable miracles, which continue to the present

day. This custom is of heavenly origin. St. Albert, being attacked with grave illness, had recourse to the Blessed Virgin, who appeared to him holding a crystal cup filled with water which she offered him to drink. The saint implored her to bless the water and upon tasting it he was immediately cured. He asked of her to attach a healing power to water he would bless in her name and that of her Divine Son; his prayer was granted. He used this power during life and has continued to exercise it since his death with marvellous efficacy by means of his holy relics. The Carmelites of Boston, like those at Niagara Falls, have a precious relic of the saint sent them from Rome with which they have water blessed with many wonderful results.

Martha and Mary.

Our esteemed Sisters of the Boston and New Orleans monasteries have of late received an increase of subjects. The renunciation of the world by a young woman in the midst of all the brightness and beauty of life is always a most solemn and momentous occasion, but it becomes doubly so when such a strict and faithful life of sacrifice is required as that demanded by the rules of the Carmelite Order. Never to look out upon the world again, never to see the faces of friends and loved ones, to lead a life of self-sacrifice and renunciation and prayer and fasting—such is the life of the daughter of Carmel. A masterly discourse was delivered at the reception in Boston by the Rev. Augustine Langcake, S.J. He took for his text those words of Christ: "Martha, Martha, thou art troubled about many things. One thing is necessary. Mary has chosen the best part, which shall not be taken from her."

Father Langcake considered the sisters of Bethany as symbolizing the active and contemplative orders in the Church. He said that the special excellence of the contemplative life was hardly grasped in the hurry and bustle of the nineteenth century. It is to be "go ahead;" but we must not try to go ahead of Almighty God. He showed the resemblance between the contemplative life and the life of study. The former is devoted to the greatest of studies, the study of God; but it is a study which engages the heart more than the mind. It is a life more nearly resembling that of the angels of God than any other thing we can imagine. We quote the concluding passages of Father Langcake's beautiful discourse:

"It was good, very good, for Martha to wait upon our Lord, to attend to His wants and those of His disciples. It is good to wait upon the poor, to tend the sick in the hospitals, to speak kind words to them. It is good to teach little children, to point out to them the way they should travel along. All these things are good, but when we come to think of it, there is something higher: to sit at the feet of Jesus, listening to his words, drinking in the Divine Wisdom that falls from His lips; to study God and the things of God, in order that, knowing them better, we may love them better, and imitate them better, and make ourselves more and more like them. This is the best part. God has His saints everywhere, whether in religion or in the world. There are saints in Boston, in the world—God's saints, who are always intent about His business. 'Do you not know that I must be about my Father's business?' Priests and nuns, workingmen and working-women, this one teaching, that one working for a widowed mother, a helpless mother and sisters, all these are sanctifying themselves and pleasing God; but their part will be taken away from them with this life. No preaching, no teaching, no visiting the sick (there will be

no sick in heaven, thank God!) all these will be taken away; but Mary's part, the best part, will not be taken away. Mary will continue in heaven what she began on earth. What are they doing in heaven? Looking at God, enjoying the Beatific Vision. It is in this sight of God, this contemplation of God, that their eternal happiness consists. What are these holy contemplatives doing? They are doing what the angels and saints are doing, and what they are doing now, they will continue to do forever in a holier and more perfect manner. We are in the world, we cannot help it; we have to be with our times; we have to follow what we see in our environment. We cannot crawl along; we are content with nothing less than an electric trolley. Let us remind ourselves that all of this building up of houses twenty-seven stories high and similar things will pass away; and if we cannot choose the best part wholly, like Mary, at least, we choose it in part, we respect it, we direct ourselves by it, because we know it is the true norm, the true standard. Let us remember that in heaven, during all eternity, we shall have to contemplate God, and it will be our joy and happiness. Let us draw this simple conclusion. It will be good for us from time to time to think of God, to contemplate God and His beautiful heaven, so that when our turn comes to go to heaven, we may not feel like strangers."

Mission of the Carmelite Order.

A non-Catholic doctor, who has been edified by the patience and charity of the Carmelite Fathers in Bellevue Hospital, New York, lately wrote to the *Catholic Herald* to enquire if these monks had any special mission. The able and learned editor, Doctor Walsh, replied as follows: "The Carmelite Order has a special mission, for each religious order is an army in itself, with its own means of action, its special arms, and its own standard. Their mission is one which they have in common with other religious orders

—a mission which the philosophy of the last century believed it had destroyed forever, but which has returned to sustain weak and faltering society. Their mission is to work more by example than by word, to stir up dying-out piety; to protest, by a mortified life, against the effeminacy and voluptuousness of a decayed world; to teach the rich that there are purer, higher, nobler and more solid consolations than those which are to be found in earthly possessions; to teach the poor how one can live on little; to point out that there are interests more worthy of our care than those of this fleeting life. And even if society should be deaf to this voice, and remain submerged in its life of selfishness and its entire forgetfulness of God, then would the religious life, by a spirit of prayer and immolation, appease the Divine wrath so justly kindled against an ungrateful world. The Carmelite Order has a special mission of prayer and sacrifice—the two wings, as it were, on which the human soul soars above all that is sordid and earthly, to the bosom of its Creator."

Died at Their Post.

In the white cowl of St. Dominic, three fathers, with Father Kessler, stood on the deck of the *Bourgogne* on the morning of July 4th last, calmly submitting to the Divine will, making no struggle to save themselves at the expense of others, giving absolution to their fellow-Catholics, and, as we infer from the newspaper notices, chanting, according to the traditions of their Order, the "Salve Regina," as they peacefully awaited death. It was a sight for angels to admire, as the *Catholic News* so well remarks, "a vision of faith, of Christian modesty and

resignation. No doubt their loving Master has accepted their sacrifice and given them the reward of the religious obedience and good works." There were many tributes to these faithful priests noted by our Catholic contemporaries. The best, which seems to be unnoticed, appeared over the name of Alban E. Ragg, in a secular newspaper—the *News*, of Toronto, Ontario. Therein we were told that

"Heroes they died at their post,
Brave and true to the last ;
Helping the weak to abide
Till the darkness had past.

Alone they stood and were strong
When the Angel swept by ;
Comfort they gave to the souls
Who were waiting to die.

Nobly they offered their lives
To the God they loved best,
And humbly awaited the end,
Then sank to their rest."

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On August 28 we celebrate the Feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary—the titular feast of the Carmelite Province of the United States and Canada.

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A famous French physician, Dr. Maurice de Fleury, gives among his rules for the cure of indolence the following efficacious recipe: "To regulate, as the monks do, the twenty four hours. Therein lies the condition of intellectual peace." So, after all, we look to the lazy monks for our model.

Mary the Model.

Many are the tributes paid to the holy Mother of God. Amongst the latest we find the Blessed Virgin pictured as the model of true womanhood by the rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, in Waterbury, Conn., Doctor Riley. Some of the words are worth

quoting. Mary is the model of human society—for "she was gentle, retiring and modest," says the Doctor. "She was a true woman, while never weak. The example of Mary has made womanhood what it is. True womanhood devotes itself to the silence and the sweetness of the home. She was always Mary, and even though she were a reigning princess, she would be the same. I commend to you Mary, that most blessed among women, whom all generations call good, as the model, the woman to love and keep before you. Young men and women have no idea of how they are drifting. If one has the ideal of honor, how thankful he or she may be to God. The ideal may be the brave and true, the chivalrous ; or truth, dignity or uprightness. Use your gifts well, and to whatever place you are called perform the duty with the sweetness of Mary, so that you may be a benediction. A good woman is the companion and solace of man. Womanhood is beautiful, when one thinks of it on all of its beautiful sides. Beware of false ideals. Womanhood is content to abide where God has wished to place woman. Remember the model, Mary, and you cannot have a false ideal."

The Church Triumphant.

The present war has laid bare the truth in many quarters. Indeed, we have the key to the hatred towards the friars and the Catholic Church, which exists in the Spanish colonies, particularly the Philippine group. Freemasonry, the secret and malignant foe of the Church in all places, especially in the Spanish Americas, has done its best "to undermine the religion of the people," says the *Catholic Union and Times*, "inspiring the young men with

hellish hatred of priests and everything Catholic, propagating the most infamous calumnies to blacken the character of ecclesiastics and, with Satanic persistency and cunning, trying to deceive the rude natives into the belief that the Catholic Church is the one enemy they have to fear and to hate. To this same Masonic propaganda of falsehood is also to be attributed the scurrilous lie regarding the Archbishop of Manila; also the silly story that sisters in the hospital had tried to deceive Dewey regarding the mines in the harbor. As to Masonry being at the bottom of the Philippine rebellion, the statement is quite in keeping with its traditional plotting against governments it could not use."

But God's mills grind slow but sure. He punishes nations, especially those highly favored by Him, particularly Catholic ones. In these days Providence plays an active part in scourging ungrateful people. War is cruel, but good will come of it, and the Church and Christianity will not be losers. May it be an effective blow to the enemies of holy Church which when deprived by nominal Catholic nations of her right to pursue her heaven-given mission is, nevertheless, unjustly held responsible for national and religious shortcomings. The enemy may rear its head to strike against God's Church, but she has long stood hell's might and upheld God's right, and well may we use concluding words of the late poem of our Holy Father, Leo XIII.:

"Glorious anon in triumph's wreathing bays,
Her eyes raised radiant to the Throne of Light,
She moves a queen, bediadem'd with praise."

The Same Old World.

There is food for thought in the words of a wise and observing priest who lately remarked that "the world will not cease persecuting God's Church because Catholics in peace or war, demonstrate their loyalty to the country with conspicuous patriotism, sacrifice and bravery. There will be, here and there, individual tributes to our high qualities in every phase of national life, but that element which represents the persecuting world will not abate its campaign of slander, defamation and even violence at times. I see articles in some of our papers extolling Catholic courage, self-abnegation, patriotism and so forth, as if pleading for a nobler cause on the part of hostile brethren, and as it were, taking for granted, that traditional enemies will be thereby disarmed; but we need not reckon too confidently on that line. It is the same old unbelieving world and when the war is over, Catholic devotion to the country may not count for as much as some optimists expect. Our Saviour told His chosen ones what they were to expect from the world. We may hope for the best, but we might as well be prepared for the worst. We will be persecuted while the world lasts, but we have the comfort of knowing that this is a mark of the Church's Divine foundation and that we may steadily abide in the promise of God's constant protection until the consummation of time."

—
St. Theresa suffered for twenty years from disinclination to prayer without letting herself be discouraged. This is of all her triumphs the one that surprises me most.—E. de Guerin.

Ninety-Eight at Niagara. .

The Scapular feast of '98 is now a thing of memory. 'Twas a day to be fondly recollected. Memorable indeed it was for Carmel and its friends who are legion. For the nonce, the many hundreds of fervent pilgrims, oblivious of national boundary lines, became visible participants in the praise-offering to the Queen of Carmel and, as part and parcel of a great united family, circled the shrine of the great Mother of Peace on the day which she hath made. From the hearts of grateful children welled up the gladsome *Te Deum*. They were thankful for much. They saw before them the magnificent monument—the Hospice, a memorial of the child's love for the Mother. The generous and expectant benefactor came, he saw and was conquered by the desire to return again to his Mother's house on the banks of the Niagara. 'Twas edifying to see the long prayerful procession wend its way to the unpretentious church beneath the shadow of the Hospice. How we were thrilled at the eloquent words of that prince among orators, the venerable Dean of the Niagara Peninsula—the large hearted Father Harris!—and, again, how our hearts beat in unison when Father Provincial showed us how closely we were knit together as children of Carmel, and what royal privileges we were entitled to as wearers of Mary's Scapular. The same spirit of loving devotion was in the breast of all. All nationalities were represented. Geographically speaking, it was a representative gathering. It would not be within our province to enumerate names and places, but we cannot forbear mentioning that far-off Kentucky favored us with the presence of a venerable priest, in the person of

Very Reverend Father David Fennessey, of the Order of Resurrectionists. The Queen City of the Lakes made a proud record, and it was gratifying to see the large contingency from the English-speaking Catholics of Greater Buffalo. In fine, it was a great day—a day of benediction, and when the Prior of the Hospice, the Reverend Father McDonald, raised the hidden Prince of Peace to bless the vast congregation kneeling beneath the broad canopy of heaven, we knew that the Queen of Carmel asked Her Son to reward all that was done in her name and that God *did* bless that fervent multitude.

Though occasionally, in the height of contemplation and pure intuition of the Divinity, the soul may not remember the most sacred humanity of Christ, because God elevates the spirit to the most supernatural knowledge, yet studiously to forget it is in nowise seemly, seeing that by the contemplation thereof, and loving meditation thereon, the soul ascends to the highest state of union; for Christ our Lord is the Truth, the Gate, the Way, and the Guide to all good.—St. John of the Cross.

Let your soul be always ordered by a desire not for that which is easy, but for that which is most difficult; not for that which is most pleasant, but for that which is most unpleasant; not for that which is elevated and precious, but for that which is vile and despised; not for great things, but for little things; not to seek for anything, but to seek for nothing; not for that which is best, but for that which is worst; desiring to enter, for the love of Jesus, upon detachment, emptiness, and poverty in everything of this world.—St. John of the Cross.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Jubilee edition of *The Mount*, published at Mt. de Chantal, was an excellent number. A feature of it was an exquisite jubilee poem by Miss Sue X. Blakely, who in many ways has reflected credit on her venerable *Alma Mater*.

A boon to the intelligent reader will be found in the "Epochs of Literature," from the pen of Doctor Conde B. Pallen. Those who have read the learned author's treatise on the "Philosophy of Literature," cannot afford to pass by this latest high-class and lucid work. The book is published by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway. St. Louis, Mo. Price, 75 cents.

A handy, intensely interesting and original little work is the "Childhood's Hand-book of Women," revised and edited by the well-known Catholic authoress, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, who graces the compilation by her own able treatment of "Women in Literature." Miss Eliza Allen Starr, in her own peerless way, discusses "Woman in Art," and brings to light the artist-saints of the cloister, among whom looms up our own great St. Magdalene of Pazzi. Other noted writers help to make up this beautiful symposium on woman's work, sphere, influence and responsibilities. B. Herder is the publisher.

The Holy Father has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of "Carmel in Ireland," presented by his Eminence Cardinal Gotti, on the 26th of May, and has sent his Apostolic Blessing to the author of this important work, Father Patrick Rushe, O. D. C.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. George's, P. E. Island; Church of St. John the Evangelist, Johnville, N. B.; St. Patrick's Church, Dixie, Ont.; Mission of St. Charles, Pryor, Mon.; Church of St. Callister, Kane, Pa.; St. Mary's Church,

Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Holy Family Church, Rochester, N. Y.; St. Stephen's Church, Cayuga, Ont.; St. Edward's Church, Westport, Ont.; St. Aloysius Church, Chicago, Ill.; St. Michael's Church, Monroe, Mich.; Sacred Heart Church, Valley Junction, Ia.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont.; Crysler, Ont.; St. Paul's, Reading, Pa.

Names received at our Scipio (Kansas) Convent, from St. Anthony's Church, Residence, Kas.; Immaculate Conception Church, St. Mary's, Kas.; St. Joseph's Church and Sacred Heart Church, Leavenworth, Kas.

Scapular names received at Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Nicholas' Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; St. Thomas' Church, Missouri; St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph's, Ind., Vandenberg Co.; St. Peter's Church, Wheelsburg, Ohio; St. Amelians' Orphan Asylum, St. Francis, Milwaukee, Co., Wis.; Convent of the Good Shepherd, Cleveland, O.

Received names at Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., for registration from the following places: Ursuline Convent, St. Paul, Mo.; Racine, Wis.; Dane, Wis.; St. Peter's Church, Oconto, Wis.; Merrill, Wis.; St. Michael's Church, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. John Baptist's Church, Scranton, Pa.; Holy Trinity Church, Kenaskum, Wis.; Antonius, Adams Co., Ill.; Sparta, Wis.; Napoleon, Ind.; Fennimore, Wis.; Dotyville, Wis.; St. John Baptist's Church, New Baltimore, Pa.; St. Kilian, Wis.; Osian, Iowa; Shelbyville, Ind.; Cleveland, O.; Dane, Wis.; Cleveland, O.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—*St. James, V, 16.*

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

For the conversion of two brothers and one sister, who have fallen away from the true faith.

For the conversion of a friend.

For one spiritual favor.

For one temporal favor.

For one successful examination.

For one vocation.

For obtaining greater love for the Sacred Heart.

For change of employment.

For the safety of a little infant.

For the grace to live always in the fear and love of God.

For the conversion of an infidel.

A Philadelphia reader asks a better position in business, health to his mother and peace to his family.

A Montreal mother asks success for a son, successful examination for one and vocation for another.

From a Reader.

— N. Y., June 21, 1898.

REV. DEAR FATHER,—A little boy (son of newly-converted parents) is going to the convent school here, and the good sisters have made a great Catholic of him. He has been saving his pennies quite a while now, and I was very much surprised when he gave me one dollar, and said he wanted it sent to you to say a mass for his papa.

Yours respectfully,

A. F.

A Soldier's Letter.

HONOLULU, HAWAII, JUNE 24, 1898.

Editor Carmelite Review:

MY DEAR FATHER,—We arrived here in good health and spirits. Our regiment boarded the Zealandia at Frisco, and we steamed out of the Golden Gate amid the boom of cannon, playing of bands and well-wishes of the best-hearted people I ever saw. Our fleet carried out 35,000 men. The first mate said the present trip was the calmest in twenty-three years. Seventy-five per cent. of our men were very sick. I luckily escaped sea-sickness. I have never witnessed anything grander than the setting of the sun on the Pacific. Another grand sight at night was the Southern Cross. It is a perfect cross of stars. I could almost believe I saw the outlines of our Lord's crucified body. One of our majors and a captain looked at it with their glasses for fully an hour. The saddest sight was the burial at sea of one of our comrades on the "Senator," a member of the Twenty-third Nebraska Regiment. Our boats stopped for twenty or thirty minutes. Religious exercises were held and then all eyes were turned towards the "Senator." A long chute was extended from the stern of that vessel. Everything was as still as possible, and not a word spoken until a long canvas bag was seen descending down the chute—a splash! that was the end of our comrade. Three volleys were fired, and we steamed away. It was the first time I witnessed a burial at sea, and it was a sad sight. Many a grizzled and hardened face turned aside, and one could hear the remarks on the cruelty of war. We were kept very busy. We arose at six and at seven had breakfast, which consisted of beefsteak, bread and coffee. Then we each took six turns around the ship, which is 387 feet in length. We filled in the time by reading, writing and many light amusements. Arriving here we had an opportunity of attending a military mass, which was very impressive. I hope the cruel war will soon be over, and if the Lord spares and our Lady of Carmel protects me I

will help your good work at Niagara. My next letter will be from Manila.

T. P. M.,
Co. J, 10th U. S. Regiment.

ORITARY.

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

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

MRS. ANNA KEANE.
JOSEPH KEANE.
MRS. CATHERINE SHIELDS.

All the soldiers who have died since the present war began.

MR. B. O'SULLIVAN, an old reader of the CARMELITE REVIEW, a staunch Catholic, respected citizen and devoted husband, who died on April 7th last at Chicago.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received stamps from W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; J. J. O'R., Philadelphia, Pa.; M. T., Boston, Mass.; M. A. D., Middletown, Conn.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Sr. B., St. Mary's, Pa.; Sr. P., Longue Pointe, P. Q.; M. D., Providence, R. I.; Miss A. M., Kingston, Ont.; Mrs. B. L., New York, N. Y.; Miss S. X. B., St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss F. K., Netherby, Ont.; Miss J. A. C., Snyder, Ont.

Oh, what is life? Exile, sorrow, suffering—a holocaust to heavenly hope—an act of faith each day to be repeated! The madman drinks off the full cup; do thou pour thy chalice at thy feet, in sacrifice, and say, I thirst indeed, but I thirst for immortality.—Bossuet.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."

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