





## Our Christian Sabbath.

**H**OW gently falls upon the noisy world  
 The calm, still Sabbath of the living God !  
 The ceaseless hum of thronging multitudes  
 Is hush'd ; and Peace broods, smiling, over all ;  
 Or, in her meek, low accents, calleth souls  
 To consecrate the day to God and prayer.

The sunlight sleeps upon the quiet town ;  
 Sweet bells chime forth from many a cross-crowned dome,  
 Which Man, with skilful hand and rev'rent heart,  
 Hath reared, and sanctified by hallowed rite,  
 That, in their walls, he might, in worship, bow  
 Before the altar of the Holy One.

Father ! we thank Thee that Thy wisdom framed  
 One green oasis in the weary week,  
 One toilless day when, fleeing from the world,  
 With all its din, its dust, its sordid cares,  
 We, to Thy solemn dwelling-place, might turn—  
 And, in its hush, Thee, Sovereign Lord ! adore.

There rich and low steals forth the organ's tone,  
 While choristers proclaim the praise of God ;  
 There, holy priest, mysteriously clothed,  
 (Attended by his white-gown'd acolytes),  
 With bended head, and bated, murmurous voice,  
 Renews the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

Oh ! it is bliss untold thus, thus to kneel !  
 'Mid starry lights and perfume-breathing flowers,  
 To gaze upon Immanuel's altar-throne,  
 Or, on the image of the Virgin Queen,  
 Thro' clouds of misty incense, beauteous, seen,  
 With radiant rapture on Her sculptured face !

This is the happiness of Sabbath hours—  
 The peace that bloomed from out Christ's sepulchre,  
 (First lily of His Resurrection morn !)  
 The calm, deep joy informing every shrine  
 Where man's weak soul, upborne on wings divine,  
 Feeds on the fulness of the Deity !

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

## The Poet of the Eucharist.

St. Thomas Aquinas, O. P.

**P**ERCHANCE, in silent vigils of the night-time,  
 He heard the sweet celestial melody  
 Of angels sweeping o'er their golden harp-strings  
 Before "the great white throne" and "crystal sea,"  
 And through his spirit, mystic echoes stealing,  
 Soft whispered of his Eucharistic love:  
 The "Angel of the Schools" and of the Altar  
 Was fired with inspirations from above.  
 In varied tones of gladness or of pathos—  
 Like royal David's wondrous psalmody,  
 He now intoned the glorious "Pange Lingua,"  
 Then longed our Saviour's Face unveiled to see.\*  
 And, gazing through the vista of remembrance,  
 On types and figures in the day of old,  
 To his angelic science and devotion,  
 How beautiful the symbols they unfold!  
 He sees, by faith, on sacrificial altars,  
 The Lamb prefigured as a victim slain;  
 He sees Him, like the star of early morning,  
 Illume the Manna on a desert-plain.  
 The ages pass—He sees the hope of nations  
 In Mary's arms is resting calmly now  
 He hears that Name, of tender, loving sweetness,  
 At which all knees adoringly must bow.  
 He sings of Jesus' sacred Life and Passion,  
 And of His glories in the kingdom fair;  
 Then contemplates the Eucharistic species:  
 The "Angel's Bread," the "Lord of Hosts" is there.  
 O white-robed poet of the holy altar  
 An "Angel" in thy spotless purity!  
 The spirit of God's love swept o'er thy heart strings,  
 And made thee "Angel," too, in minstrelsy.  
 Thy canticles of praise and adoration  
 Resound on Eucharistic festal-days,  
 Thy sighs for "fatherland" † at Benediction,  
 Oft murmur in our plaintive exile lays.  
 In God's bright land, the saints with joy are thrilling,  
 And sweet each song before the Lamb divine;  
 But ah! there is a special, glorious beauty,  
 O poet of the Eucharist! in thine!

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

\* "Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio."—St. Thomas.

† "Nobis donet in Patria!" (O Salutaris!)

# Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,  
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## IV.

ON the evening of our arrival at Panagli-Capouli we made our first visit to the "Maisonette," and then walked to the top of the mountain with the poetic name, following the route of the Stations of the Cross, said to have been arranged by the Mater Dolorosa herself, and to have been frequented by her and the devout Christians who bore her company in her retirement near Ephesus. Not all of these stations have been discovered as yet. Those of them that have been, are marked by stones on which the Queen of Heaven (I quote again from Catherine Emmerich) during her earthly pilgrimage graven, or caused to be graven, the title of each, similar to what we may see in any Catholic church to-day. One of these tablets, a fac-simile of which I saw, has been sent by Rev. Father Jung to the academy of science at Berlin for decipherment. Catherine Emmerich declares that when the fourteenth station is brought to light the tomb of Our Lady will be found, and that there will be great rejoicing throughout the world.

Perhaps I would do well to tell you, before going farther, something about the person who has made assertions of a nature so startling, in view of the constant tradition that the Blessed Virgin died at Jerusalem, and reposed in the tomb prepared for her there by

the Apostles, until the day of her glorious Assumption into heaven.

Catherine Emmerich, then,—called the Seer of Dülmen—was born in the village just named, in Bavaria, Germany. In later years she became an Augustinian nun and led a very holy life, during a great portion of which she was severely tried by a painful illness that kept her bed-ridden. From her earliest childhood on, she had been favored with visions, of which, however, she kept no note, it being only a couple of years before her death, which occurred in 1824, that, at the instance of her Superiors, she dictated to a secretary named Brentano all that she could then recall of her past revelations. She died in the odor of sanctity, and, if I remember aright, the cause of her beatification has been introduced. Her visions range over the entire period of Our Lord's life, from His birth to His Ascension; and she describes with minuteness of detail, and a coloring most vivid, the events which began with Bethlehem and ended with Calvary. Eminent prelates—among them Cardinal Gibbons—have expressed their admiration of her life and writings, as can be seen in the introduction to the latter, published in the United States some years ago by Benziger Bros., or Fr. Pustet & Co.—I forget which. Now, I ask, is it not strange, humanly speaking at least,

that a poor, sick and unlettered woman living in a little hamlet in Germany, and who never left her native country, should have described so perfectly the *Maisonette* of Our Lady at Ephesus in Asia Minor? And is not this especially remarkable in view of the fact that the tradition of the same had been lost sight of by Christians of the Latin rite even in the neighborhood of the same? I leave it to you to draw whatever conclusion may seem reasonable.

After our descent from Bulbul-Dagh, from whose summit we caught a glimpse of the historic islands of Samos and Patmos, we passed the night near the holy house, in the small hospice recently erected by the Lazarist Fathers. But hereby hangs a tale. When these religious purchased the property spoken of further back, a notorious robber-chief lived with his family in one of the caves of the mountain, whilst his band was distributed at convenient points far and near. He had been the terror of travelers for years and had been arrested by the authorities several times, but always managed (doubtless by a heavy *baksheesh*) to escape with his life. The Fathers found it impossible to dislodge him, and so conceived the idea (on the principle, possibly, "Set a rogue to catch a rogue") of making him the guardian of their new acquisition. It was pursuant to this resolve that he entered upon the office of custodian of their hospice, etc. But alas, his new sphere of action soon grew irksome to him, and he is now in prison for having killed a man—the fourth he is known to have put out of the way. "Extenuating circumstances" have got him off with six years this time, four of which he has still to serve. One of his sons is a Catholic, having been raised and parti-

ally educated by the Lazarists of Smyrna. His wife and remaining children, three boys and a girl, as also he himself, are Greek schismatics. God grant they may be brought to a knowledge of the truth and have the grace to accept it, in His own good time! The Catholic boy showed me his father's portrait. It represents him arrayed in hunting costume, his terrible gun resting in an affectionate embrace at his right side, his eyes blazing, and his entire attitude breathing fearlessness and defiance. I confess I secretly rejoiced at not meeting with the original.

The hospice mentioned above consists of two rooms exclusive of pantries, etc. The bandit's family occupies the outer one. We saw them at their meals, squatted down on the clay floor in front of a huge fire-place (it is quite cool on the mountain), eating with their fingers out of a large platter common to all. (Their bed consists of the skins of wild beasts or of a rug spread on the ground.) The good Capuchin Fathers of Smyrna, knowing, doubtless, the nature of that cuisine, had furnished us with a well-filled basket of provisions, so that we were not reduced, fortunately for us, to the necessity of sharing the repast of our hosts. The "lady of the house" prepared coffee for us à la Turque, however, which was very acceptable. It is in Turkey that one learns to appreciate coffee at its true value. After our night's rest we rose at 4:30, and about an hour later our reverend guide, my companion and I said Mass in the holy house of Our Blessed Lady, and then took a light breakfast preparatory to remounting our steeds. Bidding adieu to our hostess and her interesting family, and giving her and each member of the same a liberal

baksheesh, we commenced our ride down the mountain towards Ephesus, some three and a half leagues distant. Arrived there, we inspected the ruins in detail, viz., those of the "Gymnasium," "Odeon," "Theatre," "Temple of Diana," the "Aghora," or forum, the ancient walls, massive portals, etc. In the theatre, the existing portions of which bear ample witness to its former magnificence—the vast court paved in marble, its stage and immense auditorium (the latter built upon the hillside in the form of an amphitheatre) being even yet in a comparatively good state of preservation—we saw fragments of statuary, arabesques, capitals of pillars, etc., wonderfully chiseled, and but recently unearthed by an Austrian company, which obtained a firman from the Sultan for that purpose. But this company has arrived on the spot too late, an English one having preceded it years ago and taken all that was worth transporting; so that the saying current in these parts is: "If you want to see Ephesus, go to London."

Of the temple of Diana, so famous of old for its size and beauty, and of which some gigantic columns, cornices, etc., are to be seen in the mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, nothing whatever remains. Vast mounds of earth thrown up upon its site show the activity of the English company, mentioned above, in the pursuit of objects of ancient art and the like. It was on the natal day of Alexander the Great that a peasant threw a lighted torch into this stupendous pile and burnt it to the ground, to render his name—*Irostratus*—immortal. You can judge of his success when I tell you that it was a hundred years in building. The work of a century destroyed in one night! Such is the vanity of human

glory. Proceeding farther we came upon the ruins of the Church of St. John, "the beloved disciple," which was in a measure respected by the Goths during their invasion of A. D. 262, but utterly demolished by the Turks later on. It was here, we were told, that this holy evangelist officiated. Next we saw the great church in which, A. D. 431, the Council of Ephesus was held and the heresiarch Nestorius, who denied the divine maternity of the Blessed Virgin, condemned and excommunicated. It was on this occasion that the third part of the "Hail Mary" was composed spontaneously by the inspired multitudes assembled outside the council hall awaiting the decision. On learning the definition of the Fathers, the Ephesians went wild with joy, embraced and kissed the prelates, escorted them to their lodgings by torchlight (it was late in the night when this memorable session terminated), and with one accord cried out: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen." The church, said to be the first called after Our Blessed Lady—"St. Mary"—dates back, according to tradition, to the first age of Christianity. Of course, like ancient churches in Rome and elsewhere, the original building as such no longer exists in its former entirety—the ravages of time, earthquakes, wars, fire, etc., having left but little of it standing; the site, however, the foundations, and even portions of the walls are the same. The Turks converted it into a mosque, but afterwards abandoned it. Four years ago they walled up the doors in order to prevent the Catholics of Smyrna and the surrounding country from entering it, as they had been wont to do on pilgrim-

ages from time to time during the year. Our reverend guide told us that whilst it was still open to the public he had celebrated Mass within its walls. As one portion of it is built against a high hill, and as there is no longer even the vestige of a roof save over the portion formerly used as a mosque (and this is simply the immense vestibule), by ascending the hill we got a perfect view of the interior. Still further on is a little fortress, situated on an eminence, in which St. Paul the Apostle was imprisoned. It was at Ephesus that St. Timothy was consecrated bishop by the same apostle and that St. Luke wrote his gospel. What memories! Now there are only a few miserable huts where once all was wealth, grandeur and pomp. No longer is the cry heard which once resounded through the world: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Our final stop was at the tomb of St. Luke. This is naturally in a ruinous condition, but the walls—in some parts to the height of four feet—are still standing. The vaulted roof has disappeared, and the interior is encumbered with its debris. At the entrance is a massive block of white marble divided into two panels, in the uppermost of which is a Latin cross of a foot in length, and in the lower the figure of a calf, the latter being the emblem always accompanying portraits of this evangelist as indicative of the trend of his gospel.

The oneness ("unitas") of the gospel in the plurality of the evangelists who wrote it is most aptly symbolized by the "Four Animals" described by Ezechiel. They (the evangelists) are usually represented, namely, by the figure of a man, a lion, a calf, or ox, and an eagle. (See St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Athanasius, St. Gregory the Great, St. Ambrose, Ireneus, etc.)

The appropriateness of this is observable from the first or initial words of the gospel of each evangelist. Thus, according to St. Jerome, the figure of a man denotes the gospel of St. Matthew, who begins the same with the narration of the origin of Christ according to His humanity, and entitles his history: "Book of the generation of Jesus Christ, Son of David. The lion denotes St. Mark, who begins from the preaching of St. John the Baptist in the desert: "The voice of one crying in the desert, prepare the way of the Lord," etc. Next, St. Luke is designated by the calf or ox, because he first treats of the priesthood of Zachary; and one of the principal victims offered in sacrifice by the priests under the Mosaic dispensation was the calf, or the ox.

St. John, whose theme soars far above that of the three evangelists mentioned—attaining in his sublime flight to the very throne of God, saying—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," is most appropriately symbolized by the king of birds, the eagle.

[Sanctum Jesu Christi Evangelium secundum Mathaeum, etc.—J. A. Van Steen-Kiste, canonicus honorarius eccles. cathedr. Brug., S. Theol. Licent. in Univ. Cathol. Lovan., et S. Script. prof. in Semin. Brugensi Tom. I.]

While in Italy last year, I saw in the church of St. Justina, at Padua the sarcophagus wherein St. Luke's body rested in the tomb at Ephesus, and in which his sacred relics were afterwards borne to that Catholic country in order to save them from desecration at the hands of the infidel. Having spent some hours in viewing these historic scenes, sacred and profane, we again

got into the saddle and turned our faces toward the station of Ayassoulook, where we took the train for Smyrna. On the same I met a gentleman (who for obvious reasons shall be nameless here) who holds the position of inspector of railways under the Ottoman government. Although born in the Orient, he is an Englishman by descent and very much attached to the country of his ancestors. He wears the Turkish fez, of course, as all officials in the employ of the Sultan must do no matter what their nationality. We got into quite an animated conversation, discussing among other interesting topics the revolution and the massacres which occurred at Smyrna in 1821. In connection herewith, he told me of the narrow escape of a relative of his, then a young woman of some twenty summers. On the eve of the terrible event, which cost hundreds of lives and almost blotted out the European population of the city, a faithful (?) man-servant of the family—a Musselman, I need hardly say—told her that on the following day the foreigners of Smyrna would be annihilated, adding: "But to save you, Miss, from the horrors of that scene and from worse molestation at the hands of the rabble, I will cut your throat at the first attack upon your house." The young lady, with great presence of mind, thanked him for his magnanimous solicitude in her regard, and sending him, a little latter, upon a distant errand, escaped with the other members of her family to a vessel lying in the harbor and bound for England. In that country they awaited the restoration of calm in order to return to the country of their adoption. This accomplished, the "cavass," *i. e.* servant, presented himself to the father of our heroine for re-acceptance. He

was quite astonished on being refused, especially for the reason of his murderous threat against his youthful mistress, remarking that he regarded the execution of the same as the best he could do for her. (Evidently the idea of suggesting flight, or of striving to save his master and family in some other way, never presented itself to this son of the prophet.)

It was at Smyrna that I learned the process of preparing figs for exportation. I saw the operation, and mentally resolved to give that delicious fruit a wide berth for the future, at least in the dried state. In long, low sheds near the sea-shore, hundreds of men, women and children are seated at rough board tables on which, between every four or six persons, are placed bowls containing sea-water. Beside each individual is a pile of the little round wooded boxes so familiar to the fig-consumers in the United States, and dumped upon the tables at intervals are heaps of the "honey-dropping" fruit. The workers first dip their hands—renewing this operation betimes—into the briny liquid before them (which is not changed, or I should say renewed any too often), and then take up a fig, roll it between their paws until it is quite flat, and finally lay it in its little bed, patting it meanwhile with their dirty fingers to assure its not coming up until lifted from its recumbent position by the slender digital extremities of some delicate American maiden and transferred to that bourne from which no fig is supposed to return.

The art of drying grapes or, in other words, of making raisins, which I also witnessed, is, fortunately for the lovers of plum-pudding, not so repulsive. The grapes are gathered with care from the vines and are subjected bunch by



bunch to a bath of potash, olive oil and water. This is gone through thrice, the fruit being spread upon mats in the sun after each immersion. When properly dried the raisins are packed in boxes and shipped to England, America and elsewhere for consumption. The Smyrna raisins are famous the world over. I was told that the triple immersion keeps them moist and gives them the beautiful gloss for which they are noted. Pardon me, dear Coz., if these by no means exaggerated descriptions should interfere henceforth with your appetite in the matter of Smyrna dried figs and raisins!

I won't enlarge here upon the beauty of the city where such arts are practiced. Suffice it to say that its quay of nearly four miles in length is superb, lined as it is in great part by magnificent marble palaces—the preferred residences of the wealthy Smyrniotes. Behind it Smyrna rises proudly upon the hills in the form of a vast amphitheatre, presenting a magnificent aspect by day and—with its thousands of lights—a veritable fairyland of undescribable beauty by night. I might tell you of its curious bazaars, where every imaginable species of merchandise is sold, as also fruits and other edibles of the descriptions peculiar to the East. Under the vaulted roofs of these Oriental market-houses all is life, activity and bustle. Horses and carriages, mules and asses, pedestrians in costumes as varied in kind as Joseph's coat was in colors—Turks, Arabs, Ethiopians, Europeans, Beduins, Circassians, Kurds and Druids (“Druses”), all rush by or stand in groups before the stalls, yelling, shouting and gesticulating in a way calculated to frighten the unsophisticated newcomer, who is almost led to imagine that a revolution is on the point of breaking out or that some fresh massacre is in progress of preparation. Amid all this hubbub the

soft, measured tinkling of a bell is heard: in the twinkling of an eye the narrow street is cleared by the excited crowd, and in another moment a long line of camels in single file—led by a Beduin seated upon a diminutive donkey, and tied one to another by a rope of some seven feet in length between each—passes by with stately tread, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but going on their way with a solemnity of carriage which seems to betoken conscious superiority over all around them.

One encounters these strange beasts everywhere in and about Smyrna, and from thence on throughout the East. I have counted hundreds of them in a single day. They serve the purposes of carts, wagons and the like, carrying burdens of enormous weight and bulk. They come upon the platform of the railway station or wharf, kneel down upon all fours at the word of command to receive or discharge their load, uttering a peculiar cry or groan if the former operation seems excessive to their sense of justice—forcibly reminding the observer of the old saying: “’Tis the last straw that breaks the camel's back.”

I might tell you also of the Religious Orders of men and women in the “city on the gulf”: of the the Franciscans, Capuchins, Dominicans, Lazarists, Christian Brothers, Dames de Sion (in whose beautiful and spacious chapel—it has five altars—I said Mass), Sisters of Charity, etc.; of their successful work in the matter of education, and of the fruits of their apostolic zeal. There would indeed be much to say on these points; but I must press on. So I will conclude my lengthy observations on Smyrna by saying that among its population there are 100,000 Greeks, 50,000 Musselmans, 15,000 Jews, 10,000 Catholics and 7,000 Armenians. Some of the Catholic and “Orthodox” Greek churches are splendid buildings indeed, being of imposing architecture, and richly adorned within and without. Of the former, those of the Capuchins, Franciscans and Lazarists excel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## \* For the First Friday.

SOME days ago, while seated at my desk, an old man, who asked to see me, came into the room.

His erect figure, his military air, proclaimed him the soldier, and as such he introduced himself, "an old soldier," he said, "who had fought all through the civil war." He had served under the great Generals—Grant, Sherman and Sheridan—and he spoke of them with the enthusiasm of a devotee. His only son, he told me, was in the regular army fighting against Spain. "But," he added regretfully, "there are no generals now like those I knew."

His motive in seeking me was to ask aid; he had been able to live by his work, but a few days before his hand had been crushed in machinery and he was in consequence disabled. I listened to his story with interest, asked him some questions about his war-time experiences and sympathized with him in his trouble. Then, telling him to come to me again and I would see what could be done for him, I gave him some money. To my dismay he began to weep and to say "I do not know why you are so good to me." "Oh," I said, "you must not feel it so; any one would be good to an old soldier." "No," he replied, "any one would not be good to me; you are the first, and I had nothing to eat." Turning to go, he asked to shake hands with me and left the room still weeping and repeating "I do not know why you are so good to me." It did not seem to me that there was any great goodness in my action. There is such a pleasure in rendering assistance to those poorer than ourselves if it be but the "mite" that it is well to be careful about making our intention in

alms-giving, lest the mere benevolent feeling suffices and so we miss the reward promised even to the "cup of cold water" given "in His Name" and for His sake.

Some there are who claim that we should give only to the deserving poor. Who is to be the judge? It is related of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, that while still a happy wife, and mistress of an ancient castle, (to which there were two gates, by one the dependants on her bounty entered, while by the other they departed) she was told that some who had received their dole, slipped in a second time and again were helped, and her servants begged the saint—for such she was even then, though a hidden one—to punish those who had, as we would say now, imposed on her, by closing the gates entirely. But her reply was that rather would she bestow her bounty on ninety-nine undeserving of it than that one innocent and needy person should suffer.

Of course a certain degree of discrimination must be used, but what would become of the most of us if God, in dispensing His graces, adjusted His balances so nicely between those who are and who are not "deserving" as we are inclined to do in regard to our fellow creatures!

After my old soldier had gone his words kept recurring again and again to me. They pulsed through my brain like the refrain of a song. What could it mean? Where had I heard those words before? "I do not know why you are so good to me." Writing became impossible and I gave myself up to the spell of those words. Suddenly, like a flash, the knowledge came

to me, and deep in my heart with fervent love I exclaimed: "O sweetest Heart of Jesus, I do not know why Thou art so good to me!"

Here was the solution of the iteration of the old soldier's words. He thought me good to him because of my sympathy, because of my little aid, but oh, who can solve the mystery of the love of Jesus for us? To each one He says. "Behold this Heart which has loved thee so much that It has spared Itself in nothing." Why hast Thou been so good to us, O sweet Heart of Jesus, to us, negligent, ungrateful, sinful? Thou hast spared Thyself in nothing and we hesitate to make the slightest sacrifice for Thee.

Let us begin now and see if during this penitential time we cannot for His dear sake give up some pleasure, sacrifice some enjoyment; and let us on the First Friday promise Him that whatever we can do that we will do to make the reparation He asks. But let our sacrifices be known only to Him.

In this age of nervous strain and brain-fag and all sorts of valetudinarianism there are few who can really observe the precept of fasting, although the Lenten indults of recent years have made Lent very unlike that of our forefathers and not at all like that of the early Christians. Let us see what we can do those of us who "cannot fast," nor indeed would the little observances about to be mentioned hurt those who can. There are few persons so ultra-refined as not to have a special liking for a special dainty. Give it up during these forty days. In our favored land but few tables are unsupplied with a variety of good things. No one will notice if you refrain from tasting your favorite dish, or if some *enfant terrible* of any age (for this species of torment is not

always of childhood's years) notice it and exclaim: "Oh, you are trying to keep Lent," quietly reply, "Yes, I am, it is so little I can do but that little shall be done."

Some persons never touch candy or ice-cream during Lent. There is another sacrifice most of us can make. Little, but harder than the aforementioned. Suppose you are talking with friends; the conversation is bright and witty. A remark is made and on the instant a reply, sparkling, original, apropos, sure to elicit admiration, springs to your lips, almost drops from your tongue. Speak it not; let your tongue rest, and if, as not infrequently happens amongst congenial minds, another says almost identically what you would have said and is greeted with laughter and applause, join heartily in the commendation and thank God for the opportunity He gave you of making a sacrifice for Him.

There is one creature to which we are all so strongly addicted, it is so much a part of our lives, that in regard to it will perhaps be our greatest sacrifice, our keenest deprivation. That creature is *reading*. The Bishop of Newport, England, in an admirable little book treating of this subject says: "In this age people *must* read." Truly, books have come to be one of the necessities of life, and the daily newspaper is a prime factor in our existence. An insatiable desire to read possesses all classes. Just to read, it seems in many cases. And books—alas! that it is so with some books—are so cheap. And the great public libraries bring them within the reach of those who cannot buy, however cheap, and of children. And so much that is terrible and wonderful happens in these days, both at home and abroad, that we must perforce read the newspaper. Ah!

how often the daily paper is but the potent agent of the evil one; his vehicle for the transmission of sin, by imparting wicked and forbidden knowledge! But if we must "just glance at the war news" or look up "the latest scientific discoveries" (did Thomas à Kempis have this in his mind when he wrote "Let curiosities alone"?) let us at least not read everything. Some say, "I can read anything tabooed and it never hurts me." How do you know? Would you dare to say such reading *helps* you?

Let us dispense with the newspaper as much as possible during Lent. We shall get along just as well.

But if we must read, there is fortunately no want of good Catholic books in every department of literature, even that of fiction, with which, however, we have not to deal now. How much soever the charm of the last new novel allures us, let it not prevail. But if we find it out of our power to resist, here is a counter charm which will go far towards rendering that of the novel innocuous. When we have read, let us say about half of the fascinating story, and are just at the most "interesting part," when we would not for the world anticipate the thrilling climax and yet are on the *qui vive* to know how it is going to turn out, let us close the book, lay it aside, and read no more of it, but make a sacrifice, said to be most pleasing to God, alike of our pleasure and our curiosity. Hard? Well, yes, especially the first time, but as with everything else, it grows less hard by practice. But how can we truthfully say that anything we do for God is hard, when we wonder, as wonder we must, *why* He has been so good to us?

Do we ever thank God for the gift of faith—that glorious, that marvellous

gift, which only God can bestow. It is a sad truth that too many of us accept it without realizing its inestimable value. We have been born in the faith, have grown up in it and have come to look on its possession almost as a right. We all know persons outside the fold, who, we are constrained to believe, are immeasurably more deserving of such favor than we, who would have valued it more highly; whose lives would have been in harmony with its teachings far more than ours. *Why* has God been so good to us!

Converts are usually very enthusiastic in their love for the faith. They accuse us of being cold and callous in regard to it. Our pride is hurt by this and we say: "You are so fervent in your words because you are new in the Church; we who were born in it and have known the truth and the beauty of its doctrine all our lives, feel both just as deeply. Do not imagine you have a monopoly of these ideas and sentiments. We feel them and we thank God for them." But let us consider; do we really feel all this as we would wish to believe, when our pride is a little hurt? Ah! if we valued our faith as we should value it would not our lives be other than they are? Faith sits lightly upon our souls because its possession has become a habit. Seldom do we say "Oh God why hast Thou bestowed upon me, so unworthy of it, the priceless boon of faith?" Only in eternity may this mystery be revealed. With contrition and with love let me say: "I do not know why Thou hast been so good to me!"

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\* The edifying lines were written for our March number, and as the reader will observe are full of thoughts suitable to the season of penance. No apology seems necessary if, after an unavoidable delay, we print these beautiful words, which are appropriate for the month devoted to the Sacred Heart.—[Ed. C. R.]

## A Wayfaring Man.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

JOHN Henderson, collector of rates and taxes for the Eastbury District of Westshire, was a devout, consistent Methodist when I first made his acquaintance. As such he had, literally, a holy horror of "Popery," whether Roman or Anglican, but, on the whole, had more respect, or less aversion to Father Williams, the Catholic priest at Gauntsford, than to the ritualistic rector of Eastbury All Saints'. The one, as he said to me shortly after I got to know him, was, at least, "an open enemy to the gospel," the other was "an insidious foe under the guise of a friend," which, by the way, is very much the view taken of "Anglo-Catholics" by most "Evangelicals" and Non-Conformists. The only two "parsons" for whom my friend John Henderson had a genuine respect were those two rectors of Eastbury Saint Simon's, who had, successively, "lapsed to Rome." That, he said, was the best thing they could have done; they, at all events, were honest; much as he might, and did, regret their "apostasy," he could not help admiring their loyalty to their convictions, "erroneous" as they were. If only every ritualist, "priests" and layman, will follow their example the Protestant Church of England would once more be pure and at peace. Then—by way of disestablishment, of course—that "re-union" so much desired by all "Gospel Christians" would be speedily accomplished.

All which, and much more to the same purpose, with much fervor of vivid conviction, did the collector of

rates and taxes impart to me on various occasions, chiefly, I fancy, under the shadow of that beautiful old parish church of All Saints' which he so longed to see purified of its "idols" and restored to "Protestant simplicity." He was not, to put it mildly, gentle in his mode of expression concerning matters that evoked his pious indignation; in fact he told me with no unnecessary tenderness for my susceptibilities that I was a blinded worshipper of images. But we got on nevertheless, and from his very "bigotry" I had hopes of him from the beginning. How far I was justified you will learn in due course.

Bigot as he certainly was, he had his Bible "by heart" in the truest meaning of that oft-misused phrase. That, also, was a ground of hope. So long as a man really believes in "the infallible Word of God," so long is there at least a possibility of showing him how that infallible Book postulates an infallible Church as its guardian and interpreter. It is the man who has imbibed the venom of "higher criticism," who talks sapiently and volubly of modern research, who considers all forms of faith as equally true—or equally imperfect—who is, as we say, past praying for. The man to whom his form of faith is "the truth," to the exclusion of all others, may be, or rather must be a "bigot," but according to the measure of his honest devotion to truth so surely must be the hope that he will some day attain to the full knowledge of it. "If any man will do His Will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God,"

I, had, however, other reasons to be hopeful about John Henderson's ultimate conversion to the True Faith. As a Methodist he was of course a strenuous advocate of free will, as opposed to "predestinarianism." But there are Methodists *and* Methodists, as there are Anglicans *and* Anglicans; the English Methodists are for the most part "Arminians" to a degree difficult for those who have never come in contact with them to understand; Welsh Methodists on the other hand are equally fervent Calvinists, holding firmly by the dogma of predestination, with all its consequences. Mrs. Henderson, therefore, was merely consistent in regarding her liege lord's free-will tenets as the deadliest of errors, whereas John Henderson on his side had to submit to daily, if not hourly preachments, and to hear his friends, if not himself, consigned to everlasting punishment as "reprobates," foredoomed thereto from all eternity. That is, on a fundamental doctrine—as each perforce admitted it to be—John and his better half were hopelessly at variance.

It said much, however, for both of them, that each was sufficiently earnest and sincere to be aware of the difference between their respective creeds and to recognize it as lying at the very "root of the matter." The tendency of modern Protestantism is of course to minimise such points of disagreement; to regard them as merely "phases of belief" or "modes of expression;" as of no real consequence in fact. Even the "Evangelicals," as the Low Church Anglicans style themselves, have begun to talk of "conference" with the "Catholics" of the Establishment, with a view doubtless to finding some "modus vivendi," as it is now the fashion to call those com-

promises whereby each party sacrifices, actually or professedly, some long cherished "principle," in order to attain to some real or apparent agreement—generally in the presence of a common foe. But John Henderson and his wife not being familiar with such methods of compromise, whereby black and white combine to form a neutral and very unattractive drab color, held firmly to their respective principles. And this, be it noted, in spite of the resultant divergence, discord it could not be called, between two pious souls who each had a real love for the one Master, Christ, and, in Him, for the other.

It was to this divergence that John Henderson, urged thereto possibly by some unustally strenuous preachment on the part of his wife, alluded one autumn day as we sat on a bench in the churchyard under the welcome shade of the square tower of Eastbury All Saints', with a peculiarly malignant gargoyle demon grinning scornfully down upon us paltry mortals, the original whereof could, I doubt not, have given both of us "points" on the subject we were discussing.

"What does your church teach in regard to predestination?" he asked abruptly and without the smallest attempt at preface or introduction:

It was an unexpected question; yet when I came to think it over I found that I had in fact been looking for it for some time past. Possibly that was why it seemed unexpected when it was actually put to me.

"What does Mrs. Henderson say? I mean," I corrected myself, "what is her favorite text in respect of predestination?"

"No man can come to Me except the Father who hath sent Me draw him,"<sup>1</sup> he quoted reverently.

"You have no difficulty about that surely?" I asked.

"None," he answered; "but she very often quotes that verse about the potter and the clay,<sup>2</sup> and that other of 'Whom He will, He hardeneth.'<sup>3</sup>

"And you?" I asked, more interested than I am able to express.

"I tell her," he replied, "that though Paul was a 'vessel of election,'<sup>4</sup> or 'chosen vessel,' yet he himself feared lest he should be a castaway,<sup>5</sup> a reprobate, as the Calvinists say."

"And you infer from that?" I enquired, seeing that he paused as if in expectation of my making some such query.

"That 'election' does not necessarily involve final perseverance," he returned.

"And, therefore?" I put in, as he paused again evidently waiting for me to help him out.

"Therefore," he replied, following, as I could see, a well-worn, oft-traversed line of argument, "therefore, 'mercy' means final perseverance and 'hardening' means leaving us to go our own way. But I don't understand it for all that," he added sadly, "and she, my wife I mean, cannot see it in that light."

"And you want me to decide between you?" It was a bold question to ask, but I felt sure that this was what he did want, into whatever words he might put his request.

As a matter of fact he put it in a form in which I had not ventured to express it. Hence, if I may be allowed to say so, the apparent egotism of the way I had put it.

"What does your church say?" he asked, quietly, earnestly. It was the instinctive turning of a perplexed soul towards one who at least claimed to

teach "as having authority." As such I was bound, before God, to consider it.

"I am not a theologian," I made answer, "but if I can help you in any way I will."

"Thank you, I knew you would."

Once more, as I felt convinced, the confidence which prompted his reply was not in me personally, but, instinctively, almost, if not quite unconsciously, in her, to whom I owe allegiance, in the Church of the Living God.

"First, as to election," I began, "it implies, or seems to imply, what we call 'foreknowledge,' does it not?"

"Yes."

Whereupon I explained as best I could what is meant by God's omniscience; how to Him there is neither past nor future, but one eternal "now"; that as has been said, "with Him, on account of His eternity, all things are ever present, although He knows them as having existence according to their true succession in time";<sup>6</sup> that, if we may so say, "the fact that it will come to pass is the *cause* why God foresees it";<sup>7</sup> that "it is true to say that our free conduct makes God to have foreseen from eternity what we do."<sup>8</sup>

He listened closely with the most earnest attention.

"That certainly seems to reconcile human liberty and Divine knowledge," he said. "Now what about election?"

I first quoted a prayer of which I am very fond: "That Thy Grace being infused into us under the glorious name of Jesus, by the title of eternal predestination, we may rejoice that our names are written in heaven."<sup>9</sup>

"Where does that come from?" he enquired, evidently much struck by the beauty of the petition.

I told him. Then pointed out how

Saint Paul, the "vessel of election," though, of himself, he had cause to fear lest he should be a castaway, yet *knew* in whom he had believed, was persuaded that He was "able to keep." How none may *know* that he is of the number of the elect unless God Himself should be pleased to reveal it<sup>10</sup>; and how Saint Paul bids us "work out our salvation with fear and trembling,"<sup>11</sup> giving as the reason: "For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

"That 'both to will and to do,'" I said, "seems very much the same as Mrs. Henderson's text about 'except the Father who hath sent Me draw him'; very much like what we call the doctrine of 'prevenient grace' which teaches us that we cannot *will* to turn to God without the help of His grace."

"It is what Paul said," returned Henderson. Then added: "You at least seem to have no doubts or difficulties."

"How should I have?" I answered, "seeing that I have a teacher sent from God, and therefore infallible."

"The Church?"

"The Church of God."

"The Church infallible?"

"Why not? You believe in an infallible Bible, I, in an authority divinely appointed to be the custodian and interpreter of God's Word. Then if divinely appointed, that is sent by God to teach us, the authority must be of its very nature infallible." Whereat I once more quoted words both dear and familiar: "Moreover I believe whatsoever the Catholic Church proposes to be believed, and this because God, who is truth itself, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, has revealed all these things to this His Church."

"A beautifully simple creed, if one could only accept it," he said; "I wish I could."

"You cannot?" I asked.

"It is so different to what I have been taught," he returned.

"And yet you asked me what our Church teaches in respect of a fundamental doctrine concerning which you and your wife are unable to agree."

"Yes," he admitted.

"Are you satisfied with her teaching on that point," was my next question.

"It seems reasonable enough, Scriptural enough," he replied, "yet each of us claims Scripture for free will or predestination, Popery or Protestantism."

"Yet the Apostles were sent to *teach* all nations," I rejoined; "were they infallible?"

"I suppose so," he said, "but they were sent by Christ, as His Father had sent him."

"Quite so. And after they were all dead, what then?"

No answer this time. "Don't you see," I continued, "that if they were sent with Christ's commission, Christ's infallibility, to teach all nations, even to the consummation of the world, there must have been some to succeed them in their authority, and therefore in their infallibility. A teacher sent from God is not for one age or one country, but for all ages and all lands: such a teacher, possessing divine authority, must be infallible. 'You shall *know* the truth? Otherwise who shall say which is right, 'Papist or Protestant, Calvinist or Arminian?'"

"Who, indeed?" he asked, sadly, as it seemed to me, as one who hears tidings too good to be true. "It is all beautifully simple," he went on, "but to me it seems too simple to be the truth as it is in Jesus."



"Why?"

"Because it ends all uncertainties, all doubts, all search," he answered, "you simply submit your whole spiritual nature to a man."

"Commissioned by God," I interjected.

"To a Church," he continued, not apparently offended at the interruption.

"To the Church of God," I returned, "as custodian and interpreter of the Gospel of God." Then added, "You say it all seems too simple. What about the 'poor' to whom the gospel is to be preached? What about God's highway, that is to be so plain that 'the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein?'"<sup>12</sup>

"But—to submit to a man." It was the stock Protestant, I was about to say, the stock 'British' objection.

"He went down to Nazareth and was subject unto them,"<sup>13</sup> I quoted reverently. "Who was He?"

"The Word made Flesh,"<sup>14</sup> Henderson answered, with equal reverence.

"And who were they?"

"Two of the creatures whom He had made," was the reply, for he was absolutely honest, "even to his hindrance," as David says.

"Yes, and He left us an example that we should follow in His steps,"<sup>15</sup> I rejoined, "and bade us, by the mouth of His infallible apostle, be to all subject one to another."<sup>16</sup> And Saint Paul tells us to obey them that have the rule over us, for they watch for our souls.<sup>17</sup> Then, after a pause, "Does the Church of God preach the gospel of God?" I asked.

"It certainly seems like it," he admitted with an honesty which assuredly did him credit; an honesty due, I doubt not, to the fact that his belief was real, not a mere congeries of inherited traditions and prejudices

as is wont to be the case with so many of us. And having this measure of willingness to believe to mould his life in accordance with his conviction, who could help hoping that he might some day obtain the grace of divine faith in an infallible authority—the Church of the Living God?

"Then how does this accord with the teachings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul?" I asked. "Listen: 'And yet what great matter is it if thou, who art but dust and nothing, subject thyself to a man for God's sake, when I, the Almighty and Most Highest, who created all things of nothing, humbly subjected Myself to man for thy sake?'"<sup>18</sup>

"Who wrote that?" he asked, with increased earnestness; there could be no doubt that the words appealed forcibly to one who could answer my former question as he had done just now.

"Thomas à Kempis, a 'lazy monk' of the 'dark ages,'" I answered, "in a book called 'The Imitation of Christ.'"

"I have heard it spoken of," he said, "but I have never read it."

"Take my advice, then, get it and read it."

"I certainly will."

Here, for the present at all events, our talk came to an end. I was called away from Eastbury for a time a day or so later, and did not see Henderson again for some weeks. When we did meet his first words were: "Thank you for your advice; I am reading the 'Imitation.'"

"And Mrs. Henderson?" I enquired, seemingly constrained to ask the question.

"We are reading it together," he replied, quite simply. Which went to prove that the bond of union between

them, their faith in our dear Lord, their love to Him, was too strong to be affected by any divergence concerning free will and election.

"What chapter did you read last?" was my next question.

"The King's Highway of the Holy Cross," he made answer.

"Yes," I rejoined, "The King's Highway." Then added: "The way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein. We are mostly fools," I went on, "even the wisest of us, that is, we need a teacher sent from God, one having authority; a plain way to walk in; the way the Master walked in when He went before us bearing His own Cross."

"We certainly do," he said earnestly. Then once again something prevented our continuing the talk, and once more I did not see him for some little time.

But I heard about him, which, as it proved, was far better. I heard, that is, that Father Williams, of Gauntsford, had been to the house several times. It was a piece of shudderingly interesting intelligence which the zealous Protestants of Eastbury, Anglican or Non-conformist, were not likely to keep each to himself. Wherefrom it was easy to gather that my wayfaring man, to say nothing of his good wife, was about to find a surer and more competent guide along the King's highway than I could ever hope to be.

As indeed it turned out to be, Henderson's first motive, a perfectly

natural one, was doubtless a wish to ascertain how far and to what extent the teaching of a "Popish priest" would coincide with the utterances of a "Popish layman," to whom he paid the more than dubious compliment of considering him—me that is—"more liberal than most Romanists." The result must have satisfied him. Not, of course, that he found his reverence less or more "liberal" than he had imagined me to be, but that he learned to realize that the Church of God, "the mother of us all," being filled with the spirit of her Lord, can, indeed, "have compassion on the ignorant,"<sup>19</sup> and that "as one whom his mother comforteth,"<sup>20</sup> so will she comfort, counsel, teach and bless all those who seek and find her to be that Bride of Christ, for whom He gave Himself, to Whom she is subject. Truly he too, with his wife, had heard her voice, the voice of one having authority, saying to them as to so many others: "I will teach you the good and the right way;"<sup>21</sup> had heard her Lord saying to them: "I am the Way; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."<sup>22</sup>

1—St. John vi. 4. 2—Rom. ix. 21. 3—Rom. ix. 18. 4—Acts ix. 15. 5—1. Cor. ix. 27. 6—Fr. Hunter, "Outline of Dogmatic Theology," Vol. III., par. 478. 7—*Ibid.*, par. 381. 8—*Ibid.*. 9—Post Com.: 2nd Sunday after Epiphany. 10—Fr. Hunter, at sup. par. 391. 11—Philipp. ii. 12. 12—Isaiah xxxv. 8. 13—St. Luke ii. 31. 14—St. John i. 14. 15—1. St. Peter ii. 21. 16—1. St. Peter v. 6. 17—Hebrews xiii. 17. 18—*Imitation*, bk. iii., ch. xlii. 19—Hebrews v. 2. 20—Isaiah lxvi. 13. 21—1. Kings (1. Samuel) xii. 23. 22—St. John xvi. 6. Ch. viii., 12.

For every heart-ache, every tear,  
For every patient, struggling year,  
For every sacrifice made here,

When heaven's mystic veil is drawn,  
A rich reward, ten thousand fold,  
Will come with happiness untold—  
Hope on, dear heart, hope on!

## Anniversaries.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

"Old memories that long have lain  
And now have lost their power to pain."

—A. L. DRANE ("Songs in the Night.")

**A** LEARNED writer tells us that "The memory is the treasure-house of the mind," and some have a special inclination to preserve in that receptacle treasured memories of their past joys and sorrows. I must take my place amongst these persons, but at the same time acknowledge that, unlike the sweet Dominican poetess above quoted, there are some which have never "lost their power to pain." Perhaps my feelings may be echoed in a far-off reader's soul and find expression in the words of another poetic view—that of the immortal Longfellow :

"A flood of thought comes o'er me  
That fills my eyes with tears."

"A flood," indeed! bearing on its tide the remembrances of loved ones gone before "with the sign of faith," resting in the peace of God, and yet when they come with the white blossoms of May, or in the glowing summer days, or in the beauty of autumnal tints, or when the earth is robed in snow, how often do we experience they have still "the power to pain," and that very power makes us feel the need of renewing our acts of resignation to God's Holy Will. These days remind us to wreath around the graves of our loved ones the immortelles of prayer, Stations, Communion and Holy Mass. Even if they need not our suffrages, other souls may benefit by them, or the accidental happiness of those in heaven may be increased. There are many other memories in our "treasure-

house" that bring quite other thoughts and feelings. Sometimes gratitude for the graces of God, and this is most acceptable to Him, for even in the Old Law He commanded the Israelites to keep certain festivals in remembrance of His mercies—the Passover, Feast of Tabernacles and others. In the New Law, through the ecclesiastical, we renew our gratitude for the mysteries of our Lord, His Blessed Mother and the saints, and His Eucharistic Sacrifice is an unceasing thanksgiving to the Eternal Father. Some souls have noble, grateful sentiments when looking back on the beautiful land-marks of life. One of these, whose humility I will not pain by mentioning, rejoices that his birthday is also that of our Saviour Jesus Christ—that in our Blessed Mother's month he received the habit of an Order especially dear to her, and above all celebrates the glorious anniversary of that day when he first offered the adorable sacrifice of the Altar. Such remembrances, such renewals, are most dear to God, and foretastes of the eternal songs to praise and thank "the Lamb that was slain."

Many anniversaries ought to humble us and excite contrition for having so imperfectly corresponded with God's graces, and yet they ought to renew confidence for the future by reminding us that He who was so good and loving in those circumstances is "the same for ever." Above all, let us cherish the Feasts above mentioned, these

"anniversaries," as we may style them, of Jesus and Mary. Each one has a special grace, a beautiful example, and God so desires to give us that grace and to see us imitate that example. How beautiful it is in Holy Church to see the faithful realizing these mysteries with as lively a faith as if Jesus was again, born, suffering, rising from the dead, ascending to heaven! Even the very hours—for

instance three o'clock on Good Friday—are remembered.

Memory is indeed "a treasure-house," and in heaven all reminiscences shall lose "the power to pain," nor shall the tide of sorrow ever flow back, but the power of joy and gratitude and praise shall remain forever and thrill melodiously on golden harp-strings before the great white throne and crystal sea.

## Monthly Patrons.

By ENFANT DE MARIE.

ST. ALOYSIUS, S. J.—June 21.

**T**HIS fair lily from the garden of St. Ignatius is so familiarly known and tenderly loved that we will do little more than indicate him as the special patron of June. With reason, indeed, may we choose this angelic lover of the Sacred Heart, in a month entirely consecrated to it, for St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi tells us how he darted "arrows of love" when on earth towards the Heart of the Incarnate Word, and of the immense joy these acts give him now. She saw in vision the wonderful glory of this youthful saint, and the inestimable value of an interior life "hidden with Christ in God."

Again our choice rests on St. Aloysius because of his love for Mary. To Our Lady of Loretto his mother had recourse before the birth of her child. To her he was consecrated, and the holy names of Jesus and Mary were the first softly murmured by this earthly "Angel." The virgin love of his heart was placed under the care of God's ever Immaculate Mother, and he ever looked up to that "morning star" for light and guidance o'er the upward path to heaven. Nor was this confidence disappointed, for he received through her a divine intimation of God's will, calling him to the Society of Jesus, and also the many graces he

had need of to endure trials of various kinds before his entrance could be accomplished.

His short life "fulfilled a long space" of exquisite perfection illumed by the Celestial Star, restful with the peace which "surpasses all understanding," and ever aspiring to "be dissolved" and be "with Christ." In the glowing days of June this fair lily was transplanted to the unfading paradise of which Mary is the queen. Let us invoke him with great confidence, that he may obtain for us grace to inspire more ardently towards the Heart of love and the Vision of God's Face. That he who was on earth "a little less than the angels," may enable us to imitate in some degree his marvellous innocence and still more marvellous penance. And lastly, that the mild light of Mary's love may guide us on to the far-off land, where love is perfected and the weary are at rest, and the virginal souls sing, as it were, a new song as they follow the Lamb eternally.

Angelic youth, so chastely fair,  
Inflamed with love divine!  
Around thy Jesus' Sacred Heart  
Our best affections twine.  
And pray the Queen of Angels bright  
To guard our purity,  
That when these exile-days are past  
We may His vision see.

## Eucharistic Gems.

EDITED BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

**T**HE glowing month of June is illumined in the spiritual world as well as in the material one, but of the first we may say: "The Lamb is the lamp thereof," and the golden rays of that "lamp" shine gloriously over the Octave of Corpus Christi and the Feast of His Sacred Heart. Indeed the entire month belongs to that loving Heart, and it seems to us that a sweet thought for each day will increase its love in those already consecrated to It, and each new act of love will be a Eucharistic gem to shine in that eternal crown we hope to gain "through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen!"

1st.

"O marvel! that the poor and lowly slave should feed upon his Lord!" A holy and learned writer tells us these beautiful words are from one whom "the bread of angels" made angelic, St. Thomas Aquinas. If we would emulate afar off his purity, we, too, must feed on Jesus in His adorable Sacrament.

2nd.

There is a thought very similar in St. Francis de Sales: As hares on the snow-clad mountains become white by feeding on snow, so we, by feeding on purity itself, will become all pure.

3rd.

"Jesus! we cannot, we will not be without Thee, for all is gloom and darkness save with Thee."—Marie Eustelle Harpain.

4th.

"O tender Heart! numurmuring, unchiding, When those Thou lovest so ungrateful prove!  
O Prisoner Divine, with us abiding,  
Bound by the chains of Thine eternal love!  
Draw now our souls with mighty force to Thee,  
That we Thy captives, Thon our Master be!"  
—A Sister of Mercy.

5th.

"In Patria."

"In Patria!" the plaintive "Salutaris"  
Is sighing softly in the holy place,  
And wakes our faith and hope and ardent  
longing,  
To see "in Patria, Our Saviour's Face."  
—Enfant de Marie.

6th.

"Let my soul Thine unseen presence  
Ever seek, and seeking find."  
—A. T. Drane, O. S. D.  
(M. F. Raphael.)

7th.

"As Christ lives by the Father, so  
we, through the Blessed Sacrament,  
live by Christ."—D. Hedley.

8th.

"The holy Curé of Ars says the soul  
is like a bee that feasts in the chalice  
of the flower, immersed in sweetness  
not its own."

9th.

"I have no longer any soul, no  
longer any heart—my soul and my  
heart are those of my Divine Love."—  
St. Catherine of Genoa.

10th.

"Corpus Christi is a second feast of  
the Nativity; a Christmas festival in  
summer-tide, when the snows are gone  
and flowers cover the earth."—Cardinal  
Manning.

11th.

"And there shall be a tabernacle for  
a shade in the day-time from the heat,  
and for a security and covert from the  
whirlwind and rain."—Is. iv.

12th.

"The Blessed Sacrament is the home  
of love. We ought to admire its  
beauties and imitate the virtues of  
which He there gives us an example."  
—Rev. T. Carberry.

13th.

"How lovely are Thy tabernacles,  
O Lord of hosts!"—Ps. lxxxiii. O  
royal words! expressing the admiration  
of all future believers in and lovers of  
Jesus' sacramental beauty.

14th.

"Stay with us Lord!" It is by the  
Eucharist He remains in us and we in  
Him.

15th.

"There is scarcely any doctrine so beautiful or so consoling as the Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist. It is the central dogma of our religion and the very focus of Divine Love."—Monsignor Vaughan.

16th.

"Dear Lord! admit me to Thy Sanctuary—  
The dawn shines through Thy door.  
And, oh! the night has been so wild and weary,  
Say, shall I wander more?"

—B. Mulholland (Gilbert).

17th.

"I sleep; but my heart is watching," (Cant.)  
"The Eucharist is God's ever watchful heart."  
—Monsignor de la Boullerie.

18th.

O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine!  
All praise and all thanksgiving be every  
moment thine!

19th.

"Jesus is the light of the world, and the full splendor of His love shines to the eyes of faith from the altar."—E. D. M.

20th.

A well-known spiritual writer, F. Nouet, S. J., says that on Corpus Christi, "the Church militant becomes triumphant." We hear the glorious "Lauda Sion" of St. Thomas, and gather round Jesus, not in the plaintive memories of Holy Thursday, but rather in union with celestial voices praising "the Lamb that was slain."

21st.

"He longs to be longed for," therefore let us, as St. Philip tells us, come "thirsting to the waters." "Sivit in te anima mea!" \* "My soul hath thirsted for Thee," sighs the royal prophet; and again: "As the hart panteth," etc.†

\* Ps. lxxii., 2. † Ps. xli., 1.

22nd.

"Heart from Mary's heart created,  
Heart of Jesus, all divine!  
Here before Thee I adore Thee,  
All my heart and soul are Thine."

23rd.

A holy and learned writer tells us "there is an instinct in the child of faith which refuses to be happy or content without the Blessed Sacrament." These words recall to mind the fervent aspiration heard frequently

from a child preparing for first communion: "O Jesus! I long to receive you into my heart!" And when questioned as to her feelings when He did come: "I thanked Him for giving me Himself." Again: "What a sweet taste the Blessed Eucharist has!" To her It was given not merely in spirit, but even sensibly to taste its sweetness.

24th.

"Keep thyself with Jesus in life and death, who alone can help thee when all others fail."—"Imitation of Christ."

25th.

"I receive Thee, the price of my soul's ransom; I receive Thee, the Viaticum of my soul's pilgrimage. Thou, O Christ, art the King of glory; Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father."—Words of St. Thomas when about to receive holy Viaticum.

26th.

"We will be in a higher sphere of glory for each communion—a new 'pledge of glory.' Our souls are united to the glorified Body of Our Lord."—Fr. Naughton, S. J.

27th.

"May we, dear Lord, drawn by Thy influence  
sweet,  
Watch, till the hour we die, here at Thy  
feet!"

—A Sister of Mercy.

28th.

"Let the lamp of Thy tabernacle be the light of our dwellings; let us trim the sacred flames and watch before Thee till the day dawns."

29th.

To Mary:

"And when the last Host consecrate on earth  
Shall find its home eterne where God found  
birth—

The crystal depths of thy most holy  
Heart—

May this weak voice of mine uplifted be  
Throughout the silence of eternity

Upheld by love, thy love and grace  
impart."\*

—Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

\* There is a beautiful idea that at the end of the world the last Host consecrated shall be borne by angelic hands to heaven and placed in the crystal depths of Mary's heart. It is not indeed of faith, but suggests beautiful and holy thoughts.

30th.

"Be Thou my adoration, praise and bliss, forever and forever. Amen."—Oratory (Hymn to Precious Blood.)

## Roman Letter.

Saint Albert's College, Rome, Italy,  
Feast of St. Simon Stock,  
May 16, 1900.

*Dear Father :*

Our Father General is dead. To-day the Carmelites of the whole world are wrapped in sorrow and in sadness ; for them the heavens are all darkness, for the sun of Mount Carmel has gone to rest. Orphans, indeed, are they bewailing the loss of the dearest, the kindest and the most loving of fathers.

Our beloved General, Aloysius M. Galli, died on Tuesday morning, May 1st, in the International College of Saint Albert, in Rome. He had been in poor health for the previous six months, but lately had improved wonderfully, and was rapidly becoming strong again, when three days ago he was stricken with appendicitis (or inflammation of the bowels), that terrible disease to which he was so soon to become a victim. The doctors were summoned and immediately applied all the forces of their science in order to dispel the terrible malady. But all in vain. Sunday they gave up in despair and declared that our General must die. The Very Rev. Father General received this announcement calmly and with great resignation, said : " God is the ruler of life and death. May His holy will be fulfilled in me ! " Monday morning he received the last Sacraments and the Papal Benediction which His Holiness Leo XIII., hearing that Fr. Galli was in imminent danger, had sent him. After this the General asked for the blessing of the Scapular, which was promptly given to him. He lingered until half-past nine Tuesday morning, when God called him to Himself.

He died calmly and peacefully, and apparently without the least pain ; closing his eyes forever to this world just as a babe, happy in the tender embrace of its mother, dozes off in peaceful slumber. All the Religious of the house and many other priests were in the room at the time, and were just reciting the last psalm of the prayers for the dying when our dear General breathed forth his pure soul to God. His Eminence Cardinal Vanuelli, Cardinal Protector of the Carmelite Order, arrived a short time after and expressed his sorrow on not being present when the General died.

The obsequies took place Thursday at 10 a. m. in the Carmelite Church of Santa Maria Traspontina. The Very Rev. Father General of the Augustinian Order celebrated the solemn High Mass of Requiem. The music was furnished by members of the great Sistine choir, directed by Professor Marcatoni. All the priests and Religious, and the great concourse of people which crowded the Church, gave evidence of the high esteem in which the deceased priest was held by all. Immediately after the Mass, the corpse was borne to its final resting place in the Carmelite Cemetery, just outside the walls of the city.

The deceased Father General has been the guiding star of his Order for many years. He was born in Poggio Perugina (Sabina), March 27th, 1842. His parents were good, honest people ; they were poor, but possessed that nobleness of mind and heart which is rarely to be found within the colossal walls of splendid palaces.

He received his primary education in his native city. At the age of sixteen he entered the Carmelite Order, and,

having spent a year's novitiate in Palestrina, was sent to Rome to pursue his higher studies at this renowned seat of learning. At the university which he attended in the Eternal City he proved himself to be a subtle student and a profound scholar. At the final examination, which terminated his university course, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Theology.

He was ordained a priest in the same year, at the age of twenty-three. His first employment was teaching, and for many years he held the office of Professor of Philosophy and Dogmatic Theology in the Carmelite College of this city.

His superiors, perceiving his wonderful abilities, entrusted many delicate offices to his care. He was Master of Novices for several years, and later was appointed secretary to the preceding General, Savini, and in this office acquired great skill in the management of the affairs of the Order.

At the General Chapter, held in Rome, October 15, 1889, he was elected General of the whole Order by the unanimous vote of all the Provincials. In the same year he was appointed Consulor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. At the following General Chapter, held in the Eternal City, October 15, 1896, he was re-elected General, and continued to occupy this high and important office up to the time of his death.

The deceased Superior was a man of great learning, of exemplary piety, of wonderful self-sacrifice and a true father, having, indeed, devoted his whole life to the interests of his children. His whole bearing was dignified, his countenance noble, and his brilliant but soft eyes elicited the confidence of all who gazed into their depths of calmness. Everyone who knew Fr. Galli loved and respected him. He was kindness itself; his greatest delight was in doing anybody a favor. He was a bosom friend of His Holiness Leo XIII.

The possessor of a brilliant intellect and strong will, he was naturally adapted for great things. Wonderful success, indeed, crowned his every effort. During his term of office, four

new Provinces of the Order were formed, viz: those of the United States, Spain, Malta and Bavaria. Three General-Commissariats were established, one in South America, another in Texas, and a third in Australia.

His most energetic and successful labor, however, was in the field of Italy. Here, on account of the vicissitudes of the times, the Order had suffered a great deal. At the time of the spoliation many of the best convents and colleges of the Carmelites were stolen and turned into barracks for the hordes of soldiers so necessary to prevent the Italian Usurper from falling from his stolen throne. The deceased had labored and toiled incessantly until he accumulated enough money to buy back more than a dozen of his own convents from this depraved Government.

He was ever on fire with zeal for the education of his priests, being firmly impressed with the conviction that priests must be learned as well as pious in order to fulfill their divine mission. He established an International College for his Order in Rome, and encouraged the Provincials of the different Provinces to send students to Rome. And in order to insure greater success for this undertaking he has presided in person over this college.

The first building having become too small for the number of students, Father Galli began the erection of a new college about a year or so ago. The new edifice will be one of the finest colleges in Rome, and when completed shall serve as a grand monument to the memory of the deceased.

But these are only a few results of his indefatigable exertions. Without a doubt the effects which he produced on the souls of his Religious, as well as on others outside of the Order, are the grandest of all his works, and have appeared before the judgment seat of God for the greater glory of the deceased. May he rest in peace in the bosom of the Father!

The appointment of a Vicar, until the next Chapter takes place, has been left in the hands of the Pope.

FR. SILVERIUS J. QUIGLEY, O.C.C.



## “Miles Christi.”

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from “The Life of General de Sonis”.—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr Bannard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

### CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF D'AIN MADHI,—1869.

THE year 1869 began with fresh agitation among the tribes of the south, and the fresh proclamation of a holy war by the troops of Si-Lalla. De Sonis was absent, having been summoned on business to Algiers. But on receiving this intelligence he hastened his return. Hardly had he arrived at Djelfa when he found his fears confirmed, and at once telegraphed his orders to the different friendly tribes, and, passing by Taadmit, ascertained that the camel corps was in readiness for active service. On his arrival at Laghouat he found matters still more alarming. The telegraph wires had been cut between Géryville and Frendah, and a large body of the enemy had been seen towards the east. The whole frontier, in fact, was being attacked at the same time, so as to inspire greater terror; and this fear was justified by the savage and bloodthirsty conduct of the enemy.

M. de Sonis found that the hostile forces were divided into three groups, acting together, but under three different chiefs, one commanded by Si-Lalla, the second by his nephew Si-Kaddour, and the third by Si-El-Hadji-el-Arbi.

Coming as usual from Morocco, they had penetrated into the French territory by passing between the Salt Lake and Géryville.

Having thus ascertained the force and the plans of the enemy, M. de Sonis made his own dispositions.

Everything being arranged, M. de Sonis started on the 30th at one o'clock in the afternoon from Laghouat. It had only taken him two days and nights since his return from Algiers to organize the whole force, which consisted of forty-one officers, nine hundred men of different regiments,—Chasseurs d'Afrique, Spahis, sharpshooters, artillery and engineers,—two hundred and two horses, eighty-eight mules, eight hundred and sixty camels with their drivers, two pieces of ordnance and two mountain guns.

On Monday, the 1st of February, the French troops marched to the attack. They were formed in a square; the African battalion deployed on one wing and that of the sharpshooters on the other. All were to fight on foot; but in case the enemy broke the square, the Cavalry were to come to the rescue.

“We were to march closely and slowly like a fortress,” wrote de Sonis,

"and not to stop till we reached the enemy's bivouac. The lack of numbers was to be supplied by our tactics and solidity. All our men were armed with *chassepots*, and arm unknown at that time to the Arabs. Organized and armed as we were, defending the soil of our new country, we might say we represented civilization against barbarians. After about an hour's march, our scouts announced to us that the enemy had left their camp and were coming towards us in serried lines; in fact we could hear the tread of their Infantry. At that moment we were in a deep valley, surrounded by rocky hills, the only direct issue from which was a neck about sixty yards wide, which served as a passage for the caravans. But the enemy had already taken possession of this, and waited for us there, while their Cavalry crowned the heights on either side. I saw that if we attempted this passage we were lost. To the right was another valley, as wide as this one, but separated from ours by a line of rocky hills. That was our only chance of safety; but the thing was to arrive there without being intercepted. I continued to march towards the dangerous pass where the enemy were expecting us, but at the same time calling all the heads of detachments together, I ordered that the moment that, at my signal, the drums and clarions sounded the charge, every man was to make a sudden turn to the right up the hill, scale it, and there establish himself promptly and definitely.

"We were at only sixty yards from the enemy, who, seeing us, as they thought, falling into their trap, shouted an hurrah of triumph. I gave the signal, the whole of the troops turned to the right, and the movement was

executed with such rapidity and in such perfect unison that in a few moments the square crowned the heights and had formed themselves in battle-array on the opposite side, parallel to the ridge of the rocks. The camels also had been driven to a position on the flank of the mountain.

Thus our square was re-formed on the slopes of these hills in a very strong position, commanding both vallies to the right and left. The summit of the chain was a flat plain about three mètres wide, which was, to the troops, what the bridge is in a man-of-war."

It was there that de Sonis took up his position to direct the action of the troops. The first impulse of the enemy at this unexpected movement was to draw back, then they formed themselves into three groups, and very soon surrounded the French army.

M. de Sonis ordered his mountain guns to open fire upon them. Very soon the Arab Cavalry charged furiously upon the French Chasseurs, one of whom describes the action as follows:

"We let them approach to within a hundred yards of us and then fired, killing a vast number of men and horses. The first moment of dismay having passed, the Arabs charged again, coming within fifty yards of us, firing, then jumping off their horses to pick up their dead and wounded, and dashing again down the hill, to return in a moment. Their attack on our square was really splendid, though they were received by such a shower of fire from our *chassepots* that none of them could reach us. They sprang forward, sometimes alone, sometimes in groups, but the long range of our arms made their efforts fruitless."

M. de Sonis writes: "There was a critical moment when one of the

officers, by trying to cut off some of the enemy's Infantry, left a space in the square, which threatened to compromise the fate of the whole. The Arabs at once took advantage of the accident, and by clinging to bushes of Alfa swarmed up to within a few hundred yards of the position. But by turning the cannon in that direction their advance was stopped. Some of the bravest of the Arabs tried to reach our guns, and came so near as to wound an Artillery officer. But then our Cavalry intervened, and, galloping to the vulnerable point, shot down the enemy's Goums. Their Infantry took to flight towards the Ksar, but their Cavalry still kept up the attack. Our new arms, however, seem to paralyse them. Si-Lalla harangued them, but his voice was unheard. Towards half-past ten the fire of the enemy had slackened on three sides, and was only kept up on the fourth, where the Arabs were sheltered by the rocks and the inequalities of the ground, but a section of Algerian sharpshooters soon disposed of them, and the rest, springing on their horses, took to flight, and quickly disappeared on the horizon."

It was half-past eleven when the fight was over. The dead and wounded Arabs covered the ground, but the French had only two officers and eight soldiers wounded and no deaths. One of the actors in this fight writes :

"Thanks to our precious chassepots, which we used for the first time, and to our cannon, but still more to the excellent dispositions taken by Colonel de Sonis, to his perfect understanding of military operations in the Sahara, to his brilliant and audacious energy, to his chivalrous bravery, to the rapidity both of his conceptions and their execution, to his happy choice of an almost impregnable position, to the

certainty of his *coup d'œil*, to his extraordinary calmness in difficult moments, to the prestige he exercises over the troops, whether French or native, who are under his command,—to him, in fact, is due our complete victory over an enemy which outnumbered us as four to one, and who had threatened our entire destruction."

In a letter de Sonis wrote : "Our affair on the 1st of February was a most honorable one for our troops ; but I regret that the Sub-Governor in his kindness did not content himself with the words : 'Every one did his duty,' which are the only terms fitted for French troops. The truth is, that every one thought we were lost, and our enemies saluted us with real cannibal shouts. God fought for us, however ; and it was really beautiful to see the silence and calm determination of our men amidst their frantic cries. It was a picture of order against disorder, the cannon giving the note. It was really one of the most stirring moments of my life."

What de Sonis regretted in the Sub-Governor's despatch was the personal praise of himself, which ran thus :

"Colonel de Sonis has covered himself with glory, and rendered most important services to his country by stopping the enemy at the very apogee of their successes, which might have entailed the gravest consequences."

#### CHAPTERS X.—XI.

M. de Sonis arrived at Tours on the 13th of November, 1870, the Government having been transferred to that town during the siege of Paris. He went at once to the War Minister to learn his destination. In his absence no one could give him any information. The next day he heard he was to command the 1st Cavalry brigade of the

17th army corps. But where was this brigade? Nobody knew! That same evening, it was not only the command of a brigade, but of a whole division of the Cavalry of the Loire which was confided to him. But what was the amount of that force and where was it to be found? No one could tell him. The utter confusion of everything in the French army was only too apparent.

It was at Marboué that a despatch from the Minister, dated the 23rd of November, officially confirmed his nomination as General of Division commanding the 17th army corps, and replacing General Durrieu, who had been recalled to Tours. "A telegram putting him in the position of a simple soldier would have affected him less," wrote the Curé. "What folly," he exclaimed, "to transform all of a sudden a poor Colonel of yesterday into a General in command of an army! But it must be as God wills."

He was most anxious to come up with the enemy and to act. On the night of the 24th and 25th he received from General d'Aurelle the order to go by train to Vendôme, which was attacked by a strong body of German troops. More able to judge of the position from being on the spot, de Sonis replied: "There is a Prussian camp five leagues from Marboué at Brou. If you will allow me, I will leave Marboué at dawn with a force of light Cavalry and attack the enemy; and I think I shall succeed. If I do, the Prussian troops which are before Vendôme will find out that a French army corps is about to attack them in the rear, and their movements will be temporarily stopped, which will give us time to move troops to Vendôme." It was a wise and brave course, and it was at once accepted. But hardly had they begun their march, when de Sonis

found what an inexperienced body of men he had to deal with. What a difference between his African troops and these poor Mobiles, with officers who did not know how to direct the manœuvres, and soldiers who could not execute them!

"At last," he writes, "I arrived at the village of Yèvres, built on a height which was difficult of access, and which one could only reach by crossing the river Ozanne on two narrow bridges. The enemy occupied this strong position. I was striving to ascertain their numbers when they opened a brisk fire upon the head of our column, which obliged us to abandon the highroad. At the same time one saw black masses who were trying to hide themselves in the woods and by the lay of the ground. A farm, which seemed to contain the advanced post of the enemy, was vigorously attacked by the Fusiliers and the Pontifical Zouaves, while the other troops deployed along the river, and tried to carry the bridge. The German fire was incessant. But I had forbidden my men to answer it for the moment, so as to let the enemy believe we were without Artillery. When, however, the fight became serious, I unmasked my batteries and fired all my pieces, which made the Prussians think that I had a large force in the rear. They consequently retired, and I followed them to Brou, which they evacuated, while I pursued them for upwards of a league. Night fell, and I made believe to bivouac on the spot; but in reality returned to Marboué."

This first brush with the enemy received the name of the battle of Brou. De Sonis's troops only amounted to 1,500 men, Marines and Zouaves of Charette. Those young volunteers had taken the enemy's position by storm at the point of the bayonet.

Twenty of them had fallen, "as a prelude," wrote M. de Sonis, "to the terrible sacrifice which a little later at Loigny was to earn the everlasting gratitude of their country." General d'Aurelle telegraphed the next day from his headquarters near Orléans: "I congratulate you and your troops on the success of yesterday's encounter, which I am delighted to be able to report to the Minister."

"Twenty-four hours later," wrote the Curé of Marboué, "the Bavarians took possession of the town, breaking open our doors with hatchets, and devouring all the food we had left."

The movement was critical. After having the night before driven the Bavarians from Faverolles, Chanzy found himself attacked on all sides at once. Goury was taken and re-taken; Lutneau was impregnable, and forced them to retreat several times with heavy losses. Chanzy's forces were on the eve of destruction.

The main object now was to take possession of Loigny, which was the most important point of resistance. From the 27th of November the enemy had organized their forces in that village on the defensive; on the 1st of December they had to abandon the position, and Admiral Jauréguiberry had at one occupied it with the second and third battalions of the 37th, with orders to keep it till the last extremity. This was at mid-day. The Germans had resumed the attack, and were on the point of re-entering it. They turned their cannon on the town and burnt several houses, but all their efforts to regain the position had failed. The inhabitants had taken refuge in the cellar. "Pray for us," had exclaimed Commander de Fauchier to these poor people, "whilst we fight for you!" Until then the French troops

had been able to maintain their ground. But the Duke of Mecklembourg had sent his reserves to this point, and while the French, sheltered by the cemetery, continued their vigorous firing, the German reinforcements spread over the village on the opposite side. It was against them that General de Sonis turned his Artillery. "They behaved admirably in all ways," he said before the Commission of Enquiry. "This fine body of officers and men distinguished themselves by their true military spirit. I can never speak highly enough in their praise."

Under the protection of this fire, de Sonis was about to charge Loigny with his brigade, when he saw a great move in his line of battle. Some one exclaimed, "The centre is retreating." With one bound of his horse, de Sonis flew to the two regiments (the 48th and 51st) who were failing him, and crying out aloud, "Forward! Are you afraid?" strove to stop them; but in vain. "Miserable men!" he continued. "You will be our destruction!" and in a few energetic words he showed them how the Prussians would follow them in their ignominious flight; how our army would be thus cut in half; how their Artillery would be overwhelmed, and the 16th corps annihilated."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The time may be delayed, the manner may be unexpected, but the answer is sure to come. Not a tear of sacred sorrow, not a breath of holy desire poured out in prayer to God, ever will be lost; but in God's own time and way it will be wafted back again in clouds of mercy, and fall in showers of blessings on you and those for whom you pray.—W. S. Tyler.

## Editorial Notes.

### Father General of the Carmelites.

On the first day of her own beautiful month Our Blessed Queen called to herself one whose large, fatherly heart for a dozen of years eagerly watched over the chosen children of Mary scattered throughout this vale of tears. Well might we call our dear departed Father Mary's vicar on earth. We refer to the Most Reverend Aloysius Maria Galli, Father General of the Order of the Brothers and Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. The late Father General, who succeeded Father Savini, was one of the most beloved of those valiant watchmen on Carmel's mount, whose loyalty and vigilance has been unquestioned since the day that St. Berthold was elected to the office of Father General at the First Chapter on Mt. Carmel, in Palestine, in the year 1141, two thousand and sixty-seven years after St. Elias instituted the Order of Carmelites. Father Galli was born at Poggio, in Umbria, Italy, on March 28th, 1842. He received the habit of our Order on June 12, 1859, and was elected to the office of Father General on October 17, 1889, by the votes of the representatives of the Order from all parts of the globe. Father Galli was a man of great piety and learning and was wholly devoted to the interests of his venerable Order. He was recognized by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., who appointed him a Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. We beg the prayers of our pious readers and all wearers of the Scapular that the flight of his soul to the summit of the true Mount of Carmel may be hastened. We are for the nonce

fatherless, but still under the watchful care of our Holy Mother, who has promised through St. Peter Thomas to be with us until the end of time.

### The Great Devotion.

During the past year a great impulse has been given to devotion to the Sacred Heart. Last month the Holy Father issued a decree that the world should be consecrated to the Sacred Heart as the crowning perfection of all the honors that people have been accustomed to pay to the Divine Heart of Our Lord, and, as the current Messenger says, "to satisfy the devotion of the faithful he has graciously permitted the bishops and clergy to renew this consecration this present year. This is the highest tribute we can pay to Christ, and only the devotion to His Heart can dispose us to make it with full affection and submission to Him as the Immortal King of ages, the King who rules by love." Let us pray this month for more devotion to the Sacred Heart, and do all in our power to promote it.

### The Spirit of Truth.

"It is our earnest desire that piety may increase and be inflamed toward the Holy Ghost, to whom, especially, all of us owe the grace of following the paths of truth and virtue." Thus says His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical of May 9, 1897, and his words are worthy of repeating this month in which we celebrate the great Feast of Pentecost. The world is steeped in sin and vice. This is an open fact. The world even brags of it as something to be proud of. Infidelity

and immorality, vices which are so directly in opposition to the Divine Spirit of Truth and Holiness, are especially rampant. And side by side with infidelity and immorality you will find the grossest acts of superstition and of positive demon-worship, gilded over by a certain glib cant of platonic virtue. Thus you have a wholesale perversion of the order of things; truth is changed into error under the guise of truth, and vice has put on the semblance of virtue. In such vicissitudes the Father of Christendom comes forward to warn His children of the dangers that are ahead and to prescribe a specific remedy. And what is this particular remedy He advocates? It is special devotion to the Holy Ghost. Where the Holy Ghost dwells there is Faith, Hope and Charity. But the soul that has given itself wholly into the power of the evil spirit is slowly, yet surely, drifting to infidelity, will, in the end, die in despair, and then curse God, its own self, and all beings, with an everlasting hate, in the flames of hell. Alas! how many are there not who heap sin upon sin and yet think nothing of it! In the sight of man they appear comely and attractive, wearing the mask of virtue and honesty, and even passing as honorable men. But what are they in the sight of God? They are an abomination which words fail to describe. And you, devout reader, do you ever seriously reflect upon these things? By which spirit are you, at this moment, actually possessed?

#### The Soldier's Friend.

In sending in his subscription to the Carmelite Review a venerable Jesuit Father, in charge of one of the United States' military institutions on the Pacific coast, writes some very edifying

things to us. He says he has had great veneration for the Carmelites since the day when as a boy he met our Fathers in the Island of Sardinia. The good Father tells us he has enrolled hundreds of soldiers in the Brown Scapular. He says that he is most devoted to Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel and never omits to preach on her great festival—July 16th—each year. He asks the prayers of all for the spiritual needs of those whom he lovingly styles "my soldiers," who highly respect the Catholic priest. "How often," writes this good Jesuit, "poor sinners refuse the sacraments! Hardly have I received them into the Confraternity (of the Scapular) and they make their confession."

#### Altar and Pulpit.

Non-Catholics go to church to hear a sermon and to say a few prayers. The preacher is the central object. His personal qualities as a rule determine the size of his congregation. If he is eloquent he will draw the crowd better than a minister less gifted as an orator. How different in our Catholic churches, "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," says the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, "fills Catholic churches, and not mere eloquence. The Church does not underestimate the value of eloquence as a means for winning souls to God, and has always encouraged it, with the result that the greatest pulpit orators in the world have been Catholic priests. But in the Catholic Church the pulpit has never held and can never hold the position that the altar does."

#### Testimony of Science.

Atheistic ideas have long been scattered broadcast by French and other physicians, who falsely taught that celibacy was impossible and

dangerous to health. Such doctrine naturally flattered human passion :

Sir James Paget, who stands pre-eminent as a physician, was one of the first in England to point out how utterly false and full of harm such teaching was. In his "Medical Essays" he attacks and refutes the French physicians. Dr. Henry Lee and Professor Humphreys, of Cambridge University, are prominent medical men who have also shown, on physiological grounds, that the French physicians were wrong. 'Our medical contemporary, the "Lancet," does splendid service to the cause of morality by emphasizing the teaching of these great English physicians.

In a long leading article it points out how negligent many parents are in properly instructing their children in the dangers of the passion of lust ; and how that passion is "excited by lewd imaginings, loose talk and sensuous scenes." It also points out how "vice is voluntary, and it is only by the exercise of a resolute self-will that virtue is maintained." It draws attention to the great mischief done among young men by the pamphlets of quacks. These pamphlets are based on the false French teaching, and lure ignorant young people possessed of a morbid curiosity as the moth is lured to the candle.

"It is most gratifying to find," says the St. Louis Church Progress, "that great leaders in the English medical profession, supported by the leading English medical paper, are now proving the ancient teaching of the Catholic Church by modern, independent, scientific research. Luther and Protestantism scoffed at celibacy. The great Pagan physician, Galen, who lived in the second century, testifies to the practice of celibacy among the Christians of the time ; and now at the end of the nineteenth century, the Catholic Church still proclaims the possibility and advantages of celibacy, and modern science declares that she is right."

### The Seventh Mystery.

On Corpus Christi let us recall what Father Faber wrote when he tell us that "the seventh mystery of the Blessed Sacrament is its Procession, the highest culminating point of ecclesiastical worship and Catholic ceremony. In it is expressed the notion of triumph. Our sacramental God proceeds around the church, with all the pomp the poverty of human love can shed around Him, as the Conqueror of the human race. It is then that we feel so keenly He is our own, and that the angels can claim less in Him than we. Procession is the function of faith, which burns in our hearts and beams in our faces, and makes our voices tremulous with emotion as our *Laudo Sion* bids defiance to an unbelieving world. It is the function of hope, for we bear with us our Heaven which is on earth already, our Reward who has put Himself into our hand, as it were, in pledge, and so we make the powers of hell to tremble while we tell them by shout and song how sure we are of heaven, and the adorable Sacrament meanwhile flashing radiance unbearable into the terrified intelligences of our unseen foes."

Some of the secular papers in reporting the late awful fire in Hull, P. Q., said that "when the fire threatened the new St. Mary's school, the convent and church, priests went along throwing blessed Scapulars on the seething flames. It is stated that after the fires were subdued the Scapulars remained untouched. It is further said that in Hull the buildings so protected escaped unscathed, while surrounding places were destroyed." Such things have happened before and come within the range of possibilities. However, so far we have seen no reliable confirmation of the above quoted item.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The St. John (N. B.) Monitor" is bright and interesting. It deserves support.

Any of our readers who desire to help the cause of truth and spread the light can find a wide field of labor by addressing the Secretary of the International Truth Society, 225 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Heiress of Cronenstein," by the Countess Hahn-Hahn. Translated by Mary H. Allies. 12 mo., cloth, retail \$1.25. Benziger Bros. No dull pages in this book.

"A Hostage of War," by Mary G. Bonesteel. 16 mo. with frontispiece. 40 cents. Mrs. Bonesteel's best story. A living story of life at a frontier army post. Thoroughly Catholic, but not doctrinal. It is a charming book, and we recommend it to all who enjoy a book about a real boy.

A clear, pointed and convincing little book, which will appeal to all who believe in an *inspired* Bible, is that of the Rev. D. McErlane, S. J., entitled: "The Church of Christ the Same Forever." Price 50 cents. Write to B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

"Jack Hildreth on the Nile," adapted from the Original of C. May by Marion Ames Taggart. 12 mo., cloth, retail 85c. A splendidly written book. Anyone who reads the Haus-Schatz remembers the thrilling stories of genial Carl May. "Jack Hildreth on the Nile" is good, and, we hope, to be followed by more of the same kind. These stories are all wholesome. Write Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, N. Y.

"It is enough to make even the Blessed weap tears of blood to behold the losses men suffer daily through ignorance of the value of the Mass." Thus writes a venerable prelate, and every priest and devout Catholic in Christendom agrees with him. The importance of devoutly attending Mass should be brought home to every Catholic be he

saint or sinner. A practical, cheap and useful little book on "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," by Cardinal Vaughan, has been published by B. Herder, (17 South Broadway) of St. Louis. It sells retail at 15 cents a copy, 100 copies for \$7.50. The book should be in the hands of every Catholic.

Spare moments with a priest are as a rule unknown quantities, and few of the hard-working clergy find time to court the Muse. Nevertheless we have some of the sweetest and most consoling verses from pens wielded by anointed hands. For instance, who in America does not admire the poems of a Father Ryan, a Father Tabb, or a Father Edmund. In England the cloister hallowed by Father Faber has inspired another Oratorian, Father Kenelm Digby Best, to give "A Priest's Poems" to the world. From a printer's view-point this book is pleasing to the eye, and besides being fit to grace the most select library is also most suitable as a gift to a friend. Father Best is not unknown to our readers, having some few years ago contributed to the pages of the Carmelite Review "Something About St. Phillip." Some of the reverend author's verses at one time elicited high praise from the great Cardinal Newman. In the book before us, which covers 242 pages, we find a very fine translation of St. Simon Stock's wonderful little prayer, the "Flos Carmeli," which was answered with the great privilege of the Scapular; Father Best's translation runs:

Carmel's fair Flower!  
Rod blossom-laden  
Smile on thy Dower,  
Meek Mother-Maiden!  
None equals thee.

Grant us a sign  
Thou dost protect us,  
Mark us for thine;  
Shine and direct us,  
Star of the Sea!

The price of this book is remarkably low, viz., two shillings and six-pence net, plus postage (about 10 cents). Address the Catholic Truth Society, 126 Kensington Park Road, London, S. E., Eng.

"Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament," by Dr. J. B. Scheurer. Edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance, Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York. Price net, \$1.50. In these beautiful Eucharistic Sermons Dr. Scheurer aims to impress upon the minds of the faithful the ends and purposes of the Forty Hours' Adoration; they are calculated to give the people a clear idea of the dogma of the real presence, and a proper understanding and appreciation of its immense significance in the whole life of the Church and in the supernatural life of each individual soul. They throw light upon the teachings of the Church regarding the sacred and sublime Mystery of the Altar.

These sermons were delivered, as the author tells us, between the years 1867 and 1887, in the Cathedral of Mainz, at the opening of the Forty Hours, or rather of that annual German Eucharistic celebration, called "Das grosse Gebot." Hence their design or purpose is obvious.

They are all intended to excite devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and particularly to induce the faithful to celebrate the Forty Hours with fidelity and fervor. To attain this end, the author, in these sermons, portrays from various view points and expatiates upon the greatness of the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. At the same time he seeks to impress the faithful with the fact that, precisely by the zealous celebration of the Forty Hours, they can, in a measure, give Our Lord a fitting return of love for His immeasurable love, and make atonement for his outraged love. While these sermons are primarily intended for the opening of the Forty Hours, and some of them may be found unusually long, they can very easily be curtailed, condensed and adapted to suit all occasions and Feasts at which sermons on the Blessed Sacrament are in order. Solid discourses on the Blessed Sacrament are not too abundant in the vernacular, and hence this volume of Eucharistic Sermons ought to be well received by the English-speaking clergy.

the Apostle, by Lelia Hardin Bugg. Marlier, Callanan & Co., 173 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.

The volume consists of twenty-two chapters, each in itself a distinct treatment of a distinct subject. It is a little difficult to characterize them. They are pregnant with thought and they are cleverly put, but they are hardly written in so dignified and cohesive a style as properly to be termed essays. Perhaps they might better be called many-sided discussions on subjects that never lose timeliness in Catholic community life. Miss Bugg's views of things are refreshingly candid, without being in any way abnormal. She looks at the surface and into the undercurrents of parish life with very true and clear-seeing eyes, and she shows us the best and the worst of it with equal fearlessness. Her point of view is sane and sensible, and it loses nothing of vigor and freshness in its expression.

No one will journey far into the pages of "The People of Our Parish" without meeting a host of old acquaintances—not the pleasantest people in the world, many of them, but none that are not true to life. There is no parish, we venture to say without fear of contradiction, without its fac-similes of the characters and its reduplicates of the conditions that Miss Bugg has set before us with no little realistic power. This is a good deal to say of any book. It is not uncommon to happen upon book-people who are true to life here or there, under this condition or that, but characters that are universally true are as rare in the works of ordinarily skillful writers as they are frequent in the broad pages of life itself.

The subjects discussed in many of the chapters, "The School Question," "The Social Side," "Parish Societies," "Catholic Literature," "Some Domestic Interiors," "A Note on Funerals," etc., are all themes to which most of us have given more or less thought. They touch the majority of Catholics so closely at all angles of their lives that he must be very unthinking or indifferent who has not considered them with some perplexity, and much desire that existing conditions might approach more nearly to a not

"The People of Our Parish," being a chronicle and comment of Katharine Fitzgerald, pew-holder in the Church of St. Paul

impossible ideal. Miss Bugg's bright discussions are stimulating to more active thought, and many of her suggestions are deserving of more than casual consideration. They are of still greater value because they are many-sided, which, by summarily disposing of a score of reasonable objectors, is one of the advantages of the conversational form.—Catholic Universe.

#### OBITUARY.

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

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

Mrs. Denis Feely.

Ignatius Gowen, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Sr. M. Cyrilla, of the Dominican Order.

Thomas Trainor, who died a happy death at Pittsburg, Pa., April 30.

Rev. James P. Kiernan, Vicar-General of Rochester, N. Y., a holy, zealous and much beloved priest, who is mourned by all who knew him.

Ernest J. Wimmer, late District Attorney of Elk County, Pennsylvania, who was suddenly called to his reward an April 25 last. Mr. Wimmer was born Sept. 15, 1859, at Pittsburg; graduated from St. Vincent College in arts and sciences in 1878; entered Columbia law school at New York the same year, and graduated with honors in 1882. Was admitted to the New York bar the same year, and to the Elk County bar in 1883, at the age of 21 years. He was elected district attorney of Elk County in 1885, re-elected in 1888. In 1897 he became the choice of the people for the same office for a third term, which office he held at the time of his death. His professional knowledge was profound and ever ready at his command. A man of great mentality, he exhibited great force and virile powers, tempered with tenderness and a personality which endeared him to all his friends and associates.

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

#### PETITIONS.

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

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

Spiritual needs of a son; a girl's cure; conversion of a husband; an insane brother; employment; vocation; parents' conversion; means; health; spiritual; general; one special.

#### WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Names received at New Baltimore (Pa.) Monastery, from:—Cumberland, Md.; Pittston, Pa.; Peoria, Ill., and New Albany, Ind.

Names received at Carmelite Monastery, Pittsburg, from:—Sacred Heart church, El Paso, Texas; Holy Saviour's church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; S. S. Peter and Paul's church, Muskato, Minn.; St. Clair, Minn.; Mercy Hospital, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Paul's Monastery, Pittsburg S. S., Pa.; Sacred Heart College, Denver, Col.; St. Patrick's church, Indianapolis, Ind., and St. Louis, Mo.

The heart of a Christian should be a tomb for the faults of his friends.—Anon.

We decree and command that, throughout the Church, this year, and every subsequent year, a Novena shall take place before Whitsunday in all parish churches.—Leo XIII.

God has made many gracious promises to men; and to encourage sinners to repent assures them of pardon; but He nowhere promises time. That He reserves to Himself and His own disposal.—Pacifcus Baker.

#### Falls View.

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 for 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.