



OUR INFANT SAVIOUR AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER.

(AFTER THE PAINTING BY SICHEL.)



The Divine Child and the Passion Flower.

(A Reverie.)

BY ENFANT DE MARIE—ST. CLARE'S.

O DEPTH of lustrous meaning in those eyes
That sadly gaze upon the mystic flower!
Dark shadows swiftly gather round the Child,
Low voices murmur of His Passion hour.

Yes! shadows from the moon-lit olive trees
Where He will kneel in agony alone,
And see! the petals of this flower enfold
A spear and nails, as emblems of His own.

The Virgin-Mother's tender, watchful gaze
Is resting on that far-off vision now,
His robe, as in the vintage time seems dyed,
A thorny circlet wreaths that Infant-brow.

Her heart is wounded as with sword of pain,
And yet in peace (like His) so deep and still,
These sweet hearts beat in unison of love
And calm submission to the Father's will.

The joyous Christmas-songs have died away;
But softly, with a plaintive, touching power,
These echoes linger of a legend old,
Our Saviour gazing on the Passion-flower.

Fair blossom! thy symbolic imagery
Is traced for us by master-hand divine,
And seems to whisper, with a pleading voice:
Bear impress of His Passion like to mine!

The brightest flowers of this lovely earth
In woodland, lane, or shady garden-bower,
No lesson teach more dear to Jesus' Heart
Of patient suffering—than the Passion-flower.

ST. DOROTHEA, VIRGIN-MARTYR.

Feast February 6th.

NOT in the glowing Summer-time
 When fairest flowers unfold,
 Nor yet when Autumn-beauty tints
 The woodland trees with gold.
 The earth was clothed in wintry garb
 Of pure and snowy white,
 When Dorothea's soul went forth
 To everlasting light.
 A virgin fair, a "Gift of God," *
 Spouse of the Lamb Divine,
 Around her youthful martyr-soul
 The mystic palms entwine.
 How gladly, for the love of Christ,
 She welcomed earthly pain !
 And turned away from fleeting joys,
 Eternal bliss to gain.
 She heard the bitter, taunting words
 Of one a witness there ;
 "O Dorothea ! send sweet fruits
 And fragrant flow'rets fair
 "From that bright garden of your Spouse,
 The land beyond the skies."
 She meekly answered, "I will send
 Choice gifts of Paradise."
 The shadows of the evening-hours
 Were deepening into night,
 Swiftly an Angel-form descends
 In robe of shining light.
 "Behold, O Theophilus, here
 From gardens far away,
 The fruits and flowers sent by her
 Who died for Christ to-day."
 A ray of golden light illumines
 The darkness of his soul,
 And mystic truths of holy faith,
 Before his gaze enroll.
 He gladly chose the narrow path
 That Dorothea trod,
 He, too, will shed his blood for Christ,
 The loving Saviour-God.
 Sweet are the fruits, and fair the flowers,
 That bloom in fields above,
 But, Oh ! the sweetest are for those
 Who suffer for God's love.

—ENFANT DE MARIE (of St. Clare's.)

* "Dorothea"—"Gift of God"

Under The Turk.

REFLECTIONS ON THE LATE MASSACRES BY THE TURKS IN MACEDONIA, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SIMILAR BARBARITIES IN BULGARIA.—RETROSPECT OF THE VICISSITUDES OF CATHOLICITY IN THE LATTER COUNTRY.—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ITS PEOPLE, ETC.

OUR readers will need no introduction to the writer of the following article, namely, the Very Rev. A. M. Blakely, C. P., having become acquainted with him through his contribution to our magazine, entitled "Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," etc.—Father Blakely, who represents the American province of his Order in the Bulgarian mission field, gives a striking portrayal of the history and mode of life of the people for whose welfare he and his brethren are laboring, and touches incidentally on cognate topics. Here is what he says :

Recent dispatches from the Orient have appeared in the public press of this country relative to the acts of fiendish barbarity committed by the Turks against the Christians of Macedonia within the last few weeks. On December 20, the "Pittsburg Daily News" published the following report :

"VIENNA, Dec. 20.—Further details of the massacre of the Christians in Macedonia by Mussulmans are received from Salonica. Horrible outrages have been committed. In the village of Bituch, in Northern Albania, a horde of Mohammedans crucified every male Christian in the place, fixing them to trees with stakes driven through the hands and feet. Many of the women were outraged, and all were carried off to the Mohammedan harems. Children were chopped up before their parents' eyes.

"At Gruma, south of Bituch, women were violated in front of their husbands and fathers; the men were terribly mutilated, having their ears, fingers, toes and limbs cut off. Many Christians were drowned.

"At Ribaritz the entire population was massacred, after the victims' flesh had been sliced off. At Banishka a bonfire was made of 20 Christians. At Genevitza a priest of the Melumkovics was tied in a sack and thrown into the river.

"The ringleader of the Mohammedans is the fanatic Haiduk Islam, who boasts, of having slaughtered 200 'infidels' with his own hands.

"The Servian consul at Mitrovitza estimates the number of Christians killed at 470 men, 110 women and 430 children. He places the number of Christian women outraged at 385. The Turkish authorities are indifferent to the outrages, though they were committed in the sultan's domain."

Our blood runs cold on perusing these horrible details, and we ask ourselves how it is that Christian (?) Europe and enlightened America can look on unmoved, while an innocent people, whose only 'crime' is their attempts to free themselves from the most brutal despotism known—that of the Moslem—is being subjected to every species of maltreatment by these demons in human form, and that, too, with all the refinements of cruelty with

which the followers of the "False Prophet" are, alas, but too familiar. "The Pittsburg Post" of December 19 gave a lengthy dispatch from London, from which I make the following extracts, the purport whereof will soon manifest itself:

"LONDON, Dec. 18.—Osman Pasha, son of the late Ameer of Kurdistan, has come to London to enlist the friendly offices of Lord Salisbury in an uprising of the Kurds he intends leading against Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey. The neutrality of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain, it is stated, has been assured.

"Osman declares that an army of 100,000 Kurds and Armenians is ready to take the field under his banner and wage a fight for independence. He expects Russia to side with Turkey. St. Petersburg will therefore be omitted from his missionary tour of the European capitals, which has begun with his present visit to England.

"Speaking to your correspondent tonight Osman, who is a statuesque, soldiery man of 48 years, talked of his people's grievances and aspirations. He said: 'Abdul Hamid has hopelessly demoralized the Kurd nation. At his instigation we have become a race of murderers. Under the penalty of our own lives we have been incited to butcher and massacre the Armenians, with whom formerly we enjoyed the closest bonds of affection and friendship. When the last slaughter at Constantinople was ordered, my father, as chief of the Kurd troops, personally saved the lives of thousands of Armenians by hiding them away from the sultan's fury.

"We fear the sultan's inhuman excesses must inevitably bring him into conflict with some of the great nations of the world. We have determined to

strike for our freedom before such a crisis overtakes the empire. We shall have the support of Persia, and if the Czar keeps his hands off we shall achieve certain victory.

* * * * *

"Osman asserts that Abdul Hamid has instructed his ambassador in London to approach the British war office for the purpose of inducing it to reject the Kurds' overtures."

Will England listen favorably to the emissary of him whom Gladstone fittingly called "The Red-handed Monster of the East"?

I was in Constantinople but a few weeks prior to the frightful slaughter of the unfortunate Armenians referred to by Osman Pasha, and saw daily upon its streets bands of ferocious Kurds, their sashes bristling with daggers and pistols, and their eyes glaring in anticipation of the approaching carnage as those of a wild beast which has just scented blood. I heard later that 50,000 of these inhuman butchers had been called to the imperial city by the sultan, for the purpose of exterminating its Armenian inhabitants root and branch. No less than 4,000 of these unhappy people succeeded in escaping to Bulgaria and were quartered in the cities of Varna and Rustchuk, within the limits of the diocese of Nicopolis. The blood-curdling tales they told of what they had seen and endured, of the frightful indignities, torture and death inflicted on those nearest and dearest to them, would melt a heart of stone.

Is there no remedy for such a state of things? Will Christian Europe and civilized America still persist in turning a deaf ear to the plaintive cries of this sadly persecuted people? Must they

all perish; and shall the brutal, immoral and grossly ignorant Turk enter into possession of the country which has been theirs by centuries of prescription? Alas, with the decline of faith in once Catholic Europe, the Church's influence on the governments there is woefully diminished, so that all hope of freeing the Holy Land from the grasp of the infidel, or of putting an end to the abominable rule of the Turk, seems lost. Still, that which appears to be impossible humanly speaking, is not so with the "God of Armies," and while a renewal of the Crusades (in many respects undesirable) is not to be thought of in our day, a crusade of prayer the world over might move the Most High to intervene in behalf of His suffering children in the Orient.

In this connection, I consider it inopportune to subjoin some facts concerning a people whose history appeals to the sympathies of the civilized world, namely the Bulgarians; and I will do so in the form of an address which I delivered not long ago in the city of Erie, Pa., to the members of the Third Order of St. Francis, and which was afterwards published in the "Catholic Universe" of Cleveland:

ADDRESS.

"At the instance of your worthy president, kind friends and members of the 'Third Order,' I have chosen as the subject of my remarks to you on the present occasion a theme which is very near my heart, namely, the country of Bulgaria, in which, for a number of years, I have labored as a missionary, and to which I expect to return after having successfully accomplished the work that brought me back to my native shores. This, as you have learned from my appeal of last Sunday,

is the gathering of funds for the erection of a seminary in the diocese of Nicopolis, with the object of preparing Bulgarian youths for the sublime duties of the priesthood.

"In order that you may understand what special interest I, as a Passionist, have in a land so distant from that in which I was born and raised, I will premise here that our holy founder, Paul of the Cross, one of the greatest saints of modern times, laid it down in the Rules which he gave us, and which have been solemnly approved by the Church, that we must be ready, when called upon by the Supreme Pontiff, to undertake missions in infidel or pagan regions.

"It was in accordance with this point of that Rule that, on the demand of Pope Pius VI., our Fathers entered upon the barren and uninviting field of the northern portion of Bulgaria at a period when that entire country was still a Turkish province. This was about 120 years ago, namely in 1787. Up to that date the unfortunate country of Bulgaria had been under the barbarous and autocratic rule of the sultan for nearly four centuries, and was destined to remain the helpless victim of the greed, rapacity and blood-thirstiness of the followers of Mohammed until the Russo-Turkish war of 1878—scarcely a quarter of a century ago.

"In all, the enslavement of this unhappy people lasted 500 years; and their history during that term is one of suffering and of horror hardly excelled by that of the wretched Armenians, of whom, within a few years past, not less than 300,000 have been cruelly butchered by the godless Turk, whilst countless others, regardless of age or sex, were made slaves or given over to a fate worse than death.

"Our people were decimated time and again either by wholesale slaughter or banishment; and those who were allowed to live, because of the momentary inaction of their implacable enemy, could barely subsist, being frequently robbed of their meagre belongings, except of such as they were able to conceal in some out-of-the-way spot on the approach of the despoiler. It was a common occurrence, for instance, for a band of marauding Turks to enter the miserable hovels of their victims, and, after having appropriated whatever struck their fancy, compel the trembling peasants to prepare a meal for them. Then, after having gorged themselves, they would say to their unwilling hosts: 'You have made our teeth work; you must now pay us for their labor.' And if from the scant savings, which thankless toil had perhaps enabled them to lay by, a goodly portion were not instantly forthcoming, torture of various kinds was resorted to until, forced by pain and fear of death, the demand of the brutal guests was complied with.

"You can imagine, my dear friends, what the effect of half a thousand years of such treatment must have been, and must be even to this day. Indeed, it has been remarked by travelers in Bulgaria, who have gone thither to study the nature of the soil, the customs of the people and the like, that the inhabitants seem to be under a spell—dazed, as it were, shrinking from contact with strangers, shy, timid and suspicious—as is the case with all those who have been trodden down and kept in servitude for a long period of time. All ambition or desire for betterment is apparently extinct. The mass of the people are seemingly in a profound lethargy, indifferent to what goes on around them, and

scarcely conscious of the fact that they have been wrested at last from the galling yoke of the infidel and restored to freedom. Would you believe it—and it is a feature that has often impressed me painfully—even children at play are strangely silent, not emitting so much as a cry of pleasure or interest during their simple games.

"What does this betoken, if not that the constant sense of fear which was born and bred in their terrorized progenitors, and which led the latter to seclude themselves in every possible way from their ruthless tormenters, has not yet been eradicated from the present generation, in spite of the fact that twenty-two years have elapsed since the chains of serfdom were stricken from their wrists? This innate fear, together with its cognate accompaniments, namely, suspicion and distrust, leads the Bulgarian to be wary of foreigners. It is with nations, in this case, as it is with individuals.

"When in their infancy, they hold back from those that are strange to them; and, because they do not know them, they imagine that some selfish motive underlies their offers of assistance and their professions of friendship. This state of things must necessarily retard the advancement of a young people, seeing that, being themselves unfamiliar with the useful arts, and unable therefore to develop the resources of their country, set on foot industries and the like, they cannot rise beyond the plane of mediocrity, if indeed they attain to that pitch itself. This is the case in Bulgaria, and more particularly, I may say, in the northern part of it to-day. The absence of outside influence, the lack of foreign capital, and the disinclination of a great majority of the

population to leave the groove in which their ancestors moved for centuries, have sensibly checked the progress which, under favorable circumstances, this young and vigorous people would have made. And this is all the more to be wondered at, when we consider the great natural advantages which the country possesses. It has as waterways, by means of which it could open up and maintain commercial relations with Europe and Asia, the lordly Danube and the Black Sea. Its soil is, for the most part, rich and fertile, and therefore capable of producing frequent and abundant crops. Wheat, corn and other cereals can be raised with ease. Immense fields of roses in the southern districts are converted into delicious perfumes, while the climate is very favorable to grape culture; and where wine is made, it is found to be of excellent quality.

"If with all these and other advantages, which time does not permit me to speak of this evening, foreign capital could but get a foothold, and if people from other countries were encouraged to settle in the principality, it is evident that Bulgaria would soon be among the most thriving places of its size in the world. Its area is 24,360 square miles, and its population is about 2,500,000.

"The length of this address would be entirely too great were I to cast more than a hasty glance at the past of Bulgaria; its occupation, for instance, by the Moesians, its first known inhabitants—a warlike people who strove long and hard against the encroachments of the Romans, and who finally united with the Gothic and Slavonic tribes against the Greek empire; the advent in the seventh century of its present race, a people of

Finnish origin, who were originally established on the banks of the Volga, but who conquered the Moesians and established the kingdom of Bulgaria; the loss by this latter of their language and customs, and, in the end, even of their racial identity, by reason of their gradual assimilation with the Slavonic inhabitants of the land.

"Suffice it to say here, that after having become the prey of the Greek emperors, and having been under their sway for a time, Bulgaria fell into the hands of the followers of the false prophet in 1393—that is, some 56 years before the fall of Constantinople.

"Would that the time at my disposal permitted me to describe at some length this deplorable event; how, in the neighborhood of the very city of Nicopolis, from which the diocese of that title takes its name, the brave King Sigismund, at the head of his troops, composed of Germans, Hungarians and the flower of the French nobility, was routed by the Saracen hordes; how the sultan Bajasid, infuriated by the losses inflicted on his army by the brave defenders of the cross, caused 3,000 of the prisoners he had taken to be cut to pieces in front of his tent, or how he exacted the enormous ransom of 200,000 gold ducats from their king, Charles VI., for the redemption of the French knights who had fallen into his blood-stained hands. But as it would be impossible to do justice to this sad theme within the limits of this brief address, I will only add that the rage of the brutal conqueror knew no bounds, and that from this moment until the partial deliverance of the country from the Ottoman yoke in 1878 (for Bulgaria is still tributary to Turkey, and its ruler, though chosen by the people, must be confirmed by the Sublime Porte with

the assent of the powers), the lot of the Bulgarians has been one which begs description.

"The story of its woes has been best told by J. A. MacGahan, an Irish-American and a devoted Catholic, who was born in New Lexington, Ohio, and who, in quality of war correspondent of the London 'Times,' traversed the country both before and during the Russo-Turkish campaign, and by his masterly exposé of the atrocities perpetrated by the Mussulmans during the centuries of oppression, so stirred the civilized world and excited its sympathies, that Bulgaria was granted its autonomy, with the restriction mentioned a moment ago. The memory of MacGahan will be held in everlasting veneration by the Bulgarians. It has been said that they thought of choosing him for their ruler. But death defeated their aspirations in this respect, for he yielded up his life in the city of Constantinople in the year 1878, a victim of heroic Christian charity, having succumbed to typhus while nursing an American officer who had been stricken down with that dread disease.

(The remains of Jan. MacGahan, as he was familiarly known, were brought to this country pursuant to an act of the Legislature of Ohio, and were interred in the Catholic cemetery of New Lexington, O., with military honors, in presence of many leading men of that State. The then chief executive, Governor Hoadly, delivered the address at the grave.)

To this day, in the schismatic cathedral of Ternovo—a city once the abode of the ancient Bulgarian kings—a requiem service is held on the anniversary of the death of this noble Irish-American, and he is fondly styled by his grateful wards, 'The Bulgarian Liberator.'

"We will now turn our attention to the religious status of Bulgaria. Originally, that is to say prior to the ninth century, its people were pagans, and they first became acquainted with Christianity through the instrumentality of Greek captives, whom they had taken in war. Bogoris, or Boris, their sovereign, was baptized in the Catholic faith, but committed the great error of endeavoring to compel his subjects by main force to follow his example. This ill-advised step caused a revolution to break out against him, which he ultimately succeeded in repressing. For a time after this event, priests of the Greek rite exercised the ministry in the kingdom, but as they were tainted with the schism of Photius, the unlawful patriarch of Constantinople, Bogoris had recourse to Pope Nicholas I. and to King Louis of Germany, with the latter of whom he had established friendly relations, requesting both to furnish the nascent church of his realm with bishops and priests. The Holy Father answered the appeal of Bogoris by sending the Bishops Paul and Formosus; and the German monarch in like manner dispatched Bishop Ermenrich, together with a number of priests and deacons, who bore with them rich presents, namely, sacred vessels, liturgical works and a considerable amount of treasure. These envoys of King Louis did not remain long in their new sphere, however, because on their arrival they found those of Pope Nicholas in possession and the hierarchy already organized.

"Again, subsequent to the death of Pope Nicholas, which occurred soon after the appeal of King Bogoris to Rome, his successor in the pontificate, Hadrian II., raised to the episcopal dignity the brothers germain Cyril and Methodius, who had already, in quality

of priests, labored among the Slavonic tribes, that of the Bulgarians included, and destined them to prosecute their hitherto fruitful efforts in those regions. The first of these is justly regarded as the founder of the Slavonic literature; and the Russian and Bulgarian alphabets are called after him to this day, to-wit, 'Cyrillian.' He also translated the Bible, divers writings of the Fathers and other useful works into the Slav tongue. These zealous missionaries had the advantage over their brethren of the Latin rite, in that, by consent of the Holy See, they performed the offices of the liturgy in the language of the people. Cyril died not long after his consecration, but his brother, Methodius, survived, and labored with great success among the Bulgarians. Both are inscribed as saints in the Latin and Greek calendars.

"It was, then, through the action of the head of the Catholic church and at the urgent request of the King of Bulgaria, that priests of the Latin rite came into that territory; and it is said that, during their stay there, which, owing to the bitter opposition of the Greek clergy, was not of more than three years' duration, they completed the conversion of the country. The schismatic metropolitan, Photius, alarmed at the progress the missionaries of Popes Nicholas and Hadrian had made, claimed the Church in Bulgaria as rightfully belonging to his patriarchate, in which false assumption he was held by the imperial power. The protests of the Holy See against this unwarrantable usurpation were unavailing, and in the year 870 the few ecclesiastics of the Roman rite who had until then braved the intrigues of the Greek church against them, were ignominiously expelled, and schismatic bishops took possession. Thus, what

had so lately promised to be a flourishing branch in the vine planted by our Saviour, namely, the one true Church, was cut off from the parent stock; and ecclesiastical history proves that His divine utterance has been fulfilled in this instance to the letter, viz. 'Unless the branch abide in the vine it cannot bring forth fruit.'

"The condition of affairs as just related lasted until the tenth century, when the Bulgarian hierarchy separated itself from the jurisdiction of the Greek patriarchate of Constantinople, still remaining in the schism, however. Though, even as late as the twelfth century, the correspondence which took place between King 'Kalo-John' and Basil, the archbishop of Ternovo, on the one hand, and Pope Innocent III. on the other, bore unmistakable witness to the union that once existed between their country and the Holy See, and, for a time, gave hope of a re-establishment of the harmony which long ago characterized their relations.

"Oh, that Bulgaria would but remember, now that church and state have achieved their independence—the one of Grecian ecclesiastical domination, and the other of Mussulman tyranny—that it was she herself who in the beginning of her existence as a nation sought, of her own accord, the light of the gospel at its true source—the See of Peter;—and that it was Catholic Rome, in the person of the Supreme Pontiff, which was the first power to recognize her primates and kings!

"The time is certainly ripe for serious reflection on her part in this direction,—a remark which leads me into a brief explanation regarding her position in point of religious supremacy since her conquest by the Turks. In the tenth century (as I stated further back) she succeeded in freeing herself from

the rule of the Greek patriarch. But no sooner had she fallen under the Ottoman power (1393), than this prelate reasserted his jurisdiction, and the Sultan, on whom he depends for confirmation in office when elected, sustained him in this pretention.

"This supremacy of the patriarch of Constantinople over the Bulgarian church continued until the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, when, owing to the hatred of the Bulgarians toward the Greek bishops and priests—who had tyrannized over them in the most shameless manner, extorting money from them under every possible pretext, even to the extent of refusing to administer the Sacraments to the dying unless 'paid in advance'—the people revolted against these odious hirelings, and put in their places bishops and priests of their own nationality. A little later the ancient Slav tongue was substituted in the liturgy for the Greek, which up to that time had been the language of the Mass, etc. These two acts brought down upon the Bulgarian hierarchy the thunders of the patriarch, who fulminated against it a sentence of excommunication. Hence, the Bulgarian church stands alone—being cut off from that of Constantinople and not united with that of Russia. It were, consequently, a favorable moment, methinks, for union with that Church whose head has always shown the deepest interest in it and whose powerful protection would strengthen it against the intrigues of the great Cossack empire, which is only biding its time to enslave it and to absorb it.

"But it would be a mistake to imagine that during the period which elapsed from the expulsion of the Roman clergy under Photius, (that is, from the year 870 until the present

century), there were no priests or bishops of the Latin rite in Bulgaria. The numerous commercial treaties, which had been established during the Middle Ages between the Republic of Venice and the Byzantine empire (and which were not interrupted by the triumph of Islamism in the Orient) dotted the coast of the Black Sea and the banks of the Danube with trading stations, which were accompanied in almost every instance by the erection of Catholic churches. Even in the interior of Bulgaria, which was traversed by the tireless Venetians, divers colonies of our brethren in the faith were to be found. And in this connection I must notice a fact of special interest and significance. You know, of course, of the heresy of the Manicheans, called also Bogomilians from the two Bulgarian words *Bog*, God, and *milos*, mercy. Its adherents, who about the commencement of the thirteenth century were found in northern Italy under the name of Patarians, and in the south of France under that of Albigenses, or 'Bons-hommes,' were first called Paulicians. When in the early part of the twelfth century the Byzantine emperor, Alexius Comnenus, discovered the existence of this sect in his dominions, where it took its rise, he issued a decree of banishment against those who professed it, and transported vast numbers of them to Thrace, in the neighborhood of the present city of Philppopolis, where they were found later on by the Crusaders, and whence they spread over the entire Balkan peninsula, extending from here throughout portions of Italy and France. Now, what seemed a misfortune for Bulgaria in the advent of these heretics, resulted eventually quite otherwise; for they were nearly all converted to the true faith—in the

Latin rite,—and have, for the most part, remained unswerving in their allegiance to its teachings, in spite of the unrelenting opposition of the so-called 'Orthodox Christians' and of the cruel persecution of the Turks.

"In the year 1365 King Louis of Hungary, surnamed the Great, in order to repress the onward march of Islamism, which once more threatened Europe with invasion, took forcible possession of the city of Widdin, on the Danube, and of the surrounding territory, all of which is within the boundaries of the diocese of Nicopolis. Here he found great numbers of the Paulician heretics; and sending for missionaries of the Franciscan Order, which was established in Bosnia, had these benighted people instructed in the mysteries of our holy faith. Eight Fathers, as we learn from the annals of that Order, baptized no less than two hundred thousand persons in the space of fifty days.

"Now, the 'significant and interesting fact' to which I referred a little while ago, is that of the descendants of these very 'Paulicians'—call them Manicheans if you will—constitute the Catholic population of the Latin rite in Bulgaria to-day. Few in number, as compared with former times, because butchered or banished by the heartless Moslem, who for five centuries waged a ceaseless war of extermination against them, they number only some 30,000 in all Bulgaria at this day, of whom a little less than half belong to the diocese of Nicopolis.

"What they have endured for the faith has merited for them the protection of heaven amid all the terrible vicissitudes through which they have passed, and they have never been without the consolations of the religion they loved so well, though the

enjoyment of these was fraught with dangers of every kind and accompanied by persecution even unto death.

"Have we not here a picture which should appeal to the sympathy of all true Christians, and which reminds us vividly of the sufferings undergone by Catholic Ireland during the ages of oppression? Like the glorious children of Erin's great apostle, St. Patrick, these poor, hunted, down-trodden and martyred Bulgarians, too, have remained steadfast to the bitter end in the faith which is common to both.

"I have incidentally referred to the banishment or enforced exile of numbers of these poor people while Bulgaria was still under Turkish rule. As an instance of this I will say here, that whilst at one time there were fourteen flourishing Catholic settlements around the city of Nicopolis, which was formerly the episcopal see of the bishop of the Latin rite, there are now only four; for in the year 1726, 4,000 families were compelled to flee from their native soil to the hospitable shores of Hungary, where the Empress Maria Teresa welcomed them with truly royal magnanimity, giving them lands and assisting them in every way. There these exiles founded fifteen villages and the beautiful little city of Vinga; and, needless to say, favored as they were by the noble lady who had extended to them a helping hand in the hour of trial and adversity, they showed their gratitude—first to God, by increased fidelity in His service, and then to their royal patroness and her successors on the Austro-Hungarian throne—by becoming worthy members of society and staunch defenders of their adopted country. Churches and schools arose on all sides of them; they speedily took on the civilized habits of their new-found neighbors,

and finally became merged, as it were, into the people to whom they had fled for protection. Still, the love of fatherland was far from extinguished in their bosoms. This, too, was cultivated and nourished for nations, being handed down from father to son. And, consequently, when Bulgaria was granted its autonomy by the treaty of Berlin, soon after the Russo-Turkish war, many of their descendants sought its shores—liberal grants of land by the new regime, as also exemption from taxation and military duty for the space of seven years, being an additional inducement for their return.

“Need I explain to you, dear friends, how the constant influx of these people—all Catholics—is taxing the resources of our diocese to the utmost? You can readily understand that during five centuries of persecution and oppression, when neither priests nor the faithful were sure of their lives from one day to another, the erection of churches and schools, the establishment of a native clergy, or the providing of that most necessary feature of every diocese, a seminary, was utterly impossible. And now that we have freedom; now that under the guarantee of the constitution of Bulgaria we stand on an equal footing, at least theoretically, with the ‘Orthodox’ communion, which is the national religion of the country, the means are wanting for the effectuation of these indispensable improvements. Our Catholics are poor, being—with the insignificant exception of the small foreign element to be found in the cities, and consisting mainly of Austrians, French and Italians—of the laboring class, whose sole source of revenue is the product of their fields.

“These are the decendants of the ‘Paulicians,’ of whom I spoke a few moments ago, and they are divided into

two categories. The first are those who remained in the country in spite of the cruel treatment of their Turkish oppressors, and the second are the returned exiles whose ancestors fled to Hungary. The former inhabit what is known as the ‘Old Villages,’ their dwellings being wretched huts whose walls are composed of tramped clay, and which are thatched with straw. Their life is primitive in the extreme, for they have not even its simplest conveniences. They sleep on mats laid on the bare ground, eat out of a common dish placed upon the floor, on which they sit in Turkish fashion while at meals, and, indeed, whenever they sit; for chairs, as well as tables, are unknown among them. Each man has his knife, which must also do duty as a fork, inasmuch as the latter implement has not yet found its way into their humble homes. Meat they rarely have, their food consisting of ordinary vegetables, all boiled together and forming a species of pottage. Their dress is modest and of the commonest texture. One striking feature of the Catholic villages is that all the women are habited precisely alike,—not a ribbon, feather, flower or article of jewelry is to be seen on them. Hence vanity, which is supposed to be a natural weakness of the gentler sex, is out of the question. The men, too, have their peculiar costumes, so that on seeing them one can tell at a glance from what village they come.

“The villages of the second category present quite a different appearance from those of the first. The houses are more roomy and solid, the roof being of tiles. The external walls are constantly kept whitewashed, giving an air of cleanliness and thrift, while the interior of the dwelling is inviting because of the neatness and tidiness

which prevail throughout. Substantial beds and bedding, a full array of culinary utensils and plain but comfortable furniture complete the inventory. It is among this class particularly that we expect to find candidates for the priesthood. And, indeed, at the present time we have several youths, drawn from this source, pursuing their ecclesiastical course in the monasteries of our Franco-Belgian province.

The expense of sending candidates for the priesthood to such a distance from Bulgaria, however, as also the fact that during the long course of study necessary to fit them for the ministry, they are apt to forget to a serious degree their native tongue, has determined our bishop to undertake at all odds the erection of a modest seminary in the episcopal city of Rustchuk.

But, kind friends, I feel that I have trespassed on your kind attention too long.

"May the hardships undergone for the last 120 years by our bishops and priests, the sufferings and sacrifices which our poor people have endured

for the faith during the ages past, as also the extreme need of laborers in this portion of our Lord's vineyard—all which I have endeavored to describe to you in this address—prompt those whom God has blessed with the goods of this world to contribute out of their abundance towards the cause I am advocating. The Holy Father himself has blessed it, the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda has given it his full approval, and the right reverend Bishop of the diocese of Nicopolis, whose Vicar-General I have the honor to be, has commissioned me, with the sanction of the most reverend Father General of our Order, to labor for its promotion by seeking funds among the charitably disposed. All who assist me herein will share in the numerous Masses and prayers offered by the clergy of the diocese and by our humble 'villagers' as well, and may be sure, moreover, of a rich reward from Him who has said: 'Amen, I say, whatever ye shall do unto one of these, my least brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"

God Bless Our Pope.*

Full in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the Apostle's crowning
dome,
From pilgrims' lips that kiss the
ground,
Breathes in all tongues one only
sound—

CHORUS.

God bless our Pope, the great, the
good!
God bless our Pope, the great, the
good!

The golden roof, the marble walls,
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note redouble till it fills
With echoes sweet the Seven Hills.
From torrid South to frozen North
The wave harmonious stretches forth,

Yet strikes no chord more true to
Rome's
Than rings within our hearts and
homes.

For, like the sparks of unseen fire
That speak along the magic wire,
From home to home, from heart to
heart,

These words of countless children
dart.

To homes and hearts of Saints above,
Which link'd with ours in thought
and love.

Repeating, bless the pilgrim's strain,
As showers enrich with borrow'd
rain.

* [An Irish Pilgrims Hymn, written in honor of our great Pope Leo XIII.—the "Lumen in Conio" of the nineteenth and twentieth century.]

Reminiscences of Mt. Carmel.

[Editorial correspondence by Rev. Dr. A. Heiter in the "Aurora and Christliche Woche" of Buffalo.]

Translated from the German by Miss S. X. Blakely, of St. Marys, Pa.

(Concluded from January Number.)

NUMEROUS indeed were the caravans, and many the travellers who followed in our traces. There was also an immense landau full of pilgrims who landed at Kaipha, and from there went directly to Nazareth. Our readers will probably be interested in knowing that this vehicle was manufactured in East Aurora N. Y., by a German-American who is engaged in the business, and that to quite a successful extent.

We had scarcely gone a mile's distance along the street when the sea's vast expanse was unfolded to our enraptured view. Apparently so near was it to us that there seemed no doubt whatever of our reaching the harbor of Kaipha by ten o'clock. Eleven came, and still we were not there, nor for some time later. Kaipha lies at the foot of the promontory, south of the Bay of Akka, [where Kiso gives its waters to the fathomless depths of the sea. There is quite a pretentious flow of water at this place. It was formerly called Helba—the Arabians now call it Haifa. In the middle ages it was an Episcopal See, and also quite a commercial mart, but it gradually lost its prestige, and only regained some of its importance in our own day, through the colony of the Templars.

Jaiffa has its "Schwabens," so too in Kaiffa, they are established, and it can be proven that the Holy Land is, at this point, highly susceptible of cultivation.

Diligent and capable hands have wrought wonders with Carmel, and have developed Kaipha into a place of importance both for land and sea. Indeed we could not hesitate to call it a place of the very first rank. The German Emperor landed here when he made his pilgrimage, in anticipation of which, great preparations were of course made by the German Colony for a fitting reception to their Ruler. Now the pilgrim reaps the benefit of their loyalty. Since that time the harbor and the streets have been kept in good condition, but owing to the opposition of the Turks, the railroad to Nazareth has not been completed. The old part of the city bears the stamp of the East, but displays more cleanliness than is often evinced in the "dim, mysterious Orient." The more modern portion resembles an American city. Here the Templars, both American and German, have set up their Lares and Penates. Those who would enjoy the sight of beautiful gardens should tarry here awhile. We repaired to the dwelling of a former resident of Buffalo, now highly prosperous under the protecting ægis of the manufacture of *olive soap*. We thus had the opportunity of seeing the floral display, a wilderness of lovely flowers, a temple of which Flora would be proud, but which we would most joyfully deprive her of, to offer as a tribute to Our Lady of Carmel.

All the territory from here to the

foot of Mount Carmel and to the sea belongs to the German Colony, and is most advantageously situated. Even to the rear of the mountain the Swabians have penetrated, and have luxuriant vineyards and tastefully laid out gardens. Unhappily they came into collision with the monks, the point at issue being the right of possession, which entailed a long and tedious process before the Turkish authorities who, as is well known, are extremely slow, and averse to rendering a decision; of course the delay is more profitable to themselves.

Mohamedans, Jews and Christians are all represented among the population. The Catholics have a very pretty church which is attended by the Carmelite Fathers. The Sisters of Nazareth conduct a school for girls. The German "Palestina Verein" some time ago opened a Hospice at this place, with the Sisters of Mercy in attendance, a fortunate circumstance for the pilgrims, fearing the dangerous landing at Jaffa prefer to try the safer one to Kaipha. It was high noon when we reached the foot of Mount Carmel whence the way led up to the convent. Formerly the ascent was rather difficult, but the new path winds up the lofty height in a delightfully easy style. The monastery lies 150 metres above the level of the sea at the very edge of the promontory which rises abruptly out of the sea and presents a most magnificent sight. The highest point of Mount Carmel is 600 metres, its length about 18 miles, its breadth not quite six. The rapid pace of our steeds took us to the top rather more speedily than we might have wished, for the beauty of the scenery unfolds itself more and more vividly with every upward step. Only for the knowledge of what awaited us at the

plateau we would, despite the great heat, have lingered to take in the glories of the enchanting scene.

Mount Carmel is not destitute of foliage as are the other mountains of Palestine; neither is it rich in the forest trees which, luxuriant in their garb of green, adorn our woodlands and mountains in America, and enrich also the mountainous districts of Germany. *Such* foliage is not in the Orient. The springs are not as fresh and radiant as ours, and consequently that healthful and delightful freshness of verdure characteristic of the temperate zones is wanting here. An inhabitant of the western regions will, therefore, be slow to comprehend the description of the Oriental who, accustomed to his scanty foliage, goes into raptures over a green shrub, and designates each thorn-bush as a mighty tree.

Such a bush you must picture to yourself when mention is made of the "forest clad Carmel." This mountain it is true is more favored. Intersected as it is by clefts and fissures, the numerous springs which gush forth therefrom refresh the valleys to such an extent that when Spring—glad Spring—smiles over the land—everything presents a charming vista. The tender green of the shrubbery, the buds bursting forth to beauty and bloom, and the universal joy which pervades the heart is a something to be forever remembered.

Upon our arrival we found our tents already put up in the spacious court of the monastery, immediately in front of the light-house, formerly the villa of Abdallah Pasha. They would not have been needed here, as there was ample room at the Hospice, but we could not dispense with them, because we required them for our journey as far as Damascus.

The monastery of the Carmelites in its present form dates from the year 1828. It is a stately edifice, a regular fortress, and the finest convent in the Holy Land. Sad experience led the monks to erect buildings of such strength that from within their massive walls they could easily protect themselves against the attacks of the Mussulmans who more than once had stormed their monastery and deprived the inmates of life. When in the year 1799 Bonaparte laid siege to Acre, the monastery served the French soldiers as a hospital, and its cemetery as the burial place of the fallen soldiers. After the French left, the Turks made an assault destroying the building to the very last stone. Not a vestige of the foundation even was left. The rooms for guests are beautiful, also the spacious and well lighted halls. The pilgrim feels "at home" from the moment of his arrival. The cells for the monks are on the second story, so, too, are the library, the chapter room and the chapel. According to the prevailing custom in the East the roof is flat, and affords fine and extensive views. The Prior, a native of Malta, speaks English with sufficient fluency to carry on a conversation. Father Fingal is a Bavarian, but during our stay was not well, and was scarcely able to speak. Neither was the Prior in good health. I was surprised that the comparatively small community consisted for the greater part of invalids, so that it must be difficult to do the requisite work.

They suffer greatly from fevers despite the altitude and the proximity of the ocean. Probably this lamentable fact is due to the thickness of the stone walls, the masonry in the cellars, and the elaborate stone foundations. Beneath the building proper is a cistern,

which, throughout the entire year, is full of water. Then there are the massive walls and cellars around and beneath the cells; certainly they cannot escape being damp. Even the roof is of a structure through which no ray of sunshine can penetrate to vivify the house.

He whose life is to be spent within those walls can scarcely hope to escape the fever's blighting breath. The church is in the monastery buildings, enclosed and not visible from the outside. It is dedicated to our dear Lady of Mount Carmel, and is erected over the spot where in ages past away the altar, and later on the church, in honor of the Virgin Mother, (*Virgini Parituræ*) was discovered.

The pilgrim enters this holy sanctuary with feelings of the most profound veneration, the most ardent love. O! what a venerable, what a sublime temple to the ever-Blessed Virgin is open here for her devoted clients! The most ancient foundation of the Carmelite Order, to which was given the holy Scapular, a devotion honored and loved all over the world! Two stairways of ten steps each lead to the main altar, which is adorned with a lovely devotional statue of the Blessed Virgin and the Divine Child. Beneath the high altar is the grotto of St. Elias, where he, with Eliseus, dwelt. This is a natural cave, and has not materially changed since those ancient days. It is held in great veneration by both Christians and Mohamedans.

The altar is the only addition. Upon each side of the rotunda is a chapel, one dedicated to St. John, the other to St. Simon Stock. Everything is in the best order, beautifully kept, and the very air is full of devotion. Although comparatively modern, these spacious halls have grasped and retained the spirit of the dim and vanished past, centuries ago, and the fervent pilgrim feels himself united with the millions who, since the days of St. Elias, have honored and invoked Mary, the Immaculate, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and its Queen.

A Labor of Love.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

"I AM so glad Lent is here at last!" cried Mrs. Asquith, with a sigh of relief. Her pretty face wore a look of weariness, her dark eyes were evidently tired, and it was with a delicious sense of repose that she sank into a low willow rocker, bright with tufts of orange ribbon, before the open fire. The ruddy blaze sent out warm reflections, touching the hangings and bric-a-brac into richer tones of color and flashing out into flame again in the mirror opposite.

"So am I, mother!" And Helen echoed her mother's sigh. "It will be beautiful to rest and have time to think. 'The whirl of the wheel,' as Miss Dormer calls it, the presence of society with its duties—real and fancied—and its endless gaieties, is really something tremendous. I do think this season the worst I ever knew! I meant to do some charitable work, but I really could not! And my music-practice has suffered fearfully. I have hardly found time for my prayers."

"We will find time, now, my dear! And we will read some of Fr. Faber's books—the one on Bethlehem and the one that treats of the Precious Blood. The 'Imitation,' too,—we may well study that, and pray for grace to learn its lessons."

"Perhaps grace will bud and bloom in our hearts when Easter arrives, just as the trees will. These few warm February days, which pierce the sharpness of winter with bright prophesies of Spring, start the willow-buds and the sap in the maples. Then, at the first warm rain, the buds begin to

swell. Winter turns over, in its dreaming, and half wakes, when the first thaw comes! I love to watch the silent changes of the tree-buds! It all resembles a spiritual process. It is like the soft, imperceptible unfolding of the soul's life!"

"Growth in grace follows the conditions of growth everywhere. It requires warmth of sun-power from on high and the beautiful waters of Holy Baptism. It begins with the love of God in Christ Jesus—goes on beneath the nurturing of that love, so infinitely tender,—and, finally, so bursts with bloom, that even the dull world wakes to its glory and fragrance. There is a sweet analogy between the soul and the opening blossom."

"The bursting into bloom is best seen at the South, in Maryland, perhaps, and in Virginia. There, February is the month of fruit-buds. The snowy splendors of plum and cherry-bloom and the exquisite pink of the peach orchards come when in northern Canada the snow fields are only just melting. Their February is like a Northern May-time."

"Yet the melting of our snows under higher suns and the gradual unchaining of the silver, snow-fed streams has its own beauty—a charm the South can never know. I wish you would bring my old book of clippings, Helen! There is a poem in it, which describes very tenderly one of our early, mild days—what we call 'a melting day'—a day when, perhaps, a warm rain honey-combs the ice of the rivers and spoils it for the ice monopoly, or a sunny one, when the big snow-drifts

waste away imperceptibly, while we rub our eyes and wonder where they have gone."

"Is not this the poem, mamma? The one by Ellen Frances Terry?"

"Yes! Please read it, dear. It is a favorite of mine."

Helen complied—her musical voice emphasizing every shade of the poet's thought.

A VISION.

Within the breast of Winter
A Spring thought stirs to-day
The sailless fleet upon the lake
Will all its anchors weigh
And, white before the gentle wind,
Float down the great blue bay.

Through all the dead trees' branches
The happy secret thrills;
A sudden memory of flowers
The wild wood hollows fills,
Though yet a solemn silence seals
The lips of these white hills.

Again quick life is beating
With sudden hope and power,
It matters not that joy must die
Within this one bright hour,
Quick fleeting as the glory born
Of meeting sun and shower:—

The icy squadron whitens
The water's blue in vain,
And days of wintry storm deny
The promise of the rain:
*The heart that once has dreamed of
Spring
Cannot grow cold again.*

"How beautiful!" cried Mrs. Asquith. "And, better than all, it is true. When the warmth of the great Christ-love has once stirred the human soul and the Holy Ghost has overshadowed it, the work of that love goes on divinely; no human force can chill or hinder it, save for a little time. Holy Scripture says: 'He that hath begun a good work in you will perform

it until the day of Jesus Christ.' It is a triumphal march of Love—now swifter, and now, it may be, slowed by obstacles—but sure as the progress of Spring. The moon of March, despite all clouds, becomes the glorious moon of May."

"The description of the early starting of the ice, in that bit of verse, is very natural, and not the usual hackneyed theme of the versifier. It shows observation. Sometimes the whole ice-floor will break up, and afterwards freeze again, blue and solid as at first—to all appearance. But its sentence was pronounced in that first thaw. Day by day

'The suns go shining up the sky,' their tender warmth touching it silently, invisibly, persistently, till it softens and grows unsafe. Men dare not travel on it; they can not trust it. Then a freshet comes, and, before we know it, it is all gone."

"There is often a sudden surrender, like that, to the love of Jesus. All at once the soul cries out, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' It is the close of a hidden process, of which we only see the outcome."

"Yes, mother! And that brings us back to our first topic—what are we to do, all through Lent? What would the Lord have us to do?"

"Our usual work surely; some self-denial and self-sacrifice, with the gathering up of our spare pennies for charities and missions. If there be any special task set for us, more than these, He will make it known."

Just then Helen's quick eyes espied the Professor, slowly coming up the walk. "Our good Professor!" she cried eagerly. "He will tell us about Lent."

It seemed a case of telepathy. No sooner had the ordinary greetings of

welcome passed than he turned to Mrs. Asquith with his rare smile.

"I am sure you and Helen are casting about for some Lenten work, just now," he began, "am I not right?"

Helen nodded a prompt assent. "Then," he continued, "I think I have some in hand. Some of the St. Vincent de Paul members have found a young fellow who seems to need a kind of help they can not give. His name is Osborne, Arthur Osborne. He is a handsome youth, but embittered,—apparently by some evil past,—and alienated from religion. He seems to have been a Catholic by birth and Baptism, but is now fearfully astray."

"But, my good friend, what can we possibly do? except to pray," returned Mrs. Asquith, with her wonted air of self-distrust.

"I do not know, precisely. It is only an intuitive feeling I have that you can solve the problem. I am sure that, to a man like him, lonely and friendless and heart-scarred, nothing on earth could be sweeter than the welcome of a home like this."

And the Professor turned his appreciative gaze upon the lovely room, beautiful with growing ivy and hot-house roses, its walls adorned with choice engravings, its furniture a very ideal of luxurious comfort. The fire-light flashed up into his grave face as he smiled approval, basking in its warmth.

"Yes," he continued, reverting to his topic, "he will like this! He wants tender treatment, just now. And Miss Helen's music, too!" he added, glancing at the piano. "There is another softening influence. Do not try to do anything at all with him, Mrs. Asquith! Just let these things speak for themselves."

Helen glanced at her mother with a

merry smile. "That is a compliment to us, is it not, mamma? To our taste, I mean."

But Mrs. Asquith looked serious and failed to answer the appeal. Finally she spoke, slowly. "We will do as you desire, Professor. Your faith and our poor efforts, combined, may possibly win the day."

"You are not sanguine, mamma," observed Helen. "Now, Miss Dormer would have been sure. That is her Catholicism. She says, 'Doubt is fog, but faith is sunshine.'"

"We will make the trial, my dear, even among our gray shadows. Our beautiful homes, if we have them, are given us in trust only, like all our other possessions, to be used for God's glory and His service. Perhaps we are selfish in wanting to keep them all for ourselves. Now, here is the stranger. The dear Lord seems to be sending him! So we will open our doors and perhaps he will open his heart."

The dark blue eyes, which were the charm of Helen's face, had nevertheless been slowly taking on an awe-struck soberness, a solemnity such as Mrs. Asquith's face had worn at first. This mother and daughter were alike in some ways, after all.

"O mother!" she cried, in a voice that was almost pain. "What can we do? The softening of the soul is God's work! His alone! We can not do it—*dare* not, even if we could!"

"Surely not, my child. But His grace is sufficient for us. It flows in great golden oceans about us all; it can vivify our little efforts and sweep them on to the silver shores of His kingdom. We are but the tossing seaweed. Our only merit lies in yielding perfectly to Divine impulsion."

"'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;

His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory, too!"

"As I take it," remarked the Professor, who had been listening intently, "the prayers and discipline of Lent are means whereby we seek to fall in closer touch with God, to drift into the splendid tides of His grace, to conquer our self-will and attain a sin-forgiven oneness with them. It is mystery, all of it. A mystery, surely, of Divine Condescension! How we, poor human souls, sinful and sorrowful, can become agents of His mighty working, and, as it were, channels of His grace, surpasses our comprehension. We can not enter that special realm of His activity, His mysterious softening of souls, without a sense of awe, as Miss Helen says. What a dignity, also! think of it! To be 'co-workers together with God!'"

"It is one of those mysteries which 'the angels desire to look into,' and which perhaps the Psalmist had in mind when he cried out, 'I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of His Hands!'"

"The process is viewless, whoever or whatever may be the agencies employed. We can only note results. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit.'"

"Yes, it is like the melting of the ice," cried Helen, eagerly. "The Christ-love and the Christ-warmth are resistless powers. And the Divine touch is always invisible, the fragrance of unseen flowers, floating over the soul. Take music, for example. Why does it stir and touch us and lift us up to Heaven? How can it do this? Do you know, Professor?"

"I know it voices the Divine har-

monies in the immutable Being of God," answered the Professor, in a tone of solemn reverence. "The certainties of pure mathematics do the same, and the circlings of the stars. Our questionings end and lose themselves there."

A silence fell on the little group. But Mrs. Asquith, coming out of her reverie, soon broke it.

"Your music, Helen dear," she began, slowly, "gives its own sweet solution to your puzzle; it answers your question as to God's mode of working through human agencies. When you play you are not, yourself, speaking to souls and originating power; He who speaks is the great composer, whose music-thought you only interpret. Yet without instrumental or vocal interpretation that thought, however great, would never reach men. It would remain a mass of written notes in a music-book, a simple score. It begins in God, as all good things do. He inspires the composer, a Palestrina or Handel, working through that composer's submissive faithfulness to inspiration; then, you become a secondary agent. Thus God works through His Spirit in His Church, and we are but humble secondary agents, crushed by the immense thought that we are set to be workers at all!"

"It is the very working of God in the world—is it not?—this saving and softening of souls? It was our Saviour's work."

"Yes; accomplished through His own sacrifice upon the Cross and His Precious Blood-shedding. It is also the Spirit's work, converting, melting, inspiring and sanctifying. So that all Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity are engaged in it."

"Yes," replied the Professor, "Our Saviour Himself declared, 'My Father worketh hitherto and I work!'"

"The spiritual books tell us much about all these things, yet I fancy what we think out for ourselves is better—that is, it helps us more!"—observed Mrs. Asquith, in her meditative fashion. "It is part of our Lenten work—or it ought to be—to consider these things, to ponder them in our hearts, as Mary did. For, if we venture to touch with infinite humility, upon the borders of Christ's own great work, the softening and saving of souls, we ought to bear in mind His direct word, as to many forces of evil, 'This kind cometh not forth save by prayer and fasting.'"

"Yes," asserted the Professor, "we must draw spiritual power from its eternal source, first of all. Horace, in his 'Ars Poetica,' speaking of poetry and the drama, declares: 'He who would make others weep must first weep himself.' The old Latin critic was right. He had reached the root of the matter."

"That is equally true of all preaching and teaching, and even of general religious influence. All true touch, all sweet impact upon other hearts comes of the overflowing fullness of our own, We must sink deep in the Christ-love to gain the Christ-touch. Our own penitence, our own clinging to the Cross, our own sense of forgiveness, our own fellowship in His sufferings, all that we gain of nearness to Him in our Forty Days of Lenten discipline will fit us to approach other souls, with better comprehension of their needs, and with more of Jesus in our yearning human love. What we have received 'of His fullness, and grace for grace'—that—and that alone!—we can outpour."

"But, mother," cried Helen, "how strange it seems that in the midst of His overflowing love, beside its glorious ocean, souls should stand embittered and look away; It is so sad. But we will pray that He may melt this one! We will

'Ask by the Cross that bore Him
And by her who stood beside,'

and, perhaps, our prayer will win an answer."

"Yes, dear. And there may be invisible help that we know not of. Miss Dormer would say there certainly was."

"I am sure she is right!" cried Helen with enthusiasm. "The Blessed Saints, out of their earthly experience, can not fail to aid us; the Blessed Mother, out of her acquaintance with mortal suffering, must surely sympathise; angels are sent forth to minister, out of the white glory. We are not left to make our feeble efforts alone."

"Even earthly fathers help their children," remarked the Professor gravely, "when they see their strength failing. If a wee curly-haired laddie wants to help father, does that father repulse him? Does he not, rather, praise and reward him for the love shown, though the actual help be only hindrance? Nor is the reward in ratio to the work accomplished—no, not all!—but to the child's affectionate obedience. 'If ye then, being evil,' said our Saviour, 'know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him.'"

"There is much unexpected sweetness," said Mrs. Asquith, "in the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. It comes to us with help and encouragement, like the shining of an angel's wing."

"I am trying to deal with young Osborne in the light of that dogma," replied the Professor. "And with God's blessing and your help, I look for success."

"And, mother, we have three broad facts to encourage us, also. Music does uplift souls, the Sun does melt ice, the Church does save men. We may touch and soften this soul. God grant it! And for his future your "Vision" poem makes all needful prediction:

"The heart that once has dreamed of
Spring,
Can not grow cold again."

A Little Crown for *the* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

PATRON—Venerable Claude de la Colombiere, S. J.—1st Friday in February, 1901

"Those who promote this devotion, shall have their names indelibly written on my Heart."—Words of Our Lord to B. Margaret

Mary.

THIS beautiful and consoling promise of our Divine Lord, ought to prompt us, when we kneel before Him at Exposition, to offer a fervent resolution that in this month we shall endeavor to promote knowledge and love for the Sacred Heart. We will look up to Venerable Pere de la Colombiere of whom our Lord Himself made choice, and designated His "servant" when revealing the treasures of grace to Blessed Margaret Mary. This "servant" of Jesus' Heart was, we may say, a glorious conquest, a zealous Apostle, a perfect adorer of Incarnate love. He devoted himself to extending its kingdom, and suffered in this noble cause remembering that, in the words of his saintly penitent, "Love reigns in suffering." What bright flames he enkindled during his brief apostolate! fulfilling "a long space," and on the 15th of February, 1682, he went to the well-merited reward. Blessed Margaret tells us, he was "placed in Heaven by the goodness and mercy of the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Some there are who by the priestly or religious state, by authority, influence, and other means sanctified by grace, can extend far and wide the kingdom of God's love. We bless Him for these holy reapers, but like Ruth in the field of Booz, would gladly glean a few of the ears scattered in their path, and by our humble efforts, make the Sacred Heart more loved. A holy

writer says: "God seeing that this soul now breathes but for His glory and the service of her neighbor, increased her powers, her aptitudes, and her means." His Divine Providence scatters many opportunities if we are watchful to discern, and fervent to avail ourselves of them.

A simple incident will illustrate this for our readers. A religious was asked, by one of her young pupils, to paint a little picture of the Sacred Heart, and the child added innocently: "Put my name on the Heart." The Sister at once understood her meaning, and asked with a smile in what way she promoted devotion? The little one replied: I say, "May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be every where loved!" Who knows what this child-like, heart-felt aspiration may have done in the world of souls? The kind teacher, not only painted the desired picture, but frequently gave her "Promoter" opportunities of doing something amongst her school companions, for the Adorable Heart of Jesus, so we may trust the sweet name of this child "Agnes" gleams in the records of Jesus' love.

Our resolution, then, to be laid at the feet of Jesus Christ for Benediction will be, that in our humble sphere we will try to gain for Him a little more love. It will be like the violet or snow-drop of early spring, drooping in humility, yet its fragrance will gladden the Divine Lover of souls and win the reward. Listen! Again He whispers:

"Those who promote this devotion shall have their names indelibly written on my Heart."

Editorial Notes.

The Jubilee.

This year should witness a great revival of faith and devotion amongst Catholics, since the Holy Father has extended the Holy Year into the new century. The Pope has told us in his letter, and with truth, that the sole desire of the Church and "her sole aim in renewing this celebration" is to give "a salutary stimulus to men's mind," and, adds the venerable Pontiff, "with God's help, we are sure to attain it." The secular press in its anxiety to manufacture a reason for the Jubilee's extension displayed its ignorance by presuming it was done in order to augment the Peter's pence, little knowing or caring to know, that the Church glories more in the fact of the number of souls—than of dollars—saved.

This is indeed an "ample opportunity for obtaining the favors of heaven." No thinking man doubts that—during the last year—to quote the papal document—"multitudes of souls have been cleansed by salutary penance and renewed to the life of Christian virtue," and that "from this head and source the Catholic name has derived a fresh influx of faith and devotion all over the world." Too true, indeed, dear reader, for what gave occasion to these very words penned thousands of miles from the throne of Peter—words written with a desire to urge *you* to take advantage at this eleventh hour of this great spiritual banquet?

For a more detailed instruction as to the method of gaining the Jubilee, we can do no better than refer the devout reader to the Carmelite Review of February, 1900, wherein appears

the splendid Pastoral Letter of the present Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, Ontario. Let the Jubilee then be, as the Holy Father says, "a fitting dedication for the opening of the new century," for, as the Pope concludes, there is "no better way in which mankind can initiate a new century than by availing themselves abundantly of the merits of the redemption of Christ."

One Honest Witness.

Every lover of truth must have been delighted with the unbiassed and authoritative letter which appeared first in Donahoe's Magazine, and later was reproduced in the Catholic papers from the pen of Rev. Joseph M. Gleason, who is with the American army in China. Father Gleason started in by saying that he tried hard and did his best "to get at the bottom of things," and he gave as he said "the result of my investigation." This was a relief in view of the contradictory reports circulated by an ill-informed and bigoted press.

Father Gleason wrote: "I have been three months now in North China, and after noting towards the end of July, the tendency to throw all the blame of this outbreak on the missionaries, I tried hard, I did my best, to get at the bottom of things, and herewith I have given you the result of my investigation. Of all the rumors started by London mission bigots and the American consul in Shanghai regarding French missionary priests forcing or interfering with Chinese courts in their cases, I have yet to find one proven. But even if one were proven, or a dozen were proven, there is an old saying that 'one swallow does not make a summer,' and this in no way could account for the Boxer

outbreak. People who arrive here are filled the first day or two with expletives denunciatory of the missionaries in general, and the Catholic priests in particular. You can't blame them. It is the result of their reading in a press that has no more stability than that of a soft boiled egg. These people rush to conclusions just as people do the day they arrive in the Philippines. If these persons remain a few weeks they discover that they did not know it all when they arrived, just as people discover in the Philippines. And a reaction sets in with them just as it has done with the American army here. Our men know who are the *true* missionaries, and they know also that they have not been the cause of the Boxers' uprising."

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Domine, Salvum fac Regem !

All things human pass away, and grim death has of late strikingly shown that Kings and Queens are no exception to the rule. When a new occupant ascends the throne we are forcibly reminded of the duties and relations of ruler and subject. As Catholics we have a two-fold object in this respect and our path of duty is plain, namely, to pray for those in power like the people of old, who Holy Scripture tells us (I Kings X, 24) "cried and said: God save the King!"

Our second and most important duty is to follow the injunction laid down for us by the predecessor of the great Pope Leo XIII., namely, that we be subject "to every human creature for God's sake; whether it be to the King as excelling: or to governors sent by him" (I Peter, II, 13.). No honest man ever could deny the true and unshaken loyalty of Catholics who continually hear from their priests and teachers the admonition to "be subject to prince and powers, to obey at a word, to be ready to do every good work (Titus III. 1.)

The Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., who to-day rules over three million loyal subjects, voices the sentiments of his children. When Queen Victoria was about to appear before the immortal King of Kings, to render an account of her vast stewardship, the Sovereign Pontiff was quoted in the secular press as saying that "the liberal reign of the Queen, which has permitted the Catholic Church to increase in the United Kingdom, will leave an indelible trace upon all Christian hearts."

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"The King-becoming graces are justice, verity, temperance, stableness, bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, devotion, patience, courage, fortitude."

—SHAKESPEARE.

—

A Great High Priest.

"Behold a high priest who in his day pleased God and was found just." (Ecl. XLIV, 16.). This was the text preceding the eulogy pronounced over the remains of the good Bishop Wigger of the diocese of Newark, N. J., by his worthy confrere in the Episcopacy, Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, N. J. In these few words of Holy Writ is contained the whole life of the lamented prelate. The Carmelite Fathers who for a quarter of a century have labored in the missions of New Jersey owe much to the example, kindness, justice and encouraging words of the saintly Bishop Wigger, and he will hold a conspicuous place in the daily Memento which comes from our grateful hearts.

He was a true Bishop, and to quote Bishop McFaul: "He was a great high priest—a Bishop in the Church of the living God. In the annals of the century we find many exalted positions; the mighty conqueror lay-

ing the foundations of empire, the statesman by wisdom and prudence building up nations to stability, glory, power, and material welfare of the people; orators whose burning words still thrill the human heart; poets that have touched a chord which makes the world kin; but no figure stands forth so full of majesty and power, and has done so much for material as well as for the spiritual welfare of humanity as the Catholic Bishop. Oh, how sublime is his mission, and how nobly he has performed it! The memory of the just man shall remain for ever. *Requiem aeternam dona ei Domine!*

A Time of Grace.

In his recent Bull "*Temporis quidem Sacri*" His Holiness, on Dec. 26, 1900—as is now generally known—has extended the privilege of the Jubilee to the outside world. Details as to gaining the Indulgences will in time be published for each diocese by our Archbishops and Bishops. This great Indulgence can be gained by the faithful wherewithin half a year after the publication of the Bull shall visit at least on the day on fifteen days the Cathedral^{delity} parish and other churches named^{ns at} in the Bull, and shall pray for the advancement of the Church, the disappearance of heresies, concord between Catholic princes and the welfare of Christian people, and shall approach the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. The Paschal confession and communion are not to count for this purpose. Those who have visited Rome may again participate in the spiritual favors of the Holy Year. Where there are not as many as four churches in one place the Bishop can make a smaller number or even a single suitable church; but the visits must be not less than sixty.

Mary's Shrines.

No Catholic German family would care to be without one of the many excellent almanacs printed in the language of the Fatherland. The "Regensburger Marienkalender" is one of the best of these annuals. It is gotten out by Fr. Pustet & Co., of New York. We do not pen this as a free advertisement, for indeed the popular "Regensburger" (would that we had its counterpart in English) needs no advertising. One feature of this almanac is the prominence given to the pilgrimage churches or shrines dear to the heart of every devout German Catholic. In this year's almanac the reader will find a brief and interesting sketch, with a good photograph, of the Shrine of "*U. L. F. vom Berge Karmel bei den Fallen des Niagara*"—Shrine of Our dear Lady of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls. In the accompanying text the editor calls attention to the great Hospice of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls and the Shrine of Our Lady wherein so many favors have been granted by Heaven's Queen. The writer also emphasizes the appropriateness, and, indeed, one might say Providential design, in crowning Nature's great altar by erecting a throne here to the divine Mother. To translate the last words of the sketch spoken of, "The Order of Carmel is flourishing in the land, and time will enable its members more and more to spread the glory of its Queen and bring to the knowledge of all the wonderful shrine at Niagara."

Some Memorable Dates.

The important events of the past century, each of which will make a chapter for the Catholic historian, may be summed up as follows: The re-estab-

lishment of the Jesuits (1814); the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo (1815); the Act of Catholic Emancipation passed by the British Parliament (1829); the temperance movement set on foot by Father Matthew (1845); the conversion of John Henry Newman (1845); the accession of Pius IX. (1846); the re-establishment of the English hierarchy (1850); the definition of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady (1854); the Vatican Council and the definition of the Infallibility of the Pope (1869-1870); the spoliation of the Holy See by Victor Emmanuel (1870); the initiation of the Kulturkampf in Germany (1872); the accession of Leo XIII. (1878; Death of Father Galli, Prior-General of all the Carmelites, in Rome, May 1st, 1900.

Christ in the Home.

With the Apostleship of Prayer this month we pray for "The Family for Christ." If Christ abides there you will also find faith, charity, and all the virtues. You will find God-fearing people—you will find a Catholic journal, Catholic books and Catholic pictures. There is no room there for two opposite spirits. It is Christ or satan. If satan abides there—so does his spirit—in that home you will find a want of reverence for God's priests, for holy things and all that is good. Such homes have the spirit of the world—the atmosphere of the world, and the parlor-table is adorned with doubtful books and the pernicious yellow journals.

Canada lost a worthy son in the death of Sir Frank Smith. His good qualities were many, as his biographies have well noted. The Editor of the "Catholic Record" of London, Ont., a spokesman for many, says that the

deceased Senator was particularly "noted at all times for helping a deserving friend or a worthy object of charity." May he rest in peace!

Four and Sixty Years.

During the past Victorian age the Church of our forefathers has made great strides in regaining what it was unjustly deprived of during previous reigns. When the late Queen ascended the throne Catholicity was at a rather low ebb in the British empire. "To-day," says the editor of the Pittsburg Observer, "it is respectable and respected." In her long span of human life the Queen beheld a host of Catholic intellectual giants—Newman, Manning, the Marshalls, Arnold, the unfortunate Mivart and many more. A Catholic it was, Lord Russell of Killowen, who attained, as Lord Chief Justice of England, a dignity second only to that of royalty itself, Catholic generals led her troops out to war, Catholic nuns received decorations at her hands for services rendered the realm.

Consecration Versus Coronation.

During these days we are strikingly reminded of what Cardinal Manning wrote concerning the consecration of English Kings. The words are very timely: His Eminence wrote: "Nowadays we hear of coronations, but we hear no more of the consecration of Kings. But a coronation, even in the tradition of England, takes place in the old Abbey of Westminster, and with certain rites which remain, mutilated indeed, but taken chiefly from the ancient Catholic ritual. I will shortly describe what the ancient ritual was. The prince who was to be consecrated, for three days before, fasted as a preparation. On the day of his consecration he came to the sanctuary of the church, where the

metropolitan and his suffragans received him. He then, first upon his knees before the altar, made solemn oath to Almighty God to observe, and cause to be observed, according to his knowledge and his power, for the sake of the Church and of his people, law, justice and peace, according to the laws of the land and the canons of the Church. He then lay prostrate before the altar, like a Bishop when he is consecrated; the litanies were chanted, the same litanies which are sung in our solemn ordinations. Then, kneeling before the altar, he received the unction. He was anointed on the right arm, which is the arm of strength, and on the shoulder, typical of royal power; as in the prophecy, 'The Government is upon his shoulder.' He then received the sword with this admonition: 'Remember that the saints conquered kingdoms, not by the sword, but by faith.' After this, the crown was put upon his head, with the prayer that he might wear it in mercy and in justice; and the sceptre was then placed in his hands, in token of the authority of law. After that, the Holy Mass was celebrated; and in that Mass he received the Holy Communion of the Precious Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, from the hands of the consecrating Bishop. These solemn acts in themselves portrayed what were the relations of Christian law and fidelity between the chief rulers of nations and of kingdoms, and the sovereignty of Jesus Christ."

Indulged Prayer for 1901.

Most merciful God, grant us, through the intercession of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin, that by the tears of our penitence we may expiate the guilt of the past century; and so prepare for the opening of the new century, that it may be entirely dedicated to the honor of Thy name and the kingdom of Jesus Christ Thy Son, Whom may all nations obey in one faith and in perfect charity. Amen.

[Indulgence of 100 years, once a day, till the end of 1901. Granted by Pope Leo XIII.]

With Father O'Neil, the eminent and beloved Dominican—now stationed on the Pacific Coast—we also say to our readers and friends at the opening of the new year and new century: "May you be blessed in the city and in the field; blessed in your children and in the fruits of the ground; blessed in your barns and in your stores; blessed in your coming in and going out; blessed in the works of your hands; blessed as a people holy to the Lord your God."

"The Christmas of the Gentiles, or the feast of the Epiphany," says the current Dominican, "calls for our special and loving gratitude to God because of the divine gift of our precious Catholic Faith." In the words of Father Faber let us sing.

Oh, glory be to God on high for these Arabian kings.

These miracles of royal Faith, with Eastern offerings;

For Caspar and for Melchior and Balthazar who from far

Found Mary and Jesus by the shining of a star!

Let us ask these martyrs, then, these monarchs of the East,

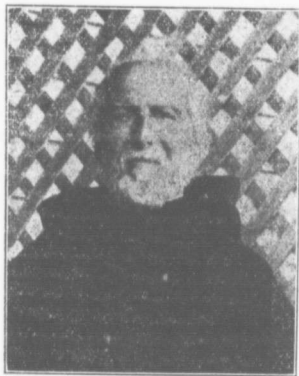
Who are sitting now in Heaven at the Saviour's endless feast,

To get us Faith from Jesus, and hereafter Faith's bright home,

And day and night to thank Him for the glorious Faith of Rome,

Father Lambert calls Father Doyle the Paulist to task for placing "the English-speaking races in the lead of modern civilization." "It seems difficult for men in our day," says an exchange, "to stop confounding material wealth and territorial expansion with solid progress and true civilization."

Sincerity and perseverance are the two stepping stones to success.



Father Cyril Knoll, O. C. C.

The Reverend Cyril Knoll, O. C. C., whose death we announced in the last issue of this magazine, was born at Schellenberg in Bavaria, on the 18th of October, 1813—the day of the great battle of Leipzig. He was ordained on the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31, 1838. He spent the first ten years of his sacerdotal life as a secular priest in the diocese of Regensburg.

He soon entered the Carmelite Order making his religious profession June 9, 1850. He was shortly elected Prior of his Monastery. He obtained permission of his Superiors in Rome to come to America where he was to establish the first house of the Order in the New World. He landed in New York on June 8, 1864. He was pastor of Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., for four years. In 1875 this Church was given over to the care of the Carmelites.

Father Cyril excelled as a preacher, was zealous in the sacred ministry and the care of souls, and devoted all his life and ambition towards the spread of the glory of Carmel and its Queen. As to the latter days of this venerable

Carmelite we can do no better than subjoin here the following words of one of his confreres, who witnessed the passing away of this saintly priest and model friar :

“ Rev. F. Cyril Knoll died peacefully in the Lord on Saturday, Dec. 22, at 7 p. m. During the last years of his life it had been one of his greatest pleasures to sit of an evening facing the setting sun. But for some time back his eyesight began to fail, until he was almost blind. He felt this loss grievously, as it prevented him from saying Mass. He often commented on his growing blindness, and said that now the time had come for *his* sun to set. But he thanked God for having deprived him of his eyes only at the last period of his life, for, as he pathetically said, “ He might have allowed me to grow blind years ago.”

“ In February, 1900, he was on the point of death through old age, and received the last Sacraments. Then he rallied and did not weaken again until All Souls' Day, when he again was anointed. The physician said he was too feeble to recover again, and the venerable old man only said that he was glad of it, as he desired with St. Paul “ to be dissolved and to be with Christ.” He kept the Rosary in his hands day and night. On Saturday, Dec. 22, just after the night had set in, at 7 p. m., like a thief in the night, Death came. He had expected it. Many a time he had expressed his wish to die, after having received all the Sacraments on *Saturday* “ in honorem B. M. Virginis.” His desire was literally granted.

“ We had to await the next morning, as the night was pitch-dark and very stormy, to send off telegrams and death notices, and to make arrangements for his funeral on Monday—Eve

of Christmas. The casket arrived in the afternoon, just before Vespers, which are always held at 3 p. m. The congregation formed in solemn procession and conducted the body to the church. The next day, Dec. 24, at 10 a. m., a solemn requiem was sung. The Prior preached the sermon on the text "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord." (Apoc. 14. 13). The whole countryside assisted at the funeral. The procession was the largest ever seen in this part of Kansas."

"The venerable deceased was born Oct. 18, 1813—on the day of the great *Battle of Nations*, at Leipzig. He was, therefore, 87 years, 2 months and 4 days old on the day of his death. He was ordained priest in 1838, and had celebrated the diamond Jubilee of his priesthood (60 years) two years ago, at which occasion the Holy Father sent him his special blessing. He retained the full use of his intellect to the very last, although he was unable to speak in his last hours. He died most calmly and peacefully without any agony or sign of physical suffering.—R. I. P.

In reply to a reader, (A. G. M.,) we beg to say that the Brown Scapular must be given separately, and there is a special formula for the investing, of which most of the reverend clergy are cognizant. After enrollment the Brown Scapular may be attached to the other four Scapulars.

A masterly article touching on "The War on the Religious Congregations in France" from the pen of the Rev. H. Prélot, S. J., appears in the current Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Those who are anxious to imbibe true notions of things, and who may be tainted with false impressions created by

the secular press, should read Father Prélot's splendid essay which is so timely now when the great Roman Pontiff has just made so magnificent an apology for the much maligned Religious to whom not only France, but the whole world, owes so much.

The patient reader will, we trust, overlook the fact that our February number is late in making its appearance. La Grippe respects no man, not even the printer.

Referring to the interesting life of General De Sonis—the Carmelite Tertiary—which appeared last year in these pages, a zealous priest in Michigan writes us that he was a member of "that sad army" which followed the great "Soldier of Christ."

His Holiness the Pope has granted a Plenary Indulgence to those who on the first Friday of each month during the year 1901, having confessed their sins and being truly contrite, shall receive Communion, and shall pray for some time for the intentions of the Pope.

The All Important Moment.

In the Sacred Heart Review we read of an incident from the death-bed of the late Chicago multi-millionaire, P. D. Armour, as told in the newspaper reports of the great magnate's demise. Gathered about the couch of death were the members of his family, "Mr. Armour's minister," and several trained nurses. The patient signified a desire to hear the Lord's Prayer read. The minister, for some reason, did not volunteer to repeat the familiar words, and apparently nobody else in the watching assemblage knew them; for the narrative goes on to say that

one of the trained nurses finally procured a Bible and proceeded to slowly read from its pages the brief prayer which is supposed to be on the lips of all, even of nominal Christians. Of this occurrence the San Francisco Monitor comments: "Verily, as somebody has said, the death-bed of the enormously rich is too often the most depressing and tragic of scenes."

True Socialism.

In his Encyclical issued January 18 last, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., urges on all Christians the necessity of charity and alms-giving. The Father of Christendom exhorts all Catholics to inspire themselves with these principles and to inculcate them. "They must," he says, "urge the people and workmen to shun everything invested with a seditious or revolutionary character, to respect the rights of others, to be respectful to their masters, and to observe sobriety and religious practices. Thus will social peace again become flourishing throughout the world."

The Church is the Mother of Saints.

The report of the Sacred Congregation of Rites has summed up the number of beatifications and canonizations of the past century. The list shows that the Pontiffs, Pius VII. (1800-1822), Leo XII. (1822-1829), Pius VIII. (1829-1831), Gregory XVI. (1831-1845), Pius IX. (1846-1878), and Leo XIII. have pronounced three hundred and ten beatifications, while the names of seventy-eight holy men and women were on the roll of saints. Leo XIII. has pronounced thirty-one beatifications and ten canonizations during his pontificate. Leo XIII. has taken particular interest in the martyrs who suffered under Henry VIII. and Queen

Elizabeth. Nothing, it is said, gave him greater pleasure than the beatification of Cardinal Fisher, Margaret Pole and Sir Thomas More. Two hundred and five out of the three hundred and ten persons beatified during the century were martyrs. Of the seventy-eight canonized, forty-six were martyrs, twenty-four confessors and seven virgins. Of the three hundred and ten beatified, two hundred and six died for Our Lord, most of them in Japan during the slaughter of the Christians there. The majority of the forty-six martyrs canonized suffered death in Tonquin in 1855, and later.

A Splendid Showing.

The financial report for 1900 of Holy Trinity parish of Pittsburg, Pa., which is in charge of the Carmelite Fathers, "is a splendid proof of the good work of the pastor and members of the parish," says the Pittsburg Observer. The regular incomes during the year were \$9,819.60; the extraordinary—Picnic, entertainments—\$4,186; house collections, \$1,760; other incomes, \$2,002.15. The total incomes were \$19,288.08. The expenses for the year 1900 were: For church, school insurance, taxes, gas, etc., \$6,622.90; interests paid, \$5,341.05; debt paid, \$2,881.50; extraordinary expenses, \$1,150.96. The total expenses were \$19,196.41. When the new church was dedicated the debts of the congregation were \$153,000. On January 1, 1901, the debts were \$116,258.99. The sum of \$36,741.01 has been paid during the last six years. The congregation numbers 360 families with 1,950 souls. Easter communions last year numbered 1,300. Four hundred and twenty school children attend the parish school. During the year 21,500 confessions were heard and

40,000 communions received. To reduce the debt of the congregation a building association has been organized in the parish. Each member pays weekly 5 or 10 cents. Nearly \$3,000 already are in the treasury.

Multum in Parvo.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill., gave the following admirable summary of Christian duty in reply to a question put to him by an American journalist asking "What is the highest and noblest resolution of the new century?"

Said the Bishop :

"Let every citizen resolve to fear God and keep His Commandments; to love and follow Christ; to be reverent, devout, humble and chaste; to seek virtue rather than money, wisdom rather than knowledge, peace rather than pleasure; to hate vulgarity, pretense, cant, hypocrisy and lies; neither by word nor act to weaken within the worth and sacredness of human life, nor to corrupt public morals or deprave public taste or lower and pervert public opinion. Let him resolve to honor woman, to reverence the child, to protect the weak, to console the sorrowful; and finally so to live as to be able at any moment to render an account of his life to an all wise and omnipotent Judge."

A truly educated man aims at walking in that path which leads upwards to higher and nobler deeds.

The most contemptible of creatures is the one who aids the whims of the silly youth to lascivious wedlock for the sake of a fee.—Church Progress.

"Continuous contact with good tends to make us good." Hence the blessing of a Catholic school.

If you would know what culture you possess, find out what regard you have for the feelings of others.

Independence does not exist. He who is selfish is a beast of the lowest rank.

AVERTE OCULOS MEOS.

Turn Thou away mine eyes,
Lest I should see
Earth's vanities and lies,
And seek in them the prize,
That cometh but from Thee.

Turn Thou away mine eyes,
Lest I be fain
To find in earthly ties
The love that satisfies;
Nor to Thy love attain.

Turn Thou away mine eyes
From meaner things;
And bid my spirit rise
To seek, beyond the skies,
Thy self, O! King of Kings!

Turn Thou away mine eyes
From all but Thee;
Till, when the darkness flies
And all earth's splendor dies,
Thy blessed Face I see.

—FRANCIS W. GREY.

If you would help others, forget yourself, for self-interest destroys all good.

Some men are so spiritless that we feel as if we could whittle out better wooden men.

Right and wrong are neighbors, and the partition between them is of the finest gossamer.

"Noble deeds are born of noble thoughts." If you would abide in the realms of higher and nobler thoughts, learn to think.

There are many persons so absorbed in fault-finding with parish affairs and priestly functions, that they don't have even time to notice the contribution box on Sunday.—Church Progress.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the Incarnation is that the sin of poverty was changed thereby into a virtue.

Boys' and Girls' Department.

"Live Pure: Speak True: Right Wrong!"

We have only six words in our motto, but the faithful observance of them from a Catholic view-point, means the developing of our boys and girls into Christian men and women. The highest compliment that can be paid to any human being is: "He is a Christian gentleman," or "She is a Christian lady."

A prominent school in Boston, Mass., has "Helpfulness" for its motto. In the school life, this motto is kept continually in mind. Helpfulness! 'Tis a noble word. Our motto means helpfulness and much more.

"Live Pure." What does that mean?

"Speak True." What does that mean?

"Right Wrong." What does that mean?

Many years ago, the Church inaugurated a society called the Holy Childhood. This association supports missionaries in China, Africa, Australia, and many other places. It has baptized millions of babies in these countries. These missionaries baptize, rescue and educate the children of pagan parents. Many of these little children have been abandoned by their parents, and would have died from want of tender care, had they not been rescued by those good priests, who devote their lives to this work.

Who supports these missionaries?

The Catholic boys and girls of the world. Are all our boys and girls helping in this work? Are you trying to Right this Wrong? If not, why don't you join the Holy Childhood now? These missionaries leave not only their friends, but they abandon their countries as well. They go into strange, dangerous lands to preach and to save souls, in the name of Jesus.

You can help them in this great work, and, how easily! Each day, say one Hail Mary, and "Holy Virgin Mary, pray for us and for the poor little heathen children!" Each month

give one cent. Twelve members make a band. Any boys or girls willing to get up a band should send the names, addresses and dues, to:

REV. FATHER WILLMS, C. S. Sp.,
Director General of Holy Childhood
Association, Pittsburg, Pa.

The wars in South Africa, China, and the Philippines, and the grave political questions regarding Cuba, Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands, have at least done this good—the people of the United States have learned something more of geography. We talk quite familiarly now of Cape Town, Havana, Honolulu and Manila.

The thought came to me the other day, that now, since we know more about these countries, perhaps the Lives of the Saints who labored in those lands, hundreds and hundreds of years ago, may have for us a new interest. And, in reading the records of those brave soldiers of the Cross, having fresh in our minds the ravages of supposed civilized soldiers in this age, the love of Jesus Christ will be quickened within us. How proud we shall feel of our Saints, when we are brought face to face with the contrast between soldiers who do battle with fire and sword, for commerce and lands, and soldiers who do battle with the Cross and the Gospels to teach men and women to know and love the God who made them, and the Christ by whom they were redeemed.

Each month, "Just Among Ourselves," we'll have a quiet talk about some one of our soldier saints. The difficulty will be which to select, the army is so large. So many of us have for our patron St. Francis Xavier, I am sure next month's talk on this grand man will be of interest to us all.

How many know from what poem is taken our motto—"Live Pure—Speak True—Right Wrong."

MARTHA J. F. MURRAY.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Life of the Very Rev. Felix De Andreis, C. M., First Superior of the Congregation of the Mission in the United States, and Vicar-General of Upper Louisiana," is an interesting book compiled chiefly from sketches written by the Right Rev. Joseph Rosati, C. M., First Bishop of St. Louis, Mo., with an introduction by the Most Rev. John J. Kain, D. D., Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo. Published by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.25 net. Don't fail to read it.

The current number of The Rosary Magazine contains some highly interesting matter. The illustrated articles on the Rhine Castles, and Congressional Library, are worth reading. Priests desirous of obtaining correct information concerning the Rosary and who are zealous for the best interests of their flocks, should not overlook this most excellent magazine. Address The Dominican Fathers, Somerset, Ohio.

A book that will be appreciated by a large circle of readers will without doubt be Miss Katherine E. Conway's new novel, "The Way of the World and Other Ways," now in its second edition. Readers of The Pilot will eagerly seek after anything from Miss Conway's pen. It is a story that fits the times. The work is satirical but good humored. There is nothing stiff or stale about it. The author sees and hears real things and knows how to paint them. Those who read this book will be pleased and become wiser and better. To be had from The Pilot Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.00.

A new "Illustrated Explanation of the Apostles' Creed"—A Thorough Exposition of Catholic Faith—adapted from the original of Father H. Rolfus, D. D., by Very Rev. Fr. Girardeau, C. S. S. R., has been put on the bookstands by Benziger Bros. It has been reduced to the popular price—one dollar. It will be a boon to the preacher and catechist. Its methodical and up-to-date arrangement should recommend this book to every Catholic reader. It will shed a flood of light on truth-seeking Protestants.

"A Round of Rimes," by Denis A. McCarthy, and published (at \$1.00 per copy) by the Review Publishing Company, Boston, Mass., has some musical verses which will appeal to all lovers of poetry. The burdens of life seem lighter after reading a page or two of this book.

The Ave Maria printed 26,000 copies of its Christmas number. That's a good number. "But such an excellent magazine should have 260,000 subscribers among the 12,000,000 Catholics in the United States alone," says the Catholic Columbian. In our opinion it ought to have half a million subscribers.

Always strictly pure, and of grades to suit all—is the altar wine now on sale at St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont. The reverend clergy should address the Rev. Theo. Spetz, C. R., for price-lists.

We recommend to our charitable readers the publications of St. Joseph's House, (727 Pine street) Philadelphia, Pa. If you want to know what good is being done for homeless boys, write to the zealous priest in charge—Rev. D. J. FitzGibbon, C. S. Sp.

FROM CATHOLIC EDITORS.

The Rosary Magazine, February 1901.

"The January number of The Carmelite Review is the first of the ninth volume. We congratulate the Carmelite Fathers on the success that has met their efforts to give to Catholics a readable magazine at a low price, and wish them increased success in the future."

The Pittsburg Catholic:

"The Carmelite Review closes its eighth year with a confession of thankfulness that 'we are still able to pay the printer.' The Review is always bright and interesting, and we trust it will have many added years to crown its work in the interest of Carmel, and always be able to pay the printer. That said, much is said."

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. to ST. SIMON STOCK.

New Baltimore (Pa.) Priory has received Scapular names since our last number from: McCook, Wis.; St. Louis University, Mo.; Dane, Wis.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Names received at Niagara Falls Priory from: Boston, Mass.; Notre Dame, Ind.

Scipio (Kansas) Priory acknowledges names from: Wichita, Kas.; Lincoln, Neb.; St. Joseph, Mo.

Carmelite Priory, Pittsburg, Pa., acknowledges receipt of names from: St. Anne's

Church, Benrich, Pa.; Our Lady of Gethsemani, Ky.; Jesuit College, Denver, Col.; St. Ambrose's Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Peter's Church, Rondout, N. Y.; St. Thomas Church, Cole Co., Mo.; St. Emilians Orphan Asylum, St. Francis, Wis.; St. Bonaventure's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Mt. Vernon, O.; Immaculate Heart Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Virgilius Church, Indianola, Neb.; St. Michael's Church, Clarion Co., Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis, Ind.; Fifield, Price Co., Wis.; Koelytown, Osage Co., Mo.; De Notre Dame de la Visitation, West Bay City, Mich.; Silver Lake, Mo.; Appleton, Wis.

PETITIONS.

"Pray for one another that you may be saved. For the continual prayer of a just man availeth much."—St. James V. 16.

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

For the "return of a long absent friend"; for an intemperate brother; conversion of a friend; prevention of a threatening scandal; for peace in a family; for all intentions of the Editor, and also all intentions sent to us, or to be sent before our next issue, which are not herein mentioned.

THANKSGIVINGS.

A reader in Beaver Falls, Pa., fulfills a promise to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and now publicly acknowledges having received a favor asked for.

L. A. C., Syracuse, N. Y., gives thanks for a favor granted from the Holy Infant of Prague.

K. H., Jarvis, Ont., has received a favor through Our Blessed Lady, and now returns thanks.

A reader in Brockport, N. Y., writes us: "I would not be without the magazine (The Carmelite Review) in my home." The same reader says she thanks Our dear Lady sincerely "for many favors received through her intercession during the past year."

A Buffalo (N. Y.) reader writes to us under date of Jan. 8: The cause of Our Blessed Lady, as well as that of the Catholic Church, is greatly promoted through The Carmelite Review, and the beautiful and instructive articles that constantly appear in its columns are refreshing to the mind and a constant encouragement to increase devotion to Our Blessed Lady. I heartily wish the Review every possible success.

ORITUARY.

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

We beg our readers to remember in their prayers of the following who died recently:

Rt. Rev. Winand Michael Wigger, D. D., late Bishop of Newark, N. J., born Dec. 9, 1831, died Jan. 5, 1901.

Miss Mary Faltermann, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Deloughery, Jarvis, Ont.

Mrs. Mary Beatty, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hugh Corbett, who died at Glen Roy, Ont., Jan. 2nd.

Mrs. Sarah Murdoch, Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. L. J. Kitzelberger, of Baltimore, Md., a kind friend and model Christian.

Matthew O'Grady, who died in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary McCool, who died lately at Manchester, N. H.

Mary D. Wadsworth, late of Queenston, Ont.

Ignatius Donnelly, brother of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Mary Agnes Gardiner, who died Jan. 22nd, in her 29th year, at Queenston, Ont., fortified with all the rites of Holy Church, and who was buried at Fairview, Niagara Falls, January 25th last. She was beloved by all who knew her. Her virtues were hidden from the world, but were of much value in the sight of heaven. Deceased was a zealous client of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and, as long as strength permitted, gave her time, energy and ambition towards the spread of good Catholic literature, especially this magazine. It is our prayer that the Queen of Heaven will hasten to procure a crown for this pure-hearted child of hers, and also bring solace to her much bereaved parents.

Mrs. Catherine Walter, of Leavenworth, Kansas, who died a pious death. Deceased was an old subscriber to this Review, and a zealous promoter of Our Lady's honor.

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 from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.