

OUR LADY OF THE SCAPULAR.



**A Thought for May.**

"How beautiful Heaven must be!"

*(From a reminiscence of my mother's dying words, in May, 1861.)*

I.

"LET me gaze on the golden sunbeams  
For soon they will fade away,  
And those delicate snow-white blossoms  
That perfume the month of May,  
How graceful their fragile beauty!  
Fair emblems, my Queen, of thee!"  
(And her calm eyes were gazing upward.)  
"How beautiful Heaven must be!"

II.

And still o'er the inward harp-strings  
Is stealing that plaintive lay,  
An echo of dying music  
Soft whispered in month of May.  
How gently the winds are playing  
At eve, through those woodland trees!  
How sweet is that soothing murmur,  
Oft heard by the rippling seas!

III.

The tones of a dying mother  
Are softer, more sweet, to me:  
There is rest to the weary spirit  
O beautiful Heaven, in thee!

We are wreathing our Lady's altars  
 With flow'rets of stainless white,  
 And softly the waxen tapers  
 Are shining, like star's fair light.

## IV.

'Tis thy month, O most holy Mother!  
 We give all these days to thee,  
 Wilt thou teach us, in gentle accents,  
 "How beautiful Heaven must be?"  
 That calm and unclouded light-land,  
 That restful, unfading May,  
 Reveal to our souls its beauty,  
 Whilst here, at thy feet, we pray.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

## \* "In Patria!" Benediction.

"IN PATRIA!" it falls with soothing sweetness,  
 And yet the pathos of an exile-strain.  
 "In Patria!" A gleam of mystic starlight  
 Is shining from the land we hope to gain.  
 "In Patria!" where loved and lost are waiting  
 To welcome us, when weary life is o'er.  
 "In Patria!" the voice of Jesus whispers,  
 Like wavelets breaking on the silvery shore.  
 "In Patria!" The plaintive "Salutaris"  
 Is sighing gently in God's holy place.  
 "In Patria!" it wakes our ardent longing  
 To see "In Patria" our Saviour's Face!

\* "Nobis donet in Patria."

—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 XVIII.

BARNABO VISCONTI—"THE BEAR OF THE LOMBARDIAN ALPS."—HIS OUTRAGES  
TOWARDS RELIGIOUS AND REBELLION AGAINST THE HOLY SEE—HIS  
RAGE IN THE PRESENCE OF AMBASSADORS SENT TO TREAT  
WITH HIM—HE FINALLY COWERS BEFORE A CARMEL-  
ITE FRIAR, SOFTENED BY THE HONEY OF THE  
SAINTLY PETER THOMAS.



OR at least a hundred years whatever proposal was formulated at the Court of Rome had been opposed by the family Visconti. And now, the first real obstacle which arose came in the

person of Barnabo Visconti, more formidable even than his ancestors. A brief recital of his evil deeds will prove the truth of this assertion. Upon the death of his uncle, in order to have sole possession of the title and estates, Barnabo poisoned one brother and forced another to abandon his interests and rights. Enraged at the odium he incurred, and the censure pronounced against him, he vented his wrath upon innocent persons, and

especially upon those in religion. His victims were cruelly tortured: a brazen receptacle burned away the lives of priests and monks, with a refinement of wickedness which almost surpassed belief. In absolute rebellion against the Holy See, the schismatic duke arrogated to himself spiritual power in his own domain. The Archbishop of Milan having one day acted in opposition to his will, he sent for him and forced him to bend his knee before him, saying with sacrilegious insolence, "Knowest thou not, insignificant creature, that in my own dominion I am King and Pope? I am more than emperor, nay more than God Himself!" Excommunicated by Innocent VI., he gloried in despising every menace which, in the name of religion or humanity, was addressed to him. His insatiate ambition even dreamed of the subjugation of all Italy. Already

master of Lombardy, of a considerable portion of Friuli, of almost all of Liguria, (at least as far as Genoa), and a fraction of the states of the Church, he deemed himself invincible. Hoping much from his alliance with the Florentines, he developed even a more insolent spirit. And in truth his treasures, his political finesse, his readiness of resource, his indefatigable activity, his skill as a warrior, as well as his talent for government constituted him an enemy to be regarded with apprehension, a formidable invader of the ecclesiastical dominions. The Court of Rome had, by a treaty, ceded to him the possession of Bologna up to the year 1364. But in 1360, the regent who governed that city in the name of Barnabo, having revolted against the latter, offered it to Cardinal Albornoz, who commanded the powers of the Church in Italy. The Cardinal had accepted it as a compensation for certain acts of injustice on the part of the Milanese. The latter had therefore laid siege to Bologna.

In consequence of these events, William de Grimoard, Abbot of St. Germain, had been sent to negotiate with Barnabo.

Admitted to his presence, he spoke fearlessly to the base creature, and so clearly established the justice of the action of Rome that Barnabo, unaccustomed to the language of an independent spirit, fell into such a violent rage that he could not contain himself. Unmindful of the doubly august character with which the Abbot of St. Germain was invested, he tore the letter of Pope Innocent into shreds and forced his envoy to eat it.

Some months, later on, William de Grimoard had become Pope Urban V. The miscreant was not in the least disconcerted at the tidings, but on the

contrary was the first amongst the princes to send his felicitations to the new Pontiff. But, as may be well imagined, his ambassadors met with a very frigid reception from Urban V., who, without personal resentment, knew how to sustain the dignity of the Holy See.

He sought, but without success, to ingratiate himself with the King of France, who was allied to the Visconti. Meanwhile Urban remained inflexible, and renewed the excommunication.

The intestine war thus extended to all the Italian powers. Two parties divided the Peninsula. Cardinal Barnabo had formed a powerful league against Visconti. Pisa, Verona, Padua, and Ferrara combined with the Cardinal against the enemy, who hurled fierce threats against them all. In the midst of such a conflagration, what hopes could they base upon the vague promises of Italy in favor of the crusade? How, in the first place, obtain from Barnabo the promise even to leave his neighbors at peace, and free to act, and secondly to induce him to furnish his quota. The conditions were that the Milanese would retract his heresies, restore the territory taken from the allies of the Holy See and express sincere repentance for his crimes.

John named two ambassadors to bring the affair to a happy termination. Lusignan also named two, who were Peter Thomas and Philip de Mezzieres. Arrived at Milan in June, the representatives of the two monarchs, especially those from France, were received with every mark of distinction. The crafty Visconti, who had not recovered from an unlooked for repulse received at Salaruolo (April 16, 1363,) did not show himself hostile to their propositions. Yielding, on

the contrary, and apparently convinced, he engaged them from his numerous provinces. From such a character could anything just, noble or generous be expected? Nothing but brutal force or some miraculous enlightenment could change him. However, in his intense love for Jerusalem, Urban V. placed the success of the crusade above all else. The general welfare of Christendom assumed greater importance in his eyes than the temporal interests of St. Peter. Understanding that the continuance of the struggle in Italy would drain the papal resources, so badly needed in the coming Oriental campaign, he no longer maintained his inflexible attitude. The kings of France and Cyprus having tendered their good offices to re-open negotiations he graciously accepted them, to present themselves to Cardinal Albornoz, in the Romagna, and arrange with him the basis of a truce. The celebrated Cardinal, who had received private instructions from his Holiness as to the services expected from him, understood the situation perfectly. From his own personal convictions, inspired not only by the military advantages of the time, but by his thorough knowledge of Barnabo's perfidious nature, he was inclined to be very severe, and firmly determined to urge on the work. The ambassadors returned to Milan not at all encouraged by the views exchanged with the Cardinal.

In all these attempts the deputies of France took the foremost place, and even forgot the consideration due to those of Cyprus. They desired for *themselves*, as well as for their monarch, the sole glory of success. But steadfastness and constancy are not the qualities of vain and frivolous souls.

After a month of conferences, seeing that negotiations had not advanced a single step, that Barnabo, on the contrary, forgetful of his feline craftiness, now openly showed his true nature, they feared to be subject to ridicule for their unsuccessful mission, and so set out without delay for France.

Thomas and Mezzieres then remained alone to confer with Barnabo. On their part they felt no fear before the enemy, nor would they give way to discouragement. Still less was there any question of misunderstanding or jealousy between themselves. The Archbishop, in the eyes of the Chevalier, was the embodiment of wise counsel, the oracle who could not err. He admired him and loved him, he appreciated his work and eloquence. Both, experienced diplomatists, knew well that to touch the soul is a gift of God, a work easy to Him alone, and they trusted principally to prayer. Notwithstanding the unsuccessful attempts of their colleagues, they determined not to follow their example, especially as the affairs of the rebellious prince assumed daily a more disastrous prospect. Urged on by Albornoz on the one hand, and the solicitations of the princes on the other, Barnabo could not fail to understand that he could not maintain his present attitude much longer. At no distant day, perhaps, might not he be constrained to sue for peace on very disadvantageous terms? This thought seemed to enlighten him, for two days after the departure of the French ambassadors he received the deputies from Cyprus. Was it then merely to trifle with them? To feign submission, now that his star was waning, to practice his deceitful role of concurrence only to renew his intrigues and deeds of violence when opportunity

would come? We cannot say. Be the motive what it may, the two friends found him affable and complaisant. Having taken the Archbishop and the Chancellor into a private apartment, he sat down between them, and invited them to speak to him freely on the momentous question.

Blessed Peter Thomas, in language which seemed almost like an inspired page from Holy Writ, began. He depicted by turns the terrors of conflict and the sweetness of peace amongst Christians; he dwelt upon the confidence felt by the King of Cyprus that the Duke of Milan would enter into their plans, he reminded him of the contempt and indignation which the princes would entertain for the only ruler who remained outside of the chivalrous circle, and finally painted in glowing colors the terrible effects of excommunication and the propitiatory merits of the Crusade.

He spoke with so much earnestness and dignity, with such a mingling of fervor and authority that the tyrant, who, up to this time, had seemed steeped in a depravity such as left little room for hope, suddenly appeared to shrink into himself, and cower before the sanctity of the holy Legate. At last he heaved a deep sigh, and, whilst all the powers of evil evidently strove to hold one whom they had so long considered their own, exclaimed, "I yield! I wish to be at peace with the Church, I will be submissive and faithful to her laws. Go once more! seek the Cardinal and treat with him in my name. In your hands I entrust the decision whether it is to be peace or war."

"Amazing, nay, almost incredible," adds the chronicler Mezzieres, who was present. "Thanks to the operation of

divine grace obtained by the prayers of my blessed father, and to his marvellous tact, he who before had been constantly raging against the Church, who stole whatever of her property that caught his avaricious heart, who drank the blood of that tender mother, sowed discord amongst her children, and was himself always full of hatred and enmity, who despised the entreaties of emperor and kings, who was, in fine a monster of iniquity. Amazing that he was at last touched by the words of the holy Legate, that he became a suppliant for pardon, submissive to the Church and willing to atone for his crimes."

Thus, again, through fervent prayer and mild persuasion, the parting words were peaceable. Brute force was subdued before the might of virtue. The bear of the Lombardian Alps permitted himself to be softened by the honey of an apostolic monk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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It is impossible for our souls to meet in sweet communion, without religion sooner or later crossing the threshold of their discourse.—Pere Lacordaire.

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One would say that the whole creation rested on an inclined plane, so that all beings whatever bend down to those below them to love and to be beloved by them.—Abbe Gerbet.

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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 between us and heaven. God wants us and we want God.—Eugene de Guerin.

## As a Stream Flows.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

### CHAPTER XII. (Concluded.)



HE Sharkley baby was dead and Mr. Grey was returning from the funeral, at which he had officiated. His walk led up the quiet dell where he and Judith had met that other afternoon,

then through the hotel grounds, the path he followed bringing him to the Spring, which is daily frequented by the people of the neighborhood. On the flagged square surrounding the round well, the minister saw a young man standing, his eyes bent thoughtfully on the brackish, dark water. He was tall, squarely built and his dress was characteristic of the frontier man. His broad-brimmed hat was in his hand, and the head and face thus left exposed showed a brave-souled man, and Silas Grey, knowing his eyes were resting on Luke O'Hagan, felt it hard to reconcile that dashing figure with the one slinking after him down a country road, or with the cowardly assassin who struck an aged and defenseless man to death. At sound of the footfall, Luke lifted his eyes from the well, and met the minister's, in a clear, direct stare, half inquisitive, an expression characteristic of people who have lived any length of time removed from frequent intercourse with their fellow creatures. Mr. Grey

took the drinking cup but as he was stooping to lift the water, the old tearing pain, that caught him unexpectedly at times, in the place where the mob-leader's bullet had lodged, made him draw sharply up, his face suddenly whitening.

"I'll dip it up for you, pardner," said the young man, in his clear, friendly voice. Then when the minister had thanked him, and drank the water, the young man asked:

"What seems to be the mattah?"

Mr. Grey, who welcomed the opportunity of a conversation, replied, "An old bullet wound." The man looked at him for a moment and then laughed.

"Excuse me, pardner," he then said, "but you're the last person I'd think would be in a scrape, or mebbe it was an accident?"

In a few brief words, Mr. Grey explained how it happened he had been wounded, and when he finished, young O'Hagan cried:

"Shake, pardner! When I read of what you did—I was out on a Texas ranch—I said to my pardner if I ever came home, I was going to find that preacher and tell him there was never born a braver man, for you see I knew what a Blue Lick mob must look like; a cattle stampede's a trifling circumstance to it."

"You knew Mr. Sharkley?" inquired the minister, his eyes on the face before him, and he saw the sudden



shadow cross the clear eyes, as O'Hagan said in decided tones:

"Yes, I did, a gruff, stiff-necked old fellow he was, and I didn't shed any tears over his death, though I did think it was a cowardly thing to strike him down when he wasn't armed. If old Jake Sharkley was within reach of his gun, that nigger'd never left that field alive."

"You seem bitter against him?" asked the minister, who had observed the novel-reading man had quietly approached, unseen by O'Hagan, and taken a seat on one of the benches. O'Hagan frowned, then laughed:

"Yes, I reckon I am, I used to be sweet on his daughter, in fact, we wanted to get married, and the old man, when I asked his consent, ordered me out of the house and threatened to shoot me if I ever came there again."

"Why?" asked the minister. "Didn't he like you?"

"Oh! I reckon he liked me well enough, but he wanted somebody for his girl who had money. I was poor then."

"Then you have prospered since you left here?" asked the minister.

"I've done middlin' well. Bought out my pardner's share of the ranch, and when I got things fixed up comfortable, concluded to come on and get my mother. Yes, I've no cause to quarrel at fortune, and suppose I oughtn't to hold hard feelings 'gainst old Sharkley, since if he hadn't riled me that night likely I'd have gone on living here and working for just what keeps life in me, like the rest of the people. But," and his eyes left the minister's face and went down the valley, with a heart longing in them, "but we miss something in life."

A silence hung between the two men. Then the minister glanced

toward the listener on the bench, who closed his eyes and shook his head, and that expression of disbelief in the guilt of the unconscious speaker was echoed in the heart of Silas Grey. Who then had worn this man's clothes on that day?

"Yes," said the minister, a little sadly, "life is like a mosaic, made up of many pieces, and when one is missing the beauty is destroyed for us, who will not consider the fairness of the perfect part, but bewail what we have lost. But," coming back to the subject under discussion, "your decision was hastily made, wasn't it?"

"It was," returned Luke. "When I left home that morning, I had no more intention of going away than I have this minute of jumping into the Spring. I was going to help Mr. Burns hoe tobacco that day. Just as I was leaving the mud road for the pike, I saw a hoss coming tearing toward me, and as it had on bridle and saddle, I knew it had broken away; so, as he was passing me, I made a spring at him and caught the rein. Pretty soon I saw a young black fellow, who was working at the hotel, come running up the road, but he stopped when he saw me leading the horse. When I reached him he told me the horse had broken off from him while he was holding it for one of the guests, and as the man was a wild western fellow the atmosphere down at the stile was like there had been a gun powder explosion. A little farther we met the guest, who had started out after the negro. After he gave the black fellow a piece of his mind for letting the horse run off, he began to ask me questions about myself and what I did and how much I made. Then he asked me how I'd like to try ranching and said he was looking for

a man to oversee his place in Texas, I told him I wouldn't mind, and by Jing! if we didn't begin to make a bargain right there and then. I hated my life that morning, and felt reckless enough to do anything. He had bought the horse, a wild thing it was, too, from a farmer and wanted it taken to Paris where he had purchased more stock, and have it shipped with them; so I threw down my hoe and took the horse to Paris. He came over on the afternoon train from Carlisle, and a week later we were on the old Texas ranch. He was a good sort of a fellow, and after a time made me his pardner and last summer, as he was tired of the life, sold me his share. So that's how I came to leave the Lick," finished Mr. O'Hagan.

"That was sudden," remarked the minister. "Did you not go home to even change your clothes?"

"No, I didn't want to see my mother; she might begin to cry, and, well,—I wanted to go away from here, you understand, and grow rich. My pardner was stopping at the hotel and as we were near the same size, he rigged me out in one of his suits. I left my old clothes with the black fellow."

And then with a slow, dull thud of memory, Silas Grey remembered after leaving the smith's shop Pete had been seen going toward the hotel and had later admitted he had seen the negro hostler, who that day had mysteriously disappeared. Had that bundle which, when he left Sharkley's, carried his working clothes, and which, he afterwards declared, he had thrown away on meeting the strange man with the news of the murder, but which, though strict search was made, had never been found, in reality, after parting from his friend

at the hotel, contained the blue cotton-ade overalls, dark coat and straw hat left the hostler by Luke O'Hagan? Was the man Judith saw burning the clothes Pete, and had he, Silas Grey, been deceived by a negro's lying tongue? Yet that yellow hair, that figure shadowing him down the country road! But O'Hagan was going on with the story:

"When I had started, I began to feel sorry I had not said good bye to my mother and—and my girl; so when I met a fellow up the road, I stopped and told him what I had done and asked him to go and see them and tell them where to write to me. But I never got a letter. One day when I was in San Antonio I met a gentleman from Mount Olivet and he first told me about Sharkley's murder and that Lucy was married, and to the very man I had sent my message by, asking her to be true to her promise and wait until I came back. Then I wrote Lucy a letter and sent it addressed to Judith Saunders, for I felt and always will, he never gave my message, as he didn't take home my clothes to my mother."

"I beg your pardon," said the listener on the bench advancing, "but I was sitting here and couldn't help but hear your words. Your story has interested me," he added, looking at Luke, "would you mind telling me if the black fellow to whom you gave your clothes had yellow hair?"

O'Hagan looked at the questioner and then laughed heartily.

"Excuse me, pardner," he said, "but what tender-foot land do you hail from? No, pardner, his cranium was covered with wool, black as ever you saw, and if you can find me a yellow haired nigger, I'll give you a thousand dollars."

"Oh!" said he easily, "the man who killed Sharkley had yellow hair."

"Is that so?" asked Luke, looking at the minister.

"I am not positive," replied he, for the murderer has never been caught. The negro in prison for the crime is guiltless."

"Yes," put in the stranger, before Luke could express his surprise, "and he was dressed in clothes very much like the ones you wore that morning: blue cottonade overalls, a dark coat, a straw hat lined with red. He burned these and buried the ashes under a large stone. When this was lifted the other day, a knife, with your initials on the handle, was found. The person who saw the man burning the clothes, and Pete, the boy they accused, who met him on the road leading from Sharkley's both say the face was black but the hair was yellow."

O'Hagan stepped back, his face growing whiter under the two pair of keen eyes, then he said slowly, looking at the minister:

"Good God! don't you know who has yellow hair?" and like a flash before the mind of Silas Grey came the Sharkley baby's little white coffin, with its yellow-haired father bending over it.

The three men gazed on each other in terrible silence.

"Luke," began the minister, his voice steady though his face was pale, "was it Bill Sharkley you met that morning, by whom you sent a message to his cousin, and asked to get your clothes from the negro and take them to your mother, and tell her what you had done?"

"It was Bill."

"Did you tell him of your quarrel with his uncle?" asked the other man.

"Yes," replied Luke, "and he said I ought to shoot him, for there was bad blood between them.

"What caused it?" asked the strange man.

"Bill was wild, and used to trouble the old man for money, and run bills at the tavern in his name."

"Mr. O'Hagan," said the man, laying his hand on Luke's shoulder, "I am an officer of the law, whose duty is to find the murderer of Jake Sharkley. There are circumstances that tell strongly against you in this matter and you must consider yourself under arrest."

Every drop of blood left the young man's face, and as he opened his lips to cry out his innocence before God, the minister said:

"Arrest does not make you guilty, Mr. O'Hagan. You can prove an alibi. Where is your former partner?"

"In Chicago," cried Luke, "and," he added, "in his last letter he said he had seen the negro hostler running an elevator in a hotel in that city."

"Very well," said the official, "telegraph your friend to have the boy arrested and come on with him.

"I suppose," he added, "you understand it is necessary that this matter should be kept quiet, that, in case you are innocent, we may catch the guilty?"

Three days later into the little front room where Judith sat, Lucy Sharkley, with white face, wide startled blue eyes, and brown hair streaming wildly around her shoulders, burst, crying, frantically:

"Judith, Judith, they've found him out!" Then she sank to her knees and lifted her white face, while the sobs and the fragile form shake as a lily-bell under a rude wind. The pity of it all, the sorrow that heart had

known, sent the tears to Judith's eyes, and kneeling she took the trembling woman in her arms, saying,

"It is best, dear, best for us all."

"No, no, no," she cried, "for he has sworn to kill him!"

"Who?" cried Judith.

"The preacher."

"Tell me all, Lucy, and quickly," said Judith.

"He was working in the field where he killed father, she began, "when they came to arrest him. Luke was with them and asked him for his clothes. He denied he had ever gotten the clothes from the nigger, and then the officer told him they had the nigger at the hotel, that he had confessed he had given the clothes to Bill, and that Bill had scared the nigger into running away that day, by saying people thought he had given Pete the pistol. Then they showed him the knife that was under the rock, and told him you had seen him burning the clothes. The officer had him by this time, and when Bill saw they knew everything he took that awful knife that he has been carrying down his collar since the preacher came here, and ran it into the officer, and was off into the woods before any of the others could catch him. He must have watched them hurrying back to the hotel, for after a while he came to the house and got his money and pistols and said he was going, but swore before he left he will shoot that preacher and that this time he would see to it that his bullet went straight. I ran to the hotel to see Mr. Grey, but they told me he has gone to Carlisle to get the sheriff. I know Bill knew this too, and is waiting for him in some of the hollows along the road."

Lucy began to wring her hands, then looking at Judith, she cried :

"Judith, for the sake of my dear baby, save the preacher!"

As if that appeal were needed to the girl! Bluebell, standing under the tree, started at the strange sound of her mistress' voice, and came down quickly to the bars. Bridle and saddle were quickly on, and Judith, her long riding skirt thrown hastily over her muslin dress, her white bonnet tied securely, turned toward the stile. Half-way she thought of Lucy, and, returning to the house, took the weeping woman in her arms, kissed her once tenderly; Bruno, the dog, followed her to the stile and she stopped and patted his black head; then sprang into her saddle and began to drive Bluebell as never before save on that awful day when Charlie Saunders was the rider, she had been driven. Loungers on the hotel piazza looked up, surprised to see the bay mare and her rider go by, crossing their view like a flash. Bluebell had the staying spirit of a racer, and, as if realizing the peril of the situation, knowing a life depended on her fleet feet, she galloped on, on, on, without touch of whip or jerk of rein, hearing only her mistress' agonizing urging.

Well Judith knew her danger, knew that in the thick undergrowth lining the road Sharkley might be hidden, and that he would not hesitate to stop her mission with a bullet; but had she seen him standing in the road before her with accurately gauged weapon, she still had taken her chance and rushed on to save the man she loved, or die in the attempt.

The minister was returning on his good wheel. He had the start of the officers and was scorching on alone, when the sight of Judith, riding madly down one of the hills, stopped him in his career.

"What is the matter, Judith?" he cried, as Bluebell stopped by his side.

"Bill Sharkley is waiting somewhere along the road to kill you," she cried. "Lucy saw him after you and the others went to the hotel. You must not go on alone. You don't want to add another sin to his soul," she finished, and the minister remembered they were almost the words Pedler Daly had spoken on that Sunday night.

"No, dear, I do not," he said, sadly, and silence fell. Then he neared her, and laying his hand on Bluebell's wet neck, he said, looking up at her, all the gratitude and strange affection he felt for this woman, shining in his blue eyes:

"The road is as full of danger for you as it is for me. You knew it, yet you risked all to save me! My beautiful, brave-souled Judith!"—

"No," she said, quickly interrupting him, "he will not harm me! He is afraid of my brothers." Then, seeing her gather up her rein, he cried:

"You must wait, too! You shall not go back over that dangerous road alone!"

"Yes," she replied, "I am going back. Lucy wants me. But there is no danger for me. You return to the toll-gate and wait for the officers and be careful until he is gone."

"Gone?" repeated the minister.

"Yes, gone," she said, "for they will not catch him alive. He is well armed, and will sell his life dearly."

"Judith," he said, "will you now tell me the reason of your silence?"

She looked down on his face and said:

"When Lucy got Luke O'Hagan's letter, a letter that made her know, if Pete did not kill her father, her hus-

band did, the baby was two months old. A woman bears much for the father of her child. As I told you once what I knew was revealed in the sacredness of physical and mental anguish. I was as much bound to respect it as a priest the secrets of the confessional, and until Lucy gave me permission my lips were sealed, yes," she finished, "though I forfeited my life by my silence. Did I suffer because of this? I suffered more than Pete in his prison, more than Lucy in her dreadful wifehood, and when you came I suffered more."

He leaned his head against the hand resting on Bluebell's neck.

"Judith," he said brokenly, "forgive me, I did not know what I was doing." For one brief moment she laid her hand on his head, smoothed once the chestnut hair, then said, in low, solemn tones:

"It does not matter. All is well, we know," she added with emphasis, "all is well, for God directs. Now I must be going. Good-bye."

He held her hand in a long gentle clasp, then she turned Bluebell's head, while he went back to the toll-gate, and her heart felt a sudden, unaccountable chill, for the road before her seemed to have grown suddenly and strangely dark. The miles slipped by slowly, for Bluebell was returning easily, and the lonesome shadows of the fast declining day began to creep over the land. All was strangely still, the very birds seemed to have forgotten their vesper songs. The sun went down peacefully, tenderly, and as its last crimson rays came to her at intervals through the lines of the trees, an unusual sense of sadness crept over her heart. When she reached the place where the pines rose up like sentinels along the road, their heavy

green garments shut out the fading light and the white road led through mysterious shadows. At one point where a lane joins the pike, she caught the faint outlines of a waiting horseman. She gathered up her rein, preparing to make a dash past him and through the lonely pine-sheltered place, when she saw him advance and take a position in the middle of the road. Whatever else were her faults, cowardice was not one, and though she held her reins tighter and her whip with a strong grasp, she went forward without hesitation.

"It's me, Judith!" she soon heard her brother Charlie, say. "Lucy ran over and told us what you'd done," he said, as she neared him. "I was glad you done it, for that preacher's too good a fellow for Bill to hit. But Bill's waiting somewher along the road, most likely down at the bend, an' I thought I'd bettah come foh you Lucy thinks he might kill you if he war to see you coming down this way so late, foh, of course, he'd know she'd told you an' that you'd went to warn the preacher. So we'll go home the mud road."

"Charlie," said Judith, "I don't think Bluebell can cross the river this evening," for the lane led to the Licking, which ran between Judith and her home.

"Of course she can," replied the boy. "She's a little tired, but that's all."

They rode on in silence down the narrow road. The stillness was oppressive, not a leaf was stirring, and the twilight came in like a thing in fear. As they reached the river the moon was rising behind the pine-clad hills, its weird faint rays adding to the desolation of place and hour. The boy rode into the water and soon reached

the opposite shore, and Bluebell, though tired, followed, but half way across, Judith found her beginning to drift with the current.

"Ho, Bluebell," she said, turning the mare's head, "up, old girl, up." The mare responded gallantly, but her first yielding had brought her beyond that place on the bank much used had made somewhat lower, and Judith soon found it was impossible for the mare to fight against the current, so she headed her straight for the shore. The mare plunged and fought bravely against the odds, and reached the bank. It was steep and the effort to climb it exhausted the last remnant of strength, but as her front hoofs touched the top, the earth crumbled away beneath them and bay Bluebell and her mistress fell back into the river while the moon, which had now risen, showed the helpless watcher on the bank, Judith's white bonnet once, then the wild beating of the waters ceased, and all was over with mare and rider.

Hours later they found her still clutching Bluebell's bridle; clumsy, but loving fingers unfastened the strings of the white sun-bonnet, and when revealed, the face showed calm in the pale moonlight. The anguish of that death was not reflected on the features, as they had never reflected the anguish of life. And while she lay dead, and Silas Grey watched with her friends and relatives, from far and near the poor came to mourn over their benefactress, and then was revealed all the fullness and beauty of the life he had once censured. Then was explained why she had so strictly guarded the interests of her farm, as he heard men and women pour out their love and gratitude; and then he knew that she had chosen to spend her young days in that place because of the charitable

work that unless she remained and did would be left undone. And some such little things they told him, little acts of kindness others would forget, but in which she showed most beautiful. It was noble in her when a poor man lost his only horse in the spring to buy another for him, but it was to Silas Gray a finer thing for her to walk two miles every Saturday afternoon to see a poor bed-ridden negress and bring her a basket of food for her Sunday dinner. It was a beautiful charity when one man's corn failed to share her own crop with him, but wasn't it a sweeter thing in her to remember all the poor children, black and white, with cakes and candies at Christmas? It was worthy of an intellectual woman to buy books for poor children that they might attend school, but it was as gracious to take her cousin's paper every week down to Mrs. O'Hagan's and read to the old woman the news from Ireland. And this was but a small part of Judith's work among those unconsiderate country people, and yet he had dared censure her for her wasted talents! He bowed over the coffin, crying out to those deaf ears his remorse in the bitterness of his heart, during that long, sad moment when he found himself alone with her; then because he knew she had loved him, he kissed the marble-like brow and cold unresponsive lips.

\* \* \* \*

All these things happened many years ago, but the visitor to the old Blue Lick Springs will still see the quaint hotel where Silas Grey first met the doubts which, when finally laid, brought him into the Catholic Church. The old Skarkley house, which Lucy, made a widow by the death of her husband from a fever contracted in Cuba, whether he had fled, a fugitive from

justice, left with Luke O'Hagan for the Western home where his mother lived, has grown grayer under the visitations of many a summer sun and winter blast, but that is all the change visible. The little log house, that Brian built and loved, and Judith guarded, is as of old, except that the black dog that used to bark a friendly welcome from its door step, now lies in his grave under the Catalpa tree, where they found him dead the morning after his mistress' funeral. The book shelf too has disappeared from the corner, taken by Mrs. Lacey for Bryan's books, mysteriously returned the night previous to her departure for her home in Carlisle. The trumpet vine has grown somewhat thicker over the low door-way, on whose step a flock of Rody Lacey's grandchildren may any day be seen playing. Mrs. Logan's house is on the hill and there she lives still, older it is true, but possessing all her former agility and curiosity. The roads still go under leafy branches, and cardinal and bluebirds sing their summer songs and raise broods; but Pedler Daly walks no more those quiet ways, bowed beneath his heavy pack, for his long self-imposed penance is over and he has laid all life's burdens down.

In the little old town of Carlisle the long hours glide on just as quietly, and the streets show little change, except that a new modern court house stands in the green yard, and the farmer's horses no more are tied to the iron railing, and that the jail is stronger than it was when the mob broke in its weak doors to drag Pete from his cell. Pete, brought home in triumph from the penitentiary, still lives, respected by the white and his own race, and owns a pretty cottage on whose steps he sits on summer evenings singing for

his wife and mother, or relating the oft heard story of his life. Mrs. Earle's sewing shop is, as of old, the gathering place for the gossips, but none of the girls are there except Judith Evans, and Silas Grey, now a leading Kentucky lawyer, hearing one day that it was not she but her cousin who had married, came back to Carlisle, and walking down street on another sunset lighted evening he saw her again standing on the steps, drawing on her gloves, preparing for her walk to her uncle's home in the country. Together they went down the quiet street, past the little cottage where as the spiritual director of the Carlisle Baptist congregation he had lived; past the cemetery gate, where the black birds were singing their vesper song; down the hill, across the great white bridge, where he had fallen on that long past night; on over the still road until her home was reached. An August moon was again silvering the landscape, the honeysuckle was again blooming, and as he held her once more to his heart and knew nothing now, save death, could part them, all life's troubles were forgotten.

In that land of happy homes none is happier than his; yet often on early mornings when the dew lies heavy on the blue-grass and the eastern sky shows a pale purple tint, the memory

of that other Judith passes across his soul, sometimes like the great sweep of the pine trees beneath whose shadows she is sleeping, sometimes like the delicate rare tender glory that lifts itself from her hills when the red-bud trees are blooming.

(THE END.)

The language of Scripture is like the language of music. It must be loved to be understood. Its hidden meanings, its mystical sense may receive various interpretations, just as Beethoven and Gounod—but only the master interprets correctly.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm hand shakes—these are the secondary means of grace when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles. It is the little words you speak, the little thoughts you think, the little thing you do or leave undone, the little moments you waste or use wisely, the little temptations you yield to or overcome—the little things of every day that are making or marring your future life. Much sorrow might be prevented if words of encouragement were more frequently spoken, fitly and in season.

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AT thy shrine, O dearest Mother! we this day our homage pay,  
 At thy feet with grateful feelings, flowers and blooming garlands lay.  
 As the storm-tossed sailor wishes to perceive the well-known shore,  
 So we long to kneel before thee, and thy powerful aid implore.



## Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

BY THE REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O.C.C.



THE month of May, the most beautiful month in the year, is by Catholic instinct known, throughout Christendom, under the title of the month of Mary. That the fairest month in the year should be dedicated, in a special manner to the most perfect work of the great Creator of the universe, is only to be expected from the piety and devotion of the Christian world, to the virgin mother of God. For Mary is unique among created beings, she is more elevated, higher, than any other creature, and God alone is above her.

Formerly, during the month of May, in some countries of Europe, especially those situated in the southern part of the continent, young people were accustomed to give themselves up to amusements, that if not bad in themselves, were at least very dangerous to innocence. All their surroundings conspired to promote pleasures of this kind. The most beautiful productions were springing from the bosom of the earth, the flowers had a peculiar freshness, hardly found in any other month of the year, the balmy air redolent with their delicious perfume, was calculated to intoxicate the minds of youth, and hence their unrestrained abandonment to dangerous amusements.

It was during this state of affairs some holy priests, assisted by devout

members of the laity, sought for some means to stem the tide of dissipation, that annually swept over the fairest countries of Europe. Appalled at the dangers threatening the morals of youth, in their distress, they instinctively turned for assistance to the virgin Mother of God. Nor were they mistaken, for who seeks her aid in vain! But how were they to begin? To gather the people, especially the youth, around her altars, was, if not a hopeless, to say the least, a very difficult task, taking into consideration the circumstances existing at that time. But there is always, if the heart be not too much depraved, a deep-seated reverence in the breast of the Catholic for the Blessed Virgin, and so it was with the Italian youth towards the close of the last century. They not only gathered around the altars of their virgin mother, but decorated them, and brought with them the fairest flowers, laying them at her feet as trophies of the victories she had gained for them over themselves. It was astonishing with what rapidity the May devotions spread, not only throughout Italy, but through the other countries of Europe, and to-day they are extended to all the nations of the Christian world. By a rescript of the 21st of March, 1815, Pope Pius VII. granted to those who observe the devotions of the month of Mary an indulgence of 300 days every day during the month, and a plenary indulgence on any one day, on which they confess, communicate, and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father.

This devotion, since its inception,

has had the most salutary effects on the morals of young and old, throughout the Christian world. What tongue can tell the sins avoided, and the virtues practised for over a century through its holy and efficacious influence! Who shall relate the peace it brings to the Christian heart! Instead of the feverish desire for pleasure that is always engendered by indulgence, it imparts a serene joy, accompanied with a peace that only the children of God can possess. No Christian ever enjoyed solid peace, whose conduct had not the approval of his conscience, for without this there can be no peace with God. Take away the friendship of God and peace is impossible; there may be a false peace, it is true, but despite this, a thousand pangs will assail the Christian heart. For those who are in the friendship of God, nature and grace conspire to impart a true happiness—a happiness that the world can neither give nor take away—a peace whose serenity, neither the gathering storm nor the thunderbolt in the heavens can disturb. If you wish to find this peace, this happiness, seek it through Mary, she has found it for millions of the human race through the ages of Christianity, and she is now active in imparting to her clients this most precious of God's gifts to His creatures. But some of my readers may perhaps say it is easy to speak of this peace, as though we had departed from this sinful world. We are here, and we are poor sinners. Yes, but our Lord says: "They that are well have no need of a physician. For I came not to call the just but sinners." She obtains it for sinners through repentance. Where is the sinner, who sincerely sought her aid, for whom she did not obtain the grace of repentance from her divine

Son? Not one is to be found. But if we only knew the inward working of divine grace in the Christian soul, if we could only see the supernatural world as we see the material, we would find millions upon millions of souls enjoying peace through their devotion to Mary. It appears strange, although Catholics are aware of the peace, the happiness, the spiritual and temporal advantages derived from this sweet devotion to the virgin mother of God, that we do not see the same fervor displayed, nor do we see the same number of people flocking to the churches, on the evenings of May, as we used to see in the days gone by. However, we do not wish to be misunderstood, as we do not for a moment surmise that there is in the Catholic heart any decline of faith regarding devotion to our Blessed Lady. The words of our Divine Lord to His disciples in the garden, are fully applicable to the attitude of the Catholics of to-day towards the Blessed Virgin: "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." In this case, what then is to be done? No matter how disagreeable it may be to you, at the time, make the effort, if you have a good will God's grace will do the rest, for the Apostle says, "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." Make the effort. Kneel before the altar of your Blessed Mother, and pour out before her your spiritual and temporal wants and necessities. Let not the distance of the church deter you, your presence there will do her honor; go, and may the recording angel enter every step you make on the way, in the book of life in letters of gold.

We may be asked why are the honor and the love so deeply graven in the Catholic heart for His Blessed Mother so pleasing to God, and, if so, what

are the intrinsic reasons for it? There are several reasons that should induce us to dedicate ourselves to the love of Mary, and the first is, that by so doing we give greater honor and glory to God. The primary object of our love and devotion is God regarded as our last end; the secondary object is, the Blessed Virgin and the saints, as belonging and directed to God. "The devotion to the saints," says Saint Thomas, "does not terminate in themselves, but passes to God, inasmuch as it is God we venerate in His servants." If this be so, who does not see that the more we honor and love the Blessed Virgin, the more we honor and love God, since all honor and love terminate in Him, hence all the honor bestowed on the Mother redounds to the glory of the Son.

We may bring forward another reason here, that God is glorified in His works, to which proposition the royal psalmist bears testimony: The heavens shew forth the glory of God and the firmament the work of His hands. If the inanimate things of nature praise and glorify God, how much more praise and glory of a higher and different order do the created intelligences, endowed with free will, give to His Divine Majesty. There were great artists in ancient and in modern times, many of their works have brought joy and delight to the human heart. How often have they thrown a flood of light on the weary soul, and brought into activity that insatiable desire for immortality, and that craving for the possession of the Infinite Beauty, that alone can satisfy the boundless longing of the immortal Spirit. When we enjoy the beauty of such a work, our minds naturally stray back to the artist, who conceived and gave expression to this

beautiful creation. Through the work we learn to love the artist and cannot help saying, what a beautiful soul this man must have had that gave birth to such a grand conception. In like manner we learn to know God, and love Him through His works. When we behold some grand work of nature confronting us, we are struck with reverential awe, and our heart goes out in love to the Mighty Creator, the Divine Architect, who brought all things into existence. When we learn to know and to love the Blessed Virgin—the most perfect work of His hands—the highest image of Himself—the mirror in which He beholds His divine perfections, reflected more clearly than in all created beings besides—the beauty beyond the conception of man—the sanctity that the highest seraph cannot reach—the love that exceeds the mighty flame, arising from the union of all created hearts, with what love and veneration will we turn to the Divine Artist, who created such a being and gave her to us for our mother. Where is the artist who does not wish to see his works admired, and who does not love in a special manner the production of the greatest effort of his life? To this work he turns with delight, he scrutinizes every line of perfection, every tint that contributes to bring out the ideal beauty, the grand conception that fascinated the noblest and the best of his race. If such be the case with man's best production, what must it be with God's best creation. If the artist of the highest order, the greatest the world has ever seen, only knows the sublime qualities of excellence, in their highest merit contained in the grandest production of his life, it is God alone that can comprehend the transcendent perfections, the sublime beauty of the Virgin

Mother—the grandest work of creation.

That the Blessed Virgin is the grandest work of creation, is proved from the sublime dignity to which she has been exalted. The theologians hold that whenever God chooses anyone for a certain dignity or office, He bestows upon him all the graces necessary for such a position. "It is a rule," says Saint Bernardine of Sienna, "in sacred theology, that whenever God raises one to a certain state, He bestows upon him all the good qualities necessary to sustain, and abundantly to adorn that state." Saint Paul fully sustains the position taken by the theologians on this matter, where he says, when speaking of the apostles. "That God made them fit ministers of the New Testament." But if we consider the dignity to which Mary was raised in becoming the mother of God, we may ask what gifts and graces were necessary that she might be fit to adorn and discharge the sublime duties attached to the dignity of her office! Let Saint Bernardine of Sienna answer: "That a woman should conceive and bring forth a God was the miracle of miracles." For it was necessary, so to speak, that this woman should be raised to a certain divine equality, through a certain almost infinity of perfections and graces, which has never been granted to a creature. Therefore neither human nor angelic intelligence has ever scanned the unfathomable abyss of all the gifts of the Holy Ghost, which descended upon the Virgin at the hour of her Immaculate Conception." She comes next to her Son in personality, the Personality of the Son is Divine—uncreated, the personality of Mary is human and created, but the perfections which adorned Mary, to fit her for such an

exalted dignity, elevates her above all creatures, so that the united perfections of all created beings are not equal to those possessed by her alone. Let us hear Saint Anselm on this matter, "To one who should wish to scan the immensity of thy grace, O Virgin! the mind fails and the tongue is stilled."

But if Mary, enriched with such treasures of grace and love, be the mother of God, she is our mother also. She is really and truly our mother in a spiritual sense, as our ordinary mothers are in a natural sense. Christ, when dying on the cross, gave her to us in the person of His beloved John, to be our mother, "Woman behold thy Son! John behold thy mother, and from that hour the disciple took her to his own." She was the gift of the last will and testament of her Divine Son, to those whom He, at the same moment, was redeeming with His precious Blood. And He who was infinite, He, who by His word could call worlds into existence, had nothing equal to that which He gave, when He gave us his mother. If we desire to understand the meaning of this precious gift, the greatest of all gifts after Himself. Let us consider the occasion and the solemnity of the hour in which this precious treasure was bestowed upon us. A God in His agony, the sun withdrawing his light, darkness like a black pall brooding over the earth, a world shaken to its very centre, conspired to make the most solemn moment in the history of time, and it was in that moment Christ gave us His mother. How grateful we should feel to-day for the precious gift, and how fervently our hearts should turn with reverence and love to the Son and His Blessed Mother. God commands us to love our parents. The children who love their parents

and the parents who love their children fulfill the grand virtue of piety, and to the faithful children God has promised a special temporal reward, that He has not promised for the observance of any other commandment. Do the children of the world consider the obligation they are under to their spiritual mother, given to them under such circumstances by a dying God? Did the God of heaven in the depth of His agony, give her to us without expecting any obligation on our part of loving and obeying her? Our gratitude, our very reason revolts at answering this question in the negative. Nature has implanted in the heart of the child a deep love for the mother. We have proofs of this filial affection exemplified in the lives of some of the greatest men who flourished in the pagan world. Caius Coriolanus, the greatest general of his age, driven from his native city, retired from Rome and became commander of the Volscian army. In his rage, he led them back to take vengeance on what he considered the ungrateful city, and encamped not far distant from its gates. Rome was in consternation. She sent the most eminent men of the state to beg for reasonable terms. But the general was deaf to their appeal, and only listened to the sweet promptings of revenge, that he cherished in his bosom. When all embassies had failed, his mother Veturia presented herself before him. She did not beseech nor beg, but demanded the safety of the city, to which he acceded and withdrew his army. We have another heroic example of filial affection in Pliny the younger, living with his mother in Misenum, at the time when the eruption of Vesuvius overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum. Though the city was far from the volcano, they saw themselves exposed to great peril from the violence of the eruption. His mother besought him to save his life by flight, saying that her advanced age and infirmities did not permit her to make her escape. But Pliny would not hear

of the separation, he was too noble to abandon his mother, he stood by her in their perilous journey, he would sacrifice his life rather than abandon her, and his courage and resolution were rewarded, for though frequently almost smothered with ashes made more dangerous from the proximity of the fire, they had the good fortune to escape. We know that among Christians, there are millions of sons who are as noble as the renowned personages of antiquity whom we have mentioned, who labor to support their mothers with patience and toil. All honor to them; we can find no words to do justice to these noble men of nature. But if it be a settled fact that the best and noblest men in the world at all times revered and loved their mothers, what must be the love of our Lord for His blessed mother, and what must be His delight to see her revered and loved by us!

But what of a mother's love for her children. Only a mother knows how deep-seated the natural love for her children, is in her bosom. She is very often so wrapt up in them, and so entirely absorbed in their welfare and their happiness, that she seems to live and breathe for them alone. It is only too true that at times some children forget the love of their mother, and allow their passions to stifle that most beautiful of sentiments that nature implanted in their hearts. But our natural mothers never loved us according to the order of nature, as our spiritual mother loves us in the order of grace. She loves us most tenderly, protects and defends us, she provides for us and helps us in all our necessities, both spiritual and temporal. With her we should not act as bad children are accustomed to act with their mothers. O! when they turn away and do evil in their sight, if they could only look into their mothers' hearts, they would see the bleeding wounds which they so cruelly inflicted there. But let us like good children turn to our Blessed Mother, and during the month of May make up by the ardor of our love, for our coldness during the past year.

## Thoughts on a Hymn to Mary.



LOVE to sing! A sweet voice moves me, and a touching harmony fills me with delight. O how I love to sing! The human

voice, melodious lute of the soul, repeats its slightest emotions in sonorous chords from which the slightest touch draws forth sweet vibrations, gentle sighs full of charms, and harmony which reveals the mysteries of the heart.

O how I love to sing! Everything in nature sings: The stream which rushes on between its green banks; the zephyr rustling amid the leaves; the salt sea wave as it murmurs on the beach; the forest as it sways its thousand mighty heads before the tempest, and the loud prolonged chorus, one glorious harmony of the lute, vast as the world, which vibrates incessantly under the Almighty touch of God, And I too love to sing! sing again, sing ever, and it is for thee, Divine Mother, "Lily of the valley," Rose of Heaven, Queen of angels and of men, that I wish to tune my youthful lyre. Oh! let a burning chord of that inspired lute on which thou did'st sing, stretch itself on the instrument which trembles in my unskilful hand. Sweet Mother! if calmly and joyously the current of my days flow on beneath thy sanctuary, I will sing to thee, and thou wilt listen to my hymn of gladness and thanksgiving! If duty calls me afar, if absence separates the hearts which friendship has united, if so many fond ties must be thus cruelly severed I will sing to thee and my prayer shall be a sad farewell! If crushed beneath the burthen of sorrow, I will seek for sympathy; if my poor heart in solitude and sadness pleads in vain for comfort and support, I will sing to thee, sweet Mother, and my tears shall be less bitter, and I shall

cease to feel that I am alone in the world. If the storm howls in the distance, if my sky is dark and my frail bark struggles amid the surging billows of adversity, I will sing to thee Mary, and thou wilt calm the fury of the waves, and thy star will once more shine from the firmament above me. If sad and silent suffering seats itself at my side, if the cup of felicity is dashed from my lips, if still vibrating with its last sweet thrilling tones the chord of happiness is broken on my lyre, I will sing to thee Mary, for my heart will still be mine.

Oh! I love to sing thy praises, dearest Mother. I will repeat them in the morning, in the glorious sunshine, and in the freshness of the evening, I will whisper thy name to the echoes of the valley, to the birds of the trees, to the flowers of the meadows, to the happy who rejoice, to the desolate who mourn, to the blessed who love thee, and all my life shall be one song of which death itself shall not weaken the last vibrations.

[NOTE, BY ENFANT DE MARIE.—The writer of these lines was a child of eleven years of age, much devoted to the Blessed Virgin. She entered religion at eighteen, and in the May of last year, her Blessed Mother's sweet month, she passed away, to sing, we may hope, a "new canticle" amidst the virgin souls.]

"Called by the Help of Christians  
Gently in twilight calm.  
Gone to the golden splendor,  
Following now the Lamb!

"Were there soft angel-voices  
Whispering, Come away!  
Veni, O Sponsa Christi  
In the sweet month of May."

"Softly the dawn is breaking,  
Wide is the pearly gate,  
Glorious thy star-crowned Mother,  
Mary Immaculate!"

R. I. P.

May, 1899.

## St. Simon Stock.



**S**IMON STOCK of a noble family of England, was born in 1164 at the Chateau of Hereford, in the County Kent, of which his father was Governor. From his youth he was favored with such extraordinary grace that he felt drawn to solitude, and at the age of twelve years retired to a dense forest where he gave himself up to the most incredible austerities. He lived on herbs and roots, a fountain furnished him with water ; for bed, oratory and cell, he had the trunk of a tree, where he could hardly stand upright. Here prayer was his only occupation, and his soul, by this holy exercise, acquired such perfect purity that it became like the angels'. The Mother of God visited him nearly every day, and his communications with our Lord were so frequent, that his happiness seemed like the felicity of the saints. He lived in this way nearly twenty years, when the Religious of Mt. Carmel came to establish themselves in England ; he had been warned of their arrival by a particular revelation, and the Blessed Virgin told him to join them. He did so and then went to the Holy Land to imbibe the spirit of Elias. He remained there six years and his life was a continual ecstasy. The Blessed Virgin fed him with food from Heaven that seemed like manna. Afterwards he went to England, and was elected General of the Order. Soon terrible trials came to the Order and St. Simon, full of confidence in

Mary, placed all his difficulties in her hands. After some years of vows, prayers, sighs and tears, he had the consolation of being heard in a most astonishing manner. His prayer, like that of Elias, opened the heavens and brought down the Virgin Mother of God with rich treasures of grace to the needy and suffering world. Fr. Peter Swannington, companion, secretary, and confessor to the saint, writes of him, that he was broken with age and weakened by the austerities of his penitential life and that he often passed nights in prayer, sighing over the afflictions of his brethren. One day while at prayer he was filled with heavenly consolation, which he related to the Community as follows :  
" My Very Dear Brothers :

Blessed be God, who has not abandoned those who put their confidence in Him, and who has not despised the prayers of His servants. Blessed be the most holy Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ ! She hath remembered the ancient days and the tribulations which on all sides surround you, who do not reflect that those who live piously in Jesus Christ shall suffer persecution, and she addresses you this word, which you will receive with the joy of the Holy Spirit : I pray this Spirit to guide my tongue that I may properly communicate it to you. When I was pouring out my soul in the presence of the Lord, dust and ashes that I am, I prayed with all confidence to the Holy Virgin, my Sovereign, that as she had been pleased to name us her Brethren, she would also have the goodness to let us see that she was our Mother, by delivering us from our afflictions and procuring us con-

sideration and esteem, by some sensible sign of her protection from those who persecuted us. Then I said, with tender sighs: \* "Flower of Carmel, fruitful vine, splendor of Heaven, Virgin Mother of the Son of God. Amiable Mother, ever Virgin, give to thy children of Carmel the privilege of thy protection, Star of the Sea," when she appeared to me with her heavenly court, and holding in her hand the habit [scapular] of the Order, she said: "This will be the sign of the privilege that I have obtained for thee and for the children of Carmel; whoever dies [piously] clothed with this habit, will be preserved from eternal flames; † and as the glorious presence of the holy Virgin rejoiced me beyond all I can express and as I could not, miserable wretch that I am, bear the sight of her majesty, she said to me as she disappeared, that I had only to send a deputation to His Holiness Innocent, Vicar of her Son, and that he would not fail to grant a remedy for all our troubles. While preserving, my brethren, this word in your heart, endeavor to make sure your election by good works and strive never to sin. Watch, and offer thanksgiving for so great a favor, pray without ceasing, that the word communicated to me, may be verified to the glory of the Holy Trinity. Blessed forever be the Father, Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, and the Virgin Mary."

Fr. Swanington, under date July 16, 1251, wrote this same account at the

\* The prayer is the famous "Flos Carmeli" which is called the miraculous prayer of Carmel and has been translated into every language in prose and verse.

† The Church in the Breviary has seen fit to put the word "scapular" instead of habit. Though Carmelites know that the *Scapular* is an integral part of the habit, yet it might not be understood by the faithful at large. The word "piously" has also been inserted as explanatory of the meaning of our Lady, and to prevent all doubts that might arise.

dictation of the Saint, with a letter of consolation to the brethren elsewhere. The first miracle of the Scapular was worked on the very day that St. Simon received it from the hands of the Holy Virgin. Fr. Swanington wrote the account in Latin, and it is translated as follows:

"The 16th of July, while the blessed Simon Stock was going with me to Winchester, to obtain from the Bishop of that city some letters to the Sovereign Pontiff, Innocent IV., we saw coming to meet us Dom Peter of Lington, dean of the Church of Winchester, who implored the blessed Simon Stock to hasten to the aid of his brother who was dying in despair. This man's name was Walter; he was petulant, haughty, quarrelsome and given to practising magic; he despised the Sacraments and tormented all his neighbors. In a quarrel with a nobleman he had been mortally wounded, and seeing himself near the tribunal of God; in the horrors of remorse caused by the remembrance of his crimes recalled to him by the demon, he would not hear of God or the Sacraments, but cried out and blasphemed: "I am damned! It is to thee, O devil, I leave the care of avenging my murder!"

We entered the house and he foamed with rage, ground his teeth and rolled his eyes like a furious animal. St. Simon Stock, seeing that he was about to expire, and had already lost the use of his senses, made the sign of the cross and laid upon him the holy Scapular of Carmel; then lifting his eyes to Heaven he prayed to God to give time for repentance, that a soul bought with the price of the Blood of Jesus Christ might not become the prey of the demon. All at once the sick man regained his strength, recovered the use



of his senses, and making the sign of the cross, cried against the demon, saying with tears: "Alas, wretch that I am, how terrible is the fear of my damnation! My sins are more numerous than the sands of the sea! O my God, Thy mercy is above Thy justice, have pity on me, and you, my Father, help me."

At these words I went off to one side, with Dom Peter, who told me that, seeing his brother obstinate in his impentence, he knelt down to pray for him, and he heard a voice saying: "Rise, Peter, seek my servant Simon, who is now on a journey and make him come here." He looked about to see who had spoken, but saw no one, and three times he heard the same voice. So thinking it a voice from Heaven, he mounted a horse and set out in search of the Venerable Simon Stock and gave thanks to the Lord that he had found him so soon. Walter, after his confession, renounced publicly all his engagements with the devil, received the Sacraments and gave signs of true repentance. He made his will, and obliged his brother under oath to restore all property that he had taken unjustly and to repair all the injuries he had committed; then, about eight o'clock that night he expired. Some time after he appeared to his brother, telling him he was in the mansions of peace and that by the aid of the most holy Queen of Angels, and by the Scapular of the blessed Simon Stock, he had escaped the snares of the devil. The noise of this event spread through the city. Dom Peter wrote the account to the Bishop of Winchester. The Bishop assembled an Episcopal Council, where he resolved to question the blessed Simon Stock on the virtue of his habit. The latter obeyed the invitation, and replied to

all inquiries and his deposition was duly registered. After this miracle of the Holy Virgin, Dom Peter offered the Carmelites a home in Winchester and built for them a beautiful monastery." Fr. Swanington continues: "The renown of this prodigy spread rapidly throughout England and even beyond; a great number of cities offered monasteries to the Religious, and many noblemen came to beg the favor of being affiliated to our holy Order, so that dying in our habit, they might obtain through the merits of the glorious Virgin Mary, a happy death." The prodigies worked through the Scapular have continued to the present day, and their recital would fill a library. It is safe to say that there is not a city or town of any importance that cannot relate its miracles of the Scapular. This is testimony written by the finger of God, in proof of the love and the power of Mary the Mother of Mercy. One more great privilege must be mentioned. It is that granted by Pope John XXII. in 1322, which he promulgated what is commonly called the "Sabbatine Bull." It is called "Sabbatine" from the word Saturday, because it refers to the promise made by our Blessed Lady, to deliver from Purgatory on the Saturday after their death, those who in addition to wearing the Scapular, have fulfilled certain conditions which she appointed. There are numerous indulgences granted to all who wear the Scapular with devotion, and members of the Confraternity share in all the good works of the whole Order of Carmel, but the privilege of "the Saturday" is something different and refers to the next life. "It is permitted to piously believe, that the Blessed and Most Holy Virgin Mary, special Patron of the Order and of all the faithful who wear the Habit or Scapular of the Confraternity and who observe what is appointed to gain the above-mentioned privilege, will aid these souls principally on Saturday, by her efficacious prayers, to leave the pains of Purgatory and to go to enjoy with her eternal glory in the celestial Country."

## Roman Letter.

ROME, April 15th, 1899.

DEAR FATHER,—

One would scarcely believe what an excitement was caused throughout the whole world by the late illness of the Pope. When the wires brought the sad news to the different countries, even to those beyond the ocean, every heart seemed to throb with sorrow and painful suspense, which ceased only when the joyful tidings came announcing the recovery of the Supreme Pastor; and then their minds overflowed with joy and feelings of gratitude towards God, for having granted them their desire.

None, however, I think gave more expression to their feelings than the Romans, and the strangers who were in Rome at the time. In several churches novenas were made, followed by a solemn thanksgiving.

On March 12, both to commemorate the 22nd anniversary of the Pope's coronation and to thank God for his recovery from the late illness, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in St. Peter's church. The church was crowded immensely with Italians and foreigners. Even according to the liberal newspapers, there were fifty or sixty thousand present. What a touching spectacle it was to see such a great number of people gathered there to thank God at the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. The joyful notes of the *Te Deum*, intoned by so many thousand voices, resounded through the great arches of the Basilica and arose like a cloud of incense to the throne of the Most High.

The Pope, although not present in the church, on hearing of such a great manifestation of loyalty must have

rejoiced, for Cardinal Rampolla in his letter afterwards to the Vatican Chapter, in the Pope's name, expressed his sincere thanks to all who had participated in the celebration. In the evening the broad facade of St. Peter's church and the houses of the Borgo, (the street leading up to the Vatican), were illuminated and the Borgo itself was lighted up with the fire of Bengal. From the time the functions began in St. Peter's Church until late in the evening the immense square of St. Peter's and the Borgo were continually filled with a great throng of people. On the 7th of March the feast of St. Thomas of Aquinas was celebrated with great solemnity in the Church of S. Maria Supra Minerva. At the Pontifical High Mass celebrated by Cardinal Cretoni, the members of the Academy of St. Thomas and the ecclesiastical students assisted. All the religious orders and ecclesiastical colleges were represented by some of their members. It was edifying to see the spacious church crowded with students from all parts of the world, asking their glorious Patron to assist them in their arduous task. The Easter ceremonies, although not so solemn as formerly when the Pope was ruler of Rome, were very nice. The churches were crowded during Holy Week by Italians and foreigners and especially by English-speaking people. The music as usual was very beautiful.

Our Order in Italy suffered a great loss a short time ago by the death of Andrea Ferrigno, the Prior of Albano, who was taken away suddenly by a paralytic stroke. The deceased was born at Maiori, in the province of Salerno, about sixty years ago. At

the time of the suppression, when the so-called "champions of liberty" began their work of plunder, he came to the Roman province in which he remained till his death. After some time he was sent to Albano, where, only with a lay-brother as a companion, he had to live in a monastery which was sometimes used by the Italian soldiers as a barrack. We can easily imagine what he had to suffer, when living in the same house with such ruffians who belonged to the party that endeavored with might and main to suppress the religious orders and destroy the Church itself. Through his exertions last year

Father General was able to buy back our monastery.

It may seem curious to say we had to buy our own property, but such is the law since this "humane and civilized" government, trampling every divine and human law under foot, seized everything it could lay hands on.

Last year Father Ferrigno also restored the monastery and some students and priests were sent there; this year he had commenced to enlarge the monastery by adding a new part, when the Lord called him to Himself.

—A. W.

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### The Sacred Heart.

PURE as tenderest lines of light  
 In the East, ere dawn is bright,  
 Swift and still as seraph's flight,  
 Our Jesus draweth near!

Silent, lest we wound Him more;  
 Tender, whispering o'er and o'er.  
 —Heart of Love! Our souls outpour  
 Responsive bloom and cheer!

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

*All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City*

### THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MAY, 1899.

#### MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

There is no expression commoner than this, "Oh, I am so tired." We all say it, and very often we do not know why we do so. The body is tired and so is the soul at times, and both need refreshment. People talk of tonics to be taken in the spring—something to strengthen the system after the long trying winter, and to take away that "tired feeling," which makes so many people a bore to themselves and others. Well, May, the month of Mary, is the tonic of the soul, and through the soul it works wonders for the body also, because one re-acts on the other.

May mornings are proverbial for their beauty and fairly coax one from bed to go out and enjoy their loveliness.

"May is here! the world rejoices. Earth puts on her smiles to greet her," sang the old Polish poet, who, no doubt, was thinking of our Blessed Lady, the fair queen of the May and the mistress of its happy hours. Never is the church more attractive than during the month of Mary, and her altar is always, even in the humblest church, a place of pilgrimage.

The most perfect prayer is that which is accompanied by sacrifice—so although the children of Mary, young and old, may do plenty of praying, it will all be of very little worth unless there is some self-denial in it.

Some find it hard to pray—there is the element of self-sacrifice at once.

But what of the grandest prayer and the most efficacious sacrifice which is, so to speak, all ready made for us? The readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW will recognize the old theme at once, go to daily Mass. There you are sure that what you offer is acceptable to God. There, you may be dumb, and it is all right. The very act of going is in itself a prayer. So, when you are wondering what you can do to please our Blessed Mother in her own sweet month of grace, settle on this—daily Mass.

Provided it is not at the expense of other and more important duties, one cannot conceive of anything so pleasing to God as the hearing of the holy sacrifice on week days.

And it isn't so easy. Early rising is not a delightful thing even in the balmy month of May. Sleep is just as sweet and the effort just as great then as in December; but, it pays. Nowadays we are constantly hearing the question, "does it pay?" Be sure of this: it does pay to be persevering in making this effort—not by fits and starts, but faithfully, day in and day out, whether one feels like it or not. That is the real test of a good thing, what some one defines as genius—sticking at a thing.

It is very hard to do the same thing over and over again, and our Blessed Lord knew it when he said: "He that perseveres to the end will be saved." Make one link in the chain of perseverance—begin it this May and keep it up for one and thirty days. You will then be only too happy to rivet it

to a second link. People talk very dismally about the chains of sin. Why not make chains of daily Masses? If the former drag down, surely the latter will be all powerful to raise one up, far above sin and self and earth with all its cares and sorrows. And what will be the end of it all? Heaven, of course.

Many a happy soul who is there to-day owes it to some blessed month of May, when the habit of daily Mass was cultivated.

Begin, dear children, and prove by experience how well it pays.

Devotedly,  
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

#### MAXIMS FOR MAY.

1. Be thou our guide; be thou our goal;  
Be thou our pathway to the skies;  
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;  
In death our everlasting prize.  
Caswell—Hymn for Ascension Day.
2. Peace and joy have two handles—  
patience and temperance.—  
Nieremberg.
3. A friend is worth all the hazards  
we can run.—Young.
4. This word by Him was used at  
parting, "I have called you  
Friends."—Dora Greenwell.
5. We only desire to know God in  
order to increase our love of  
Him.—Faber.

#### FOR OUR BIBLE CLASS.

1. What was the value of a talent  
mentioned in St. Matthew's  
Gospel?
2. What are the phylacterics which  
the Pharisees wore?
3. What was the Corbona—into  
which the Jewish high priests

put the thirty pieces of silver  
paid for Judas' treachery?

4. Who wrote the Book of Psalms?
5. What is he called?

#### FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. When may a knife in your hand  
be considered under your foot?
2. What writer would have been the  
best angler?
3. What causes the potato to rot?
4. When is a sheep like ink?
5. What is the weight of the moon?

#### ANSWERS FOR BIBLE CLASS.

1. Because of her curiosity.
2. St. Matthias.
3. Zaccheus, who climbed into a  
sycamore tree to see Jesus.
4. Bartimeus.
5. Lydia of Thyatira, converted by  
St. Paul.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. (Herein) He—her—here—ere—  
rein—in.
2. Scrape.
3. Noah.
4. A pillow.
5. Experience.

#### Two Chaplets.

- A chaplet of flowers we'll weave for  
our Lady,  
A chaplet of flowers to deck her fair  
brow,  
Of wild-growing roses and myrtle we'll  
twine it,  
And blossoms most pure from the  
young apple bough.
- A chaplet of flowers we'll weave for  
our Lady,  
A chaplet of flowers to lay at her  
feet,  
Of Patience, Humility, Prayer let us  
twine it,  
The buds to our Lady most fragrant  
and sweet.

—A. B.

## Jack's Point of View.

His little sister pouted :

" I think it was a shame  
For you to get the scolding  
When you were not to blame.  
Why didn't someone tell them  
The truth about the ball—  
That Freddy Fearing threw it,  
And it wasn't you at all ?  
But that's the way it always is ;  
It's just the same old song  
When any mischief happens—  
It's Jack who's in the wrong !  
And other boys, I'm sure of it,  
Are every bit as bad.  
I'm sick of such injustice !  
It makes me hopping mad ! "

Jack kissed his little sister :

" Oh, don't you fret ! " he said,  
With a twinkle in his laughing eyes—  
" And don't you peach on Fred.  
I told the little beggar  
(He was scared to death, you see,  
When the ball went through the win-  
dow)  
To leave it all to me.  
Nobody fibbed about it ;  
But the fellows ran away.  
'Twas just the situation—  
Somebody had to stay.  
Of course I caught it heavy,  
But, bless you ! think what fun  
For me to get a scolding  
For a thing I hadn't done ! "

—  
Our Lady's Shrine.

'Twas a lonely spot in the forest,  
Where that simple shrine was placed,  
Yet the brow of the dear Madonna  
With sweet wild-flowers was graced ;  
And the hand of the Infant Jesus  
Was filled with the forest fern,  
And below, in a niche quite sheltered,  
A taper was placed to burn.  
I was weary from hours of travel,

But I knelt me down to pray,  
When I heard a light footstep coming,  
The step of a child, that way.

I had thought, while my prayers I  
whispered  
To the Mother and the Child,  
If men or the angels tended  
That shrine in the forest wild.

So I watched, as the step drew nearer,  
And waited what might be done,  
And sheltered myself in the shadows,  
For even had almost come.

'Twas a child that I saw approaching,  
And her eye was full of love,  
As she gazed at the dear Madonna  
And the Infant Child above.

In her arms she carried some flowers—  
The sweet wild-flowers of the wood—  
And stooping, she rolled to the altar  
A stone, upon which she stood,

And around the dear Child and Mother,  
Wherever a flower could rest,  
She scattered her wildwood treasures,  
Then strewed on the ground the rest.

Then, folding her hands most sweetly,  
She said in a child-like way,  
" Oh ! give me your blessing, sweet  
Jesus !

Give me your blessing, I pray.

" And you, dearest Mother ! He loved  
you ;  
Join in the prayer that I make,  
For I love you, my Mother, most dear-  
ly—

I love you for His sweet sake. "

Then lighting a fragrant taper,  
She lovingly kissed the shrine,  
And left, with a lingering footstep,  
And many a glance behind.

I have loved the dear shrines of Mary,  
Wherever they chanced to be ;  
But never has one been dearer  
Than this wildwood shrine to me.

## A May Letter.

BY A. B.

Within the Catholic school or college some particular form of devotion is always encouraged, is ever invoked to aid in moulding youthful minds to habits of virtue and religion; but pre-eminently remarkable for little acts of piety is the bright, joyous, flower-bringing month of our Lady.

The practice, piously observed in many of our educational institutions, of erecting a May altar in each classroom, besides having the approval of time-honored custom, is a fitting and beautiful one, and intensifies the atmosphere of goodness that constantly surrounds those who are fortunate enough to receive their training at the hands of religious teachers. The altar, with its pretty draperies, its modest array of colored lamps or lighted tapers, its sweet flowers and its crowning glory—the statue of the Queen of May—imparts a tender and loving touch to the grim old class-room with all its bareness and absence of comfort.

For those of us whose days of study were spent within a great metropolis, the May altar seemed like a piece of the country transplanted to the city's turmoil and granite sternness; and, while it testified to the students' devotion to Mary, it brightened their hours of labor and served to remind them of coming vacation, moments to be passed happily amid scenes and places rural. The manner of honoring our Lady differs with the locality, for what is practicable in one place is impossible in another. When I was a very little boy I attended a country school—and it was a Carmelite school, too—small and quaint compared with our big city affairs, but just as important in its own humble way. We had a May altar there, and as the flowers grew somewhat plentifully in the country around, our Lady never lacked a bouquet, nor her shrine adornment.

There was another custom, and it was of that I wish to speak. This little devotion I have ever regarded as beautiful because of the childlike trust and confidence in our Lady which it indicated. Early in the month we were directed to write a letter to the Blessed Virgin. In it we were free to ask for anything we desired. I believe that was the first epistle which ever engaged my labored attention, and though I cannot recall the exact tenor of my petition, I know that never since have I written to so distinguished a personage.

When we had finished our letters, we brought them sealed and addressed and placed them in a basket at our Lady's feet. Here they reposed until the last day of the month. On the afternoon of that day—it was a lovely day—the sun beamed down from a sky of virginal blue and white; never before had the flowers appeared so beautiful or the grass so green; while the birds sang their cheeriest carols and flittered about as if conscious of our doings and eager to share in them. On that afternoon we marched two by two across the yard to the church which stood just beyond. We did not go within.

Another May altar had been set up for the occasion over against the side of the church.—the shady side, where the grass grew long and verdant and where the sun's rays could not harm us. Well do I remember the ceremony that followed. The Sister said the Rosary and Litany, to which, of course, we all responded. Then we sang together the hymns of May. After the singing, the letters which we had written were emptied upon the ground and ignited, and as the smoke ascended, a sweet incense, let us hope, to our Lady, we said another prayer in supplication that our petitions might be granted.

It was all very beautiful, and year after year, as the month of May rolls around, I look back with regretful pleasure on the Mays that have been, and think of the little country school, of its May devotions, and of my first letter.

## Editorial Notes.

### Memorable May.

The joy of these happy May days is enhanced by the fact that the archiepiscopal throne in the archdiocese of Toronto is no longer vacant, but is now occupied by a worthy and distinguished prelate in the person of the most Reverend Denis O'Connor, to whom Carmel offers its filial homage. The growth of the religious institutions on the Niagara frontier owes much to the encouragement received from those venerated prelates of happy memory who have gone before him, and we are sure that, under the auspices of His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, the Orders of religious men and women will witness the brightest epoch of their existence in Canada. The pallium is a burden as well as an insignia of dignity, and each individual member of every Religious house in the archdiocese will feel it a personal responsibility to offer earnest prayer to heaven daily for all the needs of our reverend Archbishop.

### Carmel Abroad.

An interesting bit of information sent us says the Carmelites have three houses in Cuba. Their churches are good and rich in the Spanish style. The few fathers who remained in Mexico, but were quasi-secularized, are now united and attached to the Spanish provinces. Mexico was formerly a flourishing Carmelite province. It was started in 1588 by one who had been over in Africa on the missions, but was captured by pirates and had to return to Portugal. From Mexico the Order spread to California, which was evangelized by our fathers. Of these early missions on the Pacific coast, we hope some day to obtain more detailed descriptions.

### Baptized in Bagdad.

In its news from Asia Minor, the London Tablet notes the report of a Carmelite missionary in Bagdad, who announced recently quite an unusual baptism and conversion of Yezidi, at the age of 30—one of the strange sect of the "Devil-Worshippers," well known to readers of travels in Persia and Asia Minor. The sect is spread over ancient Kurdistan, Mesopotamia, Upper Armenia, parts of Persia and even Russia. Like the Manicheans, the Yezidis acknowledge two principles—good and evil—but adore only the latter. Out of respect, or awe, for the evil spirit, they will not even pronounce any word beginning with the sound "sh," which is the initial of his name, Sheitan (i.e., Satan.) Much less will they pronounce the name itself, but designate its owner by some periphrase such as: "He whom you know," "the Benefactor of Mankind," "He whom fools and madmen curse," or simply "he" or "that one"; but most frequently "Taus-Melek," or "Melek-i Taus" — the "peacock angel" or "angel of the peacock." They pay him worship under the form of a gilt bronze cock, especially about Mossul, where they are most numerous. The conversion of one of this strange sect is probably unique.

### "Madonna of the Flowers."

In this month of flowers, when our daily prayer should ascend to our Blessed Lady's decorated shrines for our Holy Father, our attention is called to an extraordinary phenomenon mentioned by Roman correspondents. We are told that in Piedmont, in the village of Bra, is a shrine dedicated to



our Lady, under the title of "Madonna de Fiori" ("Madonna of the Flowers"), and near the shrine are some white thorn bushes which burst into bloom every year in December. People may account for the fact as they will, but that it is a fact is undeniable. For five centuries this extraordinary phenomenon has been observed, and the first time in the memory of man that blossoms failed to appear was in the December of 1877. It was believed that for that year the Madonna was not to have her winter garland, but, strangely and wonderfully, on the morning of Feb. 20, 1878, the day of Pope Leo's election to the Supreme Pontificate, the whitethorn put on a quite unprecedentedly beautiful garment of bloom. It was as though the Queen of Heaven herself had wished to greet the great event that made Joachim Pecci the Vicar on Earth of her Son. Last December, the rector of the sanctuary presented His Holiness with a box of the blossoms, recalling at the same time what took place at the inauguration of his Pontificate. The good priest (Father Filippo Alardo) received a gracious reply from the Holy Father, who, in his letter, said among other things: "The great love we have ever cherished for the blessed Mother of the Redeemer, and the complete confidence we have reposed in her, especially when God willed that we should be called to the Supreme Pontificate, have stirred emotion within us at the return of motherly protection which the most Blessed Virgin seems to have wished to give us at the beginning of our elevation to this Apostolic See. Mary, Most Holy, we must own, has never failed us in help and comfort during the long and toilsome years we have sustained the universal

government of the Church. O! may she continue her gracious patronage in our regard, that the seeds we have been sowing in tears for the welfare of Christian people may flower in gladness, and that it may be given to ourself to enjoy in good season the unfolding flowers of eternity." To which every devout client of Mary should say a fervent "Amen!"

#### Saint of the Scapular.

In our Blessed Lady's month we celebrate the feast of one of her most privileged sons, Saint Simon Stock, whose name is inseparably connected with the holy Scapular. Those of our readers who enjoyed the lately published sketches of the old Carmelite convents in England will, we are sure, be glad to be told that they can also soon expect to see in these pages some entertaining articles which will follow the footsteps of St. Simon Stock and unveil to us some of our first English monasteries, viz.: Alnwick in Northumberland, better known as Huln Abbey, founded about 1240, and Aylesford in Kent, founded a year or two later. Both, we are now assured, are tolerably preserved. The articles promised us will largely refer to St. Simon Stock, who, if not an inhabitant of the former, was certainly of the latter monastery.

\*:\*:

Letters from Spain have much to say of the devotion to the wonderful Infant of Prague. The royal family have installed the "Little King" of the Carmelites in the palace, and offer up appropriate prayers in its oratory. Several generals and officers have had statues of the holy Child erected in the army head-quarters. Dozens of officers carried miniatures of the miraculous statues to Cuba and the Philippines, and now on their return relate wonderful instances of supernatural protection in critical moments when death seemed inevitable.

## PUBLICATIONS.

In answering his own query, "What is the real good?" John Boyle O'Reilly says that "Each heart holds the secret; *kindness* is the word." Another poet, and a townsman of the lamented editor of the *Boston Pilot*, also sings in dulcet strains of what he reads and feels in his own heart, and herein likewise we find that "*kindness* is the word." We refer to Mr. Henry Coyle, a brilliant young Christian poet, who practices what he preaches; and is now dedicating his time and talent to the cause of sweet charity. In this "Promise of the Morning," just coming from the office of the Guardian Angel Press, decorated in blue and gold, and dedicated "To all who have been kind" we find among the hundred and more pretty poems that "The Poet is a Teacher," who has many "A Kind Word" for "A Weary Heart." The verses to our Blessed Lady are fragrant with love and piety. Mr. Coyle is in truth an interpreter of nature, and his songs are cheerful and hopeful, touching the hearts of the multitude. Listen to his description of that for which each one of us craves—"A Changeless Friend.":

"I am thy friend through good report and ill;

Through loss of fortune, trouble, grief and pain;

Through days of sunshine and in storm and rain,

Thy joy shall be my joy; my heart shall thrill

With sadness for thy woe; my eyes shall fill  
With tears to soothe thy grief; oh, I would fain

All thy perplexing cares unravel plain;  
Success or failure, I am thy friend still.

If thou through human weakness err, if shame

Be of thy portion, fickle fortune frown,  
The world forsake thee, be not thou cast down,

For, come what will, I still shall be the same;

As changeless as the sea unto the end,  
Through all eternity I am thy friend."

It is the prayer of the editor that our Boston friend may be long spared in his lofty mission of leading hearts up from this valley of tears to the bright hills of eternal hope.

In the April number of the "*Stimmen vom Berge Karmel*," Father Rupert, a Carmelite of Graz, Austria, contributes an interesting character sketch of his late confrere, Fr. Serapion, whose pen was consecrated to the Queen of Carmel. Fr. Serapion was a true child of Mary and, we are told, was moved to tears of devotion whenever he spoke of the divine Mother. In his latter days the Holy See granted an unusual privilege to the deceased of celebrating holy Mass one hour after midnight. For many years Fr. Serapion edited the "*Stimmen vom Berge Karmel*," which is one of the best of our German Carmelite contemporaries.

One of the features of the current number of the *Niagara Rainbow* is a long and interesting article under the caption of "Recollections of Monsignor Proulx." The subject of this sketch was one of those zealous pioneer priests of the Toronto archdiocese whose names are held in benediction. Father Proulx spent twelve years among the Indians of the Canadian Northwest. In his brief pen picture of this good priest, the *Rainbow's* correspondent lays stress on his wonderful charity, saying that "if there was one feature in his character more prominent than another, it was his over-mastering desire to do good to his fellow-man. His kindness of heart was unfathomable; indeed, kindness was his guiding principle."

The Herder presses have just put on the book-stands two more interesting little volumes of Rev. F. X. Wetzel. These works are entitled the "Our Father"—with the sub-title of "A Booklet for Young and Old," and "The Young Man's Way to Happiness." Both books sell at forty cents each. They are neatly bound in cloth, Young and old will feel better for having read Father Wetzel's works. Address the publisher, B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Something new and good in the line of devotional books for private use during the month of our Blessed Lady can be found in a neat book just issued by Messrs. Benziger Bros. of New York. This work, which we

recommend to all clients of Mary, is from the original of Rev. Dr. Joseph Keller, and is entitled "The Blessed Virgin"—Anecdotes and Examples to Illustrate the Honor Due to the Blessed Mother of God. There are four pretty stories in the book telling of some wonderful things wrought through the holy Scapular. The printer and binder have given us an attractive bit of work. Price only seventy-five cents. Address, Benziger Bros., 36 and 38 Barclay street, New York.

Books earnestly recommended to all clients of the Holy Face, and for sale at the Carmelite Monastery, 1236 Rampart street, New Orleans, La., are entitled:

"*Noted Sanctuaries of the Holy Face.*" Translated by Miss Pauline Stump with Preface by Mt. Rev. W. H. Elder, D. D. This popular volume gives a graphic description of several celebrated Shrines in Europe, a sketch of the devotion in the United States and contains prayers, etc., in honor of the Holy face. 1 vol., cloth, 60 cents; paper binding, 35 cents. A copy of this book accompanies the *Vera Effigies* that persons may be apprised of its history and the veneration with which these holy fac-simile of the Vell of Veronica should be surrounded.

"*New Manual of the Archconfraternity of the Holy Face.*" by Rev. P. Janvier, translated by Miss Pauline Stump. A very essential book for members of the Confraternity; cloth, red edges, 40 cents.

"*Mr. Dupont and the Work of the Holy Face.*" another of Fr. Janvier's immortal volumes on the Holy Face Reparation; translated by Christian Reid. With Preface by Mgr. Thos. S. Preston, approved by Cardinal McCloskey. Besides a graphic sketch of the life of the "Holy Man of Tours," whose Beatification is now pending at Rome, it contains an appendix with his prayers, practices of piety, devotions to Our Lady of La Salette, St. Benedict's medal, the Holy Face Scapular, etc. 1 vol., cloth, 50 cents.

N. B.—These books contain the Rules, Briefs of Leo XIII, in favor of the Archconfraternity, list of indulgencies, etc., etc. Archconfraternity is canonically erected in

the "*Sanctuary of Reparation and Thanksgiving*" of the Discalced Carmelite Nuns. The Crosses, Scapulars, Medals, Chaplets, Pictures, Holy Face Oil, the Gospel of the H. Name of Jesus, *Vera Effigies* from Rome on silk and linen and all else connected with the great Work of the Holy Face Reparation can be obtained by addressing Rev. Prioress, Monastery of the Discalced Carmelites, 1236 Rampart Street, New Orleans, La.

"A College Boy" by Anthony Yorke, author of "Passing Shadows," etc., is a readable and fascinating tale. Published at eighty five cents by Benziger Bros., 36 and 38 Barclay St., New York.

#### A Good Word.

WATERBURY, CONN.,

April 7, 1899.

REV. FATHER,—

Enclosed you will find one dollar to pay my subscription for your excellent little magazine. I am a subscriber for a few others, and I do not want to belittle any of them, however, I will say regardless of cost, yours beats them all, and none has a welcome every month to equal that of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

F. O'B.

If I could believe in happiness, I should place it in habit, the uniform habit which binds day to day, and renders almost insensible the transition from one hour to another, from one thing to another, so that everything falls gently upon the soul, as if it had been long expected.—Chateaubriand.

The Scapular is brown, the color of humility and penance. The word humility comes from *humus*, the soil—and the soil of the earth is brown. The wearing of the Scapular is, therefore, an act of humility by which we acknowledge that we are like Adam—brown earth—nothing.

## 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.

Carmelite Convent at New Baltimore, Pa., has received names for registration in the Scapular album from: Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; St. John's Church, Scranton, Pa.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. Vincent's, Germantown, Pa.; Sparta, Wis.; St. John's, New Baltimore, Pa.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from: Avoca, Pa.; Jesuit Novitiate, Los Gatos, Cal.; Hotel Dieu, Windsor, Ont.; St. Levi, Ridgeway, Pa.; St. Paul's, Oswego, N.Y.; St. Nicholas', Brooklyn, N.Y.; Alexandria, Ont.; Mainadieu, N.B.; Holy Saviour, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Sarnia, Ont.; St. Paul's, Oswego, N.Y.; St. Michael's, Bell Island, Nfld.; Glendale, N.S.

Names received at Carmelite Convent, Scipio, Kan., from: St. Mary's Hospital, Kansas City.

Names received at St. Joseph's, Carmelite Priory, Leavenworth, Kas., from: St. Leander's Priory, Canon City, Colo.; St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal.

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 PETITIONS.
 

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"Pray one for another."—St. James, v. 16.

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Several readers offer thanks through THE CARMELITE REVIEW to our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for favors received during the past month.

The following petitions are recommended to the prayers of our readers: Spiritual, 9; temporal, 13; health, 6; sick, 4; conversion, 5; employment, 7; intemperate, 8; sinners, 9; general, 18; deceased, 14; several who neglect their Easter duty. All intentions of readers not specified here—also all intentions of the editor.

## Favors for the Hospice.

J.L., Paterson, N.J.; M. McC., Caldwell, Ont.; Mrs. F.R., New Albany, Miss; Mrs. M.T., Boston, Mass.; Mr. H.M., Fort Erie, The Visitation Nuns, Parkersburg, W. Va., Miss K.A.C., Saxonville, Mass.; Miss A.B.E., Port Credit, Ont.; Miss N.R.W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss M.D., London, Ont.; Mrs. B.L., New York City; Mrs. M.D., Providence, R.I.

## ORITUARY.

"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:

KATE SWEENEY.

PATRICK SWEENEY.

HANNAH SWEENEY.

MARGARET SWEENEY.

MARTIN SOMERS, Antigonish, N.S.

MRS. J. D. CAREY, Waterville, N.Y.

GEORGE HANRAHAN, March 30, Antigonish, N.S.

MICHAEL SCHAEFER, Baltimore, Md., Feb. 8.

MARGARET FITZPATRICK, Paterson, N.J., April 2.

P. P. TOON, a devout Catholic, friend of Mt. Carmel, and model husband, who went to a well-earned reward at Alpha, Texas.

TIMOTHY F. SHEA, who died on the feast of Annunciation at Cambridge, Mass. He was a zealous worker in the cause of Our Blessed Lady.

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

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 Falls View.
 

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

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

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College and Seminary of Our Lady of Angels,



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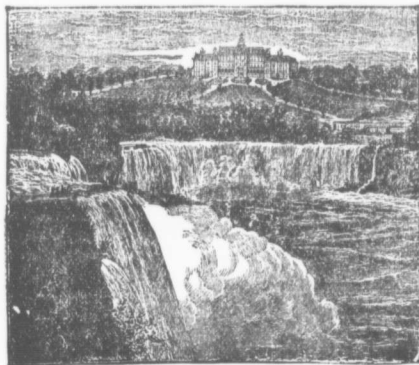
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