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AVE MARIA



BAKER-DUNGAY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.
1866.



The Ave Maria

IS A NEW CATHOLIC JOURNAL, exclusively devoted to the Holy Mother of God, published weekly at Notre Dame University, Indiana, under the highest authority of the Church, for the benefit of the Missionaries' Home; that is, for the Home of aged and invalid Priests, who are unable to discharge any longer the laborious duties of the Sacred Ministry. Thus the patrons of the journal are enabled to aid *two* good works by *one* good action.

This paper, the first ever established in the New World for the interests of the Blessed Virgin, is addressed, not to nominal Christians, but solely to such as love the Mother of Jesus, and earnestly wish to see her known and honored through the land: commending itself not only to the various pious Associations in honor of our Blessed Lady—such as Living Rosary, Scapulars, Children of Mary, Sodalitys, etc.—but to the whole Community.

It is hardly necessary to say that the "AVE MARIA" is not a political paper; it will ignore absolutely, political strifes. Yet it will contain regularly a summary of recent events, especially such as relate to religious interests; edifying and accredited Legends, Essays and Criticisms upon late works, will find an appropriate place in our columns. Everything conducive to the interests of the Church will be carefully sought after; for no child of the Church should be ignorant of the trials and triumphs of his mother.

In order to secure the permanency of our paper, and to establish it on a successful material foundation, we purpose creating a fund that will place it, from inception, beyond the contingencies to which similar enterprises are too often liable. The method is as follows: a payment of \$20 constitutes a life-subscription, and such subscriber will receive the journal regularly without being liable to any further payment. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated every Saturday at Notre Dame for life subscribers, and a certain number of communions offered for them; this Mass will be offered in requiem for them whenever it may please our Heavenly Father to call them from our midst.

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All letters and communications should be addressed to Very Rev. E. Sorin, Notre Dame, St. Joseph Co., Indiana.

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Weekly Calendar.

MAY.

Saturday 5.—Saint Pius V; P. C.
 Sunday, 6.—5th Sunday after Easter.
 Monday 7.—Rogation. Saint Stanislaus, B. M.
 Tuesday, 8.—Rogation. Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel

Wednesday 9.—Rogation. St. Gregory Nazianzen.
 Thursday 10.—Day of obligation. Ascension.
 Friday 11.—Saint Antonius.
 Saturday 12.—SS. Nereus and companions, MM.

THE GOLDEN WREATH for the Month of May, is a new Month of Mary about to forthcome from the "Ave Maria" press of Notre Dame, Indiana. We have the advanced sheet of the first form which reaches to the fifth day. The author remarks, "to present a New Month of Mary is almost to bring a drop of water to the Sea." Yet these drops all sparkle like diamonds and all go to enrich the crown of devotion to our Blessed Mother. This New Month of May promises, from what we have seen of it, to be a brilliant offering, one of the brightest in the diadem which her devoted clients so joyfully offer to her.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

THE GOLDEN WREATH for the Month of May: Notre Dame, Indiana: We have received the first sheets of this beautiful devotional work, the inspection of which has afforded us great pleasure. The entire book will be issued in time for the coming period of devotion to Our Blessed Lady. The good Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross have shown both piety and enterprise in the preparation and execution of this tribute to the Mother of God, and we heartily recommend the result of their labors to the attention of the faithful.—*Catholic Standard.*

THE GOLDEN WREATH for the Month of May: Notre Dame, Indiana. We have received the Introduction, and the first five Meditations of this work. We have no doubt, from the specimen before us; the book, when published, will be highly

acceptable wherever the devotions of the month of May are practiced. It presents several important features not to be found, so far as we know, in any other publication on the same subject.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

THE GOLDEN WREATH.—The month of May, is at hand. The above is the title of an admirable and most appropriate little work about to be issued from the AVE MARIA press, Notre Dame, Indiana. This of itself would perhaps be sufficient recommendation. We have received a specimen sheet of the forthcoming gem, and from it we feel assured that when completed no Catholic will be without this manual, composed, as it will be, of daily considerations of the triple crown of our Blessed Lady's joys, sorrows and glories. It is accompanied with hymns set to music for May devotions.—*St. Louis Guardian.*

THE GOLDEN WREATH.—Father Sorin, of Notre Dame University, Indiana, sends us the advance sheets of *The Golden Wreath*, for the month of May, composed of daily considerations on the triple crown of our Blessed Lady's joys, sorrows, and glories; with hymns set to music for May devotions. The rapid increase of the devotion to the Mother of God, in America, is one of the most cheering signs of the times, and we hail with delight every new enterprise which serves to increase and strengthen this devotion.—*Washington Visitor.*

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 5, 1866.

No. 18.

THE WORKINGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

[CONCLUDED.]

And now I will add only a few more words of a personal sort, and then make an end. It was not my fate in the Church of England to be regarded as a contentious or controversial spirit, nor as a man of extreme opinions, or of a bitter temper. I remember indeed that I was regarded, and even censured, as slow to advance, somewhat tame, cautious to excess, morbidly moderate, as some one said. I remember that the Catholics *kut' exohén* used to hold me somewhat cheap, and to think me behindhand, uncatholic, over-English, and the like! But now, is there any thing in the extreme opposite of all this which I am not? Ultramontane, violent, unreasoning, bitter, rejoicing in the miseries of my neighbors, destructive, a very Apollyon, and the like. Some who so describe me now are the same who were wont then to describe me as the reverse of all this. They are yet Catholicizing the Church of England, without doubt more Catholic still than I am. Well, what shall I say? If I should say that I am not conscious of these changes, you would only think me self-deceived. I will therefore only tell you where I believe I am unchanged, and then where I am conscious of a change, which, perhaps, will account for all you have to say of me.

I am unconscious, then, of any change in my love to England in all that relates to the natural order. I am no politician, and I do not set up for a patriot; but I believe, as Saint Thomas teaches, that love of country is a part of charity, and assuredly I have ever loved England with a very filial love. My love for England begins with the England of Saint Bede. Saxon England, with all its tumults, seems to me saintly and beautiful. Norman England I have always loved less, because, though more majestic, it became continually less Catholic, until the evil spirit of the world broke off the light yoke of faith at the so-called Reformation. Still, I loved the Christian England which survived, and all the lingering outlines of dioceses and parishes, cathedrals and churches, with the names of saints upon them. It is this vision of the past which still hovers over England and makes it beautiful, and full of memories of the kingdom of God. Nay, I loved the parish church of my childhood, and the college chapel of my youth, and the little church under a green hillside, where the morning and evening prayers, and the music of English Bible, for seventeen years, became a part of my soul. Nothing

is more beautiful in the natural order, and if there were no eternal world I could have made it my home. But these things are not England, they are only its features, and I may say that my love was and is to the England which lives and breathes about me, to my countrymen whether in or out of the Church of England. With all our faults as a race, I recognize in them noble Christian virtues, exalted characters, beautiful examples of domestic life, and of every personal excellence which can be found, where the fullness of grace and truth is not, and much, too, which puts to shame those who are where the fullness of grace and truth abounds. So long as I believed the Church of England to be a part of the Church of God I loved it, how well you know, and honored it with a filial reverence, and labored to serve it, with what fidelity I can affirm, with what, or if with any utility, it is not for me to say. And I love still those who are in it, and I would rather suffer any thing than wrong them in word or deed, or pain them without a cause. To all this I must add, lastly, and in a way above all, the love I bear to many personal friends, so dear to me, whose letters I kept by me till two years ago, though more than fifty of them are gone into the world unseen, all these things are sweet to me still, beyond all words that I can find to express it.

You will ask me then, perhaps, why I have never manifested this before? It is because when I left you, in the full, calm, deliberate, and undoubting belief that the light of the only truth led me from a fragmentary Christianity into the perfect revelation of the day of Pentecost, I believed it to be my duty to walk alone in the path in which it led me, leaving you all unmolested by any advance on my part. If any old friend has ever written to me, or signified to me his wish to renew our friendship, I believe he will bear witness to the happiness with which I have accepted the kindness offered to me. But I felt that it was my act which had changed our relations, and that I had no warrant to assume that a friendship, founded upon agreement in our old convictions, would be continued when that foundation had been destroyed by myself, or restored upon a foundation altogether new. And I felt, too, a jealousy for truth. It was no human pride which made me feel that I ought not to expose the Catholic Church to be rejected in my person. Therefore I held on my own course, seeking no one, but welcoming every old friend—and they have been many—who came to me. This has caused a suspension of nearly fourteen years in which I

have never so much as met or exchanged a line with many who till then were among my nearest friends. This, too, has given room for many misapprehensions. It would hardly surprise me if I heard that my old friends believed me to have become a cannibal.

But perhaps you will say, this does not account for your hard words against us and the Church of England. When I read your late pamphlet I said to myself, have I ever written such hard words as these? I will not quote them, but truly I do not think that, in any thing I have ever written, I have handled at least any person as you, my dear friend, in your zeal, which I respect and honor, have treated certain very exalted personages who are opposed to you. But let this pass. It would not excuse me, even if I were to find you in the same condemnation.

One of my anonymous censors writes, that "as in times past I had written violently against the Church of Rome, so now I must do the same against the Church of England." Now I wish he would find, in the books I published, when out of the Church, the hard sayings he speaks of. It has been my happiness to know that such do not exist. I feel sure that my accuser had nothing before his mind when he risked this controversial trick. I argued, indeed, against the Catholic and Roman Church, but I do not know of any railing accusations. How I was preserved from it I cannot tell, except by the same divine goodness which afterward led me into the perfect light of faith.

But I have written, some say, hard things of the Church of England. Are they hard truths or hard epithets? If they are hard epithets, show them to me, and I will erase them with a prompt and public expression of regret; but if they be hard facts, I cannot change them. It is true, indeed, that I have, for the last fourteen years, incessantly and unchangingly, by word and by writing, borne my witness to the truths by which God has delivered me from the bondage of a human authority in matters of faith. I have borne my witness to the presence and voice of a divine, and therefore, infallible, teacher, guiding the Church with his perpetual assistance, and speaking through it as his organ. I have also borne witness that the Church through which he teaches is that which Saint Augustin describes by the two incommunicable notes—that it is "spread throughout the world" and "united to the Chair of Peter." (*S. Aug. Op.*, tom. ii, pp. 119, 120; tom. x., p. 93). I know that the corollaries of these truths are severe, peremptory, and inevitable. If the Catholic faith be the perfect revelation of Christianity, the Anglican Reformation is a cloud of heresies; if the Catholic Church be the organ of the Holy Ghost, the Anglican Church is not only no part of the Church, but no church of divine foundation. It is a human institution, sustained as it was founded by a human authority, without priesthood, without sacraments, without absolution, without the real presence of Jesus upon its altars. I know these truths are hard. It seems heartless, cruel, unfilial, unbrotherly, un-

grateful so to speak of all the beautiful fragments of Christianity which mark the face of England from its thousand towns to its green villages, so dear even to us who believe it to be both in heresy and in schism. You must feel it so. You must turn from me and turn against me for saying it; but if I believe it, must I not say it? And if I say it, can I find words more weighted, measured, and deliberate than those I have used? If you can, show them to me, and so that they are adequate, I will use them always hereafter. God knows I have never written a syllable with the intent to leave a wound. I have erased, I have refrained from writing and speaking, many things; lest I should give more plain than duty commanded me to give. I cannot hope that you will allow all I say. But it is the truth. I have refrained from it, not only because it is a duty, but because I wish to disarm those who divert men from the real point at issue by accusations of bitterness and the like. It has been my lot, more than of most, to be, in these late years, on the frontier which divides us. And—why, I know not—people have come to me with their anxieties and their doubts. What would you have done in my place? That which you have done in your own; which, *muta o nomine*, has been my duty and my burden.

And now I have done. I have a hope that the day is coming when all in England, who believe in the supernatural order, in the revelation of Christianity, in the inspiration of Holy Scripture, in the divine certainty of dogmatic tradition, in the divine obligation of holding no communion with heresy and with schism, will be driven in upon the lines of the only stronghold which God has constituted as "the pillar and ground of the truth." This may not be, perhaps, as yet; but already it is time for those who love the faith of Christianity, and look with sorrow and fear on the havoc which is lying in waste among us, to draw together in mutual kindness and mutual equity of judgment. That I have so ever treated you I can truly say; that I may claim it at your hands I am calmly conscious; but whether you and others accord it to me or not, I must leave it to the Disposer of hearts alone to determine. Though we are parted now, it may not be for ever; and morning by morning, in the holy Sacrifice, I pray that the same light of faith which so profusely fell upon myself, notwithstanding all I am, may in like manner abundantly descend upon you, who are in all things so far above me, save only in that one gift which is not mine, but His alone who is the Sovereign Giver of all grace.

Believe me, my dear friend,

Always affectionately yours,

HENRY EDWARD MANNING.

ST. MARY'S, BAYSWATER, Sept. 27, 1864.

MARY, the cause of all our joy, was herself a growth of earth, a specimen of what an unfallen world would have been; and it was on an earthly stem, that Jesus Himself, the Joy of all joys, blossomed and gave forth His fragrance.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST OF CANA.

On this day consecrated to Mary, the fifth Saturday after Easter, we open the Gospel and read: "There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the Mother of Jesus was there;" immediately after it says: "And Jesus also was invited and His disciples". It was not without a profound reason that the Holy Ghost, who guided the hand of the Evangelist, mentions the presence of Mary. It is to teach us that this Mother of men extends her protection over the matrimonial alliance when this union is contracted in the presence of her Son and blessed with His benediction.

Marriage is great in the eyes of God Himself. He established it in the terrestrial paradise, in favor of our first parents, before they had forfeited their innocence. Then it was that He declared its conditions, proclaiming *unity* as its foundation. Having resolved to bring forth from the same source, through successive generations, all the members of the human family, in place of creating them simultaneously, as He had created the angels, God instituted marriage for the accomplishment of this design. From marriage would spring the elect who were to fill the places of the fallen angels. Therefore, in the first days of the world, He bestowed upon marriage a permanent benediction, which, as the Church teaches us in her liturgy, "has not been withdrawn by the sentence which the Lord pronounced from the beginning against sinful man, nor by the destroying waters of the deluge." (*Missale Romanum*).

But before this second chastisement fell upon our guilty race, "when all flesh had corrupted its way," marriage fell from the height where the Creator had placed it. Turned from its sacred end, degraded to the low satisfaction of the senses, it lost that sacred union which constituted its glory. Polygamy on one side, divorce on the other, destroyed its primitive character; sacred family ties were shamefully sacrificed to pleasure, and the position of woman was degraded. The great lesson of the deluge did not check this evil among the grandsons of Noah—it continued its course, and not even the law of Moses had sufficient strength to elevate marriage to the dignity of its first institution.

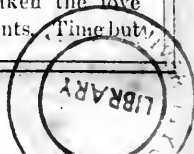
For this, the Divine Author of the conjugal alliance had to come on earth. When human miseries had reached their height, He appeared among men, having taken upon Himself their nature, and He declared that He was the Bride-

groom whom the prophets and the divine Canticle had announced as coming to choose a Spouse among mortals. The Spouse He selected is the holy Church, that is to say, humanity purified by baptism and adorned with supernatural gifts. He has given it, as dower, His blood and His merits. This union is for eternity. This Spouse is unique: in His love He calls her by this name: "My perfect one is but *one*," and she can have no other Spouse than Him. This is the divine type of the conjugal alliance, which draws, as the Apostle teaches us, its mystery and grandeur from the union of Christ with His Church. The end of these two alliances is common, they are linked together. Jesus loves His Church with the love of a spouse: but the Church proceeds from human marriage, which gives her its sons and is constantly renewed upon earth. Therefore, Jesus elevated marriage, brought it back to its primitive condition and honored it as the powerful auxiliary of His designs.

He selected the nuptial hall of Cana for the first miracle of His public ministry. In accepting the invitation to the festival, where His Mother had already been invited, we feel that He went to elevate by His divine presence the dignity of the sacred contract, which was to unite the two spouses and to renew in their favor the ancient benediction of the terrestrial Paradise.

But the munificence of our divine Saviour with regard to marriage, was not confined merely to renewing what had been perverted by the weakness of man. This solemn and irrevocable contract He elevated forever to the dignity of a Sacrament. At the moment, when two Christians contract this alliance, which unites them forever, a sacramental grace descends upon them, and the bond of union from that instant takes its rank among sacred things. At the sight of this marvel the Apostle exclaims: "This is a great Sacrament; but I speak in Christ and in the Church." The two alliances are in reality united. Christ and His Church: man and woman, have but the same end—the production of the elect; and for this, they are sealed by the Divine Spirit.

But the grace of the seventh Sacrament is not merely restricted to closing forever the bond which unites the married couple,—it endows them, at the same time, with all necessary graces for fulfilling their sublime mission; filling their hearts with mutual love, strong as death, which many waters cannot quench; neither can the floods drown it. Years cannot weaken the love founded on these Christian sentiments. Time but



purifies and develops a love, calm as that of Heaven, which in its strong tranquillity produces, without effort, the most generous sacrifices. This sacramental grace, at the same time, prepares them for the great ministry of the education of the children Heaven will bestow upon them, endowing them with boundless devotedness to the blessed fruit of their union, tender patience, rare discernment, the constant sentiment of the immortal destiny of these cherished beings whom God has destined to be His elect, and the clear conviction that they belong to Him, rather than to the parents of whom He made use to give them life.

This is the transformation operated by the grace of the Sacrament of Marriage. Such is the revolution which the Christian law exhibited in the bosom of the pagan world, where brutal egotism had stifled the sentiment of human dignity. Christianity revealed the true idea of marriage, namely: Love in sacrifice and sacrifice in love. It required a Sacrament to elevate and maintain man at this height.

Two centuries had scarcely passed since the promulgation of the Gospel. The pagan rites still existed, with more imperiousness than ever, when an eloquent Christian traced the following sketch of the regeneration of marriage, in the midst of this new society, which the imperial edicts proscribed as though it had been the scourge of humanity:

"Where," says Tertullian, "can we find words to describe the happiness of a marriage, whose bonds are united by the Church, and confirmed by the divine oblation, whose benediction imprints the seal, proclaimed by angels and ratified by the Eternal Father? What a yoke is that, beneath which the two faithful spouses bend united in the same hope, under the same law and same dependence! The two serve the same Master, and form but one body and one mind; united they pray and fast; they mutually instruct, exhort and sustain each other. Together you see them in the Church, and at the divine banquet. Together they share trials, joys and persecutions. The secrets of one are known to the other. They do not conceal from one another their visits to the sick or suffering. Their alms are given without discussion; their sacrifices without coldness. Their pious practices are never disturbed. In their house you see no furtive sign of the cross, no timidity in pious transports, nor mute acts of thanksgiving. Together they chant hymns and psalms, and if a rivalry exists, it is as to which one will chant most worthily the praises of God. These

are the unions which rejoice the eye and heart of Christ. To these marriages He sends His peace. He dwells in this family, whence the enemy of man has been expelled."

What sublime language! What an exquisite picture! We feel that the divine Sacrament has placed its influence here! Behold the secret of the regeneration of the world! The Christian family came from heaven and was implanted on the earth. Long ages passed; yet in spite of human weakness, this ideal type was universally admitted, by conscience and in legal institutions. Yet the pagan element ever strives against it, and even in our days, among nations calling themselves Christians, we see its workings. Faith ever teaches us that this contract, by becoming a Sacrament, is the domain of the Church; and the legitimacy of divorce is nothing more or less than the pagan element.

What Christ has established, in His almighty power, cannot perish. His institutions are immortal. Let not Christians be alarmed. Let them continue to receive from the Church, their mother, the divine Sacrament, and let matrimony continue to maintain among them the traditions of family established by God, the sentiment and dignity of man, member of Christ and citizen of heaven. In this manner they may save modern society, and, assuredly, they will save their souls.

In closing this week, we find thee, O Mary! in connection with the Sacrament of Matrimony at the wedding feast of Cana, where thy presence sanctified the union of the two spouses,—one of the great facts of the Gospel.

Why didst thou, the perfect type of virginity, who wouldst have renounced the honors of Mother of God rather than sacrifice this noble aureola, appear on this occasion, unless it be to remind Christian spouses that they must never forget the superiority of perfect continence over marriage, and that the homage they render it will ever preserve in their thoughts and desires that chaste reserve which makes the dignity and preserves the true felicity of marriage? Deign then, O spotless Virgin, to protect more than ever this Sacrament, in these days, when human laws are weakening and destroying it more than ever, while at the same time the torrents of sensuality threaten to obliterate, among so many Christians, even the distinction between good and evil. Bless those whose unions are formed under thy maternal regards. They are the inheritance of thy Son, the salt of the earth which will preserve it from entire corruption, the hope of a better

future. They are thine, O purest Virgin, guard them and augment their number, so that the world may not be entirely destroyed.

THE ROGATION DAYS.

The bells of the village church strike up, and the rustics immediately quit their various employments. The vine-dresser descends the hill, the husbandman hastens from the plain, the wood-cutter leaves the forest; the mothers, sallying from their huts, arrive with their children; and the young maidens relinquish their spinning-wheels, their sheep, and the fountains, to attend the rural festival.

They assemble in the parish church-yard on the verdant graves of their forefathers. The only ecclesiastic who is to take part in the ceremony soon appears; this is some aged pastor known only by the appellation of the *Curé*, and this venerable name, in which his own is lost, designates less the minister of the temple than the laborious father of his flock. He comes forth from his solitary house, which stands contiguous to the abode of the dead, over whose ashes he keeps watch. This pastor in his habitation is like an advanced guard on the frontier of life, to receive those who enter and those who depart from this kingdom of woe and grief. A well, some poplars, a vine climbing about his window, and a few pigeons, constitute all the wealth of this king of sacrifices.

The apostle of the Gospel, vested simply in a surplice, assembles his flock before the principal entrance of the church, and delivers a discourse, which must certainly be very impressive, to judge from the tears of his audience. He frequently repeats the words: *My children! my dearly beloved children!* and herein consists the whole secret of the eloquence of this rustic Chrysostom.

The exhortation ended, the assembly begins to move off, singing: "Ye shall go forth with pleasure, and ye shall be received with joy; the hills shall leap, and shall hear you with delight." The standard of the saints, the antique banner of the days of chivalry, opens the procession of the villagers who follow their pastor pell-mell. They pursue their course through lanes overshadowed with trees and deeply cut by the wheels of the rustic vehicles; they climb over high barriers formed by a single trunk of a tree; they proceed along a hedge of hawthorn, where the bee hums, where the bullfinch and the blackbird whistle. The budding trees display the promise of their fruit; all nature is a nosegay of flowers. The

woods, the valleys, the rivers, the rocks, hear, in their turns, the hymns of the husbandmen. Astonished at these resounding canticles, the hosts of the green corn-fields start forth, and at a convenient distance stop to witness the passage of this rural pageant.

At length the rustics return to their labor: religion designed not to make the day on which they implore the Almighty to bless the produce of the earth a day of idleness. With what confidence does the plowman plunge his share into the soil, after addressing his supplications to Him who governs the spheres and who keeps in His treasures the breezes of the south and the fertilizing showers! To finish well a day so piously begun, the old men of the village repair at night to converse with their pastor, who takes his evening meal under the poplars in his yard. The moon then sheds her last beams on this festival, which the Church has made to correspond with the return of the most pleasant of the months and the course of the most mysterious of the constellations. The people seem to hear the grain taking root in the earth and the plants growing and maturing. Amid the silence of the woods arise unknown voices, as from the choir of rural angels whose succor has been implored; and the plaintive and sweet notes of the nightingale salute the ears of the veterans, who are seated not far from the solitary tombs.

ILLUSTRATION OF PICTURES.

"Queen of Heaven"

In thy limitless domain,
Where the bright stars ever shine;
Mary! for thy supplicants gain,
Admission to thy Courts divine!
Aid them Life's rude storms to weather,
Dangers, sorrows, pains to bear,
Till all, thy chosen ones together,
Shall join their Queen in glory there.
From thy star-gemmed Courts above,
O Holy Mary! gaze on those,
Whose hope relying on thy love,
Bring to thy Throne their secret woes!
Bend down in mercy from on high,
And hear each earnest mourner's prayer;
Bright Queen of Heaven! to thee we fly,
Receive us, trusting to thy care.
Holy Mary! Queen of Heaven!
Unto whom all grace is given;
See us kneeling at thy throne,
Past offences to atone;
Lifting unto thee our eyes,
As ascend our prayers and sighs,
O receive, and waft them where,
Thy Son still bends to thee His ear.

SAINT PIUS V.

During the Paschal times, the Church celebrates the memory of many Pontiffs, who form a brilliant constellation around our risen Lord, who in those days, gave to Peter, their predecessor, the keys of Heaven. Anicetus, Soter, Caius, Cle-tus and Marcellin, bear aloft the glorious palm of martyrdom. Leo, alone combatted without shedding his blood; yet his great heart would not have recoiled at this supreme testimony of his love.

But among all the saintly brows endowed with the tiara, Pius V, whose feast we celebrate to-day, stands unrivaled. His brief pontificate is full of great events, in every one of which he played the part of a hero and a saint.

After the death of Pius IV, in 1565, Saint Charles Borromeo resolved to avert from himself the heavy responsibilities of the Apostolic See; so he used every effort to unite all the suffrages in favor of Cardinal Ghislieri, who was unanimously elected. In vain did the holy Cardinal try to renounce the honor, for the members of the Sacred College so earnestly entreated him to remain where they had placed him, that, with many tears, he consented, and took the name of Pius V. Henceforth, his entire life was a combat against heresy and the yoke of the infidel. The times were dark and tempestuous when he ascended the steps of the pontifical throne; the rank seeds of heresy had been blown from England and Germany, and on the fair soil of Italy they sought to produce their deadly fruits.

The wily, cunning enemies of the Church, in their sacrilegious ambition, then, as in our own day, dared attack the apostolic chair, and in its overthrow, to drag the entire Christian world into the darkness of heresy. With indomitable courage, the Pontiff defended the threatened peninsula. He animated the courage of the Italian princes, and by their united efforts, they made the Alps the boundary of this moral pestilence; and the progress of heresy with its attendant evils, was checked in all the countries that recognized the power of Pius V. He sent his legates to England, Scotland, Ireland, Hungary, Poland, Flanders, Germany and France, to oppose this moral plague, to fortify the faithful against its errors, and to assist the poor Catholics, who had been reduced by persecutions to the last extremity. It was from him, that Mary, Queen of Scots, received her almost only consolation, during her long life of suffering in those English prisons, to which Elizabeth welcomed her when she fled to her for kindness and protection; he wrote to Mary, con-

soling her in her weary prison and heavy trials, exhorting her to new constancy and devotion to the religion for which she had suffered so much, and for which she finally laid down her life. Knowing that her inhuman jailors deprived her of the Sacraments, particularly the Holy Eucharist, he gave her leave to keep the Consecrated Host in her little oratory, in order that she might herself communicate. In this precious privilege, did the poor Queen find support through all the bitterness of her last years, and the Holy Viaticum, on the day of her martyrdom.

The labors of Saint Pius have made his pontificate one of the most brilliant and fruitful in the history of the Church. He published the decrees of the Council of Trent, and used every effort to have them universally obeyed. He labored constantly for the extension of the faith, particularly in the Indies, and he made many reforms in the Pontifical States. More than once have Protestants inclined with admiration in presence of this successful adversary of their pretended reform.

"I am astonished," said Lord Bacon, "to learn that the Roman Church has not yet canonized this great man!" but in reality he was not placed among the number of the saints until about one hundred and thirty years after his death. Such is the great impartiality of the Church when there is question of canonizing even her most illustrious Pontiffs. The gift of miracles was bestowed upon him during his mortal life. We introduce the crowning glory of his pontificate by two of these miracles, very touching in their character.

One day, in company with the Polish Ambassador, the Sovereign Pontiff was crossing the Vatican Square, whose surface was once covered by the circus of Nero; filled with enthusiasm for the glory and courage of the martyrs, who in the first persecutions had here won their eternal crowns, Pius kissed the hallowed ground, then taking a handful of dust from this field of martyrs, traversed by crowds of faithful ever since the peace of Constantine, he wrapped it up in a handkerchief which the ambassador presented him. When the latter entered his apartments, and opened the handkerchief, he found it moist with crimson blood, that had every appearance of having been that moment collected from warm veins, still pulsating with life. Of the dust, not a particle remained! The faith of the Pontiff had evoked the blood of the martyrs, and this generous blood reappeared at his call, to proclaim to the proud followers of heresy, that the Church of the sixteenth century was the same, for which those heroes gave their lives in the days of Nero.

More than once had the enemies of the Church attempted to put an end to this Sovereign Pontiff, whose combination of natural and of supernatural qualities crushed all their efforts to conquer Italy. By a stratagem, as cowardly as it was sacrilegious, aided by base treason, they succeeded in inserting a subtle and deadly poison into the feet of the crucifix that hung above the kneeling stool in his private oratory. For there they knew that the Holy Father spent long hours in prayer, often pressing his lips with affection upon the feet of this image of his crucified Master.

The morning after this infamous plot against his life had been prepared, Pius V, as usual, knelt and leaned forward to kiss the image of his Saviour, when suddenly the nailed feet detached themselves from the cross, and evaded the lips of the venerable old man. On examination it was discovered that the malice of his enemies had sought to make the wood of the cross truly the instrument of his death, but God, by a miracle, prevented it.

Of his humility, austerity, penances and piety, our space will not permit us to speak, for we must hasten to the crowning glory of his life; the memorable battle of Lepanto, where faith triumphed over infidelity, and through Pius V, Europe entire in all probability, was saved from the domination of the Crescent. Profiting by the terrible evils which followed the pretended reformation, and eagerly taking advantage of the internal strifes that agitated Europe, the Turks armed themselves for the conquest of its fairest provinces. Leaving the Bosphorus, the vast Ottoman fleet sacked the beautiful island of Cyprus, and pursued its victorious course toward Venice. All things favored the sultan, who possessed the resources of an immense empire, a formidable army, an extensive navy, abundant ammunition and arms, and united to these advantages, his mighty forces had all that boldness and confidence which the habit of conquest imparts, and they swore, in their pride and insolence, that they would not lay down their arms until the whole of Christendom had bowed beneath the sign of Mahomet. Such, doubtless, would have been the case if the great Pontiff had not watched over the safety of all. This faithful shepherd sounded the alarm. In an eloquent appeal, he called all Christians to arms, beseeching them to form a holy league against the enormous forces with which Selim III was invading Europe.

But alas for the days of chivalry and faith! In France and England, heresy had frozen their

warmth and paralyzed their strength. France was divided by intestine feuds, and England was filling her prisons and lighting her Smithfield fires around those of her brave children who still dared to believe in the same faith that inspired her crusaders, to battle for the Holy Land, under the banner of Richard, the Lion-Hearted. Like the citizens of Constantinople, who thronged the halls of the rhetoricians, while Mahomet II besieged their city, the Christians of Europe were discussing the doctrines of their pretended reformers, while their country and faith were menaced, with a common ruin by the infidel! Of all the Christian nations, Spain alone responded to the call and united her forces with those of Venice, and with the little fleet from the Pope's dominions. Yet, Pius V was not discouraged, and notwithstanding the immense disparity of the combatants, he nominated John, Archduke of Austria, General-in-Chief of the Christian forces, and gave orders not to wait the approach of the Turkish fleet, but to go and meet it.

In the Gulf of Lepanto the banners of the cross and the crescent came in sight of each other. The appearance of the Christian ships, so far inferior in number to the vast Ottoman fleet, increased the confidence and insolence of the infidels, who felt certain of a complete victory, but they forgot to reckon that powerful ally of those few men, who, in his far off home in Rome, poured forth his prayers for the success of the Christian arms; neither did they know of the hidden strength contained on each one of those vessels, whose holy monks, by their exhortations, prepared every man to fight nobly for the holy cause, and if it was necessary, die fearlessly, for all had been prepared for death by the devout reception of the Sacraments. The moment before the battle the officers addressed a few impressive words to their troops. The soldiers then fell upon their knees before the crucifix, threw their beads around their necks and rose only as the fleets met. At that moment, the archduke unfurled from the admiral's ship the banner he had received from the Pope; it represented the Blessed Virgin presenting her Divine Son to them and it was surmounted by a luminous cross, that glittered in the sunbeams and reflected its image in the waters beneath. A loud enthusiastic shout from the whole Christian fleet saluted this blessed standard, and, at the same moment, the first charge of the Turkish artillery was directed against it. But no shot, either then or during the whole day, touched the sacred banner.

The infidels, not doubting of success, and well

knowing that this day's victory would open Europe to their countless hordes, charged with the most impetuous fury; every earthly advantage was on their side: strength, numbers and the most favorable wind. But the Christians, who had sung *EXURGAT DEUS*, the psalm of the holy battles, knew that success was in the hands of God. The engagement lasted from six o'clock in the morning until the shades of evening began to fall, and ended in the complete defeat of the prodigious fleet of the infidels. Thirty thousand men were killed; ten thousand taken prisoners; fifteen thousand Christian prisoners were released. The victors took one hundred and ninety vessels, burnt and sunk eighty, while of their own forces, they did not lose more than seven thousand five hundred men.

It was a terrible sight to see the waves tinged with blood and covered with the mutilated remains of the wounded, the dying, and the dead, floating in wild confusion among the broken masts, torn sails, dismantled vessels and weapons of every description; and yet it was by that sight we recognize the grandeur of this, the most important naval victory of modern times, and we can better understand the obligations that all Christendom owe Pius V, for this memorable defeat of the Moslem power. Having had a revelation of the hour when the battle would commence, the Pope, like another Moses, passed the preceding day and night in prayer; and it was remarked that, at the moment the engagement commenced between the two fleets, the wind, which as we observed had been favorable to the Turks, suddenly veered, blowing the smoke of the cannon in such a manner, as to blind the Turks and disable the infidel fleet. The prisoners who were taken, moreover, avowed, that during the battle they had seen Jesus Christ in the air, surrounded by an immense crowd of angels bearing swords, which they pointed in a threatening manner against the Turkish fleet. This inspired them with such fear, that their weapons fell from their hands. This miraculous circumstance has not been omitted in the magnificent painting which adorns the Vatican, in commemoration of this signal victory. Pius V also had a revelation at the very hour when the Christians triumphed over the infidels. During the day, there was a solemn procession of the Rosary, in the church of the Minerva, for the success of the Christian arms. Toward evening, while Pius V was conversing with several Cardinals, he arose and looked out of the window upon the sky, what he saw there we know not, but he exclaimed:

"Away with business! Our only thought now must be to return thanks to Almighty God for the victory he has granted the Christian arms!"

They immediately repaired to Saint Peter's. The news spread like wildfire through the city, and with unanimous accord, the victory was attributed to the Blessed Virgin, under whose protection the fleet had been placed! Throughout the entire city, her litany was intoned in full chorus; and it was on that occasion, Pius V introduced a new invocation, that has ever since been retained. *Auxilium Christianorum*—"Help of Christians."

In thanksgiving for the same triumph, he also instituted a new festival for the first Sunday of October, dedicating it to the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, to whom he gave the title of *Our Lady of Victory*.

Thus was celebrated at Rome by public rejoicing, a victory which was simultaneously gained at a distance of nine hundred miles. Couriers soon arrived bearing a full confirmation, and all Christendom proclaimed that a Pope had once more saved Europe.

The Turks sustained a defeat at Lepanto, from which they never recovered; and the era of their decline dates from that memorable day. The holy Pontiff decreed a triumph in the ancient style, to the Archduke of Austria, the commander of those victorious forces, and he magnificently rewarded his brave little army. Yet, they all knew well to *whom* the laurels and crowns were really due.

Saint Pius V died at the age of sixty-nine, in the seventh year of his Pontificate; his body rests in the basilica of Saint Mary Major. Although nearly three centuries have passed away since his saintly soul left its frail tenement of clay, yet the latter still retains the impress of sanctity; no mark of corruption mars the calm repose of his body. Fairchild, in his "Memoirs of the Blessed," states that it is exposed on his feast day, May 5th, for the public veneration of the faithful; the flowing white beard gives the dead Pontiff a truly patriarchal look, and the expression of the face remains unchanged, even after the lapse of so many years. The countenance bespeaks the heroic patience, purity, and humility, which were so firmly blended in the character of Saint Pius V, and the mighty intellect that sustained him in the command which his virtues acquired for him over his fellow men. The great control he exercised over others, for good, cannot be better illustrated than by the saying of the Sultan: "I fear the

prayers of the Pope of Rome, more than all the military strength and powers of the armies of Europe."

THE ASCENSION.

Why is thy face so lit with smiles,
 Mother of Jesus! why?
 And wherefore is thy beaming look
 So fixed upon the sky?
 From out thine overflowing eyes
 Bright lights of gladness part,
 As though some gushing font of joy
 Had broken in thy heart.
 Mother! how canst thou smile to-day?
 How can thine eyes be bright,
 When He, thy life, thy love, thine all,
 Hath vanished from thy sight?
 His rising form on Olivet
 A summer's shadow cast;
 The branches of the hoary trees
 Drooped as the shadow passed.
 And, as He rose with all His train
 Of righteous souls around,
 His blessing fell into thine heart,
 Like dew upon the ground.
 Down stooped a silver cloud from heaven,
 The Eternal Spirit's ear,
 And on the lessening vision went,
 Like some receding star.
 The silver cloud hath sailed away,
 The skies are blue and free;
 The road that vision took is now
 Sunshine and vacancy.
 The feet which thou hast kissed so oft,
 Those living feet, are gone;
 Mother! thou canst but stoop and kiss
 Their print upon the stone.
 He loved the flesh thou gavest Him,
 Because it was from thee;
 He loved it, for it gave Him power
 To bleed and die for me.
 That flesh with its five witness wounds
 Unto His throne He bore,
 For God to love, and spirits blest
 To worship evermore.
 Yes! He hath left thee, Mother dear!
 His throne is far above;
 How canst thou be so full of joy,
 When thou hast lost thy love?
 For surely earth's poor sunshine now
 To thee mere gloom appears,
 When He is gone who was its light
 For three-and-thirty years!
 Why do not thy sweet hands detain
 His feet upon their way?
 Oh why doth not the Mother speak,
 And bid her Son to stay?
 Ah no! thy love is rightful love,
 From all self-seeking free;
 The change that is such gain to Him
 Can be no loss to thee!

'Tis sweet to feel our Saviour's love,
 To feel His presence near;
 Yet loyal love His glory holds
 A thousand times more dear.

Who would have known the way to love
 Our Jesus as we ought,
 If thou in varied joy or woe
 Hadst not that lesson taught?
 Ah! never is our love so pure
 As when refined by pain,
 Or when God's glory upon earth
 Finds in our loss its gain!
 True love is worship: Mother dear!
 Oh gain for us the light
 To love, because the creature's love
 Is the Creator's right!

THE SCAPULAR.

[CONCLUDED.]

V. *Advantage*—*The grace of Salvation*. The holy Virgin, in giving the Scapular to Saint Simon, made him a most consoling promise. She put no bounds to the confidence of those who should wear her habit. In the engagement which she made to protect them, there is no condition. Her words are precise: "Whoever shall be wearing this habit, shall not suffer eternal fire."

An objection may be raised, which is calculated to deceive, as it is clothed in the words of the Gospel. Jesus Christ Himself, says the objection, teaches us that the only means of salvation left to the sinner is repentance; then, if the impious man die in his sins, although he be clothed in the habit of Mary, still, he will be excluded from admittance into the holy city, into which nothing defiled can enter.

We might answer this objection by adducing many well-authenticated examples, which prove that Mary has often, on account of the Scapular, retained sinful souls in their wounded and bleeding bodies, in order to give them time to repent, to reconcile themselves with their God, and to make a good confession. The remarkable occurrence is well known which happened to a certain soldier mortally wounded, who was discovered three days after the battle of Senef, (1674), grasping in one hand the Scapular, in the other a Rosary, and calling for a priest, to hear his confession. Besides other wounds, he had received on the head a deadly stroke from a sabre, and a musket ball had pierced his head from side to side, so that his brains were seen on each side protruding from the wound. Those who were appointed to take charge of the wounded, considered him to be dead, and were passing him by

unheeded; but he implored them to take pity on him, and to carry him with them, as he wished to confess. They carried him off the field; the army chaplain happening to be there, at the moment, the dying soldier confessed his sins, and did not depart this life until he had received absolution.

But should any one trust to such remarkable examples, without caring to change his life and abandon sin, he would indeed be guilty of the greatest temerity: Mary might abandon him, he might lose his Scapular, or even proudly take it off himself.

Let no one flatter himself with the hope of passing from a life of crime and excess, to the life of the blessed, by any other way than by the way of repentance and penance; but, in this way, the Mother of God well knows how to, conduct the sinner, notwithstanding every difficulty. When he perhaps least expects, it may well obtain for him a ray of supernatural light, which will make him understand his error, and his terrible danger; whilst he, too, will be astonished to find sweetness and delight in what before appeared to him so bitter and irksome, and feel horror and disgust at things which he formerly loved so much.

Saint Bonaventure puts no other bounds to the power of Mary than the almighty power of *Him* who condescends to hear and honor her. Saint Antoninus assures us "that her prayer can never be denied." Saint Peter Damian says that "he, for whom Mary will pray, cannot be eternally lost." Who has not heard the consoling words of Saint Anselm, when, addressing himself to Mary, He says: "No one has ever had recourse to thee, without obtaining help, and he, upon whom thou shalt favorably cast thine eyes, will never perish." Saint Bonaventure says: "The name of him who wears Mary's livery is inscribed in the book of life." But let no one here deceive himself; for these words cannot refer to such as practice devotion, only to be able to sin more freely and with greater impunity; those who indulge this vain imagination, deserve rather chastisement than mercy, for their rash presumption. Mercy is pledged, but only for those who at least sigh and groan under the weight of their chains, and who, though they possess not the strength to burst their bands, still have the will to do it, since they hope to receive from Mary, in return for the slight honor they pay her, the strength necessary to throw off the yoke of their passions.

The great Suarez appears to go still farther: "For it can happen," says he, "that God in His

infinite mercy will hear the prayer of the sinner who is not yet determined to change his life, provided, however, that his obstinacy does not proceed so far as to make him reject entirely the spirit of penance, but that, on the contrary, he perseveres in prayer with courage and confidence, imploring God to grant the aid of which he stands in need for obtaining life eternal. *Benedict XIV* is of the same opinion, in support of which he quotes this very passage. But some may perhaps still object: if, then, the sinner, notwithstanding all these favors, should continue to persevere in his sinful life; if he close his eyes to every light; in a word, if he die in this state—then he will die in his sins; for, says Saint Augustin, even God Himself will not force the will of him who is determined to plunge himself into destruction. Yes! he will die in his sins, but he will not die with the holy Scapular. If he will not permit Mary to draw him out of the abyss of sin, then she will still find means to deprive him of her livery. He himself will lay aside the holy habit, so that he will not die with it as a reprobate. Something will happen to him similar to that which happened to a certain wicked man, whose unfortunate history is too well known. As this miserable man several different times attempted in vain to drown himself, not succeeding in his effort, he knew not to what cause he could assign this remarkable circumstance; then recollecting that he carried about him the Scapular, he doubted not that this was what prevented him from fulfilling his sad resolve. The unfortunate wretch, unmoved by this evident mark of the protection of Mary, took off the Scapular, plunged once more into the river, and was swallowed up by the very waters which till then had spared him. He died in his sins, he died committing the greatest crime of which man can be guilty, but he died not, until he had first laid aside the Scapular of Mary, the habit of salvation, "in which whoever dies, shall not endure the eternal flames of hell." *In quo quis morietur, oternum non patietur incendium.*

Oh, Mary! no vested child of thine,
Shall in hell's eternal exile pine."

Many are deterred from taking the holy Scapular from a fear that they cannot accomplish the fasts, abstinences, and prayers required. But really, as may be seen by studying the privileges and indulgences granted to the Confraternity of the Holy Scapular, no special fasts, abstinences or prayers are required for gaining the greater part of these precious favors. For almost all, it is only

required to wear the Scapular continually over the shoulders, and live a Christian life. By saying one Our Father, and seven Hail Marys, daily certain minor favors are granted; but, if you do not say those prayers, you merely lose *that* indulgence; you commit no sin, but you still enjoy all the other wonderful favors granted to the Carmelites. For gaining the privileges of the Sabbatine Bull of John XXII; if you say the Breviary, nothing more is required; if not, you should say the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. But if you cannot read, you should observe all the fasts of the Church, and abstain on Wednesdays or Saturdays, or have this obligation commuted by a priest empowered thus to commute into the saying of a certain number of Our Fathers and Hail Marys, so that all, with small sacrifice, can gain all the indulgences. For most of the prayers required, the holy intention, offered up every morning, of directing your prayers and good works for all indulgences that you can gain, and to direct all your customary prayers to fulfill requisite conditions, will generally suffice. If you go to confession weekly, you gain all plenary indulgences for yourself, or for the souls in Purgatory; when you receive holy communion, *though you did not go to confession before that communion.* Oh how good is our merciful God! "The mercies of the Lord I will sing forever. * * * Mary and truth shall go before thy face. * * * They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance, and in thy name they shall rejoice all the day." (Psalm 88).

COAINA,

THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.

CHAPTER VII.

LIKE A SHEEP BEFORE HER SHEARERS, SHE WAS DUMB.

When Coaina saw Tar-ra-hee watching from the crag, and knew that he must have seen her leave the Iroquois lodge followed by Ahdeek, she felt as if some one had given her a heavy blow on her head; she staggered, and grew faint and dizzy, then every thing like brightness faded out of the air, and she fell to the earth, bereft of consciousness. Ahdeek stood for a moment, perplexed and irresolute, but an idea suddenly presented itself, which not only solved the difficulty of his position, but turned the accident to account; so, lifting the light and insensible form of Coaina

in his strong arms, he sped swiftly to the village of the Algonquins, passing each wondering group he met without speaking, until he reached the lodge of Altontinon, who met him at the door, with her hair disheveled, and her face disfigured with weeping, surrounded by three or four of her relatives, who all pressed silently, but eagerly, forward to look upon the pallid face lying so helplessly upon the shoulder of the Iroquois.

She had alarmed the whole village the night before, by reporting Coaina's disappearance, professing all the time the greatest grief and uneasiness about her, even while she secretly exulted in the certainty that she had fallen into the snare spread for her by her malicious arts. Now, when she saw Coaina brought to her door dead, as she thought, her pretended grief was changed to genuine alarm, and wringing her hands she uttered the mournful and peculiar cry called by the Indians *wakonowen*, prolonging its shrill cadences until the whole air echoed with its sad notes; and one after another, within range of its sound, hurried hither, until quite a crowd had collected in and around the lodge.

"She is not dead," said Ahdeek, laying his light burden down upon a pile of skins and furs hastily thrown together by Winonah and some of the women. "She is not dead," he continued as Altontinon paused in her lamentations to take breath, while every ear was strained to catch all that he had to say, "but the *Tuhó* was too much for her."

"The *Tuhó!*" screamed a woman, drawing her two little girls close to her, "was Coaina—the child of the Blessed Mother—the Rose of our tribe *there?*"

"Esa! esa! And she the head of the Confraternity of the Rosary!" exclaimed another.

"And to think *we* were always taught to try and be like *her!*" added a young girl.

"I almost felt afraid to touch the hem of her garment!" said Winonah.

"O the detestable hypocrite!" said an old squaw, wagging her head.

"To think how we all loved her!" said a young girl sadly.

"Think of her deceiving Father Etienne and our young chief! It is good she was caught in time!" said a grave looking woman who had not yet spoken.

Old Ma-kee now edged his way, feebly through the crowd, and stood looking down on the still, piteous face of Coaina. The muscles in his old withered cheeks worked, and a wonderfully ten-

der and sorrowful look came over the usual fierce expression of his eyes. He stooped down and smoothed her small dusky hand, and laid his own shrunken, tawny hand lightly upon her forehead. Then he stood up and said: "*To-hic* has done no evil. I saw a white kid stung to death by a moccasin: I killed the snake. I was young then, now I am old, but my arm is not too withered to strike down the snake that stung *To-hic*. Where is the Iroquois?" There was a fierce deathly gleam in the old Pagan's eye as he looked around the circle of dusky faces who were watching him: they moved back, for as he moved his arm it lifted his blanket, and they saw that he wore a long bright knife in his girdle, and a hatchet, keenly sharpened. But Ahdeek had long since slipped away, and was heard of weeks afterward, hunting in the forests of Maine. A grim look of contempt stole over Ma-kee's features, then he turned to Altontinon and said: "The snows of nearly eighty winters have brought me wisdom. I see what I see, and know what I know. I found a young pigeon once in the forest with its wing broken. I put it into a nest of young crows and watched. The old mother crow came home and tore the pigeon to pieces to feed her own young." Then he marched off, well satisfied that he had struck no chance blow at Altontinon.

"It's no wonder old Ma-kee likes her," said Winonah, "since she goes to the *Taho*, and is a Pagan like himself. But see! Coaina opens her eyes!" she cried, gazing down with gratified malice on the mournful and beautiful face of her cousin.

"Go for Father Etienne, Winonah. Friends, stand back, and give the unfortunate one air and water. She must not perish in her wickedness. Oh, to think, after all my care—oh! oh! oh!"—cried Altontinon, quite overcome, or rather pretending to be so.

Every one Winonah met, on her way to Father Etienne's, she told the news, that Coaina had "spent the night in the medicine lodge of the Iroquois, and assisted at their superstitious rites. She went with Ahdeek, and every body knew Ahdeek: yes, she was at the *Taho*, and every body knew what *that* was!"

"So," thought some, "we have been deceived." But most of those who heard the strange and dreadful news, were shocked and bewildered. If that bright and glorious star, worshiped with divine honors by their fathers in the primitive days, and still regarded by the Indians as the most splendidly beautiful of all that spangle the

blue robes of heaven, had fallen a black and shapeless mass at their feet, they could not have been more amazed than at the fall of Coaina, in whom they had never seen speck or flaw, and who was, after the Blessed Virgin, the purest model of womanly and Christian virtues they knew on earth. So blithe, so modest, so amiable toward all: "who," they wondered, "could ever feel envy or bitterness for Coaina? What enemies had she to plan such slanders? None. Then, alas! it must be true!" Alack-a-day! the evil days had indeed come for the young Algonquin maid, since even her best and dearest friends and kinsmen were deceived. There was none to help her on earth. Only the Great Spirit and His Immaculate Mother knew the innocence of that soul which was to suffer such keen sorrows, holding it in a divine sanctuary; the powers of earth might crucify her flesh, but never pluck down or wither a single blossom of her crown: for *there* she was eternally safe; but having formed her life on theirs, she must drink, with resignation, of their bitter chalice: be like Mary, suspected of evil; and, like Jesus, be reviled and cast out by her own people.

And the good Father Etienne! he was but human; there was no supernatural power to tell him that all this condemnatory, circumstantial evidence against Coaina, was utterly false. He was speechless when Tar-ra-hee told him what he had witnessed with his own eyes. It seemed like the culminating proof of all else that had been whispered against her. When left alone, the good priest, with a sharp pang at heart, entered the sanctuary to mourn in silence over the fall of this child of many graces, who had not only given such scandal to religion, and humiliated Christians, but had afforded a new triumph to the heathen and unbelievers, and to pray for guidance in conducting the trial on the morrow. Winonah waited long to see him, and when he at length left the chapel, she delivered her errand. Without speaking, he turned and walked quietly to Altontinon's lodge, which was by this time crowded with the friends and kinsmen of Altontinon and Tar-ra-hee, sitting or standing in grave and boding silence around the apartment, while in the midst, seated upon a rude bench, was Coaina, silent, pallid and drooping, her long graceful hands folded together on her knees, while her attire, usually trim and neat, was damp and disarranged, and her long rich tresses fell carelessly over her shoulders to the earthen floor. There she sat, like Job, accused of a hundred

sins, of which she was guiltless; there she sat, like her Lord in the hall of Pilate, awaiting the judgment of an extreme penalty for the crimes of others. Way was made for Father Etienne, who, to the surprise of all, was followed by Tar-ra-hee, stern, grave and decorous, his rich blanket falling in graceful folds from his shoulders, and wearing no ornament except a large silver medal of the Blessed Virgin.

Coaina looked up when she saw the skirt of Father Etienne's *soutane*, with a gleam of hope in her eyes; but when she saw his stern countenance and averted eyes, and just behind him the grave and clouded face of Tar-ra-hee, over which gleamed not a single ray of pity, a vivid crimson dyed her face, neck and hands; her eyelids, heavy with their long dusky lashes, drooped upon her cheeks, and her lips, now suddenly grown pallid, quivered with agony.

"Coaina," said Father Etienne, "stand up and speak the truth when I question you. For the sake of your own soul and religion, I adjure you, in the sacred names of Jesus and Mary, to speak the truth and nothing but the truth."

"I will, my Father," she answered in a low distinct tone, as she arose.

"Where did you spend the night?"

"In the medicine lodge of the Iroquois."

"What did you see there?"

"I saw the Taho."

"Were you taken to the medicine lodge by violence?"

"No, my Father," she said, looking up with a bewildered expression.

"Who did you see there you knew?"

"Only Ahdeek, my Father."

"Why did you go there, Coaina?"

"I got a letter from you, telling me to come."

Here every dusk face leaned forward, and Father Etienne knitted his brows, while his face exhibited the strongest emotion.

"That is false, unfortunate child! It is also a slander!" he said sternly. "Where is that letter?"

"I have it not, my Father. Ahdeek tore it up."

"What did it say?" asked Father Etienne.

"It said 'two girls of the Iroquois are dying, and will not be baptized until you come. Come quickly to the lodge beyond the pines outside the Iroquois village.' That is what I remember. Your name, my Father, was to it. I thought I obeyed you. After I got there I saw that I was entrapped, but I could not escape."

"That is a well got up story. Coaina, shame upon you!" said Altontinon, stepping forward. "No letter came to her my Father. Winonah says that none came. Winonah was sick, and I left Coaina to nurse her; but she left her and

went away without saying where. It is like the mantle Ahdeek gave her. Ahdeek has been Coaina's lover since she was a child."

"Did Ahdeek give you that mantle, Coaina?" asked Father Etienne.

"I was told that—that—Tar-ra-hee had left it for me," she replied gently.

"Oh, the bold one!" exclaimed her aunt. I told her before Winonah that Ahdeek had brought her the mantle, she knows I did. And now I must speak. Coaina is not honest. She is not honest. She steals my money and sends it to Montreal to buy finery. She has told me many lies. My life has been worn out with her, and trying to hide her faults. Her ingratitude and hypocrisy I could bear, but I dared not let her carry dishonor into the lodge of Tar-ra-hee."

"There are calumnies," says a modern writer, "So great as to confuse innocence itself." Thus it was with poor Coaina. She saw that the evidence against her was strong without being true. Events had encompassed her like a net, and confirmed all the slanders of her enemies. Every thing made her appear more guilty; there was no witness to disprove the charges, and benumbed in her still anguish, she said not a word, but, "like a sheep before her shearers, she was dumb."

"Miserable child," said Father Etienne, breaking the breathless silence, while tears rolled unbidden over his aged cheeks. "There is nothing left for you but penance for your vices and crimes. You have brought great scandal on religion, you have wounded charity, you have been guilty of base ingratitude, you have outraged decency, and, to crown your sins, you have renewed the bitter Passion of Jesus Christ, and pierced with a sword of grief the heart of His tender Mother. I cannot pronounce your sentence until the assembly investigate your case and consult upon it. I came here hoping to find you innocent, I go away believing you guilty. Go to your room and remain there until your people decide upon your punishment, and may Almighty God bring you to repentance."

Coaina arose, folded her hands upon her bosom, and bowed in token of obedience, then walked tremblingly away to the curtained corner of the lodge called hers. Lifting the curtain, she disappeared from the eyes of her traducers and enemies, and falling prostrate upon the floor, her soul sent up its strong appeal unto Him who alone knew her innocence; to Him who would never turn away from her, and on whose strong arm she could lean on this her day of tribulation; to Him in whom she would trust even though He might slay her. But the passion of her grief was bitter. She was only human, and this casting of her out, this rending of the ties which had so long bound her to her friends, her director, her kinsmen, was terrible to bear, and gave separate and fierce wounds to her natural life, as each one was parted asunder. The cross was heavy to-day, but on the morrow it would become almost insupportable, while the clouds hanging gloomily above her would gather more darkly around her way.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE ALTARS OF MARY.

Unto thine altars Mother dear!
The floral offerings of the year
We happy children bring;
Guided and loved and blest by thee,
Our dearest privilege shall be,
Our Mother's name to sing.

All spotless like thy purity,
The lily fair we bring to thee,
The rose with blushes dyed;
Which as thy virtues rich and rare,
With sweetest fragrance fill the air,
The summer's glorious pride.

The humble violets modestly,
True type and emblem still of thee,
O Maiden meek and mild!
Like it when blooming in the sod,
Thy holiness, known but to God,
Spotless and undefiled!

Come, crown our Mother's altars now,
And bind the garland on her brow;
And bid the flowrets fair,
Breathe out their odors at her feet,
As nature's purest incense meet,
To mingle with our prayer.

Crowned by thy God in Heaven above,
Object of all the angels' love,
And blest for evermore;
Yet wilt thou list thy children's song,
And smile upon the infant throng,
Who at thy shrine adore.

O may we here, a youthful band,
Be guided by thy gracious hand,
Through life's uncertain way;
Until with thee we join to sing,
The glories of thy Son, our King,
In Heaven's eternal day.

L A T R A P P E .

The Monastery of La Trappe, founded by Count Rotrou, contains only one, of the many communities of fervent Religious, by whom the rule of St. Benedict was strictly observed in the twelfth century. The age of Saint Bernard, and the good monks who came from the abbey of Breuil-Benoit to La Trappe, hid themselves in that peaceful solitude with no other ambition than that greatest of all, of serving God faithfully, unknown to the world. No one then dreamed that the little monastery, in the out of the way marsh of La Trappe, was designed by Providence to transmit the strict observance of the rule of Saint Benedict to us of the nineteenth century, seven hundred years after its foundation.

The Abbey of Breuil-Benoit, was one of the numerous monasteries established by the Monks of

Savigny. The abbey and congregation of Savigny, was founded by Vital, a holy priest of the Diocese of Seez, to whom Ravoul de Fongires gave a tract of land in the forest of Savigny. Vital built the chapel in the year 1112, the very year in which the arrival of Saint Bernard, then a young man, at Citeaux cheered the heart of the venerable Abbot, Saint Stephen, who, all alone in his monastery, was mourning over the death or desertion of his community.

Men of every rank and degree flocked to the Monasteries of Savigny and Citeaux. Stephen and Bernard in the latter, and Vital in the former, devoted their lives to the re-establishment of the rule of Saint Benedict; the difference between the two congregations consisted in some of the religious exercises and practices, and in the *habit* or dress; the Monks of Citeaux had adopted white, in honor of the Blessed Virgin; those of Savigny wore a black habit. Citeaux and Savigny were the sources from which two streams of religious life spread over France, and at length uniting into one, overflowed the whole of Europe. In Spain, Italy, England and Germany, as well as in France, the monastic rule was in full vigor. It was in 1143, eight years after the foundation of La Trappe, and thirty-six after the foundation of Savigny, that all the monasteries founded by Vital and his monks, were united to the Reform of Citeaux. In that year there was a remarkable General Chapter, or assembly of all the abbots of strict observance of Citeaux. The Sovereign Pontiff himself, Pope Eugenius III, presided over the deliberations of the Chapter. Pope Eugenius had been a Cistercian monk, before his elevation to the Papal See; and though the chief of the universal Church, appeared among his former brother-monks, as one of them, wearing the same habit as they, and presided over the Chapter, says the author of the life of Saint Bernard, not so much by his Apostolic authority as by his fraternal charity.

Serlon, the fourth abbot of Savigny, a friend of Saint Bernard, and a great admirer of the Reform of Citeaux, asked as a favor of the General Chapter, to unite the monasteries under his rule, to the observance of Citeaux. His request was granted. "Then was exhibited," exclaims the annalist of Citeaux, "a wonder which will never be seen again; a congregation or rather an order, composed of thirty monasteries, and spread throughout France, England and Normandy, by the glory of its churches and the extent of its possessions, abandon its usages already consecrated by time, quit its habit, and pass under the laws of another order."

It was truly wonderful—"a man having authority"—it is so agreeable, to have authority—to rule over others—gives up his authority and asks as a favor, to be confounded among the simple religious of the united orders. And, no less wonderful, is the fact of all the religious, many of whom had grown old in the holy practices peculiar to Savigny, abandoning these exercises to adopt those of another order. It is so hard to give up an old practice, be it good or bad! The writer of the Annals was perfectly right in calling the union a wonder, and had no great fear of turning out a false prophet, when he predicted we should never see the like again.

It was thus that La Trappe, founded by Count Rotrou, peopled by monks of Savigny, entered, under the rule of Citeaux, into the family of the great Saint Bernard! For many years La Trappe was the retreat of silence, hard work and prayer. But, during the wars between France and England, especially at the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the English went full tilt from Normandy to Anjou, and all through the country without opposition, because the French were engaged in a private squabble among themselves, and during the civil war of the League, the Monastery of La Trappe was several times pillaged, and the monks were obliged to seek refuge in the neighboring castles or wherever they could find safety, and, it is not to be wondered at, that they lost much of their fervor; add to this cause of relaxation of discipline, the still further one of commendatory abbots, and you will be able to understand that the religious of La Trappe, in the first part of the reign of Louis XVI, had lost the primitive fervor of their order. From the same causes, civil and foreign wars, and the appointing to the office of Abbot, of men who did not belong to the order, who rarely dwelt in the monastery, and frequently were but simple laymen, many of the other monasteries founded by Vital and Bernard, had ceased to give edification to the faithful. But as God raised up Saint Bernard, in the twelfth century, to restore the strict discipline of monastic life, so in the seventeenth century, He touched the heart of a man whom He had endowed with most brilliant talents; but who up to the age of thirty, had lavished all his noble qualities of heart and mind upon the vain pursuits of the world.

Arman Jean de Rancé, was chosen by God to restore in the middle of seventeenth century, the order founded by Saint Bernard in the beginning of the twelfth. And, doubtless, the

young readers of this department, will read with pleasure in a future number of the AVE MARIA, about de Rancé, the God-son of Richelieu, the favorite, when a child, of the Queen Maria de Medici, the successful rival at college of Bossuet, especially as the name of de Rancé is inseparably connected with our Monastery of La Trappe.

JEWEL BROOK COTTAGE.

All ye little children who love Saint Joseph, let us leave Burlington, passing down into the valley

"Of the mountain-born Winooskie,
Shaken like a silver-chain,"—

going up into Canada, or branching off for our State capital, at the Junction, not far above, as the cars sweep down into this romantic valley, we catch sight of an island or promontory in the river,—dark pines high up over a marble cliff, looking down into the shining waters that drift and gurgle about—a picture in the landscape, enchanting the eye. In all our Switzerland-like Vermont, for beauty of mountain and glen, I know not the place that so charms. A number of years since, having quite gone over our dear little State; coming at length here, I picked out this site, as the one after my heart, and I knew not then, had never so much as heard, that Saint Joseph had ever favored this spot. The place is called the "High-Bridge." Arrived at the bridge, we gaze far down to the waters below, though we lean securely against the railing, yet we are almost dizzied. Several unhappy deaths from drowning have occurred here. One, not long since, of a young girl, in a pleasure-boat, which drifting too near the falls, was swept over.

Let us say a prayer for the poor souls in Purgatory, and go down that narrow defile path upon the left, that we may have a view of the falls from below. The hillside, beneath which we go down, is picturesquely broken. There are many large trees and little or no undergrowth, but very short, soft and thick grass, upon which it will be pleasant to sit beneath the trees and look around. I think we are far enough down the glen, we may as well go up now and select our seat. Under this grandly gnarled and twisted, great goodly tree, is a delightful place to contemplate. The first object that strikes, from our new point of view, is three trees growing with but one original trunk, for about three or four feet from the ground, and then becoming three distinct trunks and trees. "Father, Son and Holy Ghost!" We find our-

self saying, before this admirable figure of the Trinity, planted here by the Creator—"Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." And, a little way further to our left, there are two more trees growing together in a similar way, reminding us of the two natures in our Lord, of the Man-God or God-Man; and, behold, a little more distant yet, four of these compact-growing trees. We will call them Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, as they are majestic looking and bring to our thoughts by their number, strength, beauty and union, the four Evangelists of our Lord and His Gospel. You have heard, my dear children, have you not? of "sermons in stones," and something of God, in every thing that the Divine hand has fashioned? The lessons in these trees are certainly beautiful and unique. We find, upon still further examination, that two, three, five or more trees growing together, the roots interlocked and the trunks partly joined, is a peculiar feature in this glen. Just beyond us still, is a clump of five; two that appear leading off in front. The clump appears like a group of travelers walking, while halted perhaps for a moment, yet preserving decorously the order of march, two in front, three in the rear—the two that precede in front, we have named already, Saint Joachim and Saint Anne. The three that follow with these two, and grow yet more closely to one another,—and two of the three, more than the third—symbol Jesus, Mary and Joseph. As a represented guardian, the third of these, the Joseph-tree, which has the largest trunk and limbs, stands in the place of the protector, upon the right. The other two more closely inter-growing, remind us of that sacred and mystical union between Jesus and His pure Mother; or of Jesus coming up out of Egypt, between Joseph and Mary; or of that first Boy of twelve years, when she had found Him in the Temple, and He was returning again to Nazareth—Jesus as He walks, leaning upon His happy Mother. Picturesque and beautiful hillside and glen! we shall always carry a picture of you in our hearts. We are taking a photograph of you to-day, to keep. Let us gaze down now into the deep glen. It is a rare landscape below.

I must describe it for my little readers of the AVE MARIA, who may never be so happy as to visit it; and you will hearken patiently meantime, pet ones, to me. A nook Saint Joseph has so pre-eminently honored, as I have yet to relate, is not to be lightly passed over. Blessed spot! The right bank of the river, for some distance below

the falls, is a high perpendicular out-chopping of marble, from over against the hillside. The roofs of one or two houses, or miners out-sheds, peer over the top. Look with me now, upon the snow-stone in broken lines, filling up the steep embankment, and dipping down to the river edge, here and there, extending into the very bed of the stream; and this all the way for some little distance below the fall. Mark the different changes in the stone, and the beautiful mossings creeping up the weather-worn seams. Our eye would never tire of such beauty. O marble and mosses! out-chopping of marble from the hills, and draping mosses, green, golden and brown! And a waterfall beside, as in grandeur above! God's beautiful works! His handy-work, and Saint Joseph's Glen! at the falls, the marble lines the entire bed of the river, and appears as a wall on both sides, and the fall is over a marble reef or shelf. It is low river-tide now, and the waters, you perceive, scarcely more than warble over. But when the spring snows melt on the neighboring mountains, or a continued rain swells the stream above, it must be a grand sight to see it swell and surge and tumble out of that marble throat, into the river gorge beneath. But upon this left hand bank, the marble does not appear, leaving us an immature beach of sand, between this delightful hillside and the river, walled opposite with marble. Sacred beach of shining sand, that Saint Joseph's more shining foot hath touched! Let us go down too; it seems we may almost find some enduring mark. Yes, dearest children, we are walking upon ground now, where the "sweet Spouse of our Lady," once walked; very near; if not exactly where he stepped. Don't you find yourself about to look for his footprints? O could we find but one! that we might leave kisses in his very tracks! But, but; I am thinking children, my dearest children, he may be looking, down upon us now. Oh, yes, the great saints surely know when we visit places their which spiritual presence have made holy, where now, for love of them we go; and he may be looking down upon us now, and so looking, I am thinking, he may like to see us guess at the spot and kiss it; at any rate, it was this little beach, this same little beach; perhaps, indeed, it is the very spot where some of us stands. And then, he walked across it, too, so the chances are more than one; come try. We kiss the little shore of Saint Joseph, for love of him at least; all together, as one; now! There! don't you love Saint Joseph, a little more than you did a moment since? (To be continued.) †††

CATHOLICISM IN CHINA.—A Catholic cathedral is being built at Peking, the capital of China, with a spire that will make it one of the most conspicuous objects in that city. The Catholic missions, begun three hundred years ago, have been making constant progress in China, and it is said there are now three millions of Catholics in that country. There is also a Catholic church in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, California.

CATHOLICS IN NEW YORK CITY.—A number of the Reverend Catholic Clergy have called on us, assuring us that we made a great mistake in putting the number of baptized Catholics in this city so low as six hundred thousand. They say the baptized Catholics number not less than seven hundred and fifty thousand.—*Freeman's Journal.*

DEDICATION.—The dedication of the Church of St. Mary of the Immaculate Conception, at Shakopee, Minnesota, took place on Sunday, the 18th of March. This church, which is a fine, large, brick edifice, was erected by the English-speaking (American, Irish, English and Scotch) Catholics of the place, and is a credit to the congregation.

ORDINATION.—On Saturday, March 24, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Right Rev. T. Amat, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, conferred the order of Priesthood on Rev. Patrick Kean, of the Vicariate of Marysville.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSIONS.—On the 8th ult., at the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C., Sister Mary Benedicta Mullen was admitted to the religious profession.

On the 4th ult., at the Visitation Convent, Villa de Sales, New Utrecht, Long Island, N. Y., Sister Mary Annette Mahany was admitted to the religious profession.

Miss Louisa A. Bernard, in religion Sister Mary Catherine, and Miss Johanna Kelcher, in religion Sister Mary Vincent, made their final vows as nuns of the Presentation Order, in San Francisco, California, on February 24th.

OBITUARIES.—Rev. Father Heimerling, died at Beardstown, Ill., March 20th. Rev. Father J. F. Synnot, died at Adjala, C. W. on the same date.

Requiescant in pace.

PAGE.	LINE.	ERRATA.	CORRECT.
273	10	<i>kat' exohén</i>	<i>kat' exochén</i>
282	43	<i>morieus</i>	<i>morieus</i>
"	"	<i>oternum</i>	<i>eternum</i>
"	"	<i>patietur</i>	<i>patietur</i>

MICH. S. & N. INDIANA RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS will leave South Bend station as follows, daily, except Sundays. Going East:

Leave South Bend 1.55 a.m.	Arrive at Toledo 8.15 a.m.
" do 9.25 a.m.	" do 8.45 p.m.
" do 9.10 p.m.	" do 4.00 a.m.

All three trains make close connection at Toledo with trains for the East. The last two trains connect directly through to Detroit (via Adrian and Monroe), arriving 6.30 p.m. and 6.10 a.m. respectively. Going West:

Leave South Bend 2.15 a.m.	Arrive at Chicago 5.59 a.m.
" do 9.25 a.m.	" do 12.50 p.m.
" do 7.30 p.m.	" do 11.00 p.m.

Making connections with all trains West and Northwest.

For full details see Company's time-tables at Depot and other public places. Trains are run by Chicago time, which is 20 minutes slower than Toledo time.

C. F. HATCH, *General Sup't*, Toledo.

WM. SIMMONS, *Agent*, South Bend, Ind.
C. P. LELAND, *Gen. Passenger Agent*, Toledo, O.

APPROBATIONS.

LEAVENWORTH CITY, Kansas, Jan. 11, 1866.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: The true spirit of piety and of sincere devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary that pervades the *Ave Maria*, makes it a most welcome and agreeable visitor to me. I shall be very happy if my efforts can bring it into every Catholic family in Kansas. Trusting that our holy Mother will bless you and yours, for your good work for her honor and glory, I remain, Very Rev. Dear Sir, yours sincerely, in Christ,
J. B. MIEGE, S. J.

ALTON, Illinois, January 24, 1866.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I hail with pleasure and satisfaction the publication of the *Ave Maria*, and wish that it may find admission in every family of the Diocese.

HENRY DAMIAN, *Bishop of Alton.*

SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., Feb. 1, 1866.

Very Rev. and Dear Father: I received, only last night, your esteemed letter of the 9th ult., in which you request me to give, if I find it proper, my approbation of your periodical, the *Ave Maria*. This I herewith do very willingly, and should have done it before now, for I am very much satisfied with it, and am always glad when it comes to my hands. It is very interesting and useful indeed, and I wish that every Catholic in the country should have and read it. I thank God, who inspired you with the thought to publish the *Ave Maria*, and to publish it in handsome little pamphlets, which are much easier preserved than the broad pages of a newspaper. I pray God to conserve you yet a great many years, that you may long continue to publish that agreeable, useful and pious periodical. Very respectfully, dear Father,
FREDERICK BARAGA, *Bp. of Sault Ste. Marie.*

GALVESTON, Texas, Feb. 8, 1866.

Very Rev. Father: Our dear Bishop requests me to express to you, in a few words, the delight which he experienced when he received the first numbers of the *Ave Maria*. * * * It is the salvation of souls, through the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin Mother, that our Bishop and his clergy are convinced you have principally in view, and for this reason they hail your publication with delight, and are fully convinced of your ultimate and lasting success.

T. ANSTAETT, *Vice Chancellor, Galveston.*

ALBANY, New York, Feb., 1866.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I have read some numbers of the *Ave Maria*. Its object commends it to every child of Mary—to every Catholic. I am glad to learn that it has several subscribers in this Diocese. My recommendation, therefore, is hardly necessary. I give it, however, with very great pleasure, and wish your admirable publication a wide circulation here and elsewhere. Very truly yours, in Christ,

JOHN J. CONROY, *Bishop of Albany.*

SANTA FE, New Mexico, Feb. 26, 1866.

My Dear Father Sorin: Your little message of the *Ave Maria* comes to me regularly every week; and indeed the reading of its interesting pages gives me great pleasure, and I feel confident that this little journal, published in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of our Divine Saviour, will be the means of producing great good. Your devoted in Christ,
JOHN B. LAMY, *Bishop of Santa Fe.*

OMAHA, Nebraska, March 19, 1866.

Rev. and Dear Father: You say my approbation has not made its appearance. I have not indeed presumed to send it, because it has never before been asked, and with the approbation of so many illustrious Archbishops and Bishops already given, I did not think it needed. If, however, you deem it of any consequence, I send it now, not daring to withhold anything that could even seem to promote devotion to her whom I believe to be the channel of grace between God and men, and through whose powerful intercession I expect every thing I hope for in Heaven and on earth. I am, Rev. and dear sir, your faithful servant in Christ.

JAMES M. O'GORMAN, *V. A. Nebraska.*

WHEELING, VA., April 22, 1866.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: Accept my thanks for your *Ave Maria*, so well adapted to promote love and devotion to Mary our fond Mother and powerful Advocate. It comes regularly. I had well nigh overlooked your request for the use of my name. It is put freely at your disposal. I shall be happy to aid in your good work. Most respectfully and truly yours,
RICHARD VINCENT WHELAN,
Bishop of Wheeling.

DUBUQUE, September 7, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: The "*Ave Maria*" has my full approbation and best wishes for its success and wide circulation in my Diocese. I have no doubt but it will effect much good, as long as pious exaggeration shall have been guarded against; and under your discreet and learned supervision no such need be apprehended. With deepest respects,
Yours, sincerely, in Christ,

CLEMENT, *Bishop of Dubuque.*

APPROBATIONS.

VERY REV. E. SORIN:

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I feel truly gratified to send you the reply of His Excellence Cardinal Barnabo, in reference to the "AVE MARIA," on which you desired me to consult him. I congratulate you upon the kind words of encouragement I now convey to you. After such a high sanction, it would be too cold to say that I have no objection to your pious undertaking. But you knew before, with what delight I heard the first words you spoke to me about it. With all my heart I hereby bid you go on with it. You have opened a rich vein, at which a number of pious souls will come to refresh and invigorate themselves. Fear not! You will be supported by all who love the Holy Mother of God; and who can call himself a Christian and refuse her that proof of his veneration?

I am happy to see the foundation of such a monument laid in my Diocese. It will cheer all my Priests, it will gladden all the country. + JOHN HENRY, Bishop of Port Wayne.

I very highly approve of the design relative to the paper which Father Sorin proposes to publish, nor do I doubt that a work of this kind, proceeding under your auspices, will be productive of great good. + ALEX. CAIRO, BARNABO, "PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA," BALTIMORE, June 16, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: The establishment of a paper in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of our dear Lord, and our own sweet Mother in Heaven, was something so new in this country, and so far in advance of what many might believe to be the religious sentiment of our Catholic people, who have been made to breathe from childhood an atmosphere infected by unbelief, that I, at first, hesitated to lend my sanction to the undertaking, and I wished to examine carefully the first numbers of the AVE MARIA, before giving it my approval. This I have done, and I am now happy to be able to say, that I have been much pleased with the first five numbers, with the slight exceptions I have taken the liberty to communicate to you. Go on as you have begun; avoid all exaggeration, for our Immaculate Mother needs no such eulogy, which were rather injurious than beneficial to her honor; and, I have no doubt, you will succeed, and obtain the blessing of our Lord, who cannot be greeted with a more acceptable homage than that which comes to Him through the one nearest and dearest to His Heart—His own Mother.

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

Our Catholic people are further advanced in piety than many gave them credit for; they are prepared not only to gather the fruits, but reverently and lovingly to cult the flowers of devotion. They will no doubt welcome the AVE MARIA with an abundant and increasing patronage; time signaling their love towards the great Patroness of these United States. I remain, very faithfully, yours, M. J. SPALINO, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Mt. St. Mary's, Cin. Feast of St. Bonaventura.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: When my approbation was solicited for the publication of the first numbers of the "AVE MARIA," I withheld it on the ground that it had already secured the approval of your excellent Bishop, and, through him, of His Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, which I deemed sufficient. I must confess that I had also some slight misgivings as to the expediency of the publication in the form in which you intended to present it to the public. But as you kindly renew your application for a word of encouragement from me, and a satisfactory evidence has been afforded me that the "AVE MARIA" has thus far contributed, and bids fair to contribute still more largely in future, to the advancement of piety and the honor and glory of Jesus and His and our Blessed Mother, I hereby authorize and request you to have my name added to the list of those who embrace every opportunity of showing zeal, devotion and love to the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

Yours, very truly, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, JOHN B. PURCELL, Archbishop of Cincinnati.

The AVE MARIA, published at Notre Dame, Indiana, by Very Rev. E. Sorin, appears, from what the undersigned has seen of it, to be deserving of the encouragement of the Catholic community. PETER RICHARD, Archbishop of St. Louis, NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1865.

I have read with great interest and real edification the AVE MARIA. It is well calculated to inspire and increase devotion toward the Immaculate Mother of our Blessed Redeemer. May it succeed in my earnest prayer. J. M. Archbishop of New Orleans.

REV. DEAR FRIEND: Please receive my subscription, and at the same time my hearty approbation of your holy and noble undertaking. Mary is the great advocate of the Church in America. Let us unite our efforts to promote her glory, and obtain more and more her powerful assistance for the triumph of our Holy Church. + AMEDEUS, CLEVELAND, April 11, 1865. Bishop of Cleveland.

COVINGTON, KY., September 5, 1865.

Very Rev. Father: I enclosed find my subscription to the "AVE MARIA," the very interesting and useful little periodical which comes forth from your noble University to promote the devotion and proclaim the praises of our Blessed Mother. I consider it a valuable acquisition for every Catholic family. I will certainly encourage its circulation. Respectfully yours, in our Lord, GEO. A. CAIRRELL, Bishop of Covington.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I can but approve fully of your undertaking in publishing the "AVE MARIA." A weekly from such a source, and under such supervision as Notre Dame, has already its sanction; and needs indeed no other approbation but the one of the diocese, in accordance with the only proper rule in our Church. Please to have two copies forwarded to my address. Believe me, dear father, with sincerest respects, your truly devoted, + JOHN M. HENRI, MILWAUKEE, April 1, 1865. Bishop of Milwaukee.

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR:—I rejoice at your pious thought of the AVE MARIA. It must exceed, when the great rebellion against the Church of the living God, which is the body of Christ and the fulness of Him, is crumbling away in multiplied divisions, the sweet and bright AVE MARIA of the Archangel is the harbinger of many conversions. "Gaude, Maria Virgo, cunctas lares esse solas interemisti in universo mundo." It is also the harbinger of that restored unity for which the Saviour God so touchingly prayed in the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel. Hence I rejoice at your enterprise. Accept for the good work the enclosed sum which I wish my means would permit me to increase a hundred fold.

With great respect and esteem, Your most obedient servant, BUFFALO, April 5, 1865. + JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo. Erie, Pa., April 25, 1865.

So much procrastination, and absence and business, have nearly prevented my reply, till the month of May is at hand. As you have chosen it to inaugurate your enterprise to her honor, I must send you my feeble note of approval, for fear I should miss the merit of it if I longer delayed. We shall of course rejoice it among our clergy and people with all care and zeal, praying meantime for its success. I take the liberty to enclose my certified check, to pay first my life-subscription, and secondly, for such number of numbers of the first issue, to be sent to me so as to help its introduction.

Pray for yours in Christ, + J. M., Bishop of Erie. Very Rev. and Dear Sir:—Enclosed find my subscription for the AVE MARIA. I have had the pleasure of reading the first two numbers, they pleased me very much, they breathe a spirit of true and genuine piety. It has my best wishes for its entire success. F. P. McFARLAND, Pp. of Hartford.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: Our Holy Father, in his late Encyclical Letter, asserts that the enemies of our holy religion spread impious doctrines, by the means of pestilent books, pamphlets and journals. A most efficacious antidote against this poison is the circulation of truly religious journals. I hail, then, with joy the AVE MARIA. From such a Catholic paper, under the auspices of the Immaculate Mary, who is the Protectress of America, and who has destroyed all heresies throughout the world, much good is to be hoped for.

M. DOMENEC, Bishop of Pittsburg.

NEWARK, September 22, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I have received, and read with much pleasure, several numbers of the AVE MARIA, and would be glad to have it circulated in my Diocese, as tending to foster devotion towards our Blessed Lady as *Regina Caeli*. With sincere regard, yours, JAMES, Bishop of Newark.

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI, October 4, 1865.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: Yours of August 29, concerning the "AVE MARIA," I found here on my return from preaching the Jubilee through a part of my Diocese. I felt really ashamed that I should have to be asked for my opinion about that beautiful work in honor of our ever Blessed Mother. But the truth is that since the war is over I have been almost continually absent from Natchez. The few days that I was home, at intervals, my business would scarcely allow me to do more than glance at some of the numbers received of the "AVE MARIA;" but these glances gave me such admiration for it that, in my last tour especially, I have everywhere spoken of it and urged all Catholic families to subscribe to it. Yours, in Jesus and Mary, WM. HENRY, Bishop of Natchez.

BULLHECK, VT., Dec. 22, 1865.

I consider that the AVE MARIA is called to do a great deal of good by spreading knowledge of our Immaculate Mother in this country which is placed under her patronage. May Almighty God give it success, and bless all those who will read it, or contribute to its publication. Respectfully yours,

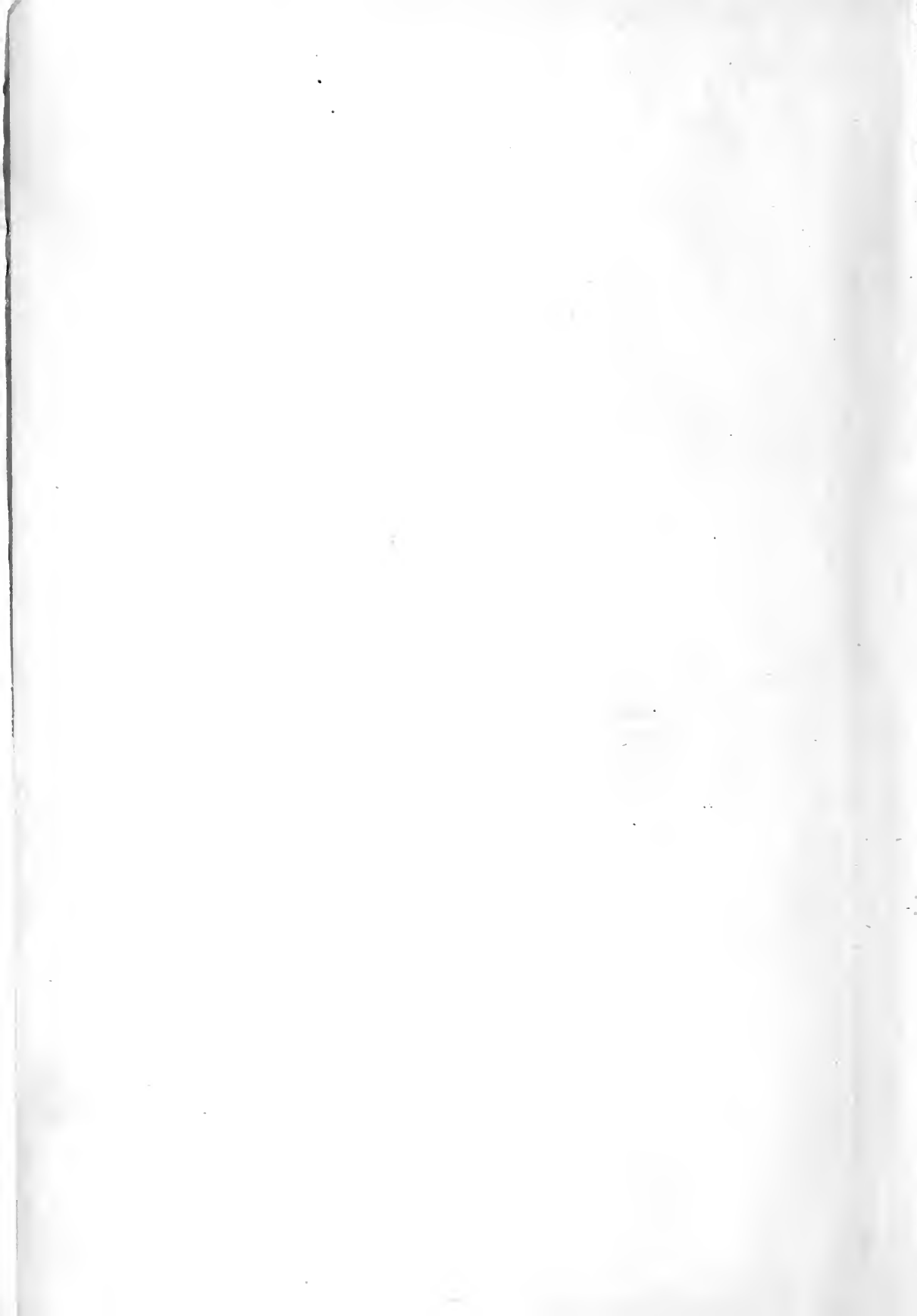
LOUIS, Bishop of Burlington.

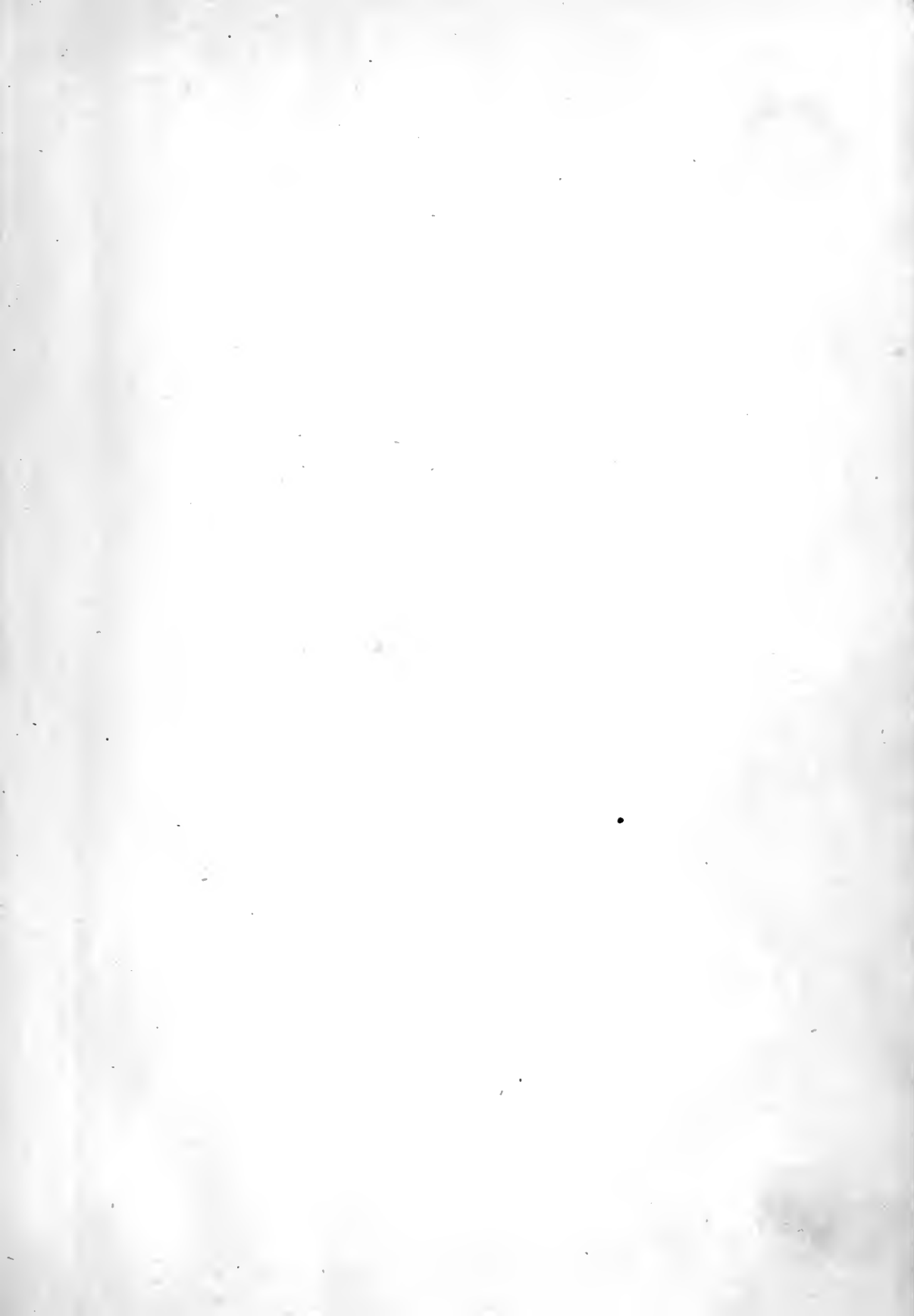
RICHMOND, VA., January 5, 1866.

You have been kind enough to send me several numbers of your interesting and valuable little paper, the AVE MARIA, which I have perused with great pleasure and profit. Your design in this publication, inspired by your love of our holy Mother, commends itself at once to the heart of every sincere Catholic, and, so far, the execution deserves approval, and offers no fair ground for criticism or objection. For my part, I am delighted with this little advocate of the dignity, merits, and prerogatives of the Virgin Mother of God, this loving chronicler of her numerous acts of intervention in behalf of sinners, in answer to the devout prayers and appeals of her children. * * * In conclusion, I ask you to place my name among your life subscribers, and enable me to partake of the Holy Masses and Communion offered for the permanent patronage of your pious enterprise, and I enclose the amount specified in your terms. Very respectfully, your servant in Christ, JOHN MCGILL, Bishop of Richmond.

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Polite Hint from our Treasurer.

Some of our subscribers, we fear, have forgotten to meet promptly their little engagements with our treasurer.

ERRATA.

The Right Rev. Abbot of Gethsemane requests us to make the following corrections in the article we copied a few weeks since from a printed report published in the *Cincinnati Telegraph*:

No. 50, page 796, 1st column, under the title BUILDINGS, 11th line, for Sisters, read: boarders and visitors.

Same page, 2d column, 19th line, for Sisters, read: visitors.

In the same paragraph, instead of Saint Stephen, Martyr, read: Saint Stephen, third Abbot of Cîteaux; and fill up the blank after sixth, by: Saint Eutropius.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 7, 1866.

No. 27.

BISHOP TIMON'S SERMON,

Preached at Notre Dame, on the 31st of May, immediately before the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

[We feel, as it were, a mixture of regret and joy while publishing the following eloquent pages of the venerable Bishop of Buffalo. We regret having caused him so much trouble, and yet we rejoice at the consoling idea that such a sermon will be read and preserved by many:]

BUFFALO, June 14th, 1866.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: On my journey, as I visited parts of my Diocese, I tried to meet your wishes, and at each moment that I could write, in pencil, on the train, or in each moment of leisure, amidst incessant calls, I have written out, thus far, my sermon, as well as I can recollect it. There is a certain enthusiasm of feeling which belongs almost exclusively to extemporaneous preaching, and which, if not seized at the moment, the pen can never reproduce.

JOHN, *Bishop of Buffalo.*

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

"I will not now call you servants...but friends: because all things whatsoever I have heard of My Father, I have made known to you." (John, chapter xv, verse 15).

I must first apologize, venerable Prelates of God's Church, zealous Priests, for the necessity which compels me to be seated while speaking to you; a recent sickness has so weakened me, as to force me to claim this indulgence.

What does our Lord and Saviour mean by these remarkable words: "I will not now call you servants...but friends: because all things whatsoever I have heard of My Father, I have made known to you?" Now it is certain that He neither *did* nor *could* manifest to them all that He heard from the Father. Human language could not express *all* that He had heard from His Father. He, as God, was the Eternal Word, in whom the Father, in begetting Him, infused His immense wisdom. And, as Paul says, in the Man-God, Christ Jesus, "dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead corporally." Even if He would extend the power of human language so that it might express, if possible, all that He heard from His Father, human intellect could not comprehend it. You, beloved brethren, you will understand this impossibility.

Further, in the next chapter, the eighth of Saint John, Christ says: "I have yet many things to

say to you: but you cannot bear them now." And several other times, before and after His sacred death, our Lord declares, or insinuates, that He has yet much to tell them.

A mystery is hidden under the sacred words of my text. A passage from the twenty-first Psalm, will aid us to understand and develop this sacred mystery. The passage I will cite is the more wonderful because it is in the twenty-first Psalm, the first verse of which our adorable Saviour intoned on the Cross, as Priest and Victim, when His agony began. His Priests now, as human shadows of the Eternal Priest, who has an everlasting Priesthood, intone the first verse of a prayer or Psalm, and often continue and finish the prayer in silence. Learned and holy men assert that Jesus began aloud the Psalm: "O God My God, look upon Me: why hast thou forsaken Me?" and continued the holy sacrificial Psalm in awful silence as the darkness of night grew over midday.

This prophetic Psalm, written about one thousand years before the coming of Christ, pictures the Saviour-God in all the terrors of His martyrdom of love, in all the agonizing circumstances of His Passion. The royal prophet sees the true Lamb of God, surrounded by a furious, insulting mob, like wild beasts, raging against Him, uttering the very words that were really uttered under the Cross, when they mocked the Victim, and shouted this *Vah* of derision, as they marked how He, through wounds and bruises, had become "like a worm and no man; the reproach of men and the outcast of the people." The prophet tells us of His limbs most violently stretched out; of His hands and feet that were *dug* with the nails; of His garments, for which they cast lots, and other awful events of His sacred Passion. A little more than half of this long Psalm is devoted to the humiliations, internal woe, and dreadful torments of Jesus. But after the middle, the Psalm changes its tone: it becomes a song of triumph, of joyous, rapturous, grateful praise to the Eternal Father. Christ sees the mighty fruit of His deadly battle with Hell, He sees the fruit of His sacred death: "A great Church, which shall be His praise. All the ends of the earth shall remember, and shall be converted to the Lord: and all the kindreds of the Gentiles shall adore in His sight. The poor shall eat, and shall be filled; the rich, too, shall eat, and adore" what they have eaten, all that go down to the earth shall fall before Him; it is no longer *me*, or *I*, as in the prior verses, but *Him* that was eaten and adored.

A book might be formed by merely collecting the many texts, similar to this, in which a lamb was eaten, after holy preparation with worship, prayers, hymns and praise. Just before Jesus uttered the words of my text: "I will not now call you servants...but friends: because all things whatsoever I have heard of My Father, I have made known to you," as related in the thirteenth chapter of Saint John, He had given to His Apostles, and left for us, His very Body and Blood in the most Holy Sacrament. And with His Body and Blood, He also gave His soul and Divinity. He, the Eternal Word of the Father, giving them Himself, gave them, made known to them, all that He had heard of the Father, under sacramental veils, the only way in which, during our present state, such a gift could be received. Whilst on earth, He hid His glory, and His ravishing beauty. On Thabor, and at the Ascension He showed some rays of it, but not its fullness, (mortal man could not see His full glory and live); and yet those few rays shown on Thabor made the Apostles fall to the ground as dead men; still it was a most rapturous approximation to death, and they would willingly have remained forever there. Even in Heaven, our divine Lord dwells with His Father in inaccessible light. The angels desire to behold His face. With His Father, He gladdens the blessed by unveiling at times more or less of His majesty, to throw a halo of joy, and glory, and bliss over all the intervals from one revelation to the other.

Then in my text Jesus means, "I have made all things known to you, whatsoever I have heard of My Father," for I have just given to you Myself, the Word of the Father, the fullness of His truth and wisdom. But it is under a veil, the weakness of your present state requires that it should be so. When, however, you prepare well, and try to correspond to the grace of such a visit, I will rend more or less of the veil, to make you see something of My eternal beauty, to feel something more of the power of My truth, and to burn with more and more of My love. And truly, dearly beloved, has not each one of you felt at times, in approaching worthily and after due preparation, some flashes of glory from above: could you not at times have said with the Apostles of Emmaus: "Were not our hearts burning within us as He spoke to us in the way" Oh! what wondrous, joyous transports are recounted, in most authentic history, of saintly men and women, when Jesus occasionally rent the veil, and revealed to them His sweetness.

This mystery of boundless infinite love is great and wonderful. But God is love, and there surely is no mystery that Christians believe, which is revealed more clearly than this. Twice under the form of an oath does Christ pronounce it. Four times in the Sacramental Act does He most solemnly assert it. Then He sat as a Father making His last will and testament, and for this the words should be most plain and clear. He sat as a lawgiver, making a law, under awful penalties, and surely, for this His words ought to be plain and clear. He sat as a God-Man, establishing a

Sacrament, and for this His words should be plain and clear. They could not be plainer and clearer than they are. It is an axiom that when you have announced a judgment in sufficient words to tell what you mean, every redundant word appended to your assertion, only gives room for cavil and doubt. God as the Saviour was, I do not see how He could say more plainly: "This is My body," than by saying "this is My body." Yet we may say that in the original Greek there are two pronouns to say "my." Christ takes precisely that pronoun "my," which asserts most emphatically the identity of His body.

There are fourteen texts of Scripture which, under awful and most solemn circumstances, declare this sublime and glorious mystery. The enemies of the holy doctrine have often been invited to show a single text which denies the doctrine, or asserts that real absence which is generally believed by non-Catholics, who even accuse Catholics of idolatry because they worship the Lord of Glory in the Sacrament by which indeed He does not leave them orphans. Non-Catholics are content with adducing, to disprove the most solemn words of Christ, such passages as "I am the door," "Christ is the rock," etc. But Christ explains in the context what He means; nor is this kind of language uncommon among men; nobody misunderstands it. A man will say "I am a horse," etc.; but no man will say "this horse is myself;" or, if he speak ungrammatically, "this horse is me." "I am the bread of life," though it has, no doubt, reference to this Sacrament, is widely different from the words of the institution: "This is My body," "This is My blood."

What lawyer that values his reputation would take a few texts, confessedly obscure, to place them as triumphant refutations of fourteen plain, energetic texts, spoken even with solemn adjuration, and in sacramental act. Can we for a moment think that God would leave His Scriptures full of texts that assert what many call an idolatrous falsehood, and not put in them one single text to say plainly the truth on so important a subject?

It might seem astonishing that the Apostles did not start when Christ, at the Last Supper, said: "This is My body which is given for you; take and eat." But we, dearly beloved, must remember that one year before, at the Passover before the last, our Divine Lord had prepared their minds for it under circumstances so wonderful as to make it impossible for them to forget the solemn declaration made through a Divine Teacher that never spoke at random or in vain.

Never, perhaps, in the life of the Redeemer was there a time when His hearers would be more prepared to believe all that He would say. On that day He had fed five thousand *men*, with five loaves and two fishes. They sat down in bands of fifty, that is, in one hundred companies. Saint Matthew says that there were five thousand men, without counting the women and children. And Saint Mark tells us that they sat down "in ranks by hundreds and fifties." The women and

children then swelled some companies; or, as was more usual, companies of females, so there would probably have been there from six to eight thousand persons. Christ broke the five loaves and two fishes among them. He did not create new bread, for He said afterward to His disciples: "When I broke the five loaves among five thousand, how many basketfuls did you take up?" The same bread must then have been in many hands at once—most miraculous must have been the multiplication. When all were fully satisfied, He ordered His disciples to gather up the fragments, lest any should be lost, "and they took up of the leavings twelve full baskets of fragments!"

The fragments must have been many times more than the few loaves with which the Saviour began the feast for six or eight thousand persons! They wanted to take Him by force and make Him their King. But He ordered His disciples to cross the lake, dismissed the people, and went up into the mountain to pray.

Very late that night, a storm raging, and the waves running mountain high, Jesus had pity on His disciples, who could hardly make any headway. He then came to them walking amidst the roaring wind over the rolling waves; as He approached near enough to be seen, the disciples uttered a cry of fear, they thought that they saw some evil spirit. But Jesus cried out to them not to fear, because it was He. Peter recognized His voice, and begged leave to walk to Him on the troubled water. Jesus said: "Come." Peter stepped on the sea, and walked with safety, until, as he advanced farther in the wild waste of raging waves, and receded farther from the ship, he began to doubt, and as he doubted, did he also begin to sink. Peter cries out: "Lord save me, for I perish!" Jesus says: "Oh! man of little faith, why didst thou doubt?" and stretching out His arm, He raises Peter; in an instant they are aboard the ship. The Lord commands the winds and the waves, and they obey Him; all is at once calm, the vessels, too, immediately reach the port; the disciples run through the town and country to bring all the sick and afflicted; Jesus cures all; a word, a look, a touch is all that is needed to expel devils, to restore the sick to perfect health, to cure the cripple, the deaf, the dumb and the blind. Never do we read of so many stupendous miracles being concentrated in so few hours. The thousands whom He had fed take vessels, come across the lake; hear all the wonders I have narrated, and the proofs of His wonderful charity and love, and of His divine power. Never was there a time when they might be better expected to hear with docility, and believe without doubting the teaching of such a Master. It would lead me too far, beloved brethren, were I to pause upon each verse of this remarkable chapter, the whole of which is evidently a preparation for this mystery. It is sufficient to say, that from the forty-eighth verse to the fifty-third, His words assume a more solemn and awful tone. He ends that part by saying: "If any man eat of this bread He shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life

of the world." The Jews were scandalized, and said: "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" They understood Him clearly and distinctly to say what we know that He said; they soon left Him, and in leaving Him, they left their eternal salvation. Ah! if the merciful Jesus had not meant and intended just what He did say, His loving Heart would have forced Him to save that crowd of Jews, and the many disciples who afterward also left Him on account of this sublime and mysterious doctrine, that the sacred Victim, the true Lamb of God, was really to be eaten by those for whom the adorable Victim was to be offered. In His mercy He would have said to them: "Do not leave Me, for in leaving Me you rush to death eternal. I did not mean that you should eat My very flesh and blood; I only meant that you should eat some bread, and drink some wine, and think of me." Would they, after the wonders of the past few hours, have been so scandalized at a rite which even a mere mortal man might establish and might cause to be observed. But did Jesus, my dearly beloved, give such an explanation? The very contrary; His words became more awful and positive; in words that approximate to the solemnity of an oath, He, according to the Protestant version, says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you: unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall have no life in you." In the Catholic version, it reads: "Amen, amen, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall have no life in you." He goes on promising eternal life and blessed resurrection to those that eat His flesh, and drink His blood. As reason of so glorious a promise, He says: "For my flesh is food indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. As the living Father hath sent me, and as I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, the same also shall live by me. Many, therefore, of His disciples, hearing it, said: This saying is hard, and who can hear it?" Jesus adds words of powerful import, which unbelievers try to suppose intended to explain away the force of His words; but it is easy to show, through the useful force of human language, that they strongly confirm His intention of giving to them the flesh and blood of the very Victim that was to be slain for them. Without taking up, dearly beloved, too much of your time in critically examining these words, it is sufficient to point out to you that at the end of all the words of Jesus regarding the real presence in the Eucharist, the Scripture says in the sixty-seventh verse: "After this many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him." Not only He does not make the easy explanation which would have calmed their deep discontent: "I don't mean what you gather from my words; I only mean that you shall eat bread and wine and think of me." Not only He does not do this, but because He did mean just what He said, He turned to the twelve, and said: "Will you also leave me?" The power of human language would imply that He meant: "If you will go, go; but what I have said I will do. Out of the stones

I can raise up children to Abraham, and I will do rather that, than retract my loving promise, or not fulfill all the noble figures of the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world, and eaten by those who offered the Victim to the Eternal."

Peter seems troubled; his answer indicates amazement and bewilderment. But in strong faith, and ardent love, he cried out: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed and have known that thou art the Christ, the Son of God." As if he said: What you declare is most strange; the highest Seraph could not do what you say that you will do. But we know who you are; therefore we will not leave you, for all things are possible to you. You are the Son of the Living God; whatever you say, you can do; and, as the Truth Incarnate, will do all that you say. One year after, on the last passover of our Divine Lord, in miraculous manner, *He* had the "upper chamber" prepared for celebrating the last passover of the Jewish law, and the first of the Christian Church. To clear up an apparent difficulty in St. Luke xxii, 18, it may be well, beloved brethren, to cite to you something of the present Jewish rite, which is identical with the ancient Jewish rite, as far as change of circumstances will permit. The paschal lamb could not be immolated outside of the city of Jerusalem; in place of the lamb they have now but the shank-bone of a lamb, surrounded with bitter herbs. He who presides, after suitable prayers and blessings, takes one cake or large wafer of unleavened bread from the little pile on the table, and lays it aside for the end of the service; the wine is to be passed *four times*, the last time it is to be taken with the *wafer set aside* at the beginning of the repast. Jesus eat the last Pasch with them: "With desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you before I suffer." As Saint John says, "when supper was done * * * He riseth from supper, * * * and having taken a towel, He girded Himself. After that, He putteth water into a basin, and began to wash the feet of the disciples, and to wipe them with the towel, wherewith He was girded. * * * Peter saith to Him: Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him: If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part in me. Simon Peter saith to Him: Lord, not only my feet, but also my hands and my head!" Jesus washes their feet, though they had *all* been already *purified* by the sacred rites, sacrifices, and purifications of the old law. To show them how much nobler is the passover of the new law, how much more sacred the victim, He Himself, the Incarnate God, washes their feet; then seating Himself at table, He takes the large wafer first set aside, and pronounces on it the word, which, when He pronounced it on nothing, called the universe into existence.

He says: "This is my body which is given for you; this is my blood of the new Testament, which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins." By these noble sacramental words of the Incarnate God, He makes the bread and the wine all that He declares it to be: His very body and blood.

I will not now detain you, beloved brethren, by producing the many texts of St. Paul, which clearly and strongly announce the sublime truth I preach to you; you can read them at your leisure; I will only call your attention to the xi chap. of I. Corinthians, where St. Paul, after telling us that Christ Himself revealed to him the sacramental words, says: "Whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord * * * For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord." How could any one be guilty of the body and blood of Christ, *even by eating the bread alone*, unless under that sacramental form, there was the living body of the adorable Victim, His body, and blood, His soul, and Divinity? Or how could a man be damned, (as the Protestant version has it), for not discerning in that sacramental bread, the body of the Lord, when really there was no such body there?

Leaving you, beloved brethren, to study the very strong expressions of Saint Paul, in the x and xi chaps. of his first epistle to the Corinthians, I will make a hasty review of God's conduct to the human creature formed to His own image and likeness, and destined by Him to fill the thrones vacated by rebel angels.

During their state of innocence, how wonderful was the holy communication of God to our first parents; how simple the condescensions of His love to them. God walked in Paradise; God conversed with Adam and Eve. Of course He took a visible form, most probably like that which afterward He took from a virgin mother. Rebellion and sin destroyed those communications. Yet God determined to bestow again, for all the truly faithful, a higher, nobler communion. As sin began in pride, continued in pride, and ended in pride, God decrees that the sinners shall prepare for pardon by the humiliation of confession. He again walked for the last time in Paradise; the guilty pair hid from Him. He calls Adam before Him, questions him, as many a good priest, *now as ever* questions the trembling penitent who wishes, but fears to confess. But oh! how he rejoices with the joy of peace, when the kind questions of his confessor, gently draw from him the avowal of the crimes that were the poison of his life.

God knew all, but He wanted the humble confession of the guilty pair before their pardon. Adam makes a true confession. He does not say that he was seduced, for that would not be true. "Adam was not seduced," says St. Paul I Tim. 2 ch., "but the woman being seduced, was in the transgression." It was as if he said: "You gave her to me, have mercy on me, I dearly love her, I knew she had been deceived, I knew that she would have to die, and I thought I would sooner die with her, than live without her." This was a most grievous sin against light and knowledge; a rash, rebellious preference of the creature to the Creator. * * * Eve is then called up, and the Divine Confessor questions the

abashed and trembling penitent; she makes a truthful confession. "The serpent deceived me, and I did eat." After their humble confession and repentance, the Saviour God began His Office. He pointed out another Eve, a second Adam from whom a new world should begin, a new and holy race proceed; by whom the serpent's head should be crushed. He gave them their penance and pardoned them. "Divine wisdom preserved him, that was first formed by God, the father of the world, and brought him out of his sin." Wisdom x. Our first parents, had they remained innocent, would undoubtedly have offered grateful sacrifice of praise, love, and adoration, in first fruits and all that was precious of earth's growth. But after their sin, sacrifice of the mystic lamb, type of Him that was to come, type of the lamb slain from the beginning of the world, was ordained. There can be no doubt that the sacrifice of Abel was not the first; long anterior to it, Adam and Eve sacrificed in the same way, and no doubt, as afterward expressly commanded by God, eat of the victim, and thus offered themselves up with the victim. Their humble confession served to protect this sacred mystic type from unworthy partakers. Hence we find it so often supposed or mentioned in holy Scripture. Cain murdered his brother; God saw him do the horrid deed; but it would seem that, in His boundless mercy, God willed to pardon the murderer, if only he would humbly confess. Thus the Lord calls out: "Cain, where is thy brother?" But the wretch was too proud to confess, and the Lord set on his front the mark of reprobation, and he went forth "a vagabond on the face of the earth." I need not tell you, my dearly beloved, how frequently the word confess, and the act is found in both the Old and the New Testament. To pass over all others, you will find in the v and vi chapters of Leviticus, and in the v of Numbers, this law enacted by God through Moses. I cite here from the Protestant version from Leviticus; that version most correctly uses the very word "confess;" our version uses equivalents. But our version uses also in Numbers the same word, "confess." The substance of these passages is: "If any man or woman shall commit any of these things, wherein men are wont to sin, he shall confess his sin, offer up a victim in proportion to the sin; the purest shall immolate the victim; then the Lord God will forgive, and have mercy." All through the Old Testament we hear a cry tantamount to that of Solomon: "For thy soul's sake, be not ashamed to confess thy sins." The Jews came to John the Baptist "confessing their sins." Thus the Almighty, not only by confession, prepared for man pardon, after the pride of sin; but also provided against unworthy eating of the immolated Lamb, mystic type of the true Lamb of God, by previous confession. How wonderfully is the same precaution observed for the Christian passover. For the Paschal Lamb, it was necessary for all to be purified. But if any one was guilty of great sin, the ordinary purification would not suffice. He was commanded to abstain from partaking of the Paschal Lamb for one

month, during which, no doubt, he observed the law to confess, to offer up sacrifice in proportion to his sin, and then, after the usual purifications, to eat the Paschal Lamb, though out of the regular time. It is easy to see how the discipline of the Catholic Church in the present day, conforms to the ancient discipline. We are required to be purified, to confess, and to be deeply sorrowful for sins committed, before we receive the bread of heaven. God then pardons us, and receives us to the kiss of peace.

This doctrine of God giving Himself to prepare us for a life of glory, may appear strange to those who have not in them the life of God. But if they will only reflect on the words of Scripture which assure us that we shall become "partakers of the Divine Nature;" if they remember what St. John says in his first epistle, "that when we see Him, we shall become like unto Him;" or what Jesus said when He was going to die for us: "And not only for them do I pray, but for these also, who, through their word shall believe in me. That they all may be one, as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." They will feel that infinite condescension of Divine love; immense helps of almighty power are philosophically and logically to be expected in order to prepare man for the sublime state of glory which is promised to him.

Look around and see the fruits of this sacred gift. The adorable hidden God not only prepares us, in this august Sacrament, for a union of eternal glory with Himself in his blessed eternity, but also so feeds and nourishes the soul, as to make the duties and sacrifices of Christian life, in every state, not only possible, but also light and sweet. Look, beloved brethren, at these learned and venerable Bishops, bowed down by the cares, anxieties, and arduous duties of their sacred office! What gives them the strength to renounce all the hopes, and all the joys of earth; to devote themselves to your service, and to that of the Church of God? Is it not the bread of angels which, each morning, strengthens their hearts, makes the world and its joys fade away from their minds, filling them with zeal and heavenly aspirations? See those holy and learned priests, whose talents might have assured them riches and high positions in civic life! But they preferred the poverty and humility of Christ. Day and night, unterrified by cholera or contagious disease, in the poorest cabins, as well as in the mansions of the great, they minister to you the Sacraments of the Saviour-God. What gives them the Apostolic courage to brave death almost daily and nightly, in consoling the dying? Is it not the sacred, divine Bread which they receive daily at the holy Mass? Look at this numerous band of lay-brothers, who labor so faithfully and incessantly to build up this noble edifice, which is so great a blessing to you! What gives them the strength to sacrifice all the comforts and pleasures of this life? Is it not the august presence of Jesus, who so often visits them in His holy Sacraments, and speaks to their hearts? What gives many talented and well-educated ladies the grace to renounce the world and make the

same sacred vows that Jesus so well kept, and devote themselves to instruct and educate your children, bringing them up so as to be your joy here below, and your crown of glory in heaven? What makes them dearly love a life which mere nature could not relish? Is it not the holy Sacrament? When the fury of most bigoted hatred had passed, those that had forced, at the point of the bayonet, crowds of faithful nuns from their convents, felt the want of such institutions. Often, within the last hundred years, they tried to get up *nuns* for their new-fangled religions; but every effort has been a sad, mortifying failure. They have no Blessed Sacrament. They have bread—earthly—bread enough, but it does not fill the soul. What, too, enables about four hundred young men to dwell in this noble college, in holy peace and general edification? Is it not because they feel the mysterious presence of the God of love, who deigns to dwell under the same roof with them, and often nourishes most of them with His own precious body and blood? And you, beloved brethren, how cheerless would life be to you, if you could not often receive your Lord, the pledge of eternal glory, and hope that at death He would come to give you the last kiss of peace, and taking your anxious souls in His sacred arms, bring you safe through the narrow gate, and carry you safely to your blessed eternal home!

You come now to honor the real presence of the Incarnate God, who "will not leave you orphans;" but who, in tenderest love, will dwell with you. Go, dearly beloved, in the procession of grateful, loving followers of the hidden God. Already to-day you have made this place resound with bright melodious sounds of true, artistic, loving music, in honor of Jesus and of His virgin Mother. Now for Him alone, as He passes over your fields and lake in solemn procession, attune your sweetest hymns; besprinkle the earth over which He passes, with grateful praise; let the air through which He passes, become tremulous with waves of joyous, grateful, adoring song. And may He who sees your grateful adoring joy, receive you, at the end of life, into His blissful home. Amen.

THE MOTHER'S GIFT OF MAY.

DE SALES.

A mother knelt at Mary's shrine, a bright and joyous day;
And twined a wreath of fragrant flowers, to crown her Queen of May;
And prayed: "O glorious Queen of Heaven, sweet Mother, loved and dear,
Would I could prove my love for thee while yet I journey here;
Were every heart on earth mine own, *thine* every heart should be!
O, tell me, Mary, Virgin pure, what I can give to thee."
Why heavy sinks the mother's heart,—why tearful now her eye?
A moment since that eye was bright, that heart communed on high.
A silvery voice of childlike glee has burst upon her ear;
A little arm is fondly twined around that mother dear;
Her only child, her sportive boy, beside her gently stands,
And presses kisses on her cheek, clasps in his own her hands.

An *inward* voice, of heavenly tone, whispers, in accents mild,
"This is the gift I ask of thee—*give* me thy gentle child."

"Stren then me, Lord," the mother cried; "O Mary, for me pray!

Yes, yes, I yield my darling boy to be the gift of May."

Soon fever flushed the infant cheek, dim grew his once bright eye;

While pillowed on his mother's breast, his spirit fled on high.
She bore the shrouded, lifeless form, to Mary's hallowed shrine,

And prayed: "Sweet Mother, take my gift; my darling child is thine!

I loved my bright, my gentle boy, with fond and tender love;
But greater far my love for thee, as *this*, my gift, will prove.
Oh, heal the wound that rends my heart,—exert thy soothing power,

And be my solace and my stay in death's dark, lonely hour."
Again she heard that *inward* voice, with accents soothing mild:

"Be calm, for Heaven, in wisdom-love, has called thy precious child."

With peaceful heart the mother rose and wiped away the tear,
And, smiling, laid her angel-boy upon the icy bier;

And when the grave closed o'er her child, homeward she bent her way,

And soothed her sorrows at the shrine of Mary, Queen of May.

The Summer flowers were blooming still, with every hue and dye,

When languid grew her gentle form, and dim her sparkling eye.

Calmly she lay upon her couch,—waning was life's soft breath!
Her heart was fixed on Heaven above, as onward hastened death.

She prayed: "I give Thee thanks, O Lord—Thy wisdom now I see;

Thy love, O Blessed Mother, too, to take my child from me;
For who would guide his infant steps when in the grave I sleep?

Or who, in boyhood's dangerous hour, would o'er him vigil keep?

I leave this earth, this desert earth, without a tear or sigh,
And haste to meet my blessed child in happy realms on high."
What fixes now her upward gaze,—what scene of pure delight

Can claim her peaceful, happy smile, and charm her raptured sight?

List to her words,—they'll tell thee all: "O Virgin, pure and mild,

I see thee on thy heavenly throne, clasping my boy—my child!

Thou comest, and nearer, nearer still; thou callest, callest me!
O haste—O haste; yes, yes, I go to dwell in heaven with thee!"

The crimson flush fled from her cheek,—death's seal was on her eye;

The mother and the child had met in blissful realms on high.

A good man and devoted Christian has fallen. The Rev. S. P. Gury, S. J., the celebrated theologian, and author of the most popular text-book on moral theology, has just departed this life at the College of Vals, in the south of France. Deceased was born on the 23d of January, 1801. On the 22d of August, 1824, he entered the Society of Jesus, and subsequently became Professor of Theology, which chair he filled up to the time of his lamented death, at the age of 65. This holy servant of God richly deserves to be remembered in the pious prayers of all theologians and every Catholic.—*Requiescat in pace.*—*Cin. Telegraph.*

THE PREROGATIVES OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY, MOTHER OF GOD.

[PRIZE ESSAY.]

BY LOUIS CONSTANTIN.

[CONTINUED.]

In the Old Testament we meet the word *almah* sixty times, without counting the text of Isaias which is the object of this dissertation, and it everywhere denotes a young virgin. Our readers may satisfy themselves of the truth of our assertion by consulting the sacred text. In Genesis, chapter xxiv, verse 43, it is applied to Rebecca, whom the context proves to have been truly a virgin; they will also find it given to Miriam, sister of Moses, who, as every body knows, was not married.* David makes use of it in speaking of the young girls who celebrated the praises of the Lord with musical instruments.† In the Canticle of Canticles, we find the same application in chapter vi, verse 7, 8.‡

Let us then conclude from these proofs, so clearly developed, that the Emmanuel of whom Isaias spoke could be no other than Christ, the Messiah, whom a virgin was to conceive and bring forth. But Mary has conceived and brought forth Christ, the Messiah, who is designated by the name of Emmanuel, consequently she is that virgin, *almah*, who knew not man before, nor after the birth of her Son.

This belief in the virginity of the admirable Virgin who was to give birth to the Redeemer of the world, has ever been dear to all Christians. It is found wherever the Gospel of her Son is received. And not only do we find no contrary belief maintained, but all Christian sects,—even those which do not admit the divinity of Christ,—delight to respect this virginal flower in Mary. On this prerogative of *Almah Mater*—Virgin Mother—the Fathers, the Doctors, and the Councils are unanimous.

It is here particularly we feel the heart bounding with joy and a noble pride in seeing this beautiful and holy belief taking birth near the sepulcher of Christ, growing, developing, and bearing its flowers throughout all ages,—and after nine-

* Exodus, ch. ii, v. 8. † Psalm lxxvii, 26.

‡ We may here remark that the Jews themselves, as well as Pagan nations, also believed that the Emmanuel would be born of a virgin. This opinion extended even into Gaul, where a statue was venerated under the name of *Virgini Parturæ*. (In Chartres). On this point any one may consult Nicholas' Theological studies, Perrone, Saint Jerome against Jovinian, book I. Huet's Evangelical Demonstrations, prop. ix, chap. ix, s. 4. Drach, letter iii, part I. Prophecy of Isaias, ch. vii, v. 14. Rosenmüller in Isaias, ch. vii, 14, and in addition second. One may find all the objections of the incredulous against this truth in La Luzerne, dissertation on the prophecies, ch. xi, a. iv, s. 3.

teen centuries we find it as pure from every stain or blemish as in the days of the martyrs and saints of the primitive Church!

What an exquisite subject for the pen it would be, to show this original privilege of the Mother of God, joined to her other prerogatives, passing through successive generations, always the object of the love, respect, piety, and admiration of mankind. The limits which we have traced for ourself will not permit us to give here even the outlines of such a work; nevertheless, we cannot resist the desire of recalling some of those venerable voices, whose lofty strains of eloquence proclaimed the glories of the Mother of God, and in a special manner exalted her spotless purity. Thus, under the most solemn circumstances, the Fathers of the Council of Chalcedonia, addressing themselves to the Emperor Marcian, who went to assist at their assembly, said, in speaking of Mary: "God, whose Mother she was, had granted her virginity, even after her conception, ever preserving it for His divine dignity. * * *" The Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedonia called the Blessed Virgin "*Mary ever virgin.*" The second Council of Constantinople in even stronger terms, styled her "*the Virgin always immaculate.*" The third held in the same city, expressed, in a sentence remarkable for its clearness, what had only been indicated in that of Chalcedonia. It says: "*The virginity of Mary was always intact—before the conception, in the conception, and after the conception.*" From this last Council came the article of faith which the Church decreed in the formula inserted among the fundamental articles of her belief.

Nevertheless, these sentiments, expressed by the Councils, were nothing new. They had been carefully transmitted by the Fathers of the first ages. St. Justin says that THE VIRGIN was visited by the power of the Most High.* After him the entire army of the holy Fathers unite in the same belief of the purity of Mary. Among others, we find Irenæus,† Eusebius,‡ Chrysostom,§ Gregory of Nazianzen,§ Athanasius,¶ Epiphanius,** Metho- dius of Tyre,†† etc.

Again, we find many of these same Fathers not confining themselves to proclaiming the virginity of the Mother of God according to the letter of the Gospel narrative, but basing it also upon the

* Apologues i, 33. Dunamis Thona epelthons ta partheno.
† Against the heretics—book III, ch. xix, 21; book V, ch. xix, 21. ‡ Evangelical Dem., III, 2. § Hom. on Gen., 49, No. 2.
¶ Homily for the Nativity of our Lord. ¶ On St. Luke, i, 58.
** Heresies 78, No. 5; Exp. Cath. faith, No. 15; ancorat, 121.
†† Simeon and Anne—No. 2—4, 5, 9, etc.

traditions they had received from the Apostles: they confessed that this virginity had been the appanage of Mary, before, during, and after the birth of Jesus Christ. Such are the expressions of Saint Ephrem and Saint Epiphanius. Saint Augustine, in his explanation of symbol No. 5, says: "The Virgin brought forth, and after childbirth she remained a virgin." Zeno of Verona* expresses the same idea, in different terms. "She was," he says, "virgin after her marriage, virgin after her conception, virgin after having given birth to her Son."

If the reader wishes to follow, step by step, the trace of tradition on this belief, let him consult Sardagna de Christo Controv, VI, Art. III; and, moreover, "There is no Christian in our day," says F. Petavius,† "so completely devoid of religious sentiment as to have a doubt on the virginity of the Mother of God in the conception of her Son."

If we seek the fundamental reason of this unanimity among the different Christian sects, we shall find it in the very essence of Christianity. All Christians, be their divergence of opinions what it may, have unanimously understood that the dignity of Christ exacted—that being the Son of a perfect Mother, He was, in like manner, her only Son—that the Holy Ghost would himself preserve Mary's chastity, since He had made the womb of this Virgin His temple. The dignity and sanctity of Mary also required it. "Otherwise," says Saint Thomas, "would she not have shown herself the most ungrateful of mothers, if, scarcely satisfied with having given birth to such a Son, and for having preserved her virginity in so miraculous a manner, until the moment of her maternity, she had then willingly consented to lose these glorious prerogatives, by the defilements of the flesh?"‡

Furthermore, let us remark that this belief in the perpetual virginity of Mary, even after the Nativity, has seemed so important for the glory of the Son and the Mother, so honorable to the religion they defended, that the Fathers and Councils have insisted, on this point, in a manner so truly remarkable, that it could not escape the attention of any sincere mind exempt from prejudice.

It is in this manner the Fathers of the Council of Chalcedonia express themselves.‖ Other terms, even stronger, if possible, are employed by the

Fathers of those ages so glorious for our holy Church. Read the productions of the Doctors of this epoch and you will be astonished to see with what scrupulous, and at the same time, with what jealous piety, they have insisted on this beautiful flower, this dazzling and incomparable virtue and privilege of Mary. We refer the reader particularly to Amphilogue,* Ambrose,† Theodoret of Ancyra,‡ Cyril of Alexandria,‖ Peter Chrysologus,§ who are eloquently repeated by a great number of others—the mere list of whose names would be too long to enumerate—but the greater part of them are found in the learned work of Petauius.¶

The Schoolmen and Doctors of the Middle Ages, as Alquin,** for example, failed not to walk in the footsteps of their pious predecessors, in exalting the purity of Mary.

Let us terminate these remarks on the virginity of the Mother of God, by a few remarks on the marriage she contracted with Joseph. Our readers will pardon this little digression, when they reflect that this point is far from being without difficulty, even among some well disposed Christians, and oftener than once we have heard doubts more or less unfavorable to the honor of Mary. We therefore briefly state, on this question, that the Church teaches that this marriage *was a true marriage*; and on this subject the greatest schoolmen, as Albertus Magnus, Saint Thomas, and a host of others, following the opinion of the holy Fathers, say, that the Blessed Virgin by a divine revelation contracted a marriage with Joseph—that in all the important events of her life she was directed in a special manner by the Holy Ghost, particularly in what related to her state of life, and whatever concerned directly the mystery of the Incarnation. By those divine revelations she understood that her spouse would willingly consent to her faithfully guarding perpetual chastity. Hence she clearly saw that her virginity would remain intact in the state she would engage herself. This fully explains why the Blessed Virgin gave her consent to a true marriage.

III. In the beginning of our essay we said, that *the dignity of the Mother of God is the most sublime prerogative that could ever be conferred upon a creature*. To prove this we have but to reproduce the praises by which the holy Fathers delighted to celebrate this prerogative, well persuaded, as they were, that the homage with which they envied the Mother would surround the Son, since

* Sermon on Contineny iii. † On the Inc., bk. XV, ch. iii, 1. ‡ 3p. 9—xxiii. ‖ De Incarnatione, ch. xxlii. § Signatum mansisse ejus uterum, violatum nullo pacto fuisse virginitatis sigillum, perpetuam corporis integritatem."

* Orat. in Dom. occurs, No. iii.

† De institutione Virgin. ch. viii, No. 52.

‡ Hom. in Nativit. Christi. ‖ De Incarnatione, ch. xxlii.

§ Sermon lxxv. ¶ Disput. lib., 15, ch. v and vi.

** Conf. fid., T. IV, ch. vi.

it is impossible to elevate one without exalting the other. When we seriously meditate upon thy grandeurs, O Mary! there is certainly nothing surprising in such outbursts of piety and love; "for thy praises, O Virgin most holy, are without doubt above all praise! since the Most High has deigned to become incarnate in thy womb, and to be born man for us. Let all nature and all that has life in Heaven, upon earth and in hell, offer thee worthy homage; for thou art in reality the angelic throne whereon the Lord displays His glory. With thy dazzling splendor thou dost ornament the heavenly court, where the Eternal Father manifests His glory in covering thee with His shadow, where thy Son whom thou didst engender in the flesh is adored. . . . May we, one day, assisted by thy powerful aid, have a part in thy glory."*

Saint Epaphanius giving free scope to his devotion toward the Mother of God exclaims: "Thou dost exist, superior to all that exists, God alone excepted."† And again, "We must place Mary above all the blessed on account of the heavenly mystery that was operated in her womb."‡ In reality "Where is the being who would not remain silent and tremble with astonishment? Where is he who could dare rest his gaze upon so vast an ocean of glory?"§

"It is with truth that she, who penetrated the abyss of divine Wisdom as profoundly as a creature could do without being absorbed by the luminary itself, is represented as clothed with the sun. This divine fire purified the lips of the prophet. This same fire, constantly burning, fills the hearts of the Seraphims. But with Mary it was different. To her it was not merely given for a few instants, but she was filled, surrounded with it on every side. So penetrated with it that she was, as it were, identified with the ardors of this divine ocean. So brilliant and ineffable in splendor is this ornament of the woman *par excellence!* We see around her nothing, I may not say dark and obscure, but nothing that would not be worthy the brightness of God, who is there reflected in His beauty."§ And what is there astonishing in these marvels? "Is not Mary the Mother of God, and so perfect that the Most High could make nothing more excellent? Doubtless

God could have created a greater world, developed in vaster immensity the vault of heaven, but He could never make a Mother greater than His own."* If any one prompted by pious curiosity were to ask us in what this immense glory of the Queen of Heaven consists, we should reply with Saint Gregory, Pope: "Cast your eyes upon the Son and then judge what must be the glory of the Mother."† Oh how far must this glory surpass that of all other creatures either in heaven or on earth, and we may with truth say, that the dignity of Mother of God is such that it exalts Mary above all created beings. Reason proclaims this; "for we cannot imagine a greater grace given to woman than that of becoming Mother of God."‡ Since in this case "He returns in an infinite manner the goodness of the Mother. Every tree is known by its fruit."§ This is why theologians (Saint Thomas particularly,) are unanimous in the declaration that the *cultus dulcis* is due the most Blessed Virgin in a degree superior to all other created beings on account of her dignity of Mother of God.§

Besides, and we here terminate this division of our essay by the reflection, that, in proportion as the bond which unites us to God is intimate, so does our dignity augment and become supernatural, provided He unites us to Himself and makes us sharers of His divine prerogatives; so that whoever participates to a high degree in the divine excellence must necessarily grow in personal dignity. Now, after the hypostatic union, no other is so intimate as that by which He is engendered in one of His creatures, as that existing between Mary and her divine Son. Therefore the dignity of the Blessed Virgin must far surpass that of all other creatures.

But it is not merely under this aspect that the union which exists with the Blessed Virgin is admirable, there is still another point of view which merits all our attention. From what we have already said it follows that the flesh of Christ was the flesh of Mary, and that this same flesh of Mary has become in Christ the flesh of God Himself. If we reflect on this stupendous prodigy, we must willingly admit that no crea-

* Saint Bonaventure in the Mirror of the B. V. Mary, lect. x. † On the 1st book of Kings, "Si vis Virginem cognoscere qualis et quanta est, in ejus filium oculos conjicito; et ex ejus excellentia poteris excellentiam matris intelligere."

‡ Albert the Great, "In primis theologorum." "Non potest intelligi major gratia participari creaturæ, quam esse matrem Dei."

§ Et in Mariali: "Filius infulsat bonitatem matris, omnis enim arbor ex fructu cognos citur."

§ 3 p. q. 25. a. 5, "Deberi Beatæ Virgini venerationem dulciæ; eminentius tamen quam ceteris creaturis, in quantum ipsa est mater Dei."

* Saint Gregory of Naz., sermon 11, on the Annunciation, Paris edition, 1622. † Orat. de laudibus Virginis; "Solo Deo excepto cunctis superior existis." ‡ Hæres. l. lxi, "Cæteris sanctis anteponebam esse Mariam ob cæleste illud mysterium quod in ejus utero perfectum est." § P. Damien. 1st serm. on the Nativity, "Hic taceat et contemiscat omnis creatura, et vix audeat adspicere tantæ dignitatis immensitatem."

§ Saint Bernard on the prerogatives of Mary.

ture could be more intimately united by the bonds of flesh—I am mistaken when I say bonds of flesh—"for this union," says Suarez, "cannot be called entirely carnal. Although it was certainly the occasion of a carnal conception, nevertheless, under certain circumstances, it terminated in God Himself."* "This is why," Saint Thomas remarks, "that, on account of the eminent dignity of Mary which results from it, she has the right to a *cultus* superior to that of all the other saints." The reason he gives is that by this incarnation of her Son, she came much nearer touching the divinity. Such is the argument of Saint Thomas,—and reason confirms it; for, by the hypostatic union, human nature has a right to an infinite grace and glory. So, by the same, the divine maternity has bestowed upon the Virgin a certain plenitude of grace and glory, as Saint Thomas proves, when he says† that "there is in the Virgin a plenitude of grace, proportioned to her corresponding degree of glory." "Neither can we separate the glory of the Son from that of the Mother," says Arnulphus Abbot.‡ "The flesh of Mary, with that of Christ, makes but one and the same flesh; and, in my opinion, the glory of the Son is only less common with that of the Mother than if it was one and the same glory as hers." But the dominion of the Son extends as far as that of the Father. He governs and reigns over all worlds which He created from the beginning of time. The saints, and all heavenly powers, acknowledge His empire, and offer Him their unceasing homages. We may then logically and safely conclude that the Blessed Virgin shares His triumphs as much as a creature can share them; that God has elevated her above all saints and angels; that He has seated her on a throne by His side, where she is the object of the love and admiration of all the heavenly court. Nothing is surer, nothing clearer to all unprejudiced minds; and we do not believe there can be a Christian, of any sect whatever, who would not say, in the depths of his heart, that there is nothing more legitimate, nothing more beautiful, nothing greater or more consoling, particularly for us poor voyagers, tossed upon the dangerous ocean of this world, than devotion to Mary, Mother of God! Let us conclude by saying, with Saint John Damascus,|| "between the servants of God (by this is understood all other creatures) and His Blessed Mother, there is an infinite distance." And with Saint Anselm, that "to be the Mother of

God is the exclusive privilege of the Blessed Virgin, surpassing in excellence all that can be said, and thought, and exceeding in grandeur and dignity every thing below the Godhead."*
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* De excellent. Virgin, c. iv. "Hoc solum de sancta virgine predicari, quod mater Dei sit, excedit omnem altitudinem quae post Deum dici aut cogitari potest."

[In the first number of this article—page 404, 2d col., 46th line—*ascetic* is printed in place of *exegetic*.]

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The following Approbations are not found in the volumes composed of reprinted back numbers:

VERY REV. E. SORIN:

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I feel truly gratified to send you the reply of his Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, in reference to the "AVE MARIA," on which you desired me to consult him. I congratulate you upon the kind words of encouragement I now convey to you. After such a high sanction, it would be too cold to say that I have no objection to your pious undertaking. But you knew before, with what delight I heard the first words you spoke to me about it. With all my heart I hereby bid you go on with it. You have opened a rich vein, at which a number of pious souls will come to refresh and invigorate themselves. Fear not! You will be supported by all who love the Holy Mother of God; and who can call himself a Christian and refuse her that proof of his veneration?

I am happy to see the foundation of such a monument laid in my Diocese. It will cheer all my Priests, it will gladden all the country. † JOHN HENRY, Bishop of Fort Wayne.

"I very highly approve of the design relative to the paper which Father Sorin proposes to publish, nor do I doubt that a work of this kind, proceeding under your auspices, will be productive of great good."
"PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA."

The AVE MARIA, published at Notre Dame, Indiana, by Very Rev. E. Sorin, appears, from what the undersigned has seen of it, to be deserving of the encouragement of the Catholic community. PETER RICHARD, Archbishop of St. Louis.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I can but approve fully of your undertaking in publishing the "AVE MARIA." A weekly from such a source, and under such supervision as Notre Dame, has already its sanction; and needs indeed no other approbation but the one of the diocese, in accordance with the only proper rule in our Church. Please to have two copies forwarded to my address. Believe me, dear father, with sincerest respects, your truly devoted,
MILWAUKEE, April 1, 1865. † JOHN M. HENNI, Bishop of Milwaukee.

REV. DEAR FRIEND: Please receive my subscription, and at the same time my hearty approbation of your holy and noble undertaking. Mary is the great advocate of the Church in America. Let us unite our efforts to promote her glory, and obtain more and more her powerful assistance for the triumph of our Holy Church.
CLEVELAND, April 11, 1865. † AMEDEUS, Bishop of Cleveland.

ERIE, Pa., April 23, 1865.
So much procrastination, and absence and business, have nearly prevented my reply, till the month of May is at hand.

* De Incarnatione p. II, dispnt. I, sect. II.

† Quest. 7, Art. 10. ‡ On the praises of the Virgin.

|| "Alia ge to diaphoron aperou donlon theou kai metros. Homel I, in dormit. Virg. No. 10, metros."

As you have chosen it to inaugurate your enterprise to her honor, I must send you my feeble note of approval, for fear I should miss the merit of it if I longer delayed. We shall of course further it among our clergy and people with all care and zeal, praying meantime for its success. I take the liberty to enclose my certified check, to pay first my life-subscription, and secondly, for specimen numbers of the first issue, to be sent to me so as to help its introduction.

Pray for yours in Christ, J. M., *Bishop of Erie,*

COVINGTON, KY., September 5, 1865.

Very Rev. Father: Inclosed find my subscription to the "AVE MARIA," the very interesting and useful little periodical which comes forth from your noble University to promote the devotion and proclaim the praises of our Blessed Mother. I consider it a valuable acquisition for every Catholic family. I will certainly encourage its circulation. Respectfully, yours, in our Lord, GEO. A. CARRELL, *Bishop of Covington.*

Very Rev. and Dear Sir:—Enclosed find my subscription for the AVE MARIA. I have had the pleasure of reading the first two numbers, they pleased me very much, they breathe a spirit of true and genuine piety. It has my best wishes for its entire success. † F. P. McFARLAND, Bp. of Hartford.

DUBUQUE, September 7, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: The "AVE MARIA" has my full approbation and best wishes for its success and wide circulation in my Diocese. I have no doubt but it will effect much good, as long as pious exaggeration shall have been guarded against: and under your discreet and learned supervision no such need be apprehended. With deepest respects,

Yours, sincerely, in Christ,

CLEMENT, *Bishop of Dubuque.*

WHEELING, VA., April 22, 1866.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: Accept my thanks for your AVE MARIA, so well adapted to promote love and devotion to MARY our fond Mother and powerful Advocate. It comes regularly. I had well nigh overlooked your request for the use of my name. It is put freely at your disposal. I shall be happy to aid in your good work. Most respectfully and truly yours, RICHARD VINCENT WHELAN, *Bishop of Wheeling.*

NOTRE DAME.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

The author of this poem, in praise of Our Lady, deeming the Angelical Salutation to be the highest honor that ever has been, or could be rendered to her, has made it his task to interweave with his verses this entire Salutation, as also the invocation of the Church incorporated with it. The method of doing this has been to introduce into each line a single word of that glorious anthem, which—as will be seen by following the stars—runs like a golden thread through the entire woof of the stanzas:

Hail* to her, whose sweet and touching graces
 Render MARY* earth's divinest name!
 Art is full* of her most tender beauty,
 Full the Church of* her undying fame!
 O for grace* to sing in worthiest lay
 All the* mind and all the heart would say!
 Poor, how poor! when thy dear LORD* was cradled,
 Rich, how rich! is* now thy palace-home!
 Whence we know with* what an equal welcome
 Poor, or rich, with thee* to Christ may come!
 Ever blessed* thus, from hut to hall,
 Art* thou, MARY, fondly held by all!
 Once obscure wert thou,* by all unheeded,
 Known to few, amongst* the poor thy lot!
 Queenliest now, and most renowned of women,*

With the saintliest named and* least forgot;
 "Blessed"* hailed by e'en th' unlettered poor,
 With the wisest is* thy fame secure!
 Crowding on through all the* teeming ages,
 Myriad souls, as fruit,* have had their birth:
 Yet, of* women-born, but one Immortal
 E'er has come to tread thy* sod, O Earth!
 Mortal womb* hath oft a genius given—
 Who a JESUS* but the Bride of Heaven!

Teach us, Holy* Father, this to fathom!
 How a simple, lowly, MARY*-child,
 Could of Christ, creation's Lord, be Mother*—
 He, at breath of* whom all Nature smiled!
 Breathless, mute, O God,* we naught can say,
 Only tremble, trust, and inly pray!*
 Well for* earth that wondrous Incarnation!
 Life were else so waste to us,* and drear!
 Nor for sinners* would be interceding,
 Now,* a Mother's voice at JESUS' ear!
 Mother-words! what music soft and* sweet,
 When by MARY breathed at* Christ's dear feet!

We who sin, and know of sin the* anguish,
 Long for one brief hour* of inward bliss;
 Ah! how dear those music-words of* pleading,
 Breathed for our* poor souls in Paradise!
 Praise till death* be thine, sweet Mother, then,
 From thy children's heart of hearts—Amen!*

Diocese of Fort Wayne.

The Spiritual Retreat for the Clergy of this Diocese will commence at Notre Dame, Tuesday evening, the 10th of July, and continue during six days. All are requested to attend. Each Clergyman will bring his surplice and cassock.

JOHN HENRY LUERS,

Bishop of Fort Wayne.

A part of our edition of number 24, volume 2, had been "worked off" before the final "proof" of the prize article in which the following errors occurred, was given to the printers; and so in some of the first numbers of the edition the article was printed without these corrections:

Page.	Column.	Line.	Errata.	Corrections.
374	2d	20	Deliver	Deliverer
375	1st	37	lowly	lowly
"	"	50	Fathers	Father's
"	2d	40	blessèd	blessed
"	"	53	clothed	clothèd
376	1st	25	bow	low
"	2d	57	rod	rood
377	1st	33	irridescant	iridescent
"	"	30 & 31	should read thus:	

With sweet harmonious motion, stirred and formed
 Upon the luminous air, in characters
 Of dazzling light, etc.

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

THE CARDINAL'S HAT GIVEN TO ARCHBISHOP CULLEN.—His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, has been elevated to the high position of Cardinal, by His Holiness Pope Pius IX. *The Dublin Freeman's Journal*, in announcing this event, remarks that His Grace is most eminently qualified to fulfill the onerous and grave duties of the exalted position to which he has been elevated; his exemplary piety, his active and persevering benevolence, which knows no rest as long as good is to be accomplished; his varied and extensive acquirements will no doubt render conspicuous in after history the illustrious individual whom the Sovereign Pontiff has chosen to honor.

BURNING OF ST. MARY'S, SOMERSET, OHIO.—The Catholics of Southern Ohio have sustained another great loss. A little more than two years ago, the Dominican Church and Convent of St. Joseph's were entirely destroyed by fire; a few months afterwards, St. Columba's Academy in Zanesville was partially burned, and now a third disaster has deprived us of one of the best educational institutions in the State, and has left an entire religious community without a home.

At about nine o'clock on Thursday morning, the 7th inst., the chapel adjoining St. Mary's was discovered to be on fire, and in less than fifteen minutes afterward it was a physical impossibility to arrest the fire. The day was warm and dry, a strong wind was blowing eastward, so that in less time than it has taken to write these lines, the chapel, convent and academy were a hopeless prey to the devouring flames.

Soon after the alarm had been given, an immense crowd gathered around the burning buildings, and exhausted every suggested means to save at least a portion of them, but it was apparent from the beginning that nothing could be done further than to keep down the fire whilst the moveables were being saved. For this end, every one worked with a will, and about an hour after the fire broke out, a great portion of the effects were saved, though in a badly damaged condition.

The fire was caused by an unsafe flue, which found communication with the woodwork of the roofing in the chapel. By the bye, this same chapel was a perfect little gem, adorned with the accumulated ornaments of more than twenty years of assiduous and tasteful care. Trinity church, which is immediately across the street, caught fire in several places; but, with almost superhu-

man efforts, it was saved. We learn that there was scarcely enough insurance on the buildings to cover the damages which the saved property sustained.

The Sisters, and the greater number of the pupils, are temporarily located in a building known as the "Old Convent," at St. Joseph's, which was kindly offered to them by the Dominican Fathers. It is not known at present, whether they will be enabled to resume teaching next session. In a few days they hope to determine their future plans.

St. Mary's was one of the oldest—if not the very oldest—Academy in the State. On a chilly day in February, thirty-four years ago, if your correspondent's memory serves him well, the young colony arrived at Somerset, under the auspices of the lamented Bishop Fenwick. The same year saw the good old Bishop carried off by cholera, and our present venerable Archbishop established as his successor, so that St. Mary's was present at the infant cradle of Catholicity in Ohio, and it is generally admitted that she has nobly done her share in attending to its wants, until it has attained its present maturity. For all the prime objects of a Catholic Academy, St. Mary's was inferior to none in the country. The old building was too small for their increasing numbers, and the foundations for a new addition had just been laid, when the sad disaster so suddenly interfered with their designs. Much anxiety is manifested by our people, lest the Sisters be compelled to abandon the design of rebuilding, for every one feels that Saint Mary's was the light and the life of Somerset; accordingly efforts are making to secure an early re-erection of the Convent and Academy, the result of which efforts may be the substance of a few lines from your old friend.—*Freeman's Journal*.

It was but a few days previous to this sad calamity that we had heard with great pleasure of the prosperity of this admirable Institution, which numbered over two hundred boarders at the time of this disaster. Although we deeply sympathize with the excellent Sisters, yet we feel every confidence that their Institution will soon be re-established in a more flourishing condition than ever.

ORDINATIONS.—At Saint Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, the Most Rev. P. R. Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, on Sunday, May 27th, in the parish Church of St. Vincent de Paul, at seven o'clock, a. m., raised to the dignity of Priesthood Rev. Theodore Koosman, Michael O'Riely, Henry Meurs, Joseph Helwing, Arthur Mulholland, all ordained for St. Louis.

On May 26th, at St. Vincent's Abbey, the Right Rev. Bishop Domenech raised to the Priesthood Innocent Wolf, Hilary Pfrangle, and Urban Bayer.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

JEWEL BROOK COTTAGE.

Dear Children: We resume our talk with you about our dear young lady, Miss Fanny Allen, who had resolved to go to Montreal to learn somewhat more for herself of the Catholics; and to accomplish this, planned to go there and pursue the study of the French language a while. When she made known her intention to her family, her mother and the doctor, through fear and dislike of Catholics and their religion, strongly opposed it. But she persevered in her intention till she at length obtained her mother's consent, and by that, her step-father's, provided she would first receive Protestant baptism. Fanny ridiculed this condition from the first; but finally submitted, rather than relinquish her object, though with so bad a grace that she did not refrain from showing her contempt of the rite, even during its administration. In a word, she not only failed of making any pretension to being a Christian, but openly showed her determination *not* to be one. It was a rather doubtful case, without doubt, to the pastor to whom application was made; but, listening to the fears of her mother, and regarding it more dangerous to send an unbaptized young person among Catholics, than one fortified, by some Protestant profession, yielded, we suppose, to the expediency of the case, and so proceeded. Fanny, it is said, laughed in derision as he cast the sprinkling of water upon her face, and the minister, shocked by so great levity, severely reprimanded her. This is a part of Fanny Allen's history, however, that we have never liked. We cannot justify Fanny in this act. It is very wrong, my dear children, as well as unbecoming, to ever allow ourselves to make a mockery of any religious rite. Where it is not Catholic, as Catholics, we should condemn and carefully avoid giving any consent to, or taking any part therein; but it is far beneath the true dignity of any noble and considerate character to jest with any religious ceremonies,—especially for young people, with those in which their parents and teachers have confidence. In brief, even when we know persons to be in error, as all Protestants, for instance, we should rather pray God to enlighten them, than to scoff at either their worship or their "superstitions." Still, in justice to Fanny, we must remember she was but a true daughter of General Ethan Allen, and had never, like you, been instructed in Catechism. She had never been taught, with any confidence and sincerity, in her own home, even the leading

doctrines and obligations of Christianity. Nay, rather, in her earliest years, had been accustomed to hear religion trifled with, and the truths of revelation held in dispute, till she had become, in fact, what it is most revolting to consider—an almost infidel young woman. It was only to gain a point, she submitted to the demand of her mother. As I have said, I have always had an aversion to this part of Fanny's biography; and yet, what a revelation there is in it! What an unfolding of that religion, or principle, that could sanction, under any circumstances, such a baptism,—and its candidate a young lady already full twenty years of age, and also of rare intellectual development, ignorant, as it were, only of Christianity. Even you, children, can see at once the contrast between that false baptism, and the baptism of an adult in the Catholic Church. But, to continue our narrative, Fanny being baptized for the sole purpose of insuring her against becoming a Catholic, left, soon after, that dear old home at the High-Bridge—beautiful spot—and led, we may yet see, by an invisible hand, arrived at Montreal, and was entered at the well known, even then, and popular school of *Villa Maria*, of the *Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame*, where she became a general favorite with the pupils almost as soon as introduced; and all might have gone smoothly and well, so far as her relations simply with the school were concerned, but for her open contempt of all the holy ceremonies of religion, by which a convent school life is so sacredly and precious surrounded. As it was, alack! the good sisters were soon in dismay at finding so discordant a note in their holy house, and were discussing the propriety of dismissing her quietly from school, and sending her back to Vermont.

Poor, misguided Fanny Allen! Providentially, however, Fanny had won the unfaltering love of one devoted heart there—her teacher—to whom, in despite of her willful and sinful waywardness, she was ardently attached, and to whose gentle guidance she so generously submitted.

This dear nun, notwithstanding all the dissatisfaction, was only intent with God for her precious pupil's conversion, and she plead for Fanny; plead with the good sisters for forbearance; and when forbearance seemed no longer admissible, still begged for even but a night and a day more to pray for her, declaring herself to be impressed that this so dear, sin-deluded one, would yet be converted to the true faith, even, if necessary, by a miracle of God—and so the dismissal was suspended until after the next Feast of the Blessed

Virgin, near at hand. Fanny, ignorant of the impending dismissals, seemed only to become more and more disrespectful to all holy rules, but never, perhaps, so much so as on the day that preceded the holy-day of obligation, and which these pious sisters were preparing to celebrate with appropriate distinction. The eve, or vigil, of the feast drew near. None forgot, in that holy Community, to pray for her whose probation was but now for a day. The night wore slowly on. Fanny's teacher did not sleep that night, she was praying for Fanny—praying for a soul. The sun arose clear and beautiful in those softly cool Canadian skies. I think we should recognize the morning as one in early September, without the precise date. Do you know, my dear children, what day stands next to the first week in the month, very dear to all the children of Mary? You do; very well, that day opened well. Sweetly rang the early Mass bells in distant Montreal. *Villa Maria* is about three miles out of the city, situated in a charming retreat: the remembrance of its beauty—I have been there once, and spent some days, delightful days, during my first Catholic summer, there—and the recollection of its beauty, half tempts me to describe the place to you, but I forbear. To-day we have to speak of a yet dearer wonder of our Lord. The precious morning has passed, and now it is the precious afternoon. Let us come back into one of the rooms adjoining to, or not far from the dear chapel of this dear *Villa Maria*; let us come where Fanny stands by her teacher as she is arranging a choice bouquet in an elegant vase, which is to stand on the altar before the Blessed Sacrament at the Benediction this evening.

Our Fanny now stands admiring those admirable works of God, mementoes of Eden, grown, gathered and now being piously arranged for His shrine. Her eyes brim with an unwonted tenderness. For a long time they have stood there silent; slowly moves the hand adjusting the flowers, careful to make up the offering beautiful for the altar, to stand in their fresh gathered bloom before God, to shed their sweets before a veiled Deity, before Him. How is it Solomon mystically says it: "Behold he standeth at His lattice looking through." Recollect as from a nun's sweet habit of all this, that hand adjusts geranium, rose and lavender, repeating still in her heart one prayer—only one prayer, she had been saying it all the night long to the Blessed Virgin; she remembered it at Mass this morning—at the "offertory," and the "elevation," and at the Holy

Communion, dear children, she has been turning it over in all her morning duties, and holding it up, only in some little different way, that our sweet Mother might see all sides of it—but the same prayer.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" still murmurs Fanny, bending toward the flowers. "Very," responds the soft-voiced nun, trembling, the faintest perceptible—at first from an inner emotion, or at the first break of silence in that prayerful calm, and then as if—well, then, simply told, dear children, a grace from God, or from the "Mother of Divine Grace," from God through the "Mother of Divine Grace" descended to her. You know the bright rays we sometimes see represented in pictures as streaming from the divine Mother's pure hands as she holds them down toward and over us. One of these rays had fallen into this dear teacher's heart, and she was only a little more sweet and calm as she answered "very," only a little more soft light came into her face as she continued: "But not so sweet and beautiful as the sacred one to whom we offer them. Go now"—the last leaf and bud were disposed of—"go and place them on the altar before the Blessed Sacrament, and as you approach, bow down *adoringly*, I command you!" Fanny started slightly, there was something in that sweet, mysterious *adoringly*, something heavenly magnetic in that strange "I command you." Half charmed to obedience; she took the vase tacitly, almost eagerly at first, and turned toward the door; but scarcely had her hand rested upon the latch before involuntary pride revolted. But she entered the chapel, opening the door steadily and carefully, and closing it behind her as she went in. Our dear nun, never moving from where she stood, her eyes followed Fanny, until she passed from sight, and then she lifted them to the sweet Mother, help, hope, and resort of her children alway.

Now really, darlings, I don't like to break off here for a week, but I have filled my allotted space, if not a little more, and as I have enough to relate to fill another full letter, I think we had better. If we once open that chapel door, you see we should never know how to come away until all was told. Where we had better stop at all, it is always best to stop where we can; and if I am prompt to write you in time, and I will *try*, I think "they" will let us continue right along next week. "They," you know, means the editorial chair of the AVE MARIA, or somebody in it, and "they" are always pretty good to the children. Good bye now, until next week. ††

POPULAR READING.

Perhaps some of you, my young readers, may have thought I took rather a gloomy view of the habit of reading; that when talking to you last week I exaggerated the dangers and put you under too severe a control in advising you to read no books unless authorized by your parents or by those under whose care you may be; if you thought so you were very much mistaken. Reading is a pleasure, but to enjoy the pleasure you must know why you read; you must know what to read; you must know how to read; and as a great many persons much older than you, and who have read many books, do not know any of these three things, it is not at all surprising if you young folks do not know them yet. Now just listen to me—lend me your ears, and you will understand very easily why you should be careful in reading the popular literature of the day—you will understand this when you know why you read.

I was saying last week, when talking with you, that reading is an appetite—that habitual readers long after books as a hungry man craves for food—that as good food nourishes the body, good reading nourishes the mind; and that the reading of bad books breeds distempers in the soul like the eating of unwholesome food breeds diseases in the body, and the conclusion that all boys and girls having a particle of common sense, must have come to, is that they would as soon eat tainted meat and rotten vegetables as to read a book they know to be bad; that they will prefer good books just as they prefer wholesome food. And now, speaking of wholesome food, doctors tell us that there is some food that has the quality of increasing and strengthening the bones of the body—that there is another sort that increases the muscles, and still a third sort that only makes a man fat without adding anything to his strength. Now it would not do to eat only one of these three kinds of food without eating of the others; for instance it would not do to eat only that kind of food which fattens the body without adding substance and strength to the bones and muscles. A person who would do so, especially if he were naturally inclined to fleshiness, would soon make a huge fat man of himself, weak in the knees and too lazy to lift his little finger. Now pay attention! mark me. It is the same with mental food, with reading; some reading is especially calculated to nourish the soul—the affections of the heart; in a word, to enable you to keep the great

commandment, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind and with thy whole strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.

A second kind of reading is intended especially for the mind—to develop your understanding; this first kind of reading does this indirectly, for the better you regulate the affections of your heart, the better you will be able to judge men and things; but other books not included in the first kind, and which I call the second kind, help to enlarge your ideas, give you new ones, and add to your knowledge of facts, such as history, biography, etc.

A third kind of reading nourishes the imagination and adds very little strength to the mind and heart in the most favorable cases, and most frequently weakens them in proportion as it increases the strength of the imagination. The charm of this third kind of reading arises from the pleasing style in which it is written, when written by good writers, in the absorbing interest that is thrown around the imaginary sufferings of fictitious persons, who possess impossible qualities in the highest degree, and who perform prodigiously virtuous actions all of themselves.

Now it will not do to limit your reading to only one kind of the above-mentioned;—you must read the first kind, which has the quality of giving strength to the mind and imagination, while it nourishes the soul just like good wheaten bread, which, the doctors say, is good for fat, bone and muscle. You ought to read books of the second sort which do not lessen the good effect produced by books of the first sort.

Books of the third sort, mentioned above, which, as we said last week, may be likened to sweet-meats, are by no means necessary—no more than it is necessary or good for a man predisposed to fatness, to feed especially upon such food as produces fat. Now you are all more or less inclined to give a loose rein to your imagination, which is very unruly, and if your reading consists in books of the third sort, your imagination will become outrageously unruly, like a wild colt, and your poor reason, like a dismounted jockey thrown floundering in the dust, will look with imbecile astonishment on the vagaries of the young colt as he gallops over the wide fields of fences, disdainingly the fence put up by judgment and carrying the soul full tilt to destruction.

Now you understand why you read; you read to find food for the heart, for the soul; food for the mind, for the intellect; food for the imagination,

for the fancy. You see at once that if you wish to profit by your habit of reading, if you wish to make it a blessing for you and not a curse, you must first of all read the books which are food for the soul and mind, and that you should be sparing in the reading of those books which are food for the imagination.

And now you understand, I am sure, why you should be careful in reading what is termed the Popular Reading of the day, when I tell you that it is composed almost entirely of these books of the third sort—works of fiction—appealing directly to the imagination. Knowing right well why you read, it is easy for you to know what to read.

You read to give a healthy tone to your whole mind; you must then read only good books, and not touch a bad book, unless with the tongs to put it in the fire.

You read to give food to your soul; you should then read books that will inspire sentiments of true piety that will give you a love for what is good, for what is right, and a hatred for what is bad for all that is wrong. Books which will make you, with God's grace, love God, and do what is right; you read to give food to your mind; what an amount of splendid books there are of this second sort—splendid books on all subjects; history, biography, essays written by master-minds, speeches of great orators, treatises on astronomy, chemistry, mathematics, general literature, the literature of different nations, on the various trades and professions, and a vast number of other books—good, wholesome books, that you could not read all, were you to live to the age of Mathusalem. I do not mention these with the intention of inducing you to attempt to read them all. We are not now speaking of *how to read*, but I wish simply to bring before your eyes and mind, the great number of splendid, useful, good books you have to read, so that you may see and feel how foolish it would be if you were to take up your time in reading useless books, when there are so many valuable books to read. I do not intend, either, that you young readers should at once read learned essays and scientific works, but I wish to give you a notion of what you will have to read as you grow up; what you will read with great pleasure and profit to yourselves, if you do not weaken your mind, and contract a distaste for really good reading, by the perusal of works of fiction.

And now you know why you read, and what you ought to read; and before speaking of how

to read, I must say a word of what *may* be read of the books of the third sort, which constitute the Popular Reading of the day. No bad books of this kind, nor of any other, may be read by any young person who wishes to save his soul, who has any respect for himself, or who has any affection for his parents.

The sentimental stories in newspapers, cheap paper-covered novels, richly bound editions of the same, written by second-rate and third-rate writers, are not worthy of your attention.

Stories and tales, when written by a good Catholic, may be read, though I do not recommend them to boys and girls who are capable of understanding better books, unless they be written by a well-known author, as the *Fabiola* of Cardinal Wiseman.

Novels written by non-Catholics of acknowledged superiority and virtue, may be read with advantage when you are old enough to understand the real merits of the books, and have your mind well prepared by the previous reading of the books of the first and second sort. But in reading them in moderation all Catholics must remember that the authors, with all their superior qualities of mind, have not the happiness of being Catholics, of having the faith, and that a reader of their works would deceive himself greatly if he were to model his life on that of the most commendable hero, or interesting heroine of a non-Catholic writer; or if he were to allow the worldly maxims he meets with at almost every page, to weaken in his mind the maxims of our blessed Redeemer. I would say more, but I am at the end of my paper. I have only space to answer a question which no doubt your inquisitive readers have already asked, or intended to ask as soon as you were through with this. "Where are you to find the good books of the first and second sort, which you recommend so highly?" Ah, my young friends, that is father and mother's lookout—if they are able to give you any books at all, they will, I am sure, give you good ones. Then there is your parish priest; although his time is taken up with many grave duties, he would do all in his power—and that is a great deal—to establish a library of good books, if the children and young men and women have the good sense to wish for one, and if the members of his congregation were go-ahead enough to try to establish one.

But they may say "Catholic books are so scarce." That they are comparatively few in number is true, but that is not a reason they should be *scarce*, which is unhappily too true in many localities. If you form a library, and buy all the Catholic books that are already published in English, you will be astonished at the size of your library, and besides it is a maxim of political economy, which you will study some of these days, that the supply must be regulated by the demand. There are enterprising publishers, who are able to meet all demands. As soon as Catholic works are in demand, Catholic works you'll have in abundance.

S. O. M.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 14, 1866.

No. 28.

THE PREROGATIVES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, MOTHER OF GOD.

[PRIZE ESSAY.]

BY LOUIS CONSTANTIN.

[CONCLUDED.]

It now remains for us to investigate in what consists the excellence and grandeurs of the Mother of God.

IV. On so sublime a subject we shall certainly be most careful not to speak merely from the lights of our own understanding, for we should fear to be led astray in a subject too sublime, too mysterious, and ever too impenetrable in its nature for our weak natural reason. We shall therefore be guided entirely by those great doctors who, in all ages, have been the lights of the Church, and in retracing their footsteps, we shall not fear to wander into error.

From what we have already said, *let us then conclude*, with Saint Peter Damian, *that in certain respects* the dignity of Mary as Mother of God is so great, that we may say God is in her by His identity, in as much as He made but one single substance with her.*† To explain his opinion, the holy Doctor distinguishes four different ways for God to be in His Creatures; the first by *His Essence*, which is present in all beings; the second by *His operations* as in the soul of the just in order that they may accomplish the Commandments of the Lord; the third by *His illuminations* in the heart of the good whom He will make participants of His eternal decrees; the fourth manner, he says, is to be truly in a creature by His identity, as in the Virgin Mary, and that because He is the same thing as herself. Having explained this, the holy Doctor continues as follows: "All flesh is silent, and trembles with astonishment, and scarcely dares raise its eyes to such an immensity of dignity and glory. 'The Lord is with thee,' said the Archangel; God dwells with the

angels, but not as an angel, because He is not the same essence as they are; God dwells in the Virgin, He dwells with her because He has a common identity in the same nature. Behold, then, this resplendent throne,* which the Most High has invested with burnished gold—so has He clothed the Virgin, and so has He clothed Himself, in order that no creature shall be more perfect than she is." Nevertheless, this identity is not an identity of person, as every one well knows, but a certain identity of flesh and substance by which the Mother and the Son are said to form the same flesh and the same substance. The flesh of Mary, which is substantially in Christ, became a certain part of the Incarnate Word so that she became by the same, one and the same thing as God. It is Mary's flesh that clothed the Word and released man from the shameful slavery of the devil, redeemed the entire human race and which was offered and immolated on the cross as an expiatory victim for the sins of man and the chastisements they had incurred by their crimes, and which renders us participants of the joys of Heaven. "If grace can produce unity without the proprietorship of a special nature with how much greater reason will the same effect be produced when in a special nativity there is a unity of the body and of grace? How much more when with this unity of grace this same speciality makes but one, of the Mother and the Son or of the Son and the Mother."‡

V. From what we have said upon the maternity of the Virgin we can logically deduce that there is an intimate connection in the particular action of Mary in the generation of her Son and the act of God the Father engendering the Word from all eternity. This truth, no less striking than the preceding, is admirably explained by St. Bernard in the following words: "As God is in His Saints by the accord of their will, He is nevertheless in

* III reg. 10, v. 18.

† Enim unitatem potest facere gratia, sine proprietate specialis nature. quanto magis ubi gratia unitas et corporis est specialis unitas?..quanto magis cum gratia unire, ipsa specialitas nature unum efficit Matrem et Filium, Filium et Matrem.

‡ Homil III in Missus est.

* This restriction is ours; we use it in order to mitigate the absolute sense of the text we cite.

† Serm. I, de Nativitate Maria: "Deus insit ei identitate, quia idem est quod illa."

a more special manner in Mary, in whom is found an entire accord, not only of the will but also of the flesh. This is why God, from His substance united with that of the Virgin, formed one Christ or rather it happens that Christ in His personality was neither all of God nor all of the Virgin and at the same time He was all of God and all of the Virgin. In reality there are not two Sons in Christ but only one Son who belongs at the same time wholly and entire to both, to God the Father and to the Virgin Mary."

St. Bernard has not in the slightest exaggerated in the above. He but states a rigorously logical truth necessarily flowing from the essence of Christianity. God the Father, as well as the Blessed Virgin Mary, one in the eternal generation, the other in the temporal generation, both produced the substance of Christ, which as we know is composed of two natures and is the same substance of the same person; both then have cooperated in the generation of Christ, and as God made man was engendered by the Father, so the man who has become God was engendered by the Mother. In the same manner that God the Son proceeding from God the Father, is united to the flesh He received in becoming man, so also the human nature can not draw its origin from the Virgin Mary without God in whom it subsists. Therefore, as we perceive, there is an intimate connection between the two generations.

Moreover, we distinguish two sorts of missions in the divine persons; namely, the procession from one divine person which is called eternal, the other temporal on account of the term to which this same procession dates, which caused St. Thomas to say that * "the term procession of persons is sometimes double; one eternal and consequently necessary, as the generation and the divine life, the other temporal as the mission *ad extra*. The Son as God proceeds from the Father from all eternity, but He has also a visible mission in time and this mission takes the name of the temporal mission."

We see clearly that the mission in a divine person requires two things, first that the eternal procession and the temporal term be united in such a manner as to form but one thing. But we know that the Son proceeds from the eternal act which engenders Him, whereas the temporal term has its origin in the act of Mary engendering the Son by means of the Holy Ghost. It is, therefore, in the flesh of Mary that the only Son of God was sent.

Saint Bernard, in developing these words says, consequently there was an intimate connection between the generation of the Father and the generation of Mary.

VI. From the Divine Maternity of Mary there necessarily follows for her a true relationship with God. Suarez says, "In effect this dignity of Mother of God is a certain intimate connection with God himself, so that St. Thomas and Cajetan have not hesitated to call it a true relationship."*

First, Mary became in the most exalted manner the *daughter of God the Father*, not His natural but His adopted daughter by the Incarnation of the Word made flesh, whom she bore in her womb; to whom she gave birth; of whom she became the most perfect image, by becoming His Mother, and to whom she is united in the flesh by a substantial union.

Second, Mary is before all and above all the Mother of the Son, but we may say also that under certain circumstances she is *His Sister*, as St. Augustin explains it, † since, as we have just seen, she is the daughter of the same Father as the Word whom she engendered.

Third, All the Fathers call her Spouse of the Holy Ghost "because," as St. Hilarius says, "it was from the Holy Ghost alone that she engendered Him whom she engendered." ‡ "The Sacred Scriptures show," says the well known Father of Rhodes, "that Mary is the Spouse of the entire Holy Trinity, but more particularly of the Holy Ghost."§

St. Bonaventure, in his "Mirror of the Blessed Virgin," Lecture X, uses the following beautiful words on this subject, "We can say that God, who is in an ineffable manner with Mary, is the Lord Father, the Lord Son and the Lord Holy Ghost, the Lord one and three united. He is, we say, the Lord Father Himself of whom Mary is the most glorious Daughter; He is the Lord Son Himself, of whom Mary is the most worthy Mother; He is the Lord Holy Ghost Himself, of whom Mary is the most tender Spouse; He is the Lord one and three united, of whom Mary is the most humble servant. Mary is certainly the daughter of the Supreme Eternity; the Mother of Pure Truth; the Spouse of Infinite Goodness; the servant of the Incomparable Trinity." And he concludes by this apostrophe to the Blessed Virgin: "O Mary, the Lord Father is with thee, the Son is with thee and the Holy Ghost is with thee."

Saint Bernard, in developing this idea, says:

* On the Incarnation p. 11, Disp. 1, Sect. 11.

† Lib. de Sancta Virginitate. ch. vi.

‡ LX de Trinitate. § De Virg. Maria, 9 11, Sect. III, 2.

* I part 9.43 a 3.

"The Father, who made His Son and thine, is with thee; the Son who operated in thee such great marvels in receiving from thee His Incarnation, and in preserving the seal of thy virginity, is with thee; the Holy Ghost, who, in concert with the Father and the Son, sanctified thy womb, is also with thee. The Lord, whose most noble daughter thou art, is with thee; the Son, whose most admirable Mother thou art, is with thee; finally the Lord is with thee, He whose servant thou art, the most humble that was ever known, or that He will ever have during an entire eternity."

VII. We have said that the dignity of the Mother of God is such, that she still exercises a *certain power* over the Supreme Master of the universe, that is to say over God Himself. In addressing the Blessed Virgin, St. Peter Damian does not hesitate to say, "Nothing to thee is impossible, O thou who canst restore hope to those who have lost all hope."* He continues, "Moreover, it is possible to suppose that thou canst not but be favorably heard, since for all, with all and in all God obeys thee as His tender and Immaculate Mother."†

Truly nothing is more natural, and we are singularly astonished at any Christian endowed with common sense who does not find in his own heart the intimate conviction of this assertion. For, in fact, Christ as man was confined within the limits of the natural law, which he never violated. Now the natural law commands a son to love and respect his mother and to obey her. If it should occur that a son is elevated by his position above his parents, and by this circumstance freed from the obedience which is their right, he is nevertheless obliged to do all in his power to accede to their desires when they do not run counter to the duties of his position. Hence it is easy to see that the authority of the Blessed Virgin Mary over her Son is founded on the natural right which is based on the free will of Christ, who submits Himself to His Mother in order to give us an example of obedience, and to show us at the same time what love He bears to her whom He placed on a throne by His side. To recapitulate, the Blessed Virgin, by the nature and excellence of her prerogative of Mother of God, possesses real power over her Son, but she holds the use of it only by His free concession. After what St. Luke declares, ch. 11, v. 21, "and He was subject to them," we are not permitted to doubt the fact that Jesus was obedient to Mary during all the

time He lived in Nazareth. Nevertheless we believe that Mary, humble in her nature, never used this authority, but ever treated her Son with the most tender love. For in what would a command have consisted when the Mother and Son were united in perfect love and when nothing could separate or divide their will?

Let us then conclude that the authority which Mary exercises over her Son, and which was inherent in her prerogative of Mother of God, consisted less in the right to command, than in that moral obligation which requires every child, even when living in a state of independence, to yield to a parental right, acquiescing as far as he can to the wishes of the authors of his days. This is required by the love and respect which every child should have for his parents. Such is the authority that Mary exercised and still exercises over her Divine Son, an authority which elevates her far above all other creatures, and permits her in a marvelous manner to exercise, as it were, a natural power over the entire universe.

VIII. We have said that as Mother of God Mary is worthy of our entire devotion and love. Assuredly as devotion consists in proving to any one the esteem we have for him, it necessarily follows that the more elevated the person whom we wish to honor, the more perfect he is by the possession of virtues which constitute the true nobility of the soul, the more we should prove by our respect the esteem we have for him. Now who was ever more elevated than Mary? We have seen her reigning in heaven, at the right hand of her Son, crowned with glory and enjoying all the prerogatives that a creature, enriched with all the gifts of divine munificence could possess. At the sight of such grandeur St. Bernard could not restrain the raptures of his heart, addressing her he exclaims "Thou art, O Mary, the sanctuary of holy aromatics, sanctuary embalmed with celestial perfume. Thou art brilliant with the most delicious flowers of all virtues."* Ah surely it is with reason that the Church says of her that she is exalted above all the choirs of angels, her throne is, in truth, near the throne of her Son. She is queen—queen of all the angelic hierarchies, queen of all the saints. "Alone," says Gerson, "she forms the first hierarchy of heaven, having nothing above her but the Supreme Unique, Infinite Hierarchy, the Sovereign Master of heaven and earth,"† and the Solomon of heaven repeats to her, what the Solomon of earth said to his mother Bethsabee, "Ask, O my mother, and noth-

* Sermon 44th qui est de Nativitate.

† Epistole patriarchei soi kara panta, kai dia panta, kai en panti o tatos os aethene autou kai a:brauto Metri.

* Prolog. in coron. B. V. M.

† Tract 4 in magnif.

ing shall be refused thee."* Henceforth the almighty power of supplication is thine in heaven and upon earth, "and," says St. Ildefonsus, "inasmuch as the meritorious acts of Mary cannot be counted by the human heart, so the glory, which is their recompense, surpasses all that can be conceived."† What glory! what triumph! Mary in heaven! St. John one day contemplated her, in one of his ecstasies on Patmos and his hand wrote, "The temple of God was opened in heaven, and the ark of His testament was seen in His temple, and there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars."‡

It is not alone by her extrinsic glories that Mary has a right to our homages; she has a greater claim on them, on account of her most eminent and sublime virtues. Saint Bernard calls her the Violet of Humility, the Lily of Chastity, and the Rose of Charity; § Mary alone can truly say: "I possess all virtues, and there is no spot in me."¶ Her humility was without bounds. "Never," says Saint Bernardine of Sienna, ¶ "has there been given to any pure creature, as much as to this Blessed Virgin, to feel her nothingness, to humble herself and to annihilate herself as soon as she knew the good pleasure of the Divine and Sovereign Majesty." Her faith, the natural fruit of her humility, elevated her even to divine heights, and penetrated all her works with the celestial perfume of the sweetest virtues. Thus Saint Augustine, continuing the subject, says that this virtue raised her higher, and contributed more to her beatitude, than the maternity itself.** Hope, signified by the name of Mary, was also her favorite virtue,—that which sustained her in this valley of tears, and showed her the crown of glory that awaited her at the end of her career. But it was particularly in her charity for God and man that her great heart showed itself worthy of her sublime mission. "Who could express," says Saint Bernardine of Sienna, "with what ardor, from the moment of her conception, the Blessed Virgin loved her God! She cherished Him with her whole heart; that is, to say, more than all the temporal goods of this world,—with all her heart; that is, to say, more than her body, more than her heart itself,—with all her mind; that is, to say, above all spiritual and celestial things."†† Nothing more

clearly shows us the nature of true love, and to what extent Mary's carried her than the words of the Spouse in the Canticle: "Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning upon the arm of her Beloved? Under the apple tree I raised thee up; there thy mother was corrupted; there she who bore thee lost her innocence. Put me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thy arm; for love is strong as death,—jealousy is hard as hell; the lamps thereof are fire and flames. Many waters cannot quench charity; neither can floods drown it; if a man should give all the substance of his house for love he shall despise it as nothing."* This is why the Church styles her the *Mother of beautiful love—Mater pulchre dilectionis*; this is why the Holy Scriptures, by the aid of a fresh and blooming metaphor, represent her to us as the rose in spring time, the field of roses in the plains of Jericho.‡

We know that the rose is the emblem of love. But who could describe Mary's love for man, for all the brothers of her Son Jesus, if the love of God is the love of the neighbor, according to St. John? "We have received from God."‡

Mary's love for God cannot be expressed here below in any human language; we can only appreciate it by her life—therefore by a necessary sequence, she loved man; she loves us still, and here is the grand title she has to our love. From the rising to the setting of the sun upon the earth, the marvels of her love for us are celebrated. "O City of God! O Divine Mother!" writes a cotemporary author, "how glorious and full of love are the things that are said of thee! What unheard-of maternity, strewed with swords, crowned with the Cross, so fruitful in cruel sacrifices, it is the love of God and of man; it is this love which makes thee bend beneath the weight of virginal humility; it is this love which conducts thee to the temple, and makes thee present thy heart and thy tender Son to that sword of sorrow, which was destined to pierce them both on Mount Calvary."

Saint Bernard continues: "With what superabundance of tenderness; with what suavity of mercy, did this love consume Mary,—display itself in all times, and still continue to make itself felt by all; by the wise and the unlearned, the little and the great. How she opened, and still opens, her maternal heart to all, in order that all may receive of its plenitude; the captive, redemption;

* Book of Kings c II, 20 † Sermon 11 on the Assumption.
‡ Ch 12, v. 1.

§ Id. B. V. M., Ser. paneg. iv. § Vitis mystica, 77, No. 56.
¶ De Conceptione, V. N. Sermon 4, a 2 cap. 3.

** Saint Augustin, after St. Bernardin of Sienna. De consensu virginis, Sermon 7, Art. 3, Cap. 2.

†† De Concept. B. V. M., Sermon 4, Art. 1, Cap. 3.

* Cant. of Cant. 8, 5, 7.

† Eccles. 8, Cap. 24, 18, at Cap. 50, 8

‡ Hoc mandatum habemus a Deo ut qui diligit Deum diligit et fratrem ejus.

the sick, health; the afflicted, consolation; the sinner, pardon; the just, more abundant grace; the angels, greater joy; the entire Trinity a purer glory; the person of the Son, the substance of His body,—in order that no one be deprived of the warmth of her love.” **“This is why,”* the Blessed Amedius of Haute-Combe exclaims, “placed on the summit of the most sublime virtues; inundated, and, as it were, submerged in an ocean of divine favors, she pours over all the faithful who thirst for justice, the superabundant waves of the depths of graces, which elevated her above all creatures. Who ever withdrew from her presence sick, sad, or ignorant of celestial mysteries? Who ever returned without being overwhelmed with joy, happy in having obtained from the Mother of the Lord all that he had desired? The presence of Mary carries with it the sweet temperature of spring time—*Marie præsentia gratum veris temperiem exhibebat et quo favens se verteret*—and on whatever side she turns her favors, it becomes a celestial paradise, with its flowers, perfumes, fruits, freshness, and the limpidity of its living waters, pouring themselves into Liban, as is prophesied by her in the Cantic of Canticles.”†

At the sight of such tender love for us, we close in addressing to her this prayer of Saint Methodius, Bishop of Tyre, in the third century of our era: ‡*“O Virgin of God, beautiful above all women! Thou in whom are all the hopes of life and of virtue. Mother of beautiful love and holy hope, hasten and appear. Come, O beloved of the Lord. Already the winter has passed, and the flowers appear in the land. Show us thy face, and let our ears hear thy voice. How sweet thy voice; how brilliant thy face. Thy eyes are limpid as the dove’s, and thy cheeks encrimsoned with beauty! Thy graces and thy virtues are in the midst of our desert, like the sweet aroma of incense and myrrh, and of all sweet perfumes. Yes, thou art all beautiful. O, the beloved of God, thou art all beautiful, and there is no spot in thee. Come, then, our only one, the most perfect of creatures. Come, O glorious Mary, repairer of the human race. We believe that thou hast received all grace, Virgin-Mother of Christ! Surround us with thy celestial influences, which, as a paradise of delights, are loaded with the most beautiful flowers and excellent fruits of grace and virtue. We beseech thee to be our patroness, and*

grant that, purified from our sins by thy merits, and the grace of thy Son, we may, one day, dwell with thee in the kingdoms of eternity. Keep us ever in thy memory, that we may glorify ourselves in thee, and in the divine Canticles celebrate the victory of thy virtues and thine imperishable mysteries.”

[With the consent of the author, we have been obliged, somewhat reluctantly, to abridge this able exposition of the Prerogatives of Mary.—Ed.]

“OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.”

Mary Mother, Mary Mother,
Still some title, new and tender,
Yet another, and another,
Are thy children fain to render,
Out of their full hearts o'erflowing,
Seeking, if it yet may be,
With a love still ever growing,
For a fonder name for thee.

We have formed one, Mother dearest,
Saying all things in one only,—
Bringing thee, we think, the nearest
Down to us, when weak and lonely;
Lifting us, when bright and joyous
Life and all its duties be,
And only happy thoughts employ us,
Mother dearest, up to thee.

One dear name of fond caressing
We have never used before,
Full of richest, holiest blessing,
Now we murmur o'er and o'er,—
Love for thee and Jesus blending,
Till we know them not apart,
While the sweet chant is ascending,
“Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.”

Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Twenty-one thousand six hundred and forty-nine recommendations were made during the last month at the altar of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at Issoudun, France.

We subjoin the detailed account:

7,601 sinners for their conversion.
1,634 sick.
3,206 persons for particular graces.
189 congregations.
101 missions or retreats.
298 communities.
51 establishments.
189 good works.
1,248 first communions.
1,890 families.
458 vocations.
1,123 persons under afflictions or temptations.
1,933 deceased.
1,275 temporal affairs.
124 persons for the grace of a good death.
22 reconciliations.
279 novenas recommended during the month.

All persons desirous of uniting themselves to the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, or of recommending themselves to the prayers of the Association, will send their names in full to the Secretary of the AVE MARIA.

* Serm. Prerog. of the B. V. M.

† Homel. VII, on the Death of the B. V. M.

‡ This prayer is taken from the Gothic Liturgy used in Spain and Gaul in the first ages of the Church.

FAVORS FROM HEAVEN.

France and other Catholic countries are usually the favored spots where our Lord, in condescension to our weak faith, now and again works those miraculous manifestations of His power which excite our wonder and increase our love. The pages of the *Lamp*, within the last few months, have recorded two such events; one the cure in Belgium, the other the cure at Metz. But in England, poor England, our Lord has deigned to work a similar wonder. Even in the midst of her sin, her heresy, her worship of luxury, her forgetfulness of God, there are chosen souls whose faith and love are not chilled by the cold atmosphere with which they are surrounded. In the midst of the great metropolis persons are living an heroic and supernatural life. At night-time, when the world is at its gayest, when vice is walking abroad unchidden, when men and women are doing all they can to drown the thought of their Creator and their end, and to dishonor His image in themselves—at that very hour a small band arise to keep the night-watches before our Lord, and holy hands are lifted up in intercession for England and for London. Among such a community the favor we speak of was granted.

In the April number of the *Messenger du Sacré Cœur* we find the following letter addressed to the editor by the Abbess of the Poor Clares in London:

“19th January, 1866.

“REV. FATHER: In compliance with the desire you have expressed to receive more ample details of the miracle which it pleased our Lord to work on Christmas night, I am happy to send you the following history:

“There is in our Community a religious named Sister Rose, who for nine months had completely lost the use of her limbs—they were quite paralysed. The poor sister could not move herself in the least. We were obliged to carry her in an arm-chair. During the last two months, with many entreaties, she had leave from the doctor to use crutches. The doctor gave this permission most unwillingly. He believed that the exertion of using her arms would exhaust her little remaining strength. However, yielding to the earnest entreaties of the invalid he permitted her to try the crutches. It was sad to see the poor child, thus supported, dragging herself slowly along; while her legs, which were quite useless, hung like two sticks by her side. Paralysis was not her only complaint. For ten months she had hardly taken

any food, and we were obliged to use violent remedies to preserve her life. Often she was so weak that she lay for days without being able to speak. She seemed perishing little by little before our eyes. The doctors could do nothing for her; and though they had not pronounced her case hopeless, it is certain they knew not how to remedy it, or diminish her sufferings; and therefore they rarely came to see her in the last few weeks.

“Two days before Christmas she was worse than usual; and on the eve the infirmarian said she did not feel easy about her, and that in her opinion Sister Rose ought not to be present at Matins and midnight Mass. But, in compliance with her ardent and repeated wish, Sister Rose had permission to try. At 10 P. M. Sister Hyacinthe carried her from her bed to the choir. After the *Te Deum*, when the little Infant was brought into the chapel and put in the crib in the middle of the choir, Sister Rose wanted to go with the other religious to pray beside it. Sister Hyacinthe and I each took one of her arms, and tried to draw her along. As we could not raise her high enough, her legs dragged along on the floor, so that we feared one of them would break. Before the crib she tried to kneel; leaning on the right or left; but two minutes in such a position was too much for her, and we replaced her in her chair. Another religious took her crutches and laid them down before the crib. Many of our sisters had a conviction our Lord would grant a great favor that night.

“The midnight Mass began; and when Communion time came the crutches were brought to Sister Rose; but she had such difficulty in moving to the *grille* that we feared the poor child would fall, as she had often done before. Thanks to God, after having received Holy Communion, she returned to her place without accident. Then she said to Our Lord, ‘O Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst cure me; but if it is more for Thy glory that I remain as I am, I willingly accept this cross, and I consent never to walk again in my life.’ She seemed to make this act of resignation with joy.

“The Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and we made our thanksgiving in a profound silence of love and adoration. At the end of about half an hour, fearing our dear invalid would be fatigued, I made signs to Sister Hyacinthe to carry her to bed.

“Sister Rose took her crutches, but heard a voice saying to her interiorly: ‘Why take thy crutches, child of little faith; thou dost not want them.’ However, not dwelling on the thought or desire

of an extraordinary favour, she went out leaning on her crutches as usual. But scarcely had she gained the cloister, when she felt her crutches were useless to her. She stopped a minute, put her feet to the ground, found they could support her; and to the astonishment of the sister who was with her, she threw down her crutches, stood for a moment without support, then prostrated with her face to the ground, and her arms extended at the foot of the crucifix, which stands in the middle of the cloister. Then she rose, went back into the chapel, and knelt before the Blessed Sacrament. You can imagine our astonishment at seeing her enter the choir, walking with a firm step, and without any support. I went to her, and begged her to come before the Infant Jesus: she rose instantly and obeyed. Then I told her to go and fetch her crutches; and immediately she went into the cloister, found them, and brought them back to the foot of the altar of the Infant Jesus, there remaining kneeling. We could doubt no longer; evidently the cure was instant and complete. Filled with joy at the sight of such a wonder, we said the *Te Deum*; and every day since then has confirmed us in the conviction that a most extraordinary favor has been granted before our eyes. Sister Rose stayed in the choir for Lauds, then went to the infirmary without help, and at ten o'clock joined us at breakfast.

"After having done honor to the repast, she said she felt perfectly well. She who, until that day, could scarcely stay in the chapel to make a short thanksgiving after Holy Communion, was the first to reach the chapel for Matins on the Feast of St. John. She made the Way of the Cross with the rest of the community without the slightest difficulty, and remained in the choir till seven o'clock without feeling any fatigue.

"Since then she has regularly followed the exercises of the Community, fasting, like the other sisters, until dinner, at noon, and rising every night for the three hours of office and meditation prescribed by the rule. She takes a share in our labors, which consist in washing, cooking, sweeping, etc. She is no longer an invalid. Her health is completely established; all the weakness of the stomach, from which she had so long suffered, and which had reduced her so much, disappeared at the same time as the paralysis. She left the infirmary immediately after Christmas; for the fatigue of climbing the stairs, which for nine months had been an impossibility for her, now cost her nothing.

"Praised and blessed be for ever the most Holy Sacrament of the altar and the Infant Jesus!—Believe me ever, Rev. Father, your devoted servant in our Lord,

"SISTER MARY SERAPHINE VAN BIERVLIET,
"Abbess of the Poor Clares."

Festival of B. V. M. of Mount Carmel--July 16.

Carmel, with Alp and Apennine,
Low whispers in the wind that blows
Beneath the Eastern stars, ere shine
The lights of morning on their snows.

Of thee, Elias, Carmel speaks,
And that white cloud, so small at first,
Thou saw'st approach the mountain peaks
To quench a dying nation's thirst.

On Carmel, like a sheathed sword,
Thy monks abode till Jesus came;
On Carmel, then, they served their Lord,—
Then Carmel rang with Mary's name.

Blow over all the garden; blow
O'er all the garden of the West,
Balm-breathing Orient! Whisper low
The secret of thy spicy nest.

"Who from the Desert upward moves
Like cloud of incense onward borne?
Who, moving, rests on Him she loves?
Who mounts from regions of the Morn?"

"Behold! The apple tree beneath—
There where of old thy Mother fell—
I raised thee up. More strong than Death
Is Love;—more strong than Death or Hell."*

SIMPLE OFFERINGS.—It is hardly possible to open one of the French religious magazines without finding some trace or other of that wonderful faith which flourishes in a Catholic country, and which so richly adorns France. Faith in the power of prayer exists in a remarkable degree among French Catholics; touching instances of it occur in the *Messenger du Sacré Cœur* for May.

In a large boys' school, a number of pupils bound themselves to meet every day at the feet of our Lady's image to recite an Ave Maria for the Holy Father. This little offering excited their fervor still more, and they agreed that some of their number should go to Communion daily for the same intention.

The news of this undertaking spread into a young-ladies' school under the care of the Ladies of the Sacret Heart; and the children, not to outdone, offered to observe an hour's silence every day, and to offer it up for the wants of the Holy Father.

Simple childlike offerings; but how dear to that Divine Heart who chose a little child as our model of perfection!

* Cant. viii, 5.

THE BEAUTIFUL FAITH OF A SOLDIER.

The faith of the brave military man of whom we are going to speak, was the frank, loyal and martial faith of the soldiers of the days of Charlemagne and Saint Louis, who had no doubts when it was a question of invoking the God of Armies. Brave soldier! He realized, in his noble simplicity, the words of the Gospel, the infallible code of Catholicity: "If you have faith, you can remove mountains."

His example is worth entire pages of exhortations.

In the city of Metz, 1826, a poor little child was standing at the end of one of the long, narrow streets, weeping bitterly.

A soldier, with a soldier's characteristics, namely, a good and generous heart, passing at the moment, saw the little fellow, and immediately went up to him.

"You weep, my poor boy! What is the matter with you?"

"Oh, I am indeed very unhappy."

"How old are you?"

"Nine years old."

"And what is it that makes you cry so bitterly?"

"Because I am all alone in the world. I lost my father and mother two days ago."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"Indeed I am. If you do not believe me, write to the priest, where we used to live, and he will tell you all about it."

"Enough said, my boy. Come with me!" And with these words, the brave soldier led the little wanderer to a quiet, respectable boarding house, and committing him to the care of the good landlady, urged her to be very kind to him until he would call for him.

He then wrote to the priest, whose name the boy had given him, for full information.

The latter soon replied: "Alas! the poor boy's sad story is but too true! Send him to me, and perhaps I may be able to find some charitable soul who will take the little orphan into his family."

But our soldier answered:

"No, Rev. Father, I'll keep him myself, and be both a father and a mother to him."

By a happy coincidence, that very day the payroll of the regiment was called; so, leading his protegee by one hand, and carrying his money in the other, he hurried off to a school kept by the members of a religious order. When the Superior made his appearance, he said:

"Sir, I beseech you to take this child and raise

him up to be a good man; he is my adopted son here is one hundred dollars, and every year, for the next seven years, if God spares my life, I'll pay you the same amount. You take care of his soul, and I'll take care of his body!"

Before leaving the house, our good soldier, in the beautiful simplicity of his faith, went to the chapel, and kneeling at the shrine of the madonna, he prayed:

"Blessed Lady watch over this child; I consecrate him to thy service and give him half to thee and half to myself."

At the end of the year he returned to see his dear child. We may judge of his sorrow when the superior said to him:

"You must take the boy away; he spoils the whole school, and we find him utterly incorrigible. I am convinced that you will never be able to make any thing out of him."

The brave soldier, with tearful eyes mused for a minute, then turning toward the Superior, said in tremulous tones:

"My good sir, I beg of you to give him another trial,—only keep him six months longer, for some thing assures me that he will change for the better. God will have pity on him and on me; besides, I am going to place the whole affair in the hands of the Blessed Virgin!"

Again he sought the oratory of Mary, and in his *brusque* yet admirable faith, he spoke to Mary as he would have spoken to his mother:

"But, Blessed Virgin, you know that I abandoned him to you. This, my child, belonged to you just as much as to me! Blessed Virgin, I told you to watch over him! And now you do not seem to have any care for him! I sold myself to him, giving all my earning to educate him, and *you* do not appear willing to do any thing.

"I warn you, Blessed Virgin, that I will abandon you, or at least I'll never ask any thing from you in future.

"Come now, my good Mother, I hope this time at least that you are going to take care of *my* poor boy.

"If you do I will love you forever, and shall never cease to invoke you."

Might we not easily guess the sequel of such lively faith?

At the end of the year his adopted child was truly the model of the entire establishment. At a later period he received Holy Orders and became the model of his confreres.

Happy child! Brave and happy soldier!

UNDER THE PALM TREE.

PROF. T. E. HOWARD.

PART I.

The noonday hour, beneath a low-bowed* palm,

A venerable man stood leaning on

His pilgrim-staff. With patriarchal calm,

And love angelic, gazing ardent down,

His seer-rapt eyes some trancing vision own.

Reclining by the tree his children seem :

A maiden, radiant as the glowing sun, [gleam ;

Which flows through palm-leaves, pure of torrid

A Babe the other, round whose temples halos beam.

The mid-day rest : long journey has been theirs,

Since heated dawn-break, panting from the east,

Came o'er the sands, upon them unawares ;

And pained their weary lids, with toil opprest,

And vigil dread. Yet was the fire-light blest,

Though keen-edged fast did sharpen every care,—

The day would speed them onward : strange the

Of safety, in the desert hot and bare ! [quest

Meek man, poor Child, and tender maid, why
came ye there ?

Thus fled they, faint with travail, want, and heat ;

Till, from the silent heavens, vertic rays

Beat down ; and then their longing eyes were greet

With the cool, waving tree. The zenith blaze,

Hot, palpitating, o'er the desert plays,

Save where they rest, beneath that friendly palm ;

Nor green plant springs, nor living creature

On all the vast horizon ; breathless calm [strays,

Broods o'er the fervid plain,—no breeze, no cool-
ing balm.

Beneath the conscious leaves they take repose,

Heart-filled with love such as celestials feel ;

While thankful prayer to Heaven's altar goes,

And joys unuttered o'er their spirits steal,

Submission sweet, and humble trust that weal

Is God's most blest design in all their ruth.

Thus prays the maid, and prints the sacred seal

Of love and hope upon the mystic Youth ;

Thus prays the prophet, trembling 'fore the awful
truth.

In their beatitude want disappeared,

And suffering ; the patriarch bent his knees ;

And, rapt in meditation, both revered

The wondrous Infant ; from whom gushing seas

Of pity, love, and help, came ; with the breeze

Of hallowed shores beyond ; and visions rare

Of blessed angels ; music tones that please [air

Far more than Temple choirs ;—and they breathe

That whispers God Himself, the Lord, is dwelling
near !

And with the vision sleep came gently on,

The aged man sank in the grassy sod ;

While as a mother on her only son,

Yet as a seraph 'fore the living God,

And still as martyr-saint, when falls the rod,

So on the Babe the maiden's fair light smiled,

Then set in slumber ; whether martyrhood,

Angelic worship, mother love for child—

'Twas each, 'twas all, rayed from the MAIDEN
MOTHER MILD.

And then the Infant nestling in her breast

Wide oped His fond, compassionate eyes ; their

Was on that tender mother-face at rest ; [look

Warm tears welled from His loving Heart, and
took

Their silent course ; but soon His gaze forsook

The strange, sweet face ; as though His sad babe-
soul,

Nigh bursting 'fore some hidden grief, could
brook

No more ; and, gazing down, lo ! fresh tears roll,—
The aged sleeper smiles, those Infant tears console.

Wearied of suffering, the sacred Boy

Lifts up His hands, and turns His blessed eyne,

All tenderness, where not a single joy

Smiles from the hardened sky, and not a sign

Exists of pitying Heaven ; but th' ag'ny in

That sinless countenance might even move

Blind rocks to melt in sorrow ; Child Divine,

Those skies will rend in twain, or, from above,

Shall come, to soothe thy grieving soul, some swift,
fond love !

Calm is the Sorrowful, His tears are those

Of joy, surpassing joys that angels feel ;

As from the Deity within Him flows

The voice of mercy, sweet as vesper peal :

"My Father, Thou hast sent me here, to heal

The countless wounds afflicting poor mankind ;

To me are pain and grief ; let not the seal

Of suffering mark the brows of these resigned
Dearsouls, who live for me, in me all pleasure find !"

And deep-souled peace lights o'er each visioned

Nor mark appears of toil or weary care, [brow,
Rapt, soft, serene contentment dwelleth now :

While heav'nliest joy streams from the Infant

Agaze upon His Virgin Mother fair, [rare,

With face, eyes, brow, one glow of sainted bliss ;

As some bright cherub seeing God in prayer ;

Or sleeping babe, if guardian angel kiss ;

E'en so, but God-like, beams the Child, all hap-
piness.

"Most tender Mother, ah ! why should I come

To fill thy heart with grief ; e'en now we fly

From those who thirst for my young blood ; thy

Is in the desert, 'neath a brazen sky ; [home

While yet a sword of grief thy soul must try,

Mother of Sorrows !—Father, give her power

Against the days I suffer, lest she die ;

Let knowledge, past, prophetic, like a shower

Of Heaven's sun-rays, 'lume her soul in this glad
hour.

Nor can I wait till human speech shall glide

Along this mortal tongue in words of love ;

Flesh of thy flesh alone, my heart hath tried

To beat the love reply thy voice would move,

Sweet Mother ! Bright together, high above,

And far below, o'er all created bound,

Seen of the God-head only, mystic Dove !

Come ; while our words, delighted, shall resound,

And thou shalt see our suffering in our glory
crowned."

* It is related that during the Flight into Egypt, a palm tree, at the desire of the Child Jesus, "bowed down its branches to shade and shelter His Mother."—*Legends of the Madonna.*

Grand vision lighteth o'er the virgin face :

First, glory, vast, sublime, moves on, and shrouds
The awe-struck maid ; and then saint beauty, grace,
And love ; anon, with sighs, dark moving clouds ;
Now joy, now dull, deep sorrow, threatening,
Across in haste ; and pallidness sinks in [crowds
Her countenance ; then bliss ecstasic floods ;—
Light, light, ethereal, infinite, doth win
Supreme, suffuse her form, and rosy peace begin.

Aye, rosy peace begin, while minutes fly,
And seem, so blissful are they, endless years.
Meanwhile, the patriarch, abundantly
Refreshed with wondrous vigor, deems he hears
Celestial hymning, and awakes, his ears
Still drinking of the harmony, " To God
On high be glory ; blest be she who bears
The Babe Divine, the Saviour Son ; the rod
Of Jesse blooms ; shout ye who with Messiah
stood ! "

Far up, the heavenly voices chaunt the strain
Triumphant, till the lessening music faints
Away in distance. Then he looks again
On Mary and Messiah, like fair saints
Reposing in the glory sunset paints :
" My loves, awake ! " he whispers ; " list ! the hymn
Of Heaven's spirits dies, where deep blue tints
The sky ; but now I heard ; and yet they swim
The æther wave, where flash the plumes of Ser-
aphim."

The Virgin's eyes scarce oped, then closed again,
As loth to lose their own sweet vision yet ;
But, while the faithful Joseph heard Amen
Responded still, where angel choirs had set
Their tunes of praise, and harp and coronet
And heavenly plumage gloried on the skies—
While on the dear ones fell his lashes wet—
The radiant maiden Mother oped her eyes
Once more, and gazed with raptured love upon
her prize.

" Still with me, darling ; still, my darling, mine !
Ah ! yes, my Babe, thy pain, my grief, must come ;
Yet would I not (forgive, dear Lord Divine !)
That Thou hadst gone unto our heavenly Home,
And left the earth a-cold, where I must roam
Too long without thee.—I have seen, [gloom
Dear Spouse, most wondrous vision, joy and
Relieving ; and the Lord hath given to glean
Most hidden knowledge—Lo ! the sign, here God
hath been ! "

Upon the living turf beside them was
A feast outspread, unnoted when or whence
It came ; the cloth, soft, snow-white, on the grass ;
While ruby, bearing manna bread, intense
Flamed o'er the lint ; and wines blushed glad
through dense [cones
Rock crystal : cool, ripe strawberries heaped in
Their silvery baskets ; creamy pitchers thence
Took crimson : sweets were there that Orient owns ;
Choice fruits ; and tankards, whence the oozing
water runs.

Renewed in body, as in spirit erst,
The Holy Family gave thanks ; the Child,
Sweet-smiling from His Mother, passed at first
To Joseph, then to fragrant rose-leaves, piled

By lovely angels ; once He turned and smiled,
As longing rather her than rest or sleep ;
But nature soothed His lids and soft beguiled
To needful bliss ; while Mary and Joseph keep
Their watch, and love and awe and stillness o'er
them creep.

Until fast bound in slumber was the Boy,
When Mary Mother quietly began
To speak the wondrous vision did employ,
Erewhile, her raptured soul : and, as the man
Looked from her Babe to her, the poem ran
In music from her maiden lips ; and form
And colour, speaking face and eyes that scan
Most hidden sight, gave power to tell the storm,
The excess of grief, joy, love,—all quiet, fresh and
warm.

" Dear Spouse, most faithful heart, whom God
has given
To guard His Infant Son, and mine, on earth,
And dwell with us, a blessed saint, in Heaven ;
Thy faith was proved, e'en before the Birth,
And still God granteth ways to show its worth ;
For, lo ! He giveth double joy to me :
His vision speaketh praise shall have no death
Forever, and He bids me tell it thee—
Our Lord repeats my joy, since thou, beloved,
shalt see.

The blessed Infant stood before me as
The living God, and we arose to Heaven ;
Instant the time, and yet I saw what was,
And is, and shall be, till Death's ears be riven
At sound of direful trump, and morn and even
Shall be the final day of bliss and doom.
To God be praises in the highest given, [come,
Who hath been pleased His handmaiden should
And stand in glorious vision with Him in His
Home !

Far back into the glory of the Lord,
Far back where brightness only round us shone,
Far back toward centre whence 'came forth the
Far back till very flame of Light begun, [Word,
Where shot far wide the blaze of Heaven's sun,—
Even into the light of God we passed,
Where deeds of eld, ere time or earth, were done,
Where dwells the infinite, and secrets vast,
Whence, ever, light on men and angels shall be
cast.

Then saith the Son : " What need hath He of aught
Beside, who sitteth on the throne still far
Within the depths of glory ? Yet are sought
Rare beings of His love, and joinèd are
In wondrous union with Him ; star on star,
Till myriads flame, His spirit children move,
In waves of light ; created pure and fair,
To enjoy with Him the riches of His love ;—
Thus needing but Himself, His goodness He would
prove.

Behold that grandest angel, o'er whose form [God
God's choicest gifts are showered ! Him loveth
Most dear of all bright angels. But the storm
Of pride is brewing : he so high, so good,
So fair, grows dark, and darkeneth a flood
Of lightsome spirits ; the Creator's wronged [brood,
Where most He showed His love ;—ungrateful

Away! too long the courts of light ye've thronged;
 Au humbler race shall fill the realms to you be-
 longed.

Within the vision of the omniscient Sire
 The meekest of that humble race hath shone;
 The lowliest of the lowly shall aspire
 To heights beyond the glory of thy throne,
 Proud spirit; and Humility alone
 Shall reign as Queen of all the brilliant Heaven—
 Begone to darkness—reap the harvest sown—
 But first, fall'n Lucifer, learn well, that even
 To this meek one high rule o'er thee and thine is
 given.⁷

He spake: and Heaven shuddered at the Fall;
 As all the darkened angels fled before
 Their Judge's dreadful presence; burst the wall
 Celestial, terror-stricken; and leaped to lower,
 And hopeless night and woe. 'Ah! Pride, yet
 more

Shall be thy shame, when thou shalt lie supine,
 A hideous form, and shalt, perforce, adore
 The heel that crushes down thy head; ah! thine
 Will then be low estate, the Meek will be divine.⁷

Then stood Messiah long absorbed in gaze
 Adown the future: 'Maid Immaculate!
 Pure light and love of God's effulgent rays,
 All hail, thou full of grace! The ages wait
 Thy shining; and the Son will pass the gate
 Of highest Heaven, to dwell with thee. There God
 Will fill the utmost cup of love, the great
 Creator find a creature meek and good;
 And her flesh shall be His, while Heaven with
 joy shall flood.

But see! mankind, so loved, have they too sinned!
 Last born and highest favoured children! whom
 The Deity unto himself had joined
 In tender union, even while the doom
 Of ancient Sin did hollow out the tomb
 Whose dead do live! And shall, then, Love be
 foiled;
 Shall highest angel, humblest man, in gloom
 Sink down and die the death, or live despoiled
 Of His free will; shall the Most High in vain
 have toiled?

Father, thy labour of love shall never fail!
 Oursweet commune with man will yet be formed;
 For her dear sake, thy love shall still prevail;
 And awful Death shall find himself disarmed.
 Though Satan's utmost malice shall have stormed
 Each human soul, Thy glory will be more;
 For Love will vanquish Hate; and her soul,
 In Thy rich grace, will dwell in body pure, [warmed
 Whence flesh, as mine, will suffer, and poor, fallen
 man restore.

Come quickly, O my loved one! How I long
 For thee! O haste, ye mighty ages! Roll
 Around the fullness of your days, when wrong [soul
 Grows weak and right prevails! My waiting
 Doth languish for my dear beloved's control:
 Children of men, I sigh to be with you,
 To suffer with you, yea, to bear the whole
 Of your great grief—O quick, to greet my view,
 Sweet mother face, O Maiden pure as Heavenly
 dew!⁸

Then from the bosom of the Father sprang
 A light unstained, and sought the Golden
 While hearts of Anna and Joachim sang [Gate; *
 Sweet praises to the Lord. And, dedicate
 Within His Temple, soon my sighs await
 The expected Saviour; soon the bridegrooms
 And thy rod blooms a lily, chosen Mate [come, †
 And Foster Father!—Bright all blessings loom,
 Dear Lord, o'er this poor clay Thou'st taken for
 thy home!

And now I saw once more bright Gabriel;
 Again I heard the mystic words, AVE
 MARIA GRATIA PLENA, rise and swell
 O'er time, and space, and vast eternity:
 Again I felt the Holy unto me
 In awful presence come; and once again
 I trod Judea's mountains, glad with thee,
 Chos'n Guardian of the Lord; as once, sang then
 Elizabeth, BLEST IS THE FRUIT THOU BEARST FOR
 MEN.

Again burst forth the inspired song: MY SOUL
 DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD, MY SPIRIT HATH
 REJOICED IN GOD MY SAVIOUR; FOR DOTH FALL
 HIS LOOK UPON HIS HUMBLE HANDMAID'S PATH:
 AND, LO! HENCEFORTH EACH GENERATION SAITH,
 BLESSED ART THOU; FOR HE, THE MIGHTY ONE,
 HATH DONE GREAT THINGS TO ME: MY EVERY
 BREATH
 SHALL HOLY BREATHE HIS NAME. And swiftly run
 The months with that blest pair and their mirac-
 ulous son.

And once more my beloved First Born I see
 When sweet he opes on me his love-blue eyes,
 Grand with the presence of Divinity;
 In whose fond light my heart far deeper spies
 Than starry gazer in the vast blue skies.
 His little form, my God, alone I swathe,
 His heavenly lips alone I press,—my prize,
 My Lord, my Babe, my Saviour! dare I breathe
 The half Thou art to me while in Thy love I bathe!

But, ah! full soon ye came, sweet angel choirs,—
 Yet would I not deprive God's unverse
 Of all the joy dwelt in those Infant hours;—
 Thou, too, dear Joseph, woke to heavenly force
 Of sweetest music on thy soul, as course
 On course of blissful spirits swept through air
 Of morning, singing triumph o'er the curse,
 And praise to God, to good men peace; and rare
 Words had they for the Babe, and her they named
 All fair.

Led by the angels and their music sweet,
 The lowly shepherds come to adore the Child:
 The poor their King in poverty first greet;
 For He would bless them ere the wise He smiled
 Upon, or suffered pain for sin-defiled
 Humanity, and taught the great to cast

* And Anna went forth to meet her husband, and Joachim came from the pasture with his herds, and they met at the golden gate; and Anna ran and embraced her husband and hung upon his neck, saying, 'now I know that the Lord hath blessed me. I who was a widow am no longer a widow; I who was barren shall become a joyful mother!'—1b.

† When the rival suitors for the hand of the spotless Virgin presented their wands at the command of the high-priest, that of Joseph blossomed.—1b.

Away the pride and trappings that but soiled
Their brighter manhood*,—ah! my Babe, Thou
hast
Full soon begun our pain, full soon our sorrows
vast!

The star-lit Magi gone to live a life
Retired of penance, lo! the Circumcised
Is sought,—the land with dæmon malice rife!—
Rememberest thou what vision, Joseph, seized
Thee, horror-struck, at dead of night?—the
prized

Of Juda sought for blood! Ah!—sped we then!
The heavens gleaming on us friendly, pleased
The Lord to give; till day and night again,
Dread nights and days, have brought us safe from
fearful men.

How oft the milk-white patient beast, grown weak
With heat and hunger, trembled at his task,
Or through the sands, or o'er the mountain peak;
When thou didst bear the Child, while angels
bask

Within his smiles, or guide, in pleasing mask
Of rosy boys, our trail through dangerous ways.
How oft the waiting tent, the loaf, the flask
Divine, were found at close of toilsome days;
Till 'neath this blessed shade we owe what thanks,
what praise!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Rome—Kidnapping and Selling Catholic Children—
New Church for the Italians—Obituary.

In Secret Consistory, on the 14th ult., we read, in the *Correspondence de Rome*, his Holiness having expressed a wish to canonize Father Josaphat Kuncewicz, and Father Peter Arbues, directed Cardinal Patrizi, Prefect of the Holy Congregation of Rites, to read a short report of their causes. Accordingly, the Cardinal began with the report of Father Joseph's cause, and related how he had suffered martyrdom, on the 12th of November, 1623, at the hands of Schismatics, whom he was trying to restore to the fold of the Church, the miracles that God wrought through his intercession, and gave a recapitulation of the documents of the cause. The Pope then asked the Cardinals if they were for proceeding with Father Joseph's canonization, and they answered, unanimously, *placet*.

The Cardinal then related the cause of Father Peter, showing how the Jews, out of hatred to the Christian faith, martyred him on the 15th of September, 1485, while he was adoring the Blessed Sacrament in the metropolis of Saragossa, summing up with his miracles, and the documents of the causes. The Pope then put the same question as

* It is handed down by tradition that the Wise Men after they returned to their own country, retired from the world and lived as hermits, in imitation of the poverty in which they had found the Infant Saviour.

before to the Sacred College, and received the same answer. He then declared it to be his sovereign will to proceed to the solemn canonization of Fathers Josaphat Kuncewicz and Peter Arbues, after other preliminary consistories should have been held for the purpose of consulting the Cardinals and Bishops, that the Head of the Church might not perform an act of such importance without mature deliberation.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*, from Dayton, Ohio, some weeks ago, drew attention to the fact that certain combined proselyting agencies in the city of New York, were in the habit of *kidnapping*, on our streets, the children of poor Catholic parents, transporting them to the West, without their parents' leave, and then *selling* them as apprentices. Comments have been made on this publication, and fair-minded men, of some local influence, have questioned whether the correspondent's statements can be substantiated.

The editor replies: In past years we have had ample proof that this game has been practiced. Children have been carried off, without the consent or knowledge of their parents. In some cases the poor parents have gone to heavy expense in the effort to find these lost children. We have, ourself, in one instance, on the prairies of the West, met a car full of these little captives, and, talking with some of them, found that they had been *stolen* from their parents! Generally, their *names* are changed, in order to render detection more difficult. Once out in the West, they are *sold* to the highest bidder! Whether the prices they bring are faithfully returned to the proselyting societies, or pocketed by the agents, we leave to be judged by those that know the *maximal* principles that govern people engaged in this kind of work.

We think this a capital charity to engage the Saint Vincent de Paul's Associations all over the country. It is a matter that ought to engage the attention of all Catholic charitable societies. Those that are not affiliated with the Saint Vincent de Paul's, might, at least, correspond with them. It is a pressing occasion. It is an urgent charity.

On the 10th ultimo, a church for the Italians was dedicated by Archbishop McCloskey. The ceremonies were performed with great solemnity. After the dedication a solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Franciscan Father, Rev. Pamfilo da Magliano.

DIED.—On June 12th, Rev. D. Falvey, Pastor of Saint John's Church, Schenectady, New York.
Requiescat in pace.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

JEWEL BROOK COTTAGE, May, 1866.

My Dear Children: Fanny had closed the chapel-door, she had passed from the sight of her teacher; she was passing farther from her who stood praying for her every step; yet every step she was drawing but nearer God, we will see. Half awed, half irritated by that impressively given command, she comes up the aisle between the rows of seats for community and pupils, already pre determined in her self-will to disobey, and yet, through a species of self-defense often seen perhaps, if we carefully look into our own human hearts, she is seeking to justify herself even now in an act of disobedience to direct authority, and that, the authority of her own beloved teacher, upon the ground of her own total unbelief, in any sacredness whatever pertaining to the altar or sacrament therein enshrined. She is saying in her own heart, I dare not refuse to place this vase of flowers where commanded, but I will not bow down. She approaches the railing of the holy sanctuary, yet has not made any reverence; she is midway of the altar and would enter the chancel, but suddenly finds she cannot proceed. "What!" cries she in surprise, and essays to move on; she cannot make a single step forward, and yet, strange to narrate, more stubborn and proudly than ever, she resolves that bow down she will not; go on she will. Again, the third time, she makes the mental effort only; her feet paralyzed upon the spot; she cannot even lift a foot to the first sanctuary step, and at this moment, at this discovery, "I will bow," she cried, and sank to the floor, stricken with sudden alarm, upon her knees. It was about a half hour later, her teacher found her in the chapel, still bowed to the very floor and weeping; my little children, as sinners over sudden conversions weep, when the fountains of their hearts are all broken up, when God shows them, as at one glance, their sins, and then mercifully gives them tears. Fanny was very humble now too, good penitents always are. Very straightforward she told how she approached, not having bent the knee or lowered the head; how thrice she was prevented in her attempts to go up, and when she sank on her knees a light from the altar flashed in upon her soul. "I saw," said she, "just one flash, I heard just that one voice in my soul, instantly I knew it was God, and then I saw my sins, and now," continued she, "after such a miracle, I cannot doubt, God has called me to Him and does He not want me to

come soon." So simply she told all now, but in her humility never after was heard to mention this circumstance to any one in the community. Dear Fanny, convinced so wholly and so beautifully of God, she went to her confession that very night, and after being duly instructed, the saving waters of baptism were poured upon her happy head. As she had not consented in her heart to that previous mock-baptism, to her great joy she was baptized unconditionally. At that blessed ceremonial, how unlike the other, it was difficult to determine which was the happier, Fanny, the convert, or that dear nun-teacher. In fact, many hearts were wonderfully consoled. That of the good confessor to the convent, who had heard her humble confession and sincere resolutions, who poured the sacred waters of regeneration upon her brow; that of the dear as venerable Mother Superior, and all the good sister-nuns, so grateful to God now, and happy that they had not before dismissed her, and sent her back into the world to perish. Convert pupils are very dear to their teachers; oh how dear was Fanny to them now, and is she not dearer than ever to us? She is. And St. Joseph! Oh St. Joseph sees her, no doubt. The joy extended to every student, even the Protestant pupils could not help but feel it, and more or less, sympathize and rejoice in it. That night Fanny slept, never so blissful before. A white robed angel was smiling down through all the still night upon that little, narrow-curtained bed, in the long dormitory. Fanny was happy indeed, that night, and Fanny's Guardian angel was happy too, happy for her. It makes our Guardian angel so happy to have us truly happy. Did you ever think of it, my dear children? that it is in your power to give a great deal of happiness to your guardian angel by your being good.

Fanny's family soon heard of her conversion. I suppose that she wrote and told them all about it. It must have been a very sweet letter that she wrote. I wish it had been preserved. If it had, and I could only get hold of it, I should send it to you. But as that is not the case, I will hasten to finish her story as I have read and heard it. They soon came to Montreal, Fanny's mother and step-father, to take her from Villa Maria, saying to themselves—We must be gentle with her now but take her home with us and get these notions out of her head as soon as possible. Ah, they little knew those notions were seeds of eternal life, planted by God himself so deep already in her heart that no earthly power could root out

or up. So they appeared at the convent determined to take her away with them. They were both very much struck to find her so serene, and wondrously happy, but insisted so strongly upon her return with them, and promised her so surely that if she would only consent, when they found her very reluctant so to do, that at the end of a year, not only could she return to the school, if she then preferred, but they would no longer oppose the desire she had already formed to enter a religious life.

Our dear Fanny! and so she returned to Vermont, where every possible means was devised by her numerous Protestant friends to lure her heart from her religion back to them. A gay season succeeded the trial, at the High Bridge and Burlington, by her late father's friends in the city, and in Philadelphia, whither she was invited and sent to pass the winter. Amid all these high spirited social circles our Fanny moved and shone but as a bright spirit from some other sphere, so sweetly abstracted, and so but as under obedience, that at length she, to Fanny, long year having ended, she eagerly besought them to let her go back again, and they, despairing of ever winning her back to them, consented, and her mother went down to Montreal with her. She did not as yet know to what order her Lord called her, but it was when she made her first communion, as her Lord first came in His Sacrament-robe to her heart, that she was certain He asked her to thus consecrate her whole life and being to Him. And never once from that moment had she wavered in the determination. She now came back with her mother, saying in her own heart, and to her mother, "the Lord will shew us. He would have me return first, and so manifest that I wait to do His holy will." Her mother, understanding not Fanny's faith or Fanny's call, regarded it but a mere whim or fancy. Still, as she had some curiosity to see the different orders and their houses, she went round with Fanny very patiently awhile, till at length some four or five houses having been visited, and Fanny feeling not the attraction, or hearing not the still small voice in her soul whispering "here," Mrs P. grew discouraged and was about intimating the same as they entered the reception room at the *Ho'el Dieu*. No sooner, however, had they been ushered in, than Fanny's eyes were drawn to a picture of St. Joseph, over the heavy mantel-shelf. Raising both hands she drew at once toward the benignant picture in a blissful ecstasy, "Behold the man that saved me!" "what man?" enquired her wondering mother, and then

Fanny reminded her of her rescue upon the beach. "Are you sure it is the same man?" suggested her mother, "Sure, I should know that face among a thousand! I always knew that I should know that face among the whole world. Do you not remember, mother, how I wanted to see him again then?" Mrs P. remembered. "And how I could not give up the hope that he would come to our house for days and all that fall after, and even the next summer, whenever I used to go to Burlington, I used to look in the face of every man I met, hoping to find that one man. O mother, how beautifully I have found him; and I must stay with him now; he wants me to be his daughter; he called me his little daughter that day. No, I could never forsake that face, the face of my deliverer; and he wears the very same garment that he wore that day, and he carries in his hand the very same staff with which he drove the beast away that approached to devour me. O mother, I see it all now, that beast was only the figure of that more monstrous beast, heresy, from which St. Joseph has delivered me. I must be a daughter of St. Joseph."

And so Fanny in due time did become a daughter of St. Joseph, and when she made her religious profession, her mother and step father and her sisters, and numerous friends from Burlington, and many persons from other parts of the state, who had known the General, her father, came to witness the ceremony. And so impressed was that Protestant minister, who baptized her before she went to Montreal, by all this, that he began to investigate the truths of the Catholic religion for himself, and convinced of the truth, he was baptized with his wife and children; and both himself and wife, at the same time were deeply impressed with the desire to devote themselves more exclusively to God and His Church, agreed, provided they could get the Sovereign Pontiff's approval, to so do. The minister, Mr. Barber, sailed for Rome for the necessary consent, having first placed his only son in the college of the Jesuits, at Georgetown. Mrs. Barber, upon her husband's departure, placed her three daughters in the school of the Sisters of the Visitation, at Georgetown, and herself entered the novitiate. The same day that Mr. Barber was ordained a priest, she pronounced her vows. The son became a Jesuit, and the three daughters nuns in different orders, and thus Saint Joseph may be said to have added a whole family of religious and converts as the crowning fruit of Fanny Allen's conversion.

Fanny was lovely and faithful and happy in her holy vocation, and has long since passed to her reward. Was not this little glen the theatre of the opening scene of a most precious conversion? Let us go down now before we depart from this sacred as well as fair retreat, and kneel down on that little beach, and say together the rosary of St. Joseph. You have not any beads? Our Lady will lend you hers, the ones you use for her, to say prayers with, to her sweet spouse. Some of you don't know how; well, say the introductory prayers, as for her, and on the large beads and between the decades we may say either *Glorias* etc. *Paters*, or *Paters*, and *Aves*. I usually say the *Paters* with this rosary, instead of the *Aves*, as I always say a full rosary for her first. A mother, you know, comes a little first always, but to-day, as we borrow her beads, we will say "Hail Marys" with the *Glorias*—and on the ten beads each, *Glorious St. Joseph, Foster father of Jesus, and Spouse of the ever Immaculate Mother of God, pray for us.* †††

L A T R A P P E .

[CONCLUDED.]

[It is only to-day that we received the conclusion of "La Trappe," commenced some weeks since.—ED.]

The death of the Duke of Orleans strengthened De Rancé in his good resolutions. Around the death-bed of this prince he found some true friends, who pointed out to him, in this sad occurrence, a further proof of the inconstancy of human greatness. Upon their advice he resolved to abandon his livings, with which it would be impossible for him to save his soul. On returning to his house of Veret, he was frightened at its magnificence. "The Gospel deceives us," he exclaimed, "or else this is the house of a reprobate." He immediately discharged a number of his servants, sold his horses and his silver-plate, and gave the price to the poor. He put on the ecclesiastical dress, which, up to this time, he had not worn, imposed many acts of mortification on himself, which were hard to do after the manner he had lived: To eat no other meat than beef; to sleep little; to do some manual labor; to dress without the assistance of a valet-de-chambre, and without fire, in the coldest weather. He gave up his favorite occupation of hunting. His only study was the meditation of the Holy Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers. His only expense was to give abundant alms. During one winter he supported five hundred poor people. He no longer sought to distinguish himself, by his eloquence,

in learned circles, but to preach to the poor in country places.

His uncle, the Archbishop of Tours, could not understand this change. He rallied his nephew on the plainness of his dress, offered him several high positions in his diocese. His former companions came in crowds to Veret, and endeavored, by all kinds of arguments, to turn him from his good resolutions: His health could not stand such a way of living! His talents—he ought not to hide so much light under a bushel!

De Rancé remained firm. And still he did not know his vocation. He was in earnest in his resolution to repair the bad usage which his family, and he, too, had made of the property of the Church; to choose a life that might be an expiation of the sins of his youth; but he had nothing fixed in his mind. He consulted three Bishops. The advice which he received led him, step by step, to La Trappe. The Bishop of Aleth advised him to sell his estates and distribute the money to the poor, but allowed him to keep his livings. The Bishop of Pamiers added that he should give up all his livings except one, as the laws of the Church prohibited the holding of several. On leaving the Bishop of Pamiers he visited the Bishop of Comminges. "Your two neighbors," said De Rancé to the Bishop, "have completely stripped me—the one of my patrimony; the other of my livings,—leaving me only a single one." The Bishop of Comminges approved the advice of the two Bishops, and added that the custom of appointing commendatory abbots was contrary to the spirit of the Church; that he must, therefore, take the religious habit and adopt the monastic life. This was too much for De Rancé. He became indignant, and exclaimed: "What! I become a monk? I have all my life had a mortal dislike for that state!" The Bishop was inflexible; and his advice, though received with ill grace, was not forgotten.

The sacrifice of De Rancé was complete. He felt the difficulties, and had the merit of overcoming them. In spite of the opposition of his relatives and friends, he gave up his livings, save one; he sold his estate, paid his debts, gave portions to his brother and sister, recompensed his servants, and gave the rest to the Hôtel-Dieu, a hospital of Paris, keeping barely enough of money to take him to La Trappe.

On his arrival at La Trappe de Rancé did not at once become a monk, though he was the abbot or Superior. He remained for some time without having the courage to consecrate himself to the

Monastic life by the solemn vows, of obedience and poverty; yet he introduced the strict observance into La Trappe, and though not wearing the religious habit he was present at all the religious exercises, rising at two o'clock in the morning according to the rule, to chant matins with the monks, ate in the same refectory with them, observing the same abstinence from meat, the same rigorous fasts; he not only edified his community by his example, but directed them by his advice. The monks soon had entire confidence in him and their only regret was that he was not their regular Abbot. A novice to whom he had given much consolation by his advice, had the pious boldness to say to him at the end of their conversation, "In truth Sir, I must avow to you that I heartily wish you were our regular abbot; we would certainly be very happy at having you for our master and guide in the ways of God; It seems to me you were born for that: I know not whether I shall prove a false prophet yet I feel assured in my heart that my wish will be one day realized.

Nevertheless the fear of not being able to persevere in the rigorous penance that the rule of the strict observance imposed upon the monks who observed it, still prevented him from making a decision. In this state of irresolution he one day heard the choir singing the verse of the 124th Psalm. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion; he shall not be moved forever that dwelleth in Jerusalem." "These words fixed his wavering resolution, "why should I fear," he exclaimed, "to embrace the monastic life if I put my trust in God."

His resolution was taken; in spite of the renewed opposition of his friends he presented himself to the Abbot de Prieres the vicar-general or chief of the order of the Strict observance, and asked to be allowed to receive the habit and commence his year of novitiate. The Abbot de Prieres, following the advice of St. Benedict, received him with coolness and made objections to receiving him, telling him that his title of Doctor of the Sorbonne, his expectations of succeeding his uncle to the Arch-Bishopric of Cones, his talents and science, his noble birth, the easy way of living to which he was so long accustomed, his feeble health all rendered him unfit to begin at his age the life of silence, obscurity, penance and abjection he would have to lead if he became a monk. This cool reception did not discourage the Abbot de Rance; "It is true," he replied, I am a priest, but I have lived up to the present time in a manner

unworthy of that holy state; I am a Doctor of Divinity yet I do not know the A. B. C. of Christianity; the ignorant gain heaven and I perish with all my science and knowledge. I have had charge of several abbeys, but instead of being a father to my religious, I have squandered their goods and the patrimony of the cross! At any rate Reverend Father, it is true I have made a figure in the world, but it is equally true that I resembled the sign post that points out the way to travellers but never budge themselves; this is an affair already settled before God; I wish to do penance; grant me the favor I ask."

His perseverance was rewarded, he received the monastic habit and made his Novitiate in the Abbey of Persigne, although an attack of sickness at the end of six months seemed to verify the predictions of his friends that his health was too feeble to lead so severe a life; but he recovered, refusing during his sickness to lessen the severity of the rule, and on the 14th of July 1664, he was installed Regular Abbot of La Trappe. It would without doubt interest you to read a detailed account of the life of penance which the brilliant talented and flattered Abbot de Rancé led from the year of his Novitiate to his death in 1700. But it would require much more space than the Ave Maria can spare, to relate all the persecutions he had to suffer from his enemies, or rather from the enemies of religion, for he had no others, the difficulties he had to surmount in defending the strict observance over the whole of France, and when all the monasteries were placed under the Abbot of Citeaux, who followed the rule of the common observance! the zeal with which he preserved the strict observance in his Abbey of La Trappe. But hereafter when you come to read books, you can find all these interesting details in the History of La Trappe.

Abbot de Rancé expired with century he had astonished and edified by the fervor of his conversion and by his constant perseverance in the life of penance which he had introduced in the La Trappe; but his work did not die with him; La Trappe, continued to astonish the shameful and shameless eighteenth century. The French Revolution forced the Trappists to leave France, and the Trappists in their wanderings over Europe and to America, gave to all they met the example of what should be the life of the fervent followers of the meek and humble Son of Mary.

And now restored to the monastery first giving by Count Rotru, they continue to edify this nineteenth century, which calls itself the enlightened age, the age of progress, but which nevertheless might learn many truths from the monks of La Trappe.

S. O. M.

AVE MARIA.

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CIRCULAR OF THE BISHOP OF FORT WAYNE.

JOHN HENRY: By the Grace of God, and Favor of the Holy See, Bishop of Fort Wayne: To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese, Health and Benediction:

DEARLY-BELOVED IN CHRIST: The number of orphans in our Diocese has of late increased to such an extent that the erection of an Asylum for them has become an imperative necessity.

It is a holy duty, incumbent upon us all, to take care of the spiritual and bodily wants of those who have no longer father and mother to do it for them, and who, like strangers, now wander over God's wide earth imploring our pity, mercy and love.

A year ago I purchased twenty-five acres of land, adjoining this city, for the purpose of building such an Asylum upon them; but, as yet, it has not been commenced.

On this all-important matter I consulted with the Clergy, lately assembled in spiritual retreat at Notre Dame; and as building materials and labor are extremely high, the building to be erected would cost from \$30,000 to \$35,000, which amount would have to be on hand immediately. To obtain this seems a matter of impossibility. It was, therefore, unanimously agreed to accept the favorable offer of the Spittler farm, at Rensselaer, for \$18,000.

This place contains 933 acres,—650 of which are under fence, 200 under cultivation, 200 wood, the balance prairie. There are on it two dwelling-houses, one of which contains twelve rooms, affording accommodation for forty or fifty orphans; barn, stables, excellent water, garden, fruit trees, shrubbery, stone for building, etc., etc. It is half a mile from Rensselaer, the County Seat of Jasper County, Indiana. The Iroquois river flows between it and the town. All the breadstuffs and vegetables necessary to support the orphans can be raised on this farm. Milk can be used instead of tea, coffee and sugar. The land

is admirably adapted for grazing purposes. Stock, which, comparatively, requires little labor, and commands an excellent price, can be raised in abundance.

The children can have employment suitable to their age and strength, and growing up with industrious habits, they can become men who will be an honor to the institution, and a source of consolation to their benefactors.

Experience teaches that not a few of those who have been raised in the asylums of our cities, for want of suitable employment, and from other unavoidable causes, have not realized the expectations, considering the extraordinary care and attention bestowed upon them. To give, therefore, the mind and body the right direction, which every well-disposed person must most cordially desire, and in consideration of the pecuniary reasons before mentioned, it was deemed best to purchase the above-named place. It is of easy access, and in a few hours it can be reached from all parts of the Diocese, being sixteen miles from Bradford, on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad, and twelve miles from Remington, on the Toledo, Logansport and Peoria Railroad. The road, especially from this last-named place, is generally good. Daily stages, in connection with the trains, run from both places, to Rensselaer, and there is, besides, every prospect that the Lafayette and Chicago Railroad, which will pass through the last-named town, will be commenced at an early day. The number of Catholics in the county is increasing, and as the land is good, and its price moderate, a large settlement can reasonably be expected. A church will be commenced in the town this year.

In a Pastoral Letter, last year, I drew attention to the necessity of an Orphan Asylum, and on this occasion I once more most earnestly recommend the same. Who among the immigrants, has not more or less experienced the feelings of the orphan? When the storm raged on the ocean, and the end seemed nigh; far away from home, from father, mother, brother, sister, kindred and friends,

an inexpressible longing after home, weighed down the anxious heart, and a sense of utter loneliness and abandonment stole over the whole being. Friend, have you forgotten the journey? With the grace of God, you safely reached your destination—America. But here again, strange faces, strange manners and customs, a strange language, perhaps, like so many insurmountable barriers rose up before you. You felt alone, discouraged, forsaken, in short an orphan. A longing after the lately abandoned fireside and friends, almost overpowered you, and in the long, long hours of anguish and desolation, silently and unseen, many a hot tear trickled down your cheeks. How happy were you, when meeting a true friend who took an interest in you, and by council and deed came to your aid. "Who in his love supplied the place of a father, mother, friend," in your regard in that trying hour. This raised you up, it made you what you are, and secured you the place and position in society which is truly honorable, and of which you are justly proud. Had you not met with such a friend, what might have become of you? What in all probability would you not be? This kindness and love, which in your poverty and misery you received from others, bestow in turn upon the orphan.

Comparatively few came into this land blessed with means; for the most part poverty and want caused them to abandon the home of their birth, God has blessed them with health, prosperity and wealth. Will, or can you forget the days of youth, when want in all its hideous forms was your companion and lot? When one day your soul shall leave the body, and the body be consigned to the earth, and nothing shall remain but the tombstone to indicate your former existence on earth, the orphan child, which you supported like a watching angel, still remains; the asylum which you helped to erect or establish, still stands, and all the orphans, these beloved ones of the Eternal Father, yet pray for you after hundreds and hundreds of years—yea as long as the institution stands. Many a benefactor otherwise careless and negligent of his eternal salvation, has received the grace of conversion through the prayers of the orphans. Not long since a wealthy man was received into the one true fold, who, during a long life of sixty or sixty-five years, had not only lived entirely without God and religion, but had moreover by no means led an irreproachable life; all were astonished at his change. How is it possible? they said. But upon inquiry it

was found that he had always been remarkably charitable to the orphans and the poor, who in return procured by their prayers for him the inestimable grace of conversion.

We can neither see nor measure with our corporal eyes the good that is done by supporting the orphans, otherwise we would most willingly make great sacrifices. But when the last day shall have dawned,—the day of the harvest,—when the Lord shall say, for the second time: *Fiat lux*—"Let light be"—(Gen. i, 3,) then all the good and bad deeds which we shall have done in the body, will appear. The poor orphans, whom we have rescued, will come up to us and take us by the hand, and thank us for the good care we took of them, and the education which we gave them, by means of which they saved both themselves and their posterity. They will accompany us before the Sovereign Judge and relate to Him what we have done in their behalf, and ask Him, who has said: "He who receives one such little child in My name, receives Me." (Matth. xviii, 5.) And, again: "What you did to one of the least of My brethren, you did it to Me." (Matth. xxv, 40.) "O Lord, do not leave him an orphan now, but receive him into Thy heavenly joys."

The reason why many are so miserly and ungenerous in giving, is because they are infected with the spirit of this world, which represents as valuable only what glitters to the eye. They walk in the footsteps of the rich glutton, who spent all his wealth upon his body and its comforts, and was, for this reason, damned, as Christ tells us. (Luke xvi.) During these eighteen hundred years he has been crying out for a drop of water to put upon his parched tongue, without receiving it. Many of our men of means resemble him, in spending all upon themselves and their pleasures. They make pleasure trips, pass their time at watering places, and other fashionable resorts; give costly entertainments; build splendid mansions, and furnish them sumptuously; heap money upon money, interest upon interest, bonds upon bonds; deck both themselves and families in the latest fashions, and live as if they were the lords of the earth, and every thing else only for them. If the Priest, or the poor Sister asks, in the name of God, for the orphans, the Church, or other religious purposes, then they either give a sum which is really a shame for them, or, what is oftener the case, they say: "*I have already given so and so much; times are hard; at present I can do nothing!*" But the very next day this same man can throw away any amount upon vanity; or his wife

adds another costly bonnet to the half dozen she already has, in order to progress with the latest fashion. The poor Lazarus, the orphan, or Church, is told to begone; the poor orphan cries at the door of the rich man for bread, but he cries into a deaf ear.

In our day, many sympathize as little with poor Jesus as did the Jews of old, who only longed for a rich Messiah. They seek Him to this day, without finding Him, as Christ Himself told them. The promises of God in regard to the poor are disregarded, because the baneful vices of avarice and pride have taken possession of their hearts, as was the case with the Jews, and their imitators, in all ages. The spirit of religion, and the love of neighbor, impelled our forefathers to erect magnificent churches, schools, orphan asylums, hospitals, universities, and other like institutions, to give learned men and saints to the land. Within these institutions men were trained for the object of their existence, and while the *Te Deum* resounds within those time-honored walls, it is echoed by the saints above, who erected those buildings.

Those who imagine that they have no obligation to contribute toward the orphan asylum, be they married or single, because they have no children, only show an extreme ignorance of their religious obligations. The commandment says, "*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*"—(Math. 22, 39). Is it loving your neighbor to do nothing for him when in need? Those who speak thus are animated by an entirely irreligious spirit, because if they only want to assist, when they have children to send to it, they show that they first want to entail a burden upon the institution before they do any thing. If all thought as they, an asylum could never be erected. Our Saviour characterizes such views as downright heathenish. If you only love those, he says, that love you, what better are you than the heathens, for they do the same. (Math. v, 46). We need an asylum without delay, the more so on account of the cholera, of which we find approaching signs every where. Should this fearful scourge of God visit our Diocese, it will throw so many orphans upon our hands that I hardly know what we would do with them. Therefore, compelled by the necessity of the times, the asylum must be opened as soon as possible. To build one, even when the means could be found, since the season is already so far advanced would require an entirely too long a time.

It is hard for the father and mother of a family

who tenderly love their own, to go out of this world and say to their dear little ones: "Poor children! we must part, we leave you to your hard fate, we consign you to the mercy of a cold, unfeeling world. Bodily perhaps you may be provided for, but who will take care of the all-important affair of your souls, *the one only thing really necessary.*"—(Luc. 10, 42). Oh! such a parting is heart-rending. But when parents know that for their children a proper provision has been made in this respect, they can depart in peace.

Into the asylum, as already stated in a previous pastoral, all orphans will be admitted without distinction of creed as much as circumstances will permit; the pastors or collectors can therefore also call without hesitation for aid.

I expect that every Catholic, however limited his means may be, will contribute at least \$5, and those in better circumstances more. In two or three days at most, this sum can be earned, and who is unwilling to give that much of his time to secure the orphans a home, and to the Diocese such a noble institution? Those who have been blessed with means and wealth, will, as a matter of course, give also really respectable sums. "Charge the rich of this world," says St. Paul to Timothy, (Bishop of the Church), "not to be high-minded, nor so trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, (who giveth us all things abundantly to enjoy)." "To do good, to become rich in good works, to give freely, to communicate, to lay up for themselves a good foundation for the time to come, that they may hold on eternal life."—(I Tim. 6, 1 f. ff). The collectors appointed are Rev. Messrs. Cooney, Steiner, Walters and Mayer.

All pastors are earnestly solicited to assist these Rev. gentlemen in their arduous mission, to the best of their ability, and accompany them when and wherever possible.

The collecting shall be commenced at once, and it is expected that all will have their contributions ready for them, especially where the amount contributed does not exceed the first mentioned sum. Each Pastor will invite any one of the collectors without delay, and indicate the most suitable time for him to commence. The collectors can in like manner arrange the time of collection and the congregations among themselves as they see fit.

This Pastoral Letter shall be read in all the churches and stations of the Diocese as soon as it shall have been received, and circumstances will permit.

A list of all the donors and the amount contributed by each, will be published after the collection shall have been taken up, and a copy will be preserved in the asylum for future reference.

Given at Fort Wayne on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, A. D. 1866.

JOHN HENRY, *Bishop of Fort Wayne.*

MARY THE MOTHER OF GOD.

REV. WILLIAM BYRNES.

[2D PRIZE ESSAY.]

Through Eve access to heaven became impossible; but through Mary that way is not only opened but embellished by the illustrious monuments of the death and passion of the Son of God. The chain which bound earth to heaven was severed by Eve in the Garden of Paradise, but through the mercy of God and the co-operation of Mary it was united again on the hill of Calvary. The fruit of the tree in the garden brought with it disease, sin and death; but the tree of the cross yielded health, virtue and life. Who, then, can give fitting praise to Mary? Not one. The theme is beyond the powers of the human mind. Her first honor is greater, of a higher and a holier order than the creation of the entire world; for as God had reserved for Himself a single tree in the Garden of Paradise, so in the creation of Mary. He preserved her from the stain of original sin; and as, by the power of God, the Hebrew children passed unscathed through the fiery furnace, so did Mary come to us immaculate; beautiful as the lily of the valley; dazzling as the sun that gilds the hills of Juda; pure as the bow that spans the thunder-storm. "Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is not a spot in thee."

In the redemption of man the greatness of Mary is shadowed forth: She is the Daughter of God the Father, by excellence, the Mother of the Son, and the Spouse of the Holy Ghost. See, then, the relation that exists between her and the persons of the Divine Trinity, and let us ask ourselves what should be the praise and honor of her whom God had so wished to honor? The Divine Maternity is the source of Mary's greatness and glory. This is the source of her power. Now, as the river naturally flows to the ocean; as the tree on the mountain's summit tends to the heavens; as the needle points to the north, conformably to the great law of nature which God gave them,—just so to the Divine Maternity belong three fundamental truths by divine right; and they can be traced to it as naturally and as easily as the river to its source, or the rays of light to the sun in the heavens. She is the Daughter of the Father by excellence in her creation; hence the first—veneration. She is the Mother of the Son,—a mother's influence; hence the second truth is invocation. She is the Spouse of the Holy Ghost; the *gratia plena*, adorned with every grace,—the master-work of God's creation; therefore the third

truth is emulation. These three truths, or principles, belong to the Divine Maternity by a higher and a holier law than verdure to the grass, or branches to the trees, and in their application is contained all that can possibly be said regarding Mary the Mother of God.

In this mystery of the Divine Incarnation, God and Mary are the two objects that command our admiration. Now God in His nature is infinite, unchangeable, eternal, yet on His taking flesh in the bosom of Mary and becoming a part of her, the greatness of the mystery turns on the exaltation of Mary. It is true, the greatness of God can neither be increased or diminished, yet in the Incarnation she encompassed Him whole and entire, and as the whole Divinity took flesh from her, therefore Mary by her Divine Maternity is raised above all created power whether in heaven or on earth. This power she has, in quality of a mother, and it must be co extensive with the humanity of Christ her Son. But would not this make her infinite, since Christ is God and infinite? No—for we know that Mary is only a creature raised by the power of God to what height we are unable to conceive. He was her Son, and the scriptures tell us that He was subject to her; now we must distinguish here between the attributes which form the essence of God Himself and His acts *ad extra*.

Two infinites cannot exist, and how absurd, therefore, to say that Catholics make a goddess of the Blessed Virgin. The divine attributes which constitute the essence of God, God Himself cannot change; they are essentially so and cannot therefore be otherwise. But God is *potens sui*: He is master of His own acts and can do everything that is not repugnant to His divine nature: His acts *ad extra* are not infinite *in se*; if they were then would infinity cancel infinity, and the world would be without a God. The creation of the world and all things therein are of the *ad extra* acts of God, and therefore not infinite. The laws of nature and the preservation of Mary from original guilt; her exaltation and Virgin Maternity are of the *ad extra* acts of God. But in the mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God, God Himself is there infinite, immutable, eternal in the bosom of Mary. Thus Mary is raised by the infinite power of God as high as the infinite power of God could raise her.

But let the eyes of faith be opened anew, and the veil be drawn which separates us from the beatific vision of God and the heavenly hosts. There, next God, her Divine Son, she holds the

highest place; higher than the angels, greater than the Cherubim or Seraphim, more powerful than the Thrones or ministering angels of God; seated on the immaculate throne of her primeval justice, she restrains the just indignation of God Himself, and wields the divine scepter of His mercy. Her virtues, now illumed by the humanity of her Divine Son, shine resplendent, and throw an ambient glow of new beauty even in heaven itself. Behold then Mary, the daughter of the Father by excellence, the Mother of the Son and the spouse of the Holy Ghost, absorbed in the endless ocean of infinite love.

Mary the Mother of God, what a dignity! Mary the Mother of Christ, and our mother also; what a subject for reflection! Mary, the sign of salvation; ennobling to poor humanity! Mary, the mirror of Christ's divinity; what a model for imitation! Rejoice ye matrons, exult all ye daughters of Eve, let your harps be strung to new anthems of praise, for your lowly sex is raised to the dignity of Mother of God, in the person of Mary, the chaste, the stainless daughter of Anna. Woman is exalted in the splendor of Mary; by her matchless virtues she took away the shackles that had bound her sex since the prevarication of Eve. Eve brought to woman disgrace and death; Mary gave her life and honor. She is now no longer the Agar in the household, but assumes the dignity of Sarah. Her rights are respected, her personality revered, and she sheds a luster not only on the family circle, but on society at large. In the ancient world woman was nothing; her station, that of inferiority; a slave, rather than an equal; she knew it, felt it, and acquiesced. But since the Virgin-Maternity, how different?

The Christian mother is now replete with every grace. Her smile is benevolence; gentle as the moon in her maiden path, she sweetens by her silvery rays the angry elements of domestic passion; the grim features of discord are softened by her mellow light, and under the influence of her genial warmth envy and malice, snake-like, shed their asperities and grow into love. Her position as matron inspires reverence; it commands respect, and in her presence licentiousness is unknown. She knows the virtues of her state, since she sees them in her model. Sanctity and meekness, benevolence and fortitude throw a halo of glory around the Christian mother. Her aspirations are ennobled, for she knows that she is but fulfilling the designs of God, and giving life to immortal souls for the enjoyment of heaven. Like

Mary, the Christian mother, in her marriage and in her births, makes a sacrifice again and again of her own life. In Mary she finds her duties mirrored forth, and it is this that raises the Christian society so far above the ancient. In Mary she sees the virtues to cultivate, and the dangers to avoid; she is patient in affliction and cheerful in adversity; in prosperity humble and in the time of temptation she rests securely on the bosom of her sorrowing mother.

In Mary's solicitude for Jesus the Christian mother has also her duty marked out, for she knows that she must, through the medium of Mary, mould her children into the image of Christ. Here then is the point where the children of error lose their reckoning, and anchorless are cast on the dreary ocean of doubt and uncertainty, seeking for a beacon light, but finding none; their frail bark goes down into the unfathomable gulf of despair. But how different with the children of Mary; always secure in their path, never in darkness; and in the night of temptation the *evening star* rising beautifully over the waves of passion leads them on in safety to the home of content where the air is redolent of perfumes from the rod of Jesse; here in the garden of the Christian heart are planted those tender buds that grow up luxuriantly; their growth is hereditary in families, and by proper cultivation and care their refreshing bloom is perennial. The tree is known by its fruit. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Do we expect flowers to grow where they have not been planted or virtues to spring in the soil of corruption? "If," says Saint Paul, "the root be holy so are the branches." (Rom. ii.) The obedience of Isaac is not surprising in the son of the patriarch, and the captive Jews found the heart of his father in the young Tobias. The heroism then of the father is looked for in the achievements of the son, and the virtues of the mother in the accomplishments of the daughter.

"And this is scripture's law, a boon of heaven,
To holy sires a holy race is given;
The son his father's virtuous spirit shows,
The daughter with her mother's beauty glows;
'Tis Mary's love that into action brings
Their latent force their innate moral springs.
On Jesse's rod those flowers perennial bloom
That shed the fragrance o'er the parent's tomb,
Is she neglected? then foul vice combined
Degrades, defies, corrupts the youthful mind."

The influence of Mary on the family circle might be illustrated by the dream which Joseph had. Where Mary dwells the family is in harmony, like that which exists among the heavenly

bodies. The sun is the father, the moon the mother, and the eleven stars the children. Like the sun the father gives light and heat to the family circle, and strengthens and sustains it by his salutary discipline and luminous example. As the sun is regular in his rising and in his setting, so is the father in his business habits, in his going out and in his coming home; and as the sun sheds his most beautiful rays ere he sinks in the western world, so will the father, before retiring to bed, light up the genial hearth by the mellowing influence of the *Ave Maria*. As the stars shine more brightly in the darkness of night, so do the virtues of the children become more resplendent in the absence of the father. Even from their tomb they emit the splendor of their virtues; their virtues and lives are reproduced in their children. By Mary's influence the Christian family becomes like the holy family of Nazareth. It should be so with all; but alas! alas, there is nothing permanent in this world. The ray that sheds its light around us may soon be dimmed by the passing cloud; the morning's beauty may soon be darkened by the rising fog; the noon-day's splendor may soon be swept away by the evening's thunder-storm, and the gorgeous rising sun may sink obscurely and unknown. The figure by which I have illustrated the influence of Mary on the Christian family may also illustrate the unhappy family of the children of error. That sun, so brilliant and bright, is now obscured by the intervening cloud, or eclipsed by some natural phenomenon; he is darkness itself; the moon is dark, the stars lose their lustre; the world is in chaos. Just so in the domestic circle. The parents darkened by error or moral depravity; the children are dark, no wonder, for here is moral chaos, a domestic ruin; alas that it is so, but it is only too true. The children grow up morally dark, spiritually dark, dark in time, dark for eternity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "Bloomingdale Catholic Association," is the title of an organization recently formed in the city of New York, for the purpose of inducing unity and harmony of action amongst the various Catholic associations of that city. It is contemplated, among other objects, to erect a grand hall and reading room, music hall and picture gallery. It also designs the founding of a hospital, the support and education of young men for the priesthood, and the clothing of poor school children of the parish. The plan has met general approval.

AVE MARIA.

JUDGE ARRINGTON.

Highest of creatures, Light of life Elysian,
Most excelling that e'er breathed the air
Of earth or heaven, too pure for human vision,—
Ave Maria! how shall mortal dare,
In lisping lays, the musical precision
Which might the wonders of thy worth declare,
When seraphs soaring fruitlessly aspire
To sing thy praise on harps of golden fire!
Throughout the circuit of celestial spaces,
Where'er their homes in happy islands be,
The glorious ones unveil their shining faces
To gaze with reverential love on thee;
And heavenly hierarchies, from their places,
Stoop down and strive the mystery to see
Of virgin beauty, raised by grace supernal
Until it bloomed the bride of the Eternal!
O marvel! of the multitudinous ages,
Who can this ocean-depth of love descrie,
When but its surface, seen by saints and sages,
Dazzles to darkness every finite eye!
Were half its secrets penned, the teeming pages
Might form a scroll as ample as the sky;
And yet would fail to tell the exaltation
Of God's sweet Mother over all creation!
Queen of the sinless singers, nature yearning
For soul to worship thrills beneath thy feet;
From star to star, the lights of beauty burning
Essay by signs thy glories to repeat;
While angel watchers, from their wards returning,
Around thy throne in choral circles meet;
And patriarchs and prophets never vary
The universal hymn that swells to Mary!
Star of the Sea, from thy dear disk we borrow
The beams to guide us through the nameless
night;
Saints seek thy face as solace for all sorrow,
Knowing thy smile can make the darkness
bright;
E'en dying sinners see the immortal morrow
Dawning through thee in uncreated light:
For none, however bad, are doomed to perish,
Whom thy sweet heart in mercy moves to cherish.
But vain the speech of mortals to adorn thee
In fitting phrase, while stellar regions ring
With anthems of the hosts that fall before thee,
And hail thee Queen beside the Eternal King!
For us, it but remaineth to implore thee,
With contrite hearts and humble whispering,
To deign us grace to call thee Mary Mother,
Then Christ Himself shall be our Elder Brother!

SEPTEMBER--MONTH OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, civitas Dei. Yes, glorious things are spoken of thee, thou city of our God; and what, then, may we ask, are these glorious things? what is it that is spoken of? what is it that constitutes the magnificence and beauty of this city? Is it the gates of pearl? is it the river of gold? is it the walls of precious stones? is it the music of the angels, or the brightness of the sun that never sets? Beautiful indeed, and beyond all our thought and conception of beauty, are the glories of the celestial city; but these are not the glories we would speak of; no; there are glories which far, far outshine them. It is the white-robed ones, the palm-bearing ones, who are indeed the glory of that land of beauty and bliss. Star differs from star in the celestial firmament, and each has a brightness of its own: one shines with the radiance of a small magnitude, another is as a sun of overpowering brilliancy, and yet each and all shine for one only end, and fulfil one only mission. "*Cæli enarrant gloriam Dei*" may be said, not merely of the material heavens, but also of the Heaven of heavens, where the saints shine as the stars in the firmament of light.

The limits of our vision, both corporal and spiritual, is perhaps one of the greatest privations of our earthly existence: as yet we only see in part; much of the beauty and magnificence of the works of nature are lost on us because we cannot see more than a small portion at a time. So it is with the spiritual world. And probably this is one cause why so many persons, in other respects most estimable and pious, have their own peculiar views and notions, and are almost peevish when they find that others differ from them.

Few are large-minded and generous; and it is notorious that to be large-minded and generous one must have had opportunities of losing oneself and one's own individuality by mixing much with others. We do not see much beyond our own little circle; our families or our communities are our worlds, and we are too apt to judge all beyond by the standard they present to us. And why is this but simply that we judge by what we see. It is natural, most natural, but certainly not in the least supernatural. And why is it the saints, and those who approach nearest to them, are always more charitable to others, more generous, more universal in their affections? Why, but because sanctity assimilates

them to God, and their minds expand under its influence. The little world of self is not their only world; the interests of their family or community are not their only interests; they can do more than say "Our Father." God is not their God only; He is the God and the Father of all, and therefore all are their brethren; all have a share in their sympathy, a claim on their prayers, and a part in their affections; and yet we do not always find this spirit where we should have a right to expect it. Human nature asserts its empire over us, and often influences us, perhaps unconsciously. Thus it is that we have most of us our own peculiar views about sanctity, and about the various Religious Orders. We do not for a moment mean to say that persons may not have preference; that they may not like one Order more than another, or think one kind of religious exercises preferable to another, this may in certain cases be not only justifiable, but even right. Our own natural temperaments are never destroyed by the influence of Divine grace, though they are refined and purified in proportion as we submit to its influence. What is objectionable, and often wrong, is, not a preference, but a prejudice; and how few there are who are wholly free from prejudice! Let us for one month at least strive to free ourselves from this; let us ascend in spirit to our Father's house, and gaze, not only upon the beauty of its many mansions, but upon the glories of those who inhabit them. It has been already declared by those saints who have been familiar with the angels, that each of those blessed spirits may be distinguished from his companions by some peculiar beauty or greater glory. Thus it is also with the saints; and yet the lowest envy not the highest, but rather so rejoice in their exaltation as to make it a part of their own beatitude. O blessed sanctity, which is saintly only for God and in God! O blessed souls, who are ever struggling, ever fighting, ever subduing the flesh and the devil, only because they will not have Jesus offended, only because they think there is sin enough in the world to grieve His Sacred Heart without their adding any to it! So pure and disinterested is their love, that they see not its purity and know not its disinterestedness; but Jesus knows it, Mary sees it and the smiles of their angels testify how glad and blessed is their life.

But if the presence of the Religious Orders, with their peculiar glories, will, to all eternity, shed lustre on the blessed in Heaven, what part do they fulfil in the Church on earth? or rather, we might

ask, what would the Church on earth be without them? How lonely we should feel without the saints! How friendless without our founders and patrons! Let us consider for a moment what we should feel if we had not our Saint Francis, our Saint Dominic, our Saint Ignatius, our Camillus, or our Vincent de Paul. It is true we have Mary, and Mary is more to us than a thousand saints, but yet we are social beings; we like companionship in our sorrows and our joys; we like, when we have something very difficult to do, to know that some one else has tried it before, and that they had to struggle hard and often before they finally succeeded. No one ever yet attained to great sanctity without great struggles; what is every life of a saint but a history of successive conflicts—now with the old Adam within them, now with the crafty demon, now with the exterior circumstances, now with some thorn in the flesh, or with some keen unearthly suffering, sent to refine and purify their loving souls; and though such trials as the saints have had are not usually given in the same degree to those who are not called to the same exalted sanctity, or do not correspond to this call, yet we all in our measure experience what they have suffered. Thus it is that their lives are full of the deepest interest and instruction for us.

Let us then gladden our hearts as we think of those who have so honored God in their own lives, and the lives of those whom they have led to follow their example; thus, joining ourselves for the month with some great Order in the Church, we may hope to have a share in its prayers and merits, and in the consolations which its sanctity brings to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

THE BENEDICTINE ORDER.

The calm repose of patience seems the peculiar characteristic of this grand old Order; it stands before us like a mountain covered with eternal snow, moulded into shapes of beauty rather by the hand of nature than the chisel of art; so calm and still and beautiful are the old Benedictine saints, it almost quiets us to look at their picture or dwell on their memories. Their work and their mission was with the past; but because it is done and their crowns gained, are we to forget them, or to be unmindful of the services they have rendered us? Let us to whose lot this great Order has fallen seek to imitate their virtues, as far as may be in our own lowlier sphere; let us thank God fervently for all the saints and all the sanctity bestowed on the Order; let us seek to cherish and practice the virtue of patience in honor of its great founder Saint Benedict, and

imitate him, as far as we can, in his patient sufferings of so many and such grievous trials; let us also join ourselves with all those who belong to this Order, now living lives of calm and saintly contemplation, saying every day a *Pater* and *Ave* for their increase and sanctification. We may thus obtain for ourselves a share in their merits, and an interest in the prayers of their saints.

THE CISTERCIANS.

As the white habit of the Cistercians was assumed in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and in order to place the Order under her peculiar protection, the virtue of her who draws this lot should be purity. With Saint Bernard, the burning lover of Jesus, and Mary for her patron, let her ask it with confidence through the intercession of this great saint, and doubtless ere the month of devotion has closed she will have obtained a large increase of this grace. This Order should be peculiarly dear to English hearts; the ruins of its most magnificent abbeys show us how the Cistercian monks clung to the land; nor have they left it in the hour of need and desolation. Let us pray earnestly that their numbers may continually increase, and that their sanctity may be as fervent and burning as it was when the voice of St. Bernard awoke the echoes of Clairveaux, and thrilled the monarchs of Europe. Let us pray that his spirit and his zeal may descend upon his followers; and who can tell what graces our united prayers may obtain for our country through their means.

THE FRANCISCANS.

Love, burning love to Jesus as the little Babe of Bethlehem, and to Jesus crucified on Calvary, was the characteristic of the Seraph of Assisi; and we are told in the chronicles of the Order, a place amongst the highest Seraphim was his reward. Happy they who have this great saint for their patron and model, his Order for their lot. Let them pray with fervor this month for its increase and sanctification. Think how many, and what exalted saints, the Franciscan Order has sent to adorn the celestial Paradise. They will pray for you; they will interest themselves in your welfare in proportion as you strive by prayer and work to promote the glory of God by means of their Institute. Above all, seek yourself to copy the burning love and perfect self-forgetfulness of Saint Francis; and pray through his intercession for these graces. He who was the first to receive the wounds of Jesus crucified on earth, will surely be one of those whose prayers will be most readily heard in Heaven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROME THE CIVILIZER OF NATIONS.

The pulpit is the lever that raises the moral world; and it civilizes city, village, and hamlet the more effectually because its work is constant and systematic. It explains, Sunday after Sunday, and festival after festival, the sublimest and deepest of all sciences, while it guides society, with persuasive might, in the path of moral improvement. With all that social science has devised for the comfort and welfare of mankind, nothing that it has ever invented is so essentially civilizing, so dignified and lovely, so unpretending and strong, as the self-denying labors of Brothers and Sisters of Charity, sacrificing youth, beauty, prospects, tastes, and indulgence on the altar of religion, and passing their days among the lepers and the plague-stricken, the ignorant, the degraded, the squalid, and the infirm.

And of these Orders, none, be it observed, has railed against knowledge. By no rule, in any of them, has ignorance been made a virtue and science a sin. All have admired the beauty of knowledge—the fire on her brow—her forward countenance—her boundless domain. All have wished well to her cause, and have maintained only that she should know her place; that she is the second, not the first; that she is not Wisdom, but Wisdom's handmaid; that she is of earth, and Wisdom is of Heaven; she is of the world for the Church, and Wisdom is of the Church for the world. Severed from religion, they regarded her as some wild Pallas from the brain of demons; but Science guided by a higher Hand, and moving side by side with Revelation, like the younger child, they believed to be the most beautiful spectacle the mind could contemplate.

To repeat these things in the ears of well-read Catholics, is to reiterate a thrice-told tale. But there are others who need often to be reminded of facts of history which our adversaries are apt to ignore. Besides the vast body of priests and religious orders, whose office was to disseminate thought and piety through the world, the Papacy constantly sought new vehicles by which to promote science. The greater part of the Universities of Europe owe their existence to this agency. Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, Naples, Padua, Vienna, Upsal, Lisbon, Salamanca, Toulouse, Montpellier, Orleans, Nantes, Poitiers, and a multitude besides, were made centres of human knowledge under the patronage of the Popes, and Clement V, Gregory IX, Eugenius IV, Nicholas V, and Pius II, were among the most illustrious of their founders.

The writings of Leonard de Vinci were not published till a century after his death, and some of them at a still later period. They are more like revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single mind, than the fabric of its reasoning on any established basis. He laid down the principle of Bacon, that experiment and observation must be our chief guides in the investigation of nature. Venturi has given an interesting list of the truths in mechanism apprehended by the genius of this light of the fifteenth century.* He was possessed in the highest degree of the spirit of physical inquiry, and in this department of learning was truly a seer.

Let the reader transport himself in idea to the beautiful borders of Henares, and there, in the opening of the sixteenth century, look down on the rising University of Alcalá. Let him admire and wonder at the varied energy of its founder—Ximenes, the prelate, the warrior, the hermit, and the statesman. There, in his sixty fourth year, he laid the corner-stone of the principal college, and was often seen with the rule in his hand, taking the measurement of the buildings, and encouraging the industry of the workmen. The diligence with which he framed the system of instruction to be pursued, the ability of mind he promoted among the students, the liberal foundations he made for indigent scholars and the regulation of professors' salaries, did not withdraw him from the affairs of state, or the publication of his famous Bible, the Complutensian Polyglot. When Francis the First visited Alcalá, twenty years after the University was opened, seven thousand students came forth to receive him, and by the middle of the seventeenth century the revenue bequeathed by Ximenes had increased to forty-two thousand ducats, and the colleges had multiplied from ten to thirty-five.† Most of the chairs were appropriated to secular studies, and Alcalá stands forward as a brilliant refutation of the calumnies against Catholic prelates as the patrons of ignorance.

The same country and epoch which produced Ximenes gave birth also to Columbus. It was neither accident nor religion, but nautical science and the intuitive vision of another hemisphere, that piloted him across the Atlantic to the West India shores. Amerigo Vespucci followed in his wake, emulous of like discoveries. He published a journal of his earlier voyages at Vicenza in 1507, and gave his name to the continent of

* Essai sur les Ouvrages Physico-Mathematiques de Leonard de Vinci. Paris. 1797. Mallam's Literary History, vol. I. pp. 222-5.

† Quantalla: Archetypo. Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella. 326.1

the Western world. Thus, while two great navigators, both of them Catholics, explored new lands on the surface of our globe, Copernicus at the same time, and Galileo not many years after, pre-
saged the motion of the planets round the sun, and the two-fold rotation of the earth. To him we owe the larger part of experimental philosophy. He first propounded the laws of gravitation, the invention of the pendulum, the hydrostatic scales, the sector, the thermometer, and the telescope. With the last he made numberless observations which changed the face of astronomy. Among these, that of the satellites of Jupiter was one of the most remarkable. He came, it is true, into a certain collision with the Church, and we have urged in a recent number that throughout the conflict the Roman Congregations acted rightly and wisely. Moreover, it is truly remarkable, as we there pointed out, that all the provocation given by Galileo never reduced authority to the unjustifiable step of impeding the fullest scientific investigation of his theory. Nay, those astronomers who taught on the Copernican *hypothesis* were more favored at Rome than their opponents. It was at Galileo's request that Urban appointed Castelli to be his own mathematician, and the letter in which the Pontiff recommended Galileo to the notice of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, after his condemnation, abounds in expressions of sincere friendship. As to the dungeon and the torture, they are simply fabulous. During the process Galileo was permitted to lodge at the Tuscan embassy instead of in the prison of the Holy Office—a favor not accorded even to princes. His sentence of imprisonment was no sooner passed, than the Pope commuted it into detention in the Villa Medici, and, after he had resided there some days, he was allowed to install himself in the palace of his friend, Ascanio Piccolomini, Archbishop of Sienna. Subsequently he retired to his own house and the bosom of his family; for, as Nicolini's correspondence with him testifies, "his Holiness treated Galileo with unexpected and, perhaps, excessive gentleness, granting all the petitions presented in his behalf."* These facts are surely sufficient to prove that physical science received all due honor at this period in Rome. In due time—long after Galileo's death—his theory was scientifically established; and not very long afterward the Congregational decree was suspended by Benedict XIV. Galileo's famous dialogue was published entire at Padua, in 1774, with the usual approbations; and in 1818 Pius VII re-

pealed the decrees in question in full consistory. What could the Church do more? It was her duty to guard the Scriptures from irreverence and unbelief, and to prohibit the advocacy of theories absolutely unproved which seemed to oppose them. To her physical science is dear, but revealed truth is infinitely dearer. Already she had opposed astrology as a remnant of paganism, and had studied the motions of the moon and planets to fix Easter and reform the Julian calendar. Already Gregory XIII had brought the calendar which bears his name into use; and the works of Aristotle, translated into Arabic and Latin, had become the model of the theological methods of disputation and treatise. Saint Thomas Aquinas had written commentaries on them, and on Plato; and thus, as well as by his *Essay on Aqueducts*, and that on *Hydraulic Machines*, had proved how inseparable is the alliance between sound Theology and true science. "The sceptre of science," says Joseph de Maistre, "belongs to Europe only because she is Christian. She has reached this high degree of civilization and knowledge because she began with Theology, because the Universities were at first schools of Theology, and because all the sciences, grafted upon this divine subject, have shown forth the divine sap by immense vegetation."*

SECRET OF BEING ALWAYS EASY.—An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal functions without ever betraying the least impatience. A friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he thought impossible to imitate, one day asked the Prelate if he would communicate the *secret* of being always *easy*. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility; it consists in making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the Bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to go there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to my mind how small a place I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred; I then look abroad into the world, and see what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason we have to repine or complain."

* *British Review*, 1861. *Martyrdom of Galileo*.

* *Soirees de St. Petersbourg*, Xme entretien.

THREE PETITIONS.

A TALE OF POLAND.

I.

At the threshold of the *Dwor* (the Polish name of the great house in a country parish) were gathered, on a bright August evening in 1862, a group of peasant girls, bringing, according to Polish custom, a garland of corn and flowers to the owner of the lands on which the harvest has been concluded. To present this garland is considered a post of honor; and the peasant girls who had chosen Magda as their representative were surprised that the distinction did not seem able to remove the sadness and depression which seemed to overshadow her. Monsieur and Madame Oksinksa came to the door to greet the new-comers, and bestow trifling presents on them.

"If I had but known, Magda," said Madame Oksinksa, "that you would have carried the garland, I should have a present ready for your mother also. She shall not lose it, however. But I have a pleasure in store for you. Look at that side door: who is there?"

"O, it is Mademoiselle Hedwige!" said Magda, clasping her hands, as a young lady, of the same age as herself, advanced towards her.

The foster-sisters (for such they were) formed a pleasing contrast: Magda with her strong frame, dark hair and eyes, and sunburnt complexion; Hedwige with her deep-blue eyes, her chesnut curls, her fair complexion, and her sweet loving smile.

"Come with me," said Hedwige; and she drew Magda away with her into a quiet part of the garden.

"O mademoiselle, how I have missed you!" said Magda. "How dull the great house was without you! and you have been such a way off; farther than Warsaw—across the sea, so M. le Curé told me.

"Yes, indeed, I have crossed the sea," replied Hedwige. "Do you know what country I have been to?"

"I was told, mademoiselle; but it went out of my head again. It was so difficult to pronounce, and I think it was a german word."

"No, not at all," said Hedwige, smiling. "Dear Magda, I have been to England."

"To England!" said the young peasant, opening her eyes wide at the very name of this unknown country. "What a dreadful long way off it must be, Mademoiselle! Is it a very beautiful country?"

"O no, Magda; a country where the sun seldom shines, where there is either rain or fog almost every day; a country where they do not know our language or our prayers, where there is neither flowers nor incense, where they don't bless Our Lady's name: they neither burn candles for the dead, nor pray for them."

"O, Mademoiselle darling, what had you to do with such Pagans then?" exclaimed the terrified Magda.

"I went there, Magda, to take my mother's place. You remember that a few years ago my brother Woldemar went to Warsaw to finish his studies, and we were so uneasy for fear the Russians should put him in prison. Well, we heard that he had escaped from Poland; and for two years we did not know what had become of him. But a year ago we received a letter. Woldemar was in England; he was married, and had a little girl. But he had caught a dangerous malady, and thought he was dying. He entreated his mother to come to him, to give her last blessing and last embrace; to make acquaintance with his wife, so soon to be a widow, and the poor little child he would leave an orphan. He entreated her also to love them, to protect them, and after his death to take them away, and give them a home and a shelter, when he should no longer be there to love and to guard them. After reading this letter my poor mother fell very ill, and the doctor absolutely forbade her to travel. She wept day and night, thinking that Woldemar would deem himself forgotten, and that he would die without help, consolation, or prayer. O Magda, what anguish it was to me to see my mother's heart thus slowly breaking day by day!"

"I can well believe that," said Magda. "The tears that my mother sheds continually are like a weight on my heart."

"Well," continued Hedwige, "I felt inspired with a great courage; and so I said to my mother that I was strong and courageous, capable of nursing a sick person, and of loving a little child; and then I begged her to let me go. A great many objections were raised. It was said I was too young, and was not accustomed to travel; and to which I replied, that it was impossible to let my brother die alone, and that it would be easy to find some trustworthy person to travel with me; and then, if this sorrow were really to come on us, I could bring the widow and orphan back to Iglica; meanwhile, I could teach them our language, and learn to speak theirs. God's blessing was on my determination; for my mother was

comforted, and let me go. Oh, how glad I am I went! Woldemar is not dead—on the contrary, rather better, and both Fanny and I have nursed him carefully. Then I made such entreaties to the ambassador, and I found such assistance from old friends of my father's, that he has been pardoned, and allowed to come back to us. At this moment he is no farther off than Busk, where there are mineral waters, hoping to get quite well again there. We all came together from England, and his wife and child are here, and will always be with us. O Magda, if you had but seen my mother's joy, when she once more saw the son she had wept for! I bless God for this great joy. I should be so happy to-day, if it were not for the terrible troubles pressing on me;" and Hedwige dashed away the tears that rose to her eyes.

"Oh, what is the matter?" cried Magda, clasping her hand.

"Dear Magda, I do not murmur; God's holy will be done. But you are my companion, my foster-sister, my childhood's friend; and I will tell you all. Come with me, and you shall see the cause of the first sorrow; and later," she added, while the color rose to her cheek, "I will tell you the second."

So saying, the young girls rose and went together to the house. Passing in, they advanced in the direction of an apartment which bore the name of the yellow room, from the color of its hangings.

"Oh, how I love that room!" said Magda; "there we laughed and played together when we were children."

"Now it is no longer ours," replied Hedwige; "it belongs to another little child; but she is alone, poor little thing! and will not make much noise."

Magda followed Hedwige into the room.

"Dear Fanny," said Hedwige, "here is a new acquaintance for you, a specimen of our peasant girls. It is the harvest queen, Magda Kratoh, my foster-sister and my childhood's friend. When you look at her, you will certainly think her pretty; and when you know her, I am sure you will love her."

Fanny smiled and held out her hand to Magda; but she knew so little of the language that it was with difficulty she could pronounce a few words of welcome. As to Magda, she was quite confused at the sight of this elegant creature; but her attention was instantly attracted to a lovely little child of three years old, who, sitting on the ground, was playing with a basket full of roses,

and peeping up at the stranger from beneath her long eyelashes.

"Oh, the lovely little child!" cried Magda; "the little jewel! How like she is to the Infant Jesus!"

"My poor little Emma! my sweet darling!" replied Hedwige. "Speak to her, Magda."

And Magda spoke; but little Emma took no notice.

"See, Magda, she does not answer you," said Hedwige, mournfully.

"That is because she does not understand me. She would if I could speak English."

"No, Magda, she will not answer even her mother. When she cries, it is in silence; she never cries out. Her lips only open to smile; she never laughs. She is lively, and gentle, and healthy; but we have never heard her voice. Our treasure and our darling is deaf and dumb."

"Deaf and dumb!—that angel child!" exclaimed Magda; and she saw the tears slowly creeping down the face of the young mother. "But if the Mother of God would ask her Son to give her speech!" continued Magda, looking toward an image of our Lady.

This image was well known to Hedwige and Magda; from their earliest childhood they remembered seeing the familiar figure standing out against its gilt background, its blue mantle and red robe, the brown face marked in two places by the Tartar's arrow, and holding in its arms the tender yet Divine Child, crowned with stars, and holding forth a sceptre. It was a faithful copy of that holy image, the Virgin of Czenstochowa the Comforter of the Afflicted, the Help of Christians, the only true Queen of Poland. Before this majestic yet sorrowful figure the two little girls had often prayed, and therefore Magda now turned, in obedience to some sudden impulse, toward the protectress of her infancy. Acting in accordance with the emotion of the moment, she spoke at once to the young mother, forgetting that she would not be understood.

"Here is a good Mother," she cried, "who can cure your dear little child to a certainty. Did you never pray to her, madam?"

Fanny raised her eyes, and following the direction of the other's eyes and hand, perceived the gilded image, and sadly shook her head.

"Alas, poor Magda, you cannot console her in that way, for my sister-in-law is a Protestant," answered Hedwige with a sigh.

"A Protestant! what is that? Do you mean a heretic?" asked the country girl with a terrified glance.

"Yes, it is but too true," replied Hedwige sorrowfully.

"Oh, how unhappy they must be!" broke in Magda, sighing in her turn. "If one could only save this beautiful young lady and the dear little child! I shall say a prayer expressly every day for them now. Besides, I have got an idea in my head—but I will tell it you presently, when I have thought over it more."

"Well, well, we can talk about it as we walk," said Hedwige. "I had made up my mind to pay nurse a visit to-day; and though I have not forgotten my way, I hope you will go with me."

"With all my heart," said Magda, her eyes sparkling. "O Mademoiselle Hedwige, if you knew how delighted my mother will be!"

Hedwige took her hat and parasol.

"Let us go directly," she cried.

She pressed Fanny's hand in token of farewell, and left a long kiss upon the silent lips of the little girl. Magda accompanied her after having kissed with respectful affection the delicate hand of the mother and the dimpled fingers of the child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STATUE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT NOTRE DAME.

I love to see the statue fair
Upon the College dome:
It seems to be my mother there,
And makes me think of home.

When in my trouble I behold
Her statue, white as snow,
And on her head a crown of gold,
It lightens all my woe.

The little birds themselves I see
Fly circling round her head,
They love her blessed company,
And feel no fear or dread.

Then why should I not gladly look
Upon thy queenly form,
When even nature's living book
Thus bids my heart to warm.

Thou meekly standest on the dome,
With hands outstretched to me;
A heavenly whisper, "Come! O come!"
Methinks I hear from thee.

Yes, Mother dear, I come; and all
Thy children come to thee!
We long to see thy golden hall
In heaven's jubilee!

There we shall see thee face to face,
No more that statue fair,
But thou thyself, O Queen of grace,
Be this my hope and pray'r.

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSIONS.—On the Feast of the Assumption, in the Convent of Notre Dame, in the Order of the same name, Cincinnati, the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell received the religious profession of twenty-five novices, and gave the white veil to eleven young ladies. We have not received the names of this large and holy band of religious.

On the same day, at the Convent of St. Mary's of the Immaculate Conception, Notre Dame, in the Order of Holy Cross, the following novices made their religious profession:

Sister M., of St. Columba, Miss Sarah Kennedy; Sister M. Isabella, Miss Mary Conway; Sister M. Eulalia, Miss Margaret O'Brien; Sister M. Perpetua, Miss Mary Ann Wilson; Sister M. Collette, Miss Isabella Cunnea; Sister M. Elise, Miss Annie Murphy; Sister M. Salome, Miss Eliza Bray; Sister M. Georgia, Miss Ellen Brennan; Sister M. Saraphia, Miss Margaret Fox; Sister M. Auria, Miss Ellen Donahoe; Sister M. Remigius, Miss Matilda Harvey; Sister M. Cyprian, Miss N. Williams.

Seventeen novices received the white veil at the same time.

DEDICATIONS.—Aug. 10th, Rt. Rev. Bishop De Goesbriand dedicated a new Catholic Church at Richmond, Vermont.

Brady's Bend, Pennsylvania.—A large and handsome Church was dedicated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Demenee, July 29th.

OBITUARY.—Died, on the 3d inst., in the Convent of the Good Shepherd, on Mount street, Sister Mary of St. Gregory, in the 24th year of her age, and the fourth of her religious profession.

Right Rev. William Henry Elder, Bishop of Natchez, and Very. Rev. M. F. Grignon, Vicar-General, with all the imposing ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and a full procession to and from the Cathedral, of the several societies of the city, displaying banners, emblems, etc., proceeded to lay the corner-stone of the Catholic College, soon to be erected in our city, opposite the Cathedral, and facing the Masonic Hall, at the corner of Main and Union streets. There was a very large concourse of citizens present, and the utmost order prevailed. The ceremonies were particularly interesting.—*Natchez (Miss.) Courier.*

THE Spire to be erected on the new cathedral, at Indianapolis, Ind., will be the loftiest in the United States.

CIRCULAR OF MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP
SPALDING ON THE SECOND PLEN-
ARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE.

The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore will convene in Our Metropolitan Church on the first Sunday—the seventh day—of next October. All the Most Rev. Archbishops and the Rt. Rev. Bishops of the Church in the United States, as well as a large number of the Very Rev. and Rev. Clergy, will be in attendance. The assemblage will be most imposing, while the subjects of deliberation will have a highly important bearing on the interests and progress of our holy Religion in this country.

As all Catholics must feel a lively interest in the successful issue of the Council, and as all our sufficiency is from God, We earnestly invite Our faithful people to pour forth united and fervent prayers to the Father of Lights, through His Son Jesus Christ Our Lord and Saviour, that He will vouchsafe to send down His Holy Spirit, so to enlighten and order Our deliberations, that they may be guided towards the adoption of such measures as will tend most effectually to promote His honor and glory and the salvation of souls.

The better to secure this union of prayer in Our Archdiocese, We adopt and promulgate the following regulations:

1st. The Collect *de Spiritu Sancto* will be added in all Masses not of the first or second Class, from the reception of this Circular until the close of the Council;

2d. The Litany of the Saints will be publicly recited by the Pastors, either before or after the High Mass, on every Sunday, till the opening of the Council;

3d. The Friday preceding the opening, October 5th, will be a fasting day of obligation;

4th. This Circular will be read in all the Churches of the Archdiocese on the Sunday following its reception.

Given from Our residence in Baltimore, on the Vigil of the Assumption of Our Immaculate Patroness, 1866.

MARTIN JOHN SPALDING,
Archbishop of Baltimore,
Delegate Apostolic.

THOMAS FOLEY, Secretary.

LETTERS from Rome report that his Holiness continues in good health; and has lately been present at several public functions.

LIEUTENANT Broglie, of the French navy, has resigned his commission to enter Holy Orders.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

MARY THE MODEL OF YOUTH.

The vacations are over, and the day has arrived for the greater part of our young readers to return to their schools and again be placed under the tender and affectionate care of their teachers, who have left all that the world may have held as attractive to them in order to instruct little children in the ways of justice and truth.

It has cost a few tears to say good-bye to all the dear ones at home, but courage—you all I know love the Blessed Virgin, you honor her, you invoke her with fervor, and you offer her all the homages of your young hearts. You sing her praises with joy and celebrate with pious zeal her festival days. You visit her chapels and altars and you adopt with pleasure all the practices established to honor her. You do not, I am sure, let any day pass without rejoicing her heart by some religious exercise, and she will assuredly dry every tear of her loving children and whisper sweet words of peace and happiness to your young hearts.

But you, dear children of Mary, must not be satisfied by giving your heavenly mother merely these exterior marks of your love; you must do still more, you must imitate the virtues of your celestial mother. Yes, you must form your hearts according to her image, by copying the example she has given you, and reproducing in your conduct all her virtues.

But how can we speak of Mary's virtues? It would take a long sermon merely to enumerate them. It would require an angel from heaven to display them in all their perfection. But listen, my children, to a slight sketch of some of them. Ornamented with all celestial gifts, Mary understood in her early youth with what jealous care and solicitude she must preserve them. Scarcely did the world commence to smile upon her ere she understood its vanity and nothingness, and penetrated with a profound contempt for the things of earth, she raised her eyes toward heaven and offered to God, without reserve, her heart and her love.

Instantly she heard the voice of the Lord speaking in her soul, "Come, come, beloved child, thy heart was not made for the joys of earth; leave the world; remove from thy father's dwelling and come into the solitude where I have prepared thy ineffable happiness."

Docile to the inspiration of heaven, Mary did not hesitate an instant; she broke the bonds that

attached her to creatures, and going to the temple she concealed all the charms of her youth under the shadow of its altar. There regard this divine child. Peace, joy and innocence rest upon her forehead. Swiftly and gracefully she enters the holy temple, and with clasped hands and head meekly bowed, she approaches the altar, murmuring words of love, which angels bear to heaven. She has sworn in her heart never to taste other joys than those of virtue, and to seek God alone in all things. Behold henceforth her happiness and her life.

And to you, my children, the joy of the family circle, you who are still adorned with all the graces of innocence, the objects of the hopes and solitudes of the fond parents whose hearts are bound up in you. It is to you that Mary offers herself at this moment as your model. In a few days you will also seek a home within the shadow of the temple of God, to obtain under the guidance of virgins consecrated to God the benefits of a good education. Like Mary, you will be conducted by your beloved parents, to the house of God in order to imbibe the science which ornaments the mind, and the virtue which forms the heart. In that religious solitude take Mary for your mother; strive to imitate her in all things. When she knelt before the altar, it might well be said that she resembled one of the blessed Seraphim, so absorbed was she in the presence of God. Mary in her holy retreat studied diligently—ever humbly respectful, gentle, docile, and obedient, she received the orders of her instructors as the orders of heaven; she saw but God in those appointed to guide her.

Dear children, such should be your piety in the institutions your fond parents have selected for your careful training. Such should be your love for study, your obedience and your docility. Yes, if you love the Blessed Virgin, if you wish her to recognize you as her faithful imitators, such will be the edifying example you will give during your school days. Then your days of youth will glide away tranquilly and happily, blessed by heaven and fruitful in precious results. You will not frustrate God's designs upon you, nor the efforts of your teachers, nor the hopes of your parents; you will acquire the most precious of all sciences, that of loving God and serving Him with fervor. You will amass that abundant treasure of virtues, which will be the safeguard of your innocence when exposed to the temptations of life, for you will not always remain in your holy retreat—you will soon return to take your place in the world. But then also you must imitate Mary; she will be your model in all places and in all the epochs of your life.

ORIGINAL SIN; Or, The Charcoal-Burner.

Once upon a time, in the middle ages—that is to say about six hundred years ago—a king, with a great many of his noblemen, was hunting in one of the wild forests of Germany. While eagerly pursuing a fine deer the king became separated from the gentlemen of his court, and before he regained their company a heavy thunder-storm made him look around for some place of shelter. He soon came across a poor cabin in which a charcoal-burner lived peaceably, with his wife and four children, three little boys, one of whom was a curly-headed black-eyed baby, and a charming little girl the living image of its mother.

As the king approached the door he heard the man and his wife talking very loud, so he had the curiosity to stop and listen to what they were saying.

"Yes, I tell you that the women are the cause of all our misfortunes! Now there is Mother Eve: if she had only possessed a little grain of common sense I would have been spared a great deal of trouble."

"Why, what is the matter with you now," replied the good woman, turning round from her spinning to look at her husband.

"Matter enough," he answered, "haven't I to work hard all day, from morning to night, without scarcely earning any thing and haven't I got the rheumatics, that make one suffer awfully whenever it rains?"

"Patience, patience, old man—every body has his troubles in this world; and I know a great many that are a good deal worse off than we are. Some days they haven't a single thing to eat, and besides that, their children are dreadfully bad; but see how good our little ones are; and besides, we've always got enough to eat; so what more do you want?"

"Yes, but suppose I should get sick!"

"Well, our good God would take care of us."

"Ah, the good God—but stop, I don't want to say any thing foolish—still I think our good God ought to have made us all happy, just at once."

"O Carl, now it does sound fine to hear such a poor Christian as you are blaspheme in that sort of a way. In place of murmuring, you ought to be on your knees, doing penance for your sins."

"Well, so I would if I thought that I could get rid of my rheumatics by doing so."

"Yes, but do penance in this world, so you will be happy in the next; and, besides that, you will give a good example to our children."

"Well Bessie, I'll try and follow your advice."

But scarcely had Carl formed this resolution than a twinge of the rheumatism drove it suddenly from his head. He forgot his promise and all the sermons of his good wife, and between his groanings and moanings he scolded her and the children, not forgetting mother Eve, calling her all sorts of hard names, until finally Bessie thought she must again take her part.

"Well, don't you think that father Adam was to blame as well as Eve?"

"Yes, of course he was to blame for not correcting his wife; but alas, the poor men are often so foolish."

"What would you have done if you had been in his place?"

"Why, I would have given you a good thrashing."

"Given *me* a thrashing! indeed you wouldn't! for I never would have acted like Eve did. I'd have been a great deal more obedient than she was."

"Ho ho! you be more obedient, indeed!"

"Yes, to be sure I would. I would never have disobeyed the good God for just such a little thing as an apple."

"Bah,—I know how much curiosity you have."

"Well, I am not curious enough to expose my salvation and that of my dear children, for an apple nor any thing else."

"Now Bess, you would have done ten times worse, but I'd have made you pay well for it by my hand, and afterward by the hand of our good God!"

At this moment the rain began to fall, and the King, knocking at the door, suddenly entered. The charcoal burner, on seeing him, fell on his knees, in spite of his rheumatic pains, exclaiming, "It is the King!"—(he had served in the army before he was married, so of course he knew the King). At these words Bessie and the children rose up with their eyes and mouths wide open, not able to speak a word in their astonishment and admiration. But the King spoke to them so kindly and pleasantly, saying that he came to seek a shelter from the storm, that they gradually got over their fright. Bessie hastened to offer him a seat. In the meantime the King, in order to put them at their ease, questioned them kindly about their health, the children, etc.

"You do not seem very rich," he continued.

"No, sire," replied the charcoal-burner; "but we have enough to live comfortably, and if I was not sometimes tormented by the rheumatics, which

make me suffer horribly, we would be as happy as the day is long, but still I would be glad to have a bit of white-bread to give the children once-and-awhile."

"Very well, my good man, in three days you will come to my court and I shall give you all that is necessary for you; you need bring nothing from your cabin."

The storm having ceased, the king departed, loaded with the blessings of all the family and accompanied by the charcoal-burner, who no longer felt his rheumatic pains. It would be impossible to describe the joy that now reigned in the little cabin. The good woman was beside herself with happiness: she laughed and embraced the children, who in their turn jumped and danced around like a troop of young monkeys. You may easily imagine that they were all ready to start at day break, on the day appointed, merely taking the precaution to shut the cabin door; what need had they of any of the poor things it contained? would they not find in abundance all they could desire at the king's court? Ah, what a true and touching picture is this of what passes in the soul of the saints when they throw aside the rags and tatters of this life in order to ascend to the everlasting kingdom of their heavenly Father!

Well the happy family were received with the greatest kindness at the palace by the officers, who made them change their poor clothes for magnificent robes before they presented them to the king. The king conducted them himself to the grand house he had prepared for their residence. It was a royal castle surrounded by vast gardens, groves and lakes, nothing was wanting to make it the most delightful residence in the world; obedient and respectful servants kept every thing in perfect order and were always ready to perform the slightest wish of their new masters. When they had visited all the apartments the King led them across the gardens to an inclosure that was surrounded by a high fence, with a little gate well secured by a large iron bolt; within this inclosure was a beautiful tree loaded with fruit. Here the King stopped and said, "I give you this beautiful home, all these gardens and the fruit of all the trees, with the exception of this one! I forbid either you or your children ever to touch it, or even to enter the inclosure in which it is planted, under pain of incurring my anger and your disgrace. Besides, let me tell you that this fruit, unless it is properly prepared, according to my instructions, will cause the death of any person who eats it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPT. 8, 1866.

No. 36.

NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN--- SEPTEMBER 8TH.

As an ocean whose waves wash the coast of every land, so had the Roman empire spread its vast domain; the same master governed Rome and the world. Octavius had been named the august Emperor; games and festivals were multiplied in honor of the conqueror of Actium. Temples were elevated to glorify him, and he was honored as a god. The proud descendants of Brutus, the Gracchii, the Scipios and Pompey, knelt on the altar-step of the demi god, whose reign was the prelude of Tiberius, Caligula and Nero.

Nevertheless God was watching over the world. The clock of eternity was on the point of sounding the hour of humanity's redemption. A wonderful apparition had just troubled the vain joys of the redoubtable Emperor; he had seen a luminous altar in the heavens, and on it the image of a young female, bearing in her arms a Babe of far more than human beauty. This was the celebrated vision of Ara Cœli, the divine announcement of the birth and grandeur of the Virgin Mother and her adorable Son, the long-expected Liberator of nations.

The proud Emperor, who would be a god, felt his heart sink within him; he remembered the sibylline prophecies, and he ordered them to be burnt. But sycophants and court-flatterers banished all fear from his mind, and the Roman Senate, citizens of Rome, her legions and the universe, continued to bow before him and burn incense upon his altars.

Yet all visions and prophecies were hastening to their accomplishment. While the immortal (?) Emperor, deified and lauded to the skies by poets and courtiers, reigned supreme master in his palaces of gold and marble, in an humble and obscure village in a far-off modest province of his empire, among an old and wonderful people whose glory had long since departed from them—a father and a mother bent over the cradle of a

new-born babe. This little child, the object of their deep love, was the treasure of heaven and earth. All ages had predicted her birth. The descendant of a kingly race, now sunk into obscurity, she numbered fifteen kings among her ancestors, and the blood of patriarchs filled her veins. Yet the world knew nothing of her country, her graces nor her high destiny. When the children of kings are born, joyful acclamations are heard throughout the nation, but here in Nazareth all was silence around the humble dwelling of St. Joachim. Yes, Mary was the daughter of the great King, therefore all her beauty was within. The Mother, as well as her Divine Son, was to be the great model of humility. But in her poor cradle this blessed Sovereign of angels and men, on account of her spiritual beauty, was greater in the eyes of God than the entire universe with all its stupid pomps and vanities. The home of Joachim was richer than all the palaces of kings, and Anna, the gracious, was the happiest of mothers.

In a late work on the Blessed Mother of God,* its pious author says: "The Fathers tell us that at her birth she came into the world a marvel of the love and mercy of her Maker. Just, true and perfect are all the divine ways, and so the eternal Son, in preparing a Mother, could deny her no grace of which she was capable." Saint Thomas says that the Blessed Virgin was full of grace in three ways. Her holy soul, from the beginning, belonged entirely to God. Her body was wholly sanctified in order that she might clothe the eternal Word with flesh, and she was the channel of grace for the benefit of the human race.

We see, therefore, how much she glorified the wisdom and goodness of God, and how her birth contributed to His praise. She came into the world not only pure and spotless in her soul, but united to her Creator and filled with His love. She did not see "through a glass in an obscure manner," for the mist that veils sensible things, and makes them attractive, was dissolved before

* "The Ark of the Covenant," by Rev. T. S. Preston.

the vision of her understanding. She saw God alone in all things, and she glorified every moment His adorable will. Her body was until then the most beautiful work of God's hands, the fit habitation of her sanctified soul. And when she opened her eyes upon nature and rested her infant head upon her aged mother's arms, God received an immense honor, such as He had never received before from any of His creatures. The brightest archangel in all his dazzling splendor was not as beautiful in His eyes as the infant grace of Mary, the child of promise, who had already wrestled victoriously with the strong adversary, and who was fore-ordained the chosen Mother of His well-beloved Son. Over that cradle of the Immaculate, angels bowed themselves, while evil spirits fled away in terror. With her birth began a new day of grace for fallen man, and the long line of the living, regenerate race seemed in spirit to cluster around the birth-place of their Mother. The morning star arose, and the divine purposes were ripening, and the great work of man's redemption approached its completion. The beginning was the sure pledge and foretaste of the end. Mary was born full of grace for our sakes, in order that she might communicate it to her fellow-creatures. She was born holy; she was born to be the Mother of God; but she was also born to be our intercessor with her Son, to shield us with her prayers, and to communicate to the church the benefits of the Incarnation and the Cross. While, then, in contemplating the glories of Mary's birth, our first thought is of God's honor, our second thought should be of the graces we have received in consequence of this very birth. On this day we should review our lives past, and count up the mercies we have to answer for in the great day of account. If we cannot answer for our thousand sins, how can we answer for our thousand graces? We have sinned against the light, and against the monitions of our own consciences. We have no excuse to plead for our wayward course, for God has all along been following us, and His Spirit has been calling us to repentance. We can see His hands in all the dispensations of His providence. Here He gave us joy, that by His goodness He might turn our hearts. Here he gave us affliction, that He might draw our affections from earthly vanities to an enduring good. No father ever followed an erring child with more patient affection than our Lord has followed us. To use His own words, He has stood at the door of our hearts knocking, like a suppliant, for entrance, and we have more than once refused to let Him in.

How unlike we are to our Blessed Mother, in whose heart every grace of God was fruitful! Yet even now it is the day of grace with us, and Mary calls us by the beauty of her childhood, wholly consecrated to her Creator, to turn from the sins which have made our spiritual life so barren. Now God calls us, and gives the power to obey His call. Whether we be in the morning of life, or in the noonday of manhood, or in the evening of declining age, we have much to do before our probation closes. Time is short, and eternity is long. That which our hands find to do, let us do with all our might, for the night cometh when no man can work. This sacred month will be to us a new responsibility, as it is a new grace from God, destined to effect the great end of our being, the salvation of our souls.

FEST. NATIVITATIS B. V. M.

When thou wert born the murmuring world
Rolled on, nor dreamed of things to be,
From joy to sorrow madly whirled;—
Despair disguised in revelry.

A princess thou of David's line;
The mother of the Prince of Peace;
That hour no royal pomps were thine:
The earth alone her boon increase

Before thee poured. September rolled
Down all the vine-clad Syrian slopes
Her breadths of purple and of gold;
And birds sang loud from olive tops.

Perhaps old foes, they knew not why,
Relented. From a fount long sealed
Tears rose, perhaps, to Pity's eye:
Love-harvests crowned the barren field.

The respirations of the year,
At least, grew soft. O'er valleys wide
Pine-roughened crags again shone clear;
And the great Temple, far descried,

To watchers, watching long in vain,
To patriots grey, in bondage nursed,
Flashed back their hope—"The Second Fane
In glory shall surpass the First!"

Is it too much to hope that our meditations upon the life of Mary will stir up our energies and allure us even to the heights of virtue? God can do nothing more to move our wills, or render the narrow path inviting. If Jesus and Mary do not draw us by their loveliness, there can be no heaven for us.

MARY THE MOTHER OF GOD.

REV. WILLIAM BYRNES.

[2D PRIZE ESSAY.]

Hardly had the Virgin Mother ascended from the scenes of her sorrow to the abode of her glory, than a void was discovered which could be only filled up by contemplation. In their bereavement they looked to the sign set up by Christ; then was realized the fact that Mary was truly the Mother of God. The prophecies regarding her have now a twofold weight: whilst Jesus lived on earth the grandeur and greatness of the Mother were lost in the splendors of the Son. The work of redemption having been finished, the scriptures fulfilled, and the synagogue, still trembling under the repeated assaults and manifest miracles of the apostles of Christ, men felt that they were irresistibly led into a new society, which neither the power of man nor malice of hell could prevent. The foundations of the ancient law were upturned by the teaching of Christ, and the power and greatness of the ark in the temple had been surpassed both by Peter and Paul. That Christ performed miracles was wonderful enough, though they had believed Him to be a great prophet, but that He should confer this miraculous power on all His disciples, was still more wonderful. The spirit of Christ now diffused throughout the masses, men and women were taken in the toils of divine love. The ancient world had been lost through pride and lust inherited from the fall of Eve; the foundations of the new society are laid in the virtues of Mary. Now the virgin daughters of Philip and sorrowing matrons turn to her and like her, devote themselves to the interests of the growing Church. They now gaze on the sign set up by Christ at His death; her virtues have now become the theme of universal admiration. They who had seen her described her in glowing colors, and they who had not filled up the void by contemplation, and in their mental picturing virginity and humility glow brightly on the canvas of the human mind. In their mental vision they beheld the life-giving *sign* of the world, reflecting its beauties and healing the concupiscence of the corrupt human heart. Already the good seed has been sown; its fibres and roots are deeply laid in the heart of society. Men now regard life as a reality and salvation as the end of creation. They dip deep into the fountain of living waters and see there reflected from the eyes of the dove mentioned in the Canticle of Canticles, the virtues which tri-

umph alike over the evils of the evil one, and lay bare the hideous deformity of the allurements of the world. Humility and virginity, like twin sisters, now walk hand-in-hand. They command respect; veneration, their handmaid, follows in their path, and woos the thinking from the ways of the world; in stature, tall as the sides of the ladder seen by Jacob, their feet resting on earth, their heads hidden in heaven; their food is abstinence, their drink wine, pressed from the love of God; their garments revelation itself, and their most beautiful decorations are tinselled by the attenuated hands of mortification. Their breath, sweet as the myrrh, rolls forth in the incense of prayer; more tender than the lily, life is precarious; it is endangered by the contaminating influence of man; they face the crowded city, they love to wander in the silent grove. The glens in the woodland and the caves in the craggy mountain became their sweet retreat, and the name of Mary now re-echoes in the songs of her clients, where once was heard but the fierce yell of the beast of prey or the scream of the fiery eagle as he swooped on his trembling spoil. Her love and veneration grow extensive as the religion of Christ; now the gorgeous sun never sets on her devotions. Her children and lovers are legion. In every country and in every clime, where exists the religion of God, there also are churches and altars dedicated to the honor of Mary. Every color of the human race delights in being the children of Mary; the untutored red-man loves his holy Queen, and the lowly negress hums in her not unmelodious way, the praises of her who taught freedom to man from the thralldom of power, and gave redemption to all by leading captivity captive. The veneration of Mary is of no modern date; it soothed the ardent longing of the patriarch and kindled the inspiration of the prophet. The strings of David's harp, when touched by the easy fingers of inspiration, wrap into ecstasy and glow in the triumphs of Mother and Son; yet in the prolonged diminuendo the dulcet tone dies on the ear more plaintively than the grief of Niobe or wail of Rachel; like the saddening tones of the funeral bell borne on the breeze of evening to the widowed mother; its sounds are joyless desolation. In the heaven-inspired veneration of Solomon, the heart-strings melt under the languishing influence of love, and Isaias was never so grand as when he proclaimed the Virgin as a sign of deliverance to the timid King Achaz. Who does not admire the veneration of Olias as he strays

by the foot of Carmel? Enraptured by the vision of her coming, he drops the lyre and grasps the sword, and announces her future power and greatness in language more unmistakable than the thunder's crash in the destruction of Jesabel's prophets by the torrent of Cison. Mary was venerated before Christ was born or before John baptized in the Jordan, but in the dispersion of the apostles it acquired greater proportions, and in their persons radiated like the sun into every part of the known world. It passed into the Indies and perched on the poop of Peter's bark, whose snow-white sails, set to the breeze, waft it triumphantly to every shore. With Peter and Paul it crossed the Bosphorus, and a new life and energy is stirred up in the voluptuous Greek. A new influence has come upon him: he yawns and at last wakes up from the besotted dreams of Apheodite; and as time passes on the hardy Spartan and polished Athenian, the crude Thessalian and wanton Corinthian yield to the influence of Mary.

They but looked at the sign and were healed. But as time rolled on the children of Mary increased so much that a new turn was given to the life of her followers. Convents and monasteries in the shadowy nook of the mountain or in the secluded vale arose, as if by magic, in thousands, within whose peaceful walls piety found repose, virginity an asylum, and humility a resting place. Could we but give a glance at the numerous institutions consecrated to and under the protection of Mary, in Rome and in Italy, how numerous? In France and in Spain, in Germany, in England and in Ireland, every where we turn the eye rests on monuments illustrative of the deep veneration of Mary. Her love and veneration became the all-engrossing theme.

The soul of Europe became imbued with the spirit of Mary, and it gave expression to this spirit in the most sublime attestations of love. God was everything, so was His mother, for the devout children of Mary never could understand that foul delusion of modern times, Christ separated from His mother. To believe in Christ was to honor His mother. With the followers of Mary imitation was every thing; their unceasing efforts were to lead her life, to realize her virtues, and genius was exhausted in finding out new motives of love. The greatest generals were proud to fight under her banner in behalf of the religion of her Son. The heroes of the crusades were immortalized by their devotion to the Mother of God, and under the banner and protection of

Mary the power of the Turk was crushed at the ever-memorable battle of Lepanto. Were we to glance at the history of the Church in Europe during the dreary night of woe, when the northern hordes had swept over the fairest portion of the civilized world, destroying every thing in their savage fury, we would find that the monks of the West, true children of Mary, went forth to stay the ravaging element and devoted themselves to the work of the reconstruction of society with an energy which nothing but the glory of God and the honor of His mother could inspire. In Western Europe, for many centuries before the Reformation, the history of their veneration is wonderful. With Columbkil and Bridget it passed into Scotland, and took deep root there; it still lingers around her mountain *braes*, and the memories of Bruce, of Wallace, of David the First and the good Queen Mary, stamp it with a grandeur in which every true Scot must glory, and in consideration of the ancient faith of both England and Scotland, we would mention the world-renowned abbeys of Hy or Iona, and Lindisfarne or the Holy Isle. These sea-girt sanctuaries were the pride of the Catholic world for centuries, and in the glowing fervor of the children of Mary, shone brightly as the evening star. But as the calm precedes the storm, and as the lowering sky warns us of the working of the angry elements, such was the dark cloud that hung around the horizon of the Catholic world in the beginning of the sixteenth century. As yet no dark and sullen swell had omened the destruction of Peter's bark on the ocean of futurity; the elements of the storm were still slumbering in the calm; as yet no hollow sounds, roaring in the caverns of the earth, had heralded the destruction of the Church of God.

But the work of destruction began and the monasteries and convents of Ireland, England and Scotland were plundered, burned and confiscated. Their inmates were dragged to the scaffold and tortured in their dungeon, and the houseless nuns, like the dove from the ark, wandered over the deluge of princely depravity without finding a resting place; yet, notwithstanding the terrible scourge of persecution, notwithstanding the malice of hell and the injustice of power, the mouldering remains of these magnificent institutions point to the venerable triumphs of the Mother of God. These ruins, so saddening in their desolation, only tell us of the nothingness of all created things. The institutions are gone—the wealth and possessions are in the hands of the spoiler,

but the religion of the Son and the veneration of the Mother are still inherent in the soil. The stem of Jesse still blooms and is in perpetual vigor.

And like the oak on Algidus' far hill,
Though pruned, yet grows with foliage thicker still;
In spite of losses, and in spite of blows,
More energy, and strength, and freshness shows.

[Hor. *Idem.*]

There the mantling ivy now creeps around the blackened ruins; the night-owl hoots mournfully through the desecrated sanctuary, and the viewless night-wind sighs sadly around the deserted cloister; these mournful views, so saddening in their desolation, yet point unerringly to the grandeur and greatness of Mary. There the rich baron now lives in luxury and ease, where once the children of Mary practiced abstinence and self-denial; the lazy oxen now draw the sluggish plow over those fertile glebe lands that were wont to yield abundance to God's suffering poor, and his flocks a thousand times wander over the grassy lawns where once the child of devotion strayed in deep reflection. O persecuted, O calumniated Mother of God! Mother of our affections and stay of our hopes, when we think on thy wrongs and these iniquities, we would curse the tyrant but bless the Almighty, who useth the malice of hell and power of man for the glory of His own name and the triumph of His holy Church; had thy children been happy and prosperous, they might have remained at home, they would not have been found in the East, in the West, in the North and in the South, on the banks of the Ganges, the Hudson, Mississippi and Wabash. Exiles may be like Israel's sons in the land of the stranger,—faithful in their veneration of Mary, always employed in planting the faith and raising the cross in the land of their adoption. Are not many in this beautiful land like Ezechiel by the Chobar, encouraging and filling up the dimensions of Mary's greatness?

But how wonderful the providence of God's protecting power: His far seeing eye brings good out of the evil designs of men: the storm of the Reformation is still pent up within its narrow cell; man could hardly have thought of it, yet, the bark of Columbus, the Santa Maria, had essayed the unknown deep and the rough voice of the *marineros* as they sang the *Salve Regina*, was but prophetic of the coming day when Columbia would rival if not surpass all nations in the veneration of Mary. No wonder she is our patroness our immaculate queen and the source of our glory and greatness.

Let the love of Mary be as lasting as the triumph of the Cross: All other virtues disappear beneath the pall of death: they are involved in the ruin of the body but the love of Mary, through the triumphs of her Son, stronger than the destroyer rises in glory and enthrones itself on the ruins of the tomb.

A FEW DAYS AT LA TRAPPE.

MARCH 11, 1836.

In one of my letters I mentioned my desire of re-visiting La Trappe. Well; I went again, and found the good fathers, that treated me so kindly before, ready to extend the same welcome—a welcome they give to all. This time I had the pleasure of speaking to the Reverendissim: Father Abbot, Father Timothy, who was absent on my first visit, and he permitted *my old friend*, Father Fulgentius, to talk with me as long as I would stay, whenever he had the time. I had only three days to stay; arriving the morning of the first, and having to start the evening of the third. The first day, Wednesday of Holy Week—I had chosen that week because there was no class, and because I wanted to see the ceremonies of this solemn time at La Trappe. The first day Father Fulgentius was engaged—had to confess all the lads of the Reformatory; but on Thursday and Friday, whenever he had time between the offices, he would come to look for me in the *hostelrie*.

Although I had already seen the farm, the woods and the lakes, and the grotto of Saint Bernard, it was none the less pleasant to visit them again, especially as on my first visit I had the grave responsibility of making a retreat and was consequently obliged to try to do a little myself to make it a good one; and this second time I intended doing nothing myself but simply allow all I heard and saw to make whatever impression on me they might. Besides, this time I knew my ground, so leaving the barn and stables and workshops and mill, which are well worth seeing once, in order to see the practical part of La Trappe, but which form by no means the most interesting, we started across the meadows to the grotto of Saint Bernard. It is embowered with trees and shrubs, a nursery of young oaks and other forest trees forming part of the embowerment.

That nursery of trees shows how little the Trappists live for themselves; how much they think of the future; not only the great future ready for them beyond the grave, but also years that are to roll on for their successors, when they themselves

will be enjoying above, the reward of the work their successors will be enjoying on earth. Those little trees, some of the future lords of the forest, being now only some inches high and as thick, or rather, as slender as a lady's little finger, will in good time be transplanted, and a "new forest" will be set, with alleys regularly sided of big oaks.

Over there, on the other side of the monastery, there is one of those forests; long alleys running sometimes as far as the eye can reach with a row of huge oaks on both sides, their branches meeting over head, casting the calm religious gloom of one of your old gothic cathedrals over the broad-way. This forest is older than the time of Abbot de Rancé; for deep in the forest is a place called the star, where some five or seven of those oak-arched roads, meet, (I forget the number, though I counted the roads on my first visit, the only time I went to the forest) and it was to this star the Abbot was wont to take the religious of La Trappe, to say their office, or to have spiritual reading, the days it was allowed the monks to leave the monastery bounds for a walk. Now there is no walk permitted.

Although in the month of March, many little flowers, pure white ones, were doing their best to embellish the grotto of Saint Bernard, and they succeeded right well in the attempt. A number of them had scattered themselves among the shrubbery to the left, looking the more beautiful as they seemed to be hiding themselves. Others had taken up their position on the side of the hill in which the grotto is cut; a cluster here around an old stump; others there forming a circle around the trunk of an oak, while others, hardy ones, had got close up to the grotto and peeped out of the crevices, or stood boldly forward on their platforms, which they found on the rough front of the grotto.

A statue of our Blessed Mother and the Divine Infant had been placed in the grotto since my first visit. Some visitors from the South of France having placed it there in testimony of their devotion to the Mother of God and to her servant Saint Bernard. After saying an *Ave* before this statue we returned to the Monastery; as it was near the good father's hour for dining,—that is quarter past four afternoon; and as that meal is the only one the Trappists take, it would not do to miss it.

At another time we went to the grave-yard; here are buried the choir-monks, the lay brothers the Oblate Brothers, and even some Laymen,

each class having its separate place, but all within the same inclosure, by the side of and behind the Church of the community. The grave-yard is like a flower garden, I knew that from my last visit, for then I came in flower time, and flowers were adorning all the graves, typifying the virtues practiced by those whose dust reposed there, and for which the souls, no longer imprisoned in the body of clay, are receiving their very great reward up yonder. The two little chapels; one containing the statue of the Mother and the Child, presented to the Trappists by the late King Louis Philip, after a visit he had made them; the other the group of the compassion of the Blessed Virgin, representing the moment our Blessed Lord was taken down from the Cross, were crowded with beautiful flowers, and the perfume of all those flowers was not a bit more evident to the senses than was to the heart and mind, the good odor rising up all around in the holy atmosphere of La Trappe, from the virtues practiced in such an eminent degree by the Monks, and from the sweet incense of their continual prayers. Oh how mean, how insignificant, how puerile, are all the objections of *earthlings* against the kind of life that is led at La Trappe! Constantly united to God in prayer, not only when reciting the Divine Office with such devotion and attention that they inspire the same sentiments in the giddiest beholder, but at work in the field, or in the house, or at the most menial employment. United to God! and every one of those ordinary every-day actions, which with others are simply straw and stubble at best, are of silver and gold for them, for they offer every one to Him, who thinks much even of a cup of cold water given in his name; for they do them all in union with Him, whose slightest act was of infinite merit. What are vigils, fasting, sufferings to such men? Hard for flesh and blood, hard for them, hard in the beginning, hard to the end! but to the soul—to the soul with God!—easy, happiness, a continual source of pure pleasure; pleasure to live with God, to speak to God only! and when charity requires to speak to others, then, also, to speak of God. How precious is every moment—how rapidly they go by! Several consecutive hours of meditation and of chanting office! How tedious they must be!—But you do not think seriously if you say that—tedious! several short hours passed in closer communion with God than during the rest of the day! Tedious! You do not think that they are then, in the presence of God—present there in the Holy Tabernacle;—in the presence of the saints and angels in heaven!

Tedious! Such hours? They pass but too rapidly. What is fasting to such men?—hard, too, to flesh and blood; hard to that body that has acquired such an empire over the spirit because the spirit lost its way, and forgetting that it was created for heaven, becomes a willing vassal to the body; hard is fasting to the body, and to the spirit too, as long as it remains a slave to the body and does not comprehend that fasting is the most direct means of freeing itself from thralldom. But when once a soul understands this, and ashamed of its state of slavery wishes to come out from bondage, it aids fasting by prayer, and fasting becomes a bagatelle—at least so thought the good Father who stood with me at the entrance of the chapel in the graveyard, and it seemed perfectly reasonable to me.

The pavement of this chapel, the one in which is the statue given by Louis Philippe, is composed of three large pieces of marble over the graves of the Abbot de Rancé, of Father Augustin, who was the instrument in the hands of God of preserving the Order of Citeaux at the time of the French Revolution, and the other grave I did not notice particularly, as my attention was taken up by those of de Rancé and Dom Augustin. The statue of the Blessed Virgin is not a *chef-d'œuvre*, though it is a royal gift. As a work of art it might pass without any notice being paid it, were it not that the beholder is likely to become indignant at the sculptor for having represented our Blessed Mother in a modern dress, not altogether of our days of crinoline, though,—and with the head bare, and, worst of all, the hair arranged in that silly fashion I remember having seen in vogue when I was a boy, the back hair in a bunch and the front hair plastered against the cheeks, and over the ears. What a pity it is that artists who have no genius lack even common sense.

Yet I paid but little attention to that, at the time; I simply reflected, that a crown of flowers might do away with the bad taste of the artist. And then the statue, without attracting the critic's eye, either in its favor or against, would serve the worthier purpose of recalling our Blessed Mother to his mind and exciting his devotion. Of course no crown of flowers was on the head during Holy Week.

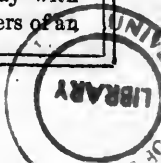
Now I think of it, I believe I did not give you last year an account of how the Trappists spend the day. And a knowledge of the manner of their daily life will do more to give you an idea of their whole life than all I could write about them and their monasteries.

The Trappists, who follow the Rule of Saint

Benedict, according to the Constitution of Citeaux begin the day at two o'clock in the morning on ordinary days, at one o'clock on Sundays and on certain festivals, and at midnight on the great festivals, of which they observe some dozen. From the dormitory they go down to the church, to chant or to recite in a slow deliberate manner, Matins and Lauds. This part of the Divine Office ends precisely at four o'clock. The hour between four and five is employed by the priests in saying Mass, by the others in serving Mass, or in pious reading. At five o'clock Prime is sung, and the morning Mass of the Community is said, if the day is a festival, otherwise there is *Chapter*, when each accuses himself of the exterior faults he may have committed against the rules. From six to nine, manual labor for all. At nine they return to the Church, to sing Tierce, High Mass and Sexte. After Sexte, that is at half-past eleven, comes dinner, which usually lasts forty minutes,—you perceive this is the first meal, breakfast and dinner together. After grace they take the meridian repose until half past one; at half past one they go to the church to say None. A few minutes before two they return to work until five o'clock. At five Vespers, followed by an interval of half an hour. At seven they all collect under the cloister for spiritual reading, they then go to the church to recite Complins and the *Salve Regina*; at eight o'clock they go to bed.

Whenever there is need, a part of the time marked above for prayer is given to manual labor; for instance, a low Mass is said instead of the High Mass—they recite instead of singing the office. Sometimes they recite the office in the field, to gain the time it would take to return to the monastery and back again to the field. They sometimes vary the hour of the office on account of the weather, and at the time of hay-making and harvest.

In winter the above order is modified to suit the season. The hour for getting up is not changed, but Tierce and the High Mass of the community are sung between eight and nine o'clock; manual labor begins at nine o'clock and lasts until two p. m., save half an hour interruption consecrated to the recitation of Sexte. You perceive that in the cold season, the outside work takes place at those hours in which the cold is least severe; while in summer it precedes and comes after the warmest hours of the day. In winter dinner is at half past two, and supper is done away with entirely. There is a space of three quarters of an



hour between dinner and Vespers, but no meridian nap! But the spiritual reading and Complins take place about an hour sooner, and the Monks retire to rest at seven o'clock, and thus in winter as in summer they have seven hours of sleep.

During Lent, the dinner, the only meal of the day, is not taken before a quarter after four. This is the most rigorous time of penance at La Trappe but lasts only six weeks, and it is fully in conformity with the rule of Saint Benedict, and also with the customs of the primitive Christians who during Lent took only one meal, without meat, and not until the close of the day.

The order of the day I just traced is followed by the Choir Monks, the lay brothers begin and end the day in like manner, but they have more time during the day for work, as they do not have the long office to recite.

Well, are not days passed in such a manner full days? What an amount of good can be done. What graces received—what merit gained. And a life of years made up of such days! At the hour of death who would not like to have spent his days of pilgrimage on earth as the Trappists do theirs?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME EDUCATION.

Last fall we gave the readers of the AVE MARIA a brief notice of the last work published by the highly gifted, and deeply lamented Dr. Cummings, of St. Stephen's Church, N. Y., *Spiritual Progress*. We again call their attention to this book, which is well worth the serious attention of Catholics, old and young. The last chapters, especially on "Home Education," reveal a mind of no ordinary comprehensiveness, one that had deeply studied the state of society amongst us, that knew its dangerous proclivities, the causes of some of its most alarming diseases, and was not afraid to portray them without disguise or veil, together with such remedies as a man of thought alone can suggest. From these last chapters we select the following admirable extracts:

"Home is an educational institution prepared for the young by the providence of God Himself, for it is He who established the relations of the family. The school, the teachers, and the scholars, are in this case assigned their respective places by the very law of nature, and not by the wisdom or the caprice of society. The importance of home education, and the vast influence for good or evil

which it exercises upon individuals, cannot for a moment be questioned.

Domestic education is the oldest of all institutions. It precedes all aggregation of individuals, whether in a social or a political point of view, both in the history of mankind and in the life of each man. From it, society receives its recruits, and in its walls dwell the boy who is the father of the man, and the girl who is the mother of the woman, of later days. The physical man is trained gradually and insensibly in the family, the moral man receives from it the germs at least of his principles, prejudices and habits; and although we commonly give the credit of imparting knowledge exclusively to other schools, the greater part of the human race receive all the knowledge they possess in no school but this. Narrow as the foundation may seem, it is upon the family that Church and State, city and nation, are built, and without it they would all inevitably cease to exist.

Is not much of the want of organization which we daily witness in families a consequence of the haste, levity, irreflection, irreverence, wherewith young people rush into the married state? Are not the feelings of every pastor pained often by the thoughtlessness and providence of those among his people who, in place of submitting with docility to the wise requirements of the Church, seek to push their way disrespectfully to the foot of the altar where irrevocable vows are to be pronounced? Parties are allied together who have had neither time nor fitting opportunity to become acquainted with each other's dispositions; and sometimes avaricious fathers, oftener foolish mothers, insist upon their tastes and prejudices being the rule by which the selection of their children shall be guided in this most important step of their whole lifetime. Among the antecedent causes which give rise to ill-organized households, we must not fail to mention difference of religious belief. We are speaking of home as the school of domestic education. Now, supposing the best dispositions to exist on the part of the teachers, how can religious instructions be imparted by those whose views are radically different on the most important and fundamental principles of thought and action? The best result that can be hoped for is, that the one party, will leave the matter of religious training by word and example entirely in the hands of the other party. But even if this compromise be effected, it leaves the school only half organized; it institutes a family which is to do its work in an abnormal manner,

using only half the resources which it commands when all things are arranged as they should be in the household.

Next to a home which is badly organized, especially in the earlier period of its existence, that home must fail to produce good social results which is slighted and neglected by its members. Absenteeism on the part of landlords has been known to destroy the agricultural vitality of many a fair country, and absenteeism on the part of parents must bring about similar sad results in the home. The father of a family in our midst is in the habit of going out early in the morning to business which is transacted in a different part of the city. Frequently, at an hour somewhat later, the mother, having completed her toilet, sallies forth for the better part of the day, which she spends in visiting, shopping, and promenading, while the children at home are left to be taken care of by servants, or to take care of themselves. The family do not assemble again until late in the evening, and then in no fit condition for social and family intercourse.

The want of the home-feeling in this country has been frequently remarked, but it does not exist only in the breasts of those pioneers and rovers who take their way, like the Star of Empire, westward, and who will keep on that way until stopped by the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Among the people of our cities and towns as well, want of affection for home is a noticeable feature and one which bodes no good for the future of society. As home loses its hold upon the hearts, especially of the young, it loses its influence upon the formation of character, and ceases to be the school it was originally designed to be. Large numbers of our citizens are gradually getting to have no such thing as a home. They live in hotels and boarding-houses, eat in restaurants at *tables d'hôte*, send their children to be housed, fed, reared, and done for, at so much per head, in boarding-schools, and never hear of home, unless it be in some work of kindly fiction, or some ludicrously inappropriate ditty sung at the piano of the hotel parlor. One object of the foregoing remarks is to call attention to what seems to be forgotten by some amongst us, viz., the importance, the necessity we may say, of home education, and the great evils of its omission.

Let parents do what they can toward correcting the evils which must be evident to them in their household, since they themselves are the first to complain of them. However poor and narrow a home may be, and however humble the

objects which fill it, young children love it as their home until they are led by outside influence to neglect it, or to be ashamed of it. Let parents, then, begin early to cultivate home attachments in the breasts of their children. Let them make their dwelling-place agreeable, as far as they have the power to do so, and try all they can to render it interesting to the younger members of the family.

It is, therefore, a question for parents to consider, whether they are not in part to blame for the eagerness which their children manifest to go away from home and spend their time in some circle less uninteresting, if less improving, than the domestic one is, or might be.

We now come to the second division of our subject—the teachers. One of the complaints commonly made by parents of their children who begin to grow up, is, that they will not submit to be controlled by their betters; that they will not mind what is said of them. We hear it frequently said by the good man of the house, or his wife, that it is harder to bring up children in this country than in any other; and they seem to think that there is something in the American atmosphere that disposes the young prematurely to independence, and even insubordination. While sympathizing with those who are thus afflicted, we must quote the fact as an additional reason why they should be diligent and faithful in the discharge of their duties, and why they should study every appliance that is likely to aid them in discharging them. There is a time when they have entire control over their children, and when they must attend sedulously to the work of their domestic education, lest it soon become too late to attempt it with success. Do they ever reflect upon the power they exercise over their offspring in early youth?

Where is there an authority in the world so absolute on the part of the government, so unquestioned on the part of the subject, as that of parents over their young children? The father may be a poor laborer, illiterate and uncouth, but his little boys look up to him as the greatest and wisest man on the face of the earth. There is nobody else's father that in their estimation knows so much, or can do so many things so well, or is in any respect so great and brave and powerful as their own. He has more authority over his little children than king or president, the latter personages being as yet unknown to the budding citizen. His decisions are of more weight than those of the Supreme Court, for they

are received as though absolutely infallible. In the face of danger even the boy who is led by his father's hand, and assured by his voice that there is nothing to fear, will walk unhesitatingly on, though it be to death itself. For all men under the law of nature, and for individuals even now, the parent is the first priest, and from this source we receive our first distinct ideas of the Godhead, and we learn the first words and rites by which He is honored and worshiped. The young child can see no woman in the world more beautiful, more lovely, more wise in all things, than its mother. Put it in the presence of a queen arrayed in gold and gems, and it will shrink back in terror, and cling for protection to its mother's gown. It never wavers for a moment in its allegiance, it relies implicitly upon her in all things, it trusts in her goodness as unalloyed, and in her power as unbounded. If it is hungry she can feed it, if it is in danger she can save it, and if it is afflicted by sickness it would turn away from Benjamin Brodie, Astley Cooper, Galen, or Æsculapius himself, feeling perfectly assured that she can relieve its sufferings, and being only puzzled to make out why she does not do so at once. As for implicit reliance upon her word, it will not only accept what she says as true, but even subscribe to the statements made on delegated authority by nurse or housemaid, even when they assert the rather doubtful fact that the moon is made of green cheese, or that the bug-a-boo eats up little children in the dark. It is at this early period of life that parents must win the respect and confidence of their offspring, and rear them up in the obedience which they wish to be preserved later in life. They have all power in their own hands, and they can mould with ease the character and disposition of their pupils in the Home School. If, through ignorance, they be unfit for this task, or if careless in its execution, they will have no right to complain later, when they fail to gather where they have not planted, and to reap where they have not sown.

Ignorance on the part of parents is the source of much misery in families. Sometimes it is ignorance of what a parent is really bound to do, and sometimes it is ignorance of the manner in which to do it. We are very far from requiring the knowledge of letters or science as indispensable. But we insist upon it that a mother must know how to manage the home at the head of which she is placed, and how to form, develop, and strengthen the character of the children she is bringing up."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THREE PETITIONS.

A TALE OF POLAND.

II.

Hedwige had paid her visit to Kasia's hut. The old nurse had brought forward her richest cream, her freshest butter, and her ripest fruit to please her honored young lady, her darling child; she even brought out the shining copper samowar (a sort of stove or boiler for preparing the tea), and the great table-cloth with its red-and-blue border, which only saw daylight on solemn festivals. But in spite of these holiday preparations, and of the burst of joy with which old Kasia had greeted the pretty gleaner, Hedwige did not fail to remark that the old woman's eyes were more sad and hollow than formerly, her cheeks were paler and more furrowed, and her hair more deeply streaked with gray. After having given her old nurse a handsome Indian handkerchief and an old English cotton jacket, she left the cotage and walked for some time in silent thought. Then making up her mind to speak, she turned to her companion, and said, "I see, Magda, that your mother cannot forget."

"Forget! O no, mademoiselle; how can you forget the greatest happiness you have had in this world—the deepest love of your heart? How can you forget that daily aching pain which changes into a dreadful dream at night, when you always see one object—the husband who loved you, and who has been torn from you, moving slowly and sorrowfully in his dark uniform, bent under the weight of his gun, or perhaps dying in the snow or on the desert sands—can you forget that, do you think?"

"Alas!" said Hedwige sadly, "what a martyrdom is the life of a soldier's wife! How many of these hopeless, comfortless women, these widowed brides there are in these parts, who after the sorrowful farewell is spoken never receive word or line, who pray and weep all day long, and yet who never see the end of their five-and-twenty years' separation!"

"I know it, mademoiselle," said Magda; "but there is none of them who prays as much and who weeps as bitterly as my mother. She was left an orphan, you know, when quite a child, and my father Maciej was every thing to her—her cousin, her friend, her protector, and her support; indeed he loved her as much and took as much care of her as a mother; so when they were betrothed she gave him her whole heart, and when she married him she swore to live only for him—to die,

if it were needful, for his sake. She has often said to me, 'Magda, when he was with me, this hut was a heaven on earth; and when you were born it was just like a little angel coming into it to make us even happier than before.' But, mademoiselle, the Russians seem to like disturbing poor people who love each other. They seem to pick out the kindest of fathers and the tenderest of husbands on purpose, because they say that these good men make the best and most obedient soldiers."

"Yes, dear Magda, that is perhaps true; for if your father had been less brave and compassionate, and had not acted as guide to those poor banished fugitives, the Russians might not have noticed him and he might have been living at home free and happy."

"But, mademoiselle, he could not have refused without doing wrong. Can a good Catholic refuse to stretch out his hand to save his brethren? Something at my heart tells me that, whatever my father may have suffered, he does not repent having given help to his countrymen in their distress; nor does my mother, in spite of her sorrow regret it either."

"O, if my father could have done any thing," said Hedwige, "you know, Magda he would have given four other men or a sum of money to have saved poor Maciej. But it was in 1846, after the massacres of Galicia, and my mother told me he was compromised on account of his connection with the emigrants; so all his efforts did harm instead of good, and Maciej was forced to go."

"To his death," continued the peasant-girl, finishing the sentence. "O, if I only knew that it was a quick and easy death, which is soon over! But you must have heard, mademoiselle, how a soldier is treated for the least fault—a slight forgetfulness perhaps. He is punished, degraded, and cruelly flogged; then they throw his clothes over his bleeding skin and make him follow the rest, carrying his arms and his knapsack across his poor back. When he is sick or wounded, though he does not want food then, they are saving of their medicines; and if they think him too ill to be moved, they leave him on the field or outside the camp to suffer alone in his weakness or despair, till he is killed by the heat of the sun or buried under the snow, or till the wolves come—"

"O, hush, Magda; these are horrible pictures," cried the young lady, hiding her face in her hands.

"Now, mademoiselle, you understand why my mother has never had a day nor an hour of joy these sixteen years; this is why I have heard her

say so often when she prays for my father, 'O my God, if it is not Thy will that he should return to me, take him to Thyself rather than let him suffer longer.'"

"It is rather true there is so little hope," said Hedwige.

"Very little certainly; but at the beginning of the year we did hear something which gave us a little. A poor soldier who had finished his twenty-five years' service passed through Iglica, on his way to his village on the other side of Warsaw. A soldier who has served his time is a rare thing. He had left home young, strong, and robust; he was returning old, invalided, and broken-down, all in rags, and with but one leg; and when they told him that my mother's husband was in the army of the Caucasus, he asked if he was a Catholic, and what his name was. Then he said that he had known one Maciej, who came, he thought, from these parts; and that he had left him in the hospital at Tiflis. That made us hope a little; but you know, mademoiselle, what a common name Maciej is amongst Polish peasants. Your mother wrote to Tiflis for us; but perhaps he is dead, for we got no answer. That is why you found my mother looking older, and so sad and pale."

"Yes; it is terrible to have lost all hopes," said Hedwige with deep sadness.

"But, mademoiselle, we ought always to hope in the goodness of Almighty God; but life is long, and heaven is so far away."

"And the distance between earth and heaven is a weary solitary one," continued Hedwige mournfully.

"O mademoiselle, how sadly you speak! surely *you* ought to be happy. You have good parents: you have just found your brother; you can have nothing to grieve you, unless it is the affliction of that little darling."

"I told you before, Magda, that I have two reasons for my sadness," answered Hedwige.

"So you did," cried Magda; "and all this while I have been telling you my troubles and letting you grieve alone. O my dearest mademoiselle, open your heart to me, will you not? Let us share our sorrows together; perhaps that will make them seem less."

"Only God can help me, my good Magda; for He alone can change the heart."

The village-girl sighed compassionately. She took Hedwige's little hand, and said tenderly:

"You never kept a secret from me, mademoiselle; you will tell me this too. But perhaps I

can guess it. Are you not grieving about Monsieur Ladislas?"

Hedwige did not answer, but raised her large eyes to her young friend's face; their bright blue was dimmed by large tears, which quivered on the darkly-fringed lids, and then rolled down the delicate cheeks, to which the name of Ladislas had brought a vivid blush.

"It is a long time since he has been at Iglica," continued the peasant-girl; "but I am sure, mademoiselle, that his heart is yours still, and that he thinks of no one else; for if once one loves you, one can never forget you—I know that well."

"What does his loving me still matter, so long as he does not love God?" said Hedwige gravely. "Ladislas is not now my betrothed of early days, my childhood's playfellow, so simple, trusting, and pure; he is not what he was when, full of joy, I gave him my ring, when I hoped to love him all my life. He had no strength to resist the world,—he has given himself up to all its seductions; and every step he takes leads him farther from me, farther from God."

"Can it really be so?" cried Magda, joining her hands. "But, mademoiselle, he seemed to love you so much."

"Perhaps he thought so once, and found out his mistake afterwards; or perhaps he did love me really, and then met with other things that he loved better than me. It is long ago since we exchanged rings in our little village church, where I vowed to wait for him and to love him always. He went away soon afterwards. When he saw other countries, his ideas began to change from mine, and perhaps he began to desire another love than mine also."

"Is that really true?" persisted Magda. "Does he not write? will he never come back here?"

"Yes, Magda; he writes still, and he will come back, but it will not be the same Ladislas that I loved. You do not know, dear, what he has been about; and I am sure that mauma has not told even me half his faults; but I have heard that he is deeply in debt, and has wasted his inheritance; that his friends are worthless young men of no principle, without honor and without religion; that he passes his days in gambling; and that he has already fought two duels; he was wounded in one, in the other he killed his opponent."

"It is dreadful," cried Magda; "but you love him still. I cannot understand how you do."

Hedwige was silent for a moment, and the tears ran down her cheeks; but she continued in a calm and gentle voice: "My mother advised me to give

him up altogether; and that is not the worst, dear Magda, for I could not expect to make him happy now that he is so changed. I could bear to be separated from him here, if I could look forward to meeting him in heaven. O, I used to dream of our going through life hand-in-hand, and think that even death itself would have no terrors for us, but that we should be eternally united above, to continue our blissful hymn, which has been only interrupted for a moment below. I could have renounced my betrothed and my hopes of happiness here, but I cannot bear that he should tarnish his honorable name and lose the esteem of his friends; it is worse still to think of him shut out from heaven, where, purified from all stain, we meet to live and to love for all eternity. O my God, is there no sacrifice that I can make to secure his eternal salvation, to obtain Thy grace and Thy forgiveness?" cried Hedwige, raising her tearful eyes to the golden sky, which the setting sun was already deepening with its purple shades. As she paused, her hands fell listlessly in her lap; but Magda, taking one within her own, pressed it tenderly, and sat down at her young mistress's feet.

"What is the use of our being young," said the peasant-girl, after a moment's silence, "if we are not happy? You mademoiselle, weep for your lover. I cannot forget my father; and that poor young lady too, who will never hear the voice of her sweet little child,—she too is sorrowful."

"Yes, indeed, Magda, we are three wounded hearts, three sisters who suffer in secret. Yes, our wounds lie deeper; but we must not murmur,—it is from God they come."

"Then God can heal them," continued the young villager; "He often sends His children bitter trials, but they do not last forever. Suppose we were to pray; suppose we were to make a vow to our Blessed Lady—to our Lady of Czenstochowa. Could not our Lady, if she wished, make the child speak, convert your betrothed, and send my father home? But then we must deserve her protection,—we must be humble and confiding; and when we approach her altar our prayers must be full of love, poured out from the bottom of our hearts."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is not too much for us to seek union with God. It is the end of the Christian life, and any thing less will never satisfy our souls. Any lower aim will make our journey long and bitter, and its end uncertain. We may deceive ourselves, but we cannot cheat the All-Seeing Judge of His due.

THE SACRED NAME OF "MARIA."

For the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin---September 8th.

The new born immaculate infant is sleeping her first calm, but conscious sleep, never ceasing, even in the depths of slumber, to glorify her Creator, with all the powers of her perfect soul. Saint Anne looks down with a mother's fondness on the beautiful child, and the angels do invisible homage to their new-found queen. But no name has yet been given to her. What is to be the name of this most peerless among creatures? Every letter—every sound in it must have its significance, for it is destined to be the joy of heaven, the delight of mankind, the comfort of the afflicted, and the terror of demons. Every letter must be chosen by an eternal decree of Divine Providence. Let us try and fathom the meaning of each.

THE FIRST LETTER.

The first letter in the sacred name should express the most sublime of the new-born child's prerogatives—that which is the source of all the rest even of those which precede it in the order of time. Why has she been conceived immaculate? It is that she may be mother of God. Seek a letter then that shall fitly express that ineffable maternity. Seek it on the lips of sucklings—let no clamorous tongue or gnashing teeth have aught to do with its formation. Take it from the center of the alphabet where it stands like a mother surrounded by her children. Let its form be three joined in one, emblematic of the most Holy Trinity, with whom this child, by her divine maternity, shall be ineffably associated. Let it be the initial of magnanimity—mercy—majesty—meekness—and munificence. Of magnanimity, because in accepting this maternity she offers herself to a more cruel martyrdom of mercy, because she shall be the mother of mercy; of majesty, because no creature shall ever equal her exaltation; of meekness, because she shall be of all creatures the most like to her Divine Son; and of munificence, because the abundance of her gifts shall be inexhaustible.

THE SECOND LETTER.

Men shall call her not so often the "Blessed Mother" as the "Blessed Virgin." Her glory, which would seem to be in her maternity, she herself places in her immaculate purity. Let the second letter of her name, then, express this most chosen of all her attributes. Let it be a sigh—an aspiration to see God, which is the beatitude of

the clean of heart. Let it be the breath or "spirit"—the name by which men know her Divine Spouse, the third Person of the Blessed Trinity. Let it come straight from the bosom, without any obstruction from the organs of speech.* Take it from the head of the alphabet, where it stands as the characteristic of the angels, the first-born of God's creatures, who are pure, by a gift of nature, as men are by grace. Make it, therefore, the initial of "angelic;" also of "amiable" and "admirable," because such is the necessity of this virtue, that its absence, discovered in those we have hitherto loved, immediately turns our love and admiration into hatred and disgust. Let it begin the word "ardent," because Christian purity, so cold exteriorly, and toward creatures, is ever burning within with the love of the Creator, which continually preserves and sustains it.

THE THIRD LETTER.

Hail, Royal lady! anointed Queen of Heaven and Earth! Mother of Our Lord and King, Jesus Christ. The powers of hell tremble when thine august name is pronounced. Thou hast crushed the serpent's head! Thy name alone has destroyed all heresies. Thou art terrible as an army set in array! Let the tongue quiver, then—let it be agitated, and strike against the roof of the mouth with fear, as it pronounces this third letter of the sacred name. But this terror, O most gracious Queen, is not to make us flee from thee in affright. No! we rather have the more recourse to thee, that thy power may shield us against the attacks of the demons, our enemies and thine. Thine anger is all for them: to us thou art mercy and goodness. Let this third letter of thy name begin "rejoice" and "rule," and also "right," because thy dominion is most just and equitable. Let it be the initial of "regal" and "rose," to denote thy beauty and queenly bearing. Let it stand for "recollection," that all thy subjects may be faithful to thy laws—for "recourse," that they may run to thee for help,—and for "redemption," that they may be delivered from the prisons and chains of their infernal foe, and restored to thy happy kingdom.

THE FOURTH LETTER.

Behold the most afflicted Mother standing beneath the cross of her Divine Son, sharing all His sufferings, and offering them for the redemption of the world. The sword has pierced her heart, and elicited a cry of pain, which is to be the fourth letter of her name. It is the first letter in

* It is the Latin sound of A, heard in the English word "father," that is here meant.

the Ever-Blessed Name of the Saviour of Mankind,* and therefore fitly denotes her co-operation with Him. It is the lowliest and smallest in the alphabet, for its Greek name, *iota*, is used to signify a mere atom—it therefore aptly denotes her humility, of which her sublime exaltation was the reward. It is the first letter of the ineffable Hebrew name of God, revealed to Moses, which the Jews, through excessive reverence, left so long unspoken that its true pronunciation is now lost. It begins “innocent” and “immaculate,” because she must be exempt from sin herself to co-operate in the atonement for the sins of others; also “just,” because she alone, since the Fall, was conceived in original justice, and “immortal.”

THE FIFTH LETTER.

Her Divine Maternity, her immaculate purity, her sovereign royalty, and her co-operation in the redemption of mankind, have thus been expressed in her name; although her prerogatives are multitudinous, they are all included in these. No lesser attribute can be ranked among them, and yet one letter is wanting to fill up the number five, that her name may resemble that of her Divine Son, and honor His glorious wounds. One letter must be repeated therefore, and which shall it be? Which of her privileges does she value the most? Is it that which made her the Mother of her God, or is it the Royal power she exercises over Heaven and Earth? Is it not rather that dear grace of suffering with Jesus, which makes her the consolation of the afflicted? No; these are dear, but let her answer to Gabriel tell us that there is one grace dearer still, to which she would have even sacrificed her Divine Maternity with all its honors. For by it she disposed her heart, perfectly detached from all creatures, to be fixed on God alone, and joined to him in unspeakable union. Thus did this more than angelic purity include the highest charity, and hence the preference she gave it. Let its symbol be repeated at the end of her name, for so were all her actions directed in holy simplicity, to the Great Eternal End.

The holy name is now completed, and the coming festival shall commemorate the naming of the Blessed Child. Let us ever repeat it with fear and love, knowing that at its sound the angels bow and the demons flee away.

Mater Admirabilis, Regina Immaculata, Ave!

LET us cherish whatever draws our affections away from things earthly.

* In Latin the letters I and J are the same.

THE HOLY NAME OF MARY.

On the Sunday after the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the Church commemorates the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.

“And Mary was the maiden’s name,”
Recorded thus to endless fame
By Luke’s inspired pen.
Let us then love the name which heaven
In boundless wisdom thus has given
For charity to men.

“Lady” it means, and so thou art,
By royal blood and gentle heart
In every sense refined:
And “bitter” sorrow is thy lot,
A “sea” of anguish not forgot
By sympathetic mind.

Thou art the long predicted star,
Which brightly shining from afar
Sends rays of hope and love;
For He who gave Himself through thee
Has willed that thou shouldst ever be,
Our guide to Him above.

“Mary,” I love thy name to hear,
Its cadence falls within mine ear
To vibrate in my heart.
And if ’tis here such melody,
Far more where angel’s harmony
Thrills it in every part.

FÉNELON’S KINDNESS.—After the battle of Malplaquet, Fénelon received, in his archiepiscopal palace, all the wounded officers and soldiers, as well as the unfortunate inhabitants of the surrounding country. He had them taken care of and fed at his own expense. As he was walking in the midst of them, he perceived a young peasant who ate nothing, and who appeared in the utmost affliction. Fénelon went and sat down by him, and endeavoring to divert his thoughts, told him that a great reinforcement of troops was expected, that they would drive the enemy entirely away, and that he would soon be able to return to his village. “I shall never find my cow there,” answered the peasant; “the poor animal supplied me with plenty of milk, and supported my father, my wife, and my children.” Fénelon then promised to give him another cow; but, after having made useless efforts to console him, he obtained an exact description of the cottage he inhabited, at a place one league from Cambrai. He set out there himself at ten o’clock at night, with his pass and a single domestic, repaired to the village, brought back the cow with him to Cambrai in the middle of the night, and immediately made the poor peasant happy by informing him of it.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ORIGINAL SIN ;

Or, The Charcoal-Burner.

"Oh, sire," exclaimed the charcoal-burner, "your majesty need not add a threat to your wish for us not to eat it. We would be the most ungrateful of creatures if we did not respect and obey your slightest wish after all you have done for us.—Never will we touch the least bit of that fruit!" With their hands on their hearts, the mother and the children made the same protestations, and then the good King left them and went back to his palace.

Life now seemed like a fairy tale to these poor people. That night they scarcely slept a wink; during three days they did nothing but run from one room to another, and up and down the beautiful garden walks, admiring all the grand and fine things they saw. Every moment their enthusiasm increased. The parterres, the groves, the waterfalls, the orchards, the vineyards—truly it was an enchanting sight! So the first weeks were passed in continued delights. When they passed by the forbidden enclosure they scarcely noticed it, so many other things they had to admire. Besides they feared to give way to even the shadow of temptation. Precious instinct of candid upright souls, which shelters them from that malediction of the Holy Ghost, "He who loves the danger shall perish in it."

But curiosity is a flame that always requires fuel; so when they had seen and seen again every corner of the garden, the enclosure naturally became a subject of conversation, and then, oh weakness of poor human nature! they wanted at least to know something about that which they could not possess! The children regarded with eager longing eyes, the luscious fruit which hung from the branches: in their daily promenade the family would often pause for a moment before the iron-bound gate, then the father and mother, dragging the children away by the hand, would repeat the King's prohibition. But every day the questions of the children grew more and more frequent. "Mother, what is the reason the King won't let us eat any of that pretty fruit? Papa, couldn't we knock one down without his knowing it?" At this guilty desire the father, in an angry voice, imposed silence upon them. The mother, while approving all her husband said, yet, possessing less firmness of character, found herself thinking in her heart, pretty much the same thing as the children. Her head was full of the

whys and the wherefores. For a long time she suppressed these fatal faults of the imagination, but at length she said to her husband:

"Tell me, good man, what is the reason that the King does not want us to touch any of that fruit?"

"I do not know why; but what is that to us since we are happy?"

"Oh of course it is none of our business; but still you must think as I do: that 't is a very singular thing."

"And what if it is? I suppose the King has good reasons for all he does!

This stopped the conversation for the time-being; but—but—curiosity is not so easily overcome. The next day Bessie commenced again:

"Dear me, the children are constantly tormenting me about the fruit on that tree."

"Well, if they say anything more give them a good whipping and send them to bed."

"Again Bessie was foiled, but when they were taking their evening walk, she said:

"Do you think there would be any harm in reaching through the fence and picking up some of the fruit that is lying on the ground?"

"Why of course there would, since the King has forbidden us even to touch it, under pain of incurring his displeasure."

"O nobody would know anything about it, and it would make the children so happy." But the Charcoal-Burner grew very angry with his wife, so she said no more for several days. In the mean time the children used to peep through the fence and count the fruit on the tree and on the ground, and although there were grapes, apples, pears, cherries and raspberries in abundance in the garden, yet they were still constantly longing for the forbidden fruit; and this made the mother still more anxious to get it for them. One evening she said to her husband: "The gate is not very securely fastened, for I have just been examining it, and I know it would be a very easy thing to push back the iron bolt."

"But heaven would punish you for your disobedience."

"Oh I would only pick up a little of the fruit that is lying on the ground."

"But the King told us it was rank poison."

"Bah; he only said that to frighten us."

The Charcoal-Burner hesitated, and his wife, seeing this, redoubled her coaxing; finally he yielded and consented. While he kept guard on the little bridge, she softly pushed the iron bolt aside and entered the enclosure, when she ran hastily to the tree and picked up two or three

of the apples that were lying on the ground. It only took her a few seconds; but when she returned she tried in vain to shut the gate; it was firmly fastened back by a hidden spring. Her husband being stronger, thought he could succeed better, but all his efforts were equally useless. So they had to give it up in despair, and in order to hide their fault they determined to say that the gardener had forgotten to close it.

Already the guilty woman, carried away by her wicked curiosity, had divided one of the apples in two and tasted it. "O it is delicious!" she exclaimed, and presented the other half to her husband, who, through weakness and a desire to imitate her, had the cowardice to reply: "It is true, I never ate such a fine apple." And as they walked toward the house they ate a second, and kept the others for their children.

It was in this manner that the guilty couple entered their grand house, uneasy and agitated, yet trying to hide their trouble. No one suspected any thing, but an hour had scarcely elapsed when they were both taken suddenly ill with terrible pains and vomiting. The servants in haste ran for the doctors, declaring that their master and mistress were poisoned.

When the physicians reached their house they found the charcoal-burner and his wife both senseless. They examined the matter they had vomited, and found that they had been eating the forbidden fruit. Knowing the cause of their sickness, they promptly administered an antidote, which saved their lives. But the great secret was revealed.

The next day was one of great sorrow for the charcoal-burner and his wife. Their senses had returned, and with them the knowledge of their misfortune. But no one as yet said any thing to them about it.

But as soon as they were able to sit up the King came, and in a stern voice said to the charcoal-burner: "Why did you violate the order I gave you?" The guilty man fell at his feet as though stricken by a thunderbolt, without being able to answer a word. But when the King repeated the question in an angry voice, he replied: "Sire, my wife persuaded me, and I had the weakness to yield." The King then turned to her and said: "Unfortunate woman, why did you not respect my orders?"

"Alas, sire, my children tormented me and I wanted to satisfy them."

"Then since you have not feared to break a command so easy to observe, I withdraw my favor from you. Go back to your log cabin."

At these terrible words the unfortunate couple fell on their knees and raised their hands imploringly: "Oh, sire, we confess that we are indeed very guilty, but our poor children are innocent; deign to keep them in your friendship."

I owe nothing to your children; they must abide by your punishment. Ungrateful beings, I might easily chase you from my kingdom, but in mercy I leave you your original condition. Guards, turn these people out of the house!"

In the midst of the sobs and tears of the unhappy family, the King added: "You blamed Adam and Eve for what appeared inexcusable in them, and you even went so far as to tax with severity the conduct of God. You have committed the same fault as your first parents, and I treat you as the Sovereign King treated them. Henceforth learn to judge kindly of others." And so the poor ungrateful family sadly turned their backs upon their beautiful residence and went to live in the forest in their poor old cabin, which seemed ten times poorer than ever to them, after having lived in such a grand palace.

CHAPTER II.—THE REHABILITATION.

Rehabilitation is a long word for little readers, is it not? But I know so well, how fond you all are of talking, that I am sure if your good mother says it once for you, you will have no difficulty in pronouncing it afterward; and this big word means, to restore to a former state,—so I am now going to tell you what the good king did afterward for the charcoal-burner and his family.

Their history made a great impression at court; so the queen and her son had the curiosity to go and see them, and learn how they bore their disgrace. When they entered the cabin, the family all fell on their knees and wept so bitterly that the royal guests were also affected even to tears.

The queen, who had all the tender feelings of a mother, spoke with the greatest kindness, and gently caressed the children, asking their names and age. Mary was seven years old, Joseph nine, and Robert twelve, and a bright little prattler just beginning to walk aged two years. The queen was much pleased with the children, and on leaving she said: "Now, my children, be very good, and I will take care of you." The young prince with equal kindness promised to intercede with his father for them. So the persuasions of the good queen and her son finally induced the king to recall the children to his court.

Now, my children, does not this account of the queen and her son pleading with an angry monarch, recall to your minds the mediation of the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Son in favor of fallen humanity? In the next AVE MARIA I will tell you how the charcoal-burner's children behaved at the court of the king.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

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FATHER HYACINTHE BESSON, O. S. D.

Un Religieux Dominicain. Le R. P. Hyacinthe Besson. Sa Vie et ses Lettres. Par E. CARTIER. Paris: 1865.

"My original purpose," says the author of this most interesting and edifying memoir, "in writing the life of Père Besson was simply to perpetuate his memory among his religious brethren, and to preserve some personal reminiscences connected with the establishment of the order of Friars Preachers in France; but, as I studied that sweet and beautiful countenance, I felt a glowing desire to make it more generally known. It seemed to me that to make men acquainted with P. Besson was to promote the glory of God. When he was on earth, the sight of him touched men's hearts, and made them better. Why not, then, make him known to those who never met him in life? Why not recall, as far as possible, the charm of his presence and the unction of his words? He will still teach the lesson which he had so well learned of his Divine Master—to be meek and humble of heart. Neither was his life devoid of external interest. It was associated with all things holy in his time; it flowed like a pure, transparent stream amid widely-varying scenery in France, Italy, and the East. As an artist, a religious, and a missionary, he was alike distinguished by the beauty of his intelligence, the activity of his zeal, and the devotedness of his charity. His virtues won for him a place in the great heart of Pius IX., and the infidels themselves venerate the spot where his ashes repose in the land of the Patriarchs and Prophets. To write such a life is to further the cause of truth, for the most persuasive evidence of truth is holiness."

The portrait of Hyacinthe Besson is traced with a loving yet a discriminating touch, by the hand of one who knew and loved him as a brother. The Dominican of the nineteenth century stands before us, like a figure in one of Fra Angelico's frescos, which he seemed destined to revive no less in his own person than by his art,—with the lily and the torch of Saint Dominic going forth

in the might of his gentleness, conquering and to conquer, by the threefold power of charity, purity and truth. The *Monachella*, as our Holy Father loved to call him, in allusion to the feminine gentleness, and purity of his character, was endowed by divine grace with such a masculine vigor and straightforward singleness of purpose, as commended him to the choice of his superiors, and to the illuminated eye of the Sovereign Pontiff himself, as the fittest instrument to cope with contending wills and opinions in his own Order, and to grapple with the still more perplexing difficulties attending the relations of the Holy See with the Christians of the East.

The father of Charles-Jean-Baptiste (in religion, Hyacinthe) Besson, an old soldier of the army of Condé, died of the consequences of a wound received in the service, a short time before his birth, in 1816. The first years of his childhood were spent under the roof of his maternal uncle, who seems to have belonged to what in England would be called the substantial yeomanry. He loved in after-life to recall to mind the images of that holy and happy household, in which customs lingered, long since swept away from all such lonely and primitive spots as here and there had escaped the effects of the revolutionary volcano, or had been preserved as relics of happier days, beneath the crust left by its scathing lava. The evening prayer of the assembled household—the men on one side, the women on the other, with the master and the mistress at the head of each division—the children kneeling to ask their parents' blessing, ere they went to rest—the abundant almsgiving—the reverent tending of Christ's poor by the wealthy and prosperous housewife, who counted it an honor to perform for them the lowliest and most revolting offices—all these are so many pictures from the ages of faith; but the most touching, perhaps, is that which belongs to an age of unbelief—the venerable religious driven forth from her convent, finding her cloister beneath her nephew's roof, and her work in teaching the Christian doctrine to the merry-hearted children,

who with hushed voices and soft tread gathered round the door of her quiet room.

A sudden reverse of fortune broke up this happy home. "The prosperity of this Christian household vanished, without exciting a murmur." Madam Besson was driven to Paris to seek subsistence for herself and her child by the labor of her hands. In one of his touching letters to that beloved mother, P. Besson thus reminds her of those days and nights of toil and suffering:

"My GOOD MOTHER.—Our Lord long ago marked you with the sign of the Cross, as one of the chosen sheep of His fold. I have never lost the sweet remembrance of all that we went through together in the street *Trois Freres*, though I was too little then to understand all that you suffered, watching by my side in those cold, long winter nights, with only a little *chaufferette* to warm our poor garret. You suffered it all with joy. Oh! my poor mother, when I remember how you would take off some of your poor clothes, cold and weary as you were, to cover me, my heart swells with tenderness and with a desire to make you a return worthy of your love. Your unshaken confidence in Divine Providence gave you courage to overcome the hardest and most depressing trials."

These days of anxiety and privation were not of very long continuance. The mother and son found generous and faithful friends, by whose assistance, in the course of a few years, they were placed in a position of independence. The foremost of these was the venerable Abbé Leclerc, for whom P. Besson ever bore a filial affection only second to that which he cherished for his mother. Under the guidance of this holy priest, Claude made his first Communion, and from him he learned that love of the poor which, throughout his after life, distinguished him, as it had characterized his benefactor.

The Abbé Leclerc earnestly desired that the talents and high qualities, of which he discerned the early promise, should be consecrated to the immediate service of God. He proposed to Madame Besson to place her son at the *petit séminaire*, with a view to his training for the priesthood. The mother's heart shrank from the sacrifice, and she sent him instead to a school, where he imbibed many of the theories of the day, drifting farther and farther from the old royalist traditions of his early home, and unhappily from the sacred truths of the faith which in his mind were inseparably connected with them. Yet the grace of his Baptism, and the sanctity of his first Communion, were never desecrated by vice, nor the image of his mother, "the only woman he ever loved," sullied by any lower affection, or dimmed by the atmosphere of the seducing world of Paris. The light of faith was eclipsed indeed for a time, but it was living still, and ready to leap into a blaze, when the fog-damps around it should be dispelled by a fresh effusion of light from on high. From school Claude passed to the study of the

art which was with him a passion, and we may almost say a religion; and with many of his companions in the same pursuit he became a disciple of M. Buchez, the leader of "the most Christian of all the socialist schools of the day." But the heart of Besson could find rest in nothing short of the truth of God. Worn out with the search, he and some of his companions fell back on the lessons of their childhood. "A party was formed for the study of the Catechism;" and in the month of May, 1837, a deputation from the young republicans sought an interview with the venerable Curé of Notre Dame des Victoires, drawn thither, it may be, by the prayers of that marvelous confraternity.

"More than twenty years afterward," says M. Cartier, "the venerable Abbe Desgenettes related to us, under the shadow of the old trees in the garden of the Carmes, whither he had come to celebrate the Feast of Saint Thomas of Aquin, his first interview with these young socialists, many of whom were then gathered round him in the white habit of Saint Dominic. They wanted at first to lay down some conditions previous to their submission to the Church.

"M. L'Abbe," said their spokesman, "we all acknowledge the truth of Christianity, and we all desire to follow its precepts. But we must tell you, first of all, that we are republicans, and that we desire to remain faithful to our principles." "My friends, that need not prevent you from being Christians; I hear the confessions of republicans, as well as of legitimists." "What! you will not refuse us the Sacraments, though we are republicans?" "Religion never asks to what political party men belong. She tolerates all opinions, and yours may be that a republic is the best form of government. Only, if a disturbance should arise, and you come to consult me before you go out to the barricades, I may, perhaps, advise you to stay at home. Meanwhile, you can confess your sins, and receive Absolution."

The young men were charmed by this spirit of toleration, of which they had not believed a priest to be capable; and the good Curé of Notre Dame des Victoires, delighted with their uprightness and sincerity, conceived a particular affection for them, and soon overcame all their remaining prejudices.

Claude Besson had visited Rome before his conversion, but it was with far other feelings that he made a pilgrimage thither in the autumn of 1838. "He looked back with a feeling of remorse on those sanctuaries where he had not knelt, on the dust of the martyrs, the holy and historic earth, which he had not venerated. It seemed to him that he was bound to make a pilgrimage to Rome to atone for the past, and to satisfy his faith as well as his love of art."

Six weeks of the following summer were spent at Assisi, at the shrine of the Saint of Poverty, to whom he had a special devotion, in the study of the works of Cimabue and Giotto. From this period dates his vocation to religion. He kept it concealed for a time; but his mother's anxious eye detected his secret, and, moved by the sight of her anguish, he gave her a promise never to leave her without her consent. In December, 1839,

Père Lacordaire writes thus to one of his friends :

"Besson is coming here early in March to make a copy of the *Madonna de la Quercia*, a miraculous image consecrated by more than three centuries of veneration. We have chosen her for our Patroness, and mean to carry the picture with us wherever we go, until the day when we shall be able to install it solemnly in our first French convent." When he had finished his work, the young artist knelt down at the feet of our Blessed Lady, and, laying his colors and brushes on her altar, he made a solemn vow never to touch them again, if only she would obtain for him his mother's permission to enter religion. The sacrifice was heroic; for, such was his intense devotion to his art, that he was wont to say that he could scarcely imagine the happiness of Heaven without it. His prayer was at last heard; he had returned to Rome for the Festival of Easter, and, notwithstanding his silence, his mother had guessed the wishes of his heart. One morning, after a last struggle with herself, she sought her son in his studio, and said: "My child, I know your wishes, and will no longer oppose them; I have but few years to live, and it will be happiness enough for me to see you happy."

Before Claude had time to reply, the door-bell rang, and P. Lacordaire came in from La Quercia to thank the young artist for his copy of the Madonna. Besson repeated to him the words just uttered by his mother, adding: "Father, will you have me?" Three days afterward he was received at Saint Sabina.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of M. Cartier's book is that which opens with the history of the Noviciate of the fervent little company of French Dominicans at Saint Sabina and at Bosco, so full of the memories of Saint Dominic and Saint Pius. He traces with a sympathizing (though, as it seems to us, a singularly impartial) hand, the struggles, the failures, and the triumphs of the work of restoration which they were called upon to direct.

In 1839, P. Lacordaire, by an heroic venture of faith, had left the admiring crowds which surrounded his pulpit at Notre Dame, to assume the proscribed habit of Saint Dominic in the Chapel of the Minerva, at Rome. Ten years afterward, P. Jandel, one of his first companions, and, like P. Besson, a former disciple of the school of Buchez, was appointed by the Sovereign Pontiff Vicar-General of the Dominican Order. With a view to carrying out the reforms which the Holy Father had long been anxious to effect, P. Jandel immediately summoned P. Besson, his dearest and most trusted friend, from the direction of the house at Nancy, where the first novitiate had been formed in France, to aid him in his arduous and difficult task, by his singular gift of prudence and power of conciliation. During the time that he spent at Rome as Prior of Saint Sabina, P. Besson resumed, under obedience, the practice of his beloved art, and began the series of frescoes which now adorn the restored chapter-room of St. Sixtus. The work was one of especial interest to Pius IX., whose first visit to the new Fra Angelico is thus described :

"He chose, without giving notice of his intention, the Convent of Saint Sixtus as the object of one of his daily drives. The entrance of the Holy Father's carriage and escort into the deserted court before the Chapter-room failed to distract the artist's attention from his work, and he had to descend from his scaffold, with his apron before him, and his palette and

brushes in his hand, to receive Pius IX., who enjoyed his surprise, and made him tell him all his plans as to the restoration. He then conversed with him for some time upon France and the reform, ending with these memorable and characteristic words: "You Frenchmen are full of zeal; you are excellent for action, but you have not sufficient prudence. Rome has the gift of prudence, because our Lord has endowed her with it. Do you see?—as a man, I am not worthy to grind your colors, or to serve you as a lay-brother at Saint Sixtus; but as Pope, I feel within myself that I have an enormous power. *Sento in me un pezzo enorme,*" and then, turning toward the crucifix, "It is not I who live, but Jesus Christ who lives in me."

P. Besson was soon called away from this labor of love to sterner service, befitting the great missionary name which he bore in religion. The peaceful labors of Fra Angelico were to give place to the hard conflicts of Saint Hyacinthe.

The Dominican mission at Mossul, near the site of the ancient Nineveh, which dates from the days of the holy founder himself, needed a hand of no common gentleness and firmness to save it from destruction.

The *Monachella* laid aside his colors, and went forth into the old regions of the East to restore the tarnished glory of the Catholic name by the sanctity of his example, and to win, by the sweetness of his charity, the hearts of the Chaldean Christians, who, though restored to Catholic unity, still bore the marks of their long-continued state of schism, and of the degrading effects of Mussulman rule and Mussulman example. Here was a field wide enough for the enthusiastic philanthropy and ardent patriotism which the young socialist of former days had brought with him into the true home of all high and holy aspirations, and consecrated to God under the banner of St. Dominic. It had been the dream of his boyhood to see his country take the lead in spreading the doctrines of universal fraternity. The work of his manhood was to labor at her restoration to her true position, as the *eldest daughter of the Church*, and to work with her and for her in extending that true brotherhood, that celestial liberty, with which Christ alone can make us free, to all the nations within reach of her influence. By raising the tone of the Eastern Christians in union with Rome he hoped to act upon the widespread communities still in separation, with whom they are united by the strong bond of a common origin and a common ritual.

P. Besson was recalled to Rome and Saint Sixtus after two years of arduous and successful labors in the East. "He had increased," says his biographer, "the number of schools, and raised the tone of education; he had laid the foundation of a seminary for the Chaldean clergy, with whom he had established the most friendly relations, and installed four French religious, full of zeal and

activity, under the enlightened direction of Mgr. Armandon, in the Dominican Convent of Mar-Yacoub, which he regarded as the center of all the future triumphs of the Church in those regions."

P. Besson made a pilgrimage to the Holy Places in Palestine, on his way back to Rome, where the severest trial to which his sensitive heart could have been exposed, awaited him. During his absence a question had arisen concerning religious observance, on which the two men whom he most loved and revered on earth, P. Lacordaire and P. Jandel, were divided. His own convictions had been originally on the side of P. Jandel, by whom he was now sent into France to use his well-tryed judgment and patient charity in the settlement of the question. By careful investigation, and by long conference with P. Lacordaire, he came to the conviction that the first father of the reform had carried it as far as the present state of things rendered prudent or possible, and that the more perfect observance of the primitive rule desired by himself and P. Jandel ought not now to be enforced. By this sacrifice of his own long-cherished view he was the means of restoring peace to the Order, but at the sacrifice of his own. P. Jandel received him on his return to Rome with unabated affection, but the fear of having lost in some degree the confidence of his old friend and superior lay heavy at his heart, and was aggravated by the knowledge that his conduct had been represented to the Holy Father as the result of a weak subserviency to the over-mastering will of P. Lacordaire. He returned with a heavy heart to his frescoes at Saint Sixtus, and worked hard to finish them with only one further desire—to end his days in some quiet cell in France. But new troubles had arisen in the mission at Mossul, and his heart responded to the earnest entreaties of the brethren there for his return. He obtained, with some difficulty, the consent of the Holy Father, who desired to keep him near his own person, and who gave him his parting blessing from his sick bed.

"The *ave* had just rung," writes his companion, Pere Ronard de Card, "when we were brought into the Holy Father's room, where he lay ill in bed. 'Here is P. Besson,' said his Holiness, 'who has set his heart upon going to the East. I should like to have kept him in the West, but what can be done?' *Spiritus Dei ubi vult spirat.*"

"We remained for half an hour with his Holiness, who was pleased to ask us various questions concerning the mission at Mossul, France, Belgium, and Holland, and to converse with us on the present position of the Church.

"'It seems to me,' said Plus IX, 'that our Lord says to me as He did to Saint Peter, *Duc in altum*. Like him, I am on the wide sea, exposed to every wind and every storm, and, like him, I am tempted to cry, *Domine, salva nos, perimus*. But then it seems to me that our Lord reassures me, and bids me walk upon the waters. Poor Saint Peter began to sink when he found himself on the water. If I had been in his place, I should, doubtless, have done the same. After all, what matters it, so long as my faith fails not?"

"If our Lord does not help His Vicar, whom will He help? *Et portæ inferi non prævalerunt adversus eam.*"

The Holy Father finished the audience by this heartfelt benediction:

"I bless the Dominicans of the mission of Mossul, of Belgium, and of Holland. I bless the whole Order of St. Dominic. I bless the religious who are weak, that they may become strong; and those who are lukewarm, that they may become fervent; I bless those who are strong and fervent, that they may become stronger and more fervent still. I bless them all, that the Holy Spirit may perfect their hearts more and more in the unity of faith and charity."

Père Besson left Rome in 1859. Two years of unremitting and of (humanly speaking) unrequited labor followed his return to the mission which he had left so flourishing, and whither he had now returned to see his work neutralized by the factious intrigues of the Chaldean Patriarch and a party among the Bishops and Clergy. The history of this last trial of his life, and of the unflinching courage and loyalty with which, uncheered and unsupported, he maintained the rights of Rome, while the misrepresentations of his enemies caused her to look coldly upon him, is full of painful interest and instruction. Well-nigh spent with the unequal struggle, he began once more to sigh for a cell in France, when a virulent typhus fever broke out at Mossul. This fearful scourge roused Père Besson from his depression, and seemed to revive his failing strength. He devoted himself with heroic charity to the care of the sick. At first he restricted his visits to the poor, leaving the rich to the care of the physicians; but all sent for him, and, unable to refuse his help to any one, he traversed the city from morning to night, bearing remedies and consolation to Catholics, Schismatics, and Mussulmans. The houses which no one else dared to approach were his especial care; he sat for hours by the bedside of the dying, breathing the infected air of rooms crowded with the sick, and left them only when night obliged him to return to the convent. His life was consuming away unperceived by himself alone, so joyfully did he sacrifice himself for that Chaldean Church which had inflicted so much suffering upon him.

Père Besson was struck down at last by the pestilence, and, after ten days of patient suffering, received the crown of a martyr of charity. One only brother in religion, one only priest of the Latin rite—Père Marie Augustin Rose—was at his dying bed, and he was too much exhausted by labor and sorrow to be able to officiate at his funeral. The office was chanted by Chaldean monks around the lonely grave, where the missionary, says M. Cartier, "took possession of the land which he had labored to convert." Over it has been erected a chapel to his patron Saint, "which stands like a beacon light to guide the sons of Saint Dominic to follow in his path."

FEAST OF THE SEVEN DOLORS,* SEPT. 16.

'Mid the flowers of calm September,
Trailing round some tangled bower,
When a child I well remember
To have mark'd the Passion-flower,

With the sacred emblems lying
On its breast of mellow'd white,
Tokens sweet of Jesus' dying,
Trac'd by Christians with delight.

In the Church's garden, too,
Scattered o'er her varied year,
Records of the Passion true
Still from time to time appear.

Echoes of the Cross's name,†
Lessons of the Precious Blood,‡
And the thought of Friday's shame
Mingled with our weekly food.

Thus our sorrowing Queen we meet
In the year's declining hour,
And, 'mid gifts of Autumn, greet,
Holy Church ! thy Passion-Flower.

On her matron brow she bears
Trace of woes that pass all other ;
On her heart the Cross she wears,
Holy, most afflicted Mother !

With her fresh maternal bliss
Her maternal griefs began ;
To her latest mother's kiss
In unswerving line they ran.

This the sword that, with her Son,
All her life she deeply shar'd,
From the day when Simeon
For the Cross her soul prepar'd.

Soon she felt the direful presage
Of that keenly-cutting word ;
Soon she learn'd, from angel-message,
Whence would flash that threaten'd sword.

Babes of two years old, and under,
Bled to glut the tyrant's rage ;
Rachel's heart was torn asunder,
Nor could words her grief assuage.

Mary's spirit, too, was riven,
As in haste and fear she fled

* The Seven Dolours of our Blessed Lady are ; 1. The Prophecy of Simeon ; 2. The Flight into Egypt ; 3. The Three Days' Loss at Jerusalem ; 4. The Meeting on the Way of the Cross ; 5. The Crucifixion ; 6. Jesus taken down from the Cross ; 7. The Burial.

† The two Festivals of the Holy Cross in May and September
‡ The Feast of the Precious Blood in July, and of our Holy Redeemer in October.

With her Infant Treasure, driven
From the cradles of the dead.

Joy returns ; but still the sword
Near her heart its watch must keep ;
Woes, within its purpose stor'd,
Are not stifled,—only sleep.

Pass we now in thought to where
Years a keener anguish bring ;
Three long days the holy Pair
Seek their Jesus sorrowing.

Then, indeed, did Mary's heart
Range through every haunt of grief ;
Still embittering the smart
In the quest of vain relief ;

Pangs that anxious watchers know,
Fancy's guess, and terror's start ;
Spectres of inventive woe—
Mary bore in all her part.

But suspense and anxious fears
Seem'd but lesser ills, compar'd
With the griefs of later years,
By that tender Mother shar'd.

When she saw her dearest Son
Bound and bleeding on the Way,
Think'st thou not that lonely One
Burn'd His anguish to allay ?

When beside the Cross she stood,
Saw His Passion, heard His words,
Felt the droppings of His Blood,
Were not these ten thousand swords ?

When, the bitter Passion ended,
Ere they bore Him quite away,
She beheld Him, as extended
In her arms a Corse He lay :

Still to that cold Form she clave
With a mourner's faithful grief ;
Short-liv'd solace ! for the grave
Waits to snatch that last relief !

O thou Mother most afflicted !
How thy faith and patience shine !
How our weakness stands convicted
By the light of grace like thine !

Gain us patience, gain us love,
Our appointed cross to bear ;
Grief should not unwelcome prove,
Since with thee its load we share.

COLD neglect of friends, when in poverty, is
more severe than poverty itself.

HOME EDUCATION.

[CONCLUDED.]

We insist upon it that a father must know the principles of his religion, and be able practically to teach his children how to follow what they command, and avoid what they forbid. Children will manage somehow or other to grow up, physically speaking, for it is but rarely that any one dies of starvation in civilized communities. But we maintain that children will learn neither morals nor manners untaught. Some children are, we know, gifted with angelic dispositions, and take to what is good, and avoid what is evil, from hereditary bias or special favor of Providence. Even these rare specimens of a better kind of humanity require to be watched over carefully lest they deteriorate and become wicked, as very sweet wine becomes very sour vinegar. But as a general thing, little children are little animals, and their natural tendency is to become worse still as they grow up.

Medea saw the right and approved of it, yet pursued the wrong notwithstanding; these specimens of young humanity are prone to the wrong, and incapable of seeing by themselves why the right should be pursued in preference to the wrong.

There are, to be sure, moral instincts and principles of right implanted in the reason of the child, and there is even, we may add, the gift of faith received in the child's soul at the baptismal font. But we must remember all these good things from above are mixed up like the four elements in chaos; there are as yet no rocks, no bones on which to construct a world; the man exists, but he is earthly and sensuous, and all his superior qualities are smothered up in a mass of pulp and gristle. If he could speak and act with his present tendencies, he would scorn the idea of preferring what is useful to what is pleasant, or sacrificing present indulgence for future advantage; he would sell without a sigh a kingly birth-right for a mess of pottage, and remorselessly barter a noble and famous name for a pewter rattle, or a gingerbread horse. There is good in the child, to be sure, but it requires careful and skillful management on the part of parents to bring it out; and if they are ignorant of what parents ought to know, they will fail to do it, even with the best intentions.

Ignorance is very far from being the only fault which grieves the Christian philosopher who would make it his study to improve domestic education. There are many parents who neglect

their children with an indifference that seems almost incredible. It is easy to notice among a number of boys at school those who have careful mothers, and those who are neglected. There is a difference even in their countenances; for while the child of the former class is gentle and attentive, he of the latter has about him a hard or wild look, and a listlessness, or recklessness, that shows conclusively to an attentive observer, how little he expects to be kindly noticed, and how little he cares whether he is noticed or not. Poverty is the excuse brought up in defence of the neglectful mother. But let us once for all understand that poverty is not an excuse for uncleanness of persons; and in so far as clothing is concerned, poverty is a good excuse for patches, but not for rags. Fathers too often do not care for their children, do not want to have them near, or to be annoyed by them. They take no interest in the things in which their children are concerned, they will not talk to them, they will not encourage them to ask for information, and in reply to their questionings they give simply an ungracious and curt answer, oftener attempting to shut the mouth of the youthful inquirer than to satisfy or enlighten his understanding.

The result of this coarse treatment is, that the boy, seeing that his father will not talk to him, finds out somebody else that will. His amiable parents do not object to his running about the streets, and there falling in with associations which must cause his ruin, and each, perhaps, is rather pleased to be rid of the presence of the other. In every neighborhood there are nooks and corners where boys assemble together and exchange ideas on the subjects which they have at heart.

Not only do the children of the poor thus meet together, but often the better class too gather around some boy who is older perhaps than themselves, or who is at least their superior in the games and exercises which boys are fond of. Outside the city, the place where boys meet, as men do in clubs and bar-rooms, may be a barn or a shady nook, or a bank by the river-side; in the city, it is a stable, or a corner of a street, a lumber-yard, a vacant lot, or some sequestered part of the docks and piers. At these gatherings, the boys speak their mind freely, and question and answer each other without reserve, and here frequently those habits are formed, which, when discovered too late by parents, cause so much grief and alarm, namely, swearing, petty gambling, stealing, and all manner of obscenity and corruption.

As a means of preventing these sad results parents, and fathers especially, ought to be as well the friends and companions of their children. They ought to win their confidence, or rather keep the confidence which, without any effort on their part, is in the beginning all their own. They should study the disposition and character of their children as it goes on unfolding day by day under their eye. They should know where their children spend their time, what company they keep, and how they are occupied and employed throughout the day. It is very easy to get from a boy the history of the day which he has just passed, with his own observations and reflections, and casual remarks upon the nature of things and the character of the companions he has been with. He is always willing to talk of what occupies his own mind, and to receive the views of others thereupon, provided he is only allowed to speak and consider his conversation as not uninteresting to his hearers. Will any parent object that such a system of domestic education as what is here implied would take up too much of his time and attention? If he does, he little understands the importance of educating his children and preserving them from the early inroads of vice, and realizes but poorly indeed the strict account he will have one day to render of the manner in which he has discharged this duty, the most serious of all duties aside from the salvation of his own soul.

Parents are frequently the victims of real or pretended blindness in regard to the faults of their children, and they remain ignorant at times of bad conduct which is known to the whole neighborhood. They will take for granted the statement of daughter or son as to their whereabouts, during long evenings spent away from home, when any one of their acquaintance could tell them the whole truth, much to their grief and consternation.

This blindness frequently amounts to a misjudgment of the whole character and disposition of children. One child is treated rudely, commanded to hold his tongue when he speaks, punished for the slightest fault or forgetfulness, put out of sight when visitors come to the house, left behind when the family goes out visiting, and, in short, always found to be in the wrong, and never by any lucky chance in the right. This is not unfrequently the very one of the family who possesses most spirit, or talent, or energy, and who only needs a different training to grow up a good and useful member of society. Meanwhile another child is petted, and brought forward on all occasions, and while the other one gets all the cuffs,

this one comes in for all the coppers. This one is always protected by one parent against the severity,—the well-merited severity, perhaps, of the other—every thing he does is considered beautiful, and every thing he says admirable, and by this means, he who is praised as a wit at fourteen, grows up to be a dunce at twenty-one.

Nearly all the faults of parents in the management of their children may be summed up in the two extremes of excessive severity and excessive indulgence. The first is fatal to mutual kindness and confidence. There are very few children who may not be made to see the justice of correcting them when they have been wilfully or maliciously in the wrong. But, on the other hand, there is nothing so wounding or so injurious to the young as punishment which they know they have not deserved. If the well-known saying be quoted here by any parent about "sparing the rod and spoiling the child," we will simply remark that no one has a right to quote that saying who uses the rod at the impulse of anger. We have nothing to say against correction properly and judiciously administered—administered, not in a spirit of revenge, but really for the improvement of the offender.

We rather aim our remarks at certain people who are habitually harsh and severe with their children; who freeze their young hearts, and crush their souls within them by the constant exercise of domestic despotism. There are such hard men in every community, and there are mothers too who, by stay-dame rigidity and ceaseless unfairness of treatment, drive their daughters at length to wish they were dead in their graves, in the hope of finding peace there, or perhaps to seek for peace in the home of a stranger.

No less injurious is the fault of excessive indulgence. We have said before that children have appetites and passions which they must be taught to curb and control. They must begin to learn at an early age that self-denial is one of the very first and most indispensable principles of Christianity, and of all true greatness. It is only weakness, or false or foolish affection, that will induce parents to give the young child its own way in all things. It is their duty to examine carefully what is for the child's true interest, to form a judgement and abide by it, in spite even of remonstrances, whining, and tears. Let every parent remember that a spoiled child is sure to grow up selfish, and therefore heartless, and that no one is more certain of suffering in consequence than the parent by whom the child was spoiled. Flattery is one of the means of spoiling a child, familiarity and want of dignity is another, and a third is that bane of domestic peace, partiality toward one particular child at the expense of the others.

THREE PETITIONS.

A TALE OF POLAND.

[CONTINUED.]

"Perhaps you are right, Magda," said Hedwige thoughtfully.

"Yes, indeed I am; our Lady is so good. Do not you remember how ill we both were once, when we were quite little things; and how we were taken to her altar and blessed? We wore her colours four or five years; but your dresses were of silk and muslin, while mine were only stuff. Then we grew so rosy and fat, our mothers were overjoyed; they had done nothing but cry about us before. Ah, our Lady has not forgotten us; and she will do something for us again, I am sure."

"Well," said Hedwige, "I will tell you what we will do. I will ask my mother's leave, and as soon as the harvest is over we will go to Czenstochowa."

"How delightful to go with you!" cried Magda; "how I long to see this wonderful place, and the shining image of our Lady! But we must not go alone; we must take the little child, or at least her mother."

"But, dear Magda, I told you my sister did not believe in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin or the Saints."

"O yes, she will believe if we talk to her nicely about it," replied Magda confidently. "Sick people go to all the doctors they can hear of; unhappy people ask prayers from every one, just in the same way. How can a good mother here doubt the kindness of our Mother in heaven? Speak to Madame Woldemar, mademoiselle, and you will see."

"At all events I will try," said Hedwige, rising. "Come with me to the house, and I will try and find her at once."

The two young girls took a narrow path across the fields, and entered the garden of the manor. The moon was rising above the clouds and lighting up the dark shadows of the lime-tree avenue. At one window a lamp was burning behind the white curtains—it was in little Emma's nursery.

"She is asleep," said Hedwige; "let us go in gently, not to wake her."

They found the child in her little bed; one dimpled hand lying outside, the other under her golden head; her eyes closed, her smiling mouth half opened. By her side sat the young mother, who was bending over her treasure with glances in which love was mingled with sorrow, though from time to time she occupied herself with the open Bible she held in her hand.

"It is only Magda and I," said Hedwige softly, as she entered. "We have been talking about making a little expedition together; and we want to know, dear Fanny, if you would join us."

The young mother shook her head sorrowfully as she raised her eyes.

"But if it was to do your child good?" continued Hedwige.

"How could it do that?" cried the other quickly.

"Listen, dear Fanny; but believe me, I do not wish to hurt your feelings or to speak against your religion—I only want to tell you what we believe here;" and Hedwige, coming close to her sister-in-law, told her in her own language all that wonderful history of the Virgin Mother, who for ages had poured forth blessings, miracles, and graces upon her clients from her altar at Czenstochowa. "Can you think it wrong or useless to invoke her aid for Emma? Many others before you have come to her in sorrow and tears; they have gone far away full of hope, and returned again to bless, full of joy and gratitude. I am going, too, to pray for the salvation of one I loved,—whom I love still. Magda is going to pray for her father's return; why should you not ask for the cure of your little girl? I know that would be a miracle; but, Fanny, if our Lord has loved His Mother so much as to give her a throne beside Him in heaven can He not give her power also to bless children and to console mothers?"

While Hedwige spoke, Magda prayed in silence. Neither words nor prayers were fruitless. Fanny replied as she closed the Bible:

"God can do what he pleases. I will go with you to Czenstochowa and offer Him my child.

"O my darling little Emma," cried Hedwige, joyfully kissing the tiny rosy fingers, "if we could only cure you!"

"We cannot, but our Lady can," said Magda, casting a bright glance towards her favorite image.

"And now, good-night Magda," cried Hedwige, embracing her. "Remember, we set out on Tuesday next, provided my parents give me leave.

"Without fail, mademoiselle. I will go and tell my mother the good news," cried the peasant-girl.

A few minutes more and she had vanished between the dark shady trees of the long avenue.

III.

The country bordering on Silesian Prussia and Mazovia is in general poorly inhabited and ill-cultivated; it consists for the most part of a large sandy district thinly sprinkled with dark fir-trees;

but nearer the Warta it assumes a more verdant and fruitful appearance; the wide river winds between fields of wheat and barley, grassy meads and shady woods, and round a gentle eminence crowned by commanding battlements and lofty towers surmounted by a shining cross.

Every faithful son of Poland, as soon as he catches sight of these distant gray walls, makes the sign of the cross and utters a short prayer; for this is the venerated shrine of the Queen of Poland, the Virgin of *Czenstochowa* ("the frequent preserver," according to the literal translation of the word). It is a shrine frequented not alone by the inhabitants of the country; but as soon as the snow melts and the roads are passable, from Whitsuntide to All Saints pilgrims make their way thither from the Lithuanian forests, from the Pomeranian marshes, from the busy towns of Moravia and Silesia, and even from the mountains of far-distant Bohemia itself. Whole villages come together, walking in procession, headed generally by an aged priest, bearing their gay banners floating before them, and singing hymns and litanies to beguile the way. They met with much hospitality on the journey—our Lady's pilgrims are rarely ill received; and once arrived at their destination, the church and monastery, give them a warm welcome.

One of these long cavalcade was proceeding, one August day in the year 1862, along the avenue leading from the old town to the foot of the monastery. It was chiefly composed of bronzed but robust peasants, roughly clad in their usual brown garb and brown sandals; but a few persons of a better class brought up the rear, who traveled in little basket carriages, drawn by small lean ponies, whose manes and tails bore traces of their dusty journey.

Suddenly a larger vehicle, of no very fashionable make, but roomy and comfortable, drew on one side to allow the procession to pass; and at the same moment the golden head of the English child and the sweet face of Hedwige Oksinksa appeared at one of the windows. The young girl had called the child's attention to the crowd of pilgrims; and the little thing looked around with eager curiosity, smiling at the devices painted on the floating banners, stretching out her tiny hands towards the silver cross carried aloft, but still without uttering a word or cry.

This was an evident discouragement to the young mother, who was besides greatly fatigued by the journey. She said in a mournful voice to Hedwige: "These poor people seem to come from a distance."

"Yes, a long way," replied her sister. "I think, to judge from their costume, they are from the province of Augustowa, which lies to the north, towards Warsaw."

But are they not afraid of traveling in such hot weather?" continued the young Englishwoman.

"Afraid! no; on the contrary, they are rejoiced to make the pilgrimage. A journey to Czenstochowa is not only a present happiness; it is something to remember for life. They have hurried over their harvest, and put by what little money they could, in order to come here; and whatever fatigue or trouble they have met with on the way is all forgotten as soon as they see the distant spires of the church."

And are they whole villages who travel together?, asked the lady again.

"Generally a pilgrimage is formed of a whole village," replied Hedwige; but they are obliged to leave some of the inhabitants behind—young mothers who cannot leave their little ones, old people, and the sick who cannot leave their beds. But the good pilgrims do not forget them, for all that; they carry with them the wants and the sorrows of their absent brethren, and will not forget to give them a share in their prayers here, and on their return blessed rosaries and images of our Lady of Czenstochowa."

Fanny Oksinksa was silent, and looked with some interest at the procession as it passed. She had often seen as large a concourse in her own country, but never going on such an errand, or headed by a priest: her countrymen flocked to races, cricket-matches, regattas, or a popular election; not to churches or shrines, to put up petitions to God and to His Mother. "Why were they so different?" she asked herself. Whilst she was still buried in reflection, and the other inmates occupied in silent prayer, they reached the farthest end of the avenue, and dismounted on the smooth turf, which extended to the foot of the fortress. Here the ditch, the drawbridge, and the turrets of the surrounding wall almost hid the church and the adjacent monastery, and gave the spectator the impression that it was a citadel that lay before him.

Fanny Oksinksa looked around curiously.

"It cannot be a convent; it is surely a fortress?" said she, inquiringly.

"It is a convent surrounded by a fortress, because it contains so precious a treasure," replied Hedwige with some dignity. "Everything that is great, holy, and venerated has its enemies; and

so has our Queen. A long while ago the miraculous image, then in the possession of a Mazovian noble, was struck by two Tartar arrows, which had no sooner touched it than they rebounded towards the miscreant who had directed their flight, in token of Divine vengeance. Since then the image has been placed upon this height, which commands the plain, and surrounded by all these warlike precautions, for other foes followed the Tartars. These were not Mohammedans, but Lutherans; Swedes who coveted the possession of the holy enclosure."

"But the Swedes were surely not as barbarous as the Turks?" said her sister-in-law.

"Not as barbarous, perhaps, but quite as avaricious," replied Hedwige. "They had heard of the riches the church contained; of the gold remonstrance set in diamonds, the reliquaries garnished with emeralds and cameos, the ruby and sapphire crowns, the stoles and chasubles embroidered with gold and gems, with which the piety of Casimer, Jagellons, princes paletines, and our Queen Hedwige had, during successive ages, enriched the shrine. Besides, Fanny, at that time, as you know, zealous Protestants broke images and pillaged churches."

Her sister-in-law made a sign of assent.

"Happily," continued Hedwige, "the ramparts of the monastery were as solid as the walls of a fortress, and the monks as valiant and courageous as any soldiers. The Prior Kordecki, till then known only as a wise and humble religious, showed himself in the day of danger a great captain. He left his stall in choir, and directed the movements and operations of his men. Still wearing his habit, he tore down the ladders of the enemy, repulsed attacks, disconcerted assaults; only pausing for a moment to kiss the blessed image hanging around his neck, or to cast a glance, in which both confidence and humility were mingled, upon the gold cross which shines above us, and which seemed to say also to him, 'By this thou shalt conquer.' And thus strengthened for the conflict, he would turn again to confront his foes, and to encourage his little band, calling out to his monks with confidence, 'Fight to day; to-morrow our Lady will save us!'"

And she did save them?" asked Fanny anxiously.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE members of the graduating class of the late examination at Manhattan College, New York, have all resolved to become priests. The College is under the charge of the Christian Brothers.

AN ORATORY TO THE B. V. MARY.

There is a secluded spot in the State of Illinois. It is in the county of McHenry, and close to the left bank of the Fox river. The scenery about it is delightful and picturesque, and a nice road meanders through patches of the "forest primeval" and well cultivated fields.

In the secluded spot referred to, a small building, near the roadside, attracts the attention of the passer-by, particularly if he happens to be a Catholic.

There is nothing remarkable about the building itself. It is small—very small—simple in construction, without any pretensions to architectural beauty.

It stands, so to speak, perpendicularly to the road. The gable, next in view, is plainly finished; but the other gable is surmounted by a cross. And that is the reason why the Catholic tourist stops to look at it, and ascertain what it means.

The history of it is short, and must be interesting to the devoted readers of the "AVE MARIA."

Some twenty-three years ago, F. Smith, with his wife and children, was crossing the Atlantic to seek a new home in this new country.

During the voyage he fell sick. His wife had boundless confidence in the "Health of the weak," and invoked *her* aid. Husband and wife resolved, mutually, in the event of their safe arrival at the place of their destination, to erect, in the first spot of their location, an oratory in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Very soon after his arrival, F. Smith found his way to the Fox river, and settled there, and remains there still. He immediately carried out the resolution made by himself and wife as they were tossed on the billows of the broad Atlantic. He raised an oratory to the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was, to be sure, in accordance with his means. It was humble. In a word, it was merely a little log-house. But, after he became the owner of the beautiful grounds about him, he built the present little chapel spoken of in the commencement of this article.

It is twenty-two feet long and nineteen feet broad. Look inside. There is an altar, supplied with choice and appropriate vestments, chalice, etc., for any priest who wishes to say Mass. A good statue of our Blessed Mother surmounts the altar. Appropriate pictures and statues adorn the walls. In real fact, every thing in this little oratory, silently and eloquently proclaims the

pure devotion of its founder, and also the equally pure devotion of the humble votaries, who come, frequently, to pay due veneration to their common Mother in this beautiful and sequestered spot. F. Smith came here a struggling man, as most immigrants do. He prospered gradually and substantially. He is now the owner of extensive lands about his happy home.

His children and his children's children are enjoying the fruits of his persevering, honorable industry—an industry guided and influenced, evidently, by a pure Catholic spirit, and an unflinching devotion to the Blessed Mother of God.

Fertility smiles upon his fields, and peace and contentment gladden him and his. What Catholic can hesitate to attribute his prosperity to the "Help of Christians?" What reader of the "AVE MARIA" can fail to recognize, in this interesting fact, a contribution to the fulfillment of that renowned prophecy: "behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed?"—St. Luke, 1, 48.

A FEW DAYS AT LA TRAPPE.

[CONCLUDED.]

APRIL 15th, 1866.

My last letter ended in the grave-yard of La Trappe. The office of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, at La Trappe, is the same as the Roman, but on Good Friday, in addition to the office, the monks recite the whole Psalter after Prime. The Matins and Lauds, or the office of Tenebræ, at which you have assisted at Notre Dame, is chanted at their usual hour, that is, at two o'clock in the morning. It may surprise you exceedingly when I tell you that I was present at that early hour in the church—but it's a fact—I was, really. A young lay brother, with a tolerably well shaped head closely shaven, that shone in the sun when not covered with the cowl, conducted me to the church at about half-past one o'clock, A. M. It was not at that time that I noticed the shining quality of his head!

On the night between Thursday and Friday, the "Sepulchre" was in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, which has a gallery communicating with the visitor's gallery in the church. In this gallery I remained until the hour for beginning Tenebræ. I do not know whether there is a change in the order of the daily or, rather, nightly exercises, nor whether the religious keep watch the whole night; but I do know that when I arrived in the gallery the chapel below was full of monks, in adoration before the Most Holy Sacrament,

and, moreover, that from that hour they did not go to bed until Friday evening, for every moment of their time was fully occupied.

On Thursday morning, about half past eleven o'clock, I saw a number of little boys coming into the yard, between the hostelry and hospital; they were from the country round about, and were accompanied as far as the gate by their parents. Every Maundy-Thursday the same occurs. These little fellows are taken by a Lay-Brother to the cloister of the monastery. There every thing is prepared for washing their feet; the little fellows sit down, and each one has his feet washed by a monk,—there being present for the ceremony as many religious as there are boys. After the washing of their feet they are taken to the refectory of the hostelry, where they are treated to a sumptuous dinner; sumptuous, at least, for them, many of whom practice abstinence, per force, as much as the Trappists do, in following the rules they have voluntarily vowed to observe. Soup, different kinds of vegetables, butter, rice, *preserves* and fruit, all in abundance, are spread out before the young lads, and cider, the usual table drink of Normandy, is given them.

The R. F. Abbot himself was present, and seemed to enjoy the scene. All the visitors who happened to be at the hostelry were there, of course,—because they had an opportunity not only of seeing a very touching scene, but also of conversing with the Father Abbot, Father Prior, and a few other Fathers, who accompanied them, and with whom they—the visitors—would not have such another occasion of a "free and easy" conversation, at any other period of the year.

There were several laymen among those staying at La Trappe, and they evinced a great deal of zeal in serving the boys with soup and vegetables. The Father Prior told us that of many the boys refused some of the dishes because, as they said, they did not know them,—they had never eaten them at home. It frequently happens that the rice is refused for this reason, and, as Prof. Gaillardin, who has written the history of La Trappe, says, that on one occasion, when he was at La Trappe, on Maundy-Thursday, he observed one little fellow making his meal on bread—refusing all the dishes which the Professor pressed him to take, replying, as each dish was offered him, that "he did not know it." Thus you see that many poor people observe a stricter abstinence than even the Trappists. 'Tis a pity for them—good souls—that they often fail to gain the same merit as the Trappists; fail to gain it by not offering up their privations to God.

While the boys are dining in the refectory of the visitors, their parents or friends who brought them, have their dinner in a house outside the inclosure of the monastery. After dinner each little fellow receives a loaf of bread, and all go off home after seeing all they can see.

In the afternoon the ceremony of the washing of the feet again took place,—the Fathers Abbot, Prior and Brothers washing the feet of all the monks, who, seated on both sides of the cloister, were singing canticles and psalms.

On the evening of Friday I reluctantly bid *au revoir* to the monastery, receiving a parting blessing from the good Father Abbot, and turned my feet toward Mortagne, there to take the stage in order to reach the train that would bring me in time to the place where I ought to find myself on Sunday.

I intended walking to Mortagne, and Father Fulgentius, with his usual kindness, had changed the hour of the afternoon exercises at the reformatory, (where he presides over the spiritual exercises,) in order to accompany me a part of the way on the road.

Though I am not much given to sentimentality,—in fact, it requires considerable “pressure” to make me aware that I have any at all,—yet I did feel sad at leaving La Trappe, as I could not promise myself the pleasure of getting back there again. We lingered on the road that leads by the lakelets, and at last, warned by the sun, who is always inexorably up to time, we said *au revoir*, though each of us thought that it was equivalent to *adieu*.

I had to walk pretty briskly; and I flatter myself that I was making pretty good time; did flatter myself, then and there, as I puffed along the macademized road, especially at one part of the road, where, far ahead of me, I saw a dog lying in the middle of the road, respectfully get up and retire to the front yard of a farm-house, as if he thought my approach so rapid that he considered it prudent to give a clear way betimes.

As I passed the house, there he was, lying lazily in the yard, and seemed to regard me with considerable approbation, and with no apparent animosity. Perhaps the dog read in my countenance that I hadn't the same high opinion of him,—in fact, that I considered him rather a poor specimen of the canine species, for which, generally, I have a liking,—for I had not taken more than a hundred steps past the house before I heard, close behind me, a sharp bark, and in a second saw my dog up by my side, giving another bark, wheeling

around, and cutting back again to the house at an astonishing rate.

Taking off my hat to acknowledge his courteous salutation, I took a firmer grip upon my traveling sack, and sped on. Ah, there is no manner of locomotion comparable to going a-foot—that is, when one has a pair of shoes or boots (it makes little difference which), that doesn't pinch his toes, and is not too tight on the instep. To be sure, you can go faster in the cars, though I still maintain that I made respectable headway a-foot; a headway that no well-regulated locomotive would look at with contempt; yet I admit that you can go faster in the cars than on foot; but there are multitudinous drawbacks that more than counterbalance this one advantage, which is an advantage only when going through a country that isn't worth seeing, or that you have seen so often you do not care about looking at it again, and falls among the drawbacks, when there is question of a country you wish to see. In the cars you have to give up your liberty, the *habeas corpus* is suspended; there you are, a veritable prisoner, whirled along at the tail of a locomotive, without any will of your own. You get a glimpse of a fine chateau, an old ruin, a picturesque cottage, an old horse, grazing peaceably in a meadow; you would like to look at these and other equally interesting objects; but, whiz, you are jerked along a road that when the train stops near a village visible to the naked eye, is sure to be obstructed by a train, or cars, between you and the village, and all you can see is a freight car, with goods on it, and you can pass the time in finding out from the big letters on the bales that they are consigned to M. B., or X. V., and that the car is capable of carrying so many *kilos*. If the road be not obstructed at a station, you are sure to find that the village, or town that gives its name to the station, is behind a hill or clump of trees.

Now, if you were a-foot, you could look as long as you pleased at chateau, ruins and cottages, and find out all about them, and know something of the country when you do get through. Nevertheless, when one wishes to get rapidly through this world, or out of it, cars will be found to be a capital institution.

I was enjoying my traveling a-foot, though beginning to find the traveling sack grow heavier and heavier, when I heard the sound of a vehicle approaching, and as it came up to me the driver drew up and invited me to a seat beside him. As he was going my way, I accepted.

The vehicle was a one-horse, two-wheeled con-

cern. You scarcely ever see any four-wheeled ones owned by private individuals, as the tax increases in proportion to the number of wheels, I believe—though I do not think a wheelbarrow is taxed as the half of a cart.

The driver was a priest; and we had not driven far before I knew that he was Curé of a little parish off before us, to the left; that he was just returning from the residence of the Dean of the Canton, whither he had gone to renew the Holy Oils for the morrow; that he was in a great haste to get home, as his First Communion children were in retreat, which he was giving himself, and that they were waiting for him; and so, on my being forced to decline his kind invitation to accompany him down a by-road, to his pastoral residence, I jumped off his gig, and gave him the most graceful flourish of my ecclesiastical hat I was capable of executing, in return for his kindness, and easy French bow, and heartily uttered *bon voyage*.

The rest of my walk was pleasant, the sun threatening to sink behind the hills before I could reach the town, because instead of walking steadily on after getting in sight of the place I loitered along as lazily as any school-boy on his way to school. I came in full sight of the town as the round reached the edge of a high hill, where it takes a little turn to creep winding down the hillside into the deep valley, and to wind up the hill on the other side, branching out into streets. In front, directly in front on the hill over the valley, rose high above the other building, the principal church of Mortagne, its gray stone walls, almost black, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, and the big square tower rising still higher than the church, bathed in light on one side and casting a heavy shadow on the other.

The town stands compactly built around the church; to the right and left, and down towards the valley, the houses scatter out in the gardens and lean up against the hill; the streets scarcely even attempt to go straight up the hill, but wind up. It is evident that whoever made them must have commenced at the bottom of the hill, working upwards; they would certainly have come down faster had they commenced at top. In some places the garden walls look like fortifications; and to the left there is a little church whose entrance is on a shut at the top of the hill, a small, low little church when looked at from the entrance; but from this place, where you can see the steeple, you see that the steeple and its foundation is a tall affair, the foundation commencing down in

the valley, and being a most respectably high tower before it gets on a level with the church floor.

Down there in the valley are mills and manufactories, set in motion by the stream that winds through the valley. Here comes along a jaunty two-wheeled spring cart, with bells on the horse, and the driver whistling like a Yankee; there is a little fellow with a wheelbarrow loaded with brush-wood, and two little girls with bundles of the same on their heads. There I pass by an old man with an axe, who cherily responds to my wise remarks about the weather, and here I am in the valley and have lost the sun. I hasten up the steep streets—groups of children here and there taking up the whole street with enormous geometrical figures of *hop-scot*, and making as much noise as they hop on one leg kicking away at the flat stone, as you would reasonably suppose ought to be made by ten times the number. By the butcher shop, the plump butcher-boy holding the plump butcher horse, and the plump butcher inside hacking away at the meat, and the butcher's plump wife or daughter seated in the back part of the shop with her account book before her and candle already lighted. Turn around the corner, where there is an inn of anything but an inviting appearance—blacksmith shop across the road—up hill—street almost perpendicular—it would be a splendid slide for sleds, with a good snow—dark looking houses and walls on both sides—carpet-bag getting heavier and heavier. Now up on top of the hill in the business part of the town—cross over the public square, stopping to book my place in to-morrow's coach, and arrive at the Hotel de la Poste, just in time to save my carpet-bag; for it was getting so heavy that it wouldn't have paid to carry it further.

The Hotel de la Poste is by no means a stylish concern; on the contrary, quite. The only room on the ground floor is the reception room for travelers, restaurant and dining-room for boarders, and a general loafing place for a number of the young men of the town, who go there to drink a glass, or glasses of sour cider, and play cards, after supper. Nevertheless it is an orderly place. The hostess ruling with a firm hand and speaking in a voice that can be plainly understood. I soon went to my room, to finish office and go to bed as quick as possible.

Next morning I paid my bill—how much do you think it was, for collation and bedroom?—in fact two bedrooms—for the arrival of the new telegraph-lady, shortly after I had gone to my room, (the only respectable one in that part of

the house) caused the housemaid to come up to my room with a thousand apologies, to see if Monsieur le Curé would be so kind, so very obliging as to vacate the premises and give place to the lady and her son, who did not like to eat down stairs, and this was the only suitable room. Of course, before receiving even a *minim* instalment of the thousand apologies I went below, following the maid and my traveling-sack, and put the room, as far as in me lay, at the service of the new telegraph-lady.

Almost all the telegraphic offices in France are operated by females. After listening with respectful sympathy to the good lady's mournful expression of regret for having had to leave her friends and come up among the hills of Perche and strangers; I left her to take a traveler's collation, and her son to eat his supper; then I went to my second room. My bill then next morning represented the value of one collation, and two rooms, for which I was charged thirty cents! I thought to myself if all innkeepers and hotel clerks had the conscience of mine *hostess*, traveling would be some five hundred per cent cheaper than it usually comes, and mentally blessed my stars that Railroads had not found their way up among those hills to raise the price and lower the accommodations of inns and hotels.

A NOBLE CHARITY.—Mr. Joseph C. Butler, and Mr. Lewis Worthington, wealthy Protestant gentlemen of this city, purchased the United States Marine Hospital for seventy thousand, five hundred dollars, and presented it in fee simple to the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati. The building had cost the Government about three hundred thousand dollars. The conditions of the conveyance are that the institution shall be open to the poor sick without distinction of religion, or language, or birthplace, preference being given to women and children. Rooms will be reserved for strangers and others who can pay, and for those who may be injured and will require the services of a surgeon. The building is a splendid structure, with all the modern improvements for heating and ventilation. We hope, in course of time, to see this "Hospital of the Good Samaritan," as it is called by the donors, rival in endowments, and benefits to humanity, the well-known Charity Hospital at New Orleans. We express the general sentiments of all to whom these good tidings have come, when we invoke blessings on those who have done such a good work for their fellow-men.—*Cincinnati Telegraph*.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE NATIVITY OF OUR LADY--SEPT. 8TH.

[The following beautiful lines, on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, were crowded out last week by a press of other matter. But we cannot deprive the little readers of this Department of any thing so touching, and so appropriate for them to commit to memory. Therefore, we give it to them before the close of the Octave of the Nativity:]

Little children, one with other,
Put your books and work away;
Come and greet your heavenly Mother:
'Tis Our Lady's natal day.

Strip the garden of its treasure;
Weave a wreath of flowerets gay;
'Tis a day of holy pleasure:
'Tis your Mother's natal day.

Though the summer's feast be ended,
Though its bloom have pass'd away,
Though its relics now be blended
With the tokens of decay;

Though the latest rose have faded,
And the lily's dazzling sheen;
Though the hand of Time have shaded
Spring's and summer's vivid green;

Yet the wreath ye should be twining
Need not lack its quota bright,
For the aster still is shining,
Type of Mary's star-like light.

Children, did it e'er betide ye,
On some happy morn, to hear
That a babe who smil'd beside ye
Was a new-born sister dear?

Did ye not enfold that sister
In your little, fondling arms?
How ye clasp'd her, how ye kiss'd her!
How ye counted all her charms!

Ah! 'twas sweet in you, and duteous,
Love's devotion thus to pay;
But a stranger, far more beauteous,
Visited this world to-day;

Yes, that stranger was no other
(Ponder well the words I say.)
Than your loving, heavenly Mother,
Born at Nazareth to-day.

We have read in Gospel story
All that Jesus did for you;
How He died, and went to glory,
Grace for ransom'd souls to sue.

Jesus calls Himself our Brother,
 God the Father's Offspring true;
 Then, since Mary was His Mother,
 Mary is our Mother too.

In her spacious heart embracing
 Us with Him she truly bare,
 And all weaker love replacing
 With a deeper, holier care.

Where were all our hopes of Heaven,
 Where Redemption's destin'd way,
 But for her, in mercy given
 To her parents' prayer to-day?

ORIGINAL SIN;

Or, The Charcoal-Burner.

THE REHABILITATION.—[CONTINUED.]

It was resolved that the three oldest children should be brought to court. The young prince went himself to announce the good news to the poor family in the forest.

The charcoal-burner knew not how to express his gratitude; bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "Oh, my Prince! after what has passed, how can you have such kindness for us!" All the family, in like manner, expressed their gratitude and thanks to their generous benefactor.

When they reached the court, the queen received them with extreme kindness. She placed the two boys under wise and pious teachers, and kept little Mary to be one of her own young maids of honor. This sweet child soon charmed every one by her gentleness and modesty, and her amiable character made her a great favorite with the queen.

Unfortunately, her brothers did not resemble her. Robert had a proud disposition and a very violent temper, which spoilt all his good talents. Joseph was gentle and good, but so giddy and idle that he could never be made to apply himself seriously to his studies; to these two great defects he soon joined another—that of falsehood, in order to excuse his faults. Robert studied hard, succeeded well in his studies, and would have given great satisfaction to his teachers had he not been so selfish, impatient, and proud. Then again he soon became very careless about his religious duties. Deceitful with his superiors, false and cold-hearted with his brother, disdainful toward his inferiors, he seemed totally led away by pride and ambition.

More than once the queen regretted having taken them from their cabin. But Joseph had

not yet made his first Communion, and they hoped that this great epoch in his life would overcome his idleness. Happily, they were not disappointed. After receiving the Blessed Sacrament he was indeed completely changed, and became candid, studious and truthful; and as he was by nature very intelligent and affectionate, he soon gained the friendship of the young prince so completely, that every one predicted a most brilliant future for him.

Jealousy easily takes possession of the heart of the courtier; but we would scarcely suppose that Robert would indulge this passion toward his little brother. Yet such was only too truly the case. Robert, the proud Robert, who had hoped to domineer over his brother and sister, yielded so far to this passion that he fell sick. Such are the terrible effects of envy that he lost his sleep and his appetite, and became gloomy and morose. He could scarcely look at his brother Joseph without growing almost livid with rage.

In vain did the amiable youth multiply acts of kindness and affection toward him; instead of softening his heart, all these proofs of love only made it grow harder. Joseph would often say to him, with tears in his eyes: "My dear brother, what have I done to make me lose your love? What must I do to recover it? Speak, and if necessary I will give my life for you."

At such times Robert would be softened for a moment, and would protest that he always loved him; but passion would soon regain its empire over his heart, and his bad treatment of Joseph again recommenced.

The gentle and virtuous Mary, deeply grieved at the sad state of her elder brother, resolved to make a last and supreme effort to touch his heart. But Robert, in place of listening to her, became so violent, and so enraged against his brother, that poor Mary fainted. When he saw her senseless his anger ceased; and reproaching himself for his violence he bestowed every care upon her. As soon as her consciousness was restored he tenderly embraced her, and promised to become reconciled with his brother, and this was sufficient to make the good Mary completely happy.

Robert sought Joseph, and warmly pressing his hand, begged him to forget all his past harsh treatment; and Joseph, too confiding and too generous to doubt his sincerity, embraced him with the greatest affection.

A few days afterward Robert invited him to take a walk up to the mountains, where the prince had a country house, beautifully situated. They

had often before wandered among the picturesque ravines, overhung with enormous rocks which seemed suspended in the air. On this their last walk together among these grand scenes of nature, with what different sentiments were the two brothers actuated! Joseph, whose only thought was to gain the heart of Robert, was radiant with joy; but alas, for the wicked Robert! When they had gained the edge of a deep precipice his limbs trembled, his countenance changed, his eyes glared like those of a leopard when he is ready to spring upon his prey.

"Are you suffering any pain, dear Robert?" timidly said Joseph.

"Oh yes," replied the monster, grinding his teeth.

"O brother!" said Joseph, taking hold of his arm. And these were his last words, for at that moment Robert pushed him over the precipice into the gulf below. And then this wicked being turned away, saying "Now I am rid of him!"

Miserable wretch! New Cain! No, you are not rid of him! The vengeance of God will pursue you! Henceforth your life will be a long torture. Day and night the accusing voice will sound in your ear—Cain, where is your brother Abel? Remorse will consume you, and you will die a miserable death.

The guilty being rushed into the forest and threw himself upon the ground; his punishment had already commenced. He had resolved to lie—to weep for his brother's death and have a grand funeral ceremony; but now he no longer thought of this. A prey to despair, he fled away; and changing his dress and his name, he repaired to a distant country, never to return. But wherever he went he carried the torments of his everlasting punishment in his heart.

In the evening every one was surprised at the long absence of the brothers. The next day, diligent search was made for them in the mountains, where a young shepherd, who from a distance had seen all, discovered the frightful mystery! They soon found poor Joseph's body, and brought it back to the city, where every one was in the greatest horror and consternation at the horrible deed that had been committed. And parents said to their children: "See, to what frightful crimes passions will lead people, when not suppressed and destroyed in the heart!" Behold the fruit of pride and jealousy!

The heart-broken Mary threw herself upon the body of her poor murdered brother, and her deep grief moved to tears all the multitude assembled

around it. When she was led away from his lifeless remains she sought the queen, her benefactress, and said—"Oh, my sovereign and my second mother, most tenderly do I love you! and God knows how much it costs my heart to leave you; but I can no longer live at the court. For more than a year I have nourished the desire of serving God in a community consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, whose name I received in baptism, but I feared to speak to you on the subject. But now, most gracious lady, I come to you in my deep anguish to obtain your permission to leave a world which I have never loved." In saying these words Mary threw herself upon her knees, shedding at the same time a torrent of tears.

"No, my child," replied her benefactress, "you must not leave me! My tender affection will console you in your deep affliction, and time will soften the bitterness of your grief."

Respect and excess of sorrow prevented Mary from replying, but her resolution was taken; and in a short time she retired to a monastery.

The young prince was also most deeply grieved at the loss of his friend. He shut himself up in his own apartments, and many months passed away before he was seen at court. His parents suffered great anxiety on his account, and used every means to divert his attention.

At length a happy thought occurred to the good queen. Some time before she had placed the charcoal-burner's youngest son in one of the best colleges. Every one spoke in his praise, and said that he was the counterpart of Joseph, in appearance as well as in disposition; so the queen resolved with the king's consent to bring him to court, in order to see if his presence would not have a salutary influence upon the young prince.

In truth he was a most amiable youth, and seemed every way worthy of inspiring confidence, consequently the most sanguine hopes were entertained of his future career. But he possessed one defect—namely, that of being too easily influenced by those who surrounded him. While under the wise government of prudent masters, his conduct was not only irreproachable, but so virtuous that all united in saying "James will be even better than his brother Joseph."

The prince was greatly pleased with him, and he soon became as great a favorite as Joseph had been.

But when deprived of his good masters and left under the influence of worldly persons, he became the object of flattery. Alas! to how many snares are youth exposed, by the artifices of a corrupt and vicious world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II.

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No. 38.

WORSHIP OF RELIQUIES, CRUCIFIXES, ETC.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

"And is it allowable to honor relics, crucifixes, and holy pictures? Yes; with an inferior and relative honor, as related to Christ and His Saints, and as memorials of them. May we then pray to relics and images? No; by no means, for they have no life, or sense, to hear or help us."

So says the Catechism, and so the Catholic Church teaches all her children. Relics of saints, crucifixes, holy pictures, and images, may be honored with an inferior and relative honor, because related to our Lord and His Saints, and are memorials of them, and serve to keep them fresh in our memories. And why should they not be? When, many years ago, I was thought to be dying, far from home, among strangers, a dear old lady, who had been kind to me, cut off a lock of my hair to send to my mother, in case I should not recover. The lover wears the portrait of his mistress next his heart, and prizes every thing that has belonged to her. The pious son preserves with tender care the picture of his mother, and will not suffer it to be profaned. The mother preserves the playthings and little coat of her infant boy when his body sleeps in the church-yard, and cherishes, with almost painful fondness, every memorial of her heroic son slain on the battlefield, fighting for his country. Is the saint, the martyr slain fighting for that nobler country, heaven, the true *patria* of the soul, less dear to the memory of the Christian heart?

The republic delights to honor her patriotic sons, those who have fallen in her cause, who have defended her in danger, led her armies to victory, secured her independence, or rendered her illustrious by their statesmanship, and erects monuments to show her deep sense of their worth, and to perpetuate the memory of their civic virtues. Do we not call the national capital Washington, and hang not a picture of "the Father of his Country" in the house of almost every American? Does not the nation preserve, among its choicest

treasures, the very coat and sword he wore? Is there a State in the Union that has not a Washington county, city, or village, or a city that has not a Washington street? Have not innumerable citizens called their sons George Washington, in his honor, and has not a national association, of noble-minded and noble-hearted women, purchased for the nation the land on which stands his tomb, that it may, through all time, be free to the pilgrimage of the grateful sons and daughters of the Republic which he had the chief hand in founding? The same honors in kind, though less in degree, are paid to Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and others, who have illustrated the nation by their genius, their talents, and their public services.

The Church has her battles, and religion her victories, and should they who battled for her, gained through grace the victory for religion, and came off conquerors and more than conquerors, be regarded as less deserving of honor? Is not the Church more than country? religion more than civil virtue? Is there a greater or truer hero than the Christian hero; than he who gives up all for Jesus, and never ceases to do valiant battle against all His enemies? Our Lord judges not so, for to such an one He promises a crown of life, of immortal glory and honor, in His kingdom. The civil hero must add the Christian to his civil virtues, or fail of the heavenly glory. Why, then, should relics, pictures, statues, memorials of the saint, be less deserving of honor than those of a mother, a mistress, a patriot? No people can so regard them, till they have lost the sense of Christian faith, and have sunk, morally and intellectually, below the savage. The principle on which rests the veneration of relics, crucifixes, and holy pictures, is natural and dear to the human heart; and I have shown, over and over again, as the Church teaches, that grace does not supercede nature. Most true is it that nature is below the plane of our origin and end, for they are both supernatural, and we can do nothing without the regenerating grace of Jesus Christ to gain or merit

eternal life; but grace supposes nature, accepts, elevates, purifies, and directs it. Whatever is true and beautiful in nature or natural affection Christianity hallows and makes her own.

But we are told that the honor paid by Catholics to the memorials of Christ and His Saints is superstition or idolatry. Idolatry is not in honoring things for what they really are, but in honoring things which are not, or things which are, for what they are not; superstition is in seeking effects from inadequate causes, or, like our modern Atheistic philosophers, seeking effects from no causes. When I ask a saint to pray for me I am guilty of no superstition, for I ask only what he can do; but, if I ask him to raise or believe he can raise a dead body to life, I fall into gross superstition, because that only God can do. God may raise the dead to life in answer to the prayer of the saint, but no saint, not even our Blessed Lady, can do it. When I honor relics, crucifixes, holy pictures, and images, only as memorials of Christ and His Saints, reverence them only as related to the real worth I venerate, I am neither superstitious nor an idolator; I simply treat things as they are, and for what they are; I simply adhere to truth.

But "Catholics worship them." Yes; as the American worships Washington's coat or sword preserved in the Patent Office at the national capital, as the son worships the portrait of his mother, or the Freedman a photograph of Lincoln, Sumner, Phillips, or Garrison, not otherwise. "They believe in the miraculous power of certain relics, pictures, or statues." The Catechism gives the best answer to that: "They have no life or sense to hear or help us." How can we believe that what has neither life nor sense, can have the power to work miracles? The only Power that does or can work real miracles, is God Himself. He may, if He chooses, work a miracle in honor of the saint who is dear to Him, and whom He does not disdain to call His friend; and He may also do so to testify His approval of the honor we render to the saint by carrying a memorial, relic, picture, or statue of him, in solemn public processions. The dead man mentioned in the Scriptures, who was let down into the tomb of the prophet, as soon as he touched the bones of the prophet, rose up alive. It was not the dead bones that restored the dead man to life, but God, as a mark of honor to him whose mortal remains they were.

"But the practice of Catholics is forbidden by the Decalogue." I think not. God does not for-

bid in one law what he authorizes in another. What is forbidden in what Catholics call the first Commandment, and Protestants the first and second, is not the making, keeping, or honoring of pictures as memorials, but as gods. "I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt not have strange Gods before me. Thou shalt not make to thee any graven thing, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. *Thou shalt not adore them nor serve them.*" It is plain what is here forbidden is neither painting nor sculpture, but making of graven things, likenesses, or images of any thing in heaven, in the earth, or under the earth, to be worshiped and served as gods; otherwise, every one who has his likeness, taken either by the painter or the sculptor, would break the precept. The great Gentile apostasy had taken place prior to Moses, and idolatry had become very general in his time. It was one of the main purposes of the Hebrew Institute to protect the Hebrew people from the infection of the prevailing idolatry or worship of false gods, and to keep alive with them the knowledge and worship of the one living and true God. Many things were, no doubt, prohibited to them, which otherwise might have been allowed; but it cannot be supposed that Moses understood the prohibition in the rigid Protestant and Mahometan sense, for he himself ordered the construction of the brazen image of a serpent, and of the cherubim, whose outstretched wings over the ark covered the mercy-seat; nor did the Jews understand it in that sense, for the golden sea in their temple rested on twelve brazen oxen. Evidently the precept is directed against idolatry, the worship of false gods, not against the arts of painting and sculpture.

Moreover, the heathens themselves, as I understand it, did not worship literally that which they believed or knew to be made with men's hands, for none of them seem to have advanced far enough to believe that man makes God. That is a degree of progress attained to only by our modern philosophers. What, in their own minds, they worshiped was the *dæmon* or *numen* which they believed, on the sacerdotal consecration or conjuration, entered into the image, and afterwards dwelt therein. But as this belief was vain, and the *numen* or *dæmon* supposed to inhabit the image, or to be confined within it, was also vain, the sacred writers, who treat things as they really are, without taking notice of what is purely subjective,

represent the heathen as literally worshiping gods of wood and stone fashioned by men's hands, because there was, objectively, really nothing else present to be worshiped. As no Christian does or can believe that God, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, or even a saint can be shut up in an image made by human hands, or can confound the image with that which it represents, no Christian can, in keeping and honoring holy pictures and images, be in the least danger of falling into the sin of the heathen, or be regarded as violating the precept.

But I have something more to say of holy relics, crucifixes, etc., which I will endeavor to say in a following article.

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MERCY—Sept. 24.

Among the many festivals, celebrated throughout the year in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, this present one is fraught with interest, and revives very important reminiscences in the history of the Church.

About the commencement of the thirteenth century, the greater part of Spain was under the yoke of the Saracens, who cruelly persecuted the Christians, and sold many of them as slaves in Africa and other countries along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

At this period, the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to Saint Peter Nolascus, Saint Raymond de Penafort, and James I, King of Arragon, and communicated to them how pleasing it would be to her Divine Son, and to herself, if they would institute in her honor a Religious Order, the primary object of which was to be the liberation of Christian captives from the tyranny of the infidel.

Saint Peter, Saint Raymond and the King, having conferred as to the vision, with which they were respectively favored, resolved to establish the Order, after the manner and for the object pointed out to them by the Blessed Virgin Mary. This was in the year 1218.

The members of this new Order, in addition to the three vows of Chastity, Poverty and Obedience, common to all other Orders, bound themselves by a *fourth*, to the effect that they would surrender *themselves*, if necessary, to slavery, in order to secure the liberation of their fellow-Christians.

The Order was designated that of "The Blessed Mary of Mercy of the Redemption of Captives." The King gave them his own palace for a lodging, and conceded to them the privilege of wearing

on their scapulars the arms of Arragon—triple symbol of purity, faith and valor.

In the year 1227, Pope Gregory IX confirmed the institution of this new Order of charity and mercy.

The Order spread rapidly through Europe. Many persons of illustrious rank enlisted under its standard. The self-sacrificing principle on which it was founded, attracted the attention and elicited the loving sympathy of the faithful, who poured in their alms to assist in this noblest exercise of Christian charity.

These facts are well authenticated from the writings of Saint Peter Nolascus, and the Bull of Canonization of Saint Raymond de Penafort. Benedict XIV quotes eleven authors of repute in sustinment of the same.

To record and commemorate the benefits and graces conferred and obtained by this Order, through the patronage and intercession of the Blessed Virgin, the Church instituted this festival, which was joyfully celebrated in many places. Finally, Pope Innocent XII, who entered on his Pontificate in the year 1691, fixed upon the 24th of September as the day on which this festival was to be, evermore, observed by the universal Church.

The object for which that Order was founded has, long since, ceased to exist. The Mussulmans have no longer power over the lives and liberties of the children of the Church. But the "Mercy" of her who directed the institution of that Order, and who fostered and cherished it while it accomplished such heroic deeds, is still fresh and unlimited toward all her humble votaries, who recall to their minds on this festival her tender solicitude, and hail her as their "Mother of Mercy."

AN INVITATION.

Oh, come to the shrine of the Virgin pure!
 Each pain of the aching heart she will cure.
 She'll still every storm of the troubled breast;
 To the weary and sad give joy and rest.
 Oh, come; if thou hast, as a meek lamb shorn,
 By the world's rude blast been bruised and torn;
 If thy heart's holy wealth of love and trust
 Hath been cast from the faithless friend as dust,

Oh, come! oh, come!

To Mary, spotless Queen;
 And she thy guiding star will be,
 Lighting with truth and love thy way,
 Leading thee, through life's misery,
 To joys above, that ne'er decay.

Mary!

Star of the Sea!

To Mary come, and she will be

Thy guiding star o'er life's dark sea.

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT, RECEPTION, &c.

SOLITUDES OF LES SAINTES ESPERANCES,
August 23, 1866.

No doubt you have often heard of the Convent of Our Lady of Loretto, situated in Marion county, Kentucky, near a railroad station also called Loretto, after this celebrated Academy and Institution. The title of the Order is *Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross*, and was founded by one of the pioneer Priests of Kentucky, not alone with the approbation of the late sainted Bishop Flaget, but with his blessing and hearty concurrence. The object of the Association was to supply the immediate needs of the Diocese, at that time in its infancy, and it was designed principally for Kentuckians. But at present they number among their members, daughters of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Missouri; those from the orange groves of the South, from the snow-clad hills of the North, from *La Belle France*, from "the legendary stream"—the broad, swift and deep Rhine,—and from the Emerald Isle, sweetest Isle of the Ocean, fairest star of the sea. All, all unite together in rendering honor to God, and praise to our Holy Mother, whose dutiful devotees they love to be, and whose lives are a constant practice of those virtues that rendered our Immaculate Queen so fair in the sight of God and His angels. They are called Daughters of Mary at the Foot of the Cross, and hence we may easily catch at the primary object of their Institute, viz., to adore suffering Jesus agonizing, and compassionate sorrowful Mary standing by. In memory of this, their silver-toned bells ring out daily at three p. m., the hour of Our Lord's agony and death upon the Cross, when all repair to the church or chapel to adore Him, in His extreme dereliction during a half hour, or an hour, and the bell is tolled, as in death, during the recitation of the beads of the agonizing. It is no less cheering than consoling to hear, amidst these dense old forests, (which are now fast disappearing,) and stretching far off in the distant horizon, blending with the golden clouds of sunset, as the waves and sky meet at the vault of heaven, these sounds of salvation, and to know that many an *Ave Maria, gratia plena*, is walted to the throne of grace, for the good of the land, for the conversion of sinners, for the perseverance of the just, and to impetrate blessings upon our dear country.

It was to an annual assembly of some of the members of this Order, from the various houses of which it is composed, that I received a most cor-

dial invitation from the Superior General to be present. This I could not refuse; and especially if there were any sights to be seen, I wished to be in for them. Now a Religious' retreat, reception, making vows, and the general renovation of vows for the whole Order, was indeed something new, and I resolved to accept, and at the appointed time hastened to the spot. I cannot tell you how greatly I was edified, and I am sure both you and your readers will peruse an unvarnished narrative with pleasure and interest. For many days previous the trains had been bringing together, from different points, those angels of mercy, where they had been employed in doing good to their fellow-beings. We met there some from Illinois, from Missouri, from Kansas, and the Osage Indian Mission, as well as from the distant plains of New Mexico; besides many from the different Institutions in Kentucky; from Calvary, Bethlehem, Mt. St. Benedict, St. Augustine's, St. Joseph's, etc., etc., all commingling in agreeable converse, and supporting and encouraging one another in the performance of the most heroic acts of charity.

Thus the time sped "on angel wing," till the bell announced the hour of prayer, when, hushed in deep repose, those late echoing hills and dales, those cloistered halls and shady nooks, that but just rang with the merry laugh, now reverberated with the song of prayer and praise, that arose simultaneously from the depths of many a fervent heart. A retreat of eight days had commenced, preached by a son of Saint Ignatius. It is needless to offer a word of eulogy upon the retreat, etc., as the unbounded success for which the Jesuits have always been remarkable, in every age and nation, and upon every occasion, is sufficient recommendation for the happy results to be expected from this.

About the third day of the exercises, one of the Community received the last Sacraments of the Church, in preparation for that awful hour when she should be summoned before the tribunal of her Sovereign Judge, to answer for her every thought, word, and deed. Hers had been a happy, peaceful life, all joy and sunshine, and the sweet bloom of her early virtues was fast ripening into maturity, when the hand of death was laid heavily upon her, by that most harassing of complaints—*consumption*. She has finished her course in a short space, and soon will be invited to enter to the "marriage of the Lamb," where all are expected to be clothed in the nuptial garment. During the administration

of these last rites, she pronounced her final vows, and solemn were they for herself, as well as for those who witnessed the imposing ceremony. Immediately after pronouncing them, our Lord entered into her heart, as Viaticum to protect, to strengthen, to defend her from all evil, and to conduct her safely through the shades of death. So I left her calmly and cheerfully awaiting the hour that will reward her for her many virtues and her every prayer. A sweet smile constantly played about her features, and thanks were lavished upon all for each little attention, each act of sisterly kindness, or each word of maternal interest in her welfare or sufferings. What a blessed termination to a life of innocence and prayer. She is under twenty-five.

The feast of Saint Clare, the twelfth of August, is the anniversary of the death of the founder of the Order, Rev. Charles Nerincka. As he is venerated as a saint, his spiritual children have long since ceased to pray for him, but with confidence invoke him in their every difficulty, mental as well as physical—and, they affirm, not without success. This, then, is a day that has been set aside for celebrating a grand *Requiem* Mass for all the departed members of the Society; but on this occasion, falling on Sunday, they anticipated the day by having the celebration on Saturday. The altar was draped in black. The rich vestments of velvet and gold contrasted sweetly with the chaste white and gold of the Gothic-built altar, glistening in the softened light of innumerable lamps and tapers, that danced and sparkled in the mellow rays of the rising sun, as he poured them through the stained windows of this magnificent conventual church. The music was solemnly grand, the ceremonies imposing. It was Mozart's touching strains that wailed through the aisles, and along the corridors, and out on the morning breeze, till it seemed that each woodland songster caught up the strain and joined in the plaintive dirge of the *Dies ira, dies illa*, which ascended as sweet incense to the throne of the Almighty, propitiating His favor, and inducing Him to send His swift-winged messengers to the abode of those detained for a time from His blessed presence, and bear them back in triumph, to place them in possession of those thrones prepared for them to recompense their innocent lives, and to wreath their brows with those crowns woven of their many virtues and interspersed with rarest gems of purest love, and brightest jewels of acts of benevolence to their fellow-beings. All approached the Holy Table. It was

a rare sight, and again would I travel many a mile to witness it! To behold those long lines of Religious, who had so generously trampled under foot all the vanities of the world, the pride of life, the ambition of fame, the desire of renown, and had merged into this Community, and were now engaged in the most sublime act of religious worship. Two by two, they approached the railings, and knelt, and received, and retired to their places, with all due respect, order, and propriety, so that not a moment intervened,—for as the recipients were filing up on one side, others were leaving on the other. The solemn Absolution was pronounced amid the plaintive tones of the *Libera*; and after the celebrant had retired, the choir chanted, for the pious gratification of the members, the beautiful Psalm, *De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine*, and then all remained in silent adoration of the Divine Guest, who had come to take up His abode in their hearts. How many among that number lamented dear friends, sisters, mothers, daughters, who had gone before them, to enjoy the reward promised to those who had fought the good fight, who had finished their course, and for whom there was laid up a crown of everlasting glory. In the evening there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Thus, in holy prayer, and silent contemplation, passed the days of the retreat until the morning of the fifteenth of August, the *Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary*. It was a beautiful morning. The sun rose half draped in clouds, and seemed aware that he was to witness imposing ceremonies, that would convey pleasure to the heart of God, and afford joy to the angels and saints of heaven. The bells pealed out merrily the hour for rising, then succeeded an hour of sweet communing with God, in meditation and prayer, when, again, the silver tones came wafted on the morning breeze, to tell that the hour of sacrifice had arrived, when you might see many wending their way to the commodious church, to witness the ceremonies about to take place. The melodious tones of the fine organ, accompanied by the many sweet voices of the choir, poured forth, in rapturous strains, the praises of our Blessed Lady, by calling upon her, in the different appellations of the Litany of Loretto. Then commenced the High Mass. It is sufficient recommendation to say that the music was magnificent. I can add no more, for words fail me (and I am considered quite an adept in this enchanting art). After the Gospel, the *Spirit Creator* was chanted in harmonious concert, whilst five young ladies drew near

the altar, habited in the dress of novices, and wearing long, flowing veils. The Director approached, to whom they were presented, and of whom they demanded admission into the Order. The names of the ladies were: Victoria Rhodes, to be called in religion Sister Mary Ann; Lizzie O'Keefe, Sister Mary Blanche; Kate Roche, Sister Mary Flavia; Mollie Bonfils, Sister Mary Pancretia; and Mary Stuart, Sister Mary Laurentia. The religious dress they wore was then blessed, the novices' white veil was also blessed, and thrown over their heads, in place of the lace one they previously wore. The girdle, which is of leather, was also blessed, and put on, as was also the Scapular of the Order, that is, the Scapular of the Seven Dolors. I refrain from making any explanations of the different parts of the Religious dress, as all who are ignorant of it, and wish to be enlightened upon this subject, can easily do so. A short but pathetic discourse was then delivered, in which the youthful novices especially, and all, were encouraged to perseverance in the ways of virtue, and incited to a holy emulation to advance in the path of the elevated contemplation of Mary, united to the active life of Martha. It is such Orders as these that are suited to the needs of the community at large, and are calculated to render immense service to religion. After this, Mass proceeded amid the prayers of a large congregation assembled to be edified as well as instructed. Soon the sanctuary bell announced the moment of Consecration, when the great God of heaven and earth was to veil Himself under the appearances of bread and wine, and come upon our altar to receive our adoration, love and thanksgiving. Then every head was bowed, and every breath was hushed, as in some divine ecstasy. After the *Agnus Dei* was chanted, and the supplicating notes of the *Miserere nobis* died away in the distance, like soft strains of ethereal music, the railings were again thronged by those who had finished their first Novitiate, and were to receive the black veil and dress, and make their first vows, as well as by those, who having spent five years in the Order, wished to consecrate themselves, for life, in the Society of the *Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross*. The celebrant having given the blessing, turned round, and proclaimed aloud the solemn admonition, *Domine, non sum dignus, etc.*, three times, remained facing the young Religious, and holding our Lord between his fingers, as witness of the engagements they were taking upon themselves, silken bonds and golden cords, that bound them to their Divine Spouse. Whilst one after

another made the act of entire consecration of themselves to God, in the Order, binding themselves to the observance of the three vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, a breathless silence reigned throughout that vast assembly, and every ear was bent to catch each word, as it fell from the lips of the newly consecrated virgins; and few eyes but were moistened with the tear of sympathy and devotion. The names of those who were clothed in the black veil were, Sisters Emily Weizler, Sebastia Kennedy, Clotilde Bertaut, Inez Madigan, and Charity Kavenagh. Those who made their last vows, and were admitted to a full participation of the benefits of the Order, were, Sisters Maxentia Mullican, Mary Ephraim Hart, Eucharia Byrne, and Harriet Moore. After this the entire assembled Sisterhood, in a slow and distinct manner, recited a formula of vows, entitled the renovation of vows, by which solemn ceremony they endeavor to renew within themselves the fervor with which they were animated when first they made them. Each Community, in its own respective house, performs the same act of renovation of vows, upon the feast of the Assumption of our Lady, of course on a minor scale. And in the beginning of the scholastic year each one goes forth renewed in spirit, to fight the battles of the Lord, and to conquer their own little world that reigns in the heart of each. Immediately after this all receive Holy Communion, as a pledge of that faith they have plighted to their King, their Spouse, and their God. Who shall tell the ecstatic delight that fills the heart of one who thus unreservedly gives herself into the hands of Him who created, redeemed, and thus sanctifies her by His real presence in her bosom. After an appropriate time devoted to thanksgiving, etc., etc., the Papal Benediction was bestowed, in the usual solemn and grand style peculiar on such occasions, by the Reverend Father who preached the retreat. And then all was joy and gladness. Congratulations passed between those who had long been separated, and who now met, for the first time in years. Children of the same parents, who had been reared beneath the same roof, who had reposed their infant heads upon the same bosom, who had learned from the same source to lisp the cherished names of Jesus and Mary, who had quaffed knowledge at the same fount, and been cherished by the same Sacraments, and called to the same state of life, but one had been cultivating the vineyard of the Lord in the North, the other in the South; one in the East, while the other was in the West; but they were now

again united for a brief space, when again they would resume their labors for the conquest of souls. Thus passes the life of usefulness led by the *Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross*, and no doubt rich will be the recompense laid up for them in those blessed mansions where the moth entereth not to consume.

The sixteenth of August is the anniversary of the consecration of the Church of Loretto, and, of course, all the members of this Order, who could conveniently be present, were there, to partake in the Indulgences usually obtained upon such occasions. Again echoed forth, through its elegantly vaulted roof, and densely crowded aisles and corridors, along its silent vestibules and galleries, notes of sweet and solemn sound. The supplicating *Kyrie Eleison* was succeeded by the magnificent *Gloria in excelsis*, whose brilliant strains sounded long upon the ear, and whose reverberations were echoed back till the mind was lost in ecstatic delight. The joyful hymn of the *Credo* was followed by the exulting and harmonious *Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth*.

Speak not of your music in your grand cathedrals and oratorios, where they wish to create a sensation, I tell you, it could not equal the sweetness, the pathos, the soul-stirring influence so vividly thrown into each part of the musical performance of this retired, unobtrusive convent church, where the love of God alone, moved every heart to prayer and praise. But enough this. I am trespassing upon your pages, and have already far exceeded the limit I at first proposed.

The Bishop of Louisville, who is the first Superior of the Order, had previously informed the Religious that he would meet them all before separating. This he did a short time after the morning service had concluded, at which many of the neighboring clergymen had assisted, and were now at hand to afford a grand reception to his Lordship, and he was not less happy to meet there so many of his clergy, than again to bless and encourage such a numerous family of spiritual daughters. The Society numbers several hundred; more than two hundred being then at Loretto. He spoke to them words of consolation and peace, and incited them on to battle in that spiritual warfare, in which the meek Jesus has given us a model of the means of conquering.

He officiated at a solemn Benediction, after which was chanted, in harmonious concert, the *Te Deum Laudamus*, and the feast was over. But who shall pretend to depict the impression made

upon the mind of each one who witnessed the performance of these impressive ceremonies, or who partook in the spiritual benefits of the Mission? Shall it not remain as a line of demarcation, to refer back to in coming years, before or after which each event occurred? Gladly would I have traveled from New Orleans to New York, or *vice versa*, to have been thus highly favored, and submitted to many an inconvenience to have thus enjoyed the sweets, the holy solitude which reigned within these hallowed walls of the *Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross*.

Perhaps at some future day I may afford you some beautiful and interesting Legends (I would call them miracles) connected with this Order; such as cures taking place before some of their altars and shrines, with which my mind has been replenished, during my last visit; and the particulars of many a one I had either heard of, or witnessed myself in earlier days, were revived; but time, that inflexible old monarch! oh, he has laid his icy fingers upon me, and allows me no rest. I sometimes think I will cheat him, by taking a near way across an avenue, beginning thereby to gain a square, when lo! with his snowy locks and halting

THREE PETITIONS.

A TALE OF POLAND.

[CONTINUED.]

"Yes, she did. After many dangers the news came one festival-day that our General Czawiecki was advancing to chastise the insolent Swedes; and the enemy at once raised the siege, greatly ashamed that so small an obstacle had so long resisted their arms with such success. And so Kordecki acquired the warrior's crown; and in a few minutes we shall see his statue on the ramparts, and his austere, gentle face will be the first to greet us from its old oak frame at the bottom of the first corridor."

The two ladies had by this time ascended the hill, followed by Magda, who carried little Emma in her arms. They crossed a draw-bridge, and entered, through a huge turret-gate, a narrow passage between the two walls, which led direct to the church. Here they met a large company of beggars, for the most part old and infirm, who held out their hands for charity, as they muttered Litanies and Hail Mary's. These poor creatures

attention. The eyes of our three pilgrims, like those of all the rest, were turned towards the distant high altar, about which were concentrated the richest treasures of the shrine, and fixed upon a pale blue curtain, which hung down from above. Here knelt an aged monk, who was reciting aloud the Litany of Loretto; the others making the responses, with voices in which fervor was often interrupted by emotion, to the accompaniment of a sweet and low-toned organ.

As the priest uttered the words, "Comforter of the afflicted, pray for us," the blue curtain fell, every head bowed, and a deep sigh burst from every bosom. The grave sorrowful portrait of our Lady, painted upon cedar-wood by Saint Luke himself, was before them, surrounded by ex-votos of gold, pearls, and sparkling gems, and crowned by a diadem of precious stones dazzling with brilliancy. The marks of the arrows of her Tartar assailants were still visible in the brown thin cheeks. She seemed to be presenting her delicate little Jesus to the assembled spectators; her Child's head as well her own being crowned by a circlet of diamonds and rubies. There are triumphant Virgins; there are young Madonnas of Raphael, full of joy and happiness; there are Virgins of the Immaculate Conception, and Virgins of the seven Dolors. Our Lady of Czenstochowa belongs to these last, though her grief is veiled by a deep calmness and her features are unchanged. She still carries her bitter sorrow in silence; she is not here our Lady of Victories, but our Lady of Pity. In the quivering taper-light her eyes seem to melt and her lips to move at the sight of her kneeling suppliants; at least so thought Magda, as with extended arms and uplifted gaze she poured forth her heartfelt petitions, broken by sobs.

"O blessed Virgin," she cried, "who saw your Son die, wilt thou not bring back my father? O Mother, I pray for my mother! O Queen of Virgins, wilt thou accept me, if I consecrate myself to thee?"

She, as well as several other pilgrims who had made a similar vow, went completely round the altar on her knees, disappearing behind it for a few minutes, and then reappearing in the same posture of humiliation, with joined hands and an expression of the deepest recollection.

Hedwige prayed silently, kneeling on the pavement, her heart full, her head buried in her hands.

"O Mother," she sighed, "do I not ask too much? I pray for a soul entangled in the trammels of the world; for his repentance and for his

final salvation. Should Ladislas obtain a heavenly crown, it matters nothing to me should I forfeit a bridal one below. He is my beloved and my betrothed for time and eternity; but I would willingly give my life to gain for him: it would cost me nothing to give him up to God." She stopped for a moment to look at Fanny, whose lips were moving and her eyes glistening, as if she too would pray.

The young Protestant had looked around at first with no other feeling than that of curiosity; but gradually she began to experience a certain emotion from the unexpected sight around her. The example of numbers, all engaged in earnest supplication, was contagious, and evoked a spark of that faith which lies dormant in every soul. A voice within seemed to say, "Behold, and listen to this kneeling crowd: each one has his secret sorrow to be assuaged, some favor that he desires to obtain. And thou who hast thy grief and thy desire also, why canst thou not share in their hope? Thinkest thou that thou art wiser than they, and that thou standest in no need of prayer?" And the sweet-faced image of our Lady of Czenstochowa seemed to add its encouraging words also: "I myself have been a mother; I too suffered and wept over my Child."

As Fanny heard these two voices appealing to her heart, she involuntarily joined Emma's little hands and raised them toward the shrine, and in weeping accents spoke as if she were herself the dumb child for whom she prayed. "Queen and Mother, aid me!" she cried; "warm my infant heart, open my mute lips and my sealed ears: may your name be the first word my lisping voice utters!"

Fanny trembled as she spoke; she could hardly understand what mysterious impulse had dictated her petition; but she felt that the Virgin had heard it, and that she could not retract the species of promise she had made in her child's name.

When the service was over and the crowd had slowly dispersed, our three pilgrims found themselves once more in the courtyard of the convent.

"Our promises are made; our prayers are ended," said Hedwige, extending her hands to her companions.

"May they be granted!" said Fanny sorrowfully.

"They will be, if it please God," cried Magda with eager hope. "But, madam, our good Mother must have time to speak and pray for us. We are not holy enough to deserve to have direct miracles worked for us at once."

"But unless our wishes are granted at once, it

will be no miracle at all," said the young English-woman mournfully.

"Whether it be a miracle or not, it will be a favor all the same," said Magda earnestly. "All that is good comes from God; but His times are not ours. I have promised our Lady to wait and pray a full year, from now till the Feast of the Assumption; so for a whole twelvemonth I shall still hope to see my father safe at home."

"Well, we will wait a year," said Hedwige; "we are young, and God is great. And Emma is very little too," she continued, taking the child in her arms, and caressing her tenderly, while Fanny looked on with tearful eyes.

As they went down the green hillside together, Magda took the young mother's hand and pointed toward the spire of the chapel. "The day will come," she said, "when you will weep no more, madam; thanks to our Lady of Czenstochowa."

Fanny made no other answer than a mournful sigh.

IV.

It was the middle of the month of June, '63, and all was bustle and confusion in the little town of B——, on the frontiers of Volhynia; the inhabitants of which were almost all Catholics, and consequently devoted to the Polish cause. Powder manufactories and forges were every where at work; nothing was heard but patriotic songs, nothing seen but drilling, marching, and counter-marching: even the women were busy making linen, and filling the knapsacks of the young recruits just upon the point of setting out. But beyond the immediate confines of the town the peasants were schismatics, and their assistance very doubtful; whilst it was of great moment to gain them over, or at least to secure their neutrality, though at the same time a difficult and dangerous matter, requiring boldness, intrepidity, and caution in the undertaking. The young leader of the insurgents, Ladislas Kords, possessed these qualities in perfection: he had distinguished himself in the early part of the insurrection by a singularly brilliant retreat and was the idol of his soldiers: though his moral character was not of the highest order, and his strongest admirers confessed that he drank as much as a Swiss, gambled as if he were a Russian, and swore like a Turk.

The first care of the young officer was to collect all the information possible; and it was in the pursuance of this duty that, on the day on which our story reopens, he sat impatiently waiting to question a stranger who was to be brought before him. Ladislas was barely eight-and-twenty; he

was rather slight, but actively made; his features handsome and regular, and lighted up by expressive dark blue eyes. But there were slight shadows beneath the lids of those fine eyes, and scarcely perceptible furrows on that fair brow, which were not due to labors in field or camp, but rather to late hours and consequent dissipation.

The stranger, who made his approach slowly, bending his uncovered head as he advanced, was an elderly man with but one arm, clothed in rags. He had once been vigorous and robust, but he was now bowed down by want and sickness, and his features half hidden by a mass of ill-kept gray hair. Ladislas Korda frowned slightly as his eye fell upon the tattered Russian uniform of the newcomer.

"Where do you come from?" he asked sharply.

"From Tiflis, captain. I am an old soldier, sent home from the regiment sick and wounded," said the man, casting a glance of surprise at the sash and spurs of his interrogator, and instantly divining his rank.

"From Tiflis, you say? That is a great distance; and you look too weak to have come so far. Mind you speak the truth, or I will have you shot."

"I have often been near death, but I never told a lie," replied the old man calmly.

"That's well. Now, supposing we let you go, which way would you take next?"

"To my village,—Iglica,—captain."

"I know several villages of that name; which?"

"It is a long way off, in the province of Radom; and the chief owner there is the Count Oksinksa."

"Iglica,—Oksinksa," repeated the young officer with some surprise; "then what is your name?"

"Maciej Kratek. I worked on the estate, but the government ordered me away; and I have been sixteen years in the army."

"Maciej Kratek! There was one of that name greatly regretted by my relation, Count Oksinksa, I think. Yes; husband of his daughter's nurse,—Mademoiselle Hedwige," continued Korda, trying to collect his scattered recollections.

"O Captain, since you know them, tell me is my wife Kaisa still alive?" cried the old soldier, falling on his knees, his eyes full of tears.

"My good fellow, I cannot say. I used to stay pretty often at Iglica once, but I have not been there these three years," replied the captain, blushing a little as he spoke. "But I think I remember, just before I went away, Mademoiselle Hedwige spoke of her nurse. Yes; and she showed me her foster-sister—a fine handsome creature, not one to be forgotten in a hurry."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXTRACT FROM F. F'S INSTRUCTIONS.

A pastor of a devoted congregation, instructing the little lambs of the fold committed to his care, sought to inspire them with a high idea of the abundant blessings to be obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and related to them the following example, which, although of real occurrence, may also be applied as an allegory.

A Roman lady, on whom fortune had lavishly smiled, was, by the fraud and injustice of her enemies, reduced to a state bordering on poverty. Secular powers refusing to do her justice, she determined to have recourse to the "common Father of the Faithful," knowing that his heart would be touched by her misfortunes, and her wrongs redressed. Well aware how powerful are the *helplessness* and innocence of childhood, to plead a cause, she urged her petition by means of her little son, a child of six years old. Dressed in his best attire, the little messenger was dispatched to the Vatican, bearing a document with detailed information of the wrongs inflicted. The chestnut curls of the boy, falling gently over his high forehead, his rosy cheeks, his timid smile, and, above all, the sweet, innocent expression of his mild dark eye, were sufficient to attract the attention of all. The Sovereign Pontiff admired the beautiful boy, but his chief attraction was the errand on which he was sent—a widowed mother wronged, a friendless and defenseless woman oppressed by heartless and selfish men, who exulted in wealth and luxury, while the widow, the mother, suffered extreme penury. The Vicar of Christ, who is never appealed to in vain, resolved to examine the case presented to him; this, however, requiring some delay, he did not wish, meanwhile, to subject the good lady to the continued embarrassments of poverty, but resolved, at once, to afford her relief from his private purse. Conducting the youthful messenger to his own apartment, he opened a small box filled with gold coin, which he kept expressly for alms-giving. "There, my child," said the Pontiff, tenderly, "there, put in your hand, and take as many pieces of gold as your hand will hold."

The child looked with delight at the glittering coin, then examined his hand intently, and, lastly, fixed his large, dark eyes wistfully and silently on the face of the Sovereign Pontiff. "What is the matter, my son?" gently inquired the Pope; "why do you not take this pretty shining gold, which your Mother

will be glad to see; what is the matter? tell me." "Holy Father," said the child, encouraged by the kindly voice and manner of the Pontiff—"Holy Father, my hand is very *little*, and yours is very *big*. I was thinking if you would put your hand in the box, and give me your handful, I would have more than twice as much as mine will hold." The Pope smiled at the ingenuity and simplicity of the child, and yielded with all benignity to his suggestion.

"And now my little children," said the good Pastor, continuing to address his youthful flock, "we are all poor, needy creatures, oppressed by the enemy of our souls, by our passions and evil inclinations; we have recourse to our heavenly Father, who, we know, will espouse our cause, redress our wrongs, and deliver us from the power of our enemies; yes, we are poor, helpless creatures, we are very *little*, and in our weakness and littleness, we need to be strengthened and supported by one grown to full maturity. True it is, we are invited to the heavenly treasury, the Heart of Jesus, to draw according to our needs—but our hand is *little*, very *little*, and the amount we draw is in proportion to its littleness. Our voice is very weak, and unable to yield our cause, but there is *one* whose voice is strong and powerfully pleading, and whose hand is ever ready to draw for us, from the divine treasury, with the lavish and loving hand of a Mother.

Let us then address ourselves to our heavenly Pontiff, and say—Holy Father, my Lord and my God, I am very little, and my hand is too small to draw a sufficiency for my needs—but let your dear Mother draw for me—she is fully grown, she has attained perfect maturity in grace and sanctity—she is your Mother—she is my Mother—you will listen to her petitions in behalf of her needy child, and granting all to her powerful prayer, you will fill to overflowing her maternal hands, to dispense favors on her needy and trusting supplicant." M.

ANNALS OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART---JULY, 1866.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus, and Our Lady of the Sacred Heart in England.

On the 19th of March last, the feast of Saint Joseph, His Lordship the Archbishop of Westminster, gave his solemn approval, for the city of London and diocese of Westminster, to the association established in honor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. We have been unable hitherto to

publish this important document and now gladly lay it before the readers of the Annals.

Our Lord, in his merciful predilection, made choice of France for the revelation of the devotion to His Sacred Heart, but it was in England and in London that the first discourse was delivered in favor of that devotion. Hardly had the blood of the martyrs ceased to flow in that city, then in open rebellion against the faith of its fathers, when heaven sent a message of hope and pardon, by means of his *Servant* and first apostle of this devotion, père De la Colombière. Jesus established the reign of His Sacred Heart in England. This long-contested and unacknowledged dominion of the Sacred Heart now exerts its salutary influence throughout a land once more become productive.

The devotion of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart also originated in France, in an obscure and isolated town. It rapidly extended itself over the whole world. England was not the last to receive it with open arms, and the first episcopal approbation from that country comes to us from London, in behalf of the devotion established in honor of the Sovereign of the Heart of Jesus. The fact is not, in our mind, devoid of providential significance; Our Lady of the Sacred Heart will now also exercise her powerful dominion over the city which received the first blessings of the Sacred Heart. The illustrious prelate at the head of the English Church, now restored after three centuries of ruin, has solemnly signified his approval of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

The fruits already gathered give promise of a more abundant harvest. Amongst the favors obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, in England, we find the return of many souls to the true faith. We feel confident that the prayers of the associates will multiply the number of conversions. The blessing of the Archbishop of Westminster is a sure guarantee for this.

APPROBATION OF ARCHBISHOP MANNING.

"I give my hearty and full approval to the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, canonically instituted by the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX, spread through my diocese, for the greater honor of the Immaculate Mother of God, who is also our Mother, in these days when her children receive so many outrages.

HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

LONDON, feast of Saint Joseph, 1866.

IMITATION OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART--THE POWER OF LOVE.

Charitas omnia sustinet—Charity endureth all things. I Cor. xiii. 7.)

The Faithful Soul—I long, O my Mother, to hear thee speak to me of the Heart of Jesus. Thou hast shown me the mysterious causes of His sufferings, in the innumerable crimes of the universe, and I sadly ask myself how the Saviour could have supported so frightful and so heavy a cross!

Mary—My child, if you know how to love, you will readily understand this. What is sweeter than love?

The Faithful Soul—Nothing.

Mary—And what love can compare with the love of our God?

The Faithful Soul—Not one.

Mary—And what difficulties can restrain the ardors of a generous and loving soul?

The Faithful Soul—I know of none. On the contrary, it is said, and this my own happy experience in thy sweet service, O Mary, confirms, that obstacles become means, sorrows are turned into joys, and humiliations into triumphs, when we labor for our Beloved.

Mary—Those words, my dear child, reveal the whole secret of what you wish to know. The Heart of the Son of God burns with an infinite love for the glory of His celestial Father and the salvation of mankind. To attain this double end He submitted to see His disciples abandon Him; He became an object of derision for the wicked; He was ranked among criminals, and in His own person He paid the immense debt of all the guilty race of Adam. And He who loved man to such an extent, loved him *without measure*; therefore the impetuous torrent of the iniquities of the world could not extinguish the flames of His eternal love. He suffered much; but He loved you much more, and on account of this boundless love He was willing to suffer so much.

The Faithful Soul—O Mary, are suffering and love, then, confounded in the Heart of thy Divine Son?

Mary—Yes, my child. For the God of Calvary *to love is to suffer, and to suffer is to love*. Keep these words carefully in your heart, and when I display to your sight the cruel tortures of your tender Master, remember that the long recital of His sufferings is the most touching history of His love.

The Faithful Soul—Sweet Queen of Heaven, thy words plainly show that thou art truly the Virgin of the Heart of Jesus,—the confidant of

His most intimate thoughts,—the apostle of His ineffable charity. But, tell me, I beseech thee, O Mary, how it is possible that man could resist the ravishing charms of this Divine Heart? Why did not His executioners become His disciples? Why did they not change their cries of revolt into cries of pardon, and tears of contrition?

Mary—The deicidal persecutors knew not what they did. Hardened by their malice, blinded by their horrible fury, in the touching resignation of their Victim, in His voluntary sufferings and His heroic prayer, they could not discern the testimonies of the most ardent love. And at the present time do not Christians, enslaved by the follies of the world, forget that this best of all friends constantly surrounds them with His graces, invites them to His banquet of delights in His eternal kingdom, and loves them ever with an excess of love.

The Faithful Soul—Alas, my Mother, I belong to that crowd. Too long have I turned aside from this divine clarity which overwhelms me with its gifts. Too long have I resisted its call. To-day, my Mother, your words touch my heart, and I burn with the desire of knowing how great was the love of Jesus, who endured, without complaint, the sufferings of His sorrowful Passion.

Mary—It will only be in heaven, dear child, that you will ever learn the immensity of the mercies of your God. His heart is a fathomless abyss—an ocean without limits; and this ocean, this abyss, contains but His love. Do not, then, be astonished if this source is never exhausted,—if it inundates the world with its waves of benedictions,—if it is constantly returning good for evil.

The Faithful Soul—I have indeed been counted among the executioners of my Saviour, O my Mother! Can I, then, ever participate in the riches of His love?

Mary—My pious child, none are refused. To King Solomon was given a heart vast as the sea; but to your Saviour was given a heart without limits. This heart embraces in its love all men—the good and the bad, the rich and the poor, the little and the great. On whatever distant and desert shore a man may be thrown, he can still say, “the love of Jesus is with me.” This heart is never weary of opening its treasures of might, wisdom and goodness for you. It calls all generations to itself—the past and the future. It draws to itself the suffering and the unfortunate, in order to console them, for it has suffered for them. It says to all: “Come to me, ye who are loaded with cares and labors, exhausted by your

struggles,—come, and I will console you.” The love of this heart has descended to the chains of slavery, in order to gain us. It has ascended to heaven, even to God the Father, to obtain for us an eternity of happiness.

The Faithful Soul—Now, my Mother, I begin to understand that it was easy for Jesus to suffer, since His love for us was so immense. Never shall I think of the sufferings of my adorable Saviour without dwelling, above all, upon the immensity of His love. This love shall be constantly present to my mind. It shall be my unique thought, my consolation at all times. I will read it in all the wounds of Jesus. I will hear it in all His sighs, and I will see it in all His sufferings.

Mary—Put this good resolution in practice, and you will then show yourself my most faithful disciple. You have often heard that my life on earth was a hidden life. It was more than that; it was buried entirely in the Heart of Jesus Christ. There was my dwelling. There I learnt all things. On the summit of Calvary I stood erect and immobile; my body seemed insensible to all exterior things, but my soul was in an ecstasy before this love which knows no limit. It was lost in the depth of the Heart of Jesus. It was absorbed in this God who died for love; who found His consolation in sufferings; His life in His death; His victory in His ignominy. Imitate me, my child, and ever remember that all that comes from Jesus Christ is adorable, but that the love with which He loves us is greater than all His other gifts. O, my child, great will be your happiness if you know this gift of God.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.—Sir John Mason, born in the reign of Henry VII, of England, held the office of privy counselor to four successive sovereigns, viz: Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth. Having thus greater opportunities than fall to the lot of most men, he made mankind his particular study, and noted the vicissitudes of the times. On his death-bed, calling his friends and relatives around him, he thus addressed them: “Lo! here I have lived to see five monarchs, and have been counselor to four; I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and been present at most State transactions for thirty years past; and after so much experience, I have learned this: that seriousness is the greatest wisdom; temperance the greatest physician; and a good conscience the best estate. And were I to live again, I would exchange the court for a cloister; my privy counselor’s toils for a hermit’s retirement; and the whole life I have lived in a palace, for one hour’s enjoyment of God in my closet. All things forsake me but my God, my duty, and my prayers.”

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

THE POPE’S ALLOCUTION.—On the 5th ult. his Holiness repaired to the Church of the Stigmata, which was crowded by the faithful who came to gain the indulgence of the Pardon, and to receive the Apostolic Benediction. The Pope, having offered up a prayer, took his seat upon the throne, when Mgr. Bartolini, Secretary to the Congregation of Rites, read the decree touching the canonization of the blessed Leonard de Port-Maurice. Then the postulator of the cause, a Franciscan, of the Congregation of Santa Bonaventura, of which blessed Leonard was a member, thanked the Holy Father for condescending, by his declaration, to enhance the glory of the seraphic order, and expressed his firm conviction that the Church of Rome, and her august head, would soon enjoy, through the intercession of the new Saint, the triumph which God had prepared for them. Then Pius IX rose, and spoke with a firm voice, as follows: “While on the one hand we see the enemies of the Church redoubling their efforts to lay her low, and to destroy her, were it possible, on the other we are furnished by her with a topic of consolation and edification; while these men are bent upon undoing the work of ages, driving the religious bodies from their holy retreats, God brings before us, for our special veneration, to the confusion of the impious; for the sustaining of the weak, and for the encouragement of the strong, this humble son of Saint Francis of Assisi, and He holds up this champion for our imitation, a champion who ranks high among all those who adore Him face to face, and in His glory. As for us, let us pray for these blind ones, and let us follow out the example of this new Saint, who watered Rome with his sweat, and who was known to our great-grandfathers. I wish you to understand clearly the object of his apostolic labors. It was to nourish the faith that he toiled so; and to you, I say, retain a deep attachment to that faith; put life into it by good works, for without works it is a dead faith. The tree that bears no fruit shall be cut down and cast into the fire; the soldier who finds himself unarmed in the hour of battle will lack both strength and courage. I am pleased to see a congregation that is animated by this spirit of faith, coupled with works of love. To the young among you, I say: O my children! consider what perils surround you, and lay fast hold of this precious treasure! The perverse will make advances to you; reject them. They will offer you counsel; fly them. They will try to drag you along with them; tear yourselves away from them. Many

there are, who, once young like you, believed and practiced the faith, and who have afterwards fallen into error and vice, seduced by the wicked. I myself knew one of the pitiable celebrities of the day, a youth, who, twenty years ago, held converse with me, on perfection and holiness, and thought of entering the cloister; I saw him in after years, led away by his companions; I saw him plunge deeper and deeper, till he became as notorious as Erostratus throughout the world, and laid his head, at last, upon the block [Felix Orsini] Keep, then, the example of Saint Leonard before your eyes, and pray that you may persevere in the right. By living thus you will always enjoy peace of mind, and that domestic tranquillity which is the fruit of a pure conscience, and which constitutes the happiness of life. I do not tell you that you will be exempted from tribulation, because, in the order of Providence, we must meet with crosses and trials while we are in this world; but remember the struggle is short, and the prize is eternal. May the Almighty endue my weak words with power, that they may bring forth fruit in all of you! Look, my God, upon the vine which Thou hast planted, and preserve it. *Respice super vineam istam*; look upon me, a poor mortal indeed, but one who has been appointed by Thee to guard and defend it; give me strength, that I may raise my hands to Thee and call down Thy benedictions upon it. Bless this city, so dear to Thee; suffer not the wild beasts of the forest to come and vent their rage in the midst of the blessings which dwell within these walls. Bless the citizens of every class, and especially this holy family, that it may ever be animated by the spirit of zeal and edification. May the Heavenly Father bless you; may He render you all-powerful against His enemies, and keep you steadfast in the right; may the Son bless you, and impart to you His divine wisdom, to the confusion of error, and for your preservation from the snares of those who are themselves in error; may the Holy Ghost bless you and keep you united in His divine love."

THE health of the Holy Father is most excellent, more particularly since he has left off all medical treatment, his repasts being of the most simple kind, chiefly farinaceous.

OBITUARY.—Died, at Stroudsburg, Pa., on August 31st, after a lingering illness, in the 57th year of his age, the Rev. Isaac P. Howell, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Elizabeth, N. J. Father Howell was, in early life, a convert to the Catholic Church. *Requiescat in pace.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE LEGEND OF SANTAREM.

BY CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

Come listen to a monkish tale of old,
 Right Catholic, but puerile some may deem,
 Who all unworthy their high notice hold
 Aught but grave truth, or lofty, learned theme;
 Too wise for simple fancies, smiles and tears,
 Dreams of our earliest, purest, happiest years.

Come—listen to my legend; for of them
 Surely thou art not: and to thee I'll tell
 How on a time in holiest Santarem
 Strange accident miraculous befell
 Two little ones; who to the sacred shrine
 Came daily to be schooled in things divine.

Twin sisters— orphan innocents were they:
 Most pure, I ween, from all but the olden taint,
 Which only Jesus' blood can wash away:
 And holy as the life of holiest saint,
 Was his, that good Dominican's who fed
 His master's lambs, with more than daily bread.

The children's custom, while that pious man
 Performed the various duties of his state
 Within the spacious church as sacristan,
 Was on the altar steps to sit and wait,
 Nestling together ('twas a lovely sight!)
 Like the young turtle-doves of Hebrew rite.

A small chapel was their sanctuary,
 While thus abiding with adornment fair
 Of curious carved work, wrought cunningly,
 In all quaint patterns and devices rare
 And over them, above the altar smiled
 From Mary Mother's arms, the Holy Child.

Smiled on his infant guests, as there below,
 On the fair altar steps, these young ones spread
 (Nor aught irreverent in act I trow)
 Their simple morning meal of fruit and bread,
 Such feast not ill beseeemed the sacred dome,
 Their father's house is the dear children's home.

At length it chanced, upon a certain day,
 When Frey Bernado to the chapel came,
 Where patiently was ever wont to stay
 His infant charge, with vehement acclaim
 Both lisping creatures forth to meet him ran,
 And each to tell the same strange tale began.

Father! they cried, as hanging on his gown
 On either side, in each perplexed ear
 They poured their eager tidings—"He came down
 Menino Jesu has been born with us here!

We asked him to partake our fruit and bread ;
And he came down—and sat with us—and fed."

"Children! my children! know ye what ye say?"

Bernado hastily replied—"But hold!—
Peace, Briolanja! rash art thou always:

Let Inez speak!" And little Inez told,
In her slow silvery speech distinctly o'er
The same strange tidings he had heard before.

"Blessed are ye, my children!" with devout
And deep humility, the good man cried:

"Ye have been highly favored. Still to doubt
Were gross impiety and skeptic pride.

Ye have been highly favored. Children, dear!
Now your old master's loving counsel hear.

"Return to-morrow with the morning light
And as before, spread out your simple fare
On the same table; and again invite

Menine Jesu to descend and share;
And if He comes say—"Bid us, blessed Lord!
We and our master, to Thy heavenly board!"

"Forget not, children of my soul! to plead
For your old master: even for his sake
Who fed ye faithfully, and He will heed
Your innocent lips; and I shall so partake
With His dear lambs. Beloved, with the sun
Return to-morrow. Then—His will be done,"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORIGINAL SIN;

Or, The Charcoal-Burner.

[CONCLUDED.]

Poor James! With his yielding, good nature,
what could he oppose to the temptations around
him when even the strongest characters find it
impossible to withstand them, unless sustained by
aids from Heaven and the preservatives of our
holy religion? In a short time he lost the piety
for which he had been distinguished at school;
amid the foolish pleasures of the court he easily
forgot all his religious duties.

Notwithstanding the good example of the noble
prince, and the many marks of affection which he
bestowed upon him; notwithstanding the mater-
nal care of the queen, James grew more and more
dissipated and reckless.

The king at length considered it his duty to
reprimand him for his irregular conduct, and the
enemies of the king took advantage of the weak-
ness of James' character, in order to make him
believe that he was harshly treated by his kind
and indulgent benefactors. Little by little these
bad men became his most intimate companions;
and as they disguised all their bad designs from

him, he could not be made to understand all their
wickedness. But the end soon proved the evil
consequences arising from bad company.

They continued to deceive him by hiding their
bad passions under the appearance of public good.
They took upon themselves to defend all the op-
pressed, heard the complaints of all the discon-
tented, spoke of all the vices and defects of the
administration, criticised every thing, and blamed
the good monarch for all that went wrong in his
kingdom. With loud cries they asked for a re-
form, and poor, weak James believed all they said.

When the conspirators had all their plans well
laid, they determined to engage James in their
schemes—first, by telling him many hard and dis-
agreeable things, which, they affirmed, the king
had said against him; then they carried to the
king many impertinent and insolent remarks
which they pretended James had made against
him, and by this means they succeeded in com-
pletely alienating one from the other.

The young prince, who was entirely ignorant
of these base plots, and who believed his young
friend incapable of using such language, con-
tinued to treat him with his usual kindness; yet
poor, unfortunate, weak James had so far yielded
to the wicked designs of the bad men who sur-
rounded him, that they at last dared to ask him
to introduce them into the king's chamber during
the night. At this proposition he shuddered
with horror; and as he was on the point of po-
sitively refusing, they showed him a pretended de-
cree from his Majesty, ordering his arrest and
strict confinement in prison.

For what reason?—what had he done? He
became greatly alarmed; then very angry. Those
wicked men excited his passions; they made him
drink, and then when his brain was half turned
by the fumes of the wine, one of the conspirators
entered in great haste, announcing that their de-
signs were discovered, and unless they used every
effort that night that they would all be arrested
and executed the next morning. At this news
James hesitated no longer, but promised to aid
them in assassinating the king.

About midnight the guard in the palace sur-
prised three assassins, armed with swords, at the
door of the king's chamber, and with them was
the favorite of the young prince, the ungrateful
and wicked James.

All the city was excited to the utmost by this
monstrous crime, and the people would have torn
the guilty wretch to pieces before he was taken
to prison had not the guards prevented them.

The heavy iron door of the dungeon had no sooner closed upon James than he understood the enormity of his crime. It seemed to him that a thick veil fell from his eyes. Assassinate his king and his benefactor! Could it be possible? Had he indeed been guilty of such a crime?—was it not, rather, a horrible dream? Assassin! parricide! murderer! These were the words that continually sounded in his ear. In his agony he threw himself upon the ground, a prey to the most horrible despair, calling upon death to put an end to his sufferings.

He did indeed deserve to die, and with the other conspirators he was condemned to be executed.

From his prison he wrote to the king and young prince letters full of excuses and sorrow: "I do not solicit a return of your former kindness, sire; I know that I am unworthy to receive it; but upon my knees I ask for pardon, in the name of our Saviour and His Holy Mother, whose virtues you imitate so well. Add this one mercy to all your acts of goodness toward me, and I shall then die happy. May my crimes be a warning to youth, and teach them to shun bad company; and oh, may my poor soul be purified in my blood."

These letters produced a great impression upon the young prince. He besought the king to relieve the sentence of death, but the king positively refused; and the young prince, in deep grief, left his presence. During the night before the execution he repaired secretly to the prison, and descended to the dungeon in which James was confined.

When the prisoner saw the prince enter, he could scarcely believe his eyes. Falling at his feet he exclaimed: "O my lord, is it possible that you have deigned to visit such a wretch as I am?"

The prince imposed silence upon him, commanded him to change clothes with him, and to fly in all haste while he remained to die in his place.

The guilty James refused, but his savior insisted. O touching struggle between charity and repentance! heroic contest between gratitude and mercy! Which will gain the victory? Love of life revived in the heart of James, and he could not believe that the king would let his own dear son perish, so after covering the hand of his benefactor with repentant kisses and solemnly promising to lead a good life for the future, he made his escape.

The next morning the guards entered the dungeon to conduct the criminal to the scaffold, and not recognizing their young prince, who had closely disguised himself in the late prisoner's

clothes, they led him to the place of execution where he was to die for his friend. As he was mounting the steps of the scaffold some one in the crowd recognized him, and cried aloud—

"Stop! stop! It is our dear prince, the heir to the throne, that you are going to hang!"

In an instant all was confusion. Messengers were dispatched in great haste to tell the king of this extraordinary event. The sovereign could not believe it, and straightway ordered the prisoner to be brought into his presence, when he found that it was indeed his well-beloved son.

"Why, child," he exclaimed, "what have you done? Explain this strange affair."

"Dear father, I wished to save my friend. Yesterday you refused to pardon him; then I resolved to die in his place."

"You die, my son, for the sake of a guilty wretch stained with the darkest crimes! Your death under any circumstances would pierce my heart with sharpest grief, but such a death as you propose would indeed kill me."

"Then, my father, if you wish me to live pardon poor James, for I will not return to the court without him."

The king hesitated, but the prince was firm in his determination; and finally the monarch, touched by his noble generosity, promised a full pardon for all of James' past faults and crimes.

Glad cries of joy resounded throughout the city, of "Long live our good king! Long live our noble prince! Surely never before was a kingdom blessed with such magnanimous and holy rulers! Long may they live to govern us!"

Now, my children, you may doubtless think that it was impossible for the charcoal-burner's family to have abused so much kindness as was shown them by a great king, and to have displayed such wickedness and ingratitude. You will also think that no human being would have shown such affection for a false friend, as the young prince did for James; yet this is but a faint and very feeble picture of the family of our first father, to which we all belong. The children of Adam have been much more wicked, much more ungrateful to God. Who could recount all their rebellions, their rank treachery and their crimes, for which they deserved the punishment of hell? Who, even among you, my children, can dare place his hand upon his heart and say that he has never disobeyed any of the commands of our good God, and thereby rendered the death of Jesus Christ necessary for the expiation of his sins?

And again, did not our Saviour die for sinners?—for the ungrateful, the proud, the false, and the wicked?—Did He not die for each one of you? Can you think of this, without feeling that you have indeed acted like the charcoal-burner's children?—and then, making a firm resolution to resemble in future the gentle and good Mary, say from your hearts: O Blessed Mother, assist me, so that I may never again willfully offend my God and my Saviour.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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OCTOBER--MONTH OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

Surely we must devote this month to little children, and to those happy souls who, childlike in their ways, have the benedictions given to little ones, and the especial love of their Angel-friends. Do we ever think enough about the Angels? Do we ever really honor them as we ought, or use the ministry of our own dear guardians as our Father intended we should? Have we ever thought what a beautiful and merciful dispensation of Providence it was that each of us should have our own Angel-Guardian, one angel all to ourselves—one bright, pure, sinless spirit, who ever beholds the face of God, and dwells wrapt in the ecstatic bliss of contemplating the Beatific Vision, and yet never, never wearies in his care of our poor, sinful souls? Beautiful angels! we have never thought half enough of you, or loved you half enough; but, with the help of God, we will begin now; we will know you, and we will love you, and we hope, also, learn to grieve you less before this month is over.

It would seem as if the angels had some peculiar care for little children; it may be so designed by the wonderful love of the Heart of Jesus, who would have the weak and the unprotected more tenderly cared for; or it may be that those little ones, all unstained by actual sin, or at least not bearing the dark spots upon the souls of their elders, are more precious in the eyes of the angels because of their purity. It is also remarkable what a familiar acquaintance, if we may use the expression, some saints have had with their angels; and these have been peculiarly childlike souls, simple, humble, and full of pure, pure love; they have seemed fitter for companionship with their beautiful guardians than for the rude commerce of men. Such were Saint Francis of Rome, and Blessed Lucy of Narni. Perhaps few were more favored with constant communications with their angels than the former, and few, indeed, were more pure and spotless.

How often, when we read the lives of such

saints, do we not pine and long to have even one glimpse of the beautiful spirit so near to us! and yet perhaps this grace was intended for us all, if we were only faithful to the designs of God over us; but whilst we are so full of pride, and so full of self, could we even bear the pure light of unutterable glory which streams from the lowest angel in the celestial hierarchy? And yet we *shall* see them; and surely this thought should be one of holy sadness and of joyful fear. We shall see one who has known us better than any, save our Heavenly Father and our Mother Mary; one who has seen all our actions, heard all our words, and read our inmost thoughts. In our victories he has joyed with a joy we cannot understand, until we know the full value and merit of self-conquest. In our falls he has grieved with a sadness, the depth of which we shall not comprehend until we are atoning in the fire of Purgatory for our many shortcomings. Surely the thought of the continual presence of our angel ought to be a great means of grace to us, an immense incentive to sanctity, a reproof when we falter, an encouragement when we are tempted to despair. One watchful eye is ever over us; one willing hand is ever stretched out to help us; one pure spirit is ever praying for us; but what if we are thoughtlessly unmindful of his presence? ah, he prays on still; for the angels are not wearied in their ministry of love. But can we expect the aid which God designs to give us through their ministry, if we are ungrateful and careless of this means of grace? Let us, then, strive during this month to live in constant remembrance of the presence of our angels. We cannot doubt that their interest in us, or perhaps we should rather say their power to help us, will increase in exact proportion to our devotion to them; and who can tell what graces we may obtain for ourselves, or others, by a month of fervent love and devotion to the holy angels?

The very thought of these celestial spirits must do us good. Let us look upward and onward; celestial kingdoms are waiting for us; celestial

crowns are prepared for us; celestial spirits long to have us for their companions; they watch, they gaze on us with deepest interest as we journey on day by day to the land of beauty, which is their home. And oh, when we consider who are to be our companions for all eternity, surely it must nerve us to strive, to use every effort, to be worthy of admission into such a company! Already they long for us; already they speak of us; already they prepare with thoughtful love the home of each amid the many mansions of our Father's House, and felicitate themselves on the wonderful surprises they will have for us when they welcome us home. They long for the time, they count the hours, they treasure our tears, they offer our prayers, they write our victories in the Book of Life; and we, alas, alas! do we think of all this? do we think of our celestial country? do we seek every hour to prepare ourselves better for it, and add to our crowns and merits? do we strive to help those who are ready to help us? are we on the watch for every occasion of merit or sacrifice? or are we not rather madly, blindly wasting our days and hours, sitting down by the wayside to play with our foolish toys, or to nurse our wounded pride, when we should be up and doing, earnest in the strife? Are we not casting away the cross we should embrace? Are we not fretting over the sufferings we should rejoice in? Surely the lives of most of us must be a strange perplexity to the angels, our conduct an inexplicable enigma. They know we can have grace for the asking of it; they know the brightness of the crowns prepared for us; they know the burning love of the Heart of Jesus, the tenderness of Mary,—and well may they wonder to see us perversely turning from the God who died for us, to listen to the demon who would destroy us. They think of Calvary—they remember Gethsemani; they know it was all done and suffered for us, and then they see us going on as if sin were nothing, and as if Jesus never died. Still, bad as the case is even for the best of us, we must not despair; we have let the Evil One get an occasional grasp of us, but we must not let him hold us altogether. Calvary is still there; the agony and the scourging have lost none of their merit; Jesus burns for our salvation, as ardently as He did when the spear opened the wound in His Heart, already broken with love and sorrow. We have still our angels; and if morning by morning we place ourselves under their special protection, and humbly and earnestly entreat them to guard us through the day, to succor us in temptation, to pray for

us and to shield us, we know not what height of sanctity we might attain.

Almighty God certainly expects us to use every means of grace which He has given us. There is nothing superfluous, nothing unnecessary, in the plan of our redemption; nothing which we may safely neglect in the order of His providential arrangements for our sanctification. How can we tell how many graces are destined to come to us through our Angel-Guardians? How do we know what graces or favors are given to them for us? If we must stand in awe of little children because their angels protect their helplessness, and will not bear that they should suffer even a slight offence from their elders, what power must not these angels have? And if they thus protect and succor those who are, perhaps, not even conscious of their existence, may we not hope that they will much more powerfully and earnestly assist those who truly honor them?

After all, whatever devotion we may have to any saint, there can scarcely be one so near to us, or so much interested for us, as our angel; we are his only charge, care of us his only employment, our interest his only concern; and this, not for our own sakes, or we might well tremble lest our waywardness and sin should drive him from us, but for the pure, pure love of God, whose glory he seeks, whose pleasure he desires to fulfill. Thus we are safe; our angels will not leave us unless we drive them away; they will not weary, hopeless as their task may be; for it is all for Jesus, and what is done for Jesus never wearies. But we must remember that their assistance may be in proportion to our earnestness in asking it: he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Labor is a condition annexed to every blessing, either spiritual or temporal, in this our mortal life, and it is well for our thankless hearts that it is so; for if we have so little gratitude for what we attain easily, how much less should we have were there no trouble, no exertion required on our part!

But although our first and principal devotion in regard to the holy angels should be to our own guardians, yet we must remember how closely we are united to the world of spirits, and how surrounded we are on all sides by these blessed intelligences. Do we hear Holy Mass? behold there are countless angels, bowing in an adoration of which we have but a faint conception, atoning by their presence and their worship for our coldness and neglect; and one there is who, it is believed, especially presides at that august mystery, and

bears the oblation to the Sanctuary of Heaven.

Then it is also supposed that the seven Sacraments have each an angel, whose special care they are; and, indeed, it is recorded that the great Origen publicly invoked the Angel of Baptism when about to administer that Sacrament to an aged man. That the glorious Saint Michael is now the especial defender of the Christian, as he was formerly of the Jewish Church, none can doubt; and that his power must be great in heaven is sufficiently proved by the account in the Apocalypse of his overthrow of Lucifer and his rebel crew. Those who are devout to him must surely have a great and glorious protector, and one who will assist them in their earthly strife, especially in their struggles against the demon of pride, whom he first conquered and overthrew. He is one of the seven who stand before the Ever-Blessed Trinity, and ceaselessly strive to hinder violations of the Divine Law on earth, and particularly combat against the seven deadly sins.

It is believed that our Lord Himself condescended to allow His Sacred Humanity to be refreshed and comforted by the ministry of angels, thus to teach and encourage us, as He was in all things our Example. Saint Gabriel is thought to have been the angel honored especially to guard the Person of his God made Man, and to obtain for his clients a peculiar devotion to the Sacred Humanity; whilst Saint Raphael, the Angel of Joy, appears before us as the special lover of our fallen race, the guide of wanderers, the comfort of the afflicted, and the joy of the sorrowful. And if Jesus allowed Himself to be ministered to by angels; if His Sacred Humanity could be consoled and strengthened by their means, what a cause of joy and holy hope for us! He condescends to call Himself our Brother. He allows the angels to see His weakness, that they may pity ours; He allows them to minister to Him and strengthen Him, that we may have an example which we may follow without fear, that we may be encouraged to ask their help, and value it as we should. Many saints have prayed that their Guardian-Angels might know their inmost thoughts, and see them as nearly as might be, even as God sees them, so much have they valued their ministry and trusted to their prayers; and if we reflect on the mercy of God in giving us Angel-Guardians, and our need of them, we cannot wonder; rather our wonder must be, that we have hitherto thought so little of these blessed spirits. Endeavor to become intimate with your angel, telling him your trials and perplexities, and conversing lovingly

and frequently with him. Pray that he may know your inmost thoughts. Confess your faults to him, and ask him to warn you at the approach of danger. Honor also the Guardian-Angels of those with whom you associate. Remember that some have been given for their companions spirits from the ranks of the highest Seraphim. If you are a religious, incline, if your rule permit it, in honor of the angels of your companions as you pass them; if you can do them any service, do it—not only because they are the spouses of Christ, but also to honor the spirits who ever accompany them. You may thus hope to obtain special favors and many graces from the holy Angel-Guardians. Make reparation each day by saying nine times *Gloria Patri* in honor of those Guardian-Angels who are neglected by their clients, and also for the Guardian-Angels of heretics and idolaters. Love little children, and render them every service you can this month in honor of their angels. They will assuredly reward you, and pray for you. Pray also to the Guardian-Angels of the dying.

Aspiration: Sweet angel, pardon me all my faults, and the neglect I have shown you. I humbly beg your help and protection, now and at the hour of death.

LUTHER AND HIS MOTHER.—A curious letter from Luther to his mother has been preserved among the many and valuable manuscripts in the library belonging to the Dominican Convent of *Santa Maria sopra Minerva* at Rome. The poor lady, who did not venture to blame her son for his religious aberrations, and who shrank from the idea of being separated from him for all eternity, wrote and asked him whether she ought to change her religion and adopt his new persuasion. The proud Saxon could not make up his mind to involve in common shipwreck with himself one who loved him so dearly; so he replied: "No, remain a Catholic, for I will neither deceive nor betray my mother." What better refutation of the arch-heretic's doctrine could there be than such a reply, which conscience wrung from his filial affection.

GOOD HUMOR.—Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in the landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hue of the dark; or like a flute in full concert of instruments, a sound, not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concert with its deep melody.

REAL PROGRESS.

Le Progres par le Christianisme. Conférences de Notre Dame de Paris. Par le R. P. Félix, de la Compagnie de Jesus.

The creating hand of God has implanted deep in every human breast a yearning after the perfect and the infinite, a thirst for an unseen and immeasurable good, earnest as that of the hart panting after fountains of water. It may be indeed that the real good is not always discerned, that some object of evil usurps its place, and under false colors leads astray the deluded heart. Still this very fact is proof that the desire of something not yet attained exists in all, that the hearts of all throb for a good not yet possessed, and a good this world can never give; for when the phantom which formed the object of the moment is grasped, it is thrown aside like a toy of an infant, or used only as a stepping-stone to what lies beyond. Ever restless in the eager pursuit of that which for the time appears the one object of life, the mass of the human race, or at least of that portion of the human race whose hopes and aims rise not above this earth, are employed in the pursuit of ends which, like the Dead Sea fruits, turn to ashes in their grasp; or it may be some apparently more precious prize comes in sight when the one reached has been scarcely tasted; and a few pause to reflect on the poet's words:

"Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think if worth enjoying."

But no! It is neither worth the winning nor the enjoying, for the whole universe can never satisfy man's soul. The nobler the nature the more ardently burns this insatiable heaven-instilled fire of longing; this thirst which no creature, no object of earth can ever assuage. Hence comes it that fine and sensitive souls, who yet know not God, exclaim with Shelley.—

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter,
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

But to Christian men is revealed the secret of that universal and wistful pining; that yearning for what in fact is the very opposite to "*what is not.*" It is the human heart seeking for *what is*, stretching out its arms after the one great and everlasting "I AM;" after Him who made it, and who alone can fill and satisfy it. Hence, we wander in our exile, "weeping and sighing in this vale of tears," exclaiming from our innermost being,—*Deus, Deus meus: ad te de luce vigilo. Stitit in te anima mea: quam multipliciter tibi caro mea.*

Yes, "in ways how manifold" do men display this inborn thirst, whether individually or collectively, whether singly in the pursuit of personal aims, or conjointly when whole nations unite in proclaiming some great watchword of humanity, and re-echo it around the civilized globe, as they now with one voice call out for "Progress." Well might the Père Félix experience the sentiments he describes when in the preface to his Conférences he tells us:—"It seems to me as if Jesus Christ had in silence spoken to me that great word which, together with their missions conferred courage and power on the Apostles, '*Ite, go; say to those men, impassioned after progress, that, Progress, it is I.*'"

Never can the Church, the true Mother of mankind, be heedless of these universal impulses. It is hers to mark and direct the tendencies of the ages as one by one in quick succession they pass along before her throne, which is destined to endure through all ages, even to the consummation of the world. Whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear, it is her part to descend among their ranks, to guide and assist their aspirations, to direct to its end the instinct of the day, and by these means to secure eternity for such as will give heed to her warning voice in time; and not only so, but if it may be, to win for future generations the blessings which must flow from the due appreciation and faithful following of the calls of God, as one by one they become manifested among the peoples. Unchangeable in her doctrine and her principles, Christianity still adapts herself to every change among men; the Sacred Heart of her Divine Master knows what is in man, and knows how to meet all man's wants; it is infinite in wisdom as in love and in compassion, and there is no chord which can vibrate in the human soul but finds its response in the tender Heart of Jesus, and in the tender voice of His Catholic Church, in which He lives and breathes still on this earth. In this she possesses that unmistakable stamp of divinity which no mere human system can exhibit. Such systems may live for their day, and so long as the circumstances which called them forth continue; but it is only to wither and die, so soon as the earthly prop on which they lean fails to support them. God's Church, founded on the everlasting hills, and living by the Spirit of God, appears as a heavenly messenger, among men, stooping to the alleviation of their lowest needs, and the soothing of their humblest sorrows, but always independent of them, not created by them, not looking to them for support. Hence, while in her heavenly life

she remains one and the same throughout all time, yet like her great Apostle, she becomes "all things to all men, that she may save all;" and as a nurse lends herself to the varying mood of the sick one she is tending, so does the Good Shepherd through His Church seek to direct, rather than to thwart, every tendency, not evil in itself, of poor suffering manhood. Now this cry for Progress, so far from being evil in itself, has a double claim on the loving ear of Christ; for what is it in its true sense but an answer to His own blessed precept—"Be you therefore perfect, as also your heavenly Father is perfect?" (St. Matt. v, 48.) It is when this type of perfection is lost sight of that what is esteemed to be Progress becomes retrogression; not because the desire to progress is evil, but because the road and the end to be attained are mistaken. Let us make room for the eloquent words of Father Félix:

"Man created perfectible, his eye and heart opened to the infinite; man, from the gulf of his misery, feels himself capable of a perfection which he imagines, which he dreams of, and which he possesses not. On the threshold of his existence, from the dawn of his reason, he catches glimpses at the end of a distant perspective of the image of a perfection which reveals itself to attract him toward it. That perfection, intimately revealed in the sanctuary of his soul, becomes for him an impulse which solicits him to ascend in every order of things, toward all to be found in them which is most elevated, most beautiful, most perfect, most like to God; for this impulse is nothing else than the movement of life seeking its ideal, and striving after its imitation; the brightness which attracts him as a ray from God beaming in his soul, and the movement which he receives from it is an impress of the infinite which has touched him. God in fact has touched the depths of the human soul; He has shed there His own reflection; and man, moved by that reflection and that charm of God, seeks everywhere and in all that infinite of which he bears in himself the unalterable impress and the invincible seduction. He stretches after it with all his powers, he pursues it in all his movements; and even in his most extravagant wanderings and most profound degradations, he still dreams after and seeks that infinite which he is pursuing always, even when his course leads him far from it."—pp. 16, 17.

Again, in the same preliminary discourse, our author observes:

"Now, I say that this pursuit of the infinite, which is nothing else than the seeking after Progress, appertains to what is most legitimate in human life; it is the passion of the magnanimous, it is the ambition of the generous; it is the most noble vocation of man; it is even man following the most divine of his impulses, marching under the attracting influence of God to the most glorious of his destinies. No, no, this need of the more perfect, this ambition for that which is best, is not in man an idle jest of Providence; it is the sign of the vocation which Providence has vouchsafed him in opening before him the perspective of the infinite; vocation truly royal, by which God calls man to advance in every way, and to make of all creatures steps of ascent by which he may mount even to Himself. To stop man, then, on his march, to invite him to stand still by telling him:—'Thou shalt go no farther.'—Is to violate his law, and to fall short of his destiny; it is an outrage against man and a disobedience toward God.

"But, observe carefully, the more legitimate the movement which impels man toward progress, the more important it becomes to give it a safe direction. The more holy that tendency, the more need has it of a divine light and rule to guide it on its way."—pp. 18, 19.

For, as Father Félix goes on to observe, the greatest evils spring from the perversion of what is good in itself. Not only in the sacred name of liberty, but even under that of religion, have been committed the grossest crimes which stain the page of history; and the world is full of instances of how

that holy influence, the most divine which we possess, can be perverted to serve the cause of that which is worst and lowest in our nature. The aspiration after progress, more than all others, requires direction, because there is none in human nature which has more power. What is it which gives men strength to acquire greatness by heroic efforts, but the power of attraction onward toward perfection?

"It is this which forms the illustrious artists, the immortal poets, the powerful orators, the heroic sanctities, in one word, the great man in every order of things; the man who has seen his ideal, and who exclaims when he looks at his own work,—'I can do better, I will mount higher.'"—p. 24.

Who shall calculate the power and the force of this movement when it becomes universal? when not individuals alone, like Alexander, refuse ever to say, "Enough," but when all mankind unites in the cry of "Advance; onward from Progress to Progress?" When men concentrate in such a movement the active energies of their life, the result must inevitably be a greatness allied to heavenly, or a ruin akin to that of the fallen angels; and which of these becomes the ultimate end depends on the path that is followed; this gigantic force which, assisted from above, may make men great, derives from the corruption of human nature additional and fearful power if employed in a downward direction;

"*Fucilis est descensus Averni!*"

It was under the pretence of progress that the enemy deceived our first parents,—“Eat,” he said, “and you shall be as gods.” It was because they swerved from the true path of progress which God had marked out for them, when he said “Eat not,” that they lost Paradise, and opened the doors to sin and death for all future time.

“Ah! Messieurs,” exclaims the preacher, “When a people altogether under the fascination of progress, mistakes its true import, when it designates by this name all that is abasing and degrading, what must follow? That people will become dizzy, and will turn all its energy back against itself. All that it retains of greatness will conspire against its greatness; all that it retains of power will conspire to weaken it; and all its efforts to rise will only serve to render its fall the deeper.”—page 34.

Then, the very nature of things and the nature of man imperatively demand that a true direction be given to the aspirations of his heart after Progress. And it is especially required at the present moment when, more than in any preceding age, Progress is the ruling passion, the cry of the civilized world. In the sixteenth century the cry was for reform, in the eighteenth for liberty; and nothing has yet been able to repair the disasters which followed from the mistaken interpretation of those words, so good in themselves, and from the false direction given to the movement they produced. We live in an age of discussion and division of opinion, but there is one idea which no

one calls in question: "Progress is the *idea* of the age." If a party or a school would win the popular voice, it seeks to proclaim itself as the party or the school of Progress; and if it would decry its rivals, the term of reproach which rises to its lips, is Retrogrades! Progress is the *passion* of the age. It is the cry of rich and poor, of high and low, of prince and peasant, of England, of France, of the world. Men differ as to the mode of obtaining it, differ as to the question of what it consists in, but all unite in desiring it. And Progress is the *will* of the age. It is this will, this determination to advance in science, in wealth, in learning, that has produced a state of things which would make our fathers of but a century since astounded with the change, could they arise from their graves and witness the life, the perpetual motion, one may say, of the present day. Thus, as the character of an individual may be judged by that which forms his ruling idea, his guiding passion, and the leading object of his will, so may we affirm of the age in which we live, that its characteristic mark is Progress; Progress, whether for good or for evil, according as the course it pursues be true or false. "*En avant*" is its idea, its passion, its will. But who is to bear the standard with this brave device? On this turns whether the end be Excelsior or the reverse. God forbid any true man should set himself to oppose this idea, this passion, this will; but how is it to be guided aright, who is its true leader? We answer unhesitatingly, the Catholic Church, and none but she. She who belongs at once to the past and the present, and whose counsels, if heeded, would lead mankind in a direction ever onward; there is no true progress without her, and with her there is no fear lest progress should be other than true, and sure, and glorious. Shallow minds of the age may regard her as belonging to the past alone; but no! in her we have the presence, we have the voice of Him who is for all time and for eternity, "Jesus Christ yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever."

"Glory be to God, and hope to men, there exists the true rule for progress: Christianity! The road to be followed opens out before you, mounting from earth to heaven; it is the path by which humanity, united to Jesus Christ, is called upon to advance from greatness to greatness, till it reaches the summit of every greatness. Christianity is the doctrine of progress; Christianity is the law of progress; Christianity is the history of progress; Christianity is progress itself. It is Jesus Christ living in man, Jesus Christ incorporating Himself with humanity, and incorporating humanity with Himself."—p. 59.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A society for the colonization of the Holy Land has been formed in Paris.

A Catholic priest has commenced preaching in Salt Lake City.

TO MY ANGEL GUARDIAN---OCTOBER 2D.

Angel of God! set over me
By His supernal clemency,
Enfold me in thy sheltering light,
And guide my tottering steps aright!

When faith grows weak, or sin is near,
In times of faltering or of fear,
Whate'er the form of threaten'd ill,
Be thine approaches nearer still!

Grant me to feel thy silent tread
Beside my path, about my bed,
Prevent my restless foe, and keep
Thy calm night-watches while I sleep.

Unhappy, who disown thy care,
By waste of grace or lack of prayer;
Unhappier still, who bid thee flee
Through sin thou canst not brook to see.

Ah! should some cherish'd earthly friend,
With zeal like thine our welfare tend,
In every cause sustain our part,
And shrine us in his inmost heart,

Arrest us by his gracious calls,
Relieve our burdens, mourn our falls,
With love by claim of ours unbought,
With care by quest of ours unsought;

(Such have I known). Ah! say, should we
Friendship like this in peril flee?
From love so pure morosely turn,
A care so watchful madly spurn?

Then prize we well, O Guardian dear,
Thy help so precious and so near;
Striving to bring thee back, if e'er
By sin or slight thy love we scare.

If Angels in their bright abode
Rejoice when sinners turn to God,
A special joy those spirits prove,
O'er souls they guard with special love.

And oh! thy gracious influence shed
Around my sick and dying bed;
Nor still thy guardianship resign
Ere I be own'd in heaven as thine!

THE death of the Superioress of the Convent of Picpus, Mme. Meray de la Chevalerie, is announced. She was the grand niece of the Superioress of Picpus, who reopened the Convent on the fall of Robespierre.

AN Episcopal clergyman of New York is represented as declaring lately, from the pulpit, that he believed in the veneration of Mary, in auricular confession, and in the forgiveness of sins after death.

HISTORICAL TESTIMONY OF THE HONOR PAID TO THE MOTHER OF GOD.

We take the following beautiful extracts from the Abbé Darras' "General History of the Catholic Church," lately published by Mr. O'Shea of New York; and enriched with an introduction and notes, by the Most Reverend, the Archbishop of Baltimore:

"A parallel impulse gave to the worship of the Mother of God a wide-spread and wonderful activity. As early as 1140, the Canons of Lyons celebrated the feast of the Immaculate Conception and drew from Saint Bernard the prudent warning of which we have had occasion to point out the real bearing.

"In 1389, Urban VI, made general in the Church, the feast of the Visitation, instituted by Saint Bonaventure. The veneration of Mary was the soul of the middle ages. All the greatest men of the period appear as the faithful servants of that Queen of love. St. Francis Assisi takes her for the *Charter of his indulgences*.* Saint Dominic weaves her a chaplet of roses to which every hand contributes a flower. To her Saint Thomas Aquinas owed the gift of purity, sister of genius. Saint Bonaventure speaks her praises with the affection of a child for his mother, of an exile for his home. For her Alexander of Hales foregoes the glory of an illustrious name, the applause of the schools, the joys of science; and from her Albert the Great seeks the knowledge of the mysteries of nature. Saint Bernard, too, the master of kings, the counselor of Popes, the guardian of empires, enthrones the Virgin as the Queen of the world, by making her the Queen of his heart. To the writers of this period Mary was a divine mirror, reflecting every idea, theological or speculative, every fact of history, religion and nature. The various *Summas* giving the life of the Blessed Virgin, bore the names of "Mirror of the Virgin," "Our Lady's Rose-bud," "Crown of stars," "Mary's Grove," or "Mary's flower-garden." The custom of writing her praises gave rise to a special designation for such works, which were styled "Marials." There she appeared as she was represented over the portals of the great cathedrals, surrounded by all the angelic choirs, the kings of Israel, the patriarchs of the Old Law, and the saints of the New.

"The love and veneration of the Queen of heaven received a new impulse at that time from a miraculous event, attested by the most respectable tra-

ditions. It was said that, on the 10th of May, 1291, one month after the fall of Tripoli and Ptolemais, the last two cities held by the Latins in Palestine, the *Holy House* in which the Blessed Virgin had dwelt at Nazareth, was carried by the hands of angels into Italy and set down at Loretto, where it soon became the seat of a celebrated pilgrimage. Other oratories dedicated to Mary, rose up in all parts of Catholic Europe, and received the homage of the multitude. Happy ages, when the whole world bent the knee to her, who was styled Our Lady, in the language of Christian Chivalry!

"The image of the Virgin was the chaste companion of the thoughts of the youth; it purified his affections and raised his hopes; it was hailed by the aged as the beacon-light that marks the port of home. It crowned every work, enhanced all glory, in triumph and victory; it rested amid floods of light upon the panes of cathedrals, in the sacred light of every sanctuary: it bore up the knight beneath his heavy armor, and the Religious under his coarse habit. That form is traced in everlasting verse as the crown of Dante's matchless poem."

FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

Michael, glorious Prince of Angels,
Noblest of the angelic ranks,
Lowly singing in thine honor,
Bring we now our meed of thanks.

Mighty conqueror bright, and glorious,
Next to Mary thou dost reign,
Come and bless us with thy presence,
Bring with thee thy angelic train.

Gabriel, silver-tongued and glorious;
Raphael, healer of our woes;
Blessed Angels, guardians gentle,—
Be our friends, repel our foes.

Breathe into our hearts your sweetness,
Flood our souls with love divine;
May your glorious presence ever
Round your charge protecting shine!

We will honor, we will love you,
Blessed spirits, ever more,—
Our devotion still increasing,
As your favors on us pour,—

Till with you forever singing,
Singing in unending strain,
God the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Where the blessed ever reign.

* This expression was used by the Saint in speaking of the indulgences granted to those who visit the Portiuncula.

THREE PETITIONS.

A TALE OF POLAND.

[CONTINUED.]

"My dear little Magda,—the child I hardly knew!" exclaimed the father in a trembling voice.

"But, my good man, since you know them all at Iglica, you ought surely to have known me. Sixteen years ago I was often at my uncle's, when I was a mischievous young rogue fresh from school."

"Why, you must be little Ladislas Wojtko; the fine young master that was always playing with our young lady. It was pretty to see you running in the fields together; and every one said that one day you would be husband and wife."

"Yes, you are right enough; I am Ladislas Wojtko, the little master; and I once hoped to be the husband of Mademoiselle Hedwige; but man proposes and Fate disposes,—Mademoiselle Hedwige is Mademoiselle Hedwige, and I am here."

"It is the will of God," said the old man, rather to himself than to Ladislas.

"As you like; but I think the devil has had a hand in it, for my part," said the young officer with a careless laugh. "But, come, no more chattering; show me your traveling pass. Well, it's all right,—you may go on when you please; but," he added, after an instant's pause, "since you are going to Iglica, will you take a message from me?"

The soldier bowed respectfully.

"I will give it you this evening, then, for I must have time to write it. You can stay with us till then to rest,—I have an hour to spare; and I want to ask you about your campaign in the Caucasus. How did you get on there, so far away from your wife and the little child you seem so fond of?"

"I was like a poor bird torn from the nest,—a body without a soul; if I had not believed in God I think I should have ended my sorrows with a ball from my gun; but as I was a Christian, I knew it would be a sin, and that it would be better to live uprightly and suffer patiently."

"Patiently! That must have been rather difficult. What on earth did you do in those barracks of yours?—more like wolves' caves than any thing else, I should think."

"I tried to do my duty; to obey my superiors; to clean my arms properly. Then I prayed to God, and thought of my country."

"Very moral, truly; but hardly amusing. You have not always been an invalid, my good fellow;

you must have been fresh and active sixteen years ago. Did it never come into your head to set up as a colonist and make a new family for yourself? I dare say you could have got leave, and taken to wife a fair Circassian instead of your old Kaisa. You must have seen what beauties those are."

"I had no eyes and no heart for any beauty; *my* eyes and my heart were at Iglica. I never looked at the mountains covered with snow, nor the flat plains through which we passed; I saw nothing all the while but my poor wooden cabin."

"Constancy, indeed! But how you must have suffered, my good fellow!" exclaimed Ladislas, with rather a forced laugh. "How you must have hated your officers! I wonder you never thought of revenge."

"No, captain," replied Maciej gravely; "for revenge is forbidden by the Gospel. However, perhaps I might have forgotten that, if I had not met with an old priest, an exile, who brought me back to my duty; and, thanks to him, I learned to act like a Christian."

"What do you mean by acting like a Christian?" asked Ladislas.

"Why," said the old man, reddening a little, "once my colonel, a regular Russian, out on a skirmishing party, fell down in a faint in the snow. The rest of his men wanted to leave him to freeze till the day of judgement; but I recollected that the priest had said, 'Never desert an enemy in his need;' so I picked up the colonel, and carried him home on my back."

"Well," said Korda, "you were rewarded?"

"Yes, with eight dozen from the cat-o-nine-tails: ordered by my major for having left the ranks without leave."

"And your wretch of a colonel allowed of it?"

"O, they had me served out before he was able to speak. When he was well again, and heard of it, he sent me a rouble, and called it salve to cure my cuts."

"That comes of doing good to such sort of creatures. You deserved what you got," cried Ladislas, laughing.

"I did it to please God; not to be rewarded by man," said Maciej with a certain pride. "I was not discouraged; it was in helping my major on his horse again in battle that my left arm was taken off by a ball."

"A regular Christian hero," cried Ladislas, with another laugh; "I see my message to Iglica is in the safest possible hands. One more question, my good fellow; have you seen any military preparations on your way here?"

"No," said the old soldier; "I have seen none. The country is like a desert: all the cabins closed."

"Indeed! but can I take your word?" said Ladislás.

"It is as I say; I am no liar," continued Maciej quietly. "And now that I have answered all your questions, let me ask one little one; what regiment do you belong to?—for I can see with half an eye that you belong to the army too."

Ladislás laughed alone; then he went on, rather more seriously than usual:

"You are right, my man. I am a colonel in the National Army. I take my orders from Variovia, not from Saint Petersburg; I have haymakers for my soldiers, Russians for my enemies; and here is our flag," he continued, raising his lance and displaying a little red square, on which appeared a white eagle with claws and wings extended; "you poor Caucasian campaigners know nothing of all this. But our country is coming to life; our eagle is ready to fly; and we are going to fight for ourselves and for you, so that no more mothers may lose their sons."

Maciej's pale face lighted up, and his eyes sparkled as he heard.

"It is a glorious cause," he said at last; "if I were ten years younger I would go with you; but I am old and weary now, and I have lost an arm; but since I cannot help you otherwise, Count Ladislás, let me give you one piece of advice; it can do you no harm, at all events. If I were you I would carry a cross for my standard instead of a lance. God must march with you; for you can only conquer by Him."

"I do not know whether God marches with us or not," replied Korda carelessly; "perhaps He is represented by His ministers, for we have plenty of priests. You talk the Bible, my old Maciej; but—what on earth is the matter, Julian? he cried hastily, as a young officer entered suddenly; his dress in disorder, and consternation on his countenance.

"Colonel," cried the young man, "a sentinel placed to reconnoitre has just brought very important news," he added in a lower voice: "there is a gathering of peasants a couple of miles off; most of them armed with sticks, hatchets, scythes, and old guns; but no one can tell on what side they are,—whether for or against us."

"They are coming—that is well," cried Ladislás, rising; "we shall soon learn their intentions." He advanced to the door, and gave his orders on the threshold. "To horse, without a moment's delay."

All was in motion directly; the troops flew to arms, formed in rank, and prepared to march; the officers mounted, Ladislás at their head: in five minutes more they were defiling through the town. The young colonel, before his departure, called Maciej and said: "You see I am prevented writing that message; but probably all will be well, and I will give it you when I come back; so, mind, do not leave till I return."

The old soldier bowed his assent, and sat down upon a stone to watch the departure of the column, which marched toward the country, in the direction of which the sentinel had spoken. They had not gone twenty minutes' distance when they came up with the band of peasants—sembled in much greater numbers than themselves, and roughly armed—advancing silently, and with no Russian uniforms amongst them; a good sign in the opinion of the insurgents. Ladislás gave his men the order to stop when within fifty paces of the others, and galloped forward with only two attendants, taking off his cap and lowering his sword as he approached.

"So, my good friends," he cried calmly and confidently, "you are come to join us; you know that we have taken up arms in your cause as well as in our own. We want liberty for all; and we are your brothers, not your masters."

There was no reply for some moments. At length one of the foremost peasants said in a grave voice: "First tell us who you are; we do not know you."

"We are your brothers of Poland, who would rescue you from Russian despotism: we are guiltless, and persecuted by sanguinary tyrants; we ask the aid of your arms. If you will not join us, at least do not think ill of us. Let us pass through your territory to attack the Russians, and we will hurt none of you; we are soldiers, not robbers."

"You mean insurgents, rebels, and thieves," cried the spokesman. "You dare to rise against the Czar, our father; you insult our religion, and despise our popes. Ah, you would like to trample us in the dust as you used to do; but that is over now: we have a protector now, the Czar, who will give us land, liberty, and gold. We are grateful to him, and are sworn to serve him, and to give your heads should he ask them."

"You are deceived, friends," continued Ladislás firmly; "it is we who can give you the liberty and the gold that have been promised you, the lands that you call yours: we shall only take to give them you again; we will swear it on your own cross, since you do not acknowledge ours."

"We do not believe you—you rebels are liars; we are here for our father, the Czar. Back, back!"

"Let us pass, fellows!" cried the young colonel, whose eyes began to flame, though he still contained himself. "Let us pass; we do not wish to use force if we can help it."

"Force, indeed! Force is on our side," replied the peasant mockingly. He made a sign to his band; and in a moment every arm was raised, brandishing sticks, and axes, pikes, and even great stones.

The insurgents began to lose patience, and some amongst them shouldered their carbines.

"Do not fire," cried Korda. "We must not kill them,—they are our brothers; but forward; over them if they will not give way; they will see we do not fear them."

He spurred on his horse. His officers did the same. The insurgent column wavered, and the next moment was assailed by a hailstorm of stones, varied by a shower of balls from several rusty guns; and surrounded by a gathering circle it was impossible to break. The horses began to bleed from terrible wounds inflicted by scythes and pikes; but the peasants, who seemed to wish to spare their riders, cried aloud:

"Let us take the rebels alive; let us take them prisoners for the Czar, our father!"

Korda defended himself bravely for a long while. His horse, animated by the conflict, reared furiously, trying to bite any of his master's enemies who came within his reach; but at last a spike inflicted a deadly wound on the noble animal, who fell lifeless on the ground, his rider under him.

The young colonel was instantly surrounded and disarmed. A few seconds sufficed to bind him upon one of the wagons belonging to the peasant band; most of his men were prisoners like himself, several dead or wounded; the rest were in full flight across the neighboring fields.

The victors marshalled their captives before them; and proceeded towards the little town, which the Polish insurgents had left full of hope and confidence scarcely two hours before. The poor inhabitants, struck with consternation, gave up their arms at once, and implored mercy.

As Korda, still bound in the jolting wagon, entered the principal street, he caught sight of old Maciej.

"Their is no message," cried the young colonel in a loud voice; "but it is no matter. Go on, my good fellow, to Iglia, and tell them what you have seen."

As he spoke, he looked upwards; his guards,

thinking he had lost his reason, had no idea whom he addressed.

No one troubled the old soldier. As soon as the procession had passed, he rose from the stone where he was seated; and making the sign of the cross, pursued his homeward way.

V

A little heir was born to the Oksinksa family; and the old and young couple were equally delighted by the new arrival. But the mother had been seriously ill, and her convalescence was slow; and consequently Hedwige watched over little Emma, the sweet little dumb child, in her stead, and tended her with the most loving devotion.

One fine evening towards the middle of July the young aunt and her little niece, seated on a mossy bank in the garden, were busily making garlands of periwinkles. Alas, there had been no change in little Emma since their pilgrimage to Czenstochowa; no word or cry had ever escaped her lips. It is true that Magda—who had never doubted the possible success of the expedition—had thought of an ingenious plan "to help our Lady," as she said in her simplicity; it consisted in very frequently repeating in the child's presence some of the most common and easy words, using peculiar emphasis, and touching at the same time the objects she mentioned.

For instance, every evening, as she entered the yellow room, she would point to the familiar image, in its blue tunic and red mantle, shining against its gold background, and say to the child slowly and distinctly, "Mary!" She would make little Emma touch young Madam Oksinksa's blooming cheek with her dimpled fingers, as she smilingly repeated the word "Mother;" then perhaps she would take the vase of flowers from the chimney-piece, and making the child smell, she would say, "Roses, daises, lilies." Hedwige highly approved of this idea of her humble friend, and had adopted it herself in great measure. This very evening, as the shades of night were gathering around, she had made her little niece raise her eyes above the tall lime-tree tops, and repeated to her, as she pointed, "Stars, sky, night!" But Emma, always attentive, only fixed her blue eyes on the heavens, and seemed quite insensible to the sweet voice at her side. Soon Hedwige sadly ceased her vain endeavours; and pressing the dumb child to her heart, let her play as she liked with the fruit and flowers in her lap.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANNALS OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED
HEART.—Letter No. 3,171.

JUNE 26, 1866.

REVEREND FATHER: Once more I must beg of you to help me to express my gratitude to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. My heart is still overflowing with joy for a fresh favor she has just granted. You will oblige me by offering, in my behalf, a Mass of thanksgiving, for this mark of her goodness. O Father, how sweet, how consoling to trust in Our Lady of the Sacred Heart! I have many a time felt it by experience, notwithstanding my great unworthiness.

Our sweet Mother has just filled with joy the hearts of a pious family in this place. Amongst the thousand recommendations daily made, Reverend Father, you must, no doubt, have forgotten one made by me some time ago. It would be impossible for you to remember all. At the same time that I made the recommendation, I asked for a Mass for the same intention,—the conversion of an impenitent sinner, who was dying of consumption. I begged that you would have the Mass said at the altar of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and you kindly promised that it should be so, though you could not be sure of the day. In fact, you warned me that it must of necessity be deferred for some time. It was therefore impossible for me to know the exact day on which it would be in your power to say the Mass.

On last Thursday, the day devoted to honoring Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, this poor sinner, who had constantly refused to be reconciled with God, and had, by his obstinacy, made his family abandon the faintest hopes of his conversion, *made his confession, with the best dispositions.* Glory, therefore, to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. She has overcome every obstacle. To her, undoubtedly, is due this conversion, this return so long looked for, so ardently desired, so perseveringly prayed for.

Oblige me, Rev. Father, by recommending this new recipient of Mary's favors to the fervent prayers of your Community, and to those of the pious Associates of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. May our good Mother finish her work, and obtain for this prodigal child the grace to edify, by his good dispositions, in his last hours, as much as his life has been a cause of scandal.

REUNION ISLAND, August, 1866.

Devotion to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart has begun to bear excellent fruit in the island of Re-

union. This is the reward of the zealous endeavors of the Superior of the Brothers of the Christian Schools in that island.

Little children, and those of the most abandoned class, have been the first to enroll themselves under the banner of Mary. The warden of the penitentiary at Guillaume Island, has succeeded in enkindling in the hearts of his young convicts,—hearts already, alas, robbed of their first fresh bloom and innocence,—the love of Mary, Queen of the Heart of Jesus. A novena was made by these children, and we find the following in a letter written from the penitentiary:

"Our novena to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart closed on Monday evening. Our little children joined every one heartily and joyously in the singing of the hymns contained in your little collection.

"It was really moving to hear them pour forth their hearts in joyful accents of praise, before their good Mother, in these woods, which, until quite recently, had never echoed the praises of our Lord."

We have been requested to recommend these poor children to the prayers of the Associates, together with the pious works in operation for their benefit. We recommend, at the same time, in like manner, the intentions of the good Brother, from whom we have received these details. He asks for prayers for the successful termination of a matter of great difficulty. The following are his own words:

"This matter has been in project for the last twenty-two years, and yet it seems quite as far from a successful termination now, in 1866, as it was in 1844. Nevertheless, it interests the glory of God and the salvation of millions of souls. Our Lady of the Sacred Heart must therefore take the matter in hands. We have great confidence in the prayers of the Associates."

Several other intentions are also recommended. Cases such as the above recommend themselves. Our Associates will feel it their duty to beg Our Lady of the Sacred Heart to take it under her protection.

A Bishop, who has great devotion to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and full confidence in her powerful intercession, recommends, in a special manner, to the prayers of the Associates, his own person, and the works confided to his apostolic ministry.

Seventeen thousand, seven hundred and nine recommendations have been made during the last month.

Many of the Associates have asked for special prayers for the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff. These touching recommendations appeal to the heart of every earnest Christian. At each reunion the following prayer is said, which we offer to the piety of all the Associates:

"We recommend to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart the triumph of the holy Church, and the august person of its venerated Chief, Pius IX."

2,964 sinners for their conversion; 1,716 sick persons; 4,149 particular intentions; 165 congregations; 123 retreats and missions; 157 First Communions; 224 Communities; 173 good works; 1,670 families for their various wants; 894 afflicted, or under temptations; 588 vocations; 2,929 deceased; 1,161 temporal affairs; 180 for a good death; 132 establishments; 36 Protestants for their conversion; 37 countries—different intentions; 483 novenas recommended during the month.

For all these intentions the Associates are requested to recite the *Remember of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*; or, at least, three times, the invocation: *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for us.*

We are frequently asked what are the obligations for the Association. To all these questions we refer our readers to the *End, the Advantages, and the Obligations* of the Association, as found on the cover of the AVE MARIA. No money is ever required, and the obligations are exceedingly simple in themselves.

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Letter of the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese.

The following Pastoral Letter has been issued by the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin:

DEARLY-BELOVED BRETHREN: Whilst offering up my prayers, during the past months, at the shrine of the Prince of the Apostles, I could not fail to pour forth my soul in thanksgiving to the Father of Mercies and the God of all consolation for the fervent piety which animates you, and for the spirit of charity and forbearance which you unceasingly display.

It pleased the Holy Father to confer upon me an exalted dignity which was wholly unmerited, and from which I should altogether have shrunk back, were I not aware that the dignity was intended solely as an honor to this Catholic island, and as a tribute of recognition to the zeal of its clergy, and piety of its faithful people. Ireland has ever

been devoted to the See of Saint Peter, and this new favor which the Vicar of Christ has conferred on our Church will, I am confident, bind us more closely to the center of unity, and attach us more immovably to the saving teachings of Christ, and to the truths of our holy religion.

And now, returning once more among you, well indeed may I say of you, in the words of the Apostle, that you are "my glory and my crown," and that your zeal and charity, which are spoken of throughout the whole world, render light and pleasing every arduous duty which I am called on to discharge. Continue, dear brethren, to cherish in your hearts the same piety and zeal for the glory of God, and the same devotedness to everything connected with the service and honor of His holy name.

In past times I often exhorted you to offer up your prayers for the manifold necessities of the Church of Christ, and to implore His mercy and blessings for our country, and for our spiritual brethren throughout the universe. Such an exercise of prayer has ever been the defense of the children of God—the spiritual armor with which the Divine Redeemer wished us to combat our enemies, and to ward off every assault of the evil one.

The present circumstances of the time oblige me to invite you anew to awaken this spirit of prayer, and to continue your supplications at the altar of God, that He may preserve our island from the many scourges which afflict other countries of Europe, and that He may pour down upon all His faithful children the choicest blessings of His mercy.

In an especial manner I would wish to enlist your prayers and sympathy in favor of our spiritual brethren in Italy, who are now weighed down by so many calamities and persecutions. The demon of irreligion and revolution rules unchecked in the government of that people, once so blessed and favored; and though the great mass of the population remain devoted to the faith of their fathers, such is the frenzy of its legislators that they wage war on all religion, and daily renew their insults against the majesty of God. Many Bishops have been driven into exile: each best and most zealous parish priest has been torn from his flock and sent to prison, for no other crime than that of zeal for God's glory; colleges and seminaries have been closed, and a law has been passed for the abolition of all religious orders, and for the confiscation of their property. By this most iniquitous law the Italian Government, ruthless as that of Henry VIII, and of Elizabeth, has expelled hundreds of holy women from the convents where they had consecrated their lives to God, and cast them forth to suffer destitution in their helpless old age in the midst of a world which in the freshness of their youth they had voluntarily abandoned.—Even the glories of Monte Casino, of La Cava, and of other monastic establishments, where religion was surrounded by whatever was excellent and noble in art and science, and from

which, in former ages, Europe drew the best elements of its Christian civilization, failed to win respect from these Vandals of the nineteenth century.

The Sovereign Pontiff, too, is now placed in a position of such extreme danger as to warrant the most serious apprehensions, and to awaken the alarm of his spiritual children. In all his difficulties his eyes have ever been turned toward God, and he receives his trials and persecutions with a calmness and resignation which recalls those sainted Pontiffs who, in the ages of persecution, laid down their lives for their flocks.

It is only a few years since the Bishops of the Catholic world, assembled in Rome, recorded their solemn protests against the attacks by which his enemies sought to deprive the Vicar of Christ of the territories confided to his care. At the same time, they declared that the temporal power of the Holy See was a manifestly providential institution in the present state of human affairs, facilitating in every way the good and free government of the Church and of souls—a freedom which it is the interest of every Government, whether Protestant or Catholic, to maintain. Speaking in the name of all Catholics, the Bishops then asserted that the temporal possessions of the Roman Church belong to the whole Catholic world. The Catholic nations of Europe—Austria, Spain, and Naples, had offered their best services to defend these possessions, on behalf of Christendom, when one powerful state claimed exclusively for itself the honorable office of protecting the Head of the Church. In the face of the Catholic world, he who now rules the destinies of France, assumed the grave responsibility of preventing the other Catholic powers from carrying out their intention, and undertook the trust of guarding, single-handed, the sacred interests of the Holy See. Has that trust been faithfully discharged? Will the Catholic nations of Europe be satisfied that the eldest daughter of the Church has done her duty? Will the French nation be able to hail their banner, on its return from Rome, with the same honorable pride with which they saluted it when they sent it, some years ago, to protect the Father of the Faithful?

It is well known that by base arts, and brute force, the Pope has long since been deprived of his richest and fairest provinces, though the ruler of France had taken it upon himself to defend them; and, to all appearance, the time is now come when the Catholic world must look on, while the scanty remnant of his kingdom, and even Rome itself, shall become the prey of the sacrilegious enemies of the Catholic Church. Humanly speaking, the crisis is at hand; and in the hour of his supreme distress our Holy Father looks in vain for help from the powers of this earth, even from that empire whose promises of help were so explicit and solemn. For the Church he is in no alarm. It rests, for its support, not on human aid, but on the power of God, who placed it on earth to be to men the unailing depository of His truth, and the channel of the fruits of redemption. But Providence, in its own wise coun-

sels, often leaves human agencies to follow their own natural courses, and wishes that we should exercise our charity and faith by imploring the Divine succor, and by receiving, from the hands of God, whatever may be pleasing to Him.

When the Prince of the Apostles was thrown into prison by the rulers of Judea, the prayers of the faithful were incessantly offered up in his behalf, till, at the touch of the angel of God, his chains were loosed, and the prison gates were thrown open, restoring him to liberty, and to the fearless exercise of his zeal. You have already offered the tribute of your material aid to the Holy Father, and it was my pleasing duty during these past months to lay at his feet the two thousand pounds which your piety this year offered as St. Peter's Pence. It is his desire that I should thank you for your generosity, and impart to you the benediction, which, as a loving father, in the fullness of his heart, he bestows upon you, his most cherished children. I now exhort you to add beside, the tribute of your prayers, that God may restore to him peace and tranquility, and may repay with redoubled blessings, the many afflictions which have hitherto weighed upon him.

I have determined to resume, once more, my labors among you, by offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, to implore God's mercy upon the whole Church, and His special protection on behalf of our Holy Father. On Tuesday, the 21st inst., many of the Prelates of our Church will join with the Chapter of this Diocese, and the Clergy, in assisting at the solemn function, and I exhort all the faithful of the Diocese to unite their prayers with ours for the same pious intention.

It is against the Cross of Christ that all the powers of this world wage an incessant war, and hence the Mass, which we will offer on that day, shall be the Votive Mass of the Holy Cross. That sacred Cross has ever been the terror of demons, and the sign of triumph over the enemies of God, while the faithful have found it a never-failing source of consolation, and a sure refuge in the time of trial. Armed with this sacred sign, and confiding in its protection, we may rest assured we shall overcome all the enemies of our holy faith.

As the Church is still engaged in celebrating the great feast of the Assumption of the Mother of God, let us offer our prayers through her who has ever been so lovingly invoked by our fathers as the help of Christians, the Mother of the afflicted, the comfortress of all who are in need. Let us also have recourse to the intercession of SS. Peter and Paul, the great Patrons of the whole Church, and let us not forget to place ourselves under the protecting care of our own special Patrons St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Lawrence. Fighting under the banner of the Cross, and assisted by the prayers of such powerful Patrons, we may rest assured that the dangers will be averted which are now so menacing, and that many heavenly blessings will be secured for the Church and for the Vicar of Christ.

The peace and charity of Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen. PAUL, CARDINAL CULLEN.
Dublin, 19th August, 1866.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE LEGEND OF SANTAREM.

(CONCLUDED.)

"To-night! to-night! *Menino Jesu* saith
We shall sup with Him, Father! we and thee,"
Cried out both children in a breath

As the good Father entered anxiously,
About the morrow's noon, the holy shrine,
Now consecrate by special grace divine.

"He bade us come alone; but then we said
We could not, without thee, our Master dear.
At that, He did not frown, but shook His head
Denyingly: Then straight with many a tear
We prayed so sore, He could not but relent,
And so He smiled at last, and gave consent."

"Now God be praised!" the old man said, and fell
In prayer upon the marble floor straightway,
His face to earth: and so, till vesper bell,
Entranced in the spirit's depths he lay;
Then rose like one refreshed with wine, and stood
Composed among th' assembling Brotherhood.

The Mass was said; the evening chant was o'er;
Hushed its long echoes through the lofty dome:
And now Bernado knew the appointed hour
That he had prayed for, of a truth was come.
Alone he lingered in the solemn pile,
Where darkness gathered last from aisle to aisle;
Except that through a distant door-way streamed
One slanting sunbeam, gliding whereupon
Two angel spirits (so in sooth it seemed,
That loveliest vision,) hand in hand come on,
With noiseless motion. "Father! we are here,"
Sweetly saluted the good Father's ear.

A hand he laid on each sun-bright head,
Rayed like a seraph's with effulgent light,
And—"Be ye blest, blessed ones," He said,
"Whom Jesu bids to His own board to-night.
Lead on, ye chosen, to the appointed place;
Lead your old master." So, with steadfast face,
He followed, where these young ones led the way
To that small chapel: like a golden clue
Streamed on before that long bright sunset ray,
Till at the door it stopt. Then passing through,
The master and the pupils, side by side,
Knelt down in prayer before the Crucified.

Tall tapers burnt before the holy shrine,
Chalice and paten on the altar stood,
Spread with fair damask. Of the crimson wine
Partaking first alone; the living food

Bernado next with his dear children shared—
Young lips, but well for heavenly food prepared.

And there we leave them. Not for us to see
The feast made ready that first act to crown;
Nor to pursue the solemn mystery

Of the Divine *Menino's* coming down
To lead away th' elect, expectant three,
With Him that night at His own board to be.

Suffice it, that with Him they surely were
That night in Paradise; for those who came
Next to the chapel found them as in prayer,
Still kneeling—listening every lifeless frame,
With hands and eyes upraised as when they died,
Toward the image of the Crucified.

That mighty miracle spread far and wide,
And thousands came the feast of death to see;
And all beholders, deeply edified,

Returned to their own homes more thoughtfully,
Musing thereon: with one great truth imprest,
That "to depart and be with Christ is blest."

THE THREE KNIGHTS OF SAINT JOHN.

Fulk of Anjou, the fourth Christian king of Jerusalem, held the weighty sceptre of Godfrey of Bouillon with a trembling and uncertain hand; but he took care to fortify Beersheba, the ancient frontier of his kingdom, and to commit the guardianship of it to the bravest of the soldiers of the cross,—those devoted men whom an inspiration of charity had created Hospitalers of the Holy City, and who had become, in 1104, armed monks, ready to fight in defense of the Holy Sepulchre, and the pious pilgrims who frequented it. Consistently with their two-fold character of Religious and soldiers, they bore the cross on the hilt of their swords, and concealed the hair shirt under the cuirass, and were called the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem.

At four leagues from Beersheba was the first fortress of the Mussulman, Ascalon, that ancient city of the Philistines, which at that time was occupied by a numerous army, between which and the Christian host were daily skirmishes, surprises, and ambuscades.

In the year 1131, among the crusaders who were guarding Beersheba, there were three knights of great renown, brothers, of the house of Eppe, who, at the summons of the Holy See, had left their smiling domains to fly to the assistance of the Christians in the East, and had won themselves, by mighty deeds of valor, the distinction which warriors most prize, that, namely, of being always

placed in the hottest of the battle, and chosen out for every service which involves peculiar danger.

One day, the advanced sentinels of the Christian garrison suddenly gave the alarm in Beersheba; for numerous armed battalions had been seen to issue from Ascalon, and were marching onward with a rapid step. The three knights were commanded to go forward with their standards to meet the enemy, and to force them to give battle, and thus to prevent their besieging the town. The encounter was sharp; for the Saracens attacked fiercely, and the Franks (as they were called in Asia) showed then, as ever, that they had not yet learned to turn or to draw back before the cimeter. After they had received, as immovable as rocks, the onslaught of the enemy, and driven back the assailing multitudes, they rushed on their lines thus thrown into disorder, and made great carnage, and then pressed after them as they fled, to complete the victory. In this pursuit they had to cross a ravine, in which was placed an ambuscade of the enemy; and they found themselves, unawares, completely surrounded, a fresh band of Saracens having emerged from their hiding-place, and caught them in the rear. They made a vigorous defense, but their numbers were too unequal for success to be possible, and the whole little band of Christians were cut to pieces, except the three knights, who, wounded, but fighting to the last, and worn out with their efforts, were taken prisoners, disarmed, and bound with cords, and dragged into Ascalon. The soldiers, enraged at having bought their captives so dearly, ill-treated them in every possible way, and they would never have reached Ascalon alive but that one of the Saracen chiefs remembered the ransom which might be exacted for knights of such eminent valor.

But there was no thought of ransom; not one of the little Christian band had returned to Beersheba to bear the news of the battle, and all there believed that the three good knights of Eppe were dead. As new skirmishings were taking place every day, it was thought that the prisoners were not in safe custody at Ascalon; and an officer who was going to Cairo in search of reinforcements, thought to pay his court to the sultan by offering them to him: and, in fact, the sultan was well pleased to receive the three heroes; for he admired their lofty stature, beauty of countenance, and uncommon strength, and more especially all that was told him of their feats of valor. Accordingly, he received them with great courtesy, and announced to them immediately, by his dragoman,

that it would only depend on themselves to receive ample compensation for all they had lost.

The knights understood well what this meant; but this first day they only replied by a silent obeisance. They were allowed a week of repose, during which time they were guarded, but treated with great respect; and then the sultan declared to them that he was ready to admit them among his chief favorites, and to give them the command of his armies, if only they would renounce the Christian faith and become Mahometans. The three knights recoiled in horror from the proposal, making the sign of the cross. They were neither skillful disputants nor theologians, but they were full of faith and honor: they answered that, as Christians and knights, their hearts as well as their arms were consecrated to Jesus Christ; and that whether victorious or vanquished, whether in triumph or in martyrdom, they hoped never to be found wanting to God, and never to swerve from the path of honor.

This reply astonished the sultan; and he commanded the prisoners to be led back to the place of their confinement, resolving to leave no means untried of overcoming their resolution; and accordingly, for several days, he tried offers, promises, and entreaties; but all in vain: the three brothers were immovable.

After this he confined them more closely, and sent the most learned doctors in Cairo to confer with them, who exhausted their eloquence and their arguments in extolling a religion of sensuality and death; but they made no impression on the steadfast faith of the knights; and, more furious than the sultan himself, because their pride was humbled, they persuaded him that severity alone could break those iron hearts. Accordingly, the three brothers were condemned to closer imprisonment, worse food, and more galling fetters; and from day to day their captivity became more and more painful. Some handfuls of barley were their only food; they were chained down to their dungeon floor and shamefully treated: and this slow martyrdom lasted more than two years; during which time their strength could scarcely have endured, but for those immense consolations, such as the world cannot conceive, which Almighty God bestows on the hearts of those who are His own, and which He lavished on these three knights; so that when their enemies believed them to be cast down, crushed and overwhelmed, they were really, from the depths of their dark prison, singing hymns of thanksgiving; and whenever they were brought before the sultan, they ap-

peared with a serene countenance, and a free and joyous heart.

The Saracen was altogether perplexed: the wonderful perseverance of these children of Christ appeared to him an inconceivable pitch of heroism; and the more they resisted him, the more eager he became to gain over to himself hearts whose fidelity had been thus manifested to him. He did not know that against all his efforts, against Satan and all his snares, these holy knights were aided by prayer, that all-powerful weapon from the armory of faith.* They prayed incessantly; they asked from God that which He never refuses, the grace to remain His children; and they asked it in that Name before which hell trembles, imploring the intercession of our common Mother, who never abandons those who have recourse to her. Thus, protected by our Lady, signed with the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, captives for His cause, and living under the eye of God, they suffered in patience, until at last the sultan resolved on making a final effort against them.

He had one daughter, named Ismeria; she was young, eminently beautiful, and celebrated far and near as a miracle of genius and wisdom. To her he had often spoken of these Christian knights, and complained of their resistance. "My father," said the princess one day in answer, "your doctors must be unskillful, or their interpreters must misrepresent their arguments; I think if you would suffer me to try, that I might be able to persuade them;" for in truth the fair Ismeria was curious to see men of such a character.

"Well, my daughter," said the sultan to her one evening, "to-morrow you shall go to the prison of these Christian knights, and speak with them. You shall try whether you can succeed where our doctors have failed; and if, either by learning or good fortune, either by your wisdom or your charms, you prevail on them to follow the standard of the prophet, it will indeed be an illustrious conquest. Neither do I shrink from the chance of one of them becoming enamored of you; for I should be too happy to have such a son-in-law."

The next day, the beautiful princess, with a splendid retinue, visited the prison of the knights. She knew a little of the language of the Franks, which she had learnt from a European slave. Tooskillful to betray at once the mission on which her father had sent her, she mentioned as the motive of her unexpected appearance her ardent desire to behold warriors of such renown, and, if

possible, to save them; for, since no ransom had been offered for them, and they persisted in adhering to their own faith, the people were clamoring for their death.

They replied, that the messengers whom they had charged to bear to France the tidings of their captivity had probably never reached their destination, and therefore their family doubtless believed them to be dead; that they had therefore no means of paying their ransom, unless one of them might be permitted to return to Europe. This, of course, was by no means the sultan's intention. They added, that as to denying the faith, they trusted that the mercy of God would avert from them any such dreadful calamity. They also thanked the princess for the pity she expressed toward them, and told her what pleasure they felt in hearing her speak their own language.

Ismeria, touched with compassion for these noble knights, then began in good faith to endeavor to bring them to the religion of her father, and explained to them the doctrines of the Mahometan religion. She spoke with such entire sincerity, that the knights could not help feeling interested in the poor young girl, brought up in these fatal errors; and after having ascertained from her that none of her attendants understood the language of the Franks, they asked her permission to explain to her, in their turn, their faith and their hope.

The princess not only consented, but, without in the least foreseeing what the result would be, showed a lively curiosity to become really acquainted with Christianity, and to hear its doctrines set forth by those who really believed in it. The eldest of the knights then explained to her all that the Church had taught him of the creation of man, of his fall, and its fatal consequences; of the promised Redeemer; of the Incarnation, Passion, and Death of our Saviour; of the reconciliation of man with God, and the restoration of woman by the blessed intervention of Mary in the great mystery of redemption. He explained the Holy Trinity, three persons in one God; he spoke of everlasting blessedness in heaven. The clearness and precision of his words astonished his brothers; for he, like them, was neither a cleric nor a preacher. They in their simplicity, had forgotten our Lord's saying: "When ye are called to bear witness of Me, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak; I will give you words and wisdom which your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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FESTIVAL OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER.

The annual recurrence of this festival must bring to the recollection of our readers the institution of the Rosary, and the diffusion of that popular devotion throughout the entire Catholic world.

To Saint Dominic, who died in 1221, is due the honor of having arranged, and initiated, the Rosary, in the order in which it is now universally recited. Popes Leo X, Saint Pius V, Gregory XIII, Sixtus V, Alexander VII, Innocent XI, and Clement XI, bear testimony to this fact.

The principal reason he had for inaugurating this devotion was to obtain the protection of Heaven, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, against the heresy of the Albigenses, which prevailed at that time, in Italy and in France.

The Saint's pious object was realized, and the efficacy of the Rosary was made manifest; for more than one hundred thousand of those heretics were converted, and a great number of sinners were turned from their evil ways, and became good practical Christians.

After the death of Saint Dominic, this devotion went into *partial* disuse. But, about the year 1473, it appears to have revived; for the then Pontiff, Sixtus IV, gave it his official approbation, and imparted indulgences to all who felt disposed to practise it.

We have sufficient proofs that the devotion was widely diffused: two, out of the many, will suffice for the present. There is still, in England, the original will, made by Eleanor de Bohan, Duchess of Gloucester, and dated 1399. One of the items, in that will, runs thus: "I devise to Madame and Mother, the Countess of Arford, a pair of *Pater nosters* of coral of fifty beads, ornamented with *gurdes* of gold." The obsequies of the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII, King of England, were celebrated in the year 1509, and on that

occasion, a sermon was preached by the faithful Bishop of Rochester—Fisher. In that sermon we find the following passage: "And yet nevertheless, daily when she was in health, she failed not to say the Crown of our Lady, which, after the manner of Rome, contained sixty and three *Aves*, and at every *Ave* to make a kneeling."

On the 7th day of October, 1571, which happened to be Sunday in that year, and the first Sunday of the month, the memorable battle of Lepanto was fought, and a most signal victory obtained, by the soldiers of the Cross, over the soldiers of the Crescent. The result of that battle, so favorable to all Christendom, was revealed to the reigning Pontiff, Saint Pius V, at the very hour it was won. And he, attributing the victory, not to human agency, but to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, instituted a festival, which he called "The Commemoration of Saint Mary of Victory"—*Commemoratio S. Mariæ de Victoria*; and he added, for the same reason, to the Litany, the petition, *Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro nobis*—"Help of Christians, pray for us."

Subsequently Pope Gregory XIII, the immediate successor of Saint Pius V,—finding that the Sodalities of the Most Holy Rosary were accustomed to have processions, on this festival, when they commemorated the powerful advocacy of the Blessed Virgin, so manifestly illustrated in this victory,—ordered (1573) that the festival should be, for the future, observed on the *first Sunday of October*, and that it should be called "The Festival of the Most Holy Rosary"—*Festum SS. Rosarii*; but with this condition, that the celebration of it was to be confined to those churches in which there were chapels, or altars erected, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Rosary.

Pope Clement X (1670) allowed the Festival to be celebrated in Spain, and in all the then vast dependencies of that country, even in churches where there were neither chapels nor altars of the Rosary.

Finally, one of the most illustrious of the Popes, Clement XI,—mindful of the great victory ob-

tained by the army of the Emperor Charles VI over the Turks, on the day of the *Dedication of St. Mary ad Nives* (1716), and on which day the Confraternities of the Rosary had a solemn procession at Rome, and prayed God, through the intercession of His Blessed Mother, to grant victory to the Christian arms,—decreed (October 3, 1716) that the Festival of the Rosary should be, for evermore, celebrated throughout the universal Church.

So much we know of the institution of the Rosary, as it is now said, and of the Festival commemorating its institution.

We need not dwell on what is familiar to all our readers,—the component parts of this time-honored and popular devotion.

The word Rosary—*Rosarium*—signifies a garden of roses; and this particular devotion is so called, in honor of her to whom it is dedicated, because she is designated the *Rose of Jericho*, by the ancient Fathers, who apply to her, in a mystical sense, that passage in the Book of Ecclesiasticus: "I was exalted . . . as a rose-plant in Jericho."—(xxiv, 18.)

As every Catholic knows, the three parts of the Rosary contain fifteen Mysteries. At each Mystery, the Lord's Prayer is said once, and the "Hail Mary" and "Holy Mary" ten times; after which, the Doxology—"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," is said once.

The "Hail Mary" being said ten times is the reason why that portion of the Rosary is called a decade; for that word, decade, signifies the sum or number of ten. Some writers on this subject, infer that the "Hail Mary" is said ten times to correspond with the ten strings of David's harp; and they draw this inference from that passage in the Psalms: "Give praise to the Lord on the harp; sing to him with the psalter, the instrument of ten strings" (Ps. xxxii, 2). In the three parts of the Rosary, the "Hail Mary" is said one hundred and fifty times, to correspond with the one hundred and fifty Psalms of David; and the Rosary was, therefore, often called the *Psalter of the Blessed Virgin*. Pope Clement IV, already referred to, bore testimony to this fact: "*Iste modus orandi Psalterium Virginis Mariæ vulgariter nuncupatur.*" (Constitut. 18.)

When we say the "Hail Mary," immediately after the Lord's Prayer, it is asked often, and even reproachfully, why do we say it so often? We say it, after the example of those who have any business of importance to transact in the courts of kings, or other magnates in authority. They

present their petition, in the first instance, to the king, and then they seek out some dignitary attached to the court, who has access to the king, and who is in such favor as to be able to influence him in his decisions. The application of this example is easy.

We offer, in the Lord's Prayer, our petition at the foot of the throne of God—"the King of kings." We ask Him for the necessities of soul and body, for the forgiveness of our sins, for protection against temptation, and deliverance from evil. And having presented that petition to the Author—the sole Author—of grace and mercy, we turn our eyes on the highest dignitary near that throne, whom we recognize to be His own "Mother;" and, knowing that she is the "Mother of Mercy," who found grace with God, we earnestly and repeatedly ask of her to support, by her intercession, the petition which we have already offered to her Divine Son. "Hail Mary."

That name can never be too often or too fervently invoked. There are innumerable instances on record, fully authenticated, of the graces, and spiritual and corporal benefits that God bestowed, with a bountiful hand, upon those who have paid due honor to His Mother's name. And all who still honor that name, with the true devotion, as it is taught and inculcated by the Catholic Church, are sure to carry about with them the marks, and the effects, of the Divine predilection. For as continual respiration is not only the *sign*, but the *cause* of life in the body; so the most holy name of Mary, when it is reverentially pronounced by the lips, and fondly enshrined in the hearts of her devoted children, is not only a sign that they live the true life of grace, but it has, also, a great influence on this life here below, and preserves it, and imparts to it unspeakable joy, and help and aid, in every difficulty and trial. "Hail Mary."

But, in order to deserve and obtain those graces and blessings, while we pay our devotion to the Blessed Virgin, through her Rosary, it is indispensably necessary that we should become, not the degenerate, but the true, legitimate sons of Mary. And if we go, in spirit, to Calvary, and stand at the foot of the Cross, we will there learn what is required to constitute a true son of Mary. We will hear, from that Cross, those world-renowned words: "Behold thy son"—"Behold thy Mother." To whom were the latter words addressed? To Saint John, the disciple "whom he loved." See how significantly the Evangelist, Saint John himself, relates the event: "After that, he saith to the *disciple*: Behold thy mother."

(xix, 27.) In real truth we thus find, at the very foot of the Cross, the first member of the Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the person of Saint John, and that his qualification for that high honor was, that he was the "disciple" of Jesus.

We, too, must be the disciples of Jesus Christ, if we wish to become the true children of Mary; and we must ever bear this truth in our minds, particularly whenever we recite the Most Holy Rosary, in honor of our Blessed Mother. "Hail Mary."

WORSHIP OF RELICS, CRUCIFIXES, ETC.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

That the honor we pay to relics, crucifixes, sacred pictures, and images, might, while Greek and Roman idolatry was predominant in the Empire, have been taken in a superstitious or idolatrous sense by some only half converted from heathenism, and led the heathens, as it does Protestants in our own day, to regard Christians themselves as idolaters, is not impossible, and it would seem that these memorials, though carefully preserved, were, while the danger of awakening old idolatrous or superstitious associations remained, exhibited with more reserve to the reverence of the faithful, than after Christianity had taken possession of the Empire, and the discipline of the secret—*disciplina arcani*—was no longer necessary or even practicable.

It is a great mistake, however, to suppose that the use of images of Christ and His Saints in our churches, or the carrying of them, or crosses, crucifixes, and sacred relics, in procession, is itself idolatry, or of itself tends to idolatry in persons who have no idolatrous habits or associations. The use of images did not originate idolatry with the heathen, nor even occasion that loss or corruption of the knowledge of the true God, derivable by all from primitive revelation and the works of creation, which rendered idolatry possible. No man who knows the true God can confound Him with an image made with men's hands, or take the image to be His habitation. The culpable loss or corruption of the knowledge of God preceded the idolatrous worship of images, or the worship as gods of things which are not God. The Gentiles had the knowledge of the true God, but "when they knew God they did not glorify Him as God, or give thanks; but became foolish in their thoughts, and their senseless heart was darkened; for esteeming themselves wise, they

became fools. And they changed the glory of the incorruptible God, into the likeness and image of corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things." But while men retain uncorrupted the knowledge of the true God, they cannot confound Him with any thing visible,—with the sun, or moon, or stars,—far less with an image which man has painted or carved; and even Protestants do not ever pretend that the knowledge of the true God is not possessed by Catholics, and constantly taught by the Church to all her children. These memorials, so far from tending to obscure that knowledge in the minds or hearts of the faithful, have directly the contrary effect—that of tending to keep that knowledge more clear, fresh, and living in the heart. Nothing can tend more directly to bring home to the mind and heart the great fact both of the Incarnation and the Redemption, on which all our hopes of salvation depend, than kneeling before the image of Christ dying on the Cross for us. The son does not forget his mother in contemplating her picture, or the lover his mistress. The patriot does not find his knowledge of Washington obscured, or his love for him or his country weakened by looking on his coat or sword which the nation preserves. Every body knows and feels that the contrary is the fact. Experience proves that they who object to the relative honor that Catholics pay to the memorials of Christ and His Saints as superstitious or idolatrous, gradually lose, themselves, the sense of the Incarnation, and are by no means remarkable for their knowledge and love of the saints and martyrs. Even they also, with an inconsistency that does them honor, cherish such memorials as they have of Luther, Calvin, and other Reformers, who are their saints and great men. There is preserved in the Wartburg even yet, I am told, the inkstand which Luther threw in the Devil's face, and pilgrims are shown the black spot it left on the wall.

But it is said that these memorials are addressed to the senses, and can only tend to give our piety an outward sensible character, and prevent the mind from turning inward and becoming acquainted with the deeper internal spiritual life. The contrary is the fact. These memorials direct the mind at once to the spiritual life, for they are simply memorials of the deepest and truest spiritual life, the life of God in the soul, and they are nothing to the Catholic save as memorials of such life. They are to him external symbols of the interior and spiritual. Perhaps they are not such to the Protestant, for whom the primrose on the

river's brink is a primrose, and nothing else, and who has no acquaintance with the deeper spiritual life familiar to every saint, and in some degree to every Catholic. Do not be scandalized, my dear Protestant friend. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, or attained to in your pious meditations. Our Catholic worship seems to you external, sensual, unspiritual, because you have in your own spiritual experience no key that unlocks to its mysterious depths. These memorials, so dear and significant to us, so powerful to place us in the presence of God, and to make us feel that we belong to the communion of saints, are to you no memorials at all, and tell you nothing beyond what they are in themselves. But is that our fault?

Then, again, it must not be forgotten that the living man is body and soul united, not body alone, nor soul alone, and the senses in their place and in their proper use are as essential to man as the intellect. Man is not a pure intelligence, and grasps the intelligible only as sensibly represented. He can no more live and act without sense than without reason. For him pure spiritualism is as impossible as pure sensism. Hence the principle and reason of external worship. A purely internal worship is as insufficient as a purely external worship, and experience proves that they who reject all external worship soon come to neglect all internal worship. Worship demands the homage of our whole man. Christianity elevates, purifies, and directs our nature, but rejects no part of it. The whole is from God, and should be returned to Him as His due. In all true religion there is indeed a mystic element, but they who seek to be pure mystics, to live in this world as pure disembodied spirits, mistake the nature of religion, and the capabilities of man. These memorials of Christ and His Saints help us precisely because, as music and speech, they are external signs, and are addressed to our senses, and through the senses convey a truth, a spiritual reality to the understanding and the heart.

But in the relics of the saints Catholics worship, we are told by men who esteem themselves wise, dead men's flesh and bones, rottenness and corruption. We do not *worship*, in the sense the objectors mean, the relics of saints; we simply honor them for the worth of the saint to whom they belonged, not for what they are in themselves. But the objection shows how far the age that brings it has departed from the true sense of the Incarnation, and the Christian doctrine of the Resur-

rection. The Christian does not view these relics as do those who lack the Christian's faith and the Christian's hope. This flesh and these bones have been redeemed by our Lord, for He assumed flesh, took upon Himself a real human body, not simply a human soul, and in assuming a human body He redeemed all material nature, all the elements of which are included in the human body; hence the ancients term man a microcosm, or world in little. In the Incarnation all material nature has been assumed and purified, and HOLY TO THE LORD, as foretold by the prophet, has been written on every thing. Hence Peter, in the vision, was forbidden to call any creature common or unclean. These relics of the saints have also been cleansed and sanctified by the prayers, vigils, fasts, mortifications, and holy life of the saint,—purified and sanctified by the grace of God, so freely bestowed on the saint, and so frankly complied with by him.

Moreover, these relics are not the flesh and bones of dead men. The saints are not dead; they live, and live in heaven, in the presence of God, and enjoy the glory of their Lord. Have we forgotten that life and immortality are brought to light through the Gospel, and is the future life only a hope and not a reality to men calling themselves Christians, as it was and is to the heathen? But more than this, the Christian knows, not only does the soul live, but this very flesh which once clothed the saint shall rise again, and live forever, for does not the Christian sing, with the Church, *Credo in resurrectionem carnis*—I believe in the resurrection of the flesh? The soul does not rise again except spiritually, for it never dies physically; it is immortal. The resurrection in which we believe then is the resurrection of the flesh, of the body, and its reunion with the soul forever. Hence even our bodies should be sanctified and preserved pure, for they are destined to rise again, and to an immortal life. The honor the Church pays to the relics of the saints and martyrs is an honor due them as related to our Lord Himself through His assumption of flesh, and as having in some sense shared in the holy life and sanctity of the saint, but it serves also to keep alive in our minds and fresh in our hearts the great and glorious article of our faith, the resurrection of the body.

This said, the reason of honoring with an inferior and relative honor, as expressed in the Catechism, the pictures and statues of the saints, as well as of our Lord in His humanity, is obvious. They are related to the saints in an inferior de-

gree, but still are related to them, and though feebler than the relics, are yet memorials of them, and keep alive in us the great Catholic principles and virtues the saints honored in their lives, and direct us to that Fountain of Grace whence they drew the strength which enabled them to come off conquerors in the battle of life.

THE ROSARY.

THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

In the midnight calm and holy
Came an Angel from the sky,
Bending to that Maiden lowly,
While the Dove was hovering nigh:
"Ave" spoke that Angel glorious—
"Ave, Maiden," so pray we;
"Hear us, Lady—hear us, Mother,
'Tis thy children call on thee."

O'er Judea's mountain hasting,
To her cousin's home she speeds;
Whilst in thought's prophetic musing,
She her soul in rapture feeds.
Scarce is heard her voice so lowly,
Ere the babe is sanctified—
Sanctified the great Precursor,
Ere his God for him had died.

Sing we then the wondrous story
Of Messiah's glorious birth,
Sung by Prophet old and hoary;
Joy is come indeed to earth.
Ave, Mother—plead for sinners;
Speak for us one little prayer;
Ask for us one little blessing,
From that Babe so dear and fair.

Now within the temple glorious,
Stands the Mother with her Son;
And she hears what woes must crush her,
Ere her earthly course is run.
Plead for us, O gentle Lady,
By the anguish of that hour;
Plead for us by all thy Dolors—
May we never grieve thee more.

Ave, Mother! thou art seeking,
Seeking for thy Blessed Child;
Thou art weeping, thou art praying,
Gentle Lady, Mother mild.
Thou hast found Him, sweetest Mother,
Thou wilt lose Him never more;
Plead that we e'en too may find Him,
Love Him better than before.

THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

Ave, Mother, thou art weeping,
Now thy tears are tears of blood;
Thou hast seen the soul's deep anguish
Of thy Child and of thy God.
Ave, Mother, He is prostrate,
Crushed beneath His creatures' guilt;
Ave, Mother, breathe one whisper,
'Twas for us His Blood was spilt.

Now the soldiers rude and cruel,
Tear that Blessed Flesh so pale;
Mother, thou dost weep and shudder,
Mother, sure thy heart will fail.
Deep the gashes, deep the anguish
Of thy Blessed, Holy Son;
Ave, we must sink with sorrow—
We the cruel deed have done.

See the cross, upon His shoulder
By the cruel scourge all torn;
Ave, Mother—Oh, what torture
Thy Belov'd for us hath borne.
Lo, He falls beneath His burthen,
Crushed and bleeding now He lies;
Ave, Mother, to thy sorrow
Join our tears and heart-wrung sighs.

Now the last dread deed is ended,—
Paler grows the trembling sun;
Now they pierce the side all bleeding
Of that silent, Patient One:
Mother, Mother, we are weeping,
But our tears will not undo
All that cruel bitter sorrow,
Mother, thou must suffer too.

GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

Ave, Mother! Mother joyous,
Glorious is the Easter day;
Jesus, like the sun in splendor,
From the tomb now bursts away.
Thou dost see Him—thou dost greet Him,—
Sure thy heart must break with bliss;
Thou hast given, thou hast taken
Mother, His first nuptial kiss.

Thou must lose Him. Ave, Mother,
To His Father's throne He goes;
There to plead His wounds and merits
For thy children's sins and woes.
Ave, Mother, now thy spirit
Pines and languishes to be
With thine own beloved Jesus;
Mother, get such love for me.

Ave, Mother Maiden queen-like
 Thou presidest over all,
 While the chosen ones of Jesus
 Low before the Dove now fall.
Ave, Mother! time is hastening,
 Angels weary for their Queen; .
 Thou in rapture now beholdest
 Glories we have never seen.

Now thy soul is filled with rapture,
 Fainting with celestial bliss;
 Once again thy Saviour greets thee,
 Gives once more the nuptial kiss:
 Loved by Heaven, wooed to glory,
 Mother, was it life or death—
 That long trance of mystic silence
 In which ceased thy earthly breath?

Crowned now our Queen, our Mother
 Seated by her Son's right hand:
 Praise we our own dearest Lady—
 Brightest of the heavenly band.
Ave, Ave, Mother dearest!—
 Listen to our lowly cry;
 Bless us, guard us—keep us, Mother,
 While we live and when we die.

REAL PROGRESS.

Le Progres par le Christianisme. Conférences de Notre Dame de Paris. Par le R. P. Félix, de la Compagnie de Jésus.

[CONTINUED.]

As, some eighteen centuries ago, Saint Paul perceived in philosophical Athens an altar to the unknown God, holding its place among the idols of the city, so now in the midst of the pleasures, and the riches, and the science, which form the idols of our day, we find an unknown God to whom all pay homage, under the name of Progress. Like another Saint Paul, the preacher must raise his voice to teach men that this Progress is to be found in Christ, and in Christ alone.

Before we arrive at the true doctrine and rule of progress, we must clearly understand its beginning and its end, its origin and its destiny; we must be able to answer those fundamental questions, "Whence come we? whither go we?" We will not follow the Père Félix through his masterly *exposé* of the utter inability of any system outside of Christianity to give a rational reply to them. The cloud of mystery in which the subject must ever be shrouded, without the light of revelation, can only be dissipated by the Catholic doctrine of man created by the Almighty power of God, raised by Him to a supernatural state of grace,

from which by an act of his own free will he fell; fell from this life divine, and entered on a downward course; thus came sin on himself and all his progeny, and though, through the unspeakable mercy of his Creator, a means of reparation was vouchsafed him, whereby he might follow his higher tendency to progress instead of his natural inclination to decline, yet that progress must be achieved by the sweat of his brow, by the hard-earned conquest of himself and his evil propensities. This evil is *in man*; it is not merely in society, in institutions, in forms of government; reform these as you may, you will have done less than nothing till you reform man himself. Thus, nothing can be more false than to suppose that Progress consists in the free expansion of man's nature, of his instincts, of his passions, and that the *beau idéal* of society is that in which each individual may the most freely indulge them all without injury to his fellow-men, so that the only limit to this so-called liberty is to be respect for the same liberty in others. An idea as wild and absurd as it is anti-Christian! God wills man's progress. Yes! But He wills it on the condition of man's efforts, and conquests over himself:—"The life of man upon earth is a warfare." Job viii. I.

But it is a warfare in which he is not left unaided. The dogmas of the creation and the fall remain imperfect without the dogma of the Reparation. In the first Adam and Eve, and through their fall, all mankind tend to a downward course, which threatens their final ruin; but a new Adam and a new Eve have arrested them in their descent, and brought them a divine force, by the aid of which they may remount and still attain the destiny they had lost. The life of God in man, restored by Jesus Christ, this, and this alone, is the starting point for the true progress of the human race. And herein consists the essential difference between the Christian principle of Progress and the false spirit of the world, which looks upon Progress as a thing apart from Religion, and esteems it even a mark of Progress to treat all religions on an equality: as if true Progress could be obtained without the true religion. The world tells man to develop his powers as man, to advance himself by that development, to apply all his energies and to depend on those energies for the conquest of every obstacle to his self-aggrandizement, or to the aggrandizement of humanity as such, without reference to God. Christianity bids man to advance by self-annihilation; human reason, human efforts are to be laid low and to die; and only to rise again when animated by

the Spirit and the place of God, through co-operation with which alone can man really advance: "I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me." Father Félix sums up this difference in the following passage:

"The rationalist believes in the Progress of the human race by the exclusive action of man; Christianity believes in the Progress of man by the action of God in our humanity. The one looks to the power of human reason for all intellectual progress of man; to the energy of the human will for all moral progress of man; to the expansion of human fraternity for all social progress of man; to the power of human invention for all the material progress of man; in one word, it looks upon all Progress as beginning from man in order to end in the glorification of man. The other without making light of either reason, or will, or human fraternity, or material development, looks for the progress of the human intellect through the light of divine faith; the moral progress of man through the power of divine grace; the social progress of man through the fruitfulness of divine charity; it demands that material progress should be directed and kept within bounds by Christian morality. In one word it looks upon all human Progress, guided by divine light and grace, as having its end in one supreme glorification of God....."

"In short, false principles seek the Progress of man by means of man; the Christian seeks in Jesus Christ the Progress of man by means of God....."

"Ah," cries the preacher, "if all those who demand of their own energy the secret of human Progress, were here, I would say to them, not in anger, but in love: You seek not with us, there where it is to be found, the divine secret of Progress, I ask you to know yourselves, to examine yourselves, to judge yourselves. Say, find you yourselves strong enough to bind up all that is weak? exalted enough to raise up all that droops? enlightened enough to make clear all which is obscure? of a nature sufficiently perfect and progressive to expect from your own reason, your own power, your own genius, the Progress of the world and of yourselves? Do you think yourselves, in short, able by your own power to resolve this great enigma of the age?"

"What! like us, fallen and disinherited, is it from yourselves that you will ask for riches and grandeur? What! like us, feeble and despoiled, is it from yourselves that you ask for strength and the restoration of all? See you not that it is to ask of ruin to give birth to creation, of downfall to bring forth Progress? Ah! suffer me to proclaim to you, while I recall you to Him who lifts up and restores all things: when you seek after Progress apart from Jesus Christ, your advance is not a progress, it is another fall: fallen a second time from the life of God by separating yourselves from Jesus Christ, you become what an author has well named you, men of the *second fall*. Is it your wish to descend no deeper? is it your wish to mount, to mount always? Welcome in Jesus Christ, restorer of the life of God in man, the author and the finisher of all Christian Progress; commence with us, to end with us; found upon the creation, the fall and the redemption, as on three divine columns, that edifice of the Progress of man in God, of which Jesus Christ is the centre, the foundation, and the summit; and you will be, with us, men of true Progress."—pp. 114-15-16-17.

This, then, is the point from which Progress must commence and the route by which it must advance. What is the final object to which it must tend? Let us not be content with the favorite reply that it has no limit, that it is indefinite. This absence of definition, as Father Félix well observes, is the essential character of every anti-Christian doctrine. God is truth, and the nearer we approach to the truth the more clear and distinct becomes definition. It is by the sword of definition that the Church of God has gained her great victories over error, and her love for definition is now as much as ever an especial mark which distinguishes her from the sects around us, and from the rationalism of the day. With this she is incessantly reproached by them; it is this, above all, which the spirit of darkness and error detests,

who loves to wrap himself in his mantle of obscurity and escape from the grasp of truth in the clouds of vagueness. This is the case with all sorts of error:

"Philosophical error, theological error, social error, all errors equally shrink from giving themselves a name and a definition; they have the same horror of definition that darkness has of light. For, in fact, for them to name themselves is to die; to define itself is the suicide of error; every erroneous doctrine would destroy itself by its definition."—p. 130.

The false philosophy of the age has a special predilection for the indefinite:

"It laughs at our Paradise, because paradise is a definite happiness; it blasphemes against our hell, because hell is definite woe, without any undefined purification or reinstatement; it despises theology under the term scholastic, and Catholicism under the title of the Middle Age."—p. 137.

It delights to talk of indefinite, never-ending progress; but the same good sense of humanity is of itself sufficient to discover the absurdity of this idea, which involves a contradiction in terms; for what is progress but a march in advance, and how are we to know whether our march be in advance or the reverse, unless we know the end which we aim at reaching? And not only this, it is also a manifest contradiction in the nature of things to conceive that God has assigned to man the law of a never-ending progressive march; to man, the highest of His visible creation, in whose voice and whose being all other visible creatures find their voice and their leader. The same innate sense which abhors the incompleteness of any human work, which condemns a discourse without a conclusion, a poem without an end, that sense of fitness in things which is implanted by God Himself, forbids the notion that, in the case of man God's noblest work on earth, the divine harmony which pervades creation should be disturbed; and that the human race alone, among all the works of God, should be created without a fixed determined end and limit, without a home and a resting-place as the object of its journey and the termination of its progress. The human heart itself revolts against the notion, and cries out with the preacher:

"My life is a journey; yes, but traveler through time, I bear on my road the desire of arriving one day at a term forever stable and definite. My life is a movement; yes, but at the bottom of this movement I bear with me the need of repose; and such is my soul, stirred by so many breezes, and shaken by so many shocks, that it cherishes through its earthly days, so agitated, the hope of a day eternally tranquil. My life is a separation, each of my steps is to me as an adieu, every fresh progress itself is a rent; and yet in the midst of the inevitable separations which form the wounds of all my life, I experience I know not what which cries to me from the depths of my wounds:—the union must arrive which nothing more can break; the hour must sound when man in his indissoluble marriage with his destiny shall exclaim:—'It is the end, it is the term, it is the rest, it is the union; let us stop, let us repose, let us embrace, and forever.'"

"Then far, very far from me be that which gives not to my life an end worthy of these aspirations; my career may be indefinite; but my destiny, never! I have a horror of an indefinite journey; I have a horror of an indefinite movement; I have a horror of an indefinite separation; I have a horror, in short, of your progress, eternally and fatally indefi-

nite. Be silent, philosophers, and speak to me no more; for this progress which has no end is for me worse than decline; this life which never reaches its object, to me is as death; and this hope which shall not attain possession, for me is like despair."—pp. 151-52.

We can conceive its being said in reply to Father Félix, that although certain philosophers may entertain these false and heathenish notions as to the eternal progress of man after death, still this is not the notion of the multitude in their cry for progress. The progress intended by the popular voice is the progress of humanity in this world without reference to the future state. But a little reflection will show that this is no real objection to the arguments of the preacher. For the very ground which he takes throughout presupposes that the subject under review is to be treated as a whole, not merely in detached portions; and it is only thus we can arrive at correct notions respecting it. Thus it is perfectly impossible to estimate the progress of humanity even in this life, without first determining the standard by which it must be tested; and in determining that standard it is equally impossible to ignore the future state. If you test man's progress as if this world were the home of his manhood instead of the nursery or the school of his infancy, you commence by assuming what is false, and the structure raised on such a foundation will be but a gilded plaything, a palace of cards. Therefore it becomes essential to consider man's ultimate end if we would determine whether any particular age is in advance or retard of its predecessor, or if we would seriously promote the great cause of progress; because it is manifest that the most advanced and most perfect state of human society must be that which most effectually and constantly helps man onward to the attainment of his real and ultimate end. This progress of society, the progress in the "career" of man, as our author expresses it, may be indefinite; but its end never; and since he is called upon to ascertain and define that end, he is compelled to expose the fallacy of the philosophy, falsely so called, which would render man's future state, like his present, one of perpetual, never-ceasing pursuit after perfection.

Christianity alone is consistent in its teaching, and in perfect accord with the good sense of mankind. There is no doctrine but hers which can maintain its ground amongst men; human systems may have their day, but they fade and pass by, while the words of Christ endure forever. God has created man with a capacity for the infinite, and the infinite God is the only end worthy of man's pursuit. God is man's first beginning, God is man's last end. "I am Alpha and Omega,

the beginning and the end," saith the Lord God, "who is, and who was, and who is to come, the Almighty." (Apoc. i, 8.) "Fear not, I am thy protector, and thy reward exceeding great." (Gen. xv, 1.) Here is the voice of truth defining the true end of man, the true object of all progress. And with equal clearness does it define the termination of a departure from this true path of progress. There are but two paths; the one, that of advance to God, the other, that of decline from God, and according to which of these man chooses shall he hear at last,—"Come ye blessed," or,—"Depart ye cursed." If we stop our ears for a moment to the din of words and the boasts of enlightenment and advance which deafen us on all sides, we shall find to this we must come at last. That is progress which brings man nearer to God—that is decline which leads him away from God. Yes, to attain God, and that for eternity, this and this alone is the real end of progress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LETTER FROM THE VERY REV. E. SORIN, PROVINCIAL.

We have just received a letter from Very Rev. Father Sorin, from which we take a few extracts, which we think will be of more or less interest to our readers:

"NOTRE DAME DE STE. CROIX, MANS,
August 29, 1866.

"I will start to-morrow for Rome, where I intend taking the crown of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, to be blessed by the Holy Father. It is now finishing in Paris, and I must say that I have never before seen a crown so rich in material or so beautiful in artistic design. It is indeed a gem, and not a small one, measuring, as it does, eighteen inches at the base and nearly three feet in height, all silver and gold and precious stones.

"I shall also bring with me, to Loretto, the silver gilt Heart containing the names of all our pious writers, whose pens have been employed in the praises of our Blessed Mother. As I intend going by land, I will stop at Loretto, and say Mass in the Holy House for all the friends and patrons of the AVE MARIA. From Loretto I will proceed to the *Portuncula*, where I will also offer the Holy Sacrifice for the same intention.

"My journey to Rome is not precisely a pleasure trip. I have been appointed by the Right Rev. President of the Chapter—which is to close its last session in the morning—with another capitular, to carry the new decrees to the Holy

Father for his approbation. I cannot say that I at all regret the arrangement. * * *

"The Right Rev. Bishop of Dacca, in Bengal, a member of our Congregation, has been elected Superior General. Rome has already sent, by telegraph, the desired approbation. We all feel that we have made an excellent choice, but who will be taken to replace him no one yet knows. Rev. Father Patrick Dillon is now Second Assistant General, and he seems to carry his honors with as much modesty as unfeigned contentment.

* * * * *

"I was indeed very happy to hear repeatedly, since I left home, of the visible evidences of protection which Notre Dame and Saint Mary's continue to receive from Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. I knew that after all we tried to do for her on the 31st of May, she would in return give us new proofs that she notices every effort to honor her. The memory of that solemnity is so deeply engraved on my mind, that my memory could serve as a *cliché* fifty years hence, were I to live so long. It follows me everywhere; and whenever I kneel before a shrine of Mary, I love to present that pious and immense assembly, gathered from every quarter of the States, that every one of them may be blessed for his or her share of devotedness on that day for the glory of the Holy Mother of God.

"The editor of the *Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* came all the way, yesterday, from Issoudun, Indre, to make arrangements with me about the Association, and to obtain exact information concerning our solemnity of the 31st of May, the particulars of which were not correctly given in the French journals."

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The Procession.

In the year 590, the Tiber, swollen by constant rains, overflowed its banks and inundated the neighboring territories. The flood rose to so great a height that it covered in some places, the walls of Rome, and destroyed the houses built in the lower parts of the city.

The waters were alive with fish, serpents, and aquatic monsters of every description. When the river returned to its channel, these creatures, trapped by the drying of the pools, remained in great numbers on the land, rotting in the heat, and their putrid bodies filled the air with infection.

This poisonous miasma, joined to the unhealthy exhalations rising from the mud left by the inun-

dations, developed during the summer the germs of a frightful epidemic.

It first appeared in the suburbs, cutting down at its leisure the miserable dwellers in the damp and close tenements. Thence it spread to the middle of the city and even to palaces and the houses of the wealthy.

The great, the rich, and all that could escape, fled from the city and sought, afar off, under a more salubrious sky, a refuge against the scourge; but the greater part remained a prey to the contagion which devoured them by wholesale.

Commerce was stopped. The stores were not soon opened. Works that had been commenced were left unfinished—when every one was trembling for his life, what signified fortune? Gold was no longer of any value. No one disputed for his riches with the thieves who penetrated boldly into the interior of desolate houses, and despoiled the plague-stricken, at the risk of falling victims likewise.

All the ties of friendship or kindred were broken. No visits were made: the deserted streets were only furrowed by the funeral car, and the city of the Cæsars, formerly so noisy and animated, but now full of mourning and tears, resembled an immense charnel-house.

The character of the epidemic was terrible and mysterious. No premonitory symptom gave warning, it broke out suddenly without any possibility of foreseeing it, and the same instant that it appeared was almost always the moment of death.

It attacked the head and pierced like an auger. An intolerable heat followed and seemed to boil the brain. The patient was seized with vertigo—a fearful vertigo accompanied by unspeakable sufferings which horrified all who witnessed them.

Some expired in the frightful convulsions of insane laughter, in the arms of their weeping relatives. Others were seized with frantic throes, and beat their heads against the walls with heart-rending cries. At other times, the epidemic manifested its presence by deadly sneezing, and the afflicted rolled lifeless upon the sod before any one could pray God to have mercy on their poor souls.

All remedies were powerless against this implacable disease. Then, as soon as life was extinct, the corpses bristled with black pustules, and filled all the surrounding air with stench and corruption.

If any by miracle, survived after having experienced the terrible effects of the plague, they seemed alas! more to be pitied than those who

had fallen victims, dragging painfully along their languid and fleshless limbs: bereft of memory, of reason, deprived of their eyes, their faces livid, while their sepulchral pallor horrified their dearest friends. Phantoms rather than men, they seemed to have arisen from the ashes of the tomb, and struck all those who beheld them with consternation.

The epidemic devoured the greater part of the inhabitants of the populous city. Funeral equipages blocked up the thoroughfares. What do I say? Scarcely did they take time to bury the dead, and the coffins were borne without mourners or escort to the cemeteries, children had not even the courage to accompany their fathers, and at the first sign of death, husbands and wives fled away from each other.

Those who were left alive, palsied by terror, made callous by the image of death incessantly hanging over them, became indifferent to their own life. They disclaimed the most simple precautions against the disorder, and left the corpses to remain wherever the malady has seized them, on the threshold of the house, at the domestic fireside, in the corridors, even in the middle of the streets.

In the midst of these misfortunes, the indefatigable zeal of the clergy was soon found insufficient. A great number of priests obtained by the bedside of the dying the palm of martyrdom. Religious left their monasteries, and waiving their vows, again entered, to console and to bless, that world which they had renounced.

There were not men enough to bury the dead; this dangerous office was performed by monks. When the strength of the regular functionaries gave way from exhaustion and fatigue, the holy men took up the spade, and dug the graves of those they had shriven and dressed in their grave-clothes.

It was thought that the plague would end with the heats of summer. But the breeze of autumn, instead of carrying off the contagious miasma, on the contrary, increased its intensity; and the plague only slumbered awhile during the winter to break out with renewed fury in the following spring.

Pope Pelagius was one of the first attacked by the contagion. But the confusion produced by the epidemic was so great, that the people had not thought as yet of nominating a successor, and the church of Jesus Christ remained for several months a widow.

However the feast of Easter was at hand, the afflicted people turned at last to God. The Ro-

mans assembled to elect a new pope. But in the sorrowful circumstances in which the flock was placed, what pastor would feel his shoulders strong enough to accept such a burden?

There was, however, a religious of celestial sanctity, as dear to the people by his preaching and his virtues as he was to God by his humility and his mortification. Burning with zeal for the Gospel, he had resolved to go and evangelize the Saxons in England who were still pagans. Providence alone, and the formal order of the Pope, had retained him, and obliged him to commit to his pupil Augustin the care of making, according to his own words, of the nation of Angles a people of angels, and of singing *Alleluia* in the palace of Ælla, their king.

The suffrages of all were for him. But since they had been obliged to do violence to his modesty, in making him Cardinal-Deacon, could they obtain his consent to sit, above Bishops and Patriarchs, in the venerable chair of Saint Peter?

He appeared in the assembly, sad, disordered, pale; he ascended the tribune, and employed prayers, tears, and all the resources of his eloquence to turn the people aside from the choice which they had made, and to obtain their acceptance of his refusal.

Whilst he was speaking, ninety persons fell in his presence, struck by the baneful epidemic.

Penetrated with grief and compassion, Gregory exhorted the people to disarm the anger of heaven by redoubling their prayers and good works, to obtain that God would turn aside the scourge.

When he sought to withdraw, the people would not consent to it. They begged Him with so much ardor to accept the tiara, that he made a pretense of yielding to the general wish, to the end that he might return to his monastery.

He hid himself with great care, and several times attempted to escape, in different disguises, from a city where he dreaded the danger of being crowned in spite of himself.

But the gates were guarded, and the soldiers carefully watched, on his account, all the passers-by. Each time that he presented himself he was recognized, and brought back by main force to the monastery of which he was Abbot.

His resistance only increased the desires of the people. When all representations and prayers failed, they adopted the plan of imprisoning him in his cell and of carrying him to the throne, in spite of all his protestations. A day was even fixed for the execution of this project.

At the news, Gregory, dismayed, resolved to

fly at any risk. He succeeded at last in foiling the vigilance with which he was surrounded. A merchant secretly hid him among some merchandise, and conveyed him beyond the walls of the city.

When he found himself free, the monk rendered thanks to heaven, and flying rapidly across the open country, buried himself in a neighboring forest. He there found a solitary and abandoned grotto, in which to shut himself up, in fasting and prayer.

When they discovered his flight, the Romans fell into a gloomy despair. All that they hitherto preserved of courage, vanished, and they exclaimed in deep sorrow.

"Unhappy that we are! must we perish without hope! If the saints desert us, who remains to invoke the Divine assistance and pray for us?"

After having thus breathed their complaints, they again rallied their desponding hopes.

"Who knows if he is really gone, and if he is not hidden in some retreat, in our very midst? at any rate he cannot be very far off yet, and by making a little haste, trusty couriers may overtake him."

This reflection sufficed to calm them, and with that elasticity of temperament so characteristic of the Italians, they passed in one moment from the most profound dejection to a blind confidence.

But in vain did they ransack the entire city, with its secret nooks, its tombs, its ruins, and their hiding places, they could not discover the fugitive; and those whom they had sent to make the search on the roads leading from the city, returned without bringing any news.

Three days thus passed in alternations of anxiety and hope.

Toward the evening of the third day, whilst the couriers were returning to the city, their heads bowed in sorrow, having met with no better success than before, a great light appeared suddenly behind them; they turned around and paused to contemplate this marvel.

Angels were descending from heaven upon the forest, and ascending again to carry to God the prayers of a just man, and their flight traced in the air a shining path, like a column of fire.

The people who had witnessed the miracle from the top of the walls, came out in crowds and thronged to the spot indicated by the sign.

The burning column rose above a cavern, of which the low and narrow entrance was concealed by bushes. The boldest among them made their way in and there found Gregory, in prayer, igno-

rant of what was passing and surprised at their coming.

Overcome by their representations, and by the will of heaven manifested by this miracle, Gregory sacrificed his love of poverty, and promised to resign himself to the painful honors of the pontificate.

They conducted him in triumph to the basilica founded by the patrician John, in honor of the Mother of God, upon the plan which she herself had traced by causing snow to fall in the middle of summer. The monk then spoke to the people, instituted public penitential exercises, and announced that, to obtain the cessation of the plague, he would have a procession on Easter Sunday.

All who had still strength enough to stand, hastened, at the hour assigned, to the designated sanctuary. On that day, the houses were left empty, and guarded only by the dying.

The church of Our Lady of the Snow, now St. Mary Major, possesses as is well known, a portrait of the Mother of God, executed during her lifetime, by Saint Luke the Evangelist. The sacred picture was taken down; and young novices, the most innocent in the convents, took it in their arms and carried it devoutly at the head of the procession.

Gregory followed them, in festival vestments, his face bathed in tears. After him came the Cardinals and all the priests of the holy city, in white surplices, the people walking with head and feet bare.

The Sovereign Pontiff repeated in a voice smothered with emotion, that hymn, full of celestial poetry, which is called the Litany of the Blessed Virgin,—that sublime prayer which rehearses all the figures of the Bible and all the glory of Mary.

After having completed the enumeration of the titles under which earth invokes the Queen of heaven, Gregory had no longer strength to speak, and the procession went on its way in silent prayer.

Suddenly an ineffable harmony, sweeter than any terrestrial voice, filled the air, and took the faithful by surprise. Raising their eyes they perceived a troop of blessed spirits, who hovered about the image of the Madonna, and who joined their hymns with the chords of divine harps, saying:

Regina celi letare. Alleluia. Quia quem meruisti portare. Alleluia. Resurrexit sicut dixit. Alleluia—"Rejoice, O Queen of Heaven. Alleluia. Because He whom thou didst deserve to bear—Alleluia—Is arisen as He said. Alleluia."

Gregory joined his hands, and lifting them, with his heart, toward the holy image, he added to the song of the angels this last verse, which the Church still continues to repeat ever since:

Ora pro nobis Deum! "Pray to God for us."

As they advanced on their way through the streets, the contagion gave way before them and vanished. The sick found themselves snatched from the jaws of death; they revived, reopened their eyes, and breathed with sound lungs a new atmosphere, purified and life giving.

When the procession had traversed the entire city, from the Church of Saint Mary Major's to the banks of the Tiber, the plague had completely stopped its ravages, and God, showed by a prodigy that His justice was satisfied.

An angel, with menacing visage, and gigantic stature, appeared upon the summit of the mausoleum of Adrian. He held in his hand a broad sword all dripping with gore. He was seen distinctly to wipe the blade of this sword and replace it in the scabbard.

Heaven had recalled the Minister of Divine Wrath. Gregory understood this and led back the people into the basilica, where he intoned hymns of praise and thanksgiving. The plague had assuredly ceased.

Since that time, the mausoleum of Adrian has taken the name of Castle of Saint Angelo; and it is in memory of this apparition that the successors of Saint Gregory caused to be erected on this fortress the statue, first marble, afterward bronze, of the Archangel Saint Michael, Protector of the Eternal City.

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Death of Rev. J. P. Howell—A truly Happy Family.

The absence of the Very Rev. Editor, now in Europe, has been the cause of some of the many kind letters sent to his address being overlooked, while others have been held over for his arrival.

Among the former is a letter from an esteemed correspondent, telling us of the death of the Rev. J. P. Howell, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. We have already announced the death of this faithful servant of God; but we again take up the letter to learn some of the particulars of his life.

He died in his fifty-fifth year, and was buried by the side of his mother, who, no doubt, had much to do with shaping his life and inducing him to enter on the career in which he did so much good for souls.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1811, prosecu-

ted his theological studies at Mount Saint Mary's, Emmitsburg, and was ordained, with Rev. J. R. Bayley, now Bishop of Newark, by Archbishop Hughes.

Immediately after his ordination he was sent to minister to the spiritual wants of the few Catholics of Elizabeth, and the surrounding county, at a time, our correspondent informs us, when there was no Catholic church in the region, and only six Catholics in the town of Elizabeth. There he remained for twenty-two years, until his death, and the present condition of the Catholic church shows how faithfully he and those who in time assisted him, worked for the good of souls and the glory of God.

We deeply sympathize with those who have lost such a devoted friend as he was to all his flock, and we unite in the prayers of his faithful parishioners, and of his many friends in other parts of the Union, as they repeat the prayer of mother-Church: May he rest in peace.

If we are called upon, in the fulfillment of our duty of Chronicler, to speak of events that cause sorrow, we have also to record facts that bring joy to the hearts of all who are capable of appreciating truly noble actions.

In our days, when it seems, and is, so difficult to escape the influence of the spirit of the world, it gives joy to angels and to men to see youth of faithful promise, and brightest hopes, consecrating their full life to God.

Many such examples are given, and but few persons profit by them, because attention is not called to them. As far as they who give these examples are concerned, they would, no doubt, prefer to have nothing said of them, after they have voluntarily hidden themselves from the world; yet the charity which burns brightest in hearts totally devoted to God, will pardon us for using their names, to give more force to the example we are about to cite. May we not hope that it may decide the vocation of some who may be wavering whether to remain lukewarm Catholics, or to take the part of God in good earnest? that it may cause many giddy, thoughtless ones to reflect on their useless life, and if it do not decide them to full imitation, it may at least have a good influence on their after life?

It may seem to our readers that the whirl of fashionable life in the city of New York is not precisely calculated to induce persons engaged in it to embrace the religious life,—and likely it is not, at least for the many,—but for truly noble hearts it may be the means of entire conversion to

God. We know little of this fashionable life; but from what we do know it seems that the aimless life of one devoted to fashion, the petty cares of keeping up with the fashion, of making a *correct* appearance, are enough to turn all who know never so little of what they were created for, from such a frivolous life, and to make them devote the gifts God gave them to a higher and nobler purpose than that of shining in a ball-room. Here is an example:

On the 15th of last August, a daughter of one of the oldest and most influential Catholic families of New York, Miss Pauline Pardoe, entered the convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville. Just entering on life, surrounded not only by all the inducements to remain in the world, that wealth can give, but also by the still more seducing influences of a happy home, this young lady understood how fleeting is all that appears so pleasant to nature, and with the grandeur of soul which grace alone can give, she chose the better part, and sought with God the peace which God alone can give.

In this she followed the example given her by her eldest sister, Miss Augusta, who one year ago took the white veil in the same convent, and of her brother Wm. Pardoe, who for two years has been with the fathers of the Society of Jesus.

Happy the parents of such children; though home may not ring with their cheerful voices though the caress of good night and the morning salutations are no longer given, yet they know, those good parents who have given their children up to God, they know that morning and night and through the live-long day, prayers go up to God for them from three fervent, grateful, loving hearts.

Happy the parents who second the designs of God. Unhappy those who put obstacles in the way of their children's vocation.

We have few mothers like the noble Mother of the seven children of Machabees, but from what has just been related, we know that there are still some mothers animated by the same faith in the future life, by the same zeal for the honor of God, and His holy law, by that same spirit of renunciation of natural ties, when those natural ties would prove an obstacle to a happy eternity for those they truly love.

And happy are the children of such parents. Nurtured from earliest childhood in sentiments of faith; taught at the first dawn of reason the great truths of our holy religion, they grow up in the fear of the Lord,—they labor for the glory of God,

and may they, by perseverance, receive in heaven the reward of their good works on earth.

WE have received several numbers of an excellent Review, printed in the French language, in Montreal, and edited by M. Louis Ricard, 423 Rue Graig. It is now in its third year, and will be a treat to all who read French. We shall speak at length of this Review. In the meanwhile, we recommend it highly. If any of our readers wish to subscribe to it they can do so by applying to us, at the AVE MARIA office.

DEATH OF RT. REV. J. M. YOUNG, BISHOP OF ERIE.—With grief we hear of the death of the Right Rev. Bishop of Erie. He died suddenly, on Tuesday, the 18th of September, but not before receiving the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. The loss of this zealous Prelate is deeply felt by the Church in America—especially by the Diocese of which he was the first Bishop, and by his many personal friends, whom his single-mindedness of purpose, his unfeigned humility, and truly Christian charity endeared to him. *Requiescat in pace.*

WE take from the *St. Louis Guardian* the following prayer, which His Holiness, Pius IX, has just issued in the Eternal City. It is here translated from the Latin, and will, doubtless, be recited with devotion, generally, throughout the United States:

"Encompass this city in Thy might, O Lord, and let Thine Angels keep its walls! Hear Thy people in Thy mercy, and turn Thine anger from us, for our enemies are gathered against us, and they who glory in their strength. But do Thou, O Lord, break their power and scatter them, that they may know there is none other that combats for us, save Thou, O Lord! Amen."

The Holy Father has attached great indulgences to the recital of this prayer. Also 100 days for each time the sign of the cross † is made devoutly for the same intention (City of Rome).

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION AND RECEPTION.—On the 30th of August, at the Convent of the Visitation, Mount de Sales, Sister Mary Isabella (Mary Harman) was admitted to the Vows. On the same day, Miss Elisabeth Murray, of Washington, (Sister Mary Joseph), and Miss Mary Creaghan (Sister Mary Xavier, were received to the White Veil. Rev. William D. Parsons presided on the occasion.

A COMMUNICATION enclosing \$700 has just been received at the Treasury Department from a Catholic priest in Baltimore who states the sum was placed in his hands by a penitent at confession, as being due to the government. *Cor. (Balt.) Sun.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ASSOCIATION OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

One morning, somewhat more than a year ago, the streets of one of the old cities of the centre of France were enlivened by a number of children, all directing their steps to the grand Cathedral. Up one street you could see a long file of little fellows under the direction of some of the Brothers of the Christian schools; coming along another, two rows of little girls with the Sisters of the numerous Religious Congregations that do so much good in France, and in other countries too, by educating and taking care of the children of all classes. Besides the school children you could see little groups consisting of Father or Mother, and one, two or more sons and daughters, going in the same direction; all soon arrived at the Cathedral, and entering by the big door, the children filled the middle nave of the church, while their parents occupied seats on the side opposite the pulpit.

Several thousand were there, none over twelve years old, and all belonging to the Association of the Holy Childhood. They had assembled there to listen to a good Missionary who for many years had been in China. In a simple and clear style he told them of the good which the Association of the Holy Childhood had done and is doing. And I think all the readers of this department would like to hear what those little children heard in that grand old cathedral.

He told them how, in that far off country in Asia, many little children, instead of being tenderly cared for, and nursed, are exposed in the public highway, and out in the fields, and left there to perish—to die from cold and exposure; and sometimes even to be eaten up by hogs and dogs. The Missionaries did all they could to prevent such shocking crimes; and succeeded in saving many of the little innocent beings, who would otherwise have died without baptism.

To help these Missionaries, to help in saving the lives, and, still more, the souls of thousands of little children, an association of little children was formed, first in France, and soon afterward in every Christian country in the world.

It was a beautiful thought, was it not, to form an association, by means of which little baptized children, who are tenderly cared for by kind parents, assist in saving the souls of other little children in heathen countries?

In one year these little baptized children as-

sisted in saving three hundred and fifty-two thousand three hundred and fifty-three little pagan children! Think of that, little readers of this department; there was that number of little children baptized in one year, and many of them died soon after baptism, and went straight to heaven; and if they had not been baptized they would never have gone to live in the presence of God.

I am sure you would all wish to be of this Association; and here is what you must do in order to help in saving the lives and souls of thousands of little children. It is very likely the priest of your place has already established the Association of the Holy Childhood; if not, he will do so if you ask him. He will be director of it, or will appoint some trustworthy person the director of the Association, will organize the Association, will tell you when you must all meet together at the church, and will get you pictures and medals, and a beautiful little book called the *Annals* of the Holy Childhood, in which you will have an account of all the different Associations of the Holy Childhood all over the world.

One set of these little books is given to every twelve members. Then when you become members of this Association you must say, every day, this little prayer: "Mary and Joseph, pray for me, and for all the poor heathen children." And you must give one cent every month to the Association. One cent a month seems to be very little, and is very little for each one of you; but all those cents given by the children of the Holy Childhood amounted, in one year, to three hundred and twenty thousand dollars; or, in exact figures, according to the report, to 1,595,988 francs, 89 centimes, French money.

His Holiness, Pius the Ninth, approves this Association, and encourages it, and finds time, in all the troubles with which he is surrounded, to think of it and urge the Bishops to establish it in their Dioceses; and a short time ago he wrote a letter to the Bishop of Arras, in France, and among other words of encouragement, he said: "The progress of the Association, [of the Holy Childhood] and the fruits gathered by it, affords us a most agreeable consolation, * * * and while rendering signal thanks to the Almighty, we at the same time implore His most precious blessings on the good work, that it may produce a new and abundant harvest."

The Holy Childhood is now established in nearly all the dioceses of the United States. All the children who read this ought at once apply to be enrolled as members of the Holy Childhood, and

should induce their little companions to do the same. They can find out all about this beautiful Association from the priests, who will gladly encourage all little girls and boys, and big ones, too, to pray for the salvation of these poor little children.

THE THREE KNIGHTS OF SAINT JOHN.

[CONCLUDED.]

The princess was struck; and, in the agitation of her mind, promised to return the next day. She delighted her father by telling him that she intended to continue her conferences, for that she expected they would produce some result. That same night she had a vision, in which she thought she saw the Blessed Virgin leaning over her; and this drew her heart altogether to the Christian faith. The conversation on the second day was entirely on Mary, the Mother of grace, of whom the knights poured forth such sweet praises, and related such consoling wonders, that the princess, longing to honor the Mother of God as she is honored by Christians, besought them to make her an image of our Lady. The three brethren were no more artists than they were doctors of the faith; but fearing to refuse to attempt any thing which might be the will of God, they promised to attempt the pious work, if they could be furnished with wood and tools for carving.

These were soon procured; and one of the brethren, having said the Hail Mary, set to work to rough-hew the wood, and the others helped him as best they could, all praying to God to guide their hands, and imploring Mary to bless their efforts. For several days they labored, dreaming of nothing, whether awake or asleep, but their pious enterprise. One morning, when they awoke, what was their surprise to see before them the statue, which they had barely shaped out, completely finished, and radiant with the most exquisite beauty!

The good knights impatiently awaited the arrival of the princess. At the sight of this wonderful image, she fell on her knees in ecstasy, and was the more amazed because the statue before her precisely resembled the heavenly vision which had hung over her in sleep. She bowed down and tenderly kissed its feet; and the captives gave it the name of Our Lady of Gladness, in consequence of the joy and happiness it had brought into their prison.

During the night which followed this happy day, the princess had a second vision. The holy

Virgin again appeared to her in the same form as before, and commanded her to set the captives free,—to fly to France with them,—offering to be her support, and promising her that, after a pure and holy life, she should receive in heaven a crown of imperishable glory and everlasting blessedness. She hesitated no longer; at dawn of day she flew to the prison of the Christian knights, and declared that she would break their chains, if only they would take her with them to a land where she might profess the faith; confessing to them, moreover, that in taking this step she was executing a command given her by Our Lady. The Lords of Eppe, overwhelmed with wonder and joy, threw themselves on their knees, giving thanks to God and the holy Virgin, and swearing to the princess that they would conduct her safely to France at the peril of their lives, and die rather than desert her.

Their departure was resolved upon for the night following. Ismerica, as soon as she had dismissed her ladies, loaded herself with all her most precious jewels, and reached, unobserved, the prison of the knights, where she found the guards sleeping. She opened the doors, unfastened the chains, and under the escort of the three brethren, who carried the holy image, Our Lady of Gladness, their most precious treasure, and their surest hope, she reached the gates of the town, which, also, by miracle, or by a happy chance, were open. When the little company had reached the banks of the Nile, they could no longer doubt that they were under the special guidance of Mary; for in the pale starlight they discerned a bark coming toward them, impelled by a single rower, who offered to convey them across; and when they were safely arrived on the opposite bank, looking back on the stream, they could see no longer either boat or rower, and could only thank Divine Providence.

The travelers, thus fenced about with miraculous protection, marched on till break of day; then fatigue, and the dread, either of pursuit, or of some other misadventure, induced them to enter a wood of palm trees, to take a little rest. Ismerica, overcome by weariness, in spite of her anxieties, and of the recollection of her father, whom she dearly loved, soon sank to sleep by the side of the holy image. The knights intended to watch over her, in turn, but in vain; they all three yielded to fatigue, and fell asleep.

On their awakening, says the old legend, they were amazed to see that the branches which drooped over their heads were not of palms, but

of the trees of northern Europe; while in the distance they beheld towers and a steeple, such as were never seen in Egypt, and the breeze which fanned their temples was such as they had never felt in Africa. They looked around them bewildered, and thought they were still dreaming, for often had the captives dreamed of their native land; but the princess completed their astonishment by the surprise which she expressed at this new and fresh nature, which she had never seen before,—at the sky shadowed with clouds such as that of Egypt knew not. The image which they had brought with them was still at their side; but at their feet bubbled up a fountain which they had not remarked before they slept, and which they thought they recognized as one well known to them.

In the midst of all this astonishment, a shepherd passed by them, guiding his flock, dressed in the costume of Europe. The knight called him, and he came up to them; they found that he could speak their language, and his features even seemed to them familiar; they asked him in what country they were.

"In the country of Laon," replied the shepherd, "in the marches of Champagne. This wood," he continued, "and this fountain, are part of the domain of the three Lords of Eppe, who went to the Holy Land under the banner of our Lord."

Here the shepherd made the sign of the cross, and continued his story.

"We have been informed that three years past these noble knights were taken up to God. But," he added, "you, gentlemen, by the cross you bear upon your vestments, must be yourselves returning from the Crusades. Perhaps you can bring us certain tidings of our poor lords; and though this lady who is with you is a foreigner, I see by certain signs that you are good and worthy Christians."

The shepherd had just perceived the graceful image of Our Lady of Gladness, before which he immediately fell on his knees; and the knights, who had let him talk on, because, from emotion, they had lost the power of speech, followed his example; and, shedding the sweetest tears of gratitude and joy, poured forth their thanksgivings to our Lady, who had thus become to them more and more truly at every step our Lady of Gladness. Their untrimmed beards, and the long period of suffering they had past, had so changed them, that they were not easily recognized at the first moment; but as soon as they had declared their names, the shepherd rushed forth to pro-

claim through the whole country round the joy of so unexpected a return. All the villagers flocked round them; and the knights and the lady were conducted to the Castle of Marchais, which was one of their demesnes. Their mother, who was still living, almost expired with joy at again beholding her sons, whose deaths she had mourned so long. She loaded with caresses the Egyptian princess, who had been the instrument of their liberation; and undertook herself to prepare her for Holy Baptism. On the spot in the wood where they had found themselves on that marvelous day, they resolved to build a church, and to place therein the miraculous image. Ismerica consecrated to this work of thanksgiving the larger portion of the jewels she had brought with her. Thus was founded the Church of our Lady of Gladness; and to satisfy the eagerness of the crowds who thronged together to honor the miraculous image, it was placed for the time on a little throne, in a rustic chapel hastily raised by the side of the fountain, until the church should be consecrated. The Bishop of Laon, Barthelemi de Vir, a venerable Prelate, baptized the Egyptian princess, the elder of the three knights standing as her godfather; and her piety continued so fervent, that a short time after she consecrated herself entirely to God among the Holy Virgins. The church of our Lady of Gladness (*Liesse*) was in due season completed; the town of Liesse grew up around it, and it became a celebrated sanctuary and a place of pilgrimage, where innumerable acts of beneficence have signalized from age to age the compassionate goodness of the Blessed Virgin.

REJOICE now in your plays, blooming children! When you again become children through old age, you will sink beneath infirmities and gray hair; and in that melancholy day, the days of infancy will be remembered. The western sky may indeed shut down the aurora, and the eastern glow may be reflected in the west, but the clouds become darker, and no second sun arises in life. Oh! rejoice then, children, in the rose-color of the morning of life, that gilds you like painted flowers fluttering to meet the sun.

LARGE CHURCHES.—The largest churches in Europe will contain the following number of persons: Saint Peter's, Rome, 54,000; Cathedral of Milan, 37,000; Saint Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Cathedral of Pisa, 13,000; Saint Mark's, Venice, 7,000.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II.

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No. 41.

MARY THE MOTHER OF MANKIND.

[We have frequently drawn the attention of our readers to the work of Nicholas, entitled *La Vierge Marie d'Après L'Évangile, Nouvelles Etudes Philosophiques Sur la Christianisme*. Mgr. DeSeegur, in speaking of this work, says: "The author justly gives it the title of *Philosophical Studies*, for it is not merely a work of piety, but one of high Christian philosophy, full of life and light. The profound thinker will learn from it to love, more and more, the truths of Christianity, and to seek, in the treasures of faith, that philosophy which is alone worthy the name." From a work, so highly commended, we present our readers with the following reflections on the Blessed Virgin in her character of *Mother of Mankind*.:]

A little girl, seated on her mother's lap, once learned to make the sign of the Cross for the first time. When she had finished the invocation of the three Divine Persons—"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"—she turned to her mother, and raising her eyes to her, said: "Mamma, but there is no mother!"

Human nature spoke by the mouth of the child. The Author of that nature owed her an answer. The answer is, Mary.

Religion is evidently impressed upon human nature. The God of the human heart, the God of humanity, was not satisfied with revealing Himself to it, using its language, and accommodating Himself to it, as seen in the Holy Scriptures. No. He put on this humanity; He took a human heart, human flesh; He became one of us. We must not allow ourselves to be partially offended by the manner in which God has shown His condescension. We must either reject entirely, as did the Jews, or, like Saint Paul, we must fall down and adore the Divine Wisdom. The Incarnation of the Word rejects all reserve. And once obliged to acknowledge the Son, how can we reasonably ignore the Mother?

As we have already said, God, who has taken the language and relations of humanity, yea, hu-

manity itself, is its Author. In the beginning He made the human heart with all its affections; the heart of the father, the mother, the son, the spouse, the friend; it is His master-piece, and into it He breathed His love, the essence of all love. But, if it was not unworthy of Him to make the human heart and animate it, how can we show that it was unworthy of Him to re-make it, and purify it? The more the heart had become abandoned, gross and carnal, the more it became worthy of the Divine Goodness to heal it, and, in order to heal it, it was necessary to assume it, and prescribe for it, heart to heart.

This is the reason why, in Christianity, God chose to link Himself with us, by all the affections of human nature, in order to win us to Himself by them, in order to make them supernatural. There is not one with which He has not clothed Himself: that of father in heaven, those of son, of brother, of friend on earth, that of spouse in the ineffable communion of His body in the mystery of our altar.

In view, then, of this manifest order of communication, how could God have omitted that relation which holds the highest place in human nature, and which exercises the purest, the most unceasing, the most universal influences—that of mother!

When man enters upon life, the first object which his eyes dwell upon, in the vagueness of their first gaze, is the smile of a mother.

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.

After having borne him nine months in her womb, and after having loved him with a love of anticipation which made the burthen light, and her delivery heroic, no sooner is he born than she folds him in a new womb—the womb of her care, her caresses, her anxieties, her vigils, her attentions, her maternal heat and substance. A hundred times does she again bring forth her child as she shields it from weakness, danger, disease and death. And when she has furnished this prolonged delivery to existence, she again brings him forth to truth, to society, and to religion,

each of which again makes her mother of the only object of so much love, and so many cares. She continues to assist him when threatened by paternal authority, when suffering from paternal partiality, or when too severely chastised by his teachers; she is his help when in danger from inexperience and passion; amid the trials of life, and when fully launched out into its storms, she ever remains in his memory as a bright star to which he turns, even when death has stilled the pulsation of her heart.

We may be without wife, daughter, sister, but without mother! No. Every man has had a mother; and the remembrance of that mother always returns, and ever triumphs. Even when this sweet remembrance seems to have been blotted out from the heart of the forgetful and the perverted, it revives, and has power to soften and purify, and in misfortune and danger proves the source of the greatest confidence and relief which human nature can minister.

How, then, could so deep a feeling, such an intimate relation, and an affection so holy, have been neglected in a system of religion which is so evidently formed upon nature and the human family? In this religion all men form one family of brothers in Jesus Christ; they have a Father, who is in heaven; they must have a Mother, if the heart of man is not made by chance, and if the religion which commends itself to him comes from the Author of his being. In proof of this, mark the sadness, the flutterings, the fears, the miseries, and the dangers of that heart, which, in all its agitations, seeks a mother's bosom, there to relieve itself, and through it to make known its sufferings to God.

I call God Himself to witness. What He loves, and desires most in us, is confidence. His relation to us is calculated to elicit this feeling by the manifestation of His love, and by the advances which He makes in order to draw us to Himself. Even in the Old Law, as if He seemed impatient to reveal Himself to us under this aspect, He exhausted all the expressions of human language, and, as it were, felt imprisoned until He should appear in person. Among the expressions, and the images of which God made use, and which were only so many preludes and figures of the realities of the law of grace, He compares Himself to a nurse carrying her child in her arms: *Et ego quasi Nutritivus Ephraim*; to a mother caressing and consoling her child: *Quomodo si cui mater blandiatus, ita ego consolabor vos*. Not satisfied with this comparison, He goes even further than the

heart of a mother: "Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? and if she should forget, yet will I not forget thee." *Numquid oblivisci potest mulier infantem suum, ut non misereatur filio uteri sui? et si illa oblita fuerit, ego tamen non obliviscar tui*. It would almost seem that, in His love, He is jealous of the feelings of tenderness by which He has linked us together, but more especially of His master-piece, the Mother.

It was, therefore, evidently not enough that God should become man. Our Divine Saviour is indeed merciful and ever attractive, but He is man, and in this character, by itself, does not, at first, inspire so much confidence as does the character of woman. Above all things, He is God, and our Judge, and must necessarily inspire fear. It was, therefore, necessary that, in view of His condescension and our misery, He should place woman between Him and us, and place her in her purest and most indulgent character,—that of Mother; that He should borrow her ministry and her sentiments in such a manner that the woman of whom He should make use should approach sufficiently near Him to obtain His grace for us, and should, at the same time, be so far removed from Him as not to compromise His majesty, whilst she should, as it were, urge Him on in His love, and inspire us with full confidence.

Marvelous dispensation! This woman being Mother of God, and Mother of Men, having thereby full power and an ardent desire for our salvation, of which she has been justly called arbitress, we find the double Maternity thrown like a bridge of mercy between God and us, by which we may go to Him by the same way which He took in coming to us; and thus, in this divine theology, every thing passes through the heart of a Mother.

Such is Mary's admirable part in the Redemption.

To these natural considerations let us add dogmatic reasons.

One law of the economy of Christianity is that the relations of the Divine Persons are to be common to us. Thus the Son of God is, at the same time, the Son of man and our first-born Brother; the heavenly Father is *our Father*; and in the Holy Ghost, who in us has become the *Spirit of adoption*, we are made His children.

Why should not it be thus with the *Mother of God*? Why should not she be *our Mother*?

You will perhaps say that she does not belong to the Trinity, and that what can be said of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,

cannot be said of her. This is true of the Trinity in itself, but not of the Trinity in its relation to us. For, and this reason is unanswerable, if, in relation to us, the Trinity receives us into its bosom as *children*, how shall Mary be excluded as *Mother*, our Mother, consequently, as she is *Mother of God*?

This double Maternity, making Mary our Mother, as the heavenly Father is our Father, as the Son of God is our Brother, is more intelligible than these latter participations. The Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost are such in Themselves from all eternity, in the independence of Their divine nature, and without any relation whatever to us, in this divine and independent nature. They are not, They *become*, They *make* Themselves *our Father, our Brother*, and therein is the grand mystery—the mystery of the annihilation of God, by whom we are raised to a participation of the Holy Trinity. But that Mary, who already belongs to the human family, should become its Mother in order to regenerate it, as Eve was unto its fall, is perfectly intelligible. What is mysterious and really incomprehensible is, not that Mary is the Mother of men, but that she is the Mother of God. And if she thereby enters into the divine family, Mother, Spouse and Daughter of God, why should she not be once more our Mother, as the Son is our Brother, as the Father is our Father, and as, in the Holy Ghost, we are His children? The reasons of this merciful Maternity becomes more pressing as we advance. It is true to say that Mary enters into the divine relations only for us, and we enter into them only by her. Her Maternity is the bond of our filiation. We are the children of the Father because the Son is our Brother, born of Mary. Mary, by that birth, has brought us forth to be the Brothers of Jesus Christ, and children of God. She is therefore, indisputably our Mother.

So much is she our Mother that it was to that end alone she was made the Mother of God; "*Propter nos-homines, et propter nostram salutem descendit de cœlis, et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine.*" These words of the symbol make profession of faith in the human Maternity of Mary, no less than in the divine Maternity. It is sufficient to fill us with confidence in the Blessed Virgin to consider that the same reason which induced the Son of God to become her Son, induced her to become His Mother: that we might be made the children of God! As Mother of the Saviour, in the Saviour she is mother of the redeemed. She is consequently in some manner less

His Mother than ours, since she brought Him forth to the life of man merely in order that she might bring us forth to the life which is in God. The life of man being only mortality to the Son of God, who freed Himself from it by the immortality of His nature, she gives Him death rather than life, and thus comes before us less in the character of Mother, than as partner in His sacrifice and cooperator in our redemption. Do not be astonished if the ministry of her Maternity does not cease at the crib, but continues active during the mortality of Jesus, and even at the foot of the Cross on Calvary, exhibits the firmness described in the Gospel, which firmness would be altogether inexplicable if she were merely the Mother of Christ. Her natural love could not have supported her in the presence of such a cruel spectacle. Whence comes it, then, that notwithstanding all the dolours which have pierced her heart, she still remains firm and heroic? This is the answer: she was partner in the love which induced God to give us His Son, and in the love which led the Son to give Himself to us, and in that supreme moment she also in her turn gave Him to us, as our spiritual life; she accomplishes the end for which she had brought Him forth in the order of nature, which was to bring us forth to the life of grace; she there became what her Son proclaimed her to be, after *all* had been consummated,—*our Mother*.

The difficulties which meets us in the consideration of this mystery is that we separate the Redemption from the Incarnation. We look upon Mary the Mother of Christ, as we look upon any other natural mother, so that we can with difficulty understand how she can be the Mother of mankind, and thus it happens that the delivery by which she becomes such at the foot of the Cross, comes before us as a pious exaggeration.

Such a view is earthly and false, and must be spiritualized and rectified. The Incarnation and the Redemption, the birth and the death of our Lord, are intimately bound up together, constituting the beginning and the end of one and the same mystery. In the Incarnation Redemption begins; in the Redemption the end of the Incarnation is accomplished. Our Lord says as much from the cross in these words: "It is consummated;" that is, as He Himself explains it; "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do," and for which I came. *Opus consummavi, quod dedisti mihi ut faciam.*

Now, what is true of the Incarnation is necessarily true of the Maternity, through which it was effected. The *work*, of which our Saviour speaks,

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was to redeem us, and, by His death, makes us the children of God. To this end an infinite Victim was required. The Son of God presents Himself to His Father, and says: "Behold I come:" *Ecce venio, ut faciam, Deus, voluntatem tuam.* Even after this, it was necessary that there should be a mother, who, from her womb, should give the Word a passable and mortal body. Whereupon Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord: *Ecce ancilla Domini, fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.* The Maternity of Mary, and the holocaust of the Son of God go together in the work of our salvation, not only at the foot of the Cross, but also in the Conception of the Son of God, which Conception is the mortal bond which bound Him to the gibbet. Thus we see that even from the beginning of her maternity Mary was the mother of our ransom, and our mother; and when at the foot of the Cross her heart, as had been foretold, was pierced with the same sword of grief which pierced that of her Son, and she was declared to be our mother, she did nothing more than finish, *consummate, the work which had been given her to do.*

That work was to be the Mother of our Leader according to the flesh, in order to be the mother of His members according to the spirit; *Carne mater capitis nostri,* says Saint Augustine, *spiritu mater membrorum ejus.*

As, to use the beautiful words of St. Paul, God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself: *Deus erat in Christo, mundum reconcilians sibi:* in the same manner the world was in Christ and received the benefit of that reconciliation; so that in bringing forth Christ, Mary brought forth the world, the new humanity, all Christians: *Quos in uno genuisti,* says Saint Ambrose; and she, the new Eve, *Mother of the living.*

As Mary is our Mother, she enjoys all the privileges of maternity, that she may be able to assist us; and all graces come to us through her, as through her the Author of these graces came to us.

CONVENT LIFE.—The daughter of Count de Montalembert took the veil at the Sacre Cœur some months since. As an acknowledgment of the great services rendered to the Church of Rome by her distinguished father, the Pope has granted the recluse permission to quit her convent during one day each week, in order to attend her father during his present severe illness. This is a rare concession.

SAINT TERESA—OCTOBER 16TH.

Angel, lend, Oh! lend thy lyre,
While I sing a soul of fire,
Burning with a quenchless flame
For the Heaven whence it came;
For the happy realms above,
Sweet Teresa died of love!

Followed she the fleeting toys,
And the visionary joys,
Swiftly blowing, soon decayed,
Flowers that only bloom to fade?
She but sought that home above,
And she lived and died of love.

Tell the struggle of her heart
With her nature's earthly part,
Like a vessel tempest tost,
On the wave and almost lost:
When the star she hailed above
Led her to the Port of Love.

Say the sorrows of her soul,
Under matter's dull control?—
Striving, struggling to be free,
From the chain of apathy;
Like the captive, widowed dove,
Panting for her nest of love.

On the Mountain's rugged side
Tasted she of pleasure's tide;
Cull'd she one flower that grew,
Temptingly within her view?—
She but sought the springs above,
Dying of the thirst of love.

Wondrous thirst that gave to death,
Her replete with heavenly breath!
For as love is also life,
In their admirable strife,
Angel, thou the doubt remove,
How she lived and died of love.

Ever fixed in thought on Him
Who was her enchanting theme,
With His holy vision blest,
To her Saviour's Heart she prest,
All the bliss of heaven to prove,
And was drowned in seas of love!

THE Catholic Congress which met at Malines in 1864 offered several prizes for Masses, in competition for which 76 compositions were sent in. The first prize, a gold medal, and 1,000f., has just been awarded to M. Ed. Silas, organist at a Catholic church in London.—*Musical Standard.*

REAL PROGRESS.

Le Progrès par le Christianisme. Conférences de Notre Dame de Paris. Par le R. P. Félix, de la Compagnie de Jésus.

[CONTINUED.]

We must borrow the words of the Père Félix to reply to a thought which infidels have put into words; a thought however which could arise only in a heart ignorant of God or blind to His infinite perfections; but, alas! we are all of us so blind and so ignorant on this most transcendental subject, that it will not be unprofitable to any to peruse the glowing passage which follows:

"You say: 'But what shall I do in heaven, in this eternal leisure? Life seeks to be, it seeks the greatest possible amount of being; and life is movement; where will be the movement of life fixed to its immovable center?' What? Is this your question? I ask you in reply: is God, who cannot extend beyond Himself, because He is the infinite and alone suffices for himself; is God condemned by his nature to a necessary immobility? and his life, does it appear to us merely an eternity of death? What! because progress has an end, and because at this end it receives its infinite completion, think you that life is absent, and that movement can have there no further place? You calumniate our doctrine; you know not the mystery of love which reposes, of love which possesses, of love which finds union. There is the movement of the life which seeks, of the needy life, of the famishing life. It is that which we all experience in our exile during time; but there is also the movement of the life which possesses, of the life which feels itself filled and satisfied; and it is this which awaits us in our home. The hind pursues the fountain, it is panting, athirst, and weary; this is the movement of life seeking and desiring; the hind has found the fountain, and drinks from in prolonged draughts; here is the movement of life possessing and enjoying. You were pursuing what you loved, it was the movement of life inquiet, the movement of pain; you have attained that which you followed after, you exclaim while you embrace it: 'I hold it. I will no more let it go;' and does this seem to you immobility? and does this appear to you death? ... You call yourselves philosophers: you know not the great philosophy of things!

"Ah, in that final but living possession of my end, what is it you talk to me of death and of immobility, when that possession is the supreme movement of being, and the most profound emotion of life? Yes, there is life, life complete, and with it, movement the most perfect; for it is the ocean of being and of beatitude; man plunges himself therein with a happiness always renewed: it is the ocean of truth; man advances therein from light to light; but that light is God, still God: it is the ocean of love; man passes therein from transport to transport: but that love,—it is God, still God; it is the ocean of joy; man finds therein rapture after rapture; but that rapture, it is God, still God, always God! Beyond there is nothing; there, there is all which can be seen, loved, possessed; there man stays his course, and there at the same time is he in movement; because there there is that which the road of life knows not and cannot know, the mysterious wedlock between movement and repose, between progress and the goal; goal infinite which only limits progress by giving it completion; goal for ever beatific, which gives man God for his limit, as the ocean limits the fish within its waters, to bestow upon him, with an ever new effusion of the infinite, a blessedness which is eternally fresh.

"Behold, Messieurs, behold the end: all which deviates from it goes astray, all which leads from it is a decline. Let us advance toward it altogether; and may we, one day, arrived at this final term of our progress during time, cry out to one another in our eternal rapture! 'It is ended; we have arrived; our progress has reached its consummation.'"—pp. 164-7.

Thus from Christianity we have learnt both the starting point of human Progress and its final end; we have learnt too, how to obtain that supernatural aid without which the end can never be reached. But this palpable and material world forms the course to that final goal, the workshop and the schoolroom, from which the perfect man, by aid of divine grace, is to issue; and man is

corporeal as well as spiritual, and it is in the body that the work of his progress is to be wrought. There arises, then, a question which imperatively demands an answer, and it is, moreover, a question which is peculiarly pressed upon us at the present day; it is essentially necessary we should examine what place *material* progress holds in the great work we are considering, that of the perfecting of man.

It must be borne in mind that the term *material* progress includes not merely the progress of wealth, bodily comforts, and of the thousand conveniences and adaptations and conquests over nature which surrounds us, but of which our forefathers never dreamt: these are indeed included; but more, there is included also that application of the intellect to these objects which has produced this result, and that progress of the mind in material science which forms so prominent a feature of our modern society. We have to ascertain what is the real value of all this: what is its proper place, and what consequences must arise from its exaggerated development. That it has a value and a proper place is evident; it has its office in the Providential order of things, as the physical development and health of the body have their office; but it is an inferior office, just as the body is inferior to the spirit. *Material* progress most certainly gives proof of the advancing dominion of man over matter, and therefore cannot in itself be in opposition to human progress; but so far from constituting in itself that progress, it forms merely a portion of it, and a very subordinate portion, as may be seen both from the nature of things and the testimony of history; which alike teach us that man may be actually falling lower and lower in the scale of being, while he is rapidly advancing in his conquest over matter in virtue of that sovereignty over nature with which God has endowed him. We have but to glance at the infamous pages of imperial Roman history to convince ourselves of the fact that matter may most truly become the tyrant of man, while man is the most strenuously asserting his power over matter. The fact is, *material* progress is but a means, not an end, it is but an instrument which may assist in the true progress of man.

For what is man? Animal indeed, but a *reasonable* animal. Placed on the confines of the kingdoms of spirit and of matter, first in the corporeal hierarchy and last in the intellectual, gathering up in himself as it were all nature which is below him, and entering through his reason-

ble faculties into the intellectual order which is above him and which ascends even to God, the infinite center of all beings, the summit to which, each, after its measure, tends; man, the link which unites these two orders of creation, on one side touches earth, and stretches toward heaven on the other; on one side is drawn downward toward the abyss, on the other aspires heavenward even to the possession of God Himself. Thus the natural tendency of the development of the lower or material part of man being toward decline, unless kept in due subordination to the high attractions of his nobler nature, it is impossible that his real progress should consist in material progress by itself, because taken by itself its results is not the real aggrandizement of the whole man. The moment the material element passes its legitimate bounds, moral greatness becomes proportionably depressed, and society has made a step downward. The only true solution of the problem is the maintenance of that harmony which Providence has assigned: and, as the body is below the spirit and is to be ruled by the spirit, so is material progress below moral progress, and its development must be in subservience to the higher interests of man, to that in short which constitutes man's real greatness.

The day in which we live is one of immense material progress. Is there no danger of its disturbing the due harmony of things? It is not that we should deny the admiration which is just to the triumphs of genius over nature which surrounds us, and which have accomplished the greatest material improvements of our day; the evil is that an undue precedence is given to these conquests before others which are greater and more worthy of man. Man himself is greater than the greatest of his triumphs, and it is a spectacle to draw tears from angels' eyes to behold the true glories of man humbled before the glorification of matter, his energies all spent in the development of that which is the least worthy object of his mind, and his progress, through the deceit of Satan, degraded from its true end into a mere conquest over the powers of material nature. Ask for the progress of the day. In what does it consist? Has right instead of might become the law of the world? Are princes and peoples of this age distinguished above all others for their regard for justice, for the soundness of their political principles, for social order, for the absence of rebellion, of revolution, of needless bloodshed, and unjustifiable wars? Is faith more alive than ever? Do the fear and the love of

God exercise a sway never known before? To take an instance near at home, though among those whom we bewail as separated from us in religion. Shall England point as a mark of her progress in the 19th century to a minister of her own established religion, insulted for long months, Sunday after Sunday, by a ruthless, riotous mob, because he is firm in what he believes to be his duty as a minister of the Church of England?*. Be he right or wrong in this opinion, are we to hail it as a sure mark of Progress that the decision is left to the wise and tender judgement of a wild mob? that the law which cannot condemn professes also that it is powerless to protect him? And, what is more, protect what it professes to regard as the house of God from the weekly occurrence of scenes which it would not tolerate for half an hour in a playhouse? As Catholics, the particular case is not our concern in one sense; but on the universal principles of love for justice, for decorum, for reverence to what a people hold as sacred, it is our concern, as men and as Englishmen, and we may fairly demand, is this Progress? We might add to our category of questions, and ask in detail whether that favorite nation of the times, Sardinia and its rulers, are to be taken as an instance of progress? but the process would be too long. Long were it to dwell on imprisoned priests and cardinals, on piratical expeditions to states with which no war existed, on a thousand other marks of modern enlightenment and advance to—where? We might point also to many a recent disclosure revealing the present low estate of England's once renowned merchant probity, and ask to be shewn her advancement in honesty and fair dealing between man and man.

But we pause, and turn our eyes where the age points in pride to its evidence of greatness and superiority;—"See here," it cries, "the wire which, as lightning from the skies, carries quick as thought the winged words of man from city to city, from shore to shore.—See here, the railway, with the multitudes it bears in its carriages, hurried on with a rapidity unknown before by that gigantic force which has freed man also from the tyranny of the winds, and conveys him with a hitherto unheard of punctuality across the waves of ocean to transatlantic shores. See the cities by night, with their fairy illuminations and their thousand lights of gas, making day perpetual; see also their halls of business, and the enormous commercial schemes which render anxious every brain among those who fill them. Behold, glit-

* Allusive to recent occurrences at St. George's in the East.

tering in our gorgeous streets, a luxury and a pomp which would have astonished even Rome or Babylon of old; behold our magazines, replete with the produce of the Indies; our fraternal banquets, consuming in an evening what might feed a province; behold our theatres, and lend your ears to the music and the vocal melodies which animate them.—Behold all this, and you have beheld the Progress of our time." Yes, the danger of the hour is not that men are bent on progress, it is lest the harmony of true progress should be disturbed and its course arrested by a fatal preponderance of material progress. It is the greatest error to suppose that an epoch of great material progress is necessarily an epoch of moral progress and of true prosperity and greatness; a state of great material prosperity rather suggests fears for the cause of true Progress, not because such prosperity is in itself opposed to progress, so long as it is kept in its due and inferior position, but because a great material development implies necessarily that the minds of men are greatly occupied with and bent on material matters, and there is reason therefore for apprehension that those matters may have become of exaggerated importance.

Man's road to advancement lies through every thing which draws him upwards; his path to decline lies through all that develops his lower nature and rivets faster the chains of his bodily prison, in all, in short, which makes the spirit serve the body instead of the body being the servant and instrument of the spirit. Souls are enlarged and elevated according to the greatness and the elevation of the things which pre-occupy them. In human nature there is a mysterious power of assimilation which tends to produce in the soul a certain resemblance to the object of its thoughts and desires. If this object be elevated, if it belong to what is higher than man, his very efforts to reach it will exalt him; in like manner, if it be beneath, if it be something lower than man's nobler nature, the pursuit of it will degrade him. Nothing can save men's souls from sinking and declining if they indulge in an exaggerated pursuit of material development.

THE subscription to erect a Catholic cathedral in London to the memory of Cardinal Wiseman, amounts nearly to £500,000.

A chemical analysis of the waters of the Dead Sea show that they contain twenty-six per cent. of salt, mostly chloride of soda and chloride of magnesia.

THREE PETITIONS.

A TALE OF POLAND.

[CONTINUED.]

Suddenly she thought she heard some one calling her at the other end of the garden: she listened. Hurried steps came nearer and nearer. There was a sound of panting sobs; and she next caught sight of Magda's white apron and blue petticoat at the end of the avenue.

"What is the matter?" she cried.

"O my dear young lady," exclaimed Magda, as she ran toward her, "do not be frightened; I am not crying with grief. It is our Blessed Lady's doing,—our Lady of Czenstochowa."

"Then some good news has come for your mother!" cried Hedwige.

"It is my father—my father himself; this evening, two hours ago. He is resting in our cabin."

"Thanks be to God! Here is a favor granted," cried Hedwige, with a grateful sigh.

"O mademoiselle, I did not know my poor father. He has lost an arm; he looks so weak and old, and he went away strong and well at thirty-four. But he saw me first. This was how it was; I went, two hours ago, to the well for water; I was coming back, with my jug on my shoulder, when I saw an old man in a torn, gray coat, walking so slowly, for his poor feet were bound up in rags. He was looking about sadly, with tears in his eyes, and I saw that he was trembling all over. I thought perhaps he was thirsty, so I stopped and said: 'My poor man, you are tired; come and sit down by the well to rest; let me give you a good draught of fresh water.' 'Thank you, my good girl,' said he; 'I am not thirsty. Tell me, is this Iglica?' 'Yes,' I replied; 'the village of Count Oksinksa.' Then he said: 'How these trees have grown in those seventeen years! Does Kasia Kratek live here still?' and I said yes, and that she was my mother. But my poor father would not let me finish. He put his hand on my shoulder, and looked fixedly at me. 'So, my child, you are really mine! the darling little Magda that I have seen every day, so delicate and tiny! just as she was when I went away!' Then I cried out, and fell on his neck; and we both shed so many tears that it was a long time before we could leave the well-side to seek my mother. Then I had to prepare her. It would not have done to have told her at once; but joy does not kill. She cried a great deal at first, too;

but it did her good. Then she clasped my father in her arms, and began to thank our Lady."

"Well, one of our prayers at least has been answered," said Hedwige.

"And who knows that the others will not be answered too?" replied Magda. "And now I must tell you something, mademoiselle. I did not come to tell you only about my father; he has brought a message—for you—from a long way off."

"For me! and from whom?" cried the astonished girl.

"From Monsieur Ladislas," said Magda hesitatingly, and lowering her eyes.

"How can it be? Your father knew him, then? Where did he see him?"

"On his road,—a long way off, he said."

"But, Magda," said Hedwige, reflecting, "Ladislas has so long followed a way so different from mine, his errors have been so great, that I cannot think of him as the companion of my future life any more; and, therefore, perhaps, I ought not to receive his message."

"Then, mademoiselle," said Magda sorrowfully, "my father had better give it you when you are with your parents; but though it may grieve you, I do not think you will be displeased by it."

"Very well," replied Hedwige! "go and tell your father. I will go and look for mine."

An hour after, the old soldier appeared before Count Oksinksa; and, after his first respectful greeting to his former master, refused to answer any questions till he had fulfilled his commission. Then, turning to Hedwige, he said in a grave, almost fatherly tone:

"My dear, sweet young lady, forgive me if I am about to grieve you. Have hope and confidence: when we despair, God is often pleased to show mercy."

Then he related, whilst the others listened in silence, how he had met the young colonel just on the point of starting off at the head of the insurgents; how, before they had struck a blow, they had been attacked by a formidable band of peasants devoted to the Czar, and dispersed; that Ladislas had been taken prisoner, and that he had seen him carried past him captive and defeated, but still apparently calm and resigned. He repeated his very words, to console the young betrothed: "Go on to Iglica, and tell them what you have seen."

Whilst he spoke, the father and mother never took their eyes from Hedwige's face. She was pale; but neither sigh nor tear escaped her.

When Maciej finished, she turned toward the large crucifix above the count's desk, and said in a firm and gentle voice, and with outstretched hand:

"My betrothed had given himself up to his passions and to the world, my Jesus; but now he only belongs to Thee and to his executioners. I had rather it were so, because Thou art merciful, O my God; and if all earthly voices were silenced, Thou canst still speak to him in the depths of his prison."

After these words she left the room; and the others, respecting her faith and piety, looked after her with a sort of veneration.

VI

Days and weeks passed without bringing any news of Ladislas. The Count Oksinksa made all possible inquiries, and undertook a journey himself. Various rumors were afloat; but nothing was learned with any certainty, beyond the fact that he was still alive and a prisoner.

What a life for the poor young man!—formerly the fashionable frequenter of every haunt of gaiety, the ornament of London and Paris drawing-rooms. The old count and his wife, as they thought of it, shook their heads and became grave.

Hedwige was less disturbed than her parents. "Since his misfortunes," she said one day, "I doubt no longer, and I hope." She was hoping still when August came, that bright joyous harvest-time. It was the first morning of the month, and little Emma, who had seen the great wagons set forth to the corn-fields, was all impatience to go to see what was to be seen. The young aunt accordingly tied on the child's broad straw hat; and mounted on one of the high wagons, they were soon making their way to the scene of action, when they saw a britzka, one of the little carriages of the country, coming toward them, drawn by two small gray ponies, which were known to all the country round as belonging to the Bernardin monastery near, in which the beggling brother made his rounds.

When the country was more flourishing the expeditions of good Father Pacomius were numerous and successful. He would sit smiling in his little conveyance, giving his blessing to the passers-by, surrounded by sacks of flour, pots of honey, and barrels of beer, his brisk steeds going at a trotting pace; only turning his head sometimes to see if the flock of sheep behind were following in order, obedient to their leader's little bell.

But since the insurrectionary war, the expedi-

tions of Father Pacomius, who was a man of great courage, talent, and presence of mind, had been generally of a very different and less pleasant nature, demanding the exercise of all the great qualities of which he was possessed.

As the two vehicles came close together, Hedwige told the driver to stop; and, making the sign of the cross, saluted the monk with the words:

"Praised be Jesus Christ."

"For ever and ever," was the answer.

Little Emma knew the good monk, and smilingly held out her hand toward his long beard.

"I am glad to meet you, mademoiselle," said the father, rising from his seat, "for I was just on my way to Iglica."

"My father and mother will be very glad to meet you. I was going to take my niece into the corn-fields; but we have not gone far; shall I go back with you?"

"If you please, my child; I cannot stay long; and, besides, I have a letter and a message for you."

"A letter!" repeated Hedwige. She glanced at the monk's face, and saw that all its habitual freshness and vivacity had vanished. It was tanned, and had a worn, weary look. There was an expression of sadness, too, which he seemed desirous of hiding. She forebore to question him in the presence of the drivers; but she gave orders to return, and in ten minutes they were at home. The first salutations were hardly exchanged, and the cup of coffee barely tasted by the visitor, when he turned toward his guests and said, with all the cheerfulness he was able to muster:

"It is a long time since I have seen you, my children. I have been on a distant journey—almost to Volhynia."

"Indeed!" said the Count Oksinksa, with much apparent interest.

"Yes; our Prior sent me to our brothers, at Luck, on some business. I was delayed some time on the road—the country was disturbed; I was in the little town of B— just as the council of war was being held there."

"Ah!" cried Hedwige and her mother together, perceiving that the old man was at some loss how to proceed.

"But that would not have kept me long; for such matters are nothing to us; but some one was condemned to death—a fine, handsome young gentleman, the leader of the insurgents."

The mother did not dare to speak this time. It was Hedwige that broke the silence.

"O father!" she cried, seizing the monk's hand, "tell me, was it *he*?"

The old priest's firmness forsook him at this appeal.

"Alas! it was," he replied in a faltering voice. "And it was I who prepared him for death; I who once hoped to have seen your marriage, to have sat at your wedding-feast, and to have visited you often at your home."

Hedwige felt her strength fail her. She sat down, and hid her face for an instant; she slowly raised it, pale and tearless.

"You said, father, you prepared him for death," she continued; "did he die penitent? had he made his peace with God?"

"He died like a good Catholic, like a true son of the Church; his sins were confessed humbly and sorrowfully, his sufferings accepted as a salutary and meritorious sacrifice in the sight of God."

"And how did he lose his life?" asked Hedwige's father.

"He was shot," replied the monk in a low voice.

"That was well. He died a soldier's death," said the count.

"He died a Christian's death; that is better, father, said Hedwige, recovering a little, and rising from her seat.

"You frighten me, my poor child, you are so calm," said the monk; "I had rather you shed tears. Shall I speak of him? Perhaps it will comfort you to hear of his last hours; at least it may, perhaps, make you weep."

"Tell me all, father," said Hedwige; "but do not think I suffer not because I do not weep. I had lost Ladislas, and I wept much; but I have found him again now—the companion of my childhood—my betrothed."

LONDON and New York, the metropolis of the Old and the metropolis of the New World, are in themselves worlds. The last English census shows in London there are more Scotchmen than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, more Catholics than in Rome, and more Israelites than in Palestine. New York approaches London in the number of its Scotch, Irish and Catholic population, whilst as a German city it is the third in the world, ranking next to Berlin and Vienna.

THE corner-stone of the second English Church of Columbus will be blessed on Sunday, Oct. 28th.

THE New Church of London, Madison Co., O., will be dedicated, God willing, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, on Sunday, November 4th.

HYMN—TO MARY, THE MOTHER OF GOD.

Hail Virgin Immaculate! Mother divine!
First light of creation! The Deity's shrine!
High, high in the heavens, mid splendors unknown,
Rises peerless and spotless, thy glittering throne.

The glory of Saints near thy luster grows dim,
And the light of thy presence is eclips'd but by Him,
Whose light is eternal, immense and unmade,
Whose beams are effulgence, which know of no shade.

Archangels and angels press close to thy feet,
And look up in wonder at features so sweet,
So pure, so majestic, so radiant with bliss,
Then stoop down in rapture thy footprints to kiss.

As they kneel thus before thee, bright Queen of the spheres!
Sounds of music ethereal fall soft on their ears:
Like the sage of Cortona, as of old it was said,
"They're permitted to listen." What hear they? Thy tread.

Yes! 'tis Mary's light motion that wakes up the choirs
Of angelic hosts, with their harps and their lyres;
In concert harmonious, at her bidding they raise
Their voices and hymns to the God of all praise.

They sing of that Glory flooding heaven with light,
Which knew no beginning, will never know night.
That Glory unbounded by space or by time,
Unfathomed, infinite, unequalled, sublime!
That glory not given us mortals to know,
While we linger, sad exiles, in this prison below.

They sing of the "Beauty ever ancient, ever new!"
Which the penitent Austin bewailed that he knew
Too late for his worship, too late for his love,
When his heart was made captive to grace from above;
That Beauty, Oh Mother! which first saw in thee
Its own image reflected—most perfectly;
As the sun in the heavens, his mirror he finds
In the calm, waveless ocean o'er which brightly he shines.

Through the vaults high, celestial, loud anthems now ring;
To the God of all power!—Creation's great King!
Who seeing around Him no object, no shrine
On which to pour out Mercy's treasures divine,
Looked down on the orbs rolling swift round His throne,
And chose for her dwelling this Earth of our own.

In Eden's cool gardens two new creatures appeared;
They walked with their God;—Him they loved,—Him they
feared.

They were freely to serve Him—to love, to obey;
Their reward for this duty—Eternity's day!
He clad them with Innocence—their pure primal robe,
And to crown all His gifts, on them Reason bestowed.
But alas! gentle Mother! The spoiler soon came;
He changed their high hopes to deep sorrow and shame;
He tempted young Eve her great Master to doubt,
Then followed the deed which no time could blot out.

Man fell. That moment his soul was laid low,
Destined deeply to drink of sin's dire cup of woe:
Disappointment and toil, and anguish and strife
Were to be the sole measures of his span of life.
Sickness, sorrow and Death followed close on their train,
With Eternity's horrors of fire, torment and pain.

The Earth is all dark; not a planet appears
To illumine her surface, now drenched with the tears
Of the lost—the guilty—the hopeless; the two
Once in Eden's fair gardens so beauteous to view.
They lie prostrate in terror; for Reason's paled light

Now serves but to shew them the depth of their night.
That gift,—gem immortal! spark of radiance divine!
In the soul of the sinless alone clearly can shine.
It may flicker—may gleam—even dazzle a while,
But its beams are all dimmed by that first fatal gulf.

So with Eve, so with Adam. Bewildered they view
The effects of a wrath which is justly their due;
They have sinned—they are guilty, they have ventured to
swerve

From the path of Obedience to the God they should serve.
He is mighty, omniscient, all perfect, all just,
And they are but creatures He framed from the dust.
Will His vengeance now strike them?—or can God repent?
Oh answer! ye Angels! who in myriads are bent
Round the seat of all goodness, in homage and love;
Oh say! if Forgiveness had its first home above!

Listen softly, ye mortals! and hear the sweet tone
In which Mercy finds voice on the heavenly throne:
"My Father! what ransom, what price dost Thou crave?
What life-blood must flow, Thine own creature to save?
His soul is Thy image, his spirit Thy breath,
O Father, forgive him! Let Mine be the death!"
Thus spoke the one Son of the Godhead Divine,—
To sweet pardon at once did His Father incline;
Holy Justice and Peace were clasped close in embrace,
And the Spirit of love again smiled on our race.

Now comes the great moment when Jehovah will veil
His sin-kindled anger, for Man's future weal.
He looks on the "Lamb from the first that was slain,"
He looks on the Mother to be formed "without stain,"
On these objects of love His eye calmly He rests,
Then cheers Man with the hope that he yet may be blest.
To His woe-stricken children the Lord soon appears;
They flee Him in terror, so great are their fears.
He beholds them now wretched—the once joyous and free,—
His goodness will seek them 'neath the sad Mystic Tree.

From this garden, frail beings, in haste you must go,
Its fair blossoms were made for those only who know
How to love their Creator, their God and their friend;
To obey Him, to serve Him—their one glorious end.
You have failed in this duty, you have tasted the fruit
Of sin's bitter knowledge, you have planted the root
Of evil for Mankind—of Death and of woe.
Go forth from My Presence; go, go sinners,—go!
Yet stay thee a while, Eve, first daughter of Earth!
This lily I give thee is a pledge of the birth
Of one who will rise up to press with her tread
Vile Satan, thy tempter, and crush his proud head.
Guard it safely; look on it, put it close to thy breast,
Let the hope it will give be the balm of thy rest!

From that moment, O Mary! thou wert given as a star
To weak wandering mortals, as they journeyed afar
On this earth, as lone pilgrims, shut out from the sight
Of all that once made it a world of delight.
The thought of thy coming—of the gift thou wouldst bring—
Made the Patriarchs love thee,—their sages to sing
Of the Virgin of Juda! of Jesse's fair rod!
Of her who, in time, would be Mother of God!

As a pilot on sea-shore stretches far his keen eye,
To see if no speck gleams mid ocean and sky,
Looking long, looking earnestly, trustingly still
For the one promised vessel all his hopes to fulfill;
So the Prophets of old, like this mariner true,
Cast their glance, calm and steady, o'er Time's ocean of blue,
And betokened thy advent, by word or by sign,
As God gave them to see thee in His mirror divine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LACORDAIRE.

Jean Baptiste Henri Lacordaire, the son of a village doctor, was born at Recey-sur-Ource, in Burgundy, in May, 1802, the year in which the free exercise of the Catholic religion was again allowed in France, under the auspices of Napoleon. When we say that his father was a village doctor, we ought to add that he was so by choice rather than by necessity; for he was a man of cultivation and of considerable mental gifts, who deliberately preferred a quiet country life to the distinction and affluence which he might have obtained if he had migrated to some great provincial town or to Paris. He had a sort of native eloquence of his own, which made him the center of the circle whenever he chose to put out his powers of conversation. This gift his son Henri inherited from him, as well as his love for the country and his intellectual vigor and force. Nicolas Lacordaire, we are also told, was eminently charitable to the poor; a strong liberal in political opinions, but religious, and generous to those from whom he differed. Thus, before the First Consul made it lawful for the Catholic priests to exercise the duties of their sacred ministry, he had sheltered in his house the proscribed Curé of the parish, and allowed him to turn one of the rooms into a private chapel, where Mass was said and the Sacraments administered. This good man died in 1806, leaving his widow to bring up his four children. Madame Lacordaire was a woman of strong character, simple and regular in her habits, strict, austere, very pious, and of an inflexible will. Henri, who resembled his father very much, was her favorite child. He was a sweet, engaging boy, grave and quiet, but with much of fire and spirit, and some petulance. In his earliest years he used to "play at being priest," going through the ceremonies of Mass with his brothers to serve him, and preaching long and earnest sermons to his nurse. At eight years of age he was known to stand at a window reading Bourdaloue aloud to the passers-by, with gestures and action caught from the preachers whom he had chanced to hear.

He was sent to school at six, and has left an account of his early impressions, as well as of his first confession. He passed to the "Lyceum," at Dijon, his mother's native town, at ten. Two years later he made his First Communion, which seems also, for many years, to have been his last. The spirit of the Lyceum was entirely against the faith. Henri Lacordaire fell in with the stream; and that he should have done so, as it seems, al-

most without a struggle, is enough to show the powerful contagiousness of evil when dominant in such places. His later years at this Lyceum were marked by considerable success in his studies; he was looked upon as the most distinguished and most promising of the pupils. From the Lyceum he passed to the Ecole de Droit, then attended by about two hundred students, very few of them professing Christianity. There he became a leader in a small society, made up of the best students, in which debates were carried on, and papers occasionally read, on a great variety of questions, historical, philosophical, and religious. This society was the scene of some of his earliest oratorical triumphs. His religious faith had died down from want of sympathy, support, and exercise, and under the baneful influence of an atmosphere of thought and opinion thoroughly poisoned by the literature of the eighteenth century. But he had still a great admiration for the Gospel and its ministers: he was no scoffer; and his serious and industrious character saved him from many a danger into which he might have fallen had he been more inclined to frivolity and pleasure.

His next step was to Paris, at the age of twenty, for the purpose of following up the earlier stages of the ordinary career of an advocate. Here he might have been expected to fall under the fascinations of gaiety and dissipation, or, if he were singularly fortunate, under the wholesome influence of some older and more enlightened mind, which might have led him back to the practice of the religion which he had abandoned. Strange to say, neither of these things happened to Lacordaire. He had but few friends in Paris: he seems to have been introduced to some young men of his own age, Catholics and Bourbonists, in the hope of changing the liberal opinions which he had already imbibed in politics as well as in religion; but their influence seems to have been small. On the other hand, he was too simple, too serious, too fond of study and retirement, to fall in with the gay world. He began to read and think and meditate; and after a couple of years spent in Paris, during which he made his first appearance as a barrister with much success, we find him avowing that he was drawn more and more toward the faith of his younger and happier days. It is true that he was introduced to one who was afterward one of his fellow-workers in the *Avenir*, the Abbé Gerbet, and that through him,—for whom he contracted a sincere and lasting friendship,—he made the acquaintance of many priests and missionaries then in Paris. M. Berryer, even

then in the first rank of French advocates, noticed him, and predicted that he had a most brilliant career before him, if he could but overcome that fatal fluency which has been the ruin of so many promising speakers. But, in fact, he was soon wearied of the bar and of the world, without having fully tasted success and triumph in either.

Society and its ordinary pleasures did not attract him; he had something of the melancholy of genius about him, and still more of the thirst for better things which is a gift of predestinated souls. He felt himself becoming daily more and more Christian. But this change seems to have been the work of no external human agency. He was neither driven back to the Church by the miseries of a soul steeped in sin, and forced by its own wretchedness to the only haven of peace and comfort; nor was his mind or his heart mastered by the personal kindness or intellectual power of some of the many "fathers of souls" whom he might have come across in Paris. His own reflections, under Divine grace, were the means of his conversion; and it is remarkable that he was brought round to Christianity by considerations which he thus earned the right and the power of impressing with so much force upon others. "I had grown up for nine years in incredulity," he writes, "when I heard the voice of God recalling me to Himself. If I search the depths of my memory for the logical causes of my conversion, I find none but the historical and social evidences of Christianity. These evidences impressed themselves on me from the time at which my age allowed me to get rid of the doubts which I had drawn in with the very air that I breathed in the University."* He adds in the same place that he names the atmosphere of the University as the cause of his having doubted about religion, because he owes it to the memory of his father and the love of his mother (then still alive) to declare that from them he had received religion along with life. He thus summed up his argument, at the time of his conversion, in a letter to a friend: "I have come to believe in Catholicism by means of my belief as to society. At present nothing appears to me to be more clearly demonstrated than this deduction—'Society is necessary, therefore the Christian religion is divine.' For the Christian religion is the means for bringing society to its perfection, taking man with all his weaknesses, and the social order with all its conditions." The great question of the day

in France was social. The Great Revolution had shattered the whole system of society, and had given birth to nothing stable or tolerable in its place. Paris and France were full of men who were trying in their various ways to think out the problem of a new basis for society, and a new order of things, in which man was to forget that his nature was fallen, and virtue and happiness were to bloom as in Paradise. Unfortunately, these schemers always began by ignoring revelation and the actual facts of human nature, and by despising the Church. Lacordaire had the grace given to him to reason more humbly, more patiently, and so more wisely and more truly. He was led by the consideration of the needs of society to the acknowledgement of the marvellous provision made for those needs in the supernatural institution of the Catholic Church. Possibly this might not have been enough to make him a Christian, if he had never been one; as it was, it set his mind in harmony with his heart, and threw him back without any remaining doubts on the religion which had been the delight of his youth. It fitted him, moreover, for his future apostolate to those who felt the difficulties which he had had the grace to overcome.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH OF RT. REV. JOSUE MARY YOUNG, BISHOP OF ERIE.

"But a few minutes before his death he had retired to his apartments, apparently in his usual health; the attention of some one was attracted to the Bishop's room by a slight noise proceeding from that quarter; the door was opened, and the Right Rev. Prelate was found in a dying state. Before expiring he received the last rites of the Church from one of his Clergymen." Such is the only account we have yet received of the last moments of one of the purest minded, most humble, most intellectual, zealous, and holy men of our country. At first sight, this sudden summons from time to eternity is truly appalling; but when we remember that every day of this devoted Bishop's life during twenty years was passed with the clear conviction he had, that he would die suddenly of apoplexy, we are consoled by the belief that his last breath on earth was the last moment of a life-long preparation for death. How often have we heard him say, in the midst of his laborious ministry, "I must die with my harness on." Generous, noble Prelate of God, how fully was this, thy characteristic and prophetic speech, realized in thy death.

* *Considerations sur le Systeme Philosophique de M. de la Mennais, ch. x.*

The *Pittsburgh Catholic* gives the following brief report of his life :

"Since his appointment to the See of Erie, Bishop Young had labored incessantly for the spiritual interests of his people; for he was one of those men who are never satisfied unless when engaged in defending the truth, and promoting the cause of religion and charity. A fearless and eloquent advocate of Catholic principles, his death will be deplored by every member of the Church throughout the country, and prove a serious loss to that flock which enjoyed the benefit of his Pastoral care. Bishop Young was born at Sanford, Maine, in the month of August, 1808, and served a regular apprenticeship to the printing business in the office of the *Argus*, at Portland, in the same State. Possessed of great natural talents, and an inquiring mind, he turned his attention to the subject of religion, and finding that Protestantism, which he had hitherto professed, was unsafe and unsatisfactory, he sought and obtained admission into the Catholic Church at the age of nineteen. In his twenty-second year he took a tour through the Western States as a journeyman printer, and finally settled at Cincinnati. There he worked in the office of the *Catholic Telegraph*, and taught Catechism. He was thus soon brought to the notice of the Bishop, who discerning in him qualities of the highest order, sent him to Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, to complete his studies, and prepare for the Priesthood. In 1837 he received ordination, and for many years labored with great zeal and success on the mission in what is now the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.

In the year 1853 the Diocese of Erie was formed out of part of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, and Bishop O'Connor having been translated from Pittsburgh to the See, no one was found more worthy to succeed him than Rev. J. M. Young. at that time Pastor of St. Mary's, Lancaster, Ohio. Such, however, was the humility of Doctor Young, that he earnestly implored the Holy Father to allow him to decline the See of Pittsburgh. His request was granted; but he was at once appointed to that of Erie, and consecrated in the Cathedral of Cincinnati, on Low Sunday, April 23d, 1854, Bishop O'Connor having been re-translated to Pittsburgh.

Since he entered on the duties of the Episcopate, Bishop Young has been untiring in his efforts to promote the interest of religion throughout that part of Pennsylvania over which he had jurisdiction. With a sparse Catholic population, slender means and a rough field of labor, he has

accomplished a great deal, and left behind him a reputation for earnestness, eloquence and zeal, of which the Catholics of Erie Diocese may well feel proud. A New-Englander by birth he retained to the last, while exhibiting on all occasions the most uncompromising opposition to religious error, many of those peculiarities for which his countrymen are distinguished, thus affording in his own person, perhaps the best illustration of the thoroughness with which the Church catholicizes the convert without compelling him to renounce those traits of character which serve to individualize the man, indicate his origin, or reflect the school of thought in which he has been trained. All honor, then, to the memory of the Rt. Rev. J. M. Young; from the first moment that the light of Faith dawned on his reason, he fearlessly committed himself to its guidance, and never, until death sealed his lips, has he ceased pleading its cause, and urging its claims with impressive eloquence, and unblemished life; and now that his race is run, may his pure soul find peace and rest, with that Master whom he served so long, so faithfully, and so profitably."

We hope that some one of those who knew him best, will make us familiar with the untiring labors, the abstemious, we may say, the austere life, the profound humility, and childlike simplicity, that became, through faith, the second nature of this admirable type of the keen, intellectual New-Englander, transformed into the humble priest,—the worthy successor of the Apostles.

There would be much to edify, in the account of his fifteen years hard labor in Lancaster, Ohio; of his long missionary rides over the rough Hocking Hills; of his untiring patience in seeking wandering souls, and bringing them back to God; of his zeal and success in making converts; of his impressive catechetical instructions, intended, at the commencement, only for the children of his congregation, but which soon attracted adults, Protestants as well as Catholics, who filled the church on Sunday afternoons to listen to his touching words; of his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, whose name he took as his own in Baptism; and of his eloquence, never more persuasive than when rendering homage to his heavenly Mother, and inspiring his hearers with devotion and confidence in her intercession.

Such a life should not pass from among us unrecorded. The lesson it teaches American youth is all too important to be lost for them.

His lamented death is a sad loss to the Church militant; but when we reflect upon his great and solid virtues, may we not hope his sudden passage from time to eternity gains for us one more powerful advocate in the Church triumphant?

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

We begin the chronicle for this week's paper by the death of the glorious martyrs who, last March, gave their lives to testify to the truth of the faith they had been preaching.

After permitting for some time a comparative peace to the Christians in Corea, the Government of that country suddenly returned to its former cruel hostility to the Catholic Church, represented there by a small number of Missionaries, who secretly and zealously pursued the task of civilizing and Christianizing the Pagan inhabitants.

The police were ordered to apprehend the Missionaries, and without much difficulty succeeded in taking them all except three—two of whom, Father Freron and Father Calais, who were preaching in the mountainous district, succeeded in hiding themselves from pursuit, and the third, Father Aidel, escaped from the country.

It was from Father Aidel that the *Contre-Amiral* Roze, Commander of the (French) Naval Division of China and Japan, learned the sad but glorious news that nine martyrs had been added to the long list of those who had suffered martyrdom for Christ's sake.

We give the names of these generous Confessors of the faith, and the date of their martyrdom:

On the 8th of March last, the Right Rev. Simon François Berneux, Bishop of Cope, Vicar Apostolic, from the Diocese of Mans; Rev. Louis Beaulieu, from the Diocese of Bordeaux; Rev. Henri Dorie, of Luçon; Rev. M. Ranfer de Breteniers, of Dijon, suffered death for the faith. On the 11th of the same month, Rev. Charles Pourthié, of Alby; Rev. M. Petit-Nicolas, of Saint-Dié; and on the 30th, the Right Rev. Antoine Daveluy, Bishop *in partibus* of Ancona, from the Diocese of Amiens; Rev. Pierre Aumaitre, of Angoulême, and Rev. Martin Huin, of Langres, received the crown of martyrdom.

The first named of these martyrs, the Right Rev. Bishop Berneux, was well known to the Rev. Editor of the AVE MARIA, and to several priests now in America, who were with him in the Seminary of Mans, either as his fellow-students or as his pupils; and they well remember with what fervor he embraced the ecclesiastical state, looking forward with joy to the time when he would be allowed to labor in the Foreign Missions, and aspiring with all the ardor of his generous soul to the high honor of being permitted to lay down his life for the conversion of souls, and the establishment of the faith in heathen lands. They speak

with enthusiasm of his remarkable talents, of his priestly virtues, united to a gentle and affectionate yet dignified bearing, which set off his well-built manly form, and gained him the esteem and love of all who knew him.

A good priest, who has been laboring in this country for some twenty years or more, and who was a *toursuré* in the Seminary of Mans at the time of the ordination of the Abbé Berneux, which, we think, took place in 1836, remembers, with a feeling of joy and sadness, that he had served the first Mass of this saintly martyr.

In 1840 Rev. Mr. Berneux started for China, in which country he was arrested as a Christian and priest, was condemned to death, and had already suffered the cruel flagellation that precedes final execution, when he was saved, if we are correctly informed by the intervention of the English Consul. One of the conditions of his release was that he should never again set foot in China.

He then went to Mandchooria, where the venerable Bishop Verolles had an extensive mission, and there remained until, in 1854, he was appointed Bishop of Corea.

An extract from a letter of his, to Baron Henri de la Bouillerie, manifests the dispositions with which he obeyed the commands of the Holy See, and sought the land in which he hoped to suffer martyrdom.

"MY DEAR HENRY: In 1854 his Lordship the Vicar Apostolic selected me for his coadjutor. The time fixed for the consecration was the twenty-seventh of December, the feast of Saint John the Evangelist, when, on the twenty-fourth of that month, I received a letter from the Holy Father nominating me Vicar-Apostolic of Corea. My health having been long delicate, and being somewhat advanced in years, I was afraid that I should not be able to learn a new language, nor to adopt the usages and customs of a new people; and I must also admit that the twelve years spent in Mandchooria had singularly attached me to these Christians. But the Corea! the land of martyrs *par excellence*; Corea, the very name of which makes all the fibres of the Missionary's heart vibrate, how could I refuse to enter it, when the door was open to receive me."

ON the 12th of June another Missionary, Rev. Father Cambrier, died in Canton, China.

ORDINATIONS.—IN the chapel of Mount Saint Mary's Seminary, the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell raised to the Order of the Priesthood Rev. John E. McSweeney, Herman H. Meyrose, Gerhard H. Ahrens and Joseph M. Schreiber, O. S. F.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

SAINT TERESA'S CHILDHOOD.

You know, my dear children, that all the Saints reigning in heaven with God, are worthy of your veneration, and, as you wish and hope to be with them and the good angels in heaven after your death, you should know them while on earth. Now the best way to honor them is, to do your utmost to imitate them, and you must not say: "Why! how can we little children imitate the Saints? how can we do like they did? You are not expected to fast, and to do great works of penance, nor to suffer martyrdom. Very likely you will never be required to die for your faith, though Saint Agnes, Saint Pancratius and many other children were martyrs when they were no older than some who are reading this page. But you can do as many saints did when they were children. You can understand, oh so clearly! what a happiness for you to be still so young, that you have never yet offended God by grievous sin. You can feel convinced of how happy you will be, if you preserve your innocence of heart always; how happy you keep the beautiful white robe of Baptism until you go up in it to God in heaven. Those are high thoughts, noble thoughts, but precisely suited for innocent children, as the childhood of many saints prove.

Among the saints whom you should honor and love, by endeavoring to do as they did when they were little children, Saint Cecilia, as a child, is peculiarly fitted to be your model. You would like to know something of the childhood of this great Saint, who, when she grew up, became the restorer of the religious Orders, the writer of some of the sublimest works of mystic theology, and the guide of other saints.

Well, when she was a little girl she became very much interested in the lives of the saints. Instead of being taken up with fairy stories, she loved to hear and read of the saints of the first ages of the Church who suffered martyrdom, and of the hermits who spent their lives in solitude and prayer, and of the holy Doctors of the Church, and Confessors of the Faith, who so bravely defended the truths of the Catholic religion, and her brave little heart would swell with emotion when she heard of the Crusaders in the Holy Land, and of the gallant christians who freed her own bright land of Spain from the yoke of the infidels. So her imagination, instead of conjuring up impossible fairies, and dwelling on the deeds of Jack the

Giant-Killer, used to bring before her mind the noble deeds of noble men and women, and their great reward in heaven.

Saint Teresa had a pious mother, and a pious father, too; that accounts for her mind having been, so early, taken up with heavenly thoughts.

One day, when she was a very little child, she and her little brother were talking of the holy martyrs, who had shed their blood rather than deny their faith; they were saying to each other in the sweet, dreamy, wondering way of children, how happy a holy martyr must be, when, after a few moments suffering on earth, he goes up to heaven and presents himself before the throne of God to receive the palm of martyrdom, and a crown of glory, which he will keep always—*always*—FOREVER. The two dear little children became so much in earnest that they resolved to set out and go to a far off land, among the moors, and be martyrs. So the two innocent little things started out, hand in hand, fully determined to find some cruel Moor who would put them to death because they were Catholics,—then they, too, would go to heaven, and they would receive the palm of martyrdom and a crown of glory. With such thoughts and bright hopes they had gone some distance from the house when they were greatly disappointed in meeting their uncle, who brought them back home.

You are not to imitate these two little children in leaving the house without permission, for you know it is wrong for little folks to be absent from home without leave of mother, but you may, and should imitate Saint Teresa and her little brother, in their wish to die for God, or to die rather than offend God by mortal sin. You ought to think of God very often, as they did, and of the Blessed Saviour who died for you, who loved little children with a special love, because they are so pure and innocent,—and who remains in the Tabernacle on the Altar to be adored by little children and by those who endeavor to become like unto little children by the purity of their life. You ought to do like little Teresa did, and remember often through the day that your Guardian Angels are near you, and how happy you will be if you try to live like an angel on earth, until you become an angel up in heaven, to be with God, and to love Him for all eternity.

Another little incident of the childhood of Saint Teresa will please you, I know.

Saint Teresa lost her good mother, she was very sad, very sorrowful, and she shed many tears when her mother died; and then she thought of the

Blessed Virgin, and went and knelt before her statue, and, with the sweet simplicity of a child, she said to the Mother of Jesus "O Blessed Virgin, I have lost my dear mother, please be my Mother now!" That simple childish prayer, full of confidence, made a great Saint, for no doubt our Blessed Mother took an especial care of the little girl, who in her sorrow, made that earnest, touching prayer. In this great confidence in our Blessed Mother you ought to imitate little Teresa. And you can grow up Saints as she did. She was just as young as you, and you can be saints just as she was a Saint.

Try it.

ASK MOTHER FIRST.

How many pleasant things we can see and hear every day, if we watch and listen!

I was walking toward home late one afternoon in winter. The country all around was covered with a deep snow, that seemed of a purer white than ever in the light of departing day. I heard the voices of children behind me; and their little feet stepped fast over the hard-crisped snow. They passed along beside me, and I saw that one was a little girl of about eight years, and her companion was a boy somewhat older. The girl wore a pretty crimson hood, which was quite becoming to her cheeks, made rosy by the fine winter air. She was drawing a sled. The boy drew a sled too.

"Come Annie," he said, "let's go down to Pine Hill, now; its splendid coasting there; and we shall be in time for some first rate slides before dark."

"I must go and ask mother first, Henry," said Anne. She did not draw out the words dolefully, as if she did not like to have to ask her mother; but she spoke in a very pleasant and cheerful tone. She hurried along with her sled, and Henry after her, I soon lost sight of them; but I could not forget Annie. I thought to myself how safe that child will always be, if she keeps to her rule—"I must ask mother first!"

I know children who have sometimes got into a great deal of trouble because they did not "ask mother first." Remember that it is unsafe to do anything you think it possible your mother would not like to have you to do.

Children, I mean girls as well as boys, you will be saved a great deal of unhappiness if you ask your mother first.—*At home.*

THE LITTLE STRINGS.

Did you ever see a gutta percha face? And did you ever amuse yourself with pinching it one way, and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on?

Now, your little faces are softer than gutta percha, and they are full of the little strings called muscles; and the little muscles pull them one way and another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face in a very doleful expression, and we know, by looking at you, how you feel. Sometimes you feel pleased or merry, and the little muscles pull your face into smiles and dimples. But often there are wicked passions at work at the strings. Anger pulls, and oh, what a disagreeable look the face gets on in a minute! Pride pulls the strings, or vanity, or envy, or discontent, or deceit, and each brings its own expressions over the face. The worst of it is, that when these passions pull very often, the face does not return to what it was before; but the muscles harden and retain that ugly expression.

A face that was very lovely when it was that of a child, has had the passion of anger pulling at it so often, that it always wears a sullen, cross, dissatisfied look. Or, if a man has learned to lie and steal, he cannot make his face that of a truthful, honest man.

Now, dear children, do you want to have pleasant faces that everybody will love to look at? "Then do not let the ugly passions get hold of the strings." Put them into the hands of love and charity, and good will and truth, and honesty; and then you will have beautiful faces.—*Western Catholic.*

AN excellent mother, on writing to one of her sons, on the birth of his eldest child, says: "Give him an education, that his life may be useful; teach him religion, that his death may be happy."

THE child's mind is like a virgin sheet of letter paper; and its address, in after life, will depend upon the way in which you direct it.

"THE Holy Fathers, who treat of prayer, say, that it is a virtue which pierces Heaven; and that to soar on high it makes use of two other virtues as wings, *Faith* and *Humility*."

"By the light of *Faith*, we discover how powerful and merciful God is, in relieving our necessities, and loading us with benefits; and by *Humility*, we see our own misery and helplessness, and we hasten to throw ourselves into the arms of His goodness and clemency."—*Faber's Life St. Thomas.*

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No. 42.

SAINT-WORSHIP.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

[CONCLUDED.]

In the series of articles on the worship or veneration of the Saints, which I began in the *AVE MARIA* about a year ago, and which I now conclude, I have had for object not to eulogize the Saints, nor to say what has not been said and better said a hundred times before, nor yet to exhibit my own devotion to them or belief in the pious legends which circulate among the faithful, but in clearest and simplest manner I could to show the principles on which the *cultus sanctorum* rests, and the relation of those principles alike to the principles of the natural order and to those which underlie all the great mysteries of the Christian revelation.

I have written on the assumption that all principles are Catholic, and all truth is one, and therefore that what is true in nature is true in grace, and though grace is above nature,—elevates, and completes it, it is in no wise contradictory to nature, or disconnected with it; one and the same dialectic principle runs through all the Creator's works, for all have their archetype in His own indivisible and triune essence, and all are parts of one dialectic and indissoluble whole, for in the Divine Mind they are already completed, and brought into perfect union with Himself. Hence, while I distinguish creation from the Creator, as the act is distinguished from the actor, I do not separate it from God. I distinguish between nature and grace, but do not separate in the regenerate the one from the other, for both proceed alike from God, and both are alike necessary to the life and perfection of man, or the fulfillment of the Divine purpose in his creation.

I have been so intent on showing the connection of grace with nature, and setting forth the rational element of the Christian mysteries in general, and of Saint-Worship in particular, that some readers may have thought me disposed to rationalize too much, and tending to reduce our

faith to pure rationalism; but I have never forgotten that our faith contains mysteries beyond the reach of reason either to discover or to explain, and which every believer receives on faith in God revealing and in the Church proposing. I have simply aimed at developing the principle contained in the direction of our Lord, when He bids us "consider the lilies of the field" and "Behold the fowls of the air." Our Lord always conveys His instructions by analogies and illustrations borrowed from the natural world, which would not be possible if nature had no analogy with grace, or with the revealed mysteries. I have done what I could to seize these natural analogies, to illustrate and defend by them the worship which we Catholics render to the Saints in general, and to our Blessed Lady in particular, with how much or how little success, it is for the reader, not me, to determine.

On the other hand, I have aimed to show the reason and propriety of this worship in the admitted mysteries of our faith itself, and to demonstrate that it flows logically from the great mysteries of Creation and Incarnation. We worship God in His works, because He enters and remains in them by His creative act; we worship God in His humanity because by His assumption of human nature He has made it henceforth and forever His own nature, and inseparable in our worship from His divine nature; we reverence His Saints for their imitation, through grace, of His merits, their union, through regeneration, with Him, and their inseparability from Him in glory. We could not render Him a full and complete worship if we excluded His Saints, for they make but one with Him, and are included in the *TOTUS CHRISTUS*, as Saint Augustine teaches; nor could we give full expression to our love of Him, if we did not suffer it to extend to all He loves, or is in any way related to Him.

Moreover, as in the Incarnation our Lord assumed flesh, a real body, and as in the human body are all the elements of the lower creation, He has by His assumption united all material na-

ture to Him as final cause, as in creation all united to Him as first cause, so that God is all and in all, and all lower orders of creation, since all proceed from God for man and return to Him in man, are sacred and entitled in their degree to share in the honor we owe to God in His humanity. The error of the heathens was not that they worshiped nature, but that they worshiped it as God, expressing exteriorly the triune essence of God, not as the handiwork of God. The Christian feels himself more nearly related to exterior nature than the heathen did, and has a sympathy with all the lower orders of creation which the heathen never had, for he sees in them the work of God, and he honors them for God's sake, and as virtually contained in the body He assumed.

I have endeavored also to show that the worship of the Saints is the best practical protection of the faithful against the errors of Atheism, Pantheism, and idolatry, and to keep fresh in their minds and hearts, faith in all the great mysteries of Christian revelation. All the practices authorized by the Church are dictated by the Christian *dogmata*, and preserve them in our faith by realizing them in our lives. No one who is devout to Mary can forget the Incarnation and what depends on it; no one who prays to a Saint can doubt the future life, or regard the joys of heaven as a poetic dream; and no one who honors the relic of a great servant of God, can hesitate as to believing in the resurrection of the body. There is a remarkable proof of this in the fact that all the sects that reject the worship of Mary and of the Saints, sneer at sacred relics, crucifixes, pictures and statues of our Lord and His Saints, invariably lose, step by step, their faith in the Christian mysteries, and fall into naked rationalism, or a vague sentimentalism which depends on no dogma, and respects no dogmatic teaching. The Church teaches us our faith and preserves it by training us to live it, and hence the great masters of spiritual life have always considered a tender devotion to Mary and the Saints as a sign of election, and the want of it as an unfavorable symptom.

I have endeavored to express myself in clear and intelligible language, and as far as I could in exact language; but I have intentionally avoided the phraseology usually adopted, because I think that it has become, in some respects, routine, and hundreds and thousands read it without once seriously asking themselves what it really means; and also because non-Catholics have read or heard and attached to it a false and erroneous sense, which has prejudiced them against us, and I have

wished to use language which would not mislead them, but in fact convey to their minds our real meaning. It has been thought by some that I have failed in this respect, by using the word *worship*. In the restricted sense of the word *worship* commonly adopted, we do not *worship* Mary or the Saints, but that restricted sense is not its only or leading sense, and I have been unable to find any other English word that fully expresses what is meant by *cultus* in Latin. I explained at the outset the sense in which I have used it, a proper sense, for worship is of various kinds and degrees, and no intelligent reader can for a moment suppose that I mean that we worship the Saint with the same worship that we give to God.

The phrase I used in one of my early numbers, "As God is, in His essence, triune," has been rather severely criticised and pronounced formal heresy; I suppose, because it has been thought to impugn the unity of the Divine essence, as if I had said, God is in His essence *three*, instead of saying as I did, He is *tri-une*. The three persons are in the essence of God, and that essence is one essence, which is what I meant. The phrase may be unusual, but it is not in my judgment inexact; but, at any rate, my meaning was exact, and strictly orthodox, and I am not at all tenacious of the phrase, and readily surrender it to any one who will supply me with one more philosophically and theologically exact. It never occurred to me that it would be objected to by any English reader; but as it has been I shall avoid using it in future.

I do not intend to take my leave as yet of the readers of the AVE MARIA, in which I take a most lively interest; but I take leave here of the subject to which for so long a time I have solicited their attention. In leaving that subject I feel that I am parting with an old and dear friend with whom I have long held sweet and most profitable intercourse. If my articles have been profitable to no others, their preparation has been profitable to me, and has given me much peace and serenity of mind, quickened my love to Mary and the Saints of our Lord, and rendered dearer both the Catholic faith and the Catholic worship. I bless God for "the communion of Saints," and beg them to pray for me, that I may not be lost.

WHILST the cholera is raging and spreading consternation in the usurped dominions of the King of "Italy," the sanitary state of Rome and of the districts yet remaining to the Papal dominions is excellent.

REAL PROGRESS.

Le Progres par le Christianisme. Conférences de Notre Dame de Paris. Par le R. P. Felix, de la Compagnie de Jesus.

[CONTINUED.]

"In vain will you wrest from the depths of earth and the depths of heaven their most intimate secrets; in vain will your thought ascertain the measure of all the spheres, and follow through the fields of space their distant courses and their centenary revolutions; in vain shall each star tell you its distance, each sun its movement, each world its laws; in vain will you see fall from before your eyes all the veils which cover the mysteries of nature, and behold more and more receding as you advance, the limits of the empire opened to your conquests; in vain, day by day, and hour by hour, will you see the enlargement of that which you name scientifically the circle of your learning and of your knowledge; beware; if your soul stops there, it restrains itself within limits less than itself; far greater than this is one single thought of hers, one sole wish, one single aspiration which she breathes; this extent, immense as it may be, is small in comparison with her ambitions; and in the circle of your knowledge, large as it is becoming, she feels herself straitened still. The universe, and all that space wherein she walks from stars to stars, or from suns to suns, are for her as a prison; a prison, cold and low, from which she must escape if she would mount to her true eminence, and attain in the sense of the infinite her legitimate growth.

"Men of material progress, ah! I beseech you, lower not the ambition of the human soul to the measure of your own ambitions. Suffer, suffer this captive, imprisoned in matter, to wing her flight toward the region of her true greatness; suffer her to mount on high, to contemplate the eternal, the immutable, the infinite; guided by reason and by faith, borne on the wings of love, suffer her to follow that generous flight which makes her mount, by advances in greatness, toward the greatness of God. If you concentrate her ambitions there, what matters the counting of numbers, the calculating of space and analyzing of matter; the dissecting of bodies or inventing machines; the weighing of atoms or the weighing of suns; the measuring a grain of sand or the measuring a world, what matters it? Great as all this appears, great as it is, the soul finds not herein her true measure, nor science her true mission. Science even the most vast, the most complete, in this order of things, is no longer that which it ought always to be, an enlargement of the soul. Directed altogether to what belongs to the inferior world, science lowers instead of elevates the soul; and in the fascination of intellects at the sight of their own discoveries, you behold everywhere the development of debasing tendencies; and by a contradiction whose mystery cannot escape you, you see the abasement of souls march hand in hand with the progress of science.—pp. 202-5.

Bold words for a generation which idolizes material science! But as true and as seasonable as they are bold! This, however, is not all. The true progress of man will not only elevate the soul by truth, it will also expand the heart by love. Now the inevitable effect of an undue development in material life is a hardening of hearts and a decrease of charity. Our age talks loudly about fraternity as well as material progress, forgetting that the latter is essentially directed to the development of the lower and the egoistic part of man. What in fact do we see around us? On one side the favorites of this world making rapid strides in wealth, rustling in silk and gold; on the other side an increasing multitude clothed in rags, whose labor provides wealth for the few, and who are rendered doubly miserable by all that material progress displays before their eyes, and all that egoism withholds from their desires. Any thoughtful mind may well tremble to contrast with past days, now called barbarous, the present far greater selfishness and luxury of our rich, and along

with it the greatly increased neglect of our poor. If no further proof is required, we can turn with sickening heart to our own very near neighbors left to languish on beds of sickness for days, before some empty forms are gone through to obtain the parish doctor. But any thoughtful mind may discover instances enough that a day of great material progress is not a day of increase of love for God's poor, loudly as it may make its boasts of universal fraternity. And side by side with this advance in luxury, creeps on stealthily an enfeeblement of soul; till the strong manly vigor firm in the defense of truth and justice is undermined, and expediency becomes the order of the day. To look round Europe at the present moment, where are our eyes to rest on a hero sacrificing himself for the right? Where?—In the successor of Saint Peter and among those who rally round him! But, alas! among the prominent governments of the day, here is, perhaps, the solitary exception; for though we render all honor to the noble young Austrian Emperor, *individually*, he cannot be regarded as representing the government he has inherited, and whose reform he is earnestly seeking.

Thus, an exaggerated material progress gives birth to three vices radically opposed to real progress, viz., an abasement of thought, a hardening of heart, and an enfeebling of the will, undermining those three elements of the education and advance of humanity;—elevation, expansion, and strength of character. It is plain then that the decline of society must be the result, if material progress is not kept in the proper place assigned to it by Providence in the harmonious development of the human faculties; and its proper place, as we have seen, is the lowest place. But far be it from Christianity to fall into the error of condemning the due and legitimate development of material progress and of human industry. Industry is a duty, and, as it were, a law of human life. In the words of Saint Benedict to the sad-hearted Gaul, she says to man, "*Ecce labora et noli contristari!*" She bids him further to reap the fruits of his industry and to invoke the divine blessing on his conquests over nature, whether achieved by compelling the electricity of the lightning to his service, or otherwise taming the elements to his will.

"Christianity wills material progress as a means, she wills it not as an end; she wills matter as a slave, she wills it not as a sovereign; she wishes the development of matter as a normal condition of life, she wills it not as a sovereign ambition of life. The possession of the increased as the end, the possession of the created as the means; before man and above him God as the goal; below man the material creation given him as a means whereby to ascend to God; and in the midst, man himself carrying along with him mute nature to glorify God;

here is the order, such as Christian preaching along with philosophical reason proclaims it, and as it will defend it even to the last."—p. 237.

Christianity in willing industry, wills not that it should become a tyrant, she wills not that body and soul should be sacrificed at the altar of mammon. It is no great mark of real progress when the amount of labor becomes such as well nigh to absorb the higher faculties of its people. Industry, which is not Christian, is one of the most formidable dangers of modern society, and it behooves us one and all, each in our sphere, to use our utmost endeavor to Christianize the vast population around us. Our material progress, while presenting a fair show on the surface, is preparing underground a volcano well nigh ready to burst. And why? Not because industry is an evil, but because industry has been made every thing and Christianity left to take care of itself. The only remedy, the only hope, is the vigorous effort of each individually, and of all collectively, (especially of those who have workmen in their employ,) to promote the diffusion of Christian principles and the observance of Christian duties among all over whom we have influence, and in all places where we can gain access. And the work must begin by personal self-denial and the practical exercise of a true fraternity; what we possess must not be for enjoyment, but so far as in us lies for the succor of the more needy, and above all, the one object, the one maxim to be imprinted in our own hearts and in that of others, must be the great end of all creation:—*Ad majorem Dei gloriam!* Thus may a Christian impulse be given to the vast mass of human industry, so as to render it truly subservient to the cause of real progress. But without moral advance toward perfection all progress must turn to decay, all man's efforts and inventions only prove the instruments of his ruin. This holds good with science, art, society, and every thing in which progress is to be made.

Our age is pre-eminently an age of progress in intellect, and the intellect, when illumined from above, is the very light given by God to guide man in the path of his true destiny. But without moral progress or advance in good, there is no real intellectual progress or advance in truth. It was through man's fall that his intellect became darkened. "Wisdom," says the Scripture, "will not enter into a malicious soul, nor dwell in a body subject to sins." Not that it is impossible for a man without virtue to know any thing, nor for the human mind even in a state of vice to seize isolated disjointed truths; but such knowledge will

only lead astray because it will be apart from that immutable, eternal, absolute truth which comes direct from God, and in which all is harmonious and in due place. There is one more learned than all the world's philosophers; more ingenious than her cleverest engineer; more intellectual than the most fascinating of her writers; and yet his dwelling is the exterior darkness. Who among men has the knowledge possessed by Satan? What caused Lucifer to fall from his height and become the prince of darkness? It was sin. Evil is essentially darkness, and there can be no real intellectual progress apart from progress in good. When God would send one of His severest chastisements on the nations, He gives them up to the learned without a conscience, who, under pretence of intellectual progress, lead the applauding but deluded multitude to greater and greater darkness, and to catastrophes rendered the more fearful from the deceptive lurid light of a misguided reason.

The same holds true in the case of art. We have heard it said that one of the leaders of our modern art (Overbeck) was greatly assisted in his conversion to the Catholic religion by the discovery that the early and pious Catholic artists possessed some power which he (then a Protestant) could not command, and which he felt must be in their religion. Most certainly, to contrast even the noblest works of pagan art with those of the ages of faith, is, as it were, to set the vivid personification of what is earthly and sensual opposite to a type of angelic nature. Art is pre-eminently a ministry which may be used either in the service of heaven or hell. It will derive its inspirations from one or the other, and by giving them expression will draw men onward toward their source, whichever it may be. An artist has a high and powerful vocation and priesthood! Woe to him who debases and profanes it! No hand more powerful than his for the furtherance of all real progress, none more powerful for evil. Real progress will develop art, and give it a true direction; but art alone is not progress; it may even become the instrument of the most flagrant corruption.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILL the Pope remain in Rome, and if not, whither will his Holiness go? is the question which occupies a large space in the English and Continental press. All that can as yet be said is, that whether in Rome or in exile, the venerable Pius IX will receive not only the obedience of true Catholics, but the homage of all who venerate the highest and noblest attributes.—*Bos. Pilot.*

The following verses were suggested by an incident in the life of a zealous Missionary, who traces his conversion, under God's grace, to it.

From early boyhood he gave proof of a disposition naturally pious: *feeling*, however, had more to do in his works of devotion than *judgment*. Hence when its tide receded, he found his soul dry and empty, without a rudder to steer, exposed to be sunk by every wave of passion or carried away by every storm of temptation. He had not, like many others, as yet learned practically the difference between the *solid* and the *sensitive* in his devout exercises. He was impressed with a deep sense of "the one thing necessary:" but the retrospect of his life, like that of a plain intersected by pitfalls, was beginning to fill him with a fear which was nearly allied to despair. In this state of mind he sat one summer evening on the brow of a hill, whence he enjoyed a view of glorious scenery on land and sky. Before him spread a champaign country clothed in garb of richest green, interspersed with groups of trees and with hawthorn hedges in bloom, bounded on one side by precipitous hills, now robed by the sunset in gauze-like garb of blue mist, and on the other side by a large river, whose winding course made its mirrored surface gleam at intervals like molten silver. In heaven the sun appeared far, far away to westward, descending slowly to the horizon's rim. The pale-faced moon and listening stars appeared in the east, coming out one by one, as if on tip-toe, to watch the departure of the orb of day. My friend told me that this scene filled him with strangest feelings. He felt that as this magnificent sunset was slowly departing so would his existence decline also. He said the prayer "*Memorare, O piissima Virgo Maria,*" which after Saint Bernard he loved to often repeat. And he yielded to an overpowering wish that seized him, by vowing, or rather promising, one day or other to leave the world and serve God; in order that, when the sun of his life would be setting, he might not be filled with the empty regrets he now experienced. These emotions were perhaps purely natural, produced in an imaginative, sensitive nature by the charms of the scene. He soon forgot them. He entered on the ways of life, stumbling, as he went, over many temptations. But ever and anon would his heart revert to the prayer he prayed and the promise he made on that summer evening. They haunted him like a ghost: and at length led him into a Spiritual Retreat. There he resolved to fulfill the promise of his youthhood; which he did by join-

ing the Order of Jesuits. At present he is doing great things for God in Japan.

I have endeavored to relate the story as he told it, in his own exquisitely graphic style. His conversion he attributes to his constant practice of reciting the "*Memorare, O piissima Virgo:*" and he believes our Blessed Mother, so invoked, kept this scene of his youth before his memory, in order to make it finally instrumental in urging him to co-operate with the grace of vocation. We know a strain of music, the chanting of the *Miserere*, for instance, may have, and has, been made the occasion of great conversions: therefore we have no difficulty in coming over to his belief on this matter.

MY VOW.

What is my wish? My wish is now—
To live and fulfill a boyish vow,
Which once in the fervor of youth I made
As I played with my mates on the village glade.
The glade is there, but the sportive rill
Which played like a child on its lap is still!
And oft as I gaze on its empty bed
I think how my vow like the stream is dead.

And oft methinks at night is seen
A ghostlike shape on that village green,
Like the face of a friend, who hath once been dead,
A-shaking its mist-like hands and head,
With a voice, which moans through the moonlit
shade

"O where is the vow, which in youth he made?"

"Where is the vow, which in youth I made?
Where is the grass, that grew on the glade?
Where is the furze, that blossomed the hill?
Where is the breeze, that curdled the rill?
Where is the stream, that hath long been dead?
Where is the wave, that flowed in its bed?
Where is the eve when I made that vow?
Where are they *all* departed *now*?"

Buried and dead in the Past's deep tomb!
Sunken and lost in Eternity's womb!
Well! *There* is the vow, which in youth I vowed,
Hidden and lost amongst the crowd!

But the grass though withered shall spring once
more,
And brighten with verdure the Earth's green floor;
And the breeze, which curdled the sportive rill,
Shall return again by the furze-clad hill;
And the stream, which laughed o'er the village
scene,

Is living for aye in the ocean green;
And the dead, though buried, shall rise in time,
Refulgent in more than their olden prime;
And the vow, which I vowed at the vesper chime—
May it not arise "like a thing of life,"
And battle again in this worldly strife?

We publish, with much pleasure, the following excellent letter, from an esteemed correspondent :

SAN FRANCISCO, September 5, 1866.

REV. EDITOR: You invite correspondence relating to Confraternities of the Blessed Virgin; and as I have, since my arrival in this metropolis of the Occident, had the pleasure of being enrolled as a candidate in the B. V. Sodality for Ladies, connected with Saint Ignatius' Church, of this city, I hasten to comply with your invitation, and tell you of that which will warm your heart; for is it not the same pure Mother, for whose honor you are laboring, that receives the incense of love and devotion arising from the hearts of more than half a thousand Sodalists connected with this one church? Must not the angels deem it a rare sight to be seen on earth, a rare song to ascend to the ears of our glorious Queen, when such a concert of voices, *representing every civilized nation on the globe*, as does this Sodality, repeats the time-honored and holy Office? I cannot tell you how this thought thrills me, reflecting, first, on our oneness in Adam, and then on our oneness in Christ. But I shall talk without telling you any thing, if I am not careful.

About the year 1858, the indefatigable Fathers of the Society of Jesus organized a Sodality, composed of the young students of the College. It proved successful, and ere long their benevolent hearts sought to extend its benefits to other classes; consequently, about five years since, a second branch of the Sodality, for gentlemen of all ages, was formed, and, a few months after, one for ladies.

Each division has its diploma, its special officers, and weekly meeting at which the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin is recited, and an instruction containing clear, practical lessons of Christianity given by the Rev. Father Director. The names of members recently deceased, of those who are sick or otherwise in affliction, also of those who are leaving for a long journey, are mentioned, that they may share the prayers or other pious works of the true Sodalist.

Almost every week new candidates are admitted. Monthly communicants of the gentlemen's Sodality, at their general Communion on the second Sunday in the month, number ordinarily over two hundred. The ladies, at their general Communion, on the third Sunday of the month, number about the same. Each have their own melodeon, for their weekly meetings. The gentlemen have a library, sufficiently well supplied, from which the members take books to read gratuitously.

The students have also their own library, for their own use, and the ladies are on the eve of organizing one for their special use.

The gentlemen have the old church building, with a privileged altar which they have just erected. The design is chaste and, I should judge, original. The table is supported by four fluted columns, the superstructure being an elegant reversed-crescent cornice, supported also by tall Corinthian columns; the whole in pure white and gold. The altar-piece is a large-sized, and pronounced an excellent copy of Murillo's celebrated picture of the *Immaculate Conception*, in the Louvre, at Paris. It was copied expressly for the Sodality, and presented to them, by one of the members, M. J. O'Connor, Esq.

Pictures are open books, speaking to the multitude—young and old, learned and unlearned, of all nations—without any tedious study of grammar and rhetoric being required; and to us, who have never had the privilege of looking upon the work of the old masters, these faithful copies are of untold value. This thought suggested itself while I studied this altar-piece, and strove to catch the sentiment that must have been so ravishing, as it was first conceived in the brain of the mighty master. I am sure it needs an artist's soul to comprehend it fully; but, *pigmy* as I am, I cannot turn my mind from its contemplation. "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?—(Cant. Cant. vi, 9.) The Immaculate handiwork of the Supreme—light and beauty emanating from each feature, attached not to earth, with even the moon beneath her feet, receives the homage of the angels. Those angels—does each one represent a grace or virtue, over which she is enthroned? Methinks the one at her feet, to the right, bearing the lily, is that faithful purity, which knew no shadow of turning from the design of her Creator. The beaming face of the one that bears the rose, does it not proclaim that highest Seraphim, who, filled with love, still hovers at her feet, acknowledging her the *Mother* and *Queen* of holy love? I read, in the one bearing the olive branch, the riches of God's mercy, the fullness of grace, the unction from on high; and in this rollicking—and, in his joy, almost human angel, bearing in his hand the palm, I see the victory wrought through suffering, proclaiming her Queen of Martyrs, and involuntarily I repeat "I was exalted like a palm-tree in Cades, as a rose-plant in Jericho: As a fair olive-tree in the plains"—(Eccl. xxiv, 18, 19). This

picture is in itself a mighty volume, illustrating the Feast of the eighth of December.

Another large picture ornaments the side wall. This is a copy of Murillo's *Madonna and Child*, the original to be seen in Florence. This also was copied, with much care, expressly for the Sodality, and presented by D. J. Oliver, Esq., also a member. The Mother's face is what impresses me most. Scarcely fifteen summers have shed their light over that form and face, to ripen its expression; but a panorama of the coming years has moved before those eyes, and matured it early: a sword has pierced her beautiful heart, the serpent is crushed, and we are healed.

Although in this famed land of sordid gold, your readers will perceive the true, invisible gold is not quite forgotten, even in the infancy of our State; and I might add one item, rather foreign to my subject perhaps, yet, doubtless, interesting to many, that the number of Communions made in this one church, was, last year, over sixty-five thousand.

With profound respect, dear Rev. Father, permit me, as in years gone by, to subscribe myself

Your most humble child, E. A. A.

LACORDAIRE.

[CONTINUED.]

Lacordaire was never any thing by halves. He ran through, in fact, all the stages of self-devotion, for he ended in being a Religious; and we find him, as soon as ever his "conversion" was accomplished, knocking at the doors of the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Saint Sulpice. His mother, who had prayed long in silence for his conversion, was not quite pleased to see him give up at once the career for which she had trained him at so much cost to herself. He seems already to have felt the impulse to consecrate himself to the service of God in preaching. He had a good deal to suffer in the Seminary. His education and habits had been very different from those of the greater number of his companions; for many of whom, however, he conceived the sincerest and warmest friendship. He had read much and thought much for himself; and such men are in the habit of getting fond of ways and opinions of their own. Beside, his liberal opinions as to politics had not changed. Altogether, with the best and simplest intentions, and the most transparent openness on his part, he was rather a suspicious subject in the eyes of the cautious Superiors of the Seminary; and though extremely obedient

and regular, he could avow his thoughts, maintain his opinions, and express his likings with vehemence. The strict, almost monastic, spirit of Saint Sulpice is well known. Lacordaire every now and then, and most unconsciously, gave a jar to the uniformity of the house, which was by some remembered against him. "*Je sortais*," he says of himself, "*sans le vouloir, de la physionomie ordinaire de leurs élèves*." Some anecdotes of this period of his life are amusing. He declared war against the *bonnet-carré*, the head-dress used in the community, and was even guilty sometimes of throwing one into the fire. In the lectures, in which the pupils are allowed to raise objections and put difficulties to their teachers, he was very fond of an argument, and was sometimes embarrassing to the master from the length of time which he occupied in stating his opinion. Perhaps there was also some little difficulty about answering him. He has left us a description of his first sermon in the refectory. A refectory may seem to the uninitiated an unusual place for a sermon; but it is the custom at Saint Sulpice, and elsewhere, for the students to preach in their turns to the community while at dinner. "I have preached," he says to a friend, "that is, in a refectory, in which a hundred and twenty persons were eating: I made my voice heard through the noise of plates, spoons, and all the rest. No position, I think, can be more unfavorable for an orator than to speak to people while eating; and Cicero would never have pronounced his *Catilinarians* at a senatorial dinner, at least unless he had made the forks drop from their hands at the first sentence. What would he have done if he had to speak to them about the mystery of the Incarnation! This is what I had to do, notwithstanding; and I must confess that at the air of indifference that reigned in their countenances, at the sight of so many who seemed not to be listening, but to have their whole attention concentrated on their plates, it often came into my head to throw my cap at their heads." His sermon, however, made a great sensation among the students; but the worthy Superiors were alarmed at his manner of preaching, so contrary to all the old traditions, and warned their pupils against its imitation.

All this time Lacordaire's mind was hesitating between two careers. He had a great drawing toward poverty and obedience, and it was clear that the ordinary life of a parish priest would hardly suit him. At the same time he was full of ardor to devote himself for the salvation of

souls; and it was a fixed principle with him that those who are to succeed in conversions must give great and clear pledges of their own conviction of the truth of that which they preach. He saw this kind of pledge in the surrender which missionaries to foreign nations make of their home and country; and he was thus led to think of the foreign missions. His inclinations were only ripened when he found that there was some hesitation as to presenting him for ordination at the usual time. He began to think of what was, it seems, almost the only Religious body open to him in France at the time—the Society of Jesus; into which Father de Ravignan, who had, like him, left the legal profession to enter the Seminary, had shortly before passed. But his perseverance removed all obstacles from his Superiors, and Monseigneur de Quelen ordained him priest in September, 1827. Just at this time, as it afterward appeared, he refused an appointment which would, in the ordinary course of things, have led him to the highest honors in the Church. The post of Auditor of the Rota at Rome was vacant by the nomination of Monseigneur Isoard to the Archbishopric of Auch. It required a peculiar combination of qualifications, and they seemed to meet in Lacordaire. It was offered to him, but he declined; giving as a reason his design of becoming a Religious—which appears, therefore, to have been sufficiently matured even at the outset of his priestly life. Many years were yet to pass before he executed this design; many even before he was to discover himself as a great preacher, while still a secular priest.

His first employment was humble and very quiet, though it appears that he was offered posts both at St. Sulpice and the Madeleine. But he never had any real taste for the life of a parish priest. He was appointed chaplain to a convent of Nuns of the Visitation. He had to say Mass, hear the confessions of some girls brought up in a pension school under the charge of the nuns, and give them catechetical instructions. He was thought "rather too metaphysical" by the good nuns who "superintended" these instructions. He spent his spare time in study; and there can be no doubt that these quiet months were of great service to him afterward, when he had all Paris around his pulpit to listen to his *Conférences de Notre Dame*. At the close of 1828 he was appointed assistant-chaplain at the Collège Henri IV, where his duties were much the same as at the convent, except that he had young boys to deal with. It was a government college, and he

was far from satisfied with the state of things he found in it. Some of his friends pressed him to write, but he preferred storing his mind by study. At this time he conceived the plan of a new defence of Christianity, suggested to him by the works of the Fathers. Soon after this, also, he made the acquaintance of M. de Lamennais, with whose name his own was afterward to be so curiously connected. The idea of entering religion seems to have slept in his mind; he was far more occupied by that of becoming a foreign missionary. In fact, he began at last to make his preparations for sailing to America. The Archbishop of Paris consented; his mother gave her leave; and Lacordaire had nothing more to do in France than to bid farewell to a few friends in Burgundy. Then, almost with his foot lifted to embark, he was detained by a letter from the Abbé Gerbet,—himself a distinguished disciple of de Lamennais,—informing him of the plan then on foot for the establishment of the *Avenir*, and claiming the assistance of his pen for what they both conceived to be the cause of the Church. It was a strange stroke of Providence—one who was to become so great a power at home, and to render service so eminent to religion in France, kept from going, unknown and unvalued, to America, by the foundation of a newspaper which was to last little more than a year, and bring him, and all concerned in it, into disfavor with the Holy See!

Though we have no time to spare for a full account of this celebrated paper, it had yet so great an influence on the career of Lacordaire, that we cannot afford entirely to pass it over. The state of the Church in France, taken in connection with the ideas and principles which were working with so much force in the nation—which had not yet regained its balance after the great shock of 1789—was almost sure to produce among the many ardent minds which, after having been for a time under the influence of what was called the spirit of the age, were now devoting themselves to the cause of religion, some such movement as that which found utterance in the *Avenir*. Lacordaire, and, it would seem, others, were far from sharing in all the ideas or admiring the whole system of de Lamennais; but they could not but feel that the Church had been unworthily used by the government, and that the latter had imposed more than one intolerable restriction upon the clergy. The use which the ministers of Charles X had made of their power over the Church was certainly enough to rouse the most vehement indignation among her true children; and when

men found religious associations forbidden or suppressed, and the right of education still monopolized by the State, after all the promises of 1830, it is not much to be wondered at if fiery spirits began to rebel. It would be difficult to reproduce in our own time the excitements and exaggerations of those days; but the false theories put forth by the *Avenir*, and which brought down upon it the condemnation of Rome, would never have been put forward had the politicians of the day known their duty to religion. The Church had often been reproached by her enemies for leaning too closely on the secular power; and now, as it seemed, that the latter had been broken down by a fresh revolution, and a new era of liberty had been inaugurated by the constitutional monarchy of July, the time seemed also to have come for an entire severance between the two powers. The Church was to be absolutely free, and was to discard, as badges of a servitude to which she could no longer submit, all influence of the government in the nomination of her pastors, and the slender stipends of her clergy secured to them as an indemnity for the property taken from her by the spoliations of the first Revolution. A great attempt was to be made to link her cause with that of national liberty throughout the world. It was a time of great excitement in other countries besides France—it was the time of the Belgian revolution and the insurrection of Poland—and M. de Montalembert hurried to join himself to the little band collected by de Lamennais from a visit to Ireland, which had but lately achieved her Emancipation under the guidance of O'Connell. It is easy to see, at this distance of time, that the ideas of the writers of the *Avenir* were as crude and exaggerated as the philosophy on which de Lamennais professed to found his system was unsound, even in the eyes of his most vigorous assistant, Lacordaire. But these writers were mostly young men, with the exception of their chief. It is also easy to see that they were sure to be met with great hostility by the politicians then in the ascendant, from whose thoughts nothing was further removed than the freedom of the Church, and that the more sober-minded and experienced among the clergy would also look on them with no friendly eye.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Pope has just sent several medals in gold and silver, bearing his effigy, to the Sisters of Charity who have been in attendance on the cholera patients at Amiens.

HYMN—TO MARY, THE MOTHER OF GOD.

(CONCLUDED.)

True Ark of the deluge! Like a swan dost thou glide,
O'er the high heaving billows of Sin's deep-rolling tide,
Bearing close in thy bosom, o'er foam and o'er wave,
The One Precious Life that a world can now save!
How the Nations looked toward thee! sweet Rainbow of Peace!

How like captives in fetters they oft sighed for release!
Their chains were so weighty—their bondage so great—
They had learned from lost Eden, Sin's thralldom to hate.

And where wilt thou rest thee? great Mercy's high Queen!
On what spot of our earth shall thy presence be seen?
Will a palace enshrine thee, mid purple and gold?
Shall our eyes first behold thee 'mong treasures untold?
In vain do we seek for such regal display—
Thy dwelling is chosen far, far, far away
From the halls of the mighty—from Earth's thrones and her kings,

Though the Babe thou hast with thee is the Lord of all things.

In Bethle'm's lone stable we see thee repose,
Tasting joys that thy heart there alone fully knows;
Heaven's Treasure lies nestled in peace on thy breast,
The whole world is forgotten for the Omnipotent Guest!
And here, O pure Virgin! we're lost in amaze
When we think that the Infant on whom we thus gaze,
Is the God of all glory! the great Sovereign of Time,
Who rules empires and worlds with His sceptre sublime!

Why is it, O Mother! What makes Him thus choose
To be poor, to be needy—all life's comfort refuse?
Why seek this cold stable as His first earthly home?
Why mid thousands of kind hearts, a stranger thus come?
No palace enthrones Him—the great King of kings,—
No heralds proclaim Him on the winds' mighty wings;
All hushed are the cannons that thunder to Earth
The tidings to nations of a monarch's new birth.
What means this? Ah! His Kingdom is beyond mortal reach;
This is the lesson which in Bethle'hem He'd teach.

Saints have dwelt o'er this picture, then ventured to raise
The deep mystic veil which impeded their gaze.
They tell us that Jesus in this world could not find
A palace more beauteous than Mary's pure mind.
No couch was more pleasing, more precious to Him
Than the breast of His Mother "conceived without sin;"
Her love was His pillow, her meekness His robe,
Her heart the warm furnace where charity glowed;
Her gentle humility the crib of His rest;
Her virginal modesty His one seamless vest;
Her patience His mantle; her words low and sweet
Were the sandals so holy of His life-giving feet.
Hail, heavenly Vestal! Thy bosom's the urn
Where Love's divine fire will eternally burn!
On earth the pure flame thou didst faithfully guard,
And to hold it forever is now thy reward!

* * * * *
In the land of Judea, as time sped away,
Thy Son, highest Mother! grew great day by day,
In grace and in wisdom, in sweetness divine;
His love was thy treasure, His Heart was thy shrine;
With Him to His Father in heaven didst thou pray,
And thy Son in return didst show thee the way
That led back to her home, through earth's deserts so wild,
Heaven's favored, most Blessed, Immaculate child!
His words, like sweet dew-drops on lily petals of snow,
Thou didst keep in thy heart, all their riches to know,
With Him, and with Joseph, the pathway was trod
That forever would bring thee to the bosom of God!

But before thou couldst enter on joys thus supreme,
 Thou wert destined to drink of sorrow's deep stream:
 The Mother of Jesus a martyr should be,
 And a martyr of love, 'neath the Cross, crimson'd Tree.
 There we see thee—mid insult, mid outrage, mid scorn—
 Stay by Him who for us bore the scourge, bore the thorn.
 Thou wilt stand, for 'tis fitting the world should there see
 That death is the hour that brings triumphs to thee!
 Thou didst give to thy God, without murmur or tear,
 All He gave thee to love—all in life that was dear.
 The holocaust pleased Him. He looked on thee then,
 And dying, bequeathed thee—his treasure—to men.

* * * * *

Like sweet birds on the tree-tops did the Angels clear sing,
 To His well-beloved Mother, of the great Victor-King
 As in splendor and power He rose out of the tomb,
 And all-glorious appeared—the Blessed Fruit of her womb!
 How joy swelled her bosom!—what a torrent of delight
 Enraptured her vision at the Heaven-beaming sight
 Of those Wounds, now all radiant with splendor divine,
 Flashing light from their centres,—Mercy's fountain's, her
 mine!

What words shall next tell of the graces that flowed
 On thy soul, Virgin Mother! by the Spirit bestow'd,
 When He came down in fire, on Pentecost-day,
 To build up the Church, of which thou art the stay:
 In figures, frail and feeble, must we venture to trace
 The glory now given thee,—thy mission, thy place.
 So prized was the Vessel which once bore the Lord,
 That fast to her moorings the ship was secured;
 Within her fair bulwarks rises stately and high,
 The Church which Christ founded,—decreed not to die.
 She has girdled its ramparts with her virtues' bright shield,
 'Gainst which, vainly, proud Satan his weapons may wield;
 To her bosom, so peaceful,—from the East, from the West,—
 She calls all that are wandering—the weary, to rest.
 Here the doubting, the erring—the learned, the wise—
 See Truth's pages unfolded like light to their eyes;
 Here the clouds are all scattered, the mists fade away,
 And the Sun of pure worship shines in full fearless day;
 Here the soul finds its centre, the heart its repose,
 And the spirit drinks joys which God only bestows;
 Here earth's trials are brightened, like gems from the mine,
 Borne onward in triumph—gifts of the loved Hand Divine.

What wonder, O Mother! that all this should be,
 Since thy bosom on earth God's own Temple we see;
 He found thee so faithful, so perfect, so holy, so fair,
 That Christ Jesus, thy Son, gave His Church to thy care.
 Since that moment thy arms are stretched round all, to win
 Their hearts from God's rival—from Satan, from sin;
 Ever pleading Man's cause with high Mercy above,
 Ever leading him heavenward by goodness, by love.

This, this is thy mission, sweet Vessel of Grace!
 Holy guide of our exile! Dear hope of our race!
 Without thee, what sinner could think he'd behold
 God's glory in Heaven, His greatness unto'd!

Nor let faithless skeptics, with sneer or with scorn,
 Dare dispute this thy kingdom—to which thou wert born:
 Thy sceptre, fair Esther! held by Mercy's own hand,
 Leads thy children in safety to the true Promised Land!

A PETITION.

Sweet Virgin and Lady! Here my verses now end,
 Be thyself my kind patron, my judge and my friend;
 Don't let them reject me, as unworthy to say
 One word in thy honor, on the great festive day.

I'm a poor little violet under thy feet,
 How I wish you may find me both fragrant and sweet;
 I cannot reach up to the roses that twine
 In such graceful luxuriance around thy loved shrine,
 I long to be with thee, sweet Mother! Come down;
 Pick up the poor flower—make it a pearl in thy crown!

THREE PETITIONS.

A TALE OF POLAND.

[CONCLUDED.]

The monk looked at her with tenderness and respect; he placed his hands upon the young head that so bravely bore the martyr's crown, and began:

"As soon as Ladislas knew his sentence he asked for a priest; and as his execution was fixed for the day following, the request was granted without much difficulty. I had just entered the town when I was summoned on this sad mission. I accepted it with still greater zeal when I learned the name of the prisoner. I had heard of the sad errors of his latter years, and I thought what a blessing it would be to reconcile this poor sinner to God. I hardly knew the worn, wounded captive who greeted me as I entered his cell, he was so changed since I had seen him riding on horseback, or running after butterflies with Mdm'le Hedwige; but in spite of his pallor and his sadness there was an expression in his eyes that pleased me; something neither bravado nor despair; but which told of a penitent heart about to meet its Judge; but which hopes also to find a Father. He smiled, and held out his hand, and was still more pleased when he found out who I was, and remembered that he had often sat upon my knee. 'God desires that I should die repentant and at peace,' he said; 'that is why He has sent you to me. You will tell Hedwige Oksinksa so when you see her. Do you know that to her I owe yesterday my repentance, to-day my peace, and to-morrow perhaps my eternal happiness? Do not be astonished at what I am about to say,—every road leads to God when the hour of grace has struck. Yesterday, after my condemnation, I was here alone, when I thought of dividing amongst my friends the few trifles I now possess, when my eyes fell—could it be by chance?—upon this ring which I always wore. My thoughts flew back to the donor, Hedwige, far away from the troubled days that separated us, to those when I loved her alone; when I was good because she was good, and when I too prayed night and morning to our Lady, nothing ashamed to kneel by her

side. A light suddenly seemed to pierce through my soul, and I saw that since those happy days I had been a blind and miserable wanderer; and I seemed to hear a voice which said: 'Thou mayest again be happy, not upon this earth where thou hast sinned, where thou hast made thyself unworthy of Hedwige, but above, in eternity, where reign Hope, Love, and Forgiveness.' I thought it was a mother's voice, and in my ring I seemed to see our Lady's smiling face. It was the first ray of daybreak; then came more light, then full dawn, and at last the sun. All night I wept, sought, and struggled, and in the morning I asked for a priest."

"Blessed art thou, O Mother, thou hast saved him," cried Hedwige, turning to our Lady's shining image fixed against the wall.

"Even so, my child; the grace of God left little for me to do. I heard his confession, I gave him absolution; but there was no need for me to strengthen him against the fear of death: he saw it approach with less dread than I; but I instructed him to offer to God the last regrets and last sufferings of the life that was so early to be cut short. I told him that no price is too great for eternal bliss, and that the least of the rewards above is worth any sacrifice here. He seemed convinced, and to regret nothing—not even you, my child, because he felt certain of being with you in heaven forever. He walked to the place of execution without being moved by sympathy, acclamations, or even insults. He bid adieu, through me, to his friends, and to you; and fell at the first volley of balls, speaking, to the last, of God and his country. I do not bring his ring, which was buried with him, according to his wish; but he begged me to give you this letter."

It contained these words:

"Do you still remember me, Hedwige? Doubtless you know that long ago I forgot God and the friends of my youth; that I have fallen into numberless errors, and have become unworthy of you; but God had mercy on me—misfortune has brought me back to Him. Is not returning to Him returning to you? It is true, we are about to be parted here; that the shades of death are gathering round me; but death purifies though it separates. If I had seen you again in this world, I should not have dared to offer you the hand of the spendthrift, the gambler, and duelist; but perhaps my blood may cleanse it, so that when we meet above, I may give it you with love and confidence.

"Your friend and betrothed, LADISLAS."

Hedwige read this letter without giving way; she kissed it, and let her first tears fall upon the paper; she then carried it off in silence, to keep as a precious treasure, which called her to a meeting for eternity. The next day she appeared in mourning; but despite her pale face and black garments there was hope and calmness in her expression. Beside her widow's dress, she began to wear a small medal of our Lady, fastened round her neck by a blue ribbon; and when Fanny asked her some time afterward why it never left her, she replied: "I must fulfill my vow: our Lady has done her part; I must do mine."

VII.

Thus two prayers had been heard; one, that of the poor young mother, remained unanswered—so, at least, she thought, as she sat in her chamber on the Vigil of the Assumption. It was late; the curtains were drawn, and the night-lamp burning. She had just hushed her noisy little son to sleep in her arms with her singing; he was any thing but dumb, the mischievous fellow: very handsome, and like his father; yet it was her other child that Fanny loved best. Mothers always give the largest share of their hearts to the most frail and suffering of their little flock; to the one who gives them the most wakeful nights, and the most cause for tears. So Fanny cast a loving glance toward Emma's little crib, whilst she still rocked the infant on her knee. "Sleep, my darling," she said; "you are all mine; your look tells me more than words can do. I do not need to hear your voice to read your eyes. You will never understand others, but you will always understand me; yet, my poor little one, what would become of you if you lost me? O, grant me a long life, my God, for her sake."

She lost herself for a while in musings, partly sweet, partly sorrowful; she long wept and sorrowed by the child's crib, saying to herself that all hope was gone, and thinking of that terrible chapter in the Bible in which God asked the life of Isaac from the patriarch father: it came into her mind that God asked a sacrifice from her too, never to hear her child's voice; and day had almost dawned before she sought her pillow.

Hedwige and Magda came very early to dress little Emma, for the Assumption was a great day at Iglica. A sheaf of wheat, tied up with flowers and ribbons, was offered at our Lady's altar; and the statue of the Blessed Virgin in Hedwige's room was draped with lace, and adorned with lighted tapers, white roses, and tiger lilies. Emma was greatly charmed with the sight; and her

mother, though still sad and downcast, went with her child into her sister-in-law's chamber without any particular emotion. But when she suddenly caught sight of the fair white statue shining before her amidst its brilliant array of lights, sweet-smelling flowers, and green leaves, the sanctuary of Czenstochowa came before her, and she thought of the tears and prayers poured forth at that mysterious shrine.

"Many petitions had perchance been granted there," she said in the bitterness of her heart; "but alas, O Mother," she cried, taking little Emma's hand as she advanced toward the altar, "I entreated thee in vain. I hoped a Mother would have pitied me. From Heaven alone I expected my child's cure: have I not suffered enough to draw down a blessing on her?"

Meanwhile little Emma stood motionless, her lips half open, her eyes raised and fixed upon her mother, as if she wanted to hear by the look, instead of by the ear.

"How I would have blessed thee hadst thou heard me!" continued the poor mother. "God would have saved her; she should have belonged to Him. I should not have been jealous, for it is for herself I love her. She should have lisp'd your praises, grown in your faith, O Queen, O Mother, O Mary!"

Through the stillness of the room came a vague, uncertain sound, almost like the echo of a distant breeze, repeating the name "Mary."

The three women looked at each other, then at the child.

"Was it you that spoke, my angel?" cried Fanny, throwing herself on her knees and infolding the little one, whose eyes were still raised, and whose lips still quivered. "Hedwige, did we we hear aright? can it be?"

Her companions could not answer; they scarcely dared to believe their ears.

"Do you hear me, darling?" continued the mother. "If you hear me, if you love me, if you can speak again, open your lips for one word; call me mamma."

The child's lips formed into a smile; she laid her dimpled hand on her mother's cheek, opened with some effort her rosy mouth, and murmured, "Mamma," in the same sweet hesitating voice they had before heard.

With a cry of joy, Fanny seized the little one and pressed her to her heart. Nothing was heard for some time but sobs, and the murmuring sounds of Magda's voice repeating the *Magnificat* in thanksgiving.

At length Fanny raised her head, and stretching out her hands to the altar, exclaimed in trembling accents:

"Thou hast saved my child, O Mary; from henceforth she is thine; she shall know thee; love thee, invoke thee all her life; wilt thou also accept the mother with the child? These two sisters have taught us to pray to thee; there shall be no difference between us now; we will pray to thee together."

After this wonderful event there reigned great peace and union amongst the family at Iglice. Little Emma learned to speak better and better every day: at first she only knew a few words, but how sweet and joyous they sounded in the ears of those who loved her! As her ideas grew, so did her limited vocabulary; and the delight of her parents knew no bounds when at last she could repeat with ease the three first answers in the Catechism.

On one fine evening of the following spring Hedwige and Magda were walking together in the great avenue, talking over little Emma's wonderful progress.

"How pleased her grandpapa was yesterday," said Hedwige, "when she came to him with the little verses she had learned for his feast!"

"I should think he was indeed," said the young peasant; "who would have believed that we should ever hear that little angel's voice! What a miracle of Almighty God!"

"How thankful we must be!" continued Hedwige. "Fanny too is more than we could have hoped; since her conversion she seems more my sister than before, and I love her still better. She has faithfully kept her promise; when shall we think of ours? Will you tell me, dear, what you promised Our Lady of Czenstochowa?"

"I promised to belong to her if she brought my father back," replied the young girl. "I do not mean to marry, and I will try to take care of little children and help the poor; but I do not like to leave my parents, who are old and feeble."

"That is just what I promised too," said Hedwige. "I never loved any one but Ladislas, and all my earthly hopes are buried with him. I promised to consecrate myself to Our Lady if she would save his soul; but during my father and mother's life I will not leave them; they would think it cruel. Only our parents are very old, Magda; shall I tell you what we will do when they are no more? We will go to Czenstochowa together."

"To Czenstochowa?" repeated the village girl, astonished.

"Yes, Magda; there is a poor humble convent there belonging to the Mariavites, the Daughters of Mary. They pass all the time which they do not spend in invoking their Mother, in teaching poor children to read, write and sew. There we will go; there we will labor; and there we will grow old, dearest. All our life and every hour of it will be too short to thank our Lady for all her favors.

"So you will take me with you, my darling young mistress?" said Magda, smiling.

"Certainly," replied Hedwige. "There will be no difference between us there; we shall be like the rest in the convent,—really sisters."

"Amen!" said Magda, pressing her companion's hand; and thus they walked on together, still talking in a low voice, till the evening breeze arose, and the pale rays of the moon began to shine through the lime-branches of the avenue; and so it seemed they would henceforth go together through life.

APPROBATION OF THE AVE MARIA BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX.

LETTER FROM THE VERY REV. E. SORIN,
PROVINCIAL S. S. C.

ROMA, September 5, 1866.

We reached the Eternal City last night, at ten, and went to the Propaganda this morning, to present our homages and dispatches to his Eminence, the Cardinal Prefect, whom we found in the best of spirits. He invited us to see him again this evening, and graciously offered to announce our arrival to his Holiness, as he was just leaving for his weekly audience at the Vatican.

I hasten to say that we came yesterday from Loretto, where both Father Trehu and myself had the happiness to celebrate the Holy Mass in the Santa Casa. I wanted to bring, myself, the silver heart containing the names of the pious writers for the prizes, not rewarded otherwise.

I had thought that in the course of my ecclesiastical career, I had said Mass, sometimes under circumstances so exceptional and so moving, that I could scarcely anticipate any greater joys here below; but I must acknowledge that the favor bestowed on me yesterday, at Loretto, surpassed all, and will likely remain in my mind and in my heart, an inexhaustible spring of consolations and happiness. It almost seems to me, now, that I had never known yet my lineage as a Christian; but now, that I have moved back and forth within

the precincts of my dear Mother's Sacred House, that I have knelt where she knelt, that I have prayed where she prayed, looked up where she looked, and almost caught the echo of the Divine message the Archangel brought her from heaven; now that I have been permitted to ascend the altar upon which I saw, I handled, I consumed and felt in my bosom the same Word *there made flesh* in the virginal Heart of Mary, although words fail to express what the soul experiences, yet I feel, I understand now something of my glorious ancestry; I was going to say I realized yesterday what it is to be a child of Mary.

I am too much overpowered yet by my feelings, and have too little time, to attempt any description of the Holy House; I will certainly do so, *D. v.*, at no distant period. We do not know, beyond the waters, the immense interest we would surely find in the simple narrative of things and facts pertaining to a House upon which we should look with pride, as our maternal roof—*le toit maternel*. I had all leisure necessary to make a close examination of every part and particular of it, inside and outside. Three times I knelt and prayed even in the little recess which served as a chimney for the Holy Family, and where our Blessed Mother must have stopped every day for many years. Her sacred image stands above, and somewhat in the rear of the altar. I visited the dear House three times. It was always crowded; but no confusion, no noise; all rapt in prayer; the expression is exact, I believe; I tried myself to join and to pray like the rest. I had a long list of intentions to present, to explain to the good Mother; then again a longer list of names, none of which I would, if possible, pass over in silence, for I felt conscious the occasion was one that could and should be improved. I prayed particularly for the AVE MARIA and all its friends. This last request must have been heard, for one of the first words the eminent Cardinal spoke to me this morning, was, to say spontaneously, that the Holy Father was much pleased with the AVE MARIA, and that I must not neglect to ask him to bless it and recommend it, although he had a great reluctance to recommend journals of any sort. Such a greeting was certainly very flattering, to say the least.

I cannot say how long I may remain in Rome. I had no intention to visit it, this year; but we were appointed, Rev. F. Trehu and myself, to bring the Decrees of the General Chapter, and we came without any consideration on my part that my protracted absence from home could prove to

any one a subject of regret. Thus far it has been to me a series of no ordinary enjoyments; but those who know me best, will need no assurance that, carrying with me, as I do, the interests of my trust and my friends, I will lose no opportunity to benefit them, while enjoying myself.

The day before reaching Loretto, we halted at "la Grande Chartreuse," one of the wonders of Europe. We said Mass there, and remained until one o'clock with the excellent Father Pascal, a most amiable and talented monk, who promised to write for the AVE MARIA a full description of his famous convent; but only *one*, and never more, and even that only one article, said he, had no antecedent in the long annals of the *Chartreux*, or Children of Saint Bruno.

The dinner-bell calls down those who wish to dine. Americans are punctual to obey the dinner-bell. Adieu.

SEPTEMBER 6.

In obedience to Cardinal Barnabo's direction, I presented, this morning, the following statements to the Holy Father. It was received with a kindness which I can never forget. Previous to our audience, the Holy Father had sent us, while waiting in the ante-chamber, some blessed little cakes, with which two Rev. Fathers from Saint Nicholas Tolentino had just presented him. I never saw the Pope as fatherly as he was to-day.

"The AVE MARIA was founded last year at Notre Dame, in America, under the auspices of the most Holy Virgin, and upon the special recommendation of his Eminence, the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda.

"On the first of May last, after one year's existence, there were 6,000 subscribers, among whom twenty-eight Archbishops and Bishops, who had commended it, some on its first appearance, others later—acknowledging that, at first, they had not believed in its success.

"Next to the Blessed Virgin, it is the Holy See the AVE MARIA purposes to keep before its pious readers. Its circulation goes on increasing gradually among the Rev. Clergy and the faithful. Even some Protestants read it, and not a few of its best poetical pieces are due to non-Catholic pens.

"Among its contributors, the AVE MARIA has the honor to possess several Right Rev. Bishops, many talented Priests and Religious, and some names of distinction in the literary world.

"In addition to these, a number of pious souls supply us with various informations and interesting statements of facts.

"On the first of May, this year, there were em-

ployed at the office of the AVE MARIA, three journeymen, paid; two Brothers, and two orphan boys, to set type; two other orphans at the steam press; one of our Fathers, two Brothers, and eight orphans, to fold, to sew and bind, to mail the numbers and keep the books: in all, twenty persons.

"At the same epoch, the general receipts were seventeen thousand dollars, and the expenses sixteen thousand five hundred dollars, every thing paid.

"We are after purchasing, in Paris, *clichés* for one thousand francs, [here I was stopped by the Holy Father, who wanted to know what was meant by *clichés*; and when he had understood it, he seemed very much pleased with the improvement intended,] to illustrate the journal; and I hope to increase my stock with the addition of the principal monuments in Rome. [Here again his Holiness stopped my reading for several minutes, and, with surprising kindness, gave me all the directions I might need, to find in Rome what he conceived would best suit our object.]

"It has been the good fortune of the AVE MARIA to introduce in the United States the "Apostolate of Prayer;" for nearly one year, we published in our columns, every week, the "MESSENGER," *in toto*, until a Rev. Jesuit Father of Georgetown College made of it a special publication, as in France; for which we then substituted the publication of the *Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, ["Very well," added the Holy Father,] which are read with the liveliest interest in America.

"The two last pages, in each number, are devoted to children, under a special title. We have been often told that this Department for youth, is productive of much good in a country like ours, where every one reads, and will read, good or bad."

["Here, no doubt, you give," said his Holiness, "anecdotes, interesting stories: that is right."]

"Such is our modest undertaking; it seems to be blessed from Heaven far above our expectations, and bids well for the honor of the Immaculate Virgin. Holy Father, it is from here we received the first encouragement; it is from your Holiness our work expects [and before I had turned over to the next page, the Holy Father added of himself: "That I bless your readers and friends,"—I bowed in acknowledgment, and then continued] expects its recommendation, its principal authorization before the public, after those already received from thirty Right Rev. Prelates.

Should your Holiness, in your rare devotedness to the cause of Mary, condescend to encourage our feeble efforts, and bless our pious associates and subscribers, it would give a new life and a new zeal to those now engaged in the holy cause.

"I noticed, a few weeks since, while passing through Paris, a journal without any religious creed, printing a daily issue of 365,000 copies. Such a paper is encouraged, no doubt, by many. The AVE MARIA has no pretension of the sort; its greatest ambition is now to obtain the Apostolic Benediction, if not some lines of commendation—for instance, a Latin Letter, for Mary's glory and the consolation of her children in America."

Here I stopped; I had done; and raising my eyes toward my august listener, I saw on his countenance a smile of which he alone, in the world, has the secret and the charm.

"Latin Letters," he then said, "I do not write them myself. But give me your paper."

Then smiling again, he took his pen and wrote the following:

DIE 10 SEPTEMBRIS, 1866.

REBUS HISCE STANTIBUS, ET DUMMODO AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM ET B. M. VIRGINIS OMNIA SINT DIRECTA, BENEDICIMUS OPUS INCEPTUM ET OMNES CŒOPERATORES ET DOMINUS N. J. C. OPUS PERFICIAT SOLIDETQUE.

PIUS, PP. IX.

TRANSLATION.

"These things being so, and provided that all be directed to the honor and glory of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, We bless the undertaking and all the co-operators thereunto, and may OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST perfect and strengthen the work."

AN insurrection has broken out at Palermo, and is causing considerable annoyance to the Italian Government. The accounts of the rising which have been received, came to us through Reuter's agency, and as that agency in Italy is, to a large extent, controlled by the local authorities, it is very probable that we have not heard the worst part of the story. The *Times* states that it was a favorite saying of Count Cavour, in his intercourse with English travelers, who spoke to him about Ireland as a thorn in England's side, that he was burthened with not one, but with four Irelands. The discontented Irelands to which the statesman referred, were the Islands of Sardinia, Savoy, Genoa, and the Milanese Districts on the Tincio frontier.—*Lon. Tab.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE ROSARY.

Now we have said the "Angelus,"
Will not my children see
Who will with most devotion say
Our Lady's Rosary?

And baby, though she cannot tell
Her beads, her beads shall hold,
To learn to prize them more than toys,
Or pearls, or gems, or gold.

Her little serious face bespeaks
A gentle, pious mind,
And soon her rosy fingers small
Will learn the bead to find.

In those three Names in which we all
Were solemnly baptized,
The lovely Rosary begins,—
By saints so dearly prized.

Then, "I believe;" and every voice
Will make responses clear,
While holding fast the crucifix,
With faith, hope, love and fear.

"Our Father," as my children know,
Is that best form of prayer
Our Lord to His Apostles gave;
They taught it everywhere.

And Gabriel, Archangel bright,
The first "Hail Mary" said,
When from high heaven, with message grand,
More swift than light he sped.

That blissful "Hail," like some sweet strain
Of music, left unsung,
Was finished by Elizabeth's
Devout, prophetic tongue.

And we, to their glad "Hail," would add
This meekly suppliant cry:
"O Mary, pray for us, both now
And when we come to die!"

A sacred mystery belongs
To every decade fair,
On which we all must meditate
With love and studious care,

While bead by bead, "Our Father" first,
Then ten "Hail Marys" say,
And "Glory to the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost alway."

Fifteen mysteries, on fifteen
Decades of blessed beads,
The Rosary makes ; he says it best
Who best each mystery heeds.

Five joyful mysteries, like five
Spring roses, snowy white,
Tell of the Holy Infancy
Of Jesus, with delight.

Five mysteries sorrowful, like five
June roses, deep and red,
Tell of our Saviour's sufferings,
And how for us He bled.

Five mysteries glorious, like five
Bright roses, tint like gold
The resurrection wonderful,
And bliss of heaven unfold.

A rose indeed is every bead,
Of odor heavenly sweet,
Which Mary lays adoringly
At her dear Jesus' feet.

And Jesus, who the sparrow heeds,
Accepts the heart's intent,
When, at His Name, each bright, young head,
Is worshipfully bent.

The longest life would not suffice,
Should we each day recite,
To say the beads, and ponder all
Its mysteries aright.

But every day the Rosary
Still dearer will become,
And lead our thoughts more earnestly
To our eternal home.

LITTLE MARY'S ORANGE.

CHAPTER I.—THE ORANGE.

"Oh, you dear, darling, beautiful orange! It makes my mouth water to look at you. How good it must be to eat you!"

Such were the words of little Mary, as she held in both hands a very large fresh orange, which her mother had just given her.

"Well," said her mother, "why don't you eat it, since it belongs to you?"

"Why, if I would eat it now, I wouldn't have it any more!"

"That is very true. So if you are satisfied with

merely looking at it, your pleasure will not be so great, but then it will last all the longer."

"Ah yes; but to just be looking at it all the time, and never, never to eat it—would be very hard!"

"I know that very well, my dear child. But you must reflect upon it, and then make your own choice. You are the entire mistress of your orange, and you can do with it whatever you like best. So put it now in your little box; and next Thursday, when I come to see you again, you will tell me the fate of your orange. Good-by, then, for the present, my child; be very docile and obedient to all the wishes of your good teachers, very kind to your companions, and may our Blessed Mother protect my little Mary.

CHAPTER II.—RECREATION.

Mary was wonderfully grave during the recreation. Instead of running, jumping, singing and laughing, according to her usual praiseworthy custom, she walked along very solemnly, at some distance from her companions, the merry little "Juniors."

"Why Mary! what in the world is the matter! Who ever saw *you* silent for two minutes in recreation before? You must be in a peck of troubles, and you want somebody to give you good advice. If so, just tell me all about it, and I'll give you as much good advice as the tallest 'Senior' in the school. So now begin," said Maggie, drawing up her little person and trying to look very wise.

"Yes, I do want some one to tell me what I best do. But I do not think you, Maggie, are just the right person to do so; you are not quite wise enough yourself."

"Humph! much obliged to you for your fine compliment," replied Maggie, making a very low courtesy; "but so much the worse for you, for I would have helped you out of all your troubles in no time, if you had only told me what they were." With these words, Maggie went skipping off to rejoin the rest of the "Juniors," who were very busy playing blind-man's buff.

Just then, Mary saw Ellen enter the yard. "Now," said our little heroine, "I'll tell Ellen all about my orange, and do what she thinks best."

In the next AVE MARIA we'll tell our little readers what Ellen said, and what was finally determined on the subject of this fine big orange.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCT. 27, 1866.

No. 43.

FEAST OF ALL SAINTS---NOVEMBER 1ST.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love him."

Who can peruse without emotion, and an unspeakable thrill of joy, these words of the inspired writer? The beauty of the heavenly Jerusalem so far transcends the thoughts and conceptions of man, that the most gigantic and favored intellect can form to itself but a very imperfect and faint idea. We may conjure up before our imagination all the splendor, beauty and magnificence which the Almighty has bestowed on angelic nature, and on this world, from the instant it sprung into existence; all that the most lively imagination can picture to itself of wonderful, beautiful and sublime; and still would the idea of heaven be obscure and inadequate. And yet this is the abode of the Blessed. Here God manifests Himself as He is, to His angels and saints. Verily, it has not been given to man to conceive what God has prepared for His elect after the general resurrection. We look with rapture on the beauties of nature; landscapes teeming with life and energy; the variety of trees, plants, verdure and flowers; we admire the paintings of great artists, and the breathing statues on which genius and skill have displayed all their resources: we stand in awe in the presence of the great monuments of antiquity and the stupendous architectural fabrics of modern times, and from all these various sources of admiration the soul is raised to God and proclaims His bounty and munificence. Yet all these are but mere shadows of that splendor with which the Redeemer crowns the joy of His elect. As the poor, lost reprobate shall be tormented in every sense and faculty that ministered to sin, even so shall every sense and faculty of the just possess its peculiar happiness. The eye will be blessed with the sight of the countless saints who surround the throne of God; the glorious choir of apostles, the admirable company of prophets, the noble army of martyrs and white-robed virgins. All these present themselves to his gaze, their

bodies reflecting the dazzling brilliancy which emanates from the throne of God, as burnished steel and gilded dome reflect the rays of the bright noontide sun. The eye shall also rest with rapture on the immaculate body of the Queen of Heaven. Oh! who can conceive with what gifts of loveliness and splendor the Creator has clothed that glorified body from which the second person of the adorable Trinity had taken flesh and blood?

In virtue of the Immaculate Conception, the body of our heavenly Queen has been most transcendently privileged; but by the Incarnation it has been invested with a dignity far surpassing even that of angelic nature. Yet all these glorious spectacles which have thus far burst on his vision, sink into insignificance when he contemplates the risen body of our Blessed Lord. Under the moonlit olives on the hill, whose umbrage shrouded the Saviour in His last mortal conflict, we behold a sweat of blood streaming from every pore, on Calvary His body bruised and torn, His eyes swimming in the agony of death; but now the scene is changed; the five most precious wounds are transformed into glittering gems, the brow which the crown of thorns so cruelly pressed, is encircled with a royal diadem, and the splendors of the Divinity emit their rays of dazzling brightness from every sense and faculty.

Nor will the ear be deprived of its peculiar enjoyment. The music of the heavenly choirs resounds through the whole court of heaven. The praises of the great King of Heaven and Earth are the theme of joy and exultation.

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." "Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory and honor and power, because thou hast created all things." "To Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, benediction and glory and power forever and ever."

In chanting the praises of the great King, the voice of Mary also is heard, in union with those of the celestial choir, hymning forth thanks for herself and all mankind for the unutterable blessings bestowed upon them.

All these pleasures referring to the body, however ineffable, are as nothing when compared to those of the soul. The memory of the just recalls with delight all the graces which God has so lavishly bestowed on him during his earthly probation. The happiness of being a member of the Catholic Church; the incitement to duty; the holy inspirations given as incentives to virtue; the many dangerous temptations surmounted; the blessings of being strengthened by the graces of the Sacraments, and nourished with the precious body and blood of our Lord. Memory, also, looking back on life's mortal pilgrimage, understands that trials, afflictions, and sufferings, have been the mystical ladder by which it attained its present happiness. On earth we are so surrounded with heavenly blessings, which announce to us God's goodness and love, that the graces and inspirations so unsparingly showered on us, make little impression; nay, more; we even become so familiar with heavenly things and God's dealings with men, that our familiarity not unfrequently begets a criminal tepidity and indifference. In heaven all these wonders of God's love and tenderness for man are adequately appreciated. The Blessed fully understand their extent, and in the exuberance of their joy and delights, offer incense of love and thanksgiving for themselves and all mankind. Another source of happiness to the blessed, furnished by memory, is their intuitive insight of God's Providence in dealing with man. Means which appeared to mortals most unfavorable, to attain perfection, are now understood to have been the best calculated to that end. Incidents that appeared to clash with the doctrine of an All-wise Providence, are now acknowledged to be in strict conformity with Infinite wisdom. Events that were enigmas to man, and seemed contrary to the justice and goodness of God, become perfectly clear, and speak more eloquently of God's mercy and beneficence than the most extraordinary of apparent graces. On earth the restlessness of a man of superior mind, arises principally from his thirst after knowledge. He examines, and sifts every thing in nature, hoping thereby to discover its secrets, and understand the laws by which it is regulated: he consults the records of antiquity, to learn the cause of the rise and fall of empires: he spends years of anxiety in toil and care to consider the secrets of his own being, and the laws which govern man in society. And yet when he has succeeded in this stupendous mental labor, and when material and moral natures have reluctantly transferred to him their

treasures of knowledge, he still finds his thirst unslaked, and his capacity for truth dilated and not filled by what he acquired, and there remains naught on earth to satisfy it. But when upon the soul shall burst the vision of Him of whom all that is most lovely, most sublime on earth, are faint shadows; before whom the glory of saints and angels, of Cherubim and Seraphim, and even of Mary herself, grows faint and dim: it is then, and not till then, the intellect shall be fully satisfied, shall possess absolute truth, and all other faculties their peculiar object. Oh! the inexpressible happiness of the Saints, to enjoy the presence of God! to become participants of the divine nature; to see God as He is, face to face. Here on earth there was no true happiness; that which bore the name was but a phantom: and yet by day and night; through toil and trouble, through health and sickness, they may have chased for years the empty bubble. How, then, shall they act when God, whom they know to be the Sovereign Beauty, the Sovereign Good, shall present Himself to their embrace? Faith and hope are now no more, love alone remains. God communicates Himself to the soul in all the plenitude of His being, as far as the finite creature can become participant of the Infinite.

ALL SOULS' DAY—NOVEMBER 2D.

What means this veil of gloom
 Drawn o'er the festive scene;
 The solemn records of the tomb
 Where holy mirth hath been:
 As if some messenger of death should fling
 His tale of woe athwart some nuptial gathering?
 Our homage hath been given
 With gladsome voice to them
 Who fought, and won, and wear in heaven
 CHRIST'S robe and diadem;
 Now to the suffering Church we must descend,
 Our "prisoners of hope" with succor to befriend.
 They will not strive nor cry,
 Nor make their pleadings known;
 Meekly and patiently they lie,
 Speaking with God alone;
 And this the burden of their voiceless song,
 Wafted from age to age, "How long, O Lord, how long?"
 O blessed cleansing pain!
 Who would not bear thy load,
 Where every throb expels a stain,
 And draws us nearer God?

Faith's firm assurance makes all anguish light,
With earth behind, and heaven fast opening on the
sight.

Yet souls that nearest come
To their predestin'd gain,
Pant more and more to reach their home :
Delay is keenest pain
To those that all but touch the wish'd-for shore,
Where sin, and grief that comes of sin, shall fret no
more.

And O, for charity,
And sweet remembrance' sake,
These souls, to God so very nigh,
Into your keeping take!
Speed them by sacrifice and suffrage, were
They burn to pour for you a more prevailing prayer.

They were our friends erewhile,
Co-heirs of saving grace ;
Co-partners of our daily toil,
Companions in our race ;
We took sweet counsel in the House of God,
And sought a common rest along a common road.

And, had their brethren car'd
To keep them just and pure,
Perchance their pitying God had spar'd
The pains they now endure.
What if to fault of ours those pains be due,
To ill example shown, or lack of counsel true ?

Alas! there are who weep
In fierce unending flame,
Through sin of those on earth that sleep,
Regardless of their shame ;
Or who, though they repent, too sadly know
No help of theirs can cure or sooth their victim's
woe.

Thanks to our God who gives,
In fruitful Mass or prayer,
To many a friend that dies, yet lives,
A salutary share ;
Nor stints our love, though cords of sense be
riven,
Nor bans from hope the soul that is not ripe for
heaven.

Feast of the holy Dead !
Great Jubilee of grace !
When Angel guards exulting lead
To their predestin'd place
Souls, that the Church shall loose from bonds to-
day,
In ev'ry clime that basks beneath her genial sway.

LACORDAIRE.

[CONTINUED.]

No one of the staff collected by De Lamennais wrote more vigorously, or even more violently, than Lacordaire. He seems to have taken in hand the most difficult and dangerous topics, such as the suppression of the clerical budget, the liberty of teaching and of the press, as well as the exciting subjects of Italy, Belgium, and Poland. One of his earliest contributions was that famous article in which he addressed the clergy on the violation of a church at Aubusson by the civil power, in consequence of the refusal of a priest to bury an openly impenitent sinner. It ended by advising them to abandon the churches over which the State exercised such control, as well as the stipend, which he regarded as a servile bond.

The *Avenir* did not exist long without coming into collision with the government ; and it was an article from the pen of Lacordaire that was made the occasion of a prosecution which attracted great attention. He had attacked fiercely the nomination of three Bishops, made by Louis Philippe in virtue of the power conceded by the Concordat. It appears that Lacordaire afterwards regretted the intemperance of the language in which he had assailed the intentions of the king. M. de Lamennais was prosecuted at the same time. Lacordaire, who at this time, notwithstanding his priestly character, wished to appear at the bar as advocate for them, though his right was not admitted, defended himself with great eloquence, and was successful. On another occasion he was less fortunate in the actual result of his self-defense, though there can be little doubt that he produced a great impression by his speech, and obtained a moral, though not actual victory. This was the famous trial of three of the writers in the *Avenir* for having infringed the law which made public instruction a monopoly. The Charter of 1830 had declared the principle that teaching was to be free ; but the Government took no steps to alter the existing laws, and the promise of the Charter remained a dead letter. Lacordaire, M. de Montalembert, and M. de Coux, determined to try the questions, much in the same way as O'Connell had tried that of the exclusion of Catholics from Parliament at the Clare election. They opened a school, taught by themselves. This was enough to excite the anger of the monopolists of the University. The school was closed by authority, Lacordaire and the children driven out, and a prosecution brought against the offenders. As M. de Montalembert was a peer, the cause had

to be tried before the peers. The accused defended themselves, and this was the first time that M. de Montalembert made his voice heard in the chamber which was to be the scene of some of his most brilliant oratorical triumphs. Lacordaire's speech was very grand; and the trial may be considered as the first opening of the campaign which had to be waged for twenty years by the Catholics of France against the University: but the letter of the law was against him and his friends, and they were condemned to pay a small fine.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the *Avenir* was received by a party both among the clergy and the Catholic laity of France, it was impossible that its conductors should succeed in carrying with them the whole of the Catholic body. They put forward many truths and just principles in a striking and earnest manner; but they mingled with them many exaggerations and not a few false doctrines. They were looked upon, therefore, with as much dislike and suspicion by the Bishops and the bulk of the clergy as by the authorities of the University and the ministers of Louis Philippe. Moreover, funds began to fail, partly from the great expenses of the journal, which had no very large circulation, partly from the cost of Government prosecutions and vexatious lawsuits. Accordingly, after rather more than a year's life, the *Avenir* was suspended. Here the matter might have ended; for it does not appear that any condemnation of its doctrines was thought to be absolutely necessary. M. de Lamennais' name was highly respected at Rome, and his young associates—M. de Montalembert was only twenty when he defended himself before the peers—were known as zealous and devoted children of the Church, though not perfectly well instructed as to the best manner of serving her interest. Unfortunately, they were nettled at the disapproval with which they met from many in authority, and took the imprudent step of forcing a decision as to the question at stake from the central authorities in the Church. This was the origin of their journey to Rome at the end of 1831. It was a great crisis in the life of all three, and two of them came out of it victoriously. Rome was not pleased at being forced to decide where it had hitherto remained silent. At first the Pope would not receive them: they were told to draw up a statement as to their views and intentions. Lacordaire was employed for this. After two months Cardinal Pacca wrote to M. de Lamennais, that the Pope, while he did justice to

the service he had rendered to the Church and to his good intentions, was not pleased to see difficult controversies opened and dangerous opinions expressed: that he would have the doctrines of the *Avenir* examined; and that as the examination would take time, they might return to France. After this Gregory XVI received them with the greatest kindness, without saying a word about the affairs which had brought them to Rome.

Lacordaire, who was now for the first time in his life enjoying that great privilege to every Catholic,—greater still to every priest,—a sojourn of many weeks in Rome, had caught from the air of the Holy City, if he had not brought it with him from France, the true Catholic instinct of child-like obedience and loving submission to the slightest intimation of the mind of the successor of St. Peter. He saw at once that their doctrines were not approved of, and that it would be undutiful either to insist on a more formal declaration if it was thought desirable to abstain from giving one, or to think of reviving the policy and doctrines of the *Avenir*. He imbibed a true love and veneration for Rome; and we shall find him returning thither again and again, and making it the starting-place of his great scheme for the restoration of the Dominican Order in France. No doubt Rome is a place where questions may sometimes take a long time to answer, even questions of that rare sort which are not best dealt with by delay. Perhaps for men in Lacordaire's position the very best thing that could be recommended would often be to go to Rome and to have to wait there for an answer; and, meanwhile, to drink in the spirit of the place by visiting the shrines of the saints, and meditating amid the thousand monuments of the past. M. de Lamennais, on the other hand, the elder and more experienced priest, the man whose fame was already European, and who was at one time thought to have been destined for the Cardinalate, was unable to see the simple wisdom and the plain duty of leaving the Holy See to discharge its own functions in its own way, and of accepting heartily even the decision most adverse to his own wishes. The little camp of the *Avenir* was divided; Lacordaire, on the one hand, arguing for simple submission; M. de Lamennais, on the other hand, fuming, threatening, dreaming even then of giving the world the pitiable spectacle of a great Catholic writer calling for a decision of the Holy See, and at the same time resisting it when given. "Lacordaire," says M. de Montalembert, "put before him resolutely the dilemma—either we should

never have come here, or now that we have come, we should submit and be silent." The Abbé de Lamennais refused to accept it; he answered that he would hasten on and claim an immediate decision, and he would wait for it at Rome: "*après quoi, j'aviserais.*" M. de Montalembert, as it would seem, was kept by a kind of chivalrous devotion to his leader from separating himself from him; but Lacordaire determined to take a decided part at once, and he left Rome soon after the intimation given to the party by Cardinal Pacca. Returning to Paris, he came upon the cholera, then for the first time raging with great violence in that city, and for some weeks devoted himself to the service of the sick and dying. In the summer, after having heard of M. de Lamennais's declaration that he should return to France, unless a decision was at once given, and resume the publication of the *Avenir*, Lacordaire determined to retire still more completely from the scene, and traveled into Germany.

Chance took him to Munich, and Montalembert and De Lamennais were there at the time. M. de Montalembert saw his name in the list of arrivals, immediately sought him out, and brought him to De Lamennais. The latter received him with evident resentment. They argued together for two hours, Lacordaire endeavoring to convince his friend of the folly of the step which he was contemplating. At the end of the conversation, De Lamennais acknowledged the truth and force of his arguments. "The next day," says Lacordaire, "the authors and most distinguished artists of Munich gave us a banquet at the gates of the city. Toward the end of the dinner, M. de Lamennais was called out for a moment, and a messenger from the Nuncio gave him a paper with the seal of the *nunciatura*. He cast a glance at it, and saw it contained an Encyclical Letter of Pope Gregory XVI, dated Aug. 15, 1832. He glanced at it, and soon saw that it dealt with the doctrines of the *Avenir* in an unfavorable sense. He immediately made up his mind, and without examining what was the precise import of the Papal letter, he said to us in a low voice as we went out, 'I have just received an Encyclical of the Pope against us; we must not hesitate to submit ourselves to it.' When he reached his room, he immediately drew up in a few short but preciselines a declaration of obedience, with which the Pope was satisfied." They were thus able all to sign the same unreserved act of adhesion to the decree. This union did not last long. They returned to France, and remained for a short time at Paris.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONTH OF MARY IN A CONVENT SCHOOL.

Long since I promised to give you an idea of the manner in which the sweet Month of May is spent in our dear Convent School; but various obstacles have, until now, prevented me from complying with your request and my promise.

May, beautiful May, has long since passed, and if the acts of piety and virtue that blessed each day have also passed, they have passed, I trust, to be recorded in heaven, where they are so many sparkling gems in the diadem of her, to whom the united Catholic world devotes the every day, hour and moment of an entire month, the sweet Month of May. Before attempting to describe the devotions that sanctify this month, let me introduce you to one of the principal scenes of these devotions, the oratory dedicated to our Blessed Lady, under the title of *Mater Admirabilis*; and here, I believe, we fulfil the intention of our Holy Father, the Pope, in procuring honor to our glorious Queen and Advocate, in that portion of her life, in the Temple, which, in some manner, corresponds with the tender years and daily actions of the filial band over which she presides.

This little sanctuary of Mary stands at the extreme end of the garden, and viewed in the distance, presents the appearance of a beautiful miniature chapel, inclosing within its hallowed walls a life-sized statue of our Blessed Mother, standing on a high pedestal, ascended by several steps. During the month dedicated to our heavenly Queen, this oratory is a perfect flower-bed, and the pedestal, with its grades, is so literally covered with bouquets, vines, and vases of flowers, that, advancing toward this little shrine of Mary, you perceive her statue so really imbedded in nature's most varied and most beautiful garb, that she seems, in reality, rising or ascending from a bed of flowers. From the ceiling of the oratory is suspended an ornamental basket, filled with choice flowers, and is the first object to be seen in the distance. No; I mistake; the little lamp, which is so silently consumed in its honored and enviable position, at the feet of our Blessed Mother, first attracts the eye, particularly at twilight, and seems to vie with the setting sun, to cast around a holy charm, and to prevent, by its clear, bright ray, the shrine of our Mother, decorated by nature's sweets, being lost in the gloom of dusk, or the shades of night. Let the night be dark and dreary, or let the silvery moon, in all its purity, smile on the shrine of *Mater Admirabilis*, still is this little lamp attractive and beautiful, steadily

glowing amid the long hours of night, to which the almost deathlike silence lends a charm of sanctity. And when, at morning's dawn, the glorious king of day enlivens all nature, and greets the still more glorious Queen of Heaven and Earth, still burns that little lamp, which, through the dark hours of night, has illumined Mary's shrine; still does it quietly glow, and its humility timidly greets the orb of day, and invites it, with its resplendent rays, to enlighten the grotto of her, at whose feet it loves to see itself consumed. Oh how happy would we be could our entire life be consumed in honoring her who is honored not only by heaven and earth, but also by the God and Creator of heaven and earth. The Catholic portion of the Academy, which is by far the more numerous, is divided into four Sodalities—that of the Children of Mary, the Sodality of the Holy Angels, of Saint Aloysius, and of the Holy Infant Jesus, each having its respective rules, devotions, and times of assembly. The devotions of the Month of May open on the last day of April, which is indeed a busy and festive day, spent in preparation for the coming prolonged festival of thirty-one days.

These preparations being finished, we invite you to our study hall, about sunset of the eve of May. There are the pupils assembled, to form the procession, which proceeds to the garden, thence to the oratory of *Mater Admirabilis*, and, lastly, to the shrine of our Blessed Mother, erected within the sanctuary of our beautiful little chapel, under the title of *Mater Misericordie*. First in order is the Sodality of the Children of Mary, headed by the banner, bearing the inscription, "Children of Mary;" next follows the Sodality of the Holy Angels, then those of Saint Aloysius, and the Holy Infant Jesus, with their banners, bearing the respective inscriptions: *Regina Angelorum, ora pro nobis*; *Sancte Aloysi, ora pro nobis*, and, finally, the name above all names, the name of salvation—*Jesus*. The band of singers occupies the middle ranks, and usually chants, on this day, one of the Borghese Litanies of our Blessed Lady. The white dresses of the pupils, and the flowing white veils, form a beautiful contrast with the lovely green circles of the garden, as the procession divides three several times, to wind around these circles, meeting again in the straight paths, and interrupted by another, and yet another circle, according to the plan in which the garden is laid out. The crown-bearers, selected from among the smallest of the pupils, head the procession, bearing in a silver basket, suspended by a snow-white ribbon, the crown destined to deck the brow of

their dear *Mater Admirabilis*, while the one chosen to crown our Mother, immediately follows the happy little bearers of the floral wreath. On arriving at the oratory the Litany ceases, all kneel upon the lawn, while a fervent act of consecration is made to our Immaculate Mother by one of the Sodalists of Mary. Rising from their kneeling posture, another Sodalist pronounces an address, in verse, prepared for the occasion; and this concluded, the one chosen to crown our Queen of May ascends, as best she can, the steps of the pedestal, amid the rows of lights and flowers, and places the floral crown on the chaste brow of the Queen of Heaven and Earth, Mary, the chosen above all for Queen of the loveliest month—the Month of May.

The descent of the crowner from the flower-enameled pedestal, is the signal for the return of the procession, while the youthful chantresses resume their favorite song of Mary's praise—the Litany of Loretto. Winding again through the straight and circular paths of the garden, the procession finally attains our lovely chapel, whose altar is richly decorated for the occasion, and whose almost numberless lights announce a high and holy act is about to take place, and heighten the glory and solemnity of this day, so glorious to Mary; that He, who for nine months concealed Himself in the Virgin's womb; He who, dwelling thirty-three years on earth, loved to call Mary His Mother, He who dwells in all majesty and glory in the highest heavens, and at the same time abides in silence and humility in the Holy Tabernacle, that He is soon to emerge from His hidden and chosen abode, and honor, by His presence and benediction, this day, so earnestly devoted to the honor of His most Blessed Mother. There, too, within the sanctuary, is the lofty marble pedestal, honored in bearing the statue of Mary, dedicated to her, as we have said, under the title of "Mother of Mercy," while the inscription, *Monstra te esse Matrem*, seems, on this occasion, to assume an unusually imploring tone, and to elicit from our Mother her affirmative reply, while in her sweet, gentle voice, she seems to whisper to each one present: *Yes, I will show myself a Mother, and do you prove yourself my child*. This shrine of Mary is also handsomely decorated with lights and flowers; the crescent at her feet, and the crown suspended over her head, are beautifully formed of double rows of brilliant stars, by means of gas, conveyed through concealed pipes to these ornaments. The advancing hour of the dusk of evening, lends a charm to all this brilliancy and

beauty. As the procession enters the chapel, the sweet Litany of Loretto yields to the solemn peal of the organ, intoning a hymn of love and praise to Mary; and this, in turn, gives place to the deep and touching chords of the harp, and the gentle notes of the guitar, both of which are placed in front of the sanctuary, immediately before our Mother's shrine.

The act of consecration is again repeated, and the deep silence that reigns around, as every knee is humbly bent, is broken only to respond, with fervent heart and voice, the holy and solemn *Amen* to the act that devotes each heart's best love to Mary. Now the minister of God, arrayed in sacerdotal robes, comes before the holy altar, and with heavenly-inspired words, pronounces Mary's eulogium, and encourages his youthful audience in devotion to our Blessed Mother, instructing them in the manner of spending the Month of May in order to render it well-pleasing in the sight of God, acceptable to their heavenly Queen, and profitable to their own souls.

At the conclusion of this animating and fervent discourse, the chapel again resounds with the solemn peal of the organ, and the united voices of the choral band, in Mary's inspired words: *Magnificat anima mea Dominum*. This is indeed an impressive part of the ceremony, and the most devout and unbelieving (for the entire school is present) seem inspired with faith and devotion, and pay *practical* reverence to the prophetic words: *Ecce enim, ex hoc, beatam me dicent, omnes generationes*. A lighted lamp, emblematic of the devotions of the month, is now placed at the feet of our "Mother of Mercy;" Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closes the devotions. Again the procession forms and all retire.

But think you any one is wearied by these lengthy ceremonies, and seeks to rest or relieve herself by sportive diversion, or distracting conversation? Come again to our garden, and view in the distance the holy shrine of *Mater Admirabilis*. There you will see a gentle child, kneeling at Mary's feet, breathing, with heartfelt fervor, her silent act of consecration to her Blessed Mother; there you will see groups of three and four uniting in prayer for the loved ones at home, for the conversion of an unfaithful, or an unbelieving father, for the return of an erring brother, for the restoration of the health of a devoted mother; there, too, kneels the undecided and wavering girl, praying, through Mary's intercession, for light to know the truth, and strength and grace to embrace it, when once known. Others are

twining fresh wreaths, forming new bouquets to take their place at Mary's shrine, that their fragrance and beauty may breathe a silent prayer for them until the morrow's dawn; yes, all are busy in Mary's honor, until the unwelcome sound of the bell, guided by a kind and protecting hand, summons all to repair within, for now twilight is indeed dim and dusky, and has almost given place to the dark and humid shades of night. After a short recreation, in which the events of the day form the chief subject of conversation, the bell summons the members of the various Sodalities to their respective rooms of assembly; there a kind Sister is awaiting her little band, to converse with them on the subject which now claims their fervent attention, instructs them in the manner of proving their love for Mary, practically,—not in words alone, but "in deed and in truth;" sometimes reading a chapter relative to the devotions of the month, and, finally, presenting a number of billets, on which are inscribed acts of piety and virtue, for the following day. Each one approaches to draw, and receives her little billet, as coming from the heart and hand of her Mother in heaven, who asks of each of her children this proof of love and devotedness the coming day.

This meeting of the various Sodalities is held every evening during the Month of May, and is of great spiritual advantage to the Catholic pupils, and edification to the Protestants, by the fulfillment of the practices of virtue assigned for the day; for often many struggles between "nature and grace" are required in order to be faithful to these little practices. The first leisure moment of each morning finds the little lambs of Mary's fold clustered around their dear Shepherdess to render her some kindly office, or give some proof of devoted love. After this, the regular routine of scholastic duty permits but few demonstrations of this kind; purity of intention in the actions of the day, and the faithful practice of the virtue drawn the preceding evening, must supply for all.

It is now seven o'clock in the evening, and the chime of the neighboring church bells, dedicated to Mary Immaculate, announces the devotions of May for the Catholics of our little city; and this is the signal for the close of evening studies, and for the daily procession in Mary's honor. This procession is of the same character as that on the eve of May, but not quite as imposing, *that* being reserved for particular occasions. The banner of the Sodality of the Children of Mary is the only one that now appears; a hymn, varying each day, is sung as the youthful train winds through the

garden to the oratory of *Mater Admirabilis*, and thence to the shrine of *Mater Miserecordie*, in the chapel, where the devotions terminate with the usual act of consecration. The recreation of the evening is spent in forming wreaths and bouquets for the oratory, and while each one is at liberty to place at Mary's feet her *own* bouquet, the Sodality of the Children of Mary claim the privilege of crowning her, and replacing the crown of the previous day by the fresh and newly-twined wreath of each succeeding day. It may happen that the honored crown has been carefully and filially woven by one not yet among the lambs of the true fold of Christ; but may not this little tribute of respect and love plead powerfully for her, and obtain, in after years, if not sooner, the greatest of all graces,—that of embracing the true faith? for our Divine Lord never allows to pass, unrewarded, any act, however little, that is done to honor His Blessed Mother.

I must now invite you to visit the oratories in the dormitories, library, and various class-rooms, which latter, however, are erected solely for the devotions of this beautiful month. All inspire piety and love of Mary, and there many a holy resolution is formed, and many a fervent prayer thence ascends to the throne of her to whose honor they are dedicated.

On the 10th, 20th, and 31st of the month the different Sodalities in town have their *celebration*, as it is called. The Sodalities of the Holy Infant Jesus, and of Saint Aloysius, unite on the 10th of the month for theirs; the 20th is that of the Holy Angel's, and the 31st, the closing day, that of the Children of Mary. These celebrations are very nearly the same as the devotions of the opening of May, with the exception that on the 10th and 30th the Children of Mary yield every honor to their sister Sodalities, even the coronation, and the act of consecration, and modestly retire to the last place, to be participators in the prayers and devotions. But on the last day of the month all the honors are yielded to *them*, while *they*, in their generosity and union with all who love to call Mary their Mother, share these honors and privileges with their companions, and this day may indeed be styled the universal festivity of the Children of Mary. The ceremonies of the closing of the month differ from the first, in the act of consecration, wherein the promise is made to devote to Mary's love and praise, not a month alone, but every moment of time and eternity. Then follow the "Farewell to the Month of May," and other filial addresses to our Mother, in verse, prepared for the occasion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EPISCOPAL VISITATION.

LA SAINTE ESPERANCE, Sept. 25.

During the last few days the various congregations in Hardin County, Ky., were rejoiced by the visitation of the Bishop of Louisville, who remained some three days with each, preaching to his people, instructing them in the way of salvation, encouraging them in the performance of their various duties, and administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. He was attended in this visitation by the Very Rev. A. De Gauguier, Director of the Institution of Bethlehem, and Rev. C. Coomes. The first visit was made to the congregations of Saint Martin's, where were confirmed sixty-five persons. From this place they returned to the flourishing Academy of Bethlehem, situate a short distance from Elizabethtown, and conducted by the Sisters, of Loretto, or *Friends of Mary at the Foot, of the Cross*. This is a young Order in the Church, and its members are doing immense good to religion wherever they are established. May we not, then, predict for them a glorious future?—and when heaven opens to them its ever blessed portals, they shall be crowned with garlands woven by themselves while on earth, from their own good works.

As you approach the Institution, and behold its beautiful serpentine walks, its gently undulating grounds carpeted in green and enameled with flowers, its moss-covered mounds, its dense foliage of maple and forest trees, its towering pines, lofty cedars, and various other ever-greens, it is like coming upon a beautiful oasis in the midst of barren wastes and dreary deserts. The halls of this Academy are yearly filled with the fair daughters of Kentucky, and of some of the Southern States; and although their school had been but recently organized, yet the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to some twelve of its inmates. May the Holy Spirit long make His dwelling in their hearts, and guide them by His holy inspirations in the path of virtue.

Some of the Sisters and a number of the young ladies accompanied the Bishop to Saint John's Church, at a short distance from the Academy, where all were greatly edified at the piety, order, neatness, etc., displayed by this rural congregation. His Lordship preached with his usual happy effect and zeal, to an attentive audience, and confirmed some fifty of the young, and several converts.

After Mass, all went to the grave yard, where public prayers were offered for the repose of those

members of the congregation who were sleeping their last sleep under the shadow of that cross where they themselves often came to pray. It was a moving, solemn sight, that same procession through the city of the dead, and all seemed to be deeply impressed by the *Libera*, the *De Profundis*, and the last *Requiem in eternam*, which filled the air, and floated off on the morning breeze beneath the beautiful blue vault of heaven, and mingled with the strains of the woodland songsters, which filled the place with their notes of praise to the Almighty.

After this, the churches of Saint Patrick and Saint Ignatius were visited, and Confirmation was administered to many of the children and adults.

Last, but not the least, the congregation of Saint James, in Elizabethtown, was rejoiced by the presence of its Bishop, who delivered lectures there for several consecutive days, upon doctrinal subjects, not alone to the Catholics, but to many of our separated brethren who came to hear the truth.

The visitation closed there on the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, when many approached the Holy Table and some thirty received the Sacrament of Confirmation. In all, about two hundred were confirmed during this short visitation, which will be long remembered by the congregations of Hardin County.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

An Incident in the Life of St. Vincent of Paul.

The sentence of the law was pronounced. Neither the eloquent pleading of the advocate, nor the frank avowal of the accused, which greatly mitigated the crime in the opinion of all who heard him, nor his marks of true contrition, could touch the inflexible justice of the judges. Michael Frayno was doomed to pass fifteen years in the galleys.

Michael was not one of those criminals whose appearance indicates a wicked heart; on the contrary, every thing in his person was calculated to inspire confidence and good-will, and although but a simple mechanic, yet his clear open face proclaimed the intelligence and activity of his mind, and although sorrow had dulled the fire and animation of his eyes, it had not destroyed the native goodness of his soul, which shone through them; and in all that crowded court-room a more prepossessing person could not be found than the one now branded as the *Galley Slave*.

Behind the bench upon which he was seated,

stood two females; with intense agony depicted on every feature, they had intently followed every step of the trial. Every time that an expression of agony blanched the face of Frayno, he turned toward them, seeking, as it were, for strength in their love. One was advanced in years, and from her resemblance to the accused, and the tenderness with which she regarded him, it was evident that she was his mother. The other seemed scarcely thirty years: her face was pale as marble, and this pallor served but the more distinctly to reveal its rustic beauty; the cap of the Norman peasant, which covered her head, could not conceal the luxuriant hair, which, escaping from its folds, fell in rich curls around her neck; her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and heavy lines of grief had made deep furrows around her tightly compressed lips.

No one could look at her without feeling the deepest emotion of compassion. Even the judges turned aside their eyes, long used to scenes of suffering, for fear that this touching spectacle of of woe would excite their souls to compassion, and soften the rigor of their duty. Her sorrow was indeed touching in the extreme, because she was the wife of the accused, and she loved her husband,—touching above all as she stood there surrounded by her three children—the oldest not four, and the youngest, the babe, which she clasped in her arms.

As the judge pronounced aloud the sentence of the law, Michael bowed his head and burst into tears, the young mother clasped her babe convulsively in her arms, and sinking fainting upon the rough bench, lost, for the time, at least, the knowledge of all their miseries in her unconsciousness, while, in tones of sharp anguish, the voice of Michael's mother was heard above that of the judge:

"Fifteen years! ah how short a time does it take for such words to pass from your lips. But what will my poor boy do during the long agony of fifteen years! And who will support us? Who will give food to his famishing children? What have we done that we should all be condemned to perish from hunger and misery? What crime have these three children committed, that you leave them to starve, while you drag their poor father to prison?"

It was in vain that she was told that the law had used all possible indulgence in the case of her son.

"The law," she exclaimed, "and what is your law, and who made it? Cruel tyrants, who had neither parents nor children!"

Poor Michael! his heart seemed withered; all joy was forever banished, and in despair he followed his jailor, exclaiming in heart-rending accents: "Oh Lord, my God, I know that I am guilty; but, for the sake of my poor family, wilt Thou not grant me pardon?"

His afflicted family followed him to the prison gates, and by their touching importunities gained admission to his cell.

"We can only weep with him," said Loysa, but our tears will at least give him courage, and, perhaps, he will be able to console us."

They found the prisoner lying on the floor of his cell, a prey to the most horrible anguish and despair; his clothes were in pieces, and his hair and beard covered with dirt. His mother threw her arms around his neck and wept aloud, while Loysa stood by in speechless sorrow. The children, awe-struck with the obscurity of the place, remained silent and fearful, but God has placed in the thoughtless simplicity of children, unforeseen consolations. Jules, the eldest, found a morsel of dry bread in the corner, and, as he had eaten nothing since the preceding evening, he joyfully picked it up and ran with it in triumph to his mother.

"Do not touch it, my child, it is all your poor father has to eat."

"Let him keep it," said the criminal. "I am not hungry; and, besides, I have no need for food."

"O Michael, my husband, do not grow discouraged! We are miserable, it is true, but if you lose hope, what will remain for us?"

"It is not for myself that I grieve. I am guilty, and it is but right that I should suffer, but for you. It would have been a thousand times better for me to have thrown myself from the roof of our house, as I thought of doing."

"Michael, Michael, speak not such wild words! And after all, fifteen years will soon pass away."

"Ah, if I could only have died before I was condemned, they would have had compassion on you, and perhaps some charitable folks might have helped you to raise the children, but who will now assist the mother and wife of the galley slave?"

"Be not uneasy about us," replied his mother. "Loysa and I will work for the children. I am old, it is true, but I am strong; and as long as I can work—"

"In a year or two," interrupted Loysa, "Jules will be able to do something; and then is not our good God in heaven, and the Blessed Virgin?" Ah, surely they will not let us perish!"

"We were so happy together in our little cot-

tage. By what fatality did I bring you into this dreadful state? Oh what misery have I brought upon you all! Loysa, can you ever forgive me?"

"What you did was for love of me, my poor Michael. Do not, then, I beseech you, let such wild thoughts pass through your mind."

"Alas, at the moment when I wreaked my vengeance, I thought of you. I had a glimpse of the misery I was preparing for you, but passion does not take time for reflection."

"Think not upon the past, dear Michael. I know your excitable nature, and there are circumstances in which you are not master of yourself, but you have always been good for us."

"Yet it would have been far better for you, poor Loysa, not to have married me. I was destined to be miserable, and any one else would have made you happy. Yet Loysa, do not forget not forget me when I am in Marseilles, bound to the galley, for fifteen long years. Oh, Loysa, in my misfortune do not condemn me. If I ever have it in my power, I'll surely send something to you and the children."

"Be not uneasy about us, dear Michael, but keep up your own courage, and rest assured that your memory will never leave our hearts."

"And you, poor mother, you at least I shall never see again."

"Please God and you will, my son; they may put you in irons, but they won't chain me, nor put big balls around my feet to keep me from walking. And when I can't stand it any longer without seeing you, you may be sure that I'll start off for Marseilles."

CHAPTER II.

The day appointed for the departure of the galley slaves arrived. The evening before, Michael bade a tender farewell to his weeping family, a farewell that seemed the last on earth; he walked with his head bowed down, under the shame of his crime, and seeking to hide his face from the crowd that pressed with eager curiosity around them. After they had left the suburbs of the city, and the idle crowd had dispersed, Michael thought he caught a glimpse of two women following them. He cast a furtive glance at them, while two big tears rolled down his cheeks and fell upon his manacled arms. They were his wife and mother. Loysa carried their youngest child in her arms; the second was asleep upon her back, sustained by a handkerchief tied around her shoulders, while poor little Jules, holding fast his grandmother's hand, manfully kept pace with

his mother. The child soon recognized his father in the midst of the gang, and joyfully cried with a loud voice: "Father, dear father, here we are, mother and the baby and all of us." Poor Michael turned around and tried to smile in the midst of his tears.

At the first halting place, the little group seated themselves on the green-sward, and Michael threw them a piece of his bread, but the overseer of the gang would not let them come near enough to him. All day long they followed in the footsteps of the condemned, and at nightfall sought shelter in a house adjoining the inn where the galley slaves slept. Their pitiful tale touched the hearts of the charitable people, and they kindly gave them beds and refreshment. The women slept but little; at daybreak they again set out, in order to be in advance of the gang and to have an opportunity of seeing Michael as he passed.

"Loysa," said the latter, "do not come any further; you will make yourself sick, and perhaps die; what then will the children do? Go back, in God's name, to Souberos."

"No," she replied, "I'll follow you as long as I am able. Alas we have but too many years to remain apart!"

And so the little group continued patiently to follow the sad cavalcade, during five long, weary days. Even the most hardened of the criminals could not but admire such devotedness, and they all vied in sharing their rations with the heroic family. The overseers themselves relaxed their severity, and Michael was permitted to receive the kisses of his children, and to converse with his wife and mother.

At length they reached Marseilles and were obliged to separate. Poor Frayno with sobs and tears embraced these beings so dear to him, who innocently bore the sorrowful weight of his crime. Loysa checked her tears, while she spoke most cheering words of courage and comfort.

"Keep ever alive, dear Michael, your confidence in God and the Blessed Virgin, and we shall invoke them every day, and who knows but we may yet obtain your pardon! At least, prayer will lighten the heavy weight of your chains."

"I do not weep for myself," said Frayno; "I am guilty, and it is but right that I should suffer. But I weep for you, Loysa, and for my mother; I weep for these poor children; what will become of them!"

"They will see hard days, it is true, but our Blessed Mother in heaven will watch over their innocence, and have compassion on their weak-

ness. As long as our good God preserves our strength, they shall not be in want for any thing."

"Oh, Loysa, what a life for you! and were it not for me, what a happy future was before us!"

"I should not be unhappy, Michael, if you should only cheer up, and have more confidence in God, and in the powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin."

"Ah, yes, I had forgotten God, and He has indeed justly punished me. I shall ask His forgiveness, and in cheerfully submitting to my punishment, perhaps He may pardon me."

The heroism of his good wife inspired Michael with new life, and he seemed quite resigned, at the moment he reached the door of the building which served for the dwelling of the galley slaves. He wiped his eyes, bade a last farewell to all his family, and entered into this horrible prison, there to remain during the long space of fifteen years. Then it was that the brave heart of poor Loysa failed her for the first time. She seated herself upon the ground, and bowing her head upon her knees, wept long and bitterly.

"Cheer up, my child," said the poor old mother, "we cannot pass the night here in the open air; see, the children are crying with hunger, and we must seek some place to shelter them from the night winds."

"Oh, leave me here to die," exclaimed the poor woman.

"And so you would leave an old woman like me to provide for the three children, and I so old that I can scarcely drag myself along! and so they will have to go a begging; a nice trade that will be for little Jules and the baby! Come along, then, Loysa; you are still young, your husband is not yet dead, and we will all come to see him at Easter."

So taking the babe in one hand, and leading Loysa by the other, the galley slave's old mother sought, in the poorest portion of the great city, a night's rest for the afflicted family.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THOMAS à Kempis has one very true saying: *Often the fire burns, but its flame does not rise without smoke.* This is certain; there does not arise in us a single good thought, or good intention, which is not soon mingled with a little smoke, a little human weakness. But the good God blows upon it and it all goes away.

[*Letters of Eugénie de Guérin.*]

A N N A L S
OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

REMARKABLE CURE.

B—, June 8, 1866.

REV. FATHER: The young father of a family, whom you recommended to the prayers of the Associates on the 8th of May, has been restored to perfect health, to the great joy and astonishment of all who knew of his critical state.

During four months he had been confined to his bed, and he was considered by all to be in the last stage of consumption. Our three most celebrated doctors had given up the case as hopeless, and in truth every thing indicated the approach of his last hour. For two days we considered him to be in his dying agony: he could not speak, and with difficulty could he be made to understand any thing. On the eve of the proposed novena, his confessor came to administer the last Sacraments. We informed him of the devotions we were about commencing, and begged him to join in them. He consented, but added: "I have scarce any hope of his recovery." Yet hope did not leave my heart. Turning to the sick man, I told him of the proposed novena. Inspired with the most lively confidence, he pressed his dying lips to the medal, while his heart repeated again and again "*Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, come to my aid.*" The faith of this good man and the prayers of the Association were fully rewarded, and Our Lady of the Sacred Heart obtained his cure. After the two first days of the novena he grew rapidly better, and now he is in perfect health.

Two other persons of my acquaintance have received similar favors, in return for their prayers to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. I give you the facts, in all their simplicity:

A bright little girl, four years old, was dangerously ill; her mother recommended her to the prayers of the Association, and during three days taught the poor little sick one to invoke Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; at the end of that time she was entirely cured. The child, on finding herself so speedily freed from her great sufferings, said to her mother: "Oh, mamma, isn't it a good thing to say the prayer, *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for me!*"

The other circumstance is no less worthy of admiration: A poor woman had, for some time, lost the entire use of one of her arms. On the Festival of our powerful Protectress I gave her a

medal of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, which she immediately placed upon her arm, feeling every confidence in its efficacy. The next day she came to thank me, and tell me of her happiness: *she was indeed entirely cured, and had the full use of her arm.*

These three events, so glorious for our good Mother and so consoling for us, I hasten to communicate to you, my Rev. Father. May all praise be given to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. I beseech you to thank her, in the name of the three persons I have mentioned, and for me in particular.

A. L.

A TOUCHING DEATH.

We have heard the remark more than once—"Why, as a general thing, are all the wonderful facts relating to the power of the Blessed Virgin's intercession, drawn from other countries?—why do we not see and hear of some of these extraordinary events in our own land?" The answer is very simple: as yet we do not, as a people, love and honor the Blessed Virgin as she is loved and honored in other lands, therefore we do not have as many striking instances of her powerful intercession. Yet, there are in our midst thousands and thousands, who truly see in the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God and their Mother also, and who as firmly believe in her power and desire to assist us in our many wants, as do the most favored of her children in more Catholic countries; and they believe, with a confidence founded upon personal experience, that it is only necessary to offer themselves as recipients for her favors, and straightway Mary will show, through their weakness, her will and might to hear and help.

As an answer to those, even among Catholics, who do not yet understand the active power of their heavenly advocate, we invite the many fervent children of Mary to speak of some of the favors they themselves have received from their all-powerful Mother. In waiting their reply, we shall relate one of the innumerable to which we ourselves can testify.

In the town of L—, one of the many Religious Orders, devoted to God under the auspices of His Blessed Mother, have a very flourishing school. Last spring, strangers took possession of the house opposite the residence of the Sisters. They had not long been there, when the directress of the school, Sister C—, noticed a funeral passing from the house. Her first thought was—"Why did I not know there was a person dying so near

us? Alas, it may have been one who needed Baptism, and there was no one near to give it!" And while her tender and zealous conscience was reproaching her for negligence in this matter where there was question of a soul to be saved, a lady called, to whom she mentioned the circumstance.

"O Sister," she answered, "be at ease on that score; for neither you nor any other Catholic would have been permitted to enter that door. The man who lives opposite is a confirmed infidel, and he insults every form of religion. The funeral you saw was that of his little daughter, who had been sick a long time. The Methodist and Presbyterian preachers both visited the house, but he would not hear to their seeing his sick child. Now the man himself has been sick for the last two weeks, and the doctors say he is in a dangerous state. If his wife or his most intimate friends speak to him on the subject of religion, he becomes furious with hate and rage. So you see it would have been useless for you to have called."

But not so thought the good Sister. In proportion as she heard how desperate was the case, so did she feel assured that through the intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart these souls should belong to God; and still grieving for the loss of the little child, now lying in the newly-made grave, she determined that the father's soul, at least, *must be saved* through Mary's intercession. Recommending this desperate case to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Sister C—— crossed over the street and rang the door-bell. The bereaved mother seemed pleased with the visit, and begged her to call the next day. Need we say that the invitation was accepted?

Very soon, by the unction and sweetness of her words, the good Sister gained the heart of the wife; and when she asked to see the sick man, she was not refused, although the wife seemed greatly to fear that he would insult her by his rude, violent language. On the contrary, he appeared glad to see her; and, as he was very low, the Sister lost no time before speaking to him of the salvation of his soul. To the great surprise of his wife, he listened with the docility of a child, and permitted the Sister to put the medal around his neck, which he reverently kissed as she explained its meaning. He urged her to come and see him frequently, and we may be sure that the Sister's visits were long and frequent, and that her prayers to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart were most fervent. The result was that this hardened sinner, who had reviled all religions, died with all the sentiments of a true Catholic, having fervently and

devoutly received the last Sacraments of the Church.

Does not this touching incident, which is one out of many we can recall, show us the power of Mary?—for it was Mary, under her beautiful title of sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart, that Sister C. invoked, and it was her entire confidence in Mary's powerful intercession that inspired her to attempt the conversion of this wandering, erring soul!

May we not, then, pause seriously, and ask ourselves if we have not all the same beautiful mission to perform, at least by our fervent prayers? Are we not called to offer frequent and fervent invocations to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, for those who love not God? And if our isolated voice cannot penetrate the secret treasures of those powerful graces, which alone can triumph over the granite hearts of hardened sinners, let us unite with the beautiful Confraternity of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; and with many voices, blended into one grand chorus of supplication, of faith and love, confidently invoke her to aid all sinners. For the sinful and erring, let us offer one most fervent *Ave Maria*. Let the child cry to his Mother for his brother, who is perishing! Souls are to be saved, and what are all the treasures of earth compared to one immortal soul?

Then, as the first sound of the *Ave Maria* from the lips of the celestial delegate of the Blessed Trinity, was the signal that the Saviour of mankind was come upon earth; so by the *Ave Maria* let us gain the salvation of the most criminal souls, who daily outrage the God who has prepared for them eternal kingdoms in the fair realms of eternity.

TO MY MOTHER.

With the grey dawn's faintest break,
Mother, faithfully I wake,
Whispering softly for thy sake,
Requiescat in pace!

When the sun's broad disk at height
Floods the busy world with light,
Breathes my soul, with sighs contrite,
Requiescat in pace!

When the twilight shadows lone
Wrap the home once, once thine own,
Sobs my heart with broken moan,
Requiescat in pace!

Night, so solemn, grand and still,
Trances forest, meadow, rill;
Hush, fond heart, adore His will;
Requiescat in pace!

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

THE EVACUATION OF ROME.—A letter from Rome this week states that the agreement between the King of Italy and the Emperor of the French, for the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, is beginning to come into effect. A considerable part of the French garrison has already left Rome, and it is understood that the evacuation will be complete by the 9th of December. Meanwhile the so-called Franco-Pontifical Legion, 1,205 men strong, was to embark last Thursday at Antibes for Civita Vecchia, on board the French steamer "El Dorado." Yesterday week General d'Aurelle, the officer in command of the Ninth French Military Division, delivered the legion into the hands of the Pontifical Commissioners, General de Courten and M. Massimi, the Military Sub-Intendent. There was a somewhat imposing ceremony at Antibes, a breakfast and a review of the legion in full uniform, which, it is said, presented a most magnificent sight. The words addressed to the corps by General d'Aurelle were sufficiently significant. He reminded them that "although they were henceforth to serve under other colors, they would not cease to be French soldiers, and they would, under all circumstances, have to uphold the honor of the French name, of which they would soon be the only representatives at Rome." It is asserted that the Antibes Legion will be the only foreign force allowed for the defense of the Vatican after the 9th of December. The Legion will not for the present proceed from Civita Vecchia direct to Rome, as the General in command of the garrison objects to his French troops being brought into contact with these new Pope's soldiers. The Legion will, therefore, be sent to Viterbo, in spite of a strong remonstrance by the municipal authorities of that town, who warned the Papal Government of the danger of a collision between their people and those foreign guests. The Minister for Arms, General Kanzler, had gone to Viterbo, with a view to reconcile those citizens to the inevitable arrangement.—*London Weekly Register*.

DEATH OF VICAR-GEN'L McDONAGH, OF PERTH, C. W.—It is our mournful duty to record the death of a venerable and venerated priest, the Very Rev. J. H. McDonagh, of Perth, C. W., the news of which reached New York by telegraph on September 26th.—*N. Y. Tablet*.

CHURCH DEDICATION.—On Sunday, Sept. 23d, the church lately purchased from the Methodists by the Catholics of Bedford, Indiana, was solemnly blessed by the Rev. Charles J. Maugin, of Crawfordsville, the Pastor in charge of Bedford, and placed under the invocation of Saint Vincent of Paul.—*Cincinnati Telegraph*.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE MARY'S ORANGE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER III.—ELLEN.

I wish all the little readers of the AVE MARIA knew our Ellen. I am sure they would love her as much as Mary does. For, oh, she is so very good; most amiable, gentle and kind is she to all her companions; so polite and respectful to those who are older than herself; so exceedingly graceful and yet dignified in her deportment, and then, withal, as modest as the sweet spring violet. Every body loves and esteems our dear Ellen. No wonder, then, that in little Mary's perplexities about the disposal of her orange she had recourse to her, and Ellen listened very attentively, while Mary, with all gravity, explained the whole affair.

"And now, Ellen, what do you say about it?"

"Let me think a moment, and, first, let me see the orange. Oh, isn't it a beauty! It really makes my mouth water."

"Oh I don't wonder at that; and so, after all, Ellen, suppose I just taste it to see if it is really as good as it looks."

"Listen, Mary dear. I am sure if you taste it, you will find it so good you will eat it all up at once, and then you know you will be sick."

"Yes, I am afraid of that. You remember how sick my last plum-cake made me; but this time I'll not eat all the orange myself, but I'll give a piece to you and all the other girls."

"Well, no; that would scarcely be a good plan, because you would have to divide it into so many little morsels, that no one would be able to get more than a mere taste of it."

"Why, what shall I do with it then? Just lock it up in my box and keep it?"

"Oh no! that would not do, for it would soon get rotten, or all dried up."

"Dear me, Ellen, it is really an awful trouble to have such a big orange, isn't it?"

"Listen, Mary; I have a good idea about it! Are you very generous?"

"Well, I believe so, but I don't exactly know. What do you want me to do, Ellen?"

"Make a lottery on it, and give every girl in school a chance for winning it for five cents. There are a hundred girls in school, and that would make five dollars, and then you would

see how many good works we could do with all that money."

At these words poor little Mary's bright rosy face assumed a most woful expression, and her lip quivered as she said, very sadly: "Oh, Ellen, you are too perfect. Why—if I had known—I wouldn't ask you—I most wish I'd stayed with Maggie; she said she knew what was best to do with my orange."

"Well, my dear Mary, it is not too late yet to take Maggie's advice."

"No, it wouldn't do now; for after we would eat up all the orange I'd be sorry about the good works you talked about."

"Still, you are the owner of the orange, and can do as you please with it."

"Well, I don't wish to eat it all up, but just to take a little bite out of one side of it, to see how it tastes."

"Do so, if you wish; but in that case the lottery would be spoiled, for no one would take a chance on a bitten orange; so that would put an end to our good works."

"What a pity! Oh, my poor orange, I suppose I must give you up. I might have eaten you all by myself, and now somebody else will eat you, and I won't even know how you tasted; and one girl will get you for five cents, and I know you cost fifteen cents, for mother said so. Still I don't care for that, only I'd just like to taste it, Ellen," said little Mary, as she held up the orange to Ellen with both her dimpled hands.

"Yes, but, Mary dear, remember you are not obliged to make this sacrifice; you merely asked me my advice and I gave it to you. You are not obliged to do as I say; I merely spoke to you as I would have spoken to myself."

Gratified and flattered at being compared to Ellen, little Mary exclaimed: "Don't say any thing more, Ellen. I am determined to be generous; so take my orange. But hide it quick, so I cannot see it any more; and let us hurry and make the tickets for the lottery. But what will we do with the money?—you haven't told me that yet?"

"Well, I hardly know myself. We'll have to think about it;—for you know there are so many sorts of good works. But let us begin at the beginning. Now, the beginning is to have our five dollars—in place of an orange, which we could easily eat up in five minutes."

Just as Mary was on the point of replying, the bell announced the close of the recreation.

Before the next afternoon play-time the tickets were all prepared, and placed in a beautiful little

rose-colored bag which Ellen's mother had given to her. And the proceeds of the lottery had been decided upon by the two little friends. After the first half hour had been devoted to running, swinging, or playing, as the rule prescribed, the little "Juniors" were all invited to take their seats in the arbor, as Ellen had something more important to tell them. You may readily imagine that there were a thousand guesses as to what this something was. "Oh, I know—I know!" cried Maggie; "we are going to have recreation in honor of Ellen."

"No, no," replied another; "for if that was the case, she wouldn't be the person to tell us."

"May be Mary has got a box of good things from home, and is going to divide it amongst us."

"Oh, I know the great news," said another. "Listen, listen: Maggie is going to get the Crown of Honor!"

This last announcement was received with merry peals of laughter, and Ellen, whose kind heart was pained at the embarrassment of her giddy little playmate, cried out: "Come, come quick, and I'll explain it all in two minutes."

Immediately the whole group surrounded her, all in profound silence, except a few noisy birds, who had built their nests around the arbor, and did not seem to care, nor to know what Ellen was talking about. "Now," said Ellen, "I am going to propose to you, in little Mary's name, a charming project. She has received a beautiful orange from her mother. It is the largest orange any of you ever saw, I am sure; and to prove it I am going to show it to you. Shut your eyes, Mary." Here Ellen held up the orange, which excited a cry of admiration; and as Mary peeped at it through her dimpled fingers, just a little sigh of regret rose in her heart at the thought of losing it forever.

"Who wants it? All of you, I am sure. Well, you all have a chance of gaining it for five cents. Mary is going to have a lottery on it; and if you all take a ticket, one of you will get the orange, and we will have five dollars, with which we are going to buy something for poor old Granny Moore and little Kitty. Five dollars will give them more pleasure than five hundred would give us; and I am sure the Blessed Virgin will be satisfied with us all. And when she sees us helping the poor by depriving ourselves of some little trifle, she will obtain many blessings for us from our dear Lord and Saviour. Such blessings are worth all the gold and silver in the world. Ah if I had some of the money that people think so much of, I would give it all to the Blessed Virgin;

and I am sure she would say to me: Go and give it to the poor, and I will give you something better."

Ellen's words had an electrical effect upon her playmates. In a few minutes, all the tickets were sold, and little Mary's heart beat with delight, as she held her one hundred five cent pieces tightly clasped in her apron. The lottery was postponed until the next day; for now all hearts were so happy at the thought of taking all this money to poor old Granny Moore and little Kitty, that the orange was of secondary importance.

CHAPTER IV.—GRANNY MOORE.

Poor old Granny Moore was almost sixty-five years old. Her hair was very gray, and her face very wrinkled, and she was bent nearly double, yet still she tried to go out every week to do a day's washing, in order to gain a support for herself and her little grandchild, Kitty. While Kitty's mother lived, they got along pretty comfortably, but she grew sick and died, and then the poor old grandmother had to try to support herself and little Kitty. When she went to the neighbors, to wash or help in the kitchen, she used to take Kitty along with her, and the little girl would sit very quietly by the wash-tub, and wish she were big enough to help her poor old grand mother.

And now we must follow Ellen and Mary, on their errand of mercy. They got permission to go out in the city with Sister Agnes, and see old Mrs. Moore and little Kitty; when they reached the house, they found the door shut but not locked. Pushing it open, they entered and found every thing poor and cheerless looking; no fire, and no wood to make one; they looked in the cupboard, but there was no bread in it, nor any thing else to eat. Four hours later, by the help of a drayman, they had all the following good things brought to the house: a nice loaf of bread, some butter and tea and sugar, a basket of potatoes and some cheese, and some parsnips and cabbage. Ellen swept up the floor very clean, and Sister Agnes contributed her mite to the good work by sending the drayman for a load of wood.

Ellen had not forgotten to bring her own little statue of the Blessed Virgin, and when the drayman returned with the wood, he got a board, which he nailed against the wall; this Ellen covered with a piece of white muslin, and on it the dear statue was placed.

Then Sister Agnes held little Mary up, that she might place a little blue purse, containing three

bright silver dollars, which were left after buying the provisions. In the meantime the drayman had brought in some wood, and kindled up a bright fire. Never did little Mary feel so happy as when she looked round and saw all that had come from her big orange. "Oh, Ellen," she said, "I am sure Granny Moore and little Kitty will think the angels have been here while they were gone, and now let us hurry out, so they won't know who it was that fixed things so nice." And each of these two sweet children, holding Sister Agnes by the hand, hurried out, softly closing the door behind them. Sister Agnes kept their secret, but in all the big city of P—, the four happiest hearts that night were Granny Moore, little Kitty, Ellen, and little Mary.

HERE SHE IS AGAIN.

In one of those Souper Schools which were set up in Ireland, by bigotry, to proselytize the peasantry, during the time of the starvation, among other poor children whom hunger compelled to enter, was a bright little lad who knew the prayers which his good mother had taught him in better days.

The teacher called upon this bright little lad to say the "Our Father." The child repeated it promptly; and, as he had been accustomed to do when saying his prayers at his mother's side, continued on with the "Hail Mary," but he was quickly interrupted by the Souper, who in pious horror commanded the child to stop, and added in a very severely pious tone: "We don't want to hear any thing about the Virgin Mary here; that's all Popish nonsense and superstition. Go on with 'I believe in God.'" The little fellow could not precisely understand why the name of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God, should be forbidden; but he understood that the Souper had discarded her from that school, where piety and soup were doled out in small portions.

Duly impressed with this conviction, the lad began: "I believe in God," and went on smoothly until he came to the words, "and was conceived by the Holy Ghost;" having recited these words, he suddenly stopped, scratching his head with rustic perplexity, yet with a twinkle in his pretty blue eyes.

"Well, what's the matter? why don't you go on, my lad?"

"Please, sir," exclaimed the little fellow, "*here she is again!*"

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CONFRATERNITIES.

When, some time ago, it was proposed to establish a correspondence between the Catholic Societies, through the medium of the AVE MARIA, we were deeply impressed by the importance of the suggestion, and the more we thought over the matter, the more we were convinced of the good that would result from carrying out the plan. Many have already taken active steps, and have sent on interesting communications, some of which have already appeared in the AVE MARIA, while others have been reserved for future publication.

We wish to say a few words on Confraternities, and on the good effects we may hope for from the correspondence.

Confraternities resemble Religious Orders, and must be established for the same end, and be conducted on the same principles: that is, the object of Confraternities is, first of all, the sanctification of the members, no matter what may be the charitable work especially intended—and the maxims by which they are conducted must be those of the Gospel, and not of the world. The members, though they make no vows; though they remain always free to sever their connection with the Sodality of which they are members; though they remain in the world, yet as members of a pious Confraternity, their object must be to obtain the means of leading a better life than they could were they not members, or, at least, to render it more easy for them to lead a Christian life by the observance of certain rules, by being preserved from many temptations, and by the influence of the good example of their associates. Such being the object of Confraternities, we need not insist that the maxims by which the members must be governed are those of our Divine Redeemer; that humility and charity must be the two especial virtues which all Sodalists must practice: Humility in reference to themselves, for how else could they save their souls? Charity in reference to each other, in bearing with the peculiarities of character which each finds in the others, and in doing corporal works of mercy.

Confraternities have a further analogy with Religious Orders. They, like Religious Orders, must, to be stable, be approved by the Holy See. It is from the common Father of all the faithful that peculiar privileges, indulgences for the recital of particular prayers, or for doing works of charity, etc., come, and from him only.

After a Confraternity receives the approbation of the Holy See, the permission of the Bishop must be had, in order to establish it, canonically, in the Diocese; for the Bishop is the chief Pastor of his Diocese, and the one to judge whether the Association, good in itself, is adapted to the wants of his flock.

When the Bishop authorizes the establishment of a Confraternity in his Diocese, the faithful, under the direction of their parish priest, or of one designated by him, can aggregate themselves to the Confraternity by forming a particular Sodality or Guild; can elect their officers, and make by-laws for themselves, which, of course, must be in conformity with the letter and spirit of the general regulations of the Confraternity of which their Sodality is a fraction.

We need not dwell on the immense good these Confraternities are capable of producing when they are properly conducted. They are Associations approved and encouraged by the highest authority on earth; approved and encouraged by the highest Ecclesiastical authority of the Diocese; approved and encouraged by the priest who has charge of the souls of his particular parish or congregation; composed of Christians whose object, in becoming members, is to make use of the means afforded by the Confraternity, of avoiding bad company and other temptations, of finding good companions and good example, and of doing good to others.

Such are the Confraternities we wish to see established throughout the land, in every hamlet, in every town, and especially in our large cities, where, as the temptations are greater and more numerous, the means of avoiding them should be more efficacious and in greater number.

All should become members of some Confraternity,—the young especially,—because, being more exposed to temptations, and having little experience, they have greater need to take precautions against danger.

If, in our days, when Catholicity is spread over the whole world, and Catholics are numbered by millions, we retained the fervor of the first days of the Church, there would be no need of particular Sodalities, as the life of a fervent Christian is precisely the life which Sodalists propose to themselves. But though the faith is the same now as in the first ages; though we find, now, many who have the same fervor in God's holy service as had the first chosen Disciples of our Blessed Lord and the first converts of the Apostles, yet the number of Catholics being so great, and the proportion of Pastors, especially in this country, being so small for their numerous flocks, the fervor of Christians in the service of God has grown cool; families have ceased to be practically Christian families; daily morning and evening prayers are neglected; the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist are not frequented by parents; the children soon follow the example of parents; and so the life of Catholics has become, practically, more heathen than Christian; and Confraternities are useful, as they bring a remedy to these evils. To be a member of a Sodality is nothing more than to take the means of leading a Christian life. It is trying to do, by association, that which each one finds is difficult to do by himself alone. The life of a Sodalist is simply the life he ought to lead as a Christian. The recitation of the little Office of the Blessed Virgin, and other prayers, frequent Confession and Communion, are simply means of persevering in a Christian life, and thereby saving his soul.

By becoming a Sodalist, therefore, the member takes no other obligation upon himself than he already has by Baptism; he makes use of the advantages offered to him by the Confraternity,—advantages that enable him to fulfill more easily the obligations contracted when he became a Christian by Baptism.

No one should feel diffident, then, about becoming a member of a Sodality; the weaker he feels himself, the less zeal he has for his salvation, the more truthfully he can say, "I am not pious;" so much greater is the advantage—we were about to say, necessity—of his becoming a member of a pious Association; for, we repeat, he takes no new obligation upon himself,—he simply finds help to do what, as a Catholic, he is bound to do, viz: lead a Christian life.

No one can fail to see how much good can be done by these Sodalities. The Sodalists find a refuge from the allurements of vice, and plenty of amusement and healthy recreation. Libraries of good books are furnished; the poor are relieved; the sick are assisted; the dying receive the aid of the Church; the dead are buried and prayed for; Retreats and Missions are given; and means afforded for preaching the faith in heathen countries.

All this good is already done—is doing daily—by the various Confraternities. All we desire now is that this good may increase; that a greater number participate in it; and this extension and increase of the good already done by pious Associations, will be obtained by the proposed mutual correspondence of the Confraternities.

SAINT CHARLES BORROMEIO---NOV. 4TH.

"Rome won in thee new honor,
Her Cardinal renown'd;
New life thy native Milanese
In thee, their Bishop, found.
Amid the plague thou shinest,
An Angel of the Lord,
And so through all things conqueror
Dost pass to thy reward.
Oh, from thy glory hear us,
Who sigh, dear Saint, to thee,
And present with us, ever still,
In prayer and spirit be."

Saint Charles was born in 1538. He was the son of the noble Prince Gilbert Borromeo, and nephew, on his mother's side, of the holy Pope Pius IV.

Even in his childhood he gave proofs of his future sanctity. In those tender years his greatest delight was to build and ornament little chapels, oratories and altars, in his father's beautiful pleasure-grounds, upon the banks of Lake Maggiore, and there his childish voice was often heard singing the praises of God and His Blessed Mother. His life in boyhood was truly angelic, and his marked inclination for the ecclesiastical state induced his father to consent to his receiving the tonsure at the earliest canonical age. He pursued and finished his studies with distinguished success in the University of Pavia. The discipline of the Institution was very much relaxed, yet he resisted all temptations. His many virtues made him the model of the school, and his piety was so attractive that he gained the esteem even of the most wicked. Although he strictly observed every command and precept of religion, yet he was

distinguished among all his companions for his great affability and happy cheerfulness of disposition.

At the early age of twenty-two he was called to Rome by the Pope, who placed him at the head of his Council of State, so that the secular administration of the Government rested entirely upon him. Saint Charles endeavored to free himself from a post of so great responsibility, and he absolutely refused the camerlingate, the most lucrative dignity in the Roman court, and all other places which were merely of honor and wealth, only retaining those posts wherein he thought he could best serve God.

Before reaching his twenty-third year, Saint Charles was made Cardinal, Archbishop elect, Secretary of State, Papal Legate at Bologna, and Protector of the Knights of Malta, the Carmelites, and many other Religious Orders; yet, amid all these dignities, although he complied with the outward obligations of his high position and maintained such state as the etiquette of his dignities required, he was the same humble, devout and amiable person as he had been in those days when he was regarded as a model by the students in Pavia. He sighed after the liberty of the saints, and trembled at the dangers and the obligations of his situation; is it any wonder, then, that he turned so confidently to his Blessed Mother and begged her to place in his heart the spirit of the House of Nazareth and the College of the Apostles. The austerities he practised seemed almost excessive, yet they were ever discreet. To exclude the imperfection of secretly seeking his own will even in his austerities, he treated his body with perfect indifference and ate either wheat or black bread, drank "either clean, dirty or snow water, just as it came in his way; but he never touched flesh, eggs or wine, and he never ate oftener than once a day. By his excessive abstemiousness he cured himself of a troublesome disease which had annoyed him for many years, so that afterwards it became a proverb in Lombardy to call a long and vigorous abstinence "Cardinal Borromeo's remedy." He constantly wore a hair-shirt, took very little rest, and before great festivals passed the whole night in watching and prayer. He slept sitting in a chair, or lying down upon a rough bed in his clothes, till at the earnest request of the Bishops of his province, he consented to use a straw bed, with a poor counterpane, and two coarse sheets.

Out of his revenues he spent nothing for himself, except what was necessary in buying a little

bread and water for his diet, and straw for his bed. One night, in the middle of winter, the Bishop of Asti found him studying in an old ragged black gown, and begged him if he would not perish with cold, to put on some better garment. The Saint answered with a smile: "What will you say if I have no other? The robes which I am obliged to wear during the day, belong to the dignity of Cardinal, but this garment is my own, and I shall have no other, either during winter or summer." But it was in interior mortification that our Saint principally excelled, which was shown in his humility, meekness and entire disengagement from earthly things. Although his episcopal residence was surrounded by beautiful gardens, he was never known to walk through them.

Saint Charles found much time for study, and was distinguished as the patron of learning. He provided the noble college of the Borromeos at Pavia, for the education of the clergy at Milan. He instituted at the Vatican an academy of clergymen and seculars, which has produced many saintly and distinguished Cardinals and Bishops. But one of his great works was the happy ending of the celebrated Council of Trent. This Council had been summoned by Pope Paul III, in 1542, and was continued, with various interruptions, under the pontificates of Julius III and Paul IV, until at the solicitations of Saint Charles it was brought to a successful conclusion under his uncle, Pius IV, in 1562. The zealous Cardinal then exerted all his influence and time to enforce its disciplinary decrees, and in this delicate work he was wonderfully successful. He established ecclesiastical seminaries in various dioceses, superintended the revision of the Missal and Breviary and the composition of the Catechism of the Council of Trent, which is considered a rare monument of theological learning, and the Latin in which it is written is pronounced a model of classical elegance.

After the death of Pius IV, Saint Charles assisted at the conclave that elected Saint Pius V, in whose pontificate was fought and won the celebrated battle of Lepanto—which the saintly Pontiff ascribed to the miraculous assistance of the Blessed Virgin.

In the glorious hierarchy of the Saints, Charles Borromeo is painted in brilliant colors as the model Priest, the saintly Bishop, the learned Cardinal; the reformer, the austere penitent crucifying his own body; the cheerful, attractive friend, moving all hearts by his sweet urbanity; the devoted, ardent lover of holy poverty; the hospita-

ble host, the liberal benefactor, the munificent patron of art, and the great promoter of learning; the nurse of the plague-stricken; the conqueror, so to speak, of the plague itself, which swept over Italy, and nearly depopulated Milan in 1575. While this dreadful pestilence raged, he went, barefooted and with a halter round his neck, through the city, in procession with his clergy, imploring God to spare his afflicted people. Daily he preached in the church, exhorting all to prepare for death. Day and night he was seen in the most affected parts of the city, bearing the Blessed Sacrament to the dying.

Saint Charles died at the age of thirty-six; his relics repose in a magnificent crystal shrine in the grand Cathedral at Milan. Burnished lamps of gold and silver, burn incessantly before it, fit symbols of the shining virtues of this blessed servant of Mary.

We have scarcely alluded to his great works as reformer of ecclesiastical abuses in a degenerate age. The mere enumeration of his successful labors for this end would lengthen our sketch beyond our prescribed limits. Our aim in weekly calling the attention of the readers of the AVE MARIA to at least one of the saints whose memory the Church celebrates, is, not even to give a brief sketch of their wonderfully beautiful lives—but merely to introduce them, as it were, to our readers, in their character of clients or children of our Holy Mother, and to show how they loved her, happy if, by so doing, we could interest but one person to seek a more intimate acquaintance with the saints by reading their published lives, and meditating on their virtues.

To know the saints is to love them; and, then, how easy it is to imitate those we love! We may not be called upon to work in the same sphere as they did, nor to imitate their great austerities; yet we find one trait in all of them, which, it seems, the natural impulse of our heart would impel us to imitate, namely, love of their Blessed Mother who is equally our Mother. Devotion to the Mother of God was the powerful means they all used to elevate their souls to great and heroic deeds; and this, we find, was pre-eminently the case with Saint Charles. He loved the Blessed Virgin as only saints can love. In all his mighty labors he invoked the Queen of Heaven, and never in vain. On his knees he daily recited the beads and the Office of this glorious Virgin. On the eve of her festivals, and every Saturday, he fasted on bread and water, in honor of Our Lady. He never failed to recite the *Angelus* on his knees;

and if, when riding on horseback, or in a carriage, he chanced to hear the *Angelus* bell, he would immediately alight, and humbly kneeling in the public street, as recollectedly as if he were in his private chapel, with all devotion he offered his homage to the Mother of God. He had so great a devotion to the Rosary that he required all his Seminarians to be enrolled in the Confraternity, and to recite the beads daily. He ordained that on the first Sunday of every month the magnificent Cathedral of Milan should be decorated as for high festivals, and a solemn procession made in honor of the Blessed Virgin. He besought her to be the guardian of all the foundations he ever established; and all the inhabitants of his Diocese were taught to honor, with particular marks of respect, the Holy Name of Mary. He commanded a painting of the Mother of God to be placed over the principal entrance of all the churches under his jurisdiction, to make the people understand that in order to enter into the Kingdom of Eternal Glory we must beg the assistance of her whom the Church calls the "Gate of Heaven," and "Queen of All Saints."

MONTH OF MARY IN A CONVENT SCHOOL.

[CONCLUDED.]

Once or twice these ceremonies closed with the offering of the floral garland, and the crown of twelve stars. For this thirteen of the pupils were selected, twining the garland with flowers emblematic of the virtues of Mary, while the others, each in turn, formed her starry crown of the virtues most dear to her, and which they lovingly implored her to impress upon the hearts and minds of all who love to call themselves her children.

As you desire it, I will send you a copy of these verses, and I trust the subject that called them forth will relieve them of the tedium which otherwise would attend their great length.

Earth seems with Heaven to vie this day,
To honor thee, our Queen of May;
The charms of both with love combine,
And homage pay at this thy shrine.
While Angels tune their harps above,
Thy children chant in notes of love;
Yes, Heaven smiles sweetly on this scene,
As earth thee claims her glorious Queen.
A mystic wreath for thee we've twined,
Thy virtues here behold enshrined.
In each fair flowret wilt thou see
Emblem of Heaven's choice gifts to thee:

Behold the *rose*, its crimson hue,
 Thy *love*, O heavenly Queen, here view;
 The *heart's-ease*, bright and smiling flower,
 Portrays a *Mother's* soothing power,
 The comfort of the lone, the weak,
 The balm of all who solace seek;
 The lovely *lily* of the vale
 Thy spotless *purity* will hail,
 Its snowy petals loud proclaim
 "Mary Immaculate" thy name;
 The *Star of Bethlehem*, too, is seen,
 Reposing 'neath its leaflet green,
 This brilliant beacon from afar,
 Greets thee the Christian's *Morning Star*;
 The *mgignonette*, with modest face,
 Thy wreath, sweet Mother, seeks to grace,
 Beneath its gentle head, oh see,
 Thy virgin treasure, *modesty*;
 The humble *violet*, too, is seen
 To deck the wreath of May's bright Queen,
 Within its petals thou wilt see
 Thy dearest gem, *humility*.
 These flowers we culled, and humbly twine
 A garland for thy hallowed shrine,
 To decorate thee on this day,
 Thee, Mary, glorious Queen of May.
 Smile on this garland from above;
 'Tis emblem of thy children's love.
 This love, ye Angels, waft on high,
 And let our praises fill the sky;
 Attune your harps at Mary's throne,
There join our voices with your own;
 Our Mother's love, oh for us claim,
 As earth re-echoes with her name.
 While exiles here below we stay,
 Sweet Mother, guard us on our way,
 Our little bark, oh, kindly guide,
 Amid the foamy billows' tide.
 Oh, when life's weary course is o'er,
 To thee, then, may our spirit soar;
Then, then, from every fetter free,
 'Twill dwell, forever dwell with thee,
 Unveiled in Heaven's eternal day,
 Then will we greet our Queen of May.

—

Thou smilest on the garland sweet,
 Whose flowers are blooming at thy feet;
 Behold thy children bring thee now
 A diadem to deck thy brow,
 A diadem of beauty bright,
 A starry crown of purest light,
 Emitting from each gentle ray
 Virtues which e'er should mark the way
 Of all who, dear to Heaven and thee,
 Thy best-loved children seek to be.

REAL PROGRESS.

Le Progres par le Christianisme. Conférences de Notre Dame de Paris. Par le R. P. Félix, de la Compagnie de Jesus.

[CONCLUDED.]

There is another progress which is especially the pursuit of our age, social progress. There are those who make the good or the ill of man to depend on the political and social institutions among which his lot is cast; and they justify a revolution even against the most sacred of authorities on a plea of the right of the people to chose their own government and enforce their own idea.

But would that these reformers would begin by reforming themselves! Man's perfection depends not upon human institutions, but the perfection of human institutions depends upon man. Change your political and social constitutions as often as you please, if there is neither virtue in men's souls nor life in their hearts, you will make no progress; or even supposing that for the moment you succeed in creating the most perfect social machinery without giving virtue to the people; the result will be but slavery in the end. Such a people may cry out for liberty, and may obtain for themselves freedom from restraint, but each of their passions will become a tyrant both to themselves and to their neighbors, and social servitude will be the end of their moral corruption. Even if this servitude arises not from the tyranny of the multitude, it will arise in the person of some despot, if man will not learn to rule himself, he will inevitably be ruled by another. There is no social progress apart from moral progress.

It was, as had been said, the same society, in art, in science, in every conceivable branch of human life; without advance in virtue and the perfecting of man's higher nature, there is no real progress; there is but decline.

"On the contrary, with moral Progress all rises, all ascends, all advances in order, to the progressive conquests of destiny. Virtue by itself does not teach science; but it implants in man that which advances him far in science, the sense of the true, and the right of great thoughts. Virtue by itself teaches not the arts; but it gives that which prepares illustrious artists, the sense of the beautiful and an enthusiasm for great things. Virtue by itself teaches neither politics, nor legislation, nor administration; but it gives to man that which prepares great legislators and true statesmen, the sense of justice, and self-devotion in the cause of mankind."—p. 322.

"Be men priests or be they soldiers, be they men of business or of literature, be they men of the court, the cottage, or the cloister; be they princes, workmen, or religious; if they are virtuous they are men of progress, worthy in reforming themselves to aspire to the honor of reforming humanity. This is the standard of the future: the future belongs to him who has the wisdom to bear it."—p. 324.

These are the concluding words of the first volume of Father Félix. Shall we be reproached with devoting the whole of our article to this volume alone? It may be said that we have rather abridged than reviewed it, except in the occasion-

al remarks which it suggested. But, the principles expressed by the Reverend Father are so deep and so true, his ideas are so elevating and so full of food for thought, that neither the omission of what is so interesting, nor the substitution of mere matter of our own, would, we conceive, have sufficiently fulfilled our task. A task of no slight importance, for look around us where we will, the one prominent need of our day is a guiding principle of action. It seems as if public men were no longer judged by their principles, but by the popularity of their cause, their external watchwords, their success, and their talents. How else can we account for the present Italo-Sardinian movement, which is a perfect stain and blot on the page of history? How otherwise account for the popularity of the lawless Garibaldi, and the utter setting at defiance of all moral principles of action in the popular judging of these cases? Men seem now-a-days madly bent on destroying and uprooting. Powerless to build up, they possess the brute force and courage needful to overturn. The grandest spectacle of moral greatness which the world possesses, our Holy Father Pius IX, is the object of the bitterest hatred, not only to the ribald mob, but, shame that it should have to be spoken, to statesmen who rule amongst us; and that, because he refuses to lend his august sanction to the universal cry for the levelling of every barrier of right which opposes the headstrong movement of the age. But, God be praised! in his place at least, we can still point to a government which holds right to be right and wrong to be wrong; to a ruler prepared, if God calls him for a martyr's death, but who will never, by God's grace, stoop to the sacrifice of one iota of principle at the shrine of the idol expediency. God be praised, He has left on the earth that rallying point of all that is good and great, the rock of Peter! God be praised, He has left some true hearts on the earth to cluster round that throne! May they increase more and more, for he who gathereth not with that chair scattereth. It is a day when men seem taking their sides for a desperate struggle. It is, then, pre-eminently and especially a day in which we have need to be reminded that all the glitter of the Progress we see around us is utterly worthless, and tends but to decay and ruin, except so far as it will stand the refiner's test:—is it or is it not,—“*Ad majorem Dei gloriam?*”

PEOPLE never improve when they have no better model than themselves to copy after.

LACORDAIRE.

[CONCLUDED.]

There de Lamennais began to speak freely and disdainfully against the Pope, while Lacordaire's tone was sincere and respectful. Nevertheless, when de Lamennais returned to his retreat in Brittany, Lacordaire accompanied him, hoping to console and soften him. A few of his old disciples gathered round him, and La Chesnaie began to resume its former air; but the wounded spirit of its master would give itself no rest, and it soon became clear that he would not long preserve his attitude of submission. Lacordaire tells us that the sight reminded him of Saul, “but none of us had the harp of David to calm down those sudden attacks of the evil spirit, and the terrible and sad forebodings increased day by day in my dejected heart.” De Lamennais was, in reality, at the turning-point of his life; the point at which, by a thorough and hearty acceptance of the condemnation of his doctrines, he might have raised himself to a height of real greatness, such as he could never have reached in any other way. Unhappily, another path was open to him, the path of pride and littleness; he dashed into it, and shattered at once the prestige of his name and the peace of his soul. Lacordaire saw the storm brewing in his heart; he felt himself unable to lay it, and so had no choice but to retire. He wrote M. de Lamennais a touching note of farewell, and left La Chesnaie alone and on foot, scarcely knowing whither to bend his steps. This was in February 1834; three months afterward his unhappy friend broke with the Church by the publication of the *Puroles d'un Croquant*. This book was an open revolt against the Church. It separated from its author the friends who still clung to him. The Abbé Gerbet, who seems to have been instrumental in bringing Lacordaire into communication with M. de Lamennais, and who certainly brought about his enlistment among the writers of the *Avenir*, publicly repudiated all further connection with his former master. Lacordaire put forth a work which he had written some little time before, but which his Archbishop had dissuaded him from publishing at once, called *Considérations sur la Système Philosophique de M. l'Abbé de Lamennais*. The fate of the unfortunate rebel against the supreme authority in the Church was even more remarkable than that of some others who have fallen into the same snare as he. He was like Samson shorn of his locks; his power seemed to have departed from him. “As he sank

deeper and deeper into the abyss," writes M. de Montalembert, "he drew no one, absolutely no one, with him. It is, if I am not mistaken, the only instance in the history of Christianity of a man having in him all the making of the most formidable heresiarch, who has nevertheless not succeeded in detaching from the center of unity the least of its acolytes" (*Le Père Lacordaire*, p. 75). Strange power of Rome, that withers up the arms that are raised against her, after they have shown themselves full of power when used in her cause; that destroys even the reputation for learning and the personal influence of those who allow themselves to be so far carried away by the heretical spirit as to attack her!

M. de Montalembert has himself informed us, that it was mainly by the instrumentality of Lacordaire that he was himself saved from casting in his lot with De Lamennais. M. de Montalembert passed again into Germany; it was in that journey that he came upon the tomb of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, and imbibed the devotion to that saint which produced his beautiful life of her. M. de Lamennais pursued him with letters, exhorting him to maintain what he called his "independence as a layman" from the decisions of the Vatican. Lacordaire wrote frequently, and even followed his friend into Germany to reason with him. He seems to have had some difficulty in persuading him that he had not himself been wanting in faith to their liberal principles by his public separation from De Lamennais. M. de Montalembert, meantime, earnestly entreated the latter to be silent and patient. In his memoir of Lacordaire he has spoken with the tenderest gratitude of the unwearied charity which he experienced from him.

After leaving La Chesnaie, Lacordaire betook himself to Paris, and presented himself once more to the Archbishop. Monseigneur de Quelen at once reinstated him in his former post at the Convent of the Visitation. Here he remained, for at least a year, in profound retirement, studying and praying, and so preparing himself afresh for the Apostolate which he was afterward to receive. He had received some rude shocks since he left that quiet retreat, and he gave himself now, not without a touch of melancholy and even of disappointment, to solitude and inaction. It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of Madame Swetchine; a character admirably suited to comfort, elevate, and influence him for good, watchful and tender as a mother, full of good sense as well as devotion, and able by her expe-

rience of life and knowledge of men to put a rein, all the more effectual because it was hardly felt, upon his impetuosity. Their intimacy continued until her death, and on many occasions she became a kind of conscience to him: for Lacordaire was one of those noble and vigorous souls who know the secret wisdom of asking freely and taking readily the opinion of others. About a year after his return to Paris from Brittany, he came forth at last a successful preacher. He had already declined a Professorship at the Catholic University of Louvain, and had also refused to take part again in the management of a religious newspaper. He told his friends that he had determined to give himself more entirely to his work as a priest, "raised above all parties, though full of compassion for all miseries." He attributed the change that had come over him to his visit to Rome, and said that its fruit had been to withdraw him from the troubled atmosphere of politics, for the sake of dealing only with the things of God, and through them with the gradual improvement of mankind. But his first attempt at a public sermon had been a failure. It was in the church of Saint Roch, in the spring of 1833. M. de Montalembert was present; and he says that every one went out of the church, saying that "the Abbé Lacordaire was a man of talent, but would never be a preacher." He gives an extract from a letter of his friend, in which he passed judgement on himself. His voice seems to have been weak: "I have neither physical force enough, nor enough flexibility of mind, nor enough understanding of the world, in which I have always lived and shall always live alone; in fact, I have nothing *enough* of all that is wanted to make a preacher in the full sense of the term. But may I soon be called to a work which is called for by the young, and which should be entirely devoted to them! If I am ever to make my power of speaking useful to the Church, it will only be in the manner of defensive controversy (*le genre apologétique*), that is, that style in which the beauties, the greatness, the history, and the polemics of religion are brought to heighten the importance of Christianity in the mind and to engender faith." At the end of the same year he was asked to give some religious conferences to the pupils of the Collège Stanislas. He appears now to have found that particular field of apologetic teaching in which he was to excel all orators of his time, and for which he had been so long unconsciously preparing himself. His success was astonishing, even from the first; the chapel was crowded to

excess by listeners from all parts of Paris. But his frank, fearless, almost reckless way of speaking even of subjects of the day, attracted criticism, and complaints were made of him to the Archbishop, as well as to the Government, and even at Rome. The Archbishop required that the *Conférences* should be written and shown to him before delivery. This would have made them safe, but it would have extinguished the oratorical fire which gave them life. Lacordaire could not undertake to preach on, unless he were allowed to use the expressions that suggested themselves at the moment. The course was suspended; afterwards a compromise was made, and the plan of the *Conférences* was always submitted to one of the Vicars-General of the diocese. This time the place of preaching was changed to Notre Dame, and the success was still the same. But after a while, wearied, as it seems, by the opposition with which he met, Lacordaire himself discontinued the course.

But he was not long to be silent. He had now felt his power, and he had long been consumed with the desire of a field of labor for the conversion of souls. His thoughts of crossing the Atlantic had been in some measure the fruit of this. Much as he loved solitude and study—what true Apostle was ever without his fondness for them?—he had a gift within him which burnt him, as it were, till it was set free. He began seriously to cast about for an opportunity of carrying on his career as a preacher. It came, as it seems, by a singular Providence, of which he has, in his yet unpublished memoirs, left an account.

"One day, as I was crossing the garden of the Luxembourg, I met an ecclesiastic whom I knew well. He stopped me, and said: 'What are you doing? You ought to go to the Archbishop and come to an understanding with him.' A few steps further on, another priest, whom I knew much less than the first one, stopped me, and said: 'It is a mistake for you not to go to see the Archbishop. I have reason to think that he will be glad to talk with you.' This double invitation surprised me. I was habitually somewhat superstitious as to the ways of Providence, and went slowly toward the Convent of Saint Michael, not far from the Luxembourg, where the Archbishop then lived. Instead of the portress, a choir sister opened the door to me—one who wished me well, as she used to say, 'because every body was opposed to me.' She told me that M^{onsieur} had absolutely forbidden any one to be let in; but she added that she would go and tell that I was there; perhaps he would receive me. The answer was favorable. I found the Archbishop walking up and down his room, seemingly sad and preoccupied. He welcomed me very coldly, and I began to walk by his side without his saying a word. After a long interval of silence he stopped short, turned to me with a piercing look of scrutiny, and said: 'I propose to confide to you the pulpit of Notre Dame; would you accept it? This brusque overture, of the secret history of which I was entirely ignorant, caused me no great excitement. I replied that there was but a short time now for preparation; that the theatre was a grand one; and that after having succeeded before a smaller audience, it was easy to fail before an assembly of four thousand souls. I asked for twenty-four hours' reflection; and after having prayed and taken counsel of Madame Swetchine, I accepted the offer. It turned out that M. l'Abbe Laurent, formerly Superior of the Collège Stanislas, and then cure of Fontainebleau, had been for some weeks circulating a manuscript among the clergy of Paris, in which he blamed severely the ad-

ministration of the Archbishop. This memorial had been brought to the Archbishop on the day of the scene which I have just related, and he was just finishing it when Providence sent me to him. Of course in this indictment mention was made of the *Conférences* at the Collège; and the Archbishop was taxed with weakness and want of discernment for his conduct toward me. I do not know whether he had ever before thought of opening to me the pulpit of Notre Dame; but when he saw me come to him at the very moment when he was full of emotion at the judgement passed on his administration by a man of ability, it is probable that the coincidence, so unforeseen as to be almost marvellous, struck him as an intimation from heaven, and that it flashed across his soul that to raise me as *Conférencier* to the pulpit of the metropolitan church would give him an overpowering answer to his personal enemies."

It appears that the Archbishop had been urged by some of the admirers of Lacordaire to commit to him the *Conférences* at Notre Dame. They had been organized with a view to the benefit of the large class of young students always to be found in Paris; but hitherto their success had not been very great, though many of the preachers had been distinguished men. Perhaps the plan that had been followed, of frequent changes in the preacher, had to some extent prevented their having the commanding attractions and influence which they attained in the hands of Lacordaire. The leader of the band of petitioners to the Archbishop was Frederic Ozanam, a man eminent for virtue and ability, whose name is one of the glories of the generation to which he belonged. With a handful of associates, young students like himself, he had begun the great Society of Saint Vincent of Paul—a work sufficient to earn him the gratitude of all Catholics, even if he had not afterward rendered important services to Christian literature. This band of companions formed the nucleus of the vast audience which assembled in Notre Dame to greet the orator who had already made himself so famous at the Collège Stanislas—an immense crowd of all that was most cultivated and thoughtful in Paris, Deists and free-thinkers as well as Catholics, drawn by an irresistible though secret influence of the genius which had now at last found the mode and the place destined by Providence for its utterances, and made itself master of the minds and hearts of its listeners in the first few sentences of the opening Conference, because it spoke under the blessing and with the authority of the Church to which its services were vowed with rare singleness and devotion. The humiliations of the Seminary, the priestly consecration, the long silent studies at the Visitandines, the experience of political agitation which had driven him back to the interior life of a minister of the altar, the conflicts with himself which had issued in so glorious a submission to the adverse decision of Rome, the transforming and elevating influences of the Holy City,—all these had had a share in the gradual preparation and training

of one on whom the Archbishop, who had so long hesitated to trust him fully, bestowed publicly, after his second course of *Conférences*, the title of "the new prophet." Nature had done much for him, study much, and grace much more; and when he found himself for the first time looking down on a sea of thousands of eager faces, in the great Cathedral of Paris, to speak of the subject on which he had so long pondered in the way for which he felt himself most fit, the last element of the success of the great orator was added to him in the inspiration which comes from that most powerful challenge which can be given to one who feels himself full of a divine message—the presence and attention of a mighty multitude of souls.

It is characteristic of Lacordaire that his chief anxiety, after his desire to use faithfully the occasions which Providence had laid open to him, was on the score of Mgr. de Quelen. His yet unpublished memoirs,—dictated shortly before his death, at the earnest request of M. de Montalembert,—describe what passed in his mind on the day of the first Conference. After speaking of the immense crowd, he says:

"I ascended the pulpit, not without emotion, but still with firmness. I began my discourse, my eyes fixed on the archbishop, who was to me, after God, but before the audience, the most important personage in the scene. He listened to me with his head somewhat bowed, in a state of absolute impassibility, like a man who was no mere spectator, not even a judge, but who ran personal risk in this momentous venture. When I had taken footing, as it were, with my subject and my audience; when my chest had expanded under the need of catching the attention of so vast an assembly; and when the warmth of inspiration had taken the place of the calm of my opening passage, one of those exclamations escaped me whose accents, when they are sincere and come from the heart, never fail to move. The Archbishop trembled visibly; a paleness which even I could see covered his face; he raised his head and looked on me with astonishment. I understood that the battle was gained with him, as it was with the audience. As soon as he returned home, he gave out that he was going to nominate me to an honorary canonry in his cathedral. With much difficulty he was restrained, and induced to wait till the course of sermons was finished."

He had once been in the same position with the majority of the vast crowd of men of every age, every rank, every profession, who were listening to him; and he was consumed by the desire of an apostle's heart, burning to impart to his brethren the light and grace which had been shed upon his own soul. When in the first and second series of his *Conférences*—preached in 1835 and 1836—he set before them the necessity and the characteristics of the Church, and the nature and sources of her doctrine in general, he not only spoke of the grandest and most touching subject on which human eloquence can be employed—grandest, because it deals with the whole range of God's noblest works, and most touching, because it embraces the infinite condescension and tenderness with which He has furnished a balm

and a medicine for every one of the ills of humanity—but he spoke also with the deep feeling of one who had been saved from that state of intellectual darkness and pride from which so many of his audience were struggling to escape, and from which it was his mission to deliver them. Even if Lacordaire had not possessed that great oratorical power with which he was undoubtedly endowed as few men of modern times have been endowed, still the depth of his conviction and the intensity of his earnestness could hardly have failed to have conquered his audience, allied as they were to that mastery of his particular subject which long study and thought had given him. As was the case with Father de Ravignan after him, he himself was a great part of his argument. The *Conférences de Notre Dame*, considered as specimens of oratory, are far too brilliant and too grand to need any considerations of this sort in order that their readers may be able to understand the effect they produced upon those who heard them. But it is simply the truth that in this case, as in others like it, it was the man who spoke that made what he said irresistible; because he first made himself one with those whom he addressed—sharing their thoughts, their feelings, their noblest aspirations and most passionate enthusiasms, elevating and gilding them with light by the freshness and beauty with which his eloquence clothed them; and when he had thus taken up his hearers as it were into his own heart, he swept them along the course of that clear and majestic stream of reasoning which had landed him, before them, on the shores of eternal peace, at the foot of the throne of truth.

It was afterward said that these *Conférences* converted no one. Lacordaire always professed that his object had been to prepare men's minds for faith, rather than to lead them on at once to full Christian practice; but it has been well remarked by his latest biographer, that if all those who have in reality been led back to the practice of their religion by his preaching were to rise up and protest against the assertion of its sterility, then would soon be seen how easy every thing else becomes for certain minds, when the intellectual clouds which hang over them have been removed. The state of society in Paris, and of the intelligent and educated classes in particular, was such in 1835, that the Christian religion and the Catholic Church required to be set before the public mind in grand and imposing outline in order to engage consideration and attention first, examination and affection afterward; and the

reaction which has led to the present comparative respect in which religion is held in France among certain classes can hardly be dated with greater accuracy from any single point than from the opening Conferences of Lacordaire. His triumph continued without any sign of interruption or relaxation for two years, when it suddenly ceased for a while, not in consequence of any withdrawal of confidence from him on the part of the Archbishop, nor on account of the opposition which haunted his success like a shadow—always using against him that connection with the *Avenir* and de Lamennais, which he had so nobly renounced and redeemed—but because he alone, as it would seem, among all interested in the matter, felt that he was too weak and too unripe as yet for the mighty task which had been imposed upon him. The attacks made on him may have counted for something in this decision, for he seems to have been always sensitive. But his true motive seems to have been a desire to fortify himself yet more by study and solitude; and it is not unlikely that the wish to be a religious, which we have noticed so early in his ecclesiastical career, was more powerfully than ever at work in his heart. At all events, without apparent reason, he resigned his pulpit at the end of the Lent of 1836. "I leave," he said, "in the hands of my Bishop this pulpit of Notre Dame, henceforth founded, founded by him and by you, the pastor and the people. For a moment your united suffrage has shone upon my head. Suffer me to lay it aside of myself; suffer me to find myself once more alone for some time, in the presence of my own weakness and of my God." In a few weeks he was again on his way to Rome.

SODALITIES IN LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

REV. SIR: A friend sends you, through me, the following account of the Sodalities of Lexington, Kentucky.

Some months ago I had the happiness of dwelling in that place, and taking advantage of my membership in New York, procured my admission to full membership there. It was a most edifying sight to behold, every Sunday afternoon, the members assembled in the church, to recite together the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, which being over, beautiful voices from the choir sang the Litany of Loretto. Once every month the Sodalists approach the Holy Table. Each Division has its particular day of general Communion. Here are the statistics of the Sodalities:

"The Young Men's Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the patronage of Saint Patrick, was organized by the Rev. Father Egglemeers, November 15th, 1863. At that date there were thirty-four members; at present date there are eighty-one members. It is affiliated with the Sodality of Rome.

"The Young Ladies' Sodality, of Lexington, was organized by the Rev. Father Bekkers, in March of 1864. There are, at present, fifty-six members. The title is: The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the patronage of St. Bridget.

"Both Sodalities are now under the spiritual direction of the Rev. Father Bekkers."

F. E. L.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

An Incident in the Life of St. Vincent of Paul.

CHAPTER III.

There are certain modern writers who aim at being more charitable than our Lord Himself in the Gospel. In their dreams of philanthropy they regard the midnight assassin and the highway robber as the unhappy victims of tyrannical laws. Society, according to their theory, is a stern master, who recompenses with chains heroic virtues which it does not understand. In France, particularly, this class of writers has become most popular with the thoughtless mass, while in our own country it argues a most sympathizing spirit with this morbid feeling, when we see with what eagerness the translations of such works are read.

God forbid that we should excite hatred or execration against those unhappy beings, who, in the confines of a prison, or the chains of the galleys, expiate their past crimes. But after an hour passed in the galleys, for instance, or in one of our own prisons, where we see the cynicism of the condemned, their hardened hearts; when we think of their victims, it requires a great effort of charity to pity them; we are filled with feelings of disgust, horror and indignation, and we are almost tempted to accuse the weakness and too great indulgence of the law.

And in this respect time has neither ameliorated nor deepened these dark features of humanity, since the day when our story opens, and an unknown priest entered the galleys of Marseilles to exercise his charitable functions among the crowd of poor wretches who were paying the penalty of

their past crimes. By the air of kindness impressed upon his face, by the sweetness of his voice, the unction of his words, and the gentleness with which he stopped before each criminal, to question and console him, it was easy to see that he was not actuated either by vain curiosity or indifference.

"Why are you here, my friend?" said the priest.

"Oh, I don't know, I guess because I wasn't guilty; I found a sack of money lying idle in the bureau of a rich old miser; as I had no key I opened the drawer with a chisel, and for such a trifle as that, they had the cruelty to put me here for eight years."

"I," said another, "am no more guilty than the other, I was a doctor, and was often called to see rich old men when they were sick, so when their heirs paid me well I helped them to die."

Another exclaimed: "Well I never killed anyone, and yet, just think how those judges treated me! My uncle made a will in my favor, but my relatives were so good that they would never recognize his signature to it. So they bribed the judges to put me in the galleys for forgery. But his money is all safe, I defied them to find it."

All, robbers, murderers and villains of every stamp, narrated the most execrable crimes with a tranquillity that made the priest shudder.

These unhappy beings were deaf to that voice which God places in us and which judges our actions even before they are known by man. Conscience, for them, existed no longer, and their souls seemed deprived of all moral intelligence. But among that brutal crowd the priest recognized one, whose countenance bore the traces of the deepest despair and anguish. Rightly judging that here was a heart not entirely corrupt, he approached, and asked his name.

"Michael Frayno, of Souberos, in Provence."

"Have you been here a long time?"

"About a month; but that is nothing in comparison to the fifteen years I have yet to remain, and nevertheless I am already at the end of all my patience and courage."

"You seem good and honest; why, then, have you been condemned to pass fifteen years in chains?"

"Oh Father I do not say that I am innocent; oh no, I am indeed a great criminal, and I merit my punishment. I do not murmur on my own account, but for my poor family: my mother, my wife and my children, who in their poverty and distress suffer more than I do."

"Ah, I understand, your labor was necessary

for their support; but do not despair, God is very good, and He will come to their aid. I am not rich myself, but I will interest some of my friends in them, who will relieve their wants."

"Oh my Father, what consolation do you not give my poor heart. May the Blessed Virgin obtain for you a hundred-fold the happiness you give me. The moment my poor children have something to keep life in them, I shall no longer feel the weight of my chains."

The language of the galley-slave interested more and more the priest, and he continued the conversation.

"You are right in invoking the Mother of God, for she will give you resignation, and will console you in your sufferings."

"Alas, my Father; for myself I am only worthy of contempt and punishment."

"We must all, my friend, expiate our faults either in this world, or the next. Those who have done voluntary penance here, will have a less rigorous account to render when they appear before God in the next world. Then, your repentance, in purifying your soul, will become the subject of your eternal recompense. Have you been to confession?"

"Not yet, you are the first priest I have seen since my arrival; but I am now ready to make it if you have time to hear it."

"To-morrow I shall return for your confession. In the mean time let me know for what crime you are here in prison."

"Father, I was near committing murder."

"It is certainly a great crime; nevertheless as your punishment is not for life, the court must have found some mitigating circumstances in the case."

"If you have leisure to hear me, Father, I will tell you all about it." Father Vincent seated himself on a bench near the galley-slave, and the latter, wiping his brow, commenced as follows:

"Thomas Choquez and I were enemies from our earliest childhood. We inherited our hatred for each other from our mothers without knowing any cause for it. As I grew older, I asked my mother what was the reason of the enmity which existed between her and her nearest neighbor; she evaded my questions, and to this day I am ignorant of the origin of it. My mother, as well as the mother of Thomas, was a widow, and we were their only children. As we grew older, we were prepared by the good pastor of our village church, to make our first communion at the same time. I was selected to read aloud the prayers before and

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after receiving. My poor mother, proud of the honor conferred upon her son, had made me a new suit of clothes out of my father's old ones, which were admired by the whole village. I beg your pardon, my good Father, for taking up your time with such trifles, but I wish you to know me just as I am, so that you may be able to judge me afterwards. It seems that Dame Choquez left no means untried to turn my mother and myself into ridicule the next day, and there were not wanting busy bodies to repeat, in our little cabin, all that she said. She became very angry; I was not old enough to distinguish the exaggerations in all these bickerings, so I shared my mother's anger, and only waited an occasion to revenge myself on the Choquez, mother and son.

"The next Sunday, as I was on my way to Mass, just where the road ran past a little stream, I met them both. Thomas left his mother and came up to me, saying: "Good day, Michael." For an instant I did not reply, but the good instincts of childhood triumphed, and in spite of maternal hatred, I cordially held out my hand to the child of our enemy, when he sprang forward and snatching from my head the fine hat, which my mother had made with so much pains, he threw it into the stream. In an instant I felt the blood boil in my veins. Thomas sought to escape by running to his mother for protection; but I caught him, and, in spite of his blows and resistance, I threw him into the water. I did wrong, and the next instant I repented of my anger, and hastened to draw him out of the water. His mother then rushed upon me, threatening me in the most violent manner, so that my only thought was to make my escape. When I informed my mother of all that had taken place, instead of reprimanding me, she praised me for what she called my manly spirit. In the mean time Dame Choquez made a great complaint against me to the priest, taking care to say nothing of the provocation her son had given me. In consequence I was most severely reprimanded by our good pastor. Here again my mother took my part, and I, as a child, not dreaming that my mother could be deceived, began to feel sentiments of hatred against the good pastor and the Church take root in my heart. As I grew older I neglected my religious duties, and finished, at length, by not even going to Mass on Sundays. My mother urged me in vain to accompany her, I paid no attention to her words. The only days on which I ever accompanied her to Mass were the festivals of the Blessed Virgin—devotion to Our Lady was the only vestige left of my early piety."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The great event of this year is the Plenary Council of Catholic Bishops, held in Baltimore, and presided over by the Most Reverend Archbishop Spalding, Apostolic Delegate. We have already given the names of the eminent Prelates who assisted at the Council, and an account of the opening session. We prefer, now, to wait until the decrees be promulgated, and not reproduce the rumors, more or less founded, of the new Dioceses to be formed, etc. The President of the United States, we see it stated, was present at the closing of the Council.

While the Church gives such proofs of vitality in our own country, the Catholics of England are repaying, by their zeal, and with their prayers, the great debt of gratitude they owe to Rome. As a manifestation of their sentiments in reference to the Holy Father, we need only mention that on Rosary Sunday, throughout the whole of England, the sermons in the Catholic churches were exhortations to aid the Sovereign Pontiff, not only by prayer, but by contributions of money. We take the following from the *Tablet*, hoping that all the readers of the AVE MARIA may follow the suggestions contained in the letter of the Rev. Father Suffield, O. S. D.:

To Associates in "Our Lady's Guard of Honor,"
i. e., the "Perpetual Rosary."

Our Holy Father the Pope has desired at this time the prayers of Rosarians. A great many of the Bishops have directed the faithful, and especially the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary, to offer the Holy Rosary for the Sovereign Pontiff, for the protection of the liberties of the Church, and the independence of the vicar of Christ. It is now nearly three hundred years since Pope St. Pius V. (the patron of his present Holiness), environed by great tribulations, desired the special prayers of Rosarians throughout the world: the members of the Confraternity not only recited Rosaries, but endeavored to maintain an unceasing prayer, by so arranging amongst themselves as to say the Rosary night and day; their prayers were magnificently blessed by Almighty God, and the Pope in consequence instituted the feast of Rosary Sunday as a lasting expression of gratitude; the Rosarians, encouraged by these consoling events, did not abandon their pious act, but numbers of members of the Confraternity of the Rosary continued the same work of piety, each registering his name as undertaking to recite the entire Rosary at some fixed hour of cer-

tain days selected, and registered in a Dominican Priory—thus arose the “Perpetual Rosary” commonly called “Our Lady’s Guard of Honor.” Each Associate, at the hour and day he has chosen and been registered for, recites the five Joyful Mysteries for the Conversion of Sinners, the five Sorrowful Mysteries for the Agonizing, the five Glorious Mysteries for the Faithful Departed, and the Litany of the Rosary (or else the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or five Paters and Aves), for the intention recommended by Associates. For the intentions also form a special intention for the entire Rosary. Every time this devotion is performed a Plenary Indulgence is obtained besides many other great indulgences. Rosarians who undertake this act of piety are registered at those Dominican Priors which have been constituted centers for such associations of perpetual and united intercession. Such a registry was opened at the Dominican Priory, Woodchester, Gloucestershire, a Father was appointed Director, and 15,000 persons are now associated around that center. The prayer of intercession thus rises every hour of the entire year from our “Lady’s Guard of Honor,” thus maintaining a really perpetual Rosary offered for the objects dearest to Jesus and to Mary.

All Religious Communities offer up daily prayers for the Sovereign Pontiff. It would be well if, in the present time of danger to the Holy See, they would all add to their ordinary prayers the prayer for the preservation of the city of Rome, which we published in No. 40 of the AVE MARIA.

The present time is certainly one of great danger; the *statu quo* cannot be longer maintained in Italy; the passions of the revolutionists, the puffed up vanity of Victor Emmanuel’s government and the collapsed state of its treasury, the increasing discontent in Southern Italy, and many other circumstances, render the continuation of the present state of affairs impossible. Some grand move must be made, and the move will be towards Rome.

Amidst all the dangers that surround the Holy Father, he maintains that serenity of mind and peace of soul which faith gives him, for he sees all things in God; he knows that nothing transpires here below without God’s permission; that all things on our earth will end ultimately for the good of the Church; and he calmly fulfills his duties as Head of the Church and Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth. The following Allocution was pronounced by his Holiness, on the occasion of certifying two miracles wrought by the Blessed

Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionists, preparatory to his canonization:

“The Catholic religion is not unproductive and sterile, as all sects are. These, the work of human malice, can only produce evil; the Catholic religion, on the contrary, is the work of God, and the works of God produce the fruits of eternal life. One of these fruits, Paul of the Cross, has been gathered into the garden of the Church. You know the good he did among the people by the holiness of his life and the fervor of his apostolic zeal. You know how, not content with that, he instituted a new religious family, which devoted itself to the assistance of its neighbor, to the extirpation of vice and the propagation of virtue—a vocation eminently holy and useful to the Church and society. If the Religious Orders are so useful to the Church and society, how is it that men are so bitter against them and wish to destroy them? Ah! the motives of those feelings would take long to recapitulate; I shall, therefore, only mention three. In the first place our era has the impiety (and I have heard it with my own ears) to wish that government should be sustained by atheistic laws, because, this principle once admitted, the natural consequence would be religious indifference, and the satisfaction of all the passions. The impious are bitter against the religious orders and the ministers of the Church; because these preach by word and example a law quite opposed to theirs. Is it astonishing, then, that there should be implacable enmity between the son of the law of the atheist and the son of the law of Jesus Christ? The impious are at peace neither with themselves nor with others, nor with God, while the religious not only possess peace, but bear it every where, giving calm to men’s conscience, appeasing irritated minds and reconciling enemies. Thus the impious, unwilling to see others enjoying a blessing they themselves do not possess, hate and persecute the peaceful, as our Lord predicted. Finally, while the impious oppress the people, despoil them of their goods, reduce them to misery, even deprive their souls of their spiritual nourishment, or seek to poison it, the religious and the priests distribute spiritual bread to the people by means of preaching, sacraments and good example, and even add to that temporal bread by their incessant charities and benevolent assistance. How, therefore, can the false friends of the people endure its true friends? The persecution is great, but let your constancy to counterbalance the efforts of the impious be as great. That is

your mission. Pray that God may pardon the sins of our persecutors and lead them to a salutary repentance; show yourselves in the eyes of all what you profess to be, so that your example may confound and humiliate the impious. May the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit bless you, and in you all your children (the Holy Father addressed himself especially to the Vicar General): may They also bless your enemies, *non ut devorent plebem sicut escam panis, sed ut latentur in benedictione pacis.*"

ANNALS OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

In the numbers of the *Annales de Notre Dame du Sacré Cœur* for October, we are happy to find the following additional testimony of the great good effected by Rev. Father Chevalier, Superior of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at Issoudun, France, and Editor of the Annals:

"The blessings God continues to grant abundantly to the Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, become more numerous every day, and we consider it our duty to inform our subscribers that all the profit arising from the Annals will be sent to our Holy Father, the Pope, in the name of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart."

It is to the untiring zeal of the Superior of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that this most beautiful devotion, with all its supernatural aids, has become the instrument of doing so much good.

From our private correspondence with Rev. Father Chevalier we know with what fervor daily prayers and Masses are offered up in the chapel of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in Issoudun, the canonical center of this devotion, for all the Association.

From the October numbers of the Annals we learn that *twenty-one thousand, two hundred and fifty-eight* recommendations had been presented during the month. In one of the letters from Annals we read as follows:

"I am happy to have a list of one hundred and seventy-two names to send you. Before commencing the work I had no doubt of its success. No one could fail to adopt a devotion so easy, and, at the same time, so advantageous on account of the indulgences which are attached to it, and the graces it procures for time and eternity.

"Mothers, after inscribing the names of their husbands, fail not to give those of their children—even the very youngest—and they take pleasure

in teaching their little ones the invocations of the Association at the same time as their prayers."

The diffusion of the devotion to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart continues constantly to reap the happiest results. The Annals of the last month mentions the receipt of three thousand five hundred and forty-nine acknowledgments of favors granted through the invocation of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

One most consoling circumstance in connection with this devotion is that it produces an equal development of all other devotions and of all virtues. This is fully proved by the edifying letters received from every quarter.

"This result will surprise none save those who do not understand the marvelous unity of Christianity,—concentrating all in the HEART OF JESUS, the inexhaustible source of, all graces and all devotions. And since MARY has all power over this Heart, is it astonishing that those who are devoted to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart should, at the same time, be devoted to the Sacred Heart itself; to the Most Blessed Sacrament; to Saint Joseph, and the holy angels?" Rev. Father Chevalier says: "All these devotions are found reunited in the letters of our Associates." In conclusion this zealous servant of Mary adds: "Should we be astonished that all sorts of virtues germinate as the natural products of this delicious *parterre*, this fertile garden, which the Scriptures and the Church present to us as the emblem of MARY?"

The *parterre* of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart! What a beautiful poetic subject for those who have the talent and the leisure!

DEATH OF THOMAS O'DONNELL.

SEMINARY OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS,
SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y., Oct. 16, '66.

To the Ave Maria:

Died, on Wednesday morning, 12th ult., at half past one o'clock, of consumption, Thomas O'Donnell, of New Orleans, aged 44 years,—a native of Cashell, County Tipperary, Ireland, and for the last twenty years a resident and Catholic bookseller of that city. The orphans and poor, whom he so munificently patronized and aided, as well as young men whom he had been educating for the priesthood, have lost a great and liberal benefactor by his death. What has been the loss of his own friends we know not. May God's holy will be ever adored, even when our hearts are saddened by deep pangs of sorrow. This good man well deserves to be remembered in the pious prayers of the Catholics of New Orleans. We on whom he has so profusely lavished his generous donations, deplore his loss and sincerely pray for his repose and glory in heaven. *Requiescat in pace.*

This sad news reached here on the 14th inst.
A STUDENT.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE ANGELUS.

Hark! count the strokes,—three—four—five—six;

Come all my dear children dear,

Let us recite the *Angelus*

Our Lady's heart to cheer.

In cities large and populous,

From all the belfries round,

Three times a day the *Angelus*

Rings out with joyful sound.

Three times a day dear Gabriel's "Hail"

The faithful all repeat;

Three times a day "Thy handmaid, Lord!"

Our Lady's answer meet.

Three times a day "the Word made flesh"

Repeat on bended knee,

The meekness of redeeming love

Adoring reverently.

In our dear home, so still and green,

There is no belfry near,

Whose goodly bell the *Angelus*

Rings out with solemn cheer.

But still the house-clock's tuneful stroke,

At six, at twelve and six,

Should never fail, my children dear,

Your wandering thoughts to fix

Upon that loveliest mystery

Of God's Incarnate Word,

Which Mary first from Gabriel's "Hail!"

With loving wonder heard.

And year by year the *Angelus*

Will have a tenderer sound,

With something more of heaven within

Its mystery profound.

THE HAPPY LITTLE BOY.

There was once a poor little orphan boy named Willie. An old Catholic woman, out of charity, let him live in her house. Little Willie had but very few of the blessings of this world. His clothes were but miserable rags, and, when he was hungry, very often he had nothing to eat. Not much kindness did he receive from any body, and even the old woman was able to do very little for the orphan, because she herself was so poor. But God had filled Willie's soul with many blessed graces.

Willie was a good child, and to be good is far better than to be rich. Morning and night little Willie lifted up his hands to heaven, and said "Our Father, who art in heaven," and He who is the God of orphans heard the orphan's prayer.

Willie used to try and make a few cents every day, to buy bread, by selling matches; and often, as he went on his weary way, he looked up at the blue sky, and thought how he had a Blessed Mother in heaven. Many were the Hail Marys he said during the day; and when he said "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death," he thought how sweet it would be to die, and go and be with Mary in heaven.

God does not forget the poor creatures whom nobody cares about. It is true He waits till the next life to give them their reward; but, still, He sometimes sends some little blessing of this world to strengthen the fainting heart. So He sometimes put the thought into somebody's heart to have pity on poor Willie in his hunger, and give him something to eat.

Willie never forgot to thank God for every little kindness that was shown to him. He never laid his weary head down to sleep, at night, till he had asked God to bless those who had been kind to him; then he said his night prayers and examined his conscience, and the last thing he did at night was to fold his arms in the form of a cross, and say "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul." Willie went to confession once every month, and perhaps the priest who heard his confessions was the only person in the wide world who knew how much this little boy pleased God. He was never absent from Mass on Sundays, and even on week days he went to Mass as often as he could. Whenever he was in church, and could get an opportunity, he loved to go and kneel at the rails of the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. Somehow he had learned, without being taught, to say little prayers to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. He would say: "My Jesus, I believe You are here present; I adore You, O my Jesus; I thank you, O my sweet Jesus; I love You with all my heart!" Nobody could tell how he had learnt these prayers, for he had never been sent to school; but he prayed with a great heart, for he dearly loved Jesus, and he said these prayers over and over again.

Willie was now about nine years old; and all these years had been full of pains and sorrows for him. But these pains did not come by accident: God had arranged them all beforehand,—before Willie was born,—from all eternity. These sorrows were the road fixed by God, by which Willie was to go to heaven. God wished to see if Willie would be good, and faithful to Him in all these pains; and if the little orphan was faithful,

God intended to give him a great, a very great reward in heaven.

And so the nine years fixed by God for Willie to live were now finished, and during all this time he had been very good. It was a cold winter evening; the snow and rain had been falling on the poor child all day, as he went about trying to sell his matches. He came home late. He did not feel hungry, although he had scarcely eaten any thing during the whole day; but he felt sick; his head was dizzy, and his poor little body ached all over. Next day he was worse, and he kept getting worse and worse every day. At last one of the neighbors had the kindness to go for the doctor. The doctor came, and as soon as he had seen Willie he said that he was dying.

At the moment when the doctor said Willie was going to die, his Angel Guardian went away! This was wonderful, for his Angel Guardian had never before left him since the hour he was born. He had watched over him and taken care of him, and consoled him when he was hungry and sorrowful. Why, then, did the Angel leave him just then, when he was dying? Listen, and you shall hear. The Angel Guardian went to the Church, where Jesus was in the Blessed Sacrament; and kneeling down before Jesus, he said: "My dear Lord, the good little child which You told me to take care of, is dying. Be pleased, O Lord Jesus, to come to the poor child, before he dies, and give him Your blessing for a happy death."

Now, Jesus had not seen the little child in the church for many days, and He knew why the child was not there. He knew very well that little Willie was dying, because it was His will that he should die. When the Guardian Angel said this prayer, Jesus turned to the Angels,—for there are always millions of angels adoring before the Blessed Sacrament,—and He said:

"My dear Angels, the good little child you have seen so often in the church is going to die, for I want to have him in heaven; but before he dies, I am going to give him My blessing, for a happy death."

Then the priest came, to take the Blessed Sacrament to the dying boy, as he always takes it to those who are very sick and going to die. Now, just at the moment when the Blessed Sacrament was taken into the room where Willie was, a most wonderful thing happened: Jesus spoke; He spoke to the heart of our little boy, and nobody heard Him speak except Willie himself. And He said these words: "My dear child, I am Jesus, whom you love. I want you to die and come to

heaven; and now I have come to give you Myself in the Blessed Sacrament."

Willie knew how to answer—to speak to Jesus; for many and many a time he had knelt before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and prayed to Him; so now he said: "O Jesus, God the Son made man, I believe that You are present in the Blessed Sacrament. Sweet Jesus, I love you. And now, Jesus, You know that I am dying, and I want to die for the love of You; come then, my dearest Jesus, give Yourself to me, and give strength to my poor dying heart."

Then the priest gave the Holy Communion to the little boy. After that, he administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, praying to God that in His mercy He would forgive whatever sins the child might have committed by the senses. After each prayer Willie answered Amen. In the end, the priest gave the last blessing of the Church, which is given to the dying that they may not be punished in Purgatory for their sins. This is called the Plenary Indulgence.

The last moments of Willie's life were passing away; death was not far off. What is called the last agony came on. This is the struggle between the body and the soul when the soul begins to leave the body. It is a terrible sight to see those who are in their last agony. Little Willie's face became as pale as ashes, big drops of sweat rolled slowly down it, the eyes moved about as if he saw something that frightened him. Those were moments of fear, both for them who stood around the dying child and for the Angels above. During those moments the Angels were praying for the dying boy, and they said:

O God, have pity on the poor dying child; do not let the devil come and tempt him. Give him Your blessing, O God, to die a happy death; he believed in You, hoped in You and loved You.

All was over. Little Willie was dead! And what do you think happened at the very last moment of his life? Just as he was going to die, with the very last breath that he ever breathed in this world, he said: "*Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul,*" and the next moment little Willie was in heaven, at the feet of Jesus, and our good Lord was putting a beautiful crown on his head; and that blessed prayer was still, as it were, on the lips of the dead body!

And because Willie's soul was in heaven, the Angels came down and sang hymns round his lifeless body; for they knew that it would rise again on the last day, brighter and more beautiful than the sun.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOV. 10, 1866.

No. 45.

FATHER JAMES MARQUETTE.

DEVOTION TO THE VIRGIN IN NORTH AMERICA, published by Virtue and Yorston, Boston.

We have Brebœuf and Daniel, Jogues and Noue and Bressany, the Jesuits, the Recollets, the Oblates, the Sulpicians to choose from, and we take Father James Marquette as the most American, so to say, inasmuch as he was the discoverer and explorer of the Mississippi, and as remarkably devout to Mary, having in childhood been consecrated to her, and in manhood as doing all for God through especial devotion to the Immaculate Conception.

Of an ancient family of Laon, always famed for their valor in war, and their sincerity in devotion, this glorious servant of Mary was born in the year 1637. Until the age of seventeen, his mother, Rose de la Salle, had educated him, inspiring him with that profound, ardent, tender and unwavering devotion to Our Lady which was the main-spring of his life. When he had reached his seventeenth year she gave him up to God in the Society of Jesus. Twelve years from that dedication he landed in Canada. Mother Mary of the Incarnation was one of those who welcomed him to the toils and self-sacrifice which his sacred ambition desired. New York was red with missionary blood, and he longed for that field of labor, but it was not to be his. First of all, he must learn the languages; but these he soon mastered. Then he began his westward march, and first halted at the Sault Ste. Marie, where the Cross had been planted by Father Isaac Jogues twenty years before, but had fallen. It was for Marquette and Allouez to replant it and to build the first Catholic church there, where now stands the cathedral of St. Mary, and the apostolic Bishop Baraga presides.

From this, farther west to the Ottawa, was a mission almost hopeless, from the abandonment of that people to the worship of their own passions. But now the great dream of his life began to rise in his heart, soon to take possession of it alto-

gether. He had heard from straggling hunters, as from general rumor, that out toward the sunset a mighty river took its rise and rolled its floods, for measureless miles, through populous pagan lands, to the far southern seas. Ah! to discover this—to launch himself on those swift tides with his cross, his beads, and his breviary! not to win a name among the learned of the earth, the applause of science, the gratitude of trade, but to bear to those lost tribes the glad news of a Redeemer; to people heaven with their ransomed souls; to teach those pathless prairies and unhewn woods to re-echo the sweet names of JESUS and of MARY!

This, Father James Marquette felt, was to be, for the future, his ambition. So at once he began offering up perpetual devotions to the Immaculate Mother for the accomplishment of his yearning. Indeed, things seemed to work that way. He was sent south and westward to Mackinac, south and westward to Green Bay—southward, at last, to the Illinois. Everywhere he heard more and plainer tidings of the great river, and he redoubled his devotions. Then Mary heard and granted his prayers. Joliet arrived, sent by the Count de Frontenac, then Governor of Canada, and bringing with him, from Marquette's superiors, the long wished-for permission. And note the day of Joliet's arrival: it is the 8th of December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Mary!

The heart of the missionary burned within him, for it took months to prepare the expedition; but at last it was ready, at the mission of Saint Ignatius, the cross of which, on the Isle of Mackinac, was seen over the wide straits and from the two inland seas of Huron and of Michigan; and in the middle of May, the month of Mary, they pushed out their bark canoes upon the deep blue lake. They took all possible precautions, made all prudent preparations, but "above all," says Marquette, "I placed our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, and promised her that if she obtained us the grace of discovering the great river, I would give it the name of

Conception, as I would do to the first mission I should establish among those new nations."

The story of this discovery cannot be repeated here; it is the common property of historian and geographer. We have only to show the voyage of devotion to the Mother of God, and what advances that made into the wild interior of North America. The missionary, starting inward from the shores of Green Bay, had penetrated west and south, through many adventures, leaving here and there some hint of the Gospel, which he hoped one day to preach to all these nations, and reaching at length a stream, wide, and swift, and deep, which they told him would bear him to the great river. Before embarking on its bosom they began a new devotion to the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, which they practiced every day, and "by especial prayers we placed," he says, "under her protection the success of our voyage and ourselves." Then, for a hundred and twenty miles, they float down the Wisconsin, through the State of that name, to its mouth and the object of their wishes. Then out upon the broad breast of the Father of Waters, and down its stream past Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, noting every object, the nature of the trees, the varying width of water, the animals, especially the "wild cattle," and the panthers which came in sight.

The Illinois seem to have been a mild, dignified, and hospitable race, receiving Marquette in their villages, showing him their customs, and listening with respect to the new doctrines which he uttered. They urged him to stay with them, and when he refused for the time, gave him provisions for his journey and a calumet for his defense. Then down the river again as far as the mouth of the Arkansas. Just above this they had been attacked by a party of hostile Indians, apparently not natives of the neighborhood—perhaps Tuscaroras or Iroquois. They were armed with bows, arrows, axes, war-clubs, and bucklers, and prepared to attack the missionary both by land and water, some embarking in canoes, a part to ascend, others to descend the river, so as to surround their prey. The current drew the canoe to the shore, and the young men sprang in to seize it; but not getting near enough for that, they returned to the shore, and seizing their bows and arrows, prepared to pierce the servant of God. Death seemed inevitable. "But," says the faithful Marquette, "we had recourse to our patroness and guide, the Holy Virgin Immaculate, and we had great need of her assistance, for the savages were urging each other to the slaughter by fierce

and continual cries." But God suddenly touched the hearts of the old men, the youth were checked, and for that time the missionary was spared.

They had now reached a land where the inhabitants "never see snow, and know the winter only by the rain which falls oftener than in summer;" that is, they were in Arkansas. And now the problem of the great river was solved, and they knew how that, coming from the cold lakes of the north, it watered so vast an extent of country, to empty at last in the Gulf of Mexico. For they had heard already, by the New York missionaries, how bands of wandering Iroquois had warred against the Ontongannha, who lived on the banks of a beautiful river (Ohio) which leads to the great lake, as they called the sea, where they traded with Europeans "who pray to God as we do, and have rosaries, and bells to call men to prayers." Of these and other such accounts, Marquette gained full confirmation from the Arkansas tribes; and so, having navigated its waters for a distance of eight degrees, and published the Gospel as well as he could to the nations he had met, and learning that all the tribes below were in perpetual war and furnished with firearms, he turned the prow of his canoe and began to ascend the river.

Entering the Illinois river, he passed a town of the Kaskaskias; another, higher up, of the Peorias, and was compelled to promise both to return and instruct them. Three days he preached the faith in all their cabins, baptized a dying child, and so, after a voyage of two thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven miles, on foot or in birch canoe, he reached the mission of Green Bay.

It was here, under the roof dedicated to his beloved mission-model, St. Francis Xavier, that Marquette spent the summer of 1674, trying to recover from the chronic dysentery which his labors and fatigues had brought upon him; and it was here that the eagerly sought orders found him to go to the Illinois. In the month of November he set out, and was well enough upon the lake; but with the severe cold upon the land, his disease attacked him with redoubled vigilance. Still he pushed on, for had he not his work to do? But when he reached the banks of the Illinois, and found that river frozen, he was prostrated. And there he lay, so ill that even on his well-loved patronal feast, of the Immaculate Conception (Dec. 8), he could not offer the Holy Sacrifice. There he must winter, that dying servant of Mary, in a half-open wigwam, exposed to the fierce northern blasts, dependent for his food upon the guns of his two poor French companions.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

THE INDIAN SAINT.

The song of Catherine Tegahkouita

From the deep forest wild,—

The daughter of the ruthless Iroquois,—

Bare nature's savage child.

Two hundred misty years have gone away,

Since the woods heard her voice,—

Alone, when gloom began to shade the day,—
The peaceful lake, her choice.

Oft when the dull horizon, grey and red,

Lay on the Western deep,

The dark-hued maiden to her lone haunt fled

To keep lone watch and weep.

And, yet, the maiden knew not why she wept,

But this she knew—a void

Was in her deepest heart, and strangely kept

Her soul with woe alloyed.

She heeded not the solemn pale twilight

That stole the forest through,

Nor the hoarse cry of evil bird of night

That past her shrieking flew.

She scorned the phantoms that her fancy made

Of charred old stump, or breeze

That with dead leaves a ghostly music played

Wild sighing through the trees.

"Why do you shine, oh star?" the maiden says,

"And why does each night show

Your undimmed glory's solitary praise

Twinkling at my deep woe.

What power hath fixed thee in the baseless sky?

Oh, answer me, bright star;

What voice hath said, 'Oh star, thou shalt not die,'

Great wonder of the Far."

And then the Dreamer listened for response,

But still it twinkled on;

And, yet, sometimes, it seemed to hear her wants,

And sparkle sadly down.

A voice was in her heart that calmly said:

"Before thou wert, I shone,—

On all the mouldering ages that have fled,

I have peeped brightly down."

And that deep instinct of Himself, which He

Hath written on the heart,

Shook,—like a great wave on the troubled sea—

Her being's inner part.

Far through the world of wonders strew'd around,

Above and far below,

She sought for the Great Cause, but ever found

Effect's mysterious flow.

Then, like a spirit, glided she away

Through the deep, somber wood,

And, at the first smile of the dawning day,

Again the maiden stood

Beneath the azure canopy, and mused

With pictures of the brain,

That sometimes a short gleam of joy infused

Into her heart deep pain.

"Oh flowers," the maiden said, "who painted you

With such design and skill?

Who gave the ray to make ye red or blue

And sweetest scent distil?

Oh birds, what hand protects you, when the snow

Steals summer's life away—

Who gives your little throats their joyful flow

Of music all the day?"

One day, alone, a pale-face stranger came

Out of the forest deep,

Braving the faggot and the awful flame,

In search of Christ's lost sheep.

He was of France and great Ignace, a child—

His arms—a simple cross,—

His face all worn with watching, thin and mild,

O'er which no passions toss.

No sound arose to break the stillness there

Save chirping eve-bird's song,

That thrilled its sweetness on the forest air

The verdant trees among.

It was as if His spirit had come down

To bless the scene awhile,

And over all, a calm and brilliant crown,

The setting sun's last smile.

Beside the lake the dusky maiden's gaze

Was dreaming in the West

In forms unuttered, such as Fancy plays

With the young heart's unrest.

"Oh, can there be existence after this?"

The Dreamer softly sighed,

"And is there something better than earth's bliss?"

"Yes, through the Crucified."

She was untutored nature's savage child,

And never felt a fear,

And yet that voice, so gentle and so mild,

When he who spoke drew near,

Did fall—as earth upon a coffin lid

Of the dead heart we love—

Her soul upon, and all the brightness hid

That fancy weaved above.

And when she turned and saw the dark-robed form,

There rose the ancient time,

When she hung on the wild and storied charm

Of men and deeds sublime.

When gently seated by the wigwam fire

She drank into her mind

The wondrous legends of the artless lyre
With savage laurels twined.

She thought one of the ancients of her race,
Out of his forest grave,
Had come to rule the council fire and chase,
Or o'er the war-path wave
The emblem of the mighty Iroquois
That once, o'er all the land,
Was for the wandering tribes a rule and law
That held them in one bond.

The stranger told a tale of love so deep
That soon the pitying maid
From a new cause began to sadly weep,
And then she humbly prayed
That he would tell the name of Him, so good
To a base, sinful clod,—
Then sweetly, for the first time, through the wood,
There breathed the name of God.

Faith found her heart undarkened by the bane
Of prejudice or sin,
Save the dread negative of primal stain
Her being deep within.
And soon the holy hand upraised, cast o'er
Her brow the living wave
That flows in mercy from the Eternal shore
The curse of Eve to lave.

And lo! new aspirations, once unfelt,
Grew with her life of grace,
That consummation had the morn she knelt
And saw Him face to face,
And felt upon her virgin tongue the Blood
That purpled her pure heart
With the deep crimson of His bitter Rood
That shall no more depart.

Ah, yes, a new life—sweet, yet full of tears,
The soul's soft April shower—
When deep-sunk frost of nature disappears
And leaves fair virtue's flower
Blooming chastest beauty in the shrine
That knows not sin's dark breath—
The lovely casket of a Spouse Divine
That's opened by pale death.

And ever did imagination cast
O'er meditations deep
The wondrous abyss of that ocean vast
Where angels vigil keep—
That ocean wide—the Virgin Mother's love;—
A mystery so great
That God Himself came from His Throne above
Its worth to compensate.

She grew in virtue, hidden and concealed,

Far in the trackless wood,
But God in wondrous miracles revealed
Her sweet and modest good.
For soon strange rumors stole across the sea,
Of the blest Indian maid,—
Of the fair lily for eternity,
That grew up in the shade.

And so her life passed on till she became
A holocaust so pure
That earthly dross consumed by the great flame
Passed off forevermore.
Till, like the fading of the lingering ray
That Autumn sun casts down,
The dark-hued child of heaven passed away
To her eternal crown.

The sun is shining on the lake once more,
But ah, the Dreamer's gone,
She walks now by a fairer, brighter shore,
Beneath a fadeless sun.
And often, by the lake, some passer-by
Will linger in deep thought,
And fancy that the Dreamer's spirit's nigh
The place in life she sought.

LACORDAIRE AND THE ORDER OF SAINT DOMINIC.

Lacordaire's second journey to Rome, and his occupations in the Holy City, are related for us by himself in his letters to Madame Swetchine. It appears that that prudent and valued friend hardly understood his motives in retiring so suddenly from the great position which he had gained by his Conferences in Paris; and is it possible that the idea which in the end took possession of him, that it was his vocation to become a Dominican friar, and restore the Order in France, was one which he instinctively kept to himself in his intercourse with her. At all events, we find no mention of its growth in his mind in these letters; though, from the Memoirs dictated by Lacordaire shortly before his death, it appears that it was long and anxiously pondered and debated with himself.

He arrived in Rome towards the end of May, 1836. It was the Eve of Pentecost, and he hastened at once from his inn to pray at the shrine of St. Peter. A few more days saw him settled in a lodging in the Via di S. Nicolo ai Cesarini, not far from the Gesù, at which church he always said Mass. He gives a glowing account of his cordial reception by Gregory XVI, and counts it as one of the chief points that he has gained, that he was

on the most friendly and intimate terms with the Jesuits. They placed their library at his disposal, and brought him themselves the books which he wanted. Père Villefort he chose as his confessor, and Père Rozaven—of whom Mgr. Dupanloup afterwards said, that since Bossuet, the French Church had never possessed a more consummate theologian than him—took him cordially by the hand. He studied the work of Petavius with avidity,—*ouvrage très-estimé*, he says, *qui résume toute la théologie des Pères de l'Eglise, et qui tient lieu d'une masse effrayante de lectures*. He found there many confirmations of thoughts which had been in a manner instinctive to him, as well as much that enlarged with new revelations his theological ideas. He speaks with delight of his visits to some of the shrines in the neighborhood of Rome, the Madonna of Genazzano, and the spots consecrated by the memory of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica at Subiaco. Tivoli pleased him but little; and his enthusiasm was reserved especially for the Campagna, over which he loved to roam alone. He seems to have lived in great retirement; but he went to Rome quite at the end of the season for visitors, and his earliest letters were written in the months in which every one who can be absent from the city leaves it. He made, however, one or two useful acquaintances. M. Blondel van Culenbræck, the Belgian *Chargé d'Affaires*, introduced him to Mgr. Capaccini, *Sostituto* of the Secretary of State, from whom he always received great kindness and assistance. He was of course already known to Cardinal Lambruschini.

The first ruffle to his repose came after a few months. Towards the end of 1836 M. de Lamennais—whose name had so often been used by the adversaries of Lacordaire to frighten those who were disposed to trust him—published another violent attack on the Holy See in his *Affaires de Rome*. It professed to give an account of the dealings of the authorities at Rome with himself and his former associates. It was one of those explosions of violence which carry with them their own answer; but it caused great disquiet to Lacordaire, as he had been one of De Lamennais' companions at the time referred to, and it gave occasion to intrigues which had some influence on his future course. He was at once inclined to write something which might seem not so much an answer to the work, as a declaration on his own part of entire separation from its author. He determined on addressing his *Lettre sur le Saint-Siège* to the young men who had formed his audience at

Notre Dame. The Letter was written by the end of 1836. Lacordaire submitted it to Mgr. Capaccini,—by whom it was no doubt privately shown to the Pope,—and to others at Rome. It was quite approved of there. In fact, Lacordaire's sojourn in Rome, and the sincere devotion which he on all occasions manifested to the Holy See, had quite done away there with any prejudices that might have remained against him on the score of his connection with the *Avenir*. This was not altogether the case in Paris. It is impossible quite to understand the rancorous feeling which appears to have existed against him in some minds, without taking into consideration the deep wounds which had been left by the Revolution and the events which had succeeded it. There had been an entire overthrow both of Church and State, in the course of which streams of blood had been shed, the whole property of the Church confiscated, and the great mass of her best clergy driven into exile. Then had come the restoration of religion by Napoleon; the Holy See had been forced by the exacting spirit of the conqueror to go to the utmost possible limits of concession, for the sake of delivering the Church from persecution. The result had been the Concordat, the establishment of a new hierarchy,—to which the displaced Bishops submitted nobly indeed, but not without pain,—and the organic laws, never accepted by the Holy See, but still enforced by the secular power. All this could not pass without leaving a thousand elements of division of feeling on matters of lesser importance. It is the praise of the Catholics of France—it may be said to be a proof furnished by them of the supreme power of the Catholic religion over its children—that all these elements did not rise to the surface and show their influence in open dissensions, when, on the return of the Bourbons, the attempt was made to link the new state of things with the traditions of the old, and carry on affairs in Church and State as if the Revolution and its effects had been but a bad dream. Even the old Gallican feeling, which had run riot under the Grand Monarque, still lingered in some minds, notwithstanding the storm which had swept over the country; and the inclinations manifested by so many to make the interests of religion depend on the fortunes of a particular dynasty, or the maintenance of a particular form of political government produced, as we have seen, a strong reaction, the influence of which has not yet died away, which carried many of the most zealous defenders and servants of the Church into the ranks of "liberalism." When we consid-

er how, even in communities long undisturbed by convulsions, the faint shades of opinion which distinguish the members of different parties are often enough to create jealousies, or to chill the warmth and cordiality which is necessary for active coöperation in the pursuit of a common object, we cannot be surprised if the traditions of families or the accidents of education in a particular school of thought have sometimes, in a country like France, appeared to divide the best men from one another striving in all earnestness for the same great cause of society and the Church. When men are full of eagerness, not only to do good, but to do it in their own way, they are tempted to be as angry with those who would do it in another way as with those who would prevent it. There seems, moreover, to have been a good deal of intriguing in some ecclesiastical circles in Paris. We have already mentioned the memorial against the Archbishop's administration which had been drawn up and circulated among the clergy before the appointment of Lacordaire to the *Conférences de Notre Dame*. No less an authority than Mgr. Affre—afterward the successor of Mgr. de Quelen, and at that time one of the Vicars General—is quoted for the fact, that there were some counsellors of the Archbishop who urged on the appointment, in the hopes of seeing the nominee shamefully fail. Père Chocarne quotes (p. 180, note) a passage from a brochure published some time after this by the author of *Le Prêtre devant le Siècle*, in which Lacordaire's sermons are characterized as fit to appear as articles in a new *Avenir*, and "constituting," as the writer says, "the most perfect degradation of language, and the most complete anarchy of thought, not only theological, but simply philosophical." This persistent and extravagant enmity made itself felt on the occasion of his proposed *Lettre sur le Saint-Siège*. Instead of being content with the approval he had received at Rome, Lacordaire submitted it, by means of Madame Swetchine, to the Archbishop, who seems to have been persuaded by his advisers to oppose the publication. It is difficult to imagine what serious ground could have been found for the apprehensions which instigated this step, unless it be supposed either that Lacordaire was too loyal to Rome for some of his critics, or that the avowal and proof of his loyalty might have seemed to them inexpedient. For a moment he was angered, and wrote to Madame Swetchine that he was so far pledged at Rome to publish the Letter, that it must be done. But a day or two spent in reflection determined him

to give way, and he wrote to the Archbishop, telling him that the manuscript was at his disposal to throw into the fire if he chose, but that he objected to changes being made in it, and to its publication at a later period. It was in reality published a year later, when the excesses of the Prussian Government against the Archbishop of Cologne furnished a favorable opportunity for an attempt to influence public opinion in behalf of the Holy See.

This affair made Lacordaire still less anxious to return to Paris. His letters speak of remaining in Italy for a number of years, and devoting himself to writing. There was an idea of his being permanently fixed at St. Louis des Français, where he accepted a lodging for the latter months of his stay; but he declined the chaplaincy when offered to him. An invitation to preach at Metz during the ensuing winter (1837-8) determined him to leave Rome in the autumn, after he had delayed his departure for some weeks in order to be of some service during the ravages of the cholera which broke out there in September. He succeeded wonderfully at Metz, and was besieged by applications from the Bishops and Archbishops of other great towns in France. His letters to Madame Swetchine mention these, and even speak of his plan of preaching *Conférences* in the provinces. "*La France est grande, les besoins sont immenses : pourquoi renoncer à tout parceque Paris n'est fermé ! Ailleurs, je n'aurais plus les journaux ni cette coterie persécutrice qui a son siège dans la capitale.*" But in reality, he carried with him from Rome the resolution to the execution of which the remainder of his life was to be devoted, though it was not to prevent him from carrying on in Notre Dame the *Conférences* which he had so successfully begun. The *Lettre sur le Saint-Siège* concludes with a fine passage, which shows that Lacordaire looked upon the freedom of association in religious communities, not only as an object most earnestly to be desired by those who were contending for the emancipation of the Church from the bonds which the secular power had imposed upon her, but also as a right, the unrestrained use of which would be the source of unnumbered benefits to society and to religion. In the Memoirs to which we have before referred as dictated by him in the last weeks of his life, he draws out the line of thought which haunted him during the year and some months which he had now spent in Rome. He found himself, in his thirty-fourth year, with no fixed career as yet before him, and with a sense of unfitness for the or-

dinary life of a parish priest in France. Rome spoke to him of the religious Orders which had either risen from her soil or derived their strength and permanence from her sanction and blessing; and he saw that no need was more pressing on the Church in his day than their restoration in the many countries in which they had lately been destroyed. Could he not be the instrument of their revival in France? The idea of forfeiting his own independence alarmed him; the difficulty of gathering and keeping together men fit for such a work frightened and appalled him. There were particular obstacles in the way in France, where the Government had a practical veto on all associations of every kind, and showed itself entirely hostile to the revival of Monasticism. The Jesuits were barely tolerated, because they had been in existence in France since the restoration of their Society; if he could have looked on a few years, he would have seen the Ministry of M. Guizot joining in the attack made on them by the enemies of all religion, and intriguing at Rome for their suppression. The grave injustice of thus practically forbidding Christians to follow the instinct of perfection—so forcibly pointed out, on the occasion just mentioned, by Father de Ravignan—was probably a motive in the mind of Lacordaire for attempting the correction of this abuse of political power. He was far too deeply religious at heart not to feel his own weakness for so great an undertaking, and too sensible not to understand its immense difficulties. Besides the confidence in the assistance of Heaven which his faith assured him, he had a great source of encouragement in the conviction, which he expressed in words which we may as well quote from his own memoir :

“There is always in the heart of man, in the state of minds, in the course taken by opinion, in laws, things, and times, something which can be used for God. The great art is to discern it and avail ourselves of it, at the same time that we place the principle of our courage and our hopes in the secret and invisible power of God himself. Christianity has never braved the world, it has never insulted nature and reason, it has never made of its light a power to irritate so as to blind. It has been gentle no less than bold, not more energetic than calm, not more inflexible than tender, and so it has always known how to reach the heart of successive generations; and those faithful that will remain to it to the last day will have been won to it and kept to it by the same method.

“These thoughts were my encouragement. It came to my mind that the whole of my former life—even the faults I had fallen into—had pre-

pared for me some kind of access to the heart of my country and my age. I asked myself whether it would not be blamable to neglect such openings from a timidity which would be of use for nothing except for my own repose, and whether the very greatness of the sacrifice was not a reason for attempting it.”

This confidence in the fair, just, and reasonable element in public opinion and feeling is characteristic of Lacordaire, and indeed of all those who are called on to labor hopefully and with a prospect of success to bring round the minds and hearts of the men of their own generation to the truth. When he afterwards said that he rested his cause on “Rome and public opinion,” he expressed the same sentiment, completing it by the addition which every loyal Catholic knows to be necessary. There can be little doubt that when he speaks of the undertaking as a great sacrifice, he by no means overstated the fact. He was half way between thirty and forty; he had always been his own master; he had passed the time when enthusiasm veils from the mind the difficulties of works which require the most assiduous and persevering labour long after the excitement of their first beginnings has faded away; he was fond of solitude, and shrank from responsibility; and though he had tasted success and triumph in his efforts for good, the cup had not been without its mixture of vinegar and gall. His reputation and position were already made; why should he throw himself away on an uncertain, and, as it would seem, a Quixotic enterprise? Here again we trace the solid work of grace, the docility of a noble mind to an inspiration from on high, whispered into his soul now more forcibly than ever in that air of Rome, haunted by the grandest example and the loftiest thoughts to which the children of the Catholic Church are heirs.

During the winter which he spent in France, on account of his course of preaching at Metz, he found no encouragement from his friends. Madame Swetchine, prudent, and endowed with many exquisite instincts, confined herself to an abstinence from opposition. The correspondence between them shows that she had learnt by this time that, though she might help her friend to steer clear of rocks, she could not direct or give the impulse to his course. Every one else treated this idea of Lacordaire's as an absurdity; all the more because he had fixed on the Order of St. Dominic as that which he would endeavor to resuscitate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fac-Simile of the Letter of Approbation

OF THE

A V E M A R I A .

Die 10. Septembris 1866.
 Celsis hinc Placitis, et Summo ad majorem Prae
 gloriam, et B. M. Virginis omnia fuit Directa,
 Benevolentiam opus inceptum et omnes cooperantes
 et Dominus N. S. C. opus persiciat tot Deique
 Pius P. P.

Given by the Sovereign Pontiff, PIUS IX, the 10th of September, 1866.

TEXT OF THE LETTER OF APPROBATION
OF THE HOLY FATHER.

DIE 10 SEPTEMBERIS, 1866.

REBUS HISCE STANTIBUS, ET DUMMODO AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM ET B. M. VIRGINIS OMNIA SINT DIRECTA, BENEDICIMUS OPUS INCEPTUM ET OMNES COÖPERATORES, ET DOMINUS N. J. C. OPUS PERFICIAT SOLIDETQUE.

PIUS, PP. IX.

TRANSLATION.

"These things being so, and provided that all be directed to the honor and glory of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, WE bless the undertaking and all the coöperators thereunto, and may OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST perfect and strengthen the work."

THE Approbation which the Holy Father has deigned to give to our humble little Journal, is a still further inducement for us to labor, might and main, to attain the end for which the AVE MARIA has been established—to spread throughout the land the devotion to our Blessed Mother.

This high Approbation, coming with the approval of the Right Rev. Bishops of the United States, while it encourages us, causes us to take a still more serious view of the responsibility resting upon us, and we would sadly regret the feebleness of our pen did we not know that the AVE MARIA does not now depend upon our efforts, but on the good will and intelligent coöperation of every writer in our country whose heart is warmed by the love of the Immaculate Mother. To them our Blessed Mother looks to have her Journal well sustained; to have her virtues put in such beautiful light that they may be imitated by all; to have the power of her intercession so clearly set forth that all may have recourse to her, and thus that all may, through the Mother, reach the Son. We need give no invitation to the many talented children of Mary to write for the AVE MARIA. The heart of each must prompt him to write something in honor of his *Mother*, and that good Mother will incite her faithful children to send us many beautiful articles to make the AVE MARIA a readable, interesting, edifying journal to all, from the child that pores over the last pages, to the adult who searches after food for his soul in the more serious columns.

The interest which the Sovereign Pontiff takes in every thing relating to the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, and the previous approbations given to the AVE MARIA by so many of the Right Reverend Bishops of America, would have been suffi-

cient to induce the Holy Father to look kindly on our Mother's paper; but that which influenced him the most to give his sanction to the AVE MARIA, was precisely the thought that this paper, once established in Mary's honor, would give an opportunity to all to express their devotion to the Mother of God; that the AVE MARIA would be, as the Holy Father expressed it, a center in which all the rays of love for the Blessed Virgin, coming from the hearts of the many devoted children, would be concentrated, and then in their diffusion from a common center would cast a brighter light on the devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

The Holy Father thought that all would find delight in writing in praise of the Blessed Virgin; that each child of Mary would consider the AVE MARIA as his especial work, the success of which rested upon himself. Trusting that the *idea* of the Holy Father may be fully realized—that all will take an active interest in the AVE MARIA—we go on with confidence, contributing our mite, having always as our motto, *ad majorem Dei gloriam et Beatæ Mariæ Virginis*.

THE III volume of the AVE MARIA will begin with the coming year, and, we hope, with the number of subscribers doubled.

Some of the back numbers of Vol. II, are out of print, and we cannot immediately meet the demands made by the new subscribers, for complete Volumes of this year; but as soon as the AVE MARIA ALMANAC for 1867, be published, we shall reprint the exhausted back numbers, and furnish all who have asked, or may ask between this and the end of the year.

Those of our subscribers who have not yet paid up for the Second Volume, are courteously requested to send in the amount, which is very little for each subscriber, but which in the aggregate amounts to a good round sum for us.

Our friends and subscribers know that the AVE MARIA was not started for a money making enterprise, nor do we intend ever to make it one. All money over and above what is necessary to cover the expenses of the paper, is applied to a charitable work—to the erection of the Missionaries' Home.

We have not published the Sermons made in Baltimore, at the term of the Council, as we are assured that a Pamphlet will appear containing the sermons with every thing else pertaining to the Council, and the readers of the AVE MARIA will there find many particulars we could not possibly find room for in the limited space of our columns.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CROWN OF OUR
LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

This crown, designed by one of the Rev. Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and executed in Paris by Mr. A. Chertier, one of the best and most promising young silversmiths of France, is the gift of thirty generous and noble-hearted persons, all valued friends of this Institution, whose names are engraved on the casings of the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, each having contributed one hundred dollars towards it. (See their names in No. 24 of the AVE MARIA, page 382.)

These thirty devoted Catholics constitute the "Guard of Honor." A diploma to that effect, signed by the Most Rev. Dr. Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore, was given to each one of them on the 31st of May last.

His Holiness, Pope Pius IX, has deigned, at the special request of Very Rev. E. Sorin, to bless the crown and the donors thereof.

This crown is intended as an *offering* to Our Blessed "Lady of the Sacred Heart"—the Virgin Mary—whose colossal statue, beautifully carved by Mr. Buscher of Chicago, stands on the dome of the college, in thanksgiving to her for the protection she has mercifully extended, during these twenty-five years past, over Notre Dame, which, from its foundation, was consecrated to her, and its destinies placed wholly in her hands. *Posuerunt me custodem in vineis*: "They made me the keeper of their vineyards."

As to the material of which this crown was made, it must be stated that not a particle of inferior metal was used: all is solid silver-gilt, even the strengthening circular band inside; the whole is embossed or punched out with the hand, compactly hammered, and very carefully chased.

The sixteen medallions at the base, representing the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, and the cipher of the Blessed Virgin Mary, are beautifully enameled, and cost one hundred francs each. The balls along the mountings, and the smaller ones forming the Fifteen Decades of the Rosary, are of the purest crystal. Most of the precious stones, however, are only half fine.

Five workmen were constantly employed during three months in making the crown, and twelve for two weeks. It weighs fifty-two and a half pounds, and contains twenty-three and a half pounds of pure silver, and one and three fourths pounds of gold. It measures twenty inches in diameter at the base, two feet four inches in the

middle, and is two feet six inches high. The sixty-four precious stones on the band, between the Mysteries, are all *fine* (*turquoises*). The seventy on the cross, which contains the monogram of Mary, and the sixteen on the ball of the cross are also *fine*. There are eight large and very fine crystal balls, thirty-two small ones, one-half of which are colored red, and one hundred and sixty-five, still smaller, forming the Rosary beads. The two hundred and eighty-eight other stones are only half fine. (Signed,)

J. C. CARRIER, S. S. C.

Oct. 7th, Feast of the Holy Rosary.

The following is the translation of the petition made to the Holy Father by Very Rev. Father Sorin:

Most Holy Father:

Father Sorin, Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross, in America, humbly prostrate at the feet of your Holiness, begs you to deign to bless the Crown of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, which the quarantine at Civita Vecchia has prevented from reaching Rome: and also to bless the generous donors of the crown who now form the Guard of Honor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. A truly noble guard, most Holy Father, to whom your blessing will give great joy.

In an audience of the Most Holy Father:

Our Most Holy Father, Pius IX, benignantly granted the above petition.

Given at the Palace of the Vatican, 18th September, 1866.

B. PACCA,

Magister admissionis Suae Sanctitatis.

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

DEATH OF REV. ED. QUINLIVAN.—It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of the above-named Rev. gentleman, in whom our holy Church loses a devoted minister, and Catholic education a zealous promoter. Having formerly labored in the Diocese of Mobile, the last eighteen months of his life were spent in the Diocese of Louisville, Ky., and mostly in the conduct of the school attached to the Trappist Convent at Gethsemani. He had long been sinking under pulmonary consumption, but Divine Providence was pleased that his death should be hastened by an accident. While taking a drive in the neighborhood of the convent, he was accidentally thrown out of the vehicle, which passed over his body. The shock was too much for his already weakened system; yet he lived long enough to

receive all the consolations of religion at the hands of the Rev. N. Ryan. *May he rest in peace.*

Should any of his friends desire further information, they can obtain it by writing to Rev. F. De Meulder, New Haven, Kentucky.

CATHOLICITY IN MORMONDOM.—A kind correspondent has sent several extracts from a paper published in Salt Lake City, entitled the *Union Vedette*. We give them as some slight inklings of what the zealous Father Kelly is doing in this region of sin and delusion:

"The Rev. Father Kelly has been very successful thus far in his efforts to raise funds for the building of his church in this city. We understand that he intends to solicit contributions from the adjoining States and Territories. The Rev. Father requests us to return his sincere thanks to the Gentile community of Salt Lake for the liberality they have manifested towards him and his laudable undertaking."

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

An Incident in the Life of St. Vincent of Paul.

(CONCLUDED.)

"The animosity that existed between Thomas and myself increased with years; and when we both sought to wed the same person we became most deadly enemies. If Loysa had not preferred me, I believe I would have killed Thomas, so reckless and lost to my religious duties had I become. He soon after left our native village, and for four years, Loysa, my mother and myself, led the happiest life. Under the gentle influence of my good wife I was fast returning to the religious sentiments of my early childhood, when Thomas Choquez came back to Souberos, far more dissipated than when he left. One evening, for the first time since my marriage, I went to pass the evening at the village inn, Thomas entered with some of his drunken companions, and when he saw me he began speaking in the most insulting manner against the fair fame of my wife. On the instant I would have leveled him to the earth, but I was restrained by those around me. Excited by wine, my brain seemed on fire; I followed him home, and attacked him just as he was entering the door. He tried to defend himself from the blows of my heavy stick, the struggle aroused his mother, then I had two enemies to combat. I can scarcely recall what passed, but when I re-

turned home Loysa uttered fearful cries at the blood with which I was covered.

"The next morning the news spread rapidly through the village, that I had attacked Thomas and nearly killed him. Loysa and my mother urged me to fly to a strange country, and they would follow with the children. But as Thomas still lived I thought justice was on my side, so I let myself be arrested, feeling sure that I would be acquitted, but I was condemned to the galleys. I do not murmur at this, for I feel that I am a criminal and must do penance. But the Judges need not have given me fifteen years of galley life, for I am sure I shall never see their end. The memory of my poor family in want, is killing me by inches, and I shall die of a broken heart long before the fifteen years have passed away; for myself it matters but little, but when I think that, far off in Souberos, five hungry mouths are wanting bread to eat, my heart becomes as lead and my brain is on fire."

Here, with his voice choked with sobs, Michael finished his simple tale. The good priest deeply touched by his keen sufferings, remained silent, while his tender heart was busy devising some means to relieve him. Suddenly he arose, and without saying a word to Michael, he walked off in the direction of the officer in command of the galleys.

CHAPTER IV.

Sadly and slowly, and in the midst of many privations, the days passed over Michael's little family at Souberos. Poor Loysa sank rapidly under her sorrows; she was but the merest shadow of the stout, healthy peasant whom we first saw in the court-room. She could not go out to work, for the three children needed all her care, she took some spinning into the house, but in her feeble state, she could scarcely do the work of a child.

Poor old Julia held up bravely. At the age of sixty she seemed to have recovered the strength of her youth. During the Autumn harvests of grain and fruit she had plenty work, but with the short, cold winter days, all this ended; and then the poor old woman might be seen going from house to house seeking work, but seldom finding it.

"Mother, I fear we shall have to sell Michael's carpenters' tools," said Loysa, with a sigh, as Julia one day entered, wearied and disheartened.

"And what will the poor boy do when he returns?" quickly replied her mother.

"When he returns! Alas, where will we be then? A year of the fifteen years has not yet passed,

and it seems like an endless age; but even should Michael live to come back to us his tools will all be eaten up with the rust and they will be of no use to him.'

"And would you sell for a mere trifle, things that cost him so much? Ah, you do not know how saving he was, and how carefully he laid them by one after another. Poor child! to me they seem a part of himself, and when I am well nigh weary unto death, if I just go into his little shop and see his saw, chisel and hammer, it gives new life to my old body, and I come out quite consoled."

As week succeeded week it was plain to see that Loysa's strength was fast failing her. She felt that the day was not far distant when she would no longer be able to leave her bed. She dreaded to die and leave her children, but at the same time she could not but smile at the thought of being released from all the woes and apprehensions that overwhelmed her.

One night as she lay tossing on her bed, with the wild fever coursing through her veins, she heard a noise at the door—again a second time, a footfall and then a knock—ah, neither heart nor ear could mistake that sound. "Oh mother, hasten, hasten, Michael has come!"

Yes, it was indeed her husband, the galley slave. But how had he contrived to leave his prison? Had he eluded the guards and made his escape? and might not the officers of justice even now be on his track? deep joy prevented the happy wife and mother from thinking on this subject. They overwhelmed him with caresses; the sleeping children were aroused, and closely pressed in their father's arms. The mightiest monarch on earth might well have envied the happiness of Michael Frayno and his little family, as they stood in a group, laughing and crying for very joy. The old mother was the first to moderate her feelings; she thought of her son's journey, so, hastily lighting a lamp, she began to seek for something for him to eat. "Oh, how tired you look," said Loysa. "And well I may," replied Michael, "for three days and three nights I have walked without taking even a half hour's rest. But, thank God, I find you all alive, this pays me for all I have suffered. Mother, do not trouble about any thing to eat, I am not hungry, but very thirsty, if you have a wee drop of wine, I'll take it." Wine!—the poor family, although living the country of vineyards, had not seen wine within their doors for many a long day; happily a few morsels of dry bread were left from the children's supper, which

Loysa forced Michael to eat. Then, after he had in a measure rested himself, she asked: "How did you get out of the galleys?" "Well, I think you must all have prayed to the Blessed Virgin for me, and she obtained a miracle for me from our good God." "But will you not be taken up again by the officers?" "Ah, how could the officers possibly arrest me, when Our Lady deigned to release me? See here, Loysa, if any body ever tells you that the angels have appeared on earth, in certain places, be careful never to say that you do not believe it; for I, myself, your husband, who am now speaking to you, all unworthy as I am, have seen one, touched one and talked to one. And this Angel loaded himself with my chains, and took my place at the galleys, where he has been working as a felon for the last three days."

"Oh, Loysa, words can never tell how heart-broken I was in that frightful prison; day and night my thoughts were constantly with you, and the tears fell like rain from my eyes. The Blessed Virgin, to whom I constantly prayed, took pity on me, and one day I found an Angel at my side that I think she must have sent to me. He was dressed like a priest; (because, you know, priests should always be the best men living) he came up to me, and pretended he didn't know for what crime I was there. You see, mother, he wanted to find out if I would tell the truth. Well, I never suspected for a moment who he was, but took him for a man like myself; but still I told him every thing just as it happened, without making any excuses for myself. So, when he found that I did not tell a falsehood, he rewarded me right off. He begged the jailor to let him take my place, and give me liberty to come back to you. Now nobody but an angel could ever have made the jailor consent to such a thing, and I am sure," continued Michael, "that this good angel will fly up to heaven just at any time he wants to go back to his bright home near God."

EPILOGUE.

The Countess of Joigny, one of Saint Vincent's penitents, having lost sight of him for some time, and fearing that his charity had got him into some difficulty, caused search to be made for him in every direction. At length he was discovered working among the criminals in the galleys; but before he would leave he insisted on obtaining a full pardon for Michael Frayno. This was finally granted, and Saint Vincent, once more at liberty, continued his work of converting the galley slaves.

ANNALS
OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

IMITATION OF OUR LADY OF THE
SACRED HEART.

CHAPTER IV.—SUFFERING AND JOY.

The Faithful Soul.—Thou hast shown me, O my Mother, the mighty power of love: nothing can appal it, no burden overwhelm it, no ingratitude repel it. Such is the love with which Jesus loves me.

Mary.—My child, love is not satisfied with suffering all, but it must needs even transform suffering into happiness, sadness into joy; and to-day I would fain make you understand the exhaustless consolations that constantly inundated the afflicted Heart of my Divine Son.

The Faithful Soul.—Is it possible, my beloved Sovereign, that a drop of honey could sweeten so much bitterness? or that a ray of cheering light could dissipate such profound darkness? Tell me, I beseech thee, what generous hand, what charitable Samaritan alleviated the heavy weight of the cross, and poured a consoling balm on the bleeding wounds of the innocent Victim?

Mary.—My dear child, it was the *glory of God, the salvation of souls and the virtues of the Saints* which gave joy to the long hours of the painful Agony. These formed the consoling thoughts which counteracted the ingratitude of others; herein was the bright tableau that contrasted with the desolating spectacle of so many crimes.

The Faithful Soul.—O my Mother, could the mere thought of God's glory produce so great a prodigy, as to change the cross into a source of delights and Calvary into Thabor?

Mary.—The glory of God was indeed a refreshing dew, a happiness wholly divine, for Jesus. If His Heart suffered at the sight of the many daily crimes of guilty man, He rejoiced in seeing His sacrifice ascend to His celestial Father as incense of agreeable odor; it was a complete and solemn reparation, the most beautiful hymn of praise and the most eloquent testimony of love. But as wind excites the flame, and oil the fire, so did this delicious perspective increase rather than diminish the suffering of this Heart, which in the midst of its intense thirst exclaimed: "*I burn with the desire to receive my baptism of blood, and I long for its accomplishment.*" "*In vain was joy offered to Him, His choice was the cross.*" "*Know you not that I must work for the glory of my Father.*" Such was the constant cry of His soul. To realize

His mission, He called all sufferings, sorrows and torments to Himself. As the waters were gathered together in the mighty deep, and the stars collected in the vaulted heavens at the commencement, so at the voice of Jesus all sorrows gathered around Him, to serve as instruments to glorify His celestial Father. Ah, dear child, the many sufferings invented by the cruelty of His executioners were not enough for your Divine Master; His Heart multiplied them. The time of His Passion seemed too short for Him. He did not wait for the sufferings of Calvary's Mount; but scarcely was He incarnate in my virginal womb than He offered Himself to His Father in Heaven, saying to Him: "Holocausts Thou wouldst not; but Thou hast given me a body which can receive the strokes of Thy justice, a *Heart* which understands the price of sufferings, and knows how to endure them with joy and love; and I said 'Behold me—*Ecce venio.*'"

The Faithful Soul.—Behold me! Oh, sublime word! When, O good Mother, will I be able to pronounce it? When shall I have the courage to immolate myself in such a manner as to think, act and speak for no other end save the glory of God, for I do not yet find myself willing to *suffer* for so beautiful a cause?

Mary.—My child, listen attentively, and do not refuse the graces offered to you, and these generous desires will spring up spontaneously in your heart when I shall show you how consoling to the Heart of Jesus is the salvation of souls, and of yours in particular. To save your soul, to obtain for it the means of conquering an eternal recompense, Jesus Christ most willingly suffered.

The salvation of souls! Have you ever seriously thought, my dear child, what it is to *save souls*; to arrest them on the verge of the abyss, from which they fall as fast as the snow flakes of winter? What more consoling mission, what greater relief to the agony of Jesus suffering, than to save those who would be eternally lost! The reaper exults when his harvest is safely garnered, and the good shepherd rejoices when his sheep are rescued from the jaws of the wolf; in like manner did the Heart of my adorable Son rejoice in the midst of the most cruel sufferings: He longed, by the effusion of His blood, to ravish from the demons, and to preserve from eternal flames, the souls of Adam's fallen race. What, then, signifies labor and suffering, when the salvation of a soul is the precious result!

If the cross was painful for Jesus Christ, the fruits of it were also most consoling to His Heart.

He foresaw that His sufferings would reconcile God and the world, that His death would give life to mankind, and that His blood flowed in such abundance in order that it might fill our veins, and His precious body become our food and communicate to us His virtues.

If it is a joy and happiness to suffer for the salvation of a soul, endeavor then to understand, if possible, how great must have been the consolation of the Heart of Jesus in being the Saviour of the whole world!

The Faithful Soul.—O my Mother, I too wish to share in this glorious conquest, and to gain hearts for Jesus Christ! Why am I not an ardent apostle of His love?

Mary.—Happy child! your artless prayer rejoices my heart; see then that you are faithful to observe it. Every one has received the charge of watching over his brother and doing him good. Many, alas, forget this sublime vocation; many are docile to the voice of the demon, and become his apostles. To repair this evil, others have consecrated their life for the salvation of souls, by prayer, sacrifice and devotedness; *innumerable legions of Saints—virgins, martyrs, priests, missionaries and apostles, have been for the Sacred Heart a source of ineffable consolation.* If then, my child, you would be of the number of those who, for the glory of God, their Creator, aspire to the noble ambition of saving souls, your holiness must in the first place rejoice the Heart of Jesus; you must be united to Him as the branch is united to the stalk, and the stream to its source: neither labors, sufferings, obstacles nor difficulties, must ever deter you. *The harvest is ripe and abundant but the laborers are few.* Meditate profoundly these words at the foot of the altar; and if this generosity, which you do not yet possess, should spring up in your heart, return to me, and I shall make of you a true disciple of the Heart of Jesus. I shall tell you what He permitted me to do for the glory of this Divine Heart; how I shared His torments and bitterness, how I was His first consoler; and you, my child, will imitate your Mother, whom you so truly call Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. If, with me, you wish to be the consolation of the Heart of Jesus, with me you will also be inundated with the sweetness that flows from it. To-day, then, O Christian soul, give yourself forever to the call which is addressed to you! It is the Heart of Jesus, *your Master, that speaks to you.* It is from the tabernacle that His sweet voice is heard. Reply to His love; *Magister adest et vocat te* (John xi, 28).

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

On looking over our file of *Catholic Telegraphs*, containing, as it does, so many excellent poetical pieces, as well as prose, we found the following, which had been very highly recommended to us by an eight-year-old "constant reader," of this department, who pronounced it very good. We think all our young readers will be of the same opinion, especially if they can sing the air, "Star of the Evening, beautiful Star.

MYSTICAL ROSE.

(Air—"Star of the Evening, beautiful Star.")

Mystical rose that blooms on high
In splendor far beyond the sky,
Whose smile our path to glory shows—
Sancta Maria, mystical rose;
Sancta Maria, mystical rose,
Mystical rose, mystical rose,
Sancta Maria, mystical rose.

Purest flower of brilliant light,
Upon us shed thy rays so bright
Starry gem in heaven that glows,
Sancta Maria, mystical rose;
Sancta Maria, mystical rose,
Mystical rose, mystical rose,
Sancta Maria, mystical rose.

Spotless blossom, free from stain,
Upon thy children blessings rain,
Solace of our griefs and woes,
Sancta Maria, mystical rose;
Sancta Maria, mystical rose,
Mystical rose, mystical rose,
Sancta Maria, mystical rose.

Guide of the wanderer on life's sea,
Oh, pray we yet may dwell with thee,
And in that hallow'd bower repose,
Sancta Maria, mystical rose;
Sancta Maria, mystical rose,
Mystical rose, mystical rose,
Sancta Maria, mystical rose.

Tender Virgin, mother dear,
Look down in pity on us here,
Thou whose heart with love o'erflows,
Sancta Maria, mystical rose;
Sancta Maria, mystical rose,
Mystical rose, mystical rose,
Sancta Maria, mystical rose.

And when death's fatal hour hath come
Oh, waft us to that happy home,

That naught but joy eternal knows.

Sancta Maria, mystical rose,

Sancta Maria, mystical rose,

Mystical rose, mystical rose,

Sancta Maria, mystical rose.

—(*Drogheda Argus*.)

PILGRIMAGE TO NOTRE DAME DE BON SECOURS.

“Ligne de Paris,” shouts a high tenor voice with a slight shade of melancholy in it, as if its possessor was thoroughly convinced of the transitoriness of all things and persons, by seeing every day the perpetual flow of human life through the door that leads into the *Salle d'Attente*, over which he keeps guard.

“Ligne de Paris,” roars out a little man with a bass voice and big whiskers, as he sees us entering the large hall, at one end of which is the ticket office. He eyes us as we walk leisurely up, and roars out again, “Ligne de Paris,” to make us hurry on, as he thinks we are going to that big city. But as we know where we are going to, and that our train does not go out until after another train for Alençon starts, we take our time; without putting ourselves out of breath, and with no pushing, nor shoving, nor crowding, we receive our tickets for Guingamp, which ancient town is on the road going past Rennes to Brest. With our tickets carefully in hand we elbow our way through the crowd,—but not too roughly, for that placid, gentlemanly-looking policeman might not be particularly pleased with us if we were to display our go-a-headitiveness with too much vigor. So, taking care to keep our feet from the trailing train which that lady drags along, and circumspectly circumnavigating the swelling crinolines that bulge out unexpectedly, and cautiously cruising around the waterfalls, we keep step with the men with blouses and short pipes, the men with black coats, patent leathers and cigars, and the young gentlemen with fancy coats and vests and cigarettes, until we reach the baggage room, where we get a strip of paper with the weight of our trunks marked on it, which strip of paper is poked out to us through a little pigeon-hole, by a forlorn looking gentleman, in a little caboose, who reminds you of a disconsolate bird in its cage.

Leaving our trunks to the tender care of the sturdy young men, girt around with broad belts, we pass by the man who roared at us when we first came in. He is now perfectly silent, having got the Paris train off his mind; and he examines

our tickets suspiciously, as if he hadn't seen us buy them. If, on going through the door of the waiting-room, we are democratically disposed, we pass down to the apartment for the third-class passengers, where all the blouses and smart peasant caps are congregated, with a large sprinkling of black coats. If we wish to cultivate the *bourgeoisie* we stop at the second-class, and if aristocratically given we take the first-class room.

We settle ourselves comfortably on the seats that are prepared for the accommodation of the travelers, as our train is not to start for a quarter of an hour yet,—not until the train going up to Normandy starts: we are going to Brittany.

The man who examines our tickets now examines his watch; and as soon as the minute hand denotes the exact time for the train, he roars again to those outside getting tickets as he roared out to us, only changing the line. With the voice of a stentor he cries out: “Ligne d'Alençon!” the last syllable uttered two notes and a half higher than the other two.

All the men, women and children intending to go out on that line seem suddenly seized with a panic, and present a contrast to the calm and dignified demeanor of ourselves and others, who intend going out on the train for Rennes and Brest. Every one bound for Alençon seizes whatever comes next him, and makes a rush to the door leading to the train, which is still closed and locked. “Ligne d'Alençon,” shouts out another *employé*, in a distressed tenor voice, as he swings open the door to let out the first-class passengers, while the passengers of the second and third class crowd around the still closed doors through which they are to be let out, and flatten their noses against the glass as they look anxiously out to where the train is standing. “Ligne d'Alençon,” shouted a second and a third time, is the “open sesame” of the second and third class doors. A troop of wild blouses, anxious looking moustaches, agitated bonnets and caps, bursts through the door out to the train. After the first rush is over we who remain in the room hear steps coming and a voice, the stentor voice, proclaiming, again and again, “Ligne d'Alençon,” and he passes through with a scowl, as if outrageously put out that there is no body staying behind. Then the distressed tenor takes up the tune, adding variations thereunto, by rapidly naming the intermediate stations, and ending with “LIGNE d'Alençon,” emphasizing *Ligne*, as if he were of the opinion that some of the people in that room were fools enough to think that he was making all

that fuss merely to announce the starting-off of a stage-coach. Perceiving the great interest taken in the train for Alençon by these two men, who evidently know what they are about, we begin to think that we were very foolish not to have taken a ticket for Alençon; and as he passes by we feel ashamed of ourselves with that miserable ticket in our pocket for Guingamp.

"Ligne d'Alençon! *personne pour la ligne Alençon!*" utters the heavy-voiced man, coming in again in as big a flurry as an old hen in search of her lost brood: "Nobody here for the Alençon train?" and he looks at us worriedly, as if he were mentally saying: there is an *imbecile* that has a ticket for Alençon in his pocket-book, and is under the hallucination of thinking he wants to go somewhere else. "LIGNE D'ALENÇON," gasps out the forlorn tenor as he slams the door to, gazing on us the while with a pitying glance, as much as to say: "Well, old fellow! if you're left behind it isn't my fault." We begin, actually, to doubt whether we are not bound for Alençon, and nothing but a look at our tickets can persuade us against the clamor of the doleful bass and distressed tenor that we do not want to go to Alençon. After the closing of the doors there is a silence of about five minutes, and then the tenor and bass perform the same duet for "*La ligne de Rennes.*" We take our seat in this train. After sitting until we get tired the train starts, every body telling every body that "now we're off," just as if every body wasn't aware of the fact before being told.

We have been so long in getting started that we must now make up our time; so we pass by Laval, Rennes, St. Brieuc, and many other interesting places, without stopping; we do not even dwell on the scenery we travel by. We may take this trip another time, in a slow train, and find out all about these interesting old towns, and enjoy the scenery; but now we do not stop until we get way up into Brittany to

GUINGAMP.

Guingamp was, for some time, the western terminus of the railroad from Paris to Brittany; now the road goes on to Brest, where many persons are foolish enough to embark for New York on the French line of steamers between Havre and New York. But we are speaking of Guingamp. Guingamp, in olden times, had a famous castle. The ruins—no, not ruins—but some of the solid walls of the castle are still to be seen. Among the many distinguished persons that lived in this old castle was St. Frances d'Amboise, Duchess of Brittany, who led a most saintly life, while surround-

ed by the whole court of Brittany, and at the death of the Duke, her husband, became a religious, and has lately been canonized by our Holy Father, Pius IX. What need we fear for Pius IX when we know he is protected in heaven by so many holy servants of God whom he has caused to be honored on earth? But we pass by the chateau, now replaced by a convent school, and a-foot continue our pilgrimage to Notre Dame de bon Secours—Our Lady of Good Help. Hither, in crowds, come pilgrims from all parts of Brittany; whole parishes, with banners flying, and headed by the Cross, come to Our Lady of Good Help, and pray to our good Mother, the Help of Christians, in the fine old Church of Notre Dame de Guingamp. As we approach we are pleased with the quaint appearance of the church, with the different styles of architecture, that show the various periods in which the church was commenced, continued, finished, and repaired. Perhaps if we were disposed to be critical we could find fault with this window, or with one of the four towers, or with the odd-looking ornaments of gothic architecture; but we are all well inclined to be pleased, for we are paying a visit to our Mother in a place she loves full well, and where she has so often manifested her power and will to give good aid, in time of need, to her faithful children. In a little side chapel, separated from the street by an iron railing, we find the miraculous statue of our Blessed Mother. There, in the corner, you see those good old *Brettonnes*, with their beads, and close by them a number of young peasant girls, who have just dropped in from the market, in which they have been selling nice fresh butter, and the greenest kind of salad. In the middle of the chapel, kneeling on the stone pavement, you see those old farmers, and right by them gentlemen in fine cloth coats, perhaps some lawyers, or physicians, or *rentiers* of the town,—perhaps some gentlemen all the way from Paris, who have come, as we have, to say a Hail Mary to Our Lady of Good Help. We pick our way through the kneeling crowd, and get up as near as we can to the little railing that separates the altar from the rest of this holy sanctuary, and then we pray for ourselves, first of all, and put ourselves again and again under the protecting care of our Blessed Mother; then we think of father and mother, and relatives and friends, and ask the Blessed Virgin to intercede with her Divine Son, that we may all have help to lead a good life, to do our duty, as good boys and girls ought, and we keep on praying to Our Lady of Good Help.

AVE MARIA.

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FATHER JAMES MARQUETTE.

[CONCLUDED.]

DEVOTION TO THE VIRGIN IN NORTH AMERICA, published by Virtue and Yorston, Boston.

The Illinois heard of him, but only send to him for powder and for goods. "I have come," he answers, "to instruct you, to speak to you of prayer, to stop your wars with the Miamis, and to spread peace throughout the land. Powder have I none." How much does he murmur? "The Blessed Immaculate Virgin"—these are his words in his last journal—"has taken such care of us in our wandering, that we have never wanted food; we live quite comfortably." This is the "History of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America," this spirit in her servants. What worldly motive power is going to resist or overcome this? See that lone, feeble missionary, that child of an antique race of sunny France, in the poor bark hut of the savage, in the dead of the northern winter, lying prostrate there, yet performing the spiritual exercises of Saint Ignatius, confessing and communicating his two comrades twice a week, fasting on Fridays and Saturdays, and saying, and *believing*, in his deep, saintly humility, that he "lives quite comfortably!" That, we say, is the History of the Devotion to Saint Mary; stop *that*, if you can, by a sneer, a treatise, or a mob!

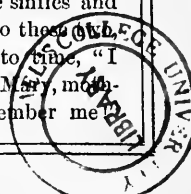
Meantime, the flesh of humanity has its laws, and under these the missionary is doomed to death. Far south lies the desired mission; here, where he is lying, stretch the desolate snows and howls the wild boreal wind. He sinks daily, hourly; his comrades are beginning to consider where, beneath the frosts, they shall scoop out his solitary grave. But he says: "Not yet. Let me see my mission first, and then die. To prayer, friends!" Never has that dear Lady Mother of his failed him yet; nor, such is his confidence, will she do so now. They make a novena to the Immaculate Mother of God, to Mary conceived without sin. His companions have but little faith,

he much. And the prayer of nine days is past, and Marquette rises from the couch of death recovered.

On the 29th of March, in the Octave of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, he is able, still very feeble, to start. The ice is broken up and is floating down the river. On the 8th of April he reaches the long-desired village of the Kaskaskias. Here he assembled for several days the ancients of the tribe, then visited the separate wigwams, which were crowded to hear him. On Thursday in Holy Week he spake to all in public. It was a large town, five hundred fires burned there daily, and his audience was vast. His church was a prairie knoll. On four sides of him were planted his banners, large pictures of the Blessed Virgin, attached to strips of India taffety. Five hundred chiefs and ancients formed the first circle, nearest to the Father; fifteen hundred young warriors gathered behind them; the women and the children formed the outer ring.

Thus he preached to them the doctrine of Christ crucified; the Gospel of God's Son made Mary's Son for them. He offered up the awful sacrifice of the Mass for their conversion. On Easter Sunday he celebrated the same dread mysteries again, and claimed that land as a possession for the Most High God, and gave that mission the name of the Immaculate Conception of Saint Mary.

The good Indians received his message with joy; his mission was securely founded, and his work was done. He could not labor there, but must go and get other fathers to replace him. For thirty miles on his way the new converts attend him, contesting who shall carry something belonging to him. Then he reaches Lake Michigan, poor Jacques and Francois despairing almost of getting him farther, for he lies helpless in their arms now, or wherever they lay him down—gentle, but feeble as a little child. He smiles and speaks sweet, calm encouragement to those who, or lies quiet, murmuring from time to time, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," or "Mother, mother of grace and Mother of God, remember me



He directs every thing to be prepared for his death, blessing holy water for his agony and burial, instructing his companions, reading his breviary until the film of approaching dissolution gathers on his eyes.

He had always entreated his dear Mother that he might die on Saturday, the day of the Office of the Immaculate Conception. Well, Saturday had come, and he bade them paddle to the shore, to a knoll at the foot of which a little river ran into the lake. They laid him, like Saint Francis Xavier, upon the shore, and stretched some birch bark upon poles above him. There he gave them the last directions, thanked them for their love, begged their pardon for the trouble he had given, heard their confessions, and bade them take some repose. When they returned, he had entered the valley of the shadow of death; but he told one of them to take his crucifix and hold it up where his eyes might rest upon it. Looking on this, he uttered his profession of faith, and thanked the Triune Majesty for the grace of dying a missionary of Jesus, alone and in the land of savages. Then, now and again, they heard him say, *Sustinuit animi mei in verba ejus*, and *Mater Dei, memento mei*. Then, as he seemed to be passing away, they called aloud, as he had told them, the names of Jesus and of Mary, and at the sound he raised his eyes above the crucifix; he saw some object which they could not see, for his eyes filled with the light of ineffable joy; a look of intensest delight made his whole face radiant; he cried out Jesus and Mary! and fell asleep.

Surely we have no need of words to connect this man's life with devotion to the Mother of God, or of the part he took in establishing it in America. Let us content ourselves with citing the words of one of his editors and biographers:

"We could say much of his rare virtues, of his missionary zeal, of his childlike candor, of his angelic purity, and his continual union with God. But his predominant virtue was a most rare and singular devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and especially in the mystery of the Immaculate Conception. It was a pleasure to hear him preach or speak on this subject. Every conversation and letter of his contained something about the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, as he always styled her. From the age of nine he fasted every Saturday, and from his most tender youth began to recite daily the little Office of the Conception, and inspired all to adopt this devotion. For some months before his death he daily recited, with his two men, a little chaplet of the Immaculate Conception which he

had arranged in this form: after the Creed, they said one 'Our Father, and Hail Mary;' then four times these words: 'Hail, daughter of God the Father! hail, Mother of God the Son! hail, Spouse of the Holy Ghost! hail, temple of the whole Trinity! By thy holy virginity and immaculate conception, O most pure Virgin, cleanse my flesh and my heart. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;' and, last of all, the 'Glory be to the Father,' the whole thrice repeated.

"So tender a devotion to the Mother of God deserved some singular grace, and she accordingly granted him the favor he had always asked, to die upon a Saturday; and his two companions had no doubt that she appeared to him at the hour of his death, when, after pronouncing the names of Jesus and Mary, he suddenly raised his eyes above the crucifix, fixing them on an object which he regarded with such pleasure and joy, that they lit up his countenance; and they from that moment believed that he had surrendered his soul into the hands of his good Mother."

His bones were laid in the Isle of Mackinac, where they were taken soon after; his name is invoked by the boatmen when the lake is agitated by storms, and the Indians call him "the Angel of the Ottawa Mission."

PRESENTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE---NOV. 21ST.

The ancient tradition regarding the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple, at the age of three years, has been perpetuated in the Church by the festival commemorated on the 21st of November. In the Office of this day the Church sings:

"O God, who didst will that the Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, the dwelling of the Holy Ghost, should be presented in the temple on this day, grant, we beseech Thee, through her intercession, that we may be worthy to be presented in the temple of Thy glory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

This prayer contains the full spirit of this beautiful festival, and is replete with instruction for every age and condition of life. In it we see the immaculate child destined to be the future Mother of God, dwelling in the peaceful shade of the sacred temple. There we behold the virgin daughter of Sion kneeling in her young innocence before the altar of the God of all holiness, devoting to Him her heart, that it may be ever pure and spotless in His sight.

The frail and tender child of Joachim and Anna bade adieu to her home in Nazareth. No more would her gentle mother print the good-night kiss at eventide upon her brow, nor lull her to sleep with the sweet, low, musical Jewish hymns. Mary renounced the joys of youth, the hopes and pleasures of the world, to consecrate herself forever to God. An eloquent writer* tells us that "those who looked no farther than outward appearance, beheld only a young child of transcending beauty and fervent piety, consecrated by her mother to God, who had bestowed her in recompense of that mother's fasting and tears; but the angels of heaven, hovering over the sanctuary, recognized in this delicate and lovely creature the Virgin of Isaias, the Spouse, whose mystical hymn Solomon had chanted, the heavenly Eve, who came to blot out the transgression which the sinner Eve could not wash out with her tears."

What was then passing in the soul of Mary? for, child as she was, the writings of the Fathers and the traditions of the Church teach us that her mind was matured in wisdom as her soul was also filled with grace. How lovingly at that moment of oblation did her heart expand to the breathings of the Holy Ghost in unalterable peace and pure love! With what holy bonds was she united to Him by whom she was preferred to the virgins and queens of all nations! This is a secret between herself and God. But all the Fathers of the Church unite in saying that the consecration of Mary was the most pleasing act of religion that man had, until then, paid to God.

"Mary entered the temple of Jerusalem like one of those spotless victims which the Spirit of the Lord presented in a vision to Malachy. Beautiful, youthful, nobly descended, and with just pretensions to any alliance, however high, among a people who often placed beauty on the throne, she bound herself by a vow of virginity, lisped forth by her infantine lips, which, at a later period, her heart ratified by a perfect renunciation of the pomps and vanities of the world. By such a vow, unheard of, until then, in the annals of the world, Mary *leaped the barrier* which separated the Old Law from the New, and so plunged, by anticipation, into the sea of *evangelical virtues*, as to afford us grounds for saying that she had already sounded its depths when her Son came to reveal it to the children of men.

The saintly acts and virtues of Mary's life fell like flakes of snow on the inaccessible summits of

lofty mountains. Purity was added to purity, and whiteness to whiteness until there was formed one shining cone whereon the sun played, and which, like the sun, forced man to lower his eyes. To no other creature has it been granted to present before the Sovereign Judge a similar life. Christ alone surpassed her; but Jesus Christ was the Son of God."

All that she possessed she surrendered to her Creator at the moment of her Presentation; and far from retracting the least part of her offering, the only study of her after life was to prove the sincerity and perfection of her first oblation. We should possess the tongue of an angel to speak worthily of Mary's life in the temple. There, wholly absorbed in God, her soul enjoyed the purest delights of contemplation and love.

"O Immaculate Virgin! purer than the emblematic doves so often immolated in that temple, obtain for us the grace to understand as perfectly as thou didst, that, having been bought with a great price, we belong no longer to ourselves, but to Him who died to purchase us."

Who can count the innumerable angelic choirs of every age, sex and rank, who have joyfully imitated Our Blessed Lady's Presentation in the Temple? Who can follow the melody of their voices, or the perfume of their virtues through all epochs of the Christian era, and in every portion of this land of exile? We find them by the bed of the sufferer, consoling and solacing the sick and the dying; in the depths of the deserts, and the solitude of the cloisters, praying, and doing penance for the sins of others, or out in the midst of the world, of which they form no part, instructing the ignorant, teaching little children to know and love God, and to love in Him all men, even their enemies. In every country we find apostolic priests evangelizing the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned; civilizing the barbarian, and bearing, even to the extremity of the world, with the love and practice of chastity, the name of God, of Jesus Christ, His Son, and of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary. Overcoming nature, triumphing over the most violent passions, and by the practice of self-abnegation, patience and charity, they erect, in all ages, and in the midst of all nations, a standing monument of the truth and divine origin of the Catholic faith,—the only religion which, by virginity, elevates man to the height of the angels and gives him a true likeness to God Himself. Of this precious virtue the Blessed Virgin, the master-piece from the hand of God, gave the first example, and made the first vow in her

* Orsini.

Presentation. Jesus, her only Son, the Redeemer of the world, by His life and by His death, merited for those who followed in her steps the grace and strength of perseverance; and in perpetuating His immortal sacrifice they have immolated themselves, and will continue to immolate themselves, until the end of ages, for the glory of God and the salvation of the world.

The knowledge and practice of the mystery taught in the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple, is equally profitable to those who live amid the dangers of the world, and to those who are bound by the vows of religion, which, after all, are but the ratification of the engagements formed in Baptism, by which Christians promise to consecrate all their affections to the love of God, and to direct all their actions for His greater glory.

All, then, who bear the name of Christian, should, in imitation of Mary's Presentation, make for themselves a little retreat within the interior of their dwellings, where they will love to rest with God by meditating on His holy law and the mysteries of His life. In this Presentation they soon would enjoy the peace and delight of a pure conscience and a heart made for heaven and eternity. There, and only there, would they learn to know themselves, and to know God, and so become strengthened to raise themselves above all the transitory nothingness of this life.

Children of Mary, in imitation of your Blessed Model, consecrate your hearts, with all their faculties, to God on this day. The piety of children is the joy of the parent's heart. Happy, thrice happy, then, the parents, who, like Joachim and Anna, place their youthful offspring at the foot of the altar of God who says: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

OUR LADY'S PRESENTATION.

Day breaks on temple-roofs and towers:
The city sleeps, the palms are still;
The fairest far of earth's fair flowers
Mount Zion's sacred hill.

O wondrous babe! O child of grace!
The Holy Trinity's delight!
Sweetly renewing man's lost race,
How fair thou art, how bright.

Not all the vast angelic choirs,
That worship round the eternal throne,
With all their love can match the fires
Of thy one heart alone.

Since God created land and sea,
No love had been so like divine;
For none was ever like to thee;
Nor worship like to thine.

Angels in heaven, and souls on earth,
Thousands of years their songs may raise,
Nor equal thee, for thine was worth
All their united praise.

Not only was thy heart above
All heaven and earth could e'er attain,—
Thou gavest it with as much love,
'Twas worth as much again.

O Maiden most immaculate!
Make me to choose thy better part,
And give my Lord, with love as great,
An undivided heart.

Would that my heart, dear Lord! were true
Royal and undefiled and whole,
Like hers from whom Thy sweet love took
The blood to save my soul.

If here our hearts grudge ought to Thee,—
In that bright land beyond the grave,
We'll worship Thee with souls set free,
And give as Mary gave.

LACORDAIRE AND THE ORDER OF SAINT DOMINIC.

[CONTINUED.]

He had, in fact, but little choice. Most wisely, he rejected the idea of founding an Order of his own. He did not feel in himself any of the qualities required for the extremely arduous task of a Founder. That being settled, he almost of necessity fell back on the grand Institute of St. Dominic, the glory of the Church during so many centuries, the parent of so many Saints, renowned for so many of the noblest achievements of Catholic thought and learning, laden with names mighty in the schools, in the pulpit, in the contest with heretics and the conversion of unbelievers in every quarter of the globe, the home of piety as well as theology, of the purest Christian art, the noblest devotional poetry, and crowned, as but one or two religious Orders besides itself have ever been crowned, alike by the admiration and gratitude of the children of the Church, and by the calumnies and hatred of her foes in every age. The name of Dominican, connected as it was with the fabulous horrors of the Inquisition, inherited an amount of unpopularity not unequal to that which

the calumnies of Pascal and the Jansenists had fastened on the name of Jesuit. Lacordaire was carried on by his own sense of his vocation. One or two incidental consolations strengthened his purpose. Once or twice he received from others the suggestion to undertake the very enterprise of which he was thinking. A step, too, had just been made in France towards the regaining of religious liberty by the restoration of the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes, under the auspices of Dom Guéranger. Monseigneur de Quelen, though dry and unsympathising in his reception of Lacordaire when he announced his plan, related to him a remarkable dream of his own, in which the chief events of his life had been strangely foretold him, and of which a part yet remained to be accomplished, which seemed to predict the successful labors of some Dominicans in his diocese.

In July 1838 Lacordaire was again on his way to Rome, with his mind made up and his plans matured. He arrived in August and after some preliminary interviews with Mgr. Capaccini and Cardinal Lambruschini, he made his final overture to the General of the Dominicans at Sta. Maria sopra Minerva before the end of the month. He was received with open arms. It was arranged that he should return to France for the winter, to collect companions who might enter the novitiate with him. They were to be alone, in the famous Convent of Sta. Sabina, on the Aventine; after a year they were to return to France, Lacordaire being Superior, and were to have power so far to modify the rule as to open Colleges for education. This addition to the Institute of St. Dominic seems to have been copied from that of St. Ignatius. It was afterwards found better to establish a "Third Order" of teachers, as the labor of the Colleges required that the Fathers, if occupied in that way, should be dispensed from several points of the strict rule of the Dominicans. As far as Rome was concerned, every thing went on well. When Lacordaire returned to France his project was already generally known, and it did not meet with much open opposition. He spent a part of the winter in writing a *Mémoire pour le Rétablissement en France de l'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs*. It was widely read, and influenced public opinion much in favor of his plan. The press paid it the compliment which it afterwards paid to Father de Ravignan's defence of the Institute of the Jesuits. It did not venture to attack it. The best policy of its enemies was to say nothing about it.

During the early part of 1839 Lacordaire re-

mained in France, looking out for associates who might become the foundation stones of the edifice which he was about to raise. Only one, however—Pierre Requedat accompanied him to Rome in March. He found that alarm had spread among his friends there, Cardinal Lambruschini, in particular, had suggested to the General of the Dominicans that the attempt had better be delayed. Lacordaire's arrival put an end to these doubts. He received the habit in a private chapel at the Minerva, on April 9th. Requedat was clothed with him. It was arranged that they should pass their novitiate not at Rome but at Viterbo, in the celebrated monastery of La Quercia. Their letters at this time are full of the cordial reception which met them on every side from the other Religious Orders in Rome, as well as the Dominicans. "The Benedictines," writes Requedat, "tell us that the Order of Friars Preachers is that one which they have always loved next to their own. The Franciscans remind us with affection of the interview between St. Francis and St. Dominic. We have been to visit the General of the Jesuits, who received us extremely well, and took pleasure in speaking to us of the future union between the Dominicans and the Jesuits, predicted by a certain St. Macrina, in Spain." Immediately after the clothing the French novices set out for Viterbo, where they passed a whole year in the ordinary exercise of the religious life; Lacordaire occupying his spare moments in writing his *life of St. Dominic*. A letter from Fr. Palmegiani, who was at that time the novice-master, given by P. Chocarne, speaks in the highest terms of his exactness in all duties and of his great humility. He pronounced his vows, along with Requedat, on April 12, 1840—being Palm Sunday—and was immediately sent to Rome, where he preached at St. Louis des Français, on Easter Day. He took up his abode at Santa Sabina, where he was joined from time to time by recruits from France,—Piel, the friend and companion of Requedat, Hershheim, Besson, and the present General of the whole Order of St. Dominic, Père Jandel. They remained as postulants until arrangements were made for a separate novitiate for the future French province. The little colony was soon visited by death; Requedat had long been ailing, and at last sunk under consumption at the beginning of September. His loss was deeply and tenderly felt by all around him. Father Lacordaire determined to visit France in the course of the winter. He left Rome at the end of November, and after a few weeks appeared, unexpectedly to all, in his Dominican

habit in Paris. Mgr. de Quelen was dead, and Mgr. Affre—who was after a few years to shed his blood in the streets of Paris—had succeeded him as Archbishop. Lacordaire's object was to preach as a Dominican. The Archbishop bade him choose his own day; and on Feb. 14th, 1841, he delivered in the pulpit of Notre Dame his famous Sermon *Sur la Vocation de la Nation Française*. An immense crowd listened to him with eagerness, and the success of this sudden reappearance was complete. The Minister of Religious Worship, M. Martin (du Nord), was present, and after a day or two asked the preacher to dine with him. He was not always to be so well disposed. Father Lacordaire remained only a few months in France at this time, during which he published the *Life of St. Dominic*, written at La Quercia. He returned to Rome in April.

Some enemies in France had taken occasion of his absence from Italy to renew their accusations against him. A document had been drawn up and sent to Rome, in which it was represented that he was still bent on carrying on the work of de Lamennais; and that his plan of restoring a religious Order was meant to furnish a means by which the doctrines of the *Avenir* might be disseminated among the French clergy. This unrelenting opposition produced what was certainly a severe trial to Father Lacordaire and his associates, though it gave them the opportunity of proving their loyalty and obedience. It had been at last arranged that the French novitiate was to be erected at San Clemente, and the little community was now preparing itself for the beginning of the year of probation, by the retirement of some Spiritual Exercises. Suddenly an order came from the Secretary of State, commanding the dispersion of the new religious. Half of them were to go to La Quercia, half to another house of the Order at Bosco in Piedmont; Father Lacordaire was to remain in Rome. The blow seemed almost to put an end to their design; and it gave to it, at all events, a character of suspiciousness. But it was submitted to at once with perfect tranquillity. Father Lacordaire assembled his companions and told them what was required of them: for his part, he said, his line was already traced by his duties as a religious, but they were as yet unbound by any such obligations, and might act as they pleased. They at once unanimously declared that they would obey to the letter, when their retreat was over. The two separate bands left for Bosco and for La Quercia, Father Lacordaire remaining alone in San Clemente, whence

he soon retired to the Convent of the Minerva. Here he passed the summer in study and prayer. If any one at Rome really suspected him, all fear must have been dissipated by his perfect tranquillity under the trial. The novices were sent from Rome early in May, 1841.

The end of the same year saw Lacordaire again in France. The scene of his labors was Bordeaux, a city to which he had been invited long before, and where he now preached with immense success from the December of 1841 to the end of March of 1842. In his journey to France he passed by La Quercia and Bosco to visit his companions: at the latter place he found another of the number, Piel, on the brink of the grave. On his return from France he again proceeded to Bosco, and spent the summer of 1842 in the midst of his brethren. The little colony that had been placed at La Quercia for their novitiate came to join the rest, and Bosco remained the noviceship of the French province till Father Lacordaire was able to provide a house for the purpose in France itself. He left at the beginning of winter, to preach at Nancy till the May of the following year, 1843. His success was considerable, but not so striking as at Bordeaux: yet here, when he might have felt half disappointed, Providence was preparing for him the first house which he was to found in France.

One of his hearers at Nancy was M. Thierry de Saint-Beaussant, a gentleman of moderate fortune, who had hardly thought of practical religion till a few months before, when he had chanced to enter a church at Marseilles, and had been struck by a few words which he had heard from the pulpit. He became an admirer and a disciple of Father Lacordaire at Nancy, and offered to found a small house for the Order. The bishop-coadjutor, Monseigneur Menjaud, was bold enough to promise his sanction to the foundation, without any application to the Government, which would have been certainly met by a refusal. The house was purchased, put in order, furnished with a chapel and whatever else was needed for five or six religious, and possession was taken at Pentecost. A few days after Father Lacordaire received a present of a fine library of ten thousand volumes, which had been left some time before by the Curé of the Cathedral, with the injunction that it should be given to the first religious body which established itself in Nancy. M. de Saint-Beaussant lived in the house, and after some time became himself a religious of St. Dominic, in whose Order he died a few years later. Père

Lacordaire summoned Père Jandel from Bosco, where he had been left as Superior of the French subjects, and the infant community was raised to the number of three by the Père Hiss. But three Dominican religious, living in a house of their own at Nancy, were quite enough to alarm the ministers of Louis Philippe. M. Martin wrote letter after letter to the coadjutor, and M. le Préfet paid him many solemn visits, urging him to send the Dominicans about their business. The bishop stood firm. Other means of attack were used, for the Government seems to have been afraid or unwilling to bring the question to a direct issue by closing the monastery by force. Some attacks were made on Père Lacordaire in the press, on account of an affair with the rector of the Government "Academy," who, in consequence of a sermon preached by the Father at the Lyceum, had forbidden all under his rule to hold any communication with him. Lacordaire brought an action against one of the papers for defamation, and was preparing once more to plead his own cause, when his opponents became alarmed at the possible effect which might be produced on public opinion, and persuaded the bishop to interpose, and, after printing a letter in defense of Père Lacordaire, to use his influence with him to forego the prosecution. The papers assailed him no more.

The Advent of this year was to see him once more appear as *Conférencier* at Notre Dame. The battle about the freedom of education was now at its height between the Church and the University, and Monseigneur Affre determined to invite Père Lacordaire to Paris. Every influence at the disposal of the Government was used to dissuade him. Louis Philippe sent for the Archbishop, and talked to him for an hour in the presence of the Queen, to induce him to alter the arrangement. But the Archbishop was not to be shaken. The King actually went so far as to threaten him with popular violence, against which the Government would not protect him. "*Eh bien! monsieur l'Archevêque, s'il arrive un malheur, sachez que vous n'aurez ni un soldat, ni un garde national pour vous protéger.*" A few years afterward Louis Philippe, with all the soldiers and national guards in France at his disposal, found himself unable to defend his Government or retain his throne. Threats like these, when made to the Church by the State, have a marvelous way of verifying themselves on the persons that make them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LETTER OF THE REV. FATHER LE ROUX,
Missionary Apostolic in the East Indies.

ROME, September 8, 1866.

FEAST OF THE NATIVITY OF THE B. V.
To Very Rev. Father Sorin,
Provincial of the Cong. of Holy Cross:

You, Very Rev. Father, a missionary in the far West since a quarter of a century, and I, despite my unworthiness a missionary for the last twenty-six years in the extreme East, have the happiness of meeting here in the center of Catholicity, and you request me tell you what we are doing in the East Indies for Mary, our tender Mother, and what she does among our native Catholics. Right glad am I to have, on this beautiful day of the Nativity of Mary, the occasion of saying something in her honor and praise.

As we, missionaries, are filled from our infancy with sentiments of love toward our good and tender Mother, and ardently desire to kindle the same sentiments in the souls not only of our Christians, but even of the Pagans, we take advantage of every occasion to speak to all the Catholics of Europe, but more especially to those of our native land, of the admirable works which the love of the Mother of God inspires and which we have seen with our own eyes. We have found the ground well prepared by our predecessors. All missionaries have acknowledged that Mary is the efficacious means, the providential channel by which all peoples are brought to Jesus; and so everywhere in India we find sanctuaries in honor of the Mother of God, and the Pagans designate all the Catholic churches by the name of *Déva-Mâda Covils*,—that is, Church of the Mother of God. When, on arriving at a town, we ask a pagan to direct us to the church of some Saint, we generally get no answer; but if we ask "Where is the church of the Mother of God?" he immediately points out the Catholic church, and even offers his services to conduct us to it.

Our Christians display great magnificence in the celebration of the festivals of the Blessed Virgin. Each festival is always preceded by a novena. The Christians sometimes make a journey of seven or eight days, with their entire families, to be present at the celebration of a festival, and sometimes a month is required for the journey from home and back again. On this day, at a little distance from Pondicherry, the Festival of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin is solemnized with great pomp. The procession enters the city after dark, by torch-light; every body assists at

it—Christians, Pagans and Mussulmans. Several cars, magnificently decorated with flowers and drapery, are carried on the shoulders of men. The car of Saint Michael overcoming the infernal dragon comes first; the one containing the statue of the Blessed Virgin comes last, followed by the Christians marching double file and singing the Litany of Loretto and pious canticles, the whole accompanied by bands of music, while the display of fire-works agreeably dispels the darkness of the night. I transcribe for you what a native of Pondicherry, who is now in Paris, says of these festivals; he wrote me the fourth of last March, for the purpose of giving me an idea of the generosity of the East Indian Christians in all things relating to their religion:

“But what shall I say of those grand festivals?—of those splendid processions, that cost thousands of francs? of the beautiful decorations of the streets through which the processions pass?—decorations that are the work of the children from ten to fifteen years of age, who form themselves into bands, and sharing the different streets between them, each band strives with holy emulation and legitimate self-pride, to excel the others in ornamenting the streets confided to their taste and labor.

“I remember that a European, who saw one of those processions entering the city, was admiring the decorations of the streets set off with flags and banners and colored lamps, and angels suspended in mid air, and garlands and bouquets, and ærian combats in vessels hanging above the streets—in fact, with all imaginable decorations. He estimated the cost at thirty thousand francs. The *repositoires*, or temporary altars, it seemed to him, must have cost a fabulous amount. In truth, if all had been done by paid workmen, his estimate would have been just. A procession gives rise to considerable outlay merely for torches, wax-lights, fire-works, flowers and bands of music. I tell you this, to remind you how generous the Indian is when there is question of the worship of God.”

This, I hope, Rev. Father, will give you a faint idea of the public manifestation of honor which our Christians of India render to the Mother of God. In the household, in the private family circle, equal honors are paid to her. In every house, her statue is placed in a beautifully ornamented niche; morning and evening all the members of the family assemble around this little oratory to recite the Rosary, the Litany, and other prayers.

Now, you also wish me, Rev. Father, to tell you

what our good Mother does for her dear devoted children, in return for the honor she receives from them. Among the numberless benefits which that tender and compassionate Mother delights to accord to our pious Christians, there are two in particular,—one spiritual, the other temporal,—which are the visible and daily effects of her protection, and motives well calculated to aid in the conversion of the pagans.

The spiritual benefit is the preservation of our Catholics from the proselytizing spirit of the Protestants. These not having, as they candidly admit, the power of inducing the pagans to embrace Christianity, direct all their efforts to pervert our Catholics. For the attainment of this object they send into our Christian villages well-paid emissaries, who display all their eloquence in calumniating the Catholic missionaries and in ridiculing the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. They at times succeed in attracting an audience; but if they happen, as they do almost always, to speak irreverently of the public processions in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and to try to turn our Christians from this external manifestation of honor, they are sure to perceive a general disapprobation among their hearers, even among the pagans. During the twenty-five years I spent in India, I did not see a single case of one of our Catholics turning Protestant.

Another signal benefit which our Christians receive as a reward of their great confidence in Mary, is their preservation from certain epidemics,—the cholera, for instance,—which frequently desolate and ravage the country. As soon as the Christians hear that the cholera is in the neighboring villages, they hasten to begin a novena in honor of the Blessed Virgin; all assemble in the church, and solemnly intone the *Salve Regina* in their own tongue. They then go around the village in procession, singing the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints, sprinkling the streets with holy water and placing little crosses at the corners of all the streets. I have myself frequently witnessed the effect of this great confidence in Mary. In one village especially, containing about seven hundred Christians and two hundred pagans, twenty pagans died of the cholera; some of the Christians were attacked, but not one of them died of the disease. Our Christians being thus preserved in a special and providential manner, their number augments visibly. On seeing some villages almost entirely Christian, I have frequently asked of pagans, fifty or sixty years old, if they remembered the number of

Christians in such or such a village when they were children. They almost invariably answered that there were only a few Christian families.

I am well pleased, Very Rev. Father, that you have given me an opportunity of telling you how much we owe to Mary for the augmentation of the number of our Christians, and for her maternal care in preserving them from evil both spiritual and corporal. But Mary is not only the Mother of Mercy for our Christians: she is also the Queen of the native clergy, of which our Christians have such pressing need, both for themselves and for the conversion of their heathen fellow-citizens; but as this letter is already long enough, the question—so important, so necessary and even indispensable—of a native clergy in the East Indies, will form the subject of a second letter.

Accept, Very Rev. Father, the most respectful sentiments of your very humble servant,

J. M. LE ROUX,

Missionary Apostolic of Madras, (East Indies.)

THE ANCIENT SAINTS OF GOD.

A French Officer's Story.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTION.

We often practically divide the saints into three classes. The ancient saints, those of the primitive age of Christianity, we consider as the patrons of of the Universal Church, watching over its well-being and progress, but, excepting Rome, having only a general connexion with the interests of particular countries, still less of individuals.

The great saints of the middle age, belonging to different races and countries, have naturally become their patrons, being more especially revered and invoked in the places of their births, their lives, and still more their deaths; whence, Saint Willibrord, Saint Boniface, and Saint Walburga are more honored in Germany, where they died, than in England, where they were born.

The third class includes the more modern saints, who spoke our yet living languages, printed their books, followed the same sort of life, wore the same dress as we do, lived in houses yet standing, founded institutions still flourishing, rode in carriages, and in another generation would have travelled by railway. Such are Saint Charles, Saint Ignatius, Saint Philip, Saint Teresa, Saint Vincent, B. Benedict Joseph, and many others. Towards these we feel a personal devotion independent of country; nearness of time compensa-

ting for distance of place. There is indeed one class of saints who belong to every age and every country; devotion towards whom, far from diminishing, increases the farther we recede from their time and even their land. For we are convinced that a Chinese convert has a more sensitive and glowing devotion towards our Blessed Lady, than a Jewish neophyte had in the first century. When I hear this growth of piety denounced or reproached by Protestants, I own I exult in it.

For the only question, and there is none in a Catholic mind, is whether such a feeling is good in itself; if so, growth in it, age by age, is an immense blessing and proof of the Divine Presence. It is as if one told me that there is more humility now in the Church than there was in the first century, more zeal than in the third, more faith than in the eighth, more charity than in the twelfth. And so, if there is more devotion now than there was 1800 years ago towards the Immaculate Mother of God, towards her saintly Spouse, towards Saint John, Saint Peter, and the other Apostles, I rejoice; knowing that devotion towards our Divine Lord, His Infancy, His Passion, His Sacred Heart, His Adorable Eucharist, has not suffered loss and diminution, but has much increased. It need not, as John the Baptist said, "He must increase, and I diminish." Both here increase together; the Lord, and those who best love Him.

But this is more than a subject of joy: it is one of admiration and consolation. For it is the natural course of things that sympathies and affections should grow less by time. We care and feel less about the conquests of William I., or the prowess of the Black Prince, than we do about the victories of Nelson or Wellington; even Alfred is a mythical person, and Boadicea fabulous; and so it is with all nations. A steadily increasing affection and intensifying devotion (as in this case we call it) for those remote from us, in proportion as we recede from them, is as marvelous—nay, as miraculous—as would be the flowing of a stream from its source up a steep hill, deepening and widening as it rose. And such I consider this growth, through succeeding ages, of devout feeling towards those who were the root, and seem to become the crown, or flower, of the Church. It is as if a beam from the sun, or a ray from a lamp, grew brighter and warmer in proportion as it darted further from its source.

I cannot but see in this supernatural disposition evidence of a power ruling, from a higher sphere than that of ordinary providence, the laws of which, uniform elsewhere, are modified or even re-

versed, when the dispensations of the Gospel require it; or rather, these have their own proper and ordinary providence, the laws of which are uniform within its system. And this is one illustration, that what by every ordinary and natural course shall go on diminishing, goes on increasing. But I read in this fact an evidence also of the stability and perpetuity of our faith; for a line that is ever growing thinner and thinner, tends, through its extenuation, to inanition and total evanescence; whereas one that widens and extends as it advances and becomes more solid, thereby gives earnest and proof of increasing duration.

When we are attacked about practices, devotions, or corollaries of faith,—“developments” in other words,—do we not sometimes labor needlessly to prove that we go no further than the Fathers did, and that what we do may be justified from ancient authorities? Should we not confine ourselves to showing, even with the help of antiquity, that what is attacked is good, issound, and is holy; and then thank God that we have so much more of it than others formerly possessed? If it was right to say “*Ora pro nobis*” once in a day, is it not better to say it seven times a day; and if so, why not seventy times seven? The rule of forgiveness may well be the rule of seeking intercession for it. But whither am I leading you, gentle reader? I promised you a story, and I am giving you a lecture, and I fear a dry one. I must retrace my steps. I wished, therefore, merely to say, that, while the saints of the Church are very naturally divided by us into three classes,—holy patrons of the Church, of particular portions of it, and of its individual members,—there is one raised above all others, which passes through all, composed of protectors, patrons, and nomenclators, of saints themselves. For how many Marys, how many Josephs, Peters, Johns, and Pauls, are there not in the calendar of the saints, called by those names without law of country or age.

But beyond this general recognition of our greatest saints, one cannot but sometimes feel that the classification which I have described is carried by us too far; that a certain human dross enters into the composition of our devotion; we perhaps nationalise, or even individualise, the sympathies of those whose love is universal, like God’s own in which alone they love. We seem to fancy that Saint Edward and Saint Frideswida are still English; and some persons appear to have as strong an objection to one of their children bearing any but Saxon saint’s name, as they have to Italian architecture. We may be quite sure that their

power and interest in the whole Church have not been curtailed by the admission of others like themselves, first Christians on earth, then saints in heaven, into their blessed society; but that the friends of God belong to us all, and can and will help us, if we invoke them, with loving impartiality. The little history which I am going to relate serves to illustrate this view of saintly intercession; it was told me by the learned and distinguished prelate, whom I shall call Monsig. B. He has, I have heard, since published the narrative; but I will give it as I heard it from his lips.

CHAPTER II.

THE FRENCH OFFICERS FIRST APPEARANCE.

On the 30th of last month—I am writing early in August—we all commemorated the holy martyrs SS. Abdon and Sennen. This in itself is worthy of notice. Why should we in England, why should they in America, be singing the praises of two Persians who lived more than fifteen hundred years ago? Plainly because we are Catholics, and as such in communion with the saints of Persia, and the martyrs of Decius. Yet it may be assumed that the particular devotion to these two Eastern martyrs is owing to their having suffered in Rome, and so found a place in the calendar of the catacombs, the basis of later martyrologies. Probably after having been concealed in the house of Quirinus the deacon, their bodies were buried in the cemetery or catacomb of Pontianus, outside the present Porta Portese, on the northern bank of the Tiber. In that catacomb, remarkable for containing the primitive baptistery of the Church, there yet remains a monument of these saints, marking their place of sepulture.* Painted on the wall is a “floriated” and jewelled cross; not a conventional one, such as mediæval art introduced, but a plain cross, on the surface of which the painter imitated natural jewels, and from the foot of which grow flowers of natural forms and hues; on each side stands a figure in Persian dress and Phrygian cap, with the names respectively running down in letters one below the other:

SANCTVS ABDON : SANCTVS SENNEN.

The bodies are no longer there. They were no doubt removed, as most were, in the eighth century, to save them from Saracenic profanation, and translated to the Basilica of St. Mark in Rome. There they repose, with many other martyrs no longer distinguishable; since the ancient usage was literally to bury the bodies of Martyrs in a spacious crypt or chamber under the altar,

* See *Fabiola*, pp. 362, 363.

so as to verify the apocalyptic description, "From under the altar of God all the Saints cry aloud." This practice has been admirably illustrated by the prelate to whom I have referred, in a work on this very crypt, or in ecclesiastical language, *Confession of St. Mark's*.

One 30th of July, soon after the siege of Rome in 1848, the chapter of St. Mark's were singing the Office and Mass of these Persian martyrs, as saints of their church. Most people on week-days content themselves with hearing early a Low Mass, so that the longer Offices of the Basilica, especially the secondary ones, are not much frequented. On this occasion, however, a young French officer was noticed by the canons as assisting alone with great recollection.

At the close of the function, my informant went up to the young man, and entered into conversation with him.

"What feast are you celebrating to-day?" asked the officer.

"That of SS. Abdon and Sennen," answered Monsig. B.

"Indeed! how singular!"

"Why? Have you any particular devotion to those saints?"

"Oh, yes: they are my patron saints. The cathedral of my native town is dedicated to them, and possesses their bodies."

"You must be mistaken there; their holy relics repose beneath our altar; and we have to-day kept their feast solemnly on that account."

On this explanation of the prelate the young officer seemed a little disconcerted, and remarked that at P— every body believed that the saints' relics were in the cathedral.

The canon, as he then was, of St. Mark's, though now promoted to the "patriarchal" Basilica of St. John, explained to him how this might be, inasmuch as any church possessing considerable portions of larger relics belonging to a saint was entitled to the privilege of one holding the entire body, and was familiarly spoken of as actually having it; and this no doubt was the case of P—.

"But, besides general grounds for devotion to these patrons of my native city, I have a more particular and personal one; for to their interposition I believe I owe my life.

The group of listeners who had gathered round the officer was deeply interested in this statement, and requested him to relate the incident to which he alluded. He readily complied with their request, and with the utmost simplicity made the following brief recital.

CHAPTER III.—THE OFFICER'S NARRATIVE.

"During the late siege of Rome I happened to be placed in an advanced post, with a small body of soldiers, among the hillocks between our head-quarters in the Villa Pamphily-Doria and the Gate of St. Pancratius. The post was one of some danger, as it was exposed to the sudden and unsparing sallies made by the revolutionary garrison on that side. The broken ground helped to conceal us from the marksmen and the artillery on the walls. However, that day proved to be one of particular danger. Without warning, a *sortie* was made in force, either merely in defiance or to gain possession of some advantageous post; for you know how the Church and Convent of St. Pancratius was assailed by the enemy, and taken and retaken by us several times in one day. The same happened to the Villas near the walls. There was no time given us for speculation or reflection. We found ourselves at once in presence of a very superior force, or rather in the middle of it; for we were completely surrounded. We fought our best; but escape seemed impossible. My poor little piquet was soon cut to pieces, and I found myself standing alone in the midst of our assailants, defending myself as well as I could against such fearful odds. At length I felt I was come to the last extremity, and that in a few moments I should be lying with my brave companions. Earnestly desiring to have the suffrages of my holy patrons in that my last hour, I instinctively exclaimed, 'SS. Abdon and Sennen, pray for me! What then happened I cannot tell. Whether a sudden panic struck my enemies, or something more important called off their attention, or what else—to me inexplicable—occurred, I cannot say; all that I know is, that somehow or other I found myself alone, unwounded and unhurt, with my poor fellows lying about, and no enemy near.

"Do you not think that I have a right to attribute this most wonderful and otherwise unaccountable escape to the intercession and protection of SS. Abdon and Sennen?"

I need scarcely say that this simple narrative touched and moved deeply all its hearers. No one was disposed to dissent from the young Christian officer's conclusion.

CHAPTER IV. THE EXPLANATION.

It was natural that those good ecclesiastics who composed the chapter of St. Mark's should feel an interest in their youthful acquaintance. His having accidentally, as it seemed, but really providentially, strolled into their church at such

a time, with so singular a bond of sympathy with its sacred offices that day, necessarily drew them in kindness towards him. His ingenuous piety and vivid faith gained their hearts.

In the conversation which followed, it was discovered that all his tastes and feelings led him to love and visit the religious monuments of Rome; but that he had no guide or companion to make his wanderings among them as useful and agreeable as they might be made. It was good-naturedly and kindly suggested to him to come from time to time to the church, when some one of the canons would take him with him on his *ventidue ore* walk after Vespers, and act the *cicerone* to him, if they should visit some interesting religious object. This offer he readily accepted, and the intelligent youth and his reverend guides enjoyed pleasant afternoons together. At last one pleasanter than all occurred, when in company with Monsignor B.

Their ramble that evening led them out of the Porta Portuensis, among the hills of Monte Verde, between it and the gate of St. Pancratius—perhaps for the purpose of visiting that interesting basilica. Be it as it may, suddenly, while traversing a vineyard, the young man stopped.

"Here," he exclaimed, "on this very spot, I was standing when my miraculous deliverance took place."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite. If I lived a hundred years, I could never forget it. It is the very spot."

"Then stand still a moment," rejoined the prelate; "we are very near the entrance to the cemetery of Pontianus. I wish to measure the distance."

He did so by pacing it.

"Now," he said, "come down into the catacomb, and observe the direction from where you stand to the door." The key was soon procured.

They accordingly went down, proceeded as near as they could judge toward the point marked over-head, measured the distance paced above, and found themselves standing before the memorial of SS. Abdon and Sennen.

"There," said the canon to his young friend; "you did not know that, when you were invoking your holy patrons, you were standing immediately over their tomb."

The young officer's emotion may be better conceived than described on discovering this new and unexpected coincidence in the history of his successful application to the intercession of ancient saints.

SANCTI ABDON ET SENNEN, ORATE PRO NOBIS.
Tulaere, Aug. 8, 1864. N. C. W.

THE LATE CATHOLIC COUNCIL.

[From the Catholic Mirror of Baltimore.]

The Catholics of Baltimore have many causes of rejoicing as to the state of their religion in this city. They see in their own body representatives of all classes of men, from the highest to the lowest in the social sphere, from the richest to the poorest, and from, until recently, the almost princely master to the humblest slave. Many nationalities are also represented, but throughout all classes and through many contending and even rival interests there exists the common bond of the one faith: "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism." This bond is in fact the manifest exemplar of true religion, for it must be remembered that the word religion expresses a binding anew, or binding together, or in other words, a common bond of union. Where else is such bond found beyond the pale of Catholic Christendom?

The present month will be particularly memorable in the annals of our Church in Baltimore. The Convention of the second Plenary Council was no ordinary affair. Our citizens have seen the great dignitaries of the Church of America assembled in solemn session from all parts of this vast country, to deliberate on its spiritual wants, and the best means of meeting them. The very appearance of the assembled fathers makes an ineffaceable impression. We can never forget the grandeur of the great procession which we saw in its full proportion in our streets on the occasion of opening the first public session in the Cathedral. Before the procession came in view, the multitudes in the streets, ladies and gentlemen with their many colored costumes, gave the idea of a great living parterre, or even of a sea of humanity. Every window along the way presented living pictures of human heads anxiously awaiting the great spectacle. In due time persons from these high points of observation could descry the approaching body and hear the chanting by two hundred manly voices of appropriate psalms. As the procession came slowly forward, the hosts of spectators were pressed back on both sides of the way, that the procession might pass between them. To the spectator a living sea appeared to open away with solid walls of living humanity, as the Red sea opened to allow the safe passage of the hosts of Israel. First in order came the minor clergy in spotless white surplices which contrasted beautifully with the dark mass of citizens on either side. Then came the priests in their richly embroidered chasubles, and then the prelates, bish-

ops and archbishops, with their mitres and croziers, and cloth of gold, sparkling in the sun-beams. The day, by the way, was particularly favorable for good effect, as the sun's rays were tempered with a slight haze, just enough to give that subdued softness to the scene which painters so love to give to their work. The entrance of the procession to the church, rising necessarily up the steps of the portico, was particularly impressive and sometimes touching, when some venerable prelate, weighed down with toil and with years, would require the assistance of his younger and stronger companions.

We will not touch upon the scenes within the church nor the glorious music, nor the sermons, which have proved so effective, as these are fully commented on elsewhere. We only propose to offer our observations upon outside and secondary matters. We may say then briefly that the processions, first and last, were truly majestic, and that the impression made by them was one never to be effaced. Most of us, unfortunately, are but too familiar with military spectacles, with the glittering array, the music, the "pomp and circumstance" of armed troops dressed for holiday parade, or marching to or from the battle-field; but such spectacles read only lessons of physical force, of war's alarms and horrors, of arms riding over laws, of fields of blood, of mangled men and weeping women and children, if not of the great catastrophe of the final overthrow of civil and religious liberty.

How different the scene when God's peaceful ministers, adorned only with emblems fit for "Soldiers of the Cross," move in stately and solemn procession to and from the temple of the Most High! What is the association of ideas? The perpetual offering of the great commemorative sacrifice; the spread of the Gospel, the civilization of the nations, the mission of peace; the erection of churches, schools, convents, hospitals over the land, the fulfillment of the command to carry good tidings to all the people of the earth!

The mere external display, beautiful as it was, was as nothing compared with what lay hid under it. The lofty mitre is not only an object of beauty in itself, but under those mitres, as every reflecting man knew, were intellectual and moral and religious powers and faculties of the highest order. The Catholic bishop, when normally chosen, is necessarily a man of strong intellect and of eminent virtue. This is the rule all over the world. Whenever fifty such men then meet, with their attendant theologians and consulting priests, he must

indeed be blind who does not see a convention worthy of the profoundest respect and reverence, whether he be of the same faith or not.

The signing of the articles by the assembled Prelates on the great altar of the Cathedral, at the last public session, is said to have been indiscribably imposing.

Passing from the Council in its official capacity, the result of whose work is unknown to us, we may make some remarks upon attendant matters.

Upon previous occasions, the fathers have received great social attention from the citizens of Baltimore, but upon this occasion, by the arrangement of our venerable Archbishop, the presiding officer of the Council, there was scarcely a moment left for recreation, so that the old social reunions, so pleasant in their day to all concerned, were almost completely set aside. In two weeks the Bishops had but two evenings of leisure; the first and second Thursdays of the two weeks were, what some would call, "half-holidays." These rests from labor were not rests from social engagements.

On the first Thursday evening, a prominent member of the Cathedral congregation entertained the whole clerical body, and a number of his fellow-citizens at his elegant and most hospitable mansion on the York Road, immediately beyond the city limits. Every thing went off "as happy as a marriage bell," notwithstanding the inclemency of the day. The clergy retired at a very early hour, according to their custom.

On the succeeding Thursday evening, another prominent member of the same congregation proposed also to give a general reception to the members of the Council, but at the solicitation of some friends, he consented generously and gracefully to allow a large body of the laity to share the honor with him of entertaining not only the members of the Council, but all the Catholic clergy in the city, visiting or resident. It was arranged that representative Catholics from all the congregations in the city should take part in entertaining the clergy at a grand social reunion. The arrangements were soon made, the clergy invited, and on the evening in question, Archbishops and Bishops and Priests mingled freely in a "feast of reason," with a host of the Catholic citizens of Baltimore, with their wives and daughters, and a sprinkling of intelligent Protestant guests. Never was such a social meeting known in Baltimore. A magnificent hall brilliantly illuminated, was thronged with the entertainers and the entertained, and it was so arranged that every Catholic

layman on the floor should be one of the former, and every clergyman one of the latter. A splendid band of music was stationed at one end of the hall, which discoursed, at intervals, passages of the finest modern music. We never witnessed a more genial assembly, or more true social enjoyment. Of the guests we need not say a word; of the people we may say they represented faithful Catholic citizens. Among them were some of the first people of Maryland, judged by wealth, birth, or station, while there were many others who were fit representatives of American Catholic energy, intelligence and thrift. It was an assembly representing various interests, but of good and true men, who illustrate to the world around us that Catholics may be, and are good men and good citizens. "Unity, fraternity and equality," were literally in the ascendant for the evening.

As "feast of reason" may become tedious when men are hungry, the committee of arrangements had very thoughtfully provided a respectable supper, which was as bountiful as Camacho's feast, and which was enjoyed by hosts and guests and ladies alike. It must have been tolerably ample when fifteen hundred people were "expected to supper," as it is said that number of persons were on the floor at one time. At an early hour upon this occasion also, the clergy departed, all of them having work on hand for the morrow, and all of them having apparently enjoyed the relaxation and social intercourse of the evening.

The hall used upon the occasion is part of a new building recently erected in this city, and called, appropriately, from its intended uses, "Music Hall." It is an ornament to our city, and the happy reunion of clergy and laity may be properly called its opening. A brilliant and appropriate opening it was, and the more satisfactory to all concerned, as it is the property of a Catholic citizen, who is as famous for his liberality as for his extraordinary success in business. Its use, with lights, etc., was freely given by this gentleman for the occasion.

On Sunday last, the Bishops finished their official duties; and on Tuesday they left generally for their distant homes to carry on the works of their lofty mission.

No man who was brought in contact with them, or who saw them, can doubt that so much energy, zeal, piety and learning can fail to bring blessing upon the great cause in which they are engaged. It will be observed, far and wide, that they are seeking no temporal gains, no public offices, no party success, but simply the salvation of souls, that binding together of men in the unity of faith which is an essential characteristic of the Religion of Christ.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

HYMN TO SAINT CECILIA.

Let the deep organ swell the lay,
In honor of this festive day,
And let the harmonious choirs proclaim
Cecilia's ever blessed name:

Rome gave the Virgin martyr birth,
Whose memory has fill'd the earth,
Who, in her early dawn of youth,
Has fixed her heart on God and truth:

Thence from the world's bewild'ring strife,
In peace she spent her holy life,
Teaching the organ to combine
With voice, to praise the Lamb divine:

When bade forthwith her faith deny,
And with the pagan rites comply,
She nobly chose the bath of fire,
There to be tortured and expire:

But there the Virgin felt no pain:
One night and day she did remain,
When, roused by vengeance, with a blow,
The licitor laid the Martyr low.

Cecilia, with a two-fold crown
Adorn'd in heaven, we pray, look down
Upon thy pious vot'ries here,
And hearken to their humble prayer.

PRESENTATION OF THE HOLY CHILD MARY IN THE TEMPLE---NOV. 21ST.

A beautiful story for beautiful children—when I say beautiful children I mean good children—and the story is the more beautiful because it is true,—just as children are more beautiful when they are good.

In the city of Jerusalem is a mountain called Moriah, and on the mountain there was once—at the time I am writing about—a magnificent temple. It was called *the* temple, because there alone was it lawful, in those days, to offer sacrifice to God. It was not so magnificent as the one that had been built by King Solomon and destroyed by another king with the long name of Nabuchodonosor; but, nevertheless, it was very magnificent indeed. It had a portico in front and it was

divided into two parts: the Sanctuary, which was twenty cubits high, and the Holy of Holies, which was ten cubits higher than the Sanctuary. The floor and ceiling were of precious wood, overlaid with gold, and in it were preserved the most precious treasures of the people of Israel. Around the temple were thirty apartments that communicated with each other by large porticoes, forming beautiful inner galleries. Above were two more stories, containing, each, the same number of small apartments; and from all these rooms there was easy access to the temple. It was in these rooms that the good mothers of Israel placed their daughters to have them cared for and instructed in the Law; or, at least, the eldest daughters of the royal and priestly families were placed there.

Now, there lived in Nazareth, somewhat more than eighteen hundred years ago—the time I have been talking about all along—a venerable man of the royal family of David, whose name was Joachim, and who, some twenty years before, had married a maiden named Anna. Joachim was a charitable and holy man who observed the Law with great exactness, not only outwardly, but also in his heart, for he loved God who gave the Law. Anna, too, was very saintly and resigned to the will of God, yet both of them felt sad as they grew older and older because God did not send them any children. You may easily imagine, then, how happy they were when, in their old age, a daughter was born to them.

They named their daughter Mary. As she grew up all the neighbors said she was the most beautiful child they ever saw; and she *was* most beautiful,—not only to the neighbors, who could see merely the beauty of her countenance, and the gracefulness of her form and every motion, but also to God, who sees the beauties of the soul and the pure, innocent thoughts of children. In His sight she was more lovely than the brightest and most glorious Archangel in heaven. Among the millions and millions of great, glorious, beautiful angels that surround His throne, there was not one so great, so glorious, so beautiful, as that little maiden, Mary, the daughter of Joachim and Anna; for He had filled her soul with so many graces, He had granted her so many favors, He had destined her for such a glorious life, He had given her such a holy vocation, that her soul had never been for a moment subject to the original sin which is in the soul of all other children until washed out by the waters of the great Sacrament of Baptism.

He had made this exception for her, because He destined her to become the Mother of His Divine Son; and He filled her pure soul with so many natural and supernatural graces that, young as she was, she knew God more perfectly than the wisest man ever could; she served God more perfectly than the greatest saint, and loved God more than could all the angels around the throne of God.

So this little maiden wished to live for God alone. She loved her father and mother tenderly, and they loved her because she was so lovable, and because she had been given to them by God in their old age. They had a nice little house in Nazareth—not a grand house—for though both Joachim and Anna were of the royal race, yet they were not rich,—neither were they very poor, but in good, easy circumstances; and their house was surrounded by a garden with pretty flowers and walks, and the little Mary might have been very happy there, with her parents and relatives, and among the flowers, but she wished to live for God alone. Her soul being so pure, her mind so free from ignorance, she understood plainly how there is nothing that gives happiness except when done for God; and, therefore, though she loved her parents very much, even more than you do yours—though, I doubt not, you love them a great deal—she resolved to consecrate herself to God, and at the age of three, when she was taken to the temple, where she had a right to be placed, being the daughter of a royal family, she determined to offer herself wholly to God, by making a vow to remain always a virgin.

When Mary was three years old, Joachim and Anna took her to the temple. They set out from Nazareth at break of day. Joachim led the beast of burthen, on which were placed the wardrobe of Mary, and every thing necessary for the journey, and Mary, too, was placed upon it. Joachim went on before, and Anna, accompanied by a servant, followed after, or else walked beside Mary and talked to her cheerfully. At last they reached Jerusalem, and after changing the traveling dress of their daughter, and clothing her in a pure white robe, they took her to the temple. They approached the temple by the side where the golden gate was. It was high up, and there were fifteen steps leading to it. On the top of the steps stood the High Priest.

Mary was accompanied by several other little maidens, all dressed in white, and carrying lighted tapers. They all arrived at the lowest of the fifteen steps. There the others made a halt, and

Mary ascended alone all the steps to the High Priest. He received her, kissed her pure forehead, and, blessing her, said: "Mary, the Lord hath magnified thy name to all generations, and in thee shall He make known the redemption of the children of Israel." Joachim and Anna then drew near; all the formalities prescribed for the Presentation were fulfilled; a levite sent for one of the matrons, in whose care the young girls were placed. She came and led Anna and Mary into the temple. Then Mary bade farewell to her father and mother, who kissed her, and returned to their quiet, peaceful home, there to serve God faithfully, as they had always done. *They* did not fret over their child. *They loved* their daughter, and had not that selfish, miscalled affection which makes too many parents spoil their children by not permitting them to consecrate themselves to God, because they—the selfish parents—seek their own pleasure, under the pretext of securing their children's happiness. Joachim and Anna knew that God has something particular to do for each and every one that comes into this busy world, and that He wishes that each and every one should find out and follow his vocation; that is, that all should serve God the few years they have to spend on this earth, in the manner He wishes them to serve Him. They knew—Joachim and Anna—that to interfere with the vocation of their child, was to expose her not only to be unhappy for a time on earth, but also to lose her soul for all eternity. Knowing, then, that their daughter Mary was fulfilling her vocation, they returned home with happy and peaceful hearts. Let us leave them there and go back to their little daughter in the temple. The matron who was with her when she bade adieu to her parents, conducted her through the long, high, grand corridors, and up a broad stairway. She introduced Mary to the young girls who were there before her. They were all older than Mary; some nearly as young, and others almost fifteen years of age. Mary was received with great joy by all those little maidens, and she remained with them until she was nearly fifteen. As she grew, day by day, she was more and more beloved by them all, and she passed much of her time as they did, in sewing and embroidering for the service of the temple. Her own room was near that part of the temple called the Holy of Holies.

And here my story ends. You cannot understand the happiness of the child Mary in God's house; for, to understand how happy she was, you would have to be as pure and holy and guile-

less as she was; you would have to know God as she did, and love Him as much as she did. And though I suppose you are all very good children, and pray to God morning and evening,—very intelligent and know your catechism pretty well,—yet you are not so pure as she, because her soul was never defiled by any sin whatever, not even by original sin, and that is the reason we love to call her IMMACULATE—which means without stain, without sin. Nor have you such a vivid perception of the perfections of God; you do not realize, as she did, that God is with us—that we are right before Him, in His sight every moment of our life. And yet you who have received your first Communion, can understand something of what must have been her overwhelming joy, when, from her silent room, she could look down into the Holy of Holies and pray to God.

Ah, what a happy life was that which Mary led in the temple. A life with God! Every action she performed was for the love of God: playing and walking with her companions in the long galleries; working with them, as they all sat together in one room; praying alone in her own room; no matter where she was, or what she was doing, she was always in God's holy presence,—always doing God's holy will.

Pray to her, that you may all strive to imitate her; that she may obtain for you, by her powerful intercession, the grace of knowing your vocation, and of following it as faithfully as she did. No matter what God wishes you to be, He wishes that you know Him and love Him in this world, and be happy with Him in the next,—that is simply pure catechism talk,—but to do so you must find out your own vocation, for to it are attached the graces He has designed to give you that you may save your soul. The great means of finding out your vocation is to pray to God to make it known to you, and to be fully determined to do His holy will in all things.

But, law me! how serious I am getting! to bother your little heads about *vocation*, when many heads much older than yours don't know what a *vocation* means; however, it is better for you to read something serious when young than to be silly all your born days. Pray to our good Mother in heaven, that you may not grow up little dunces who'll never know what a vocation means. Say to her: "Dear Mother, who, at the tender age of three years, didst know thy holy vocation, obtain for me, thy little child, the grace of knowing mine! By the holy Presentation in the Temple, pray for me!"

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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MARYLAND.

DEVOTION TO THE VIRGIN IN NORTH AMERICA, published by Virtue and Yorston, Boston.

The author, after speaking of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the southern part of the United States, gives the following account of its establishment in Maryland:

While these first conversions were going on in the more Southern and Southwestern States, an English nobleman, a friend of his king, yet powerless to practice his religion even under that protection, resolved to seek for freedom of faith in America. A grant of lands was obtained; the expedition organized; the spiritual charge of it given to some Jesuit fathers, and thus the first step was taken toward the establishment of that church which, two centuries later, should declare Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception patroness of all the land.

It was then in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and thirty three, on the twenty-second day of November, the first day in the Octave of Our Lady's Presentation in the Temple, that the Catholic emigrants, under Lord Baltimore, embarked on board the "Ark" and the "Dove." "They placed their ships," says their chaplain, Father White, "under the protection of God, of the Blessed Virgin Mother, of Saint Ignatius, and of the Guardian Angels of Maryland," and so set forth to seek religious freedom in the forests of America. Their voyage was long, as usual in those days, and a furious storm threatened to send them to the bottom. The two vessels were driven apart, and in the one which bore the Jesuit they expected and prepared for death. Strengthened by the Sacrament of Penance, they had resigned hope, almost, when the priest, kneeling on the drenched deck, called to witness "the Lord Jesus and His Holy Mother, that the purpose of the voyage was to pay honor to the Blood of the Redeemer by the conversion of the barbarians." The tempest soon lulled, and, at the close of February, they gave thanks

to the Blessed Virgin as they landed in Virginia. Then sailing up the Chesapeake, first called, by Christian men, St. Mary's Bay, they entered the Potomac, and reached the territory of Maryland.

Their first solemn thanksgiving for safe arrival was made, on the Feast of Our Lady's Annunciation (March 25). They offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and then planting a huge cross, hewn from a tree, they knelt at its foot to recite the Litanies. No other colonists of the United States, known to us, dealt so fairly with the red men. No rum, no worthless trinkets, no destructive weapons were used in trade; but the Indian set his own value on the land, parted from it willingly, and received in exchange seeds, cloths, and instruments of husbandry. No native blood stains the soil purchased for St. Mary the Virgin; no Indian warfare is in the records of its history; but on St. Mary's River they pitched their tents and, in friendship with the red man, laid the foundation of their town. They called it after the beloved Mother of their Lord, to whose protection they avowed their safety from the perils of the sea; and for years the little town of Saint Mary's was the center of their colony.

One of the earliest converts was the chief Tayac, and with him were baptized his wife and daughter, both of whom received the sacred name of Mary. And soon the fervent heart of the Jesuit Father White was gladdened by hundreds of neophytes, for the aborigines received with joy the doctrine of Christ. The ceremony of the baptism of the chief's family had been conducted with what pomp their rude circumstances permitted. A cross was borne in procession, the governor of the colony and his officers walking beside the dusky American king, and all chanting the beautiful words of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Soon came the crowning boast of this colony, the passage of the religious toleration act, in 1649; for these children of St. Mary had not been, like the Puritans of New England, soured by persecution into relentless and absurd intolerance. Churches soon arose to bless the land, sometimes

the work of government, sometimes of individuals, as when William Bretton gave, for a church, a grant of land "in honor of Almighty God and the Ever Immaculate Virgin Mary."

This colony, it is true, was soon to see itself disfranchised, robbed of its religious freedom; and its Catholic people stripped of their privileges for worshipping God in the way of their fathers. But before this Father White had displayed the spirit of his holy Company, in the evangelization of the savages. Sailing up the rivers in an open boat, with a box of presents, a chest containing the sacred vestments and altar stone, and a basket of provisions, with a mat for shelter from the sun and rain, he went forth in pursuit of souls. Towards nightfall the boat was made fast to the shore; the two attendants went into the wood to look for game; and the priest gathered sticks to make a fire, or, if it rained, stretched the mat upon boughs of trees. "Thanks be to God," he says, "we enjoy our scanty fare and hard beds as much as if we were accommodated with the luxuries of Europe."

On one of these occasions he was called to a Christian Indian, an Anacostan, who had fallen into an ambush of Susquehannas and been run through with a lance. Father White found him chanting his death song, and the Christian red men beside him praying fervently. Then the good priest heard his confession and prepared him for death. But ere leaving him, he read a gospel and the Litany of Loretto over him, he urged him to commend his soul to Jesus and to Mary. Then, touching his wounds with a relic of the true cross, he bade the attendants bring the body to the chapel for interment, and launched his canoe to go visit a dying catechumen. Returning, the next day, he beheld, with amazement, the same Indian vigorously propelling a canoe to meet him. When they met, the Anacostan stepped into the priest's canoe and, dropping his blanket, showed him a faint red line, which was all the trace remaining of the deadly wound. Recommending him to make his whole life an act of gratitude to Jesus and Mary, the father went on his way, giving thanks to God.

Why do tears keep rising this morning? Ask the sick man why his pain returns. We only have a suspension of suffering. If I were near a church, I should go and soothe it there; go and lose, absorb myself in communion. In this act of faith and love lies all my support, all my life; perhaps even the life of the body.—*Eugénie de Guérin.*

OUR LADY OF CONSOLATION.

Glorious Queen! there are countless choirs
Breathing thy name on their sacred lyres;
There are angel hosts near the Throne above;
There are bands of children who sing thy love;
There are lonely hearts, there are festal throngs
Hymning the praise that to thee belongs:
And how shall my feeble voice aspire
To join with each grand, majestic choir?

Mother, sweet Mother! thy child is weak,
And the thoughts are mute that her heart would speak;
And yet there are longings she may not hush,—
'The tones from the spirit's fount that gush;
And thy fond maternal heart will prize,
Rich as a costly sacrifice,
The floral wreath, or the humblest vow,—
Even the wishes I bring thee now.

Mother of pity! 'tis joy to me
Fearless and trusting to come thee;
My Lord hath found on thy breast a throne,
Yet how should I venture to Him—alone,
Knowing, alas! how my sins have cried
That the Lover of souls should be crucified,
And deeming the light of His glorious eyes
But the flaming sword of Paradise.

Humble and sorrowful, let me mourn
The days misspent in a path forlorn:
Mercy is with Him, yet Justice stands
Holding the scales in those steadfast hands,
And whose like a Mother's prayer can plead
With a Son who reigns, for a child in need?
Who can prevail with that Heart Divine,
And gain my cause, like that voice of thine?

Ah! desolate Queen! we have caused thy tears,
And woven the crown of thy griefs and fears;
Oh! mourner chief for a death Divine!
Where is there sorrow to mate with thine?
Vainly we reckon the gain and loss
That made us thy children beneath the Cross,
When Angel nor Seraph could shield the dart
That rankled deep in that sinless heart!

Ah, dolorous Queen, how dear thou art!
Thy scepter the sword that pierced thy heart!
And who are thy subjects true and tried,
But those that linger the Cross beside;
Chill though the gloom may be, and dense,
Darkness nor terror shall drive us thence;
For freedom and penitence there shall meet,
Like the blood and the tears on the Victim's feet.

Pure child of Eve, who dost stand alone,
Our brightest link to the Mercy-Throne!
O plead for the debts that we cannot pay;
Plead till each blemish is washed away,
And the countless children thy love hath won
Are borne as a trophy to thy Son,—
When the tears of earth, like the dews of even,
Shall shine on the fadeless flowers of heaven!

I would not be the last to die; to go to heaven before all the rest would be my delight. But why speak of death on a birthday? It is because life and death are sisters, and born together like twins.

SAINT CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA,
VIRGIN MARTYR---NOV. 26.

"Oft we think of that chorus of Virgins bright
That 'follow the Lamb,' that are robed in white,
That crowns of glory wear.

Oh! would we were there that life to see,
For one short moment from earth set free,
To gaze on those Virgins fair."

The dear thought of those bright realms sweetens this land of weary exile and calms the aching heart. How it makes us long for a safe anchorage on that happy shore, where heaven's delight will leave us never. Yes it is a joy to think of the saints now reigning there! After having fought the same battle that we are now fighting, they have won their crowns, and now they pray that it may be our happy lot to join their bright and glorious ranks. No mortal eye can count that numberless band, no tongue describe its beauty, no mind trammelled with earth's fetters understand its happiness. Could we be permitted, for one short moment, to gaze on that heavenly sight, earth's pleasures would vanish like the phantoms of night; all its frail beauties would turn to decay.

"And the heart would warm with love's sweet flame
And naught but that sight our attention claim,—
All else we'd spurn away."

Amid that bright array, the Church recalls to us, on this day, the high-born Lady of Alexandria, whose lofty intellect, enlightened by faith, converted the pagan philosophers of her native city, and whose ardent love of holy chastity, made her spurn the royal purple of an earthly monarch's throne. Catholic art has preserved the principal events in her glorious life, by painting her, crowned as a Virgin Queen, standing by a wheel bristling with the sharpest knives, bearing the martyr's palm in one hand and a sword in the other. A brilliant ring encircles the third finger of the left hand, and the head of an emperor lies at her feet. All these representations are so many symbols of the wondrous acts that marked her glorious life of nineteen years.

High birth, brilliant fortune, all the advantages of rare intellectual gifts, joined to youth and great personal beauty, were the endowments bestowed upon Catherine, the daughter of one of the proudest patrician families of Alexandria, in the fourth century. Although it was the era when pagan females were the most deeply immersed in the frivolities and luxuries of a voluptuous life, yet Catherine found her greatest delight in studying the deepest and most abstract philosophical questions of heathen philosophy. The Chris-

tian schools of philosophy were beginning to acquire celebrity in Alexandria, and they naturally attracted Catherine's attention,—not, at first, with any other motive than to satisfy her eager desire for learning. Gradually, however, the great truths of theology charmed her, and while she still continued to study them, more as an intellectual amusement than as a rule of faith, God touched her heart by a mysterious vision, wherein she saw the Blessed Virgin holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, she presented the Divine Child to Catherine, begging Him to receive her among the number of His servants; but the Child pushed the young pagan aside and turned His head the other way, saying that she had not yet been regenerated by the waters of Baptism. The vision affected her so deeply that she immediately resolved to become a Christian. This supernatural event was but the commencement of similar wonderful favors by which our Lord rewarded her conversion. On one occasion Jesus appeared to her, and in the presence of His Blessed Mother, and a great multitude of celestial spirits, He placed a ring upon her finger as the signet of her heavenly espousals.

In the mean time, days of persecution were beginning to lower over Alexandria. Maximin, who shared the empire with Constantine the Great, selected this city as his royal residence. His hatred for the Christians was soon displayed by the edicts which he published, condemning to the most severe tortures and death all who refused to sacrifice to the gods. He resolved to make of Alexandria but one grand temple, as it were, in order to give a striking example of the pomp of the pagan worship, and to force all to offer incense to his idols. The streets were filled with droves of animals brought from every part of Egypt to be immolated upon the altars. The temples and the public places were not large enough to contain the crowds who were drawn together for this ceremony, and the very air was thick with the smoke of the burning victims.

Catherine foresaw that this sacrilegious festival was but the prelude to a bitter persecution against those Christians who would refuse to assist at the sacrifices, and she determined to go even into the temple where the emperor and his court were assembled, and there, if possible, convince him of his error. It was a bold, perilous step; but God, who inspired it, sustained her. Her majestic bearing, singular beauty, and the air of grandeur displayed in her every movement, produced a lively impression upon the emperor, who listened atten-

tively to her words as, in the loftiest strain of eloquence, she displayed the extreme errors of paganism and portrayed the beauties of Christianity. It would be impossible to describe his astonishment at this unlooked for interruption of his pagan sacrifices; but not considering that he was, himself, wise enough to reply, he called together the most renowned philosophers of his empire. Fifty of the most skillful sophists responded to the royal mandate. Some laughed, others were insulted at the thought of entering the list against a young maiden, over whose head twenty summers had not passed. But it was the emperor's will, and they must obey. Maximin, seated on his throne, surrounded by his court, and the most learned men of the country, ordered Catharine to be brought into his presence.

Truly, it was a strange assembly for a modest, high-born Christian lady to enter even as a spectator. What, then, must have been her feelings when called upon to enter the controversial arena to contend, singly, with the mightiest intellects of her nation? But God, who has so often manifested His power by the weakness of the instrument He uses, wished to show to all ages that a virgin, formed and inspired by the spirit of Catholicity, could vanquish all the wisdom of earth. Hardly concealing his contempt for such an adversary, and addressing himself to the audience at large, the chief of the sophists used all his eloquence and quoted all the poets and orators and philosophers of antiquity in favor of pagan rites.

Very quietly, very patiently, and with her heart united to God in earnest prayer, did Catherine listen to this speech, which ended in an eloquent peroration that inspired all the assembly with its enthusiasm. When the loud plaudits of the hearers had ceased Catharine arose, and with a clear, full voice that never faltered, made her defense and explanation of Christianity; first, by showing that the history of the gods is a mere fable that no man of intellect could believe; secondly, that true philosophy could not recognize more than one God, Creator and Governor of the entire universe; thirdly, that without prejudice to the unity of God, all men are bound to recognize Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, as true God and true Man. She proved the first by exposing the ridiculous histories that Homer, Orpheus and other poets give of their gods, the abominable crimes which they attribute to them, and the ridicule which even their most approved authors shower upon them. She proved the second by demonstrative reasoning and powerful arguments

drawn from the books of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle; and the third by the accomplishment of the prophecies of the Old Testament, and the testimony of the Sibylline books, which clearly announced the time and other circumstances of the coming of the Messiah.

The orator, whom she had answered, was the first to acknowledge his defeat and to declare that he had nothing to say in reply. In vain did the emperor urge the others to speak. Grace had touched every heart, and divine light had opened their eyes. They all declared that Catherine had spoken words of truth, of which they had been ignorant,—but to deny it now would be a crime; and, with one accord, they renounced paganism for the worship of the true God, protesting, at the same time, that no earthly reward, nor bodily torment, could ever make them deny their faith. Furious with rage at the unexpected termination of this celebrated conference, Maximin ordered the fifty philosophers to be burned at the stake. Time was not given them to be baptized with water; but they received the more glorious baptism of blood and fire. Their execution created the most profound sensation through all the city and was the cause of a large number of conversions.

We would naturally suppose that Catherine shared their martyrdom. Yet new and unexpected trials awaited her before she gained her double crown. The savage heart of the emperor was inflamed by her beauty, and the wisdom she displayed in the late controversy augmented his passion to such a degree that he resolved to make her his wife. It is true he was already married, but no such bonds were sacred in the eyes of a pagan tyrant, whose heart was a slave to every vice. He left no means untried to gain Catherine's consent, and sought to dazzle her with the brilliant prospect of reigning supreme as empress of the East. But Catherine's love of Christianity was only equaled by her love of holy chastity, by which her virginity was vowed to God, and she treated all the dazzling proposals of the emperor with supreme contempt.

The impious tyrant then ordered Catherine to be severely scourged, placed upon a rack until all her joints were dislocated, and afterwards to be thrown into prison, with strict orders that no one should dress her wounds, or furnish her with the slightest nourishment, his intention being to condemn her to the slow torture of death by starvation.

While Catherine remained in prison the emperor left Alexandria to visit the different parts of

his kingdom. During his absence his wife, the Empress Faustina, had a dream, in which Catherine, surrounded with dazzling rays of light, appeared to her, and placing a crown upon her head said: "Faustina, my spouse sends you this crown." This vision, joined to the wonders she had heard of Catherine, made the empress most anxious to see the illustrious prisoner. Taking Porphyrius, one of the captains of the imperial guard, with her, she visited the prison, and Catherine spoke to them with so much force and unction that they were both converted on the spot.

As soon as Maximin returned he made inquiries about his prisoner, and learning that she was still living he ordered her to be brought into his presence. Great was his surprise to find her in perfect health and more beautiful than ever. At first he was resolved to kill the guards for having dressed her wounds and given her food, contrary to his orders. But they all protested that no mortal had offered her the slightest relief. Then his wild, ungovernable passion for the victim of his cruelty grew more violent than before; but again all his offers were firmly refused, and a second time Catherine's death was decreed under the most painful circumstances.

Maximin ordered her body to be attached to a machine composed of three or four wheels, from which sharp razors struck out at every side in such a manner that by the motion of the instrument Catherine's body would inevitably be cut up into a thousand pieces. But at the first movement of this terrible machine it was miraculously broken in pieces, and Catherine remained unhurt, while several persons were killed by the force with which the fragments were thrown in every direction. This second miraculous preservation from death filled the emperor with shame and confusion, but failed to soften his heart. On the contrary, when his wife took occasion of it to convince him that he was bound to admit, from so many miracles, that the Christian religion must be the only true faith, he ordered her to be beheaded, together with Porphyrius, the officer who had been converted with her. Two hundred soldiers were also converted by the wonderful circumstances that surrounded the prison life of Catherine, and suffered martyrdom at the same time as the wife of the emperor.

And now, O strange folly and blind wickedness of the human heart, Maximin again deceived himself with the belief that Catherine would not refuse the title of empress, since the first one who bore that name was no more. He protested that

she alone should possess his heart and become the mistress of all his possessions, and that her sway should be supreme throughout the entire Eastern Empire.

Words cannot portray the horror and disgust with which the noble maiden turned aside from the hateful importunities of this monster of impurity, and spurned the royal diadem and a home in the palace of the Cæsars which he offered her. The manacles of a prison, the tortures of fire and sword were joys supreme, for with them her purity would remain intact; therefore she continued to treat the emperor's proposal with the utmost scorn and contempt, and told him that he himself was unworthy of life since, notwithstanding all the miracles of which he had been witness, he yet refused to adore God and still sought an alliance with one who had consecrated, by vow, her virginity to the Lord. Finding every effort to gain Catherine's consent utterly useless, Maximin ordered her to be led to the public square, where her head was struck off by the public executioner, on the 26th of November, 307.

"Two crowns she has won of glittering sheen,—
She is crowned as a martyr and virgin queen,
And her heart is drowned in love."

And ever, as the Christian sage pores over the pages of profound philosophical lore, he prays the martyred virgin of Alexandria to aid his researches as she aided of yore the sages of her own land, purifying the pure gold of their earthly science from all the dross of sophistry.

HISTORY OF THE SODALITIES.

INTRODUCTION.

There seems, just now, to pervade the whole country, a general tendency towards the formation of "unions" of every kind. Indeed the hour is favorable to such notions. It is not then out of place to propose the union of Sodalists. This, if accomplished, will not only afford pleasure and benefit to themselves, but be, besides, a means under God, of extending and strengthening the influence of "Holy Church." But in order to bring about an actual union, as it were, of hands, it will be necessary to bring about a union of hearts, of sympathies, of souls. They must become aware of each other's existence, whereabouts, aims, hopes, and condition. This it is proposed to accomplish by the "History of the Sodalities."

Nor is our title intended to embrace only the articles that will follow from our hand; for these can only refer to our own city, but it is hoped

that our present words will form the "Introduction" to a complete series of such articles from the pens of as many correspondents as there are cities, towns and villages with Sodalities established in their midst.

By Sodalities we mean to include all societies of that kind; not only those of the Immaculate Conception—which, of course, has a right to the particular attachment of America's sons who are under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception—but also those of the Holy Angels, of which there are so many, and of the Holy Infancy, and Sacred Passion, and of the Most Holy Sacrament, etc., the last mentioned claiming ever our chief reverence and respect.

Our introduction would be incomplete without some allusion to the general aims of the Sodalities, and their successes so far. This not so much for the Sodalists themselves, though some of these doubtless have forgotten them, as for those who will read the AVE MARIA, but who know not the object of sodalities. A sodality, as the word itself makes known, is a collection of persons, be they young or old, and the word, of late days, is only applied to a collection of persons having as the aim of their association, the extending of particular devotion either to the Holy Angels, or to the Immaculate Queen, or to our Lord Himself. Thus we have the Sodalities of the Holy Angels, of the Immaculate Conception, and of the Sacred Passion as alluded to above.

Having in mind the extension of devotion, the members are expected to be particularly devout, and hence are only admitted after a sufficient probation, and then required publicly, that is in presence of the meeting, to express their resolution to follow the rules laid down for their guidance.

It is readily perceived then that such associations produce much good in a community. And indeed we have no doubt that it would take volumes to recount the many extraordinary favors and blessings gained from heaven wherever they exist. It is enough to soften the hardest heart to listen to one good priest whom we once conversed with, as he details the wondrous influence of his sodalities. The poor girl, for instance, who earns her daily bread, in the factory or public store, who has to endure the searching looks, the unscrupulous words of the idlers who dot her homeward and shopward path, and all day long mingles with companions whose ways are not always the best; such an one finds in her companions of the Sodality a solace, in the Sunday meetings a pleasure to look forward to and draw her

mind from evil, and in the pious practices of the sodality an encouragement and spiritual strength.

And so with the boy and the young man, sons of the toiling millions whose life goes on amid the lowlier occupations of mankind. And the sons and daughters of the rich, and highly stationed, too, whether assembling by themselves, or mingling in holy unison with their less favored brethren, are formed to virtue. But oh, the glorious picture on communion day! Beautiful bright morning! which smiles upon the youthful train as it goes on towards the altar there to kneel and to receive the Bread of Angels. And to witness all this in America! America, on some of whose statute books doubtless are yet remaining those once dreaded blue laws; America, where but a short time ago Catholicism was so little known and Catholics so severely used. Most assuredly our Blessed Patroness, is taking possession of her realm. Her armies are forming; let them all write, and, with one accord stand ready to obey her least command.

SODALITIES OF NEW YORK.

Article I---Parish of St. Francis Xavier's Church.

(All communications to the Sodalities addressed to care of Rev. Father Dealy, S. J., will be duly received by them.)

It is one of the first cares of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus wherever they found a college or open a church to establish in connection with it a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Accordingly in the year 1852, a Sodality under the title of the

ROSARY SOCIETY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN was organized. The commencement was very humble; it began by a circle of fifteen members and before the end of one year there were eighty-five circles. This Sodality is composed both of men and women and is very flourishing. The members are so numerous that applicants are obliged to wait for a vacancy. They number now two thousand members, and are under the immediate care of a Jesuit Father. They meet on the first Sunday of the month after Vespers and always have a sermon from their Father Director, and other devotional exercises. In connection with this Sodality is a large library of useful books for the use of the members. The library is open three times a week.

MEN'S SODALITY.

A Sodality for men of the parish was established on the 25th of June, 1856. This Sodality numbers six hundred members, and is provided

with a large library and rooms for meeting. The members are required to go to confession and Holy Communion on the first Sunday of each month. They meet once a month for the practice of some devotional exercise, have a short instruction suited to their wants, and then transact whatever business may be necessary. No one is admitted a member under the age of sixteen, and a probation of three months is necessary for membership. An absence from three successive meetings, without a good reason, is a sufficient cause to have the name of a member so absenting himself immediately taken from the roll of the Sodality. In connection with this Sodality is a Mutual Aid Society, in time of sickness, etc., to become a member of which every candidate must be enrolled a member of the Sodality for at least six months, and must have discharged the duties thereof to the satisfaction of the Rev. President.

JUVENILE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

This Society is for the encouragement of the youth of the parish in the study of Christian piety and the frequentation of the Sacraments. It is exclusively composed of boys, who, having made their first Communion, frequent the public schools, or are learning trades. It was affiliated on the 5th of July 1858 to the Primæ Primariæ Sodality of the Roman College, under the title of *Beata Maria Virgo sine labe originali concepta*. It then numbered thirty-three members; there are to day four hundred active members; they have regular weekly meetings, and are under the direction of a Father Director. They have a handsome library, which furnishes very useful reading to the members, and thus removes these young boys from much evil influence and wicked temptation. During the past year no less than ten thousand volumes circulated among the members of the Association.

SODALITY OF THE SACRED HEART.

There are, in addition to these, connected with the Parish of Saint Francis Xavier—1st, Sodality for ladies of the city, composed of the former pupils of the convent of Manhattanville, and other convents under the direction of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart; 2nd, a Saint Ann's Sodality for the parish; 3rd, a Sodality for the young girls of the parish corresponding to the Juvenile Sodality for the boys. All these Confraternities are under the care of the Ladies of the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

In the College of Saint Francis Xavier there are two Sodalitys for the students.

THE SODALITY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION is reserved for the older students and is recruited

each year from the students of the higher class. It was affiliated to the Primæ Primariæ of the Roman College on the first of May, 1851, and already counts on its roll several hundred members. The members have a library and chapel for their own use; they sing the office of the Immaculate Conception every Saturday in the chapel of the Sodality, and on every Monday receive a short instruction from the Father Director. The officers are elected twice a year; the present number of active members is eighty.

THE SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

This Sodality for the students of the grammar classes, was affiliated to the Sodality of the Roman College on the second of October 1841. They meet every week and have a short instruction from the Director. They number one hundred active members.

LACORDAIRE AND THE ORDER OF SAINT DOMINIC.

[CONCLUDED.]

Though the Archbishop of Paris refused to break the engagement into which he had entered with Father Lacordaire, he wished so far to yield to the objections of the Government as to insist that the preacher should not wear his religious habit in the pulpit. This raised a question between them. Father Lacordaire looked on himself as the representative of the principle of the liberty of religious association, and therefore made a point of doing nothing that might seem to compromise that principle. Moreover, he was not free to quit his religious habit. Madame Swetchine was employed by the Archbishop to negotiate with him on the subject. Knowing how unbending he was likely to be, she wrote in considerable fear to put the case before him. He refused absolutely, on the ground of principle, and because he had already compromised the Bishop-Coadjutor of Nancy by preaching as a religious. The Archbishop thought it well to write to Rome in order to settle the matter, and a permission came from the General of the Order, allowing him to preach as a secular priest. The dispute ended by his wearing the dress of an honorary canon over his religious habit. He began his course (for Advent) on December 3, 1843. The crowd that assembled to hear him was immense, and there were many who feared that his reappearance might be the occasion of some disturbance. A faithful band of young men, his enthusiastic admirers, placed themselves near the

pulpit to defend him, if it should be necessary. But he had hardly begun to speak before it was clear that his audience was entirely with him, and from that day till his last Conference, in 1851, his popularity and influence never seem to have flagged. This was the great period of his public action, while he was stirring and rousing thousands of hearts in Paris and throughout France, for he preached many "stations" in the provinces, and at the same time, holding up and sustaining, chiefly by his vast personal influence, the French province of the Order of St. Dominic, which owed its existence to him, and thus opening the door to other religious bodies, who availed themselves of the toleration which he had won for them as well as for himself.

His first course at Notre Dame as a Dominican was confined to the Advent sermons, as Father de Ravignan, who had succeeded him as *Conférencier*, after his abandonment of the pulpit in 1841, still retained the Lent course. We find Father Lacordaire preaching at Grenoble in the February of 1844; there he was followed by the vigilant attentions of the Minister of Public Instruction. M. Martin wrote a long and formal letter to the Bishop of Grenoble, warning him of the insidious attempt of M. l'Abbé Lacordaire to introduce a Congregation not recognized by the State into France, pointing out the great danger that might follow unless he were hindered, and expressing his confidence that the Bishop would be wise and firm enough to insist on the non appearance in public of the obnoxious habit. The Bishop, it appears, was so "wise and firm" as not to answer the letter of the Minister. After a short time, still worse news reached M. Martin's ears. At some little distance off the road from Grenoble towards the Grande Chartreuse, perched on a lofty and precipitous eminence, there was an old disused religious house, once a Carthusian monastery. Father Lacordaire bought this, and proceeded to prepare it for a dwelling-place for himself and his religious brethren. The Bishop gave notice to the Government, and received a menacing letter in reply. "It would never do to allow so flagrant a violation of the law. The Government might continue to tolerate the few religious houses which already existed, as they had acquired a sort of prescriptive right, but no new foundations could ever be authorized. The Bishop was, of course, able to prevent the execution of the Abbé Lacordaire's design within the diocese; and M. le Ministre relied once more on his wisdom and firmness to spare the Government

the necessity of having to order *des mesures coercitives, aux quelles néanmoins j'aurais certainement recours au besoin.*" The Préfet was furnished with a copy of the ministerial despatch, and instructed *à surveiller toutes les démarches de M. Lacordaire*; and to keep the Minister well informed, in case he should not obey the Bishop's advice. The Bishop drily replied, that he had communicated to M. Lacordaire the letter which his Excellency had done him the the honor to address to him; and had been informed in reply, that he had bought the monastery in question as a house of study and retirement for himself and certain of his friends, some of whom were not priests; "*ces messieurs sont donc des propriétaires et des habitants dans mon diocèse.*" Father Lacordaire, soon after took possession of La Chalais, as the monastery was called; and it became, in little more than a year, the novitiate of the new province. The Government, after all its threats, was, as he had said would be the case, afraid to interfere with the new owners.

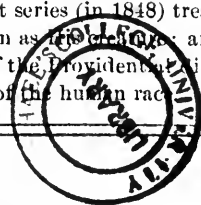
In their opposition to the introduction of the Order of St. Dominic, as in their subsequent dealings with the Holy See for the purpose of bringing about the suppression of the Society of Jesus in France, the Ministers of Louis Philippe professed to be actuated by a desire to preserve the public peace. If their representations had been correct, the Government, by refusing to sanction the establishment or the existence of religious Orders, was but saving them from the inevitable and violent destruction which public opinion and public feeling would bring upon them, if they were so rash as to expose themselves to the eyes of the French nation. The event, in both cases, showed that the Ministers were either very insincere or very ignorant of the state of the public mind. The throne of July, indeed, turned out to have no sound foundation in the affections of the nation; it fell without a hand being lifted in its defense: but even in the commotion and excitement which followed, no assaults were made on the religious Orders, or on the Church. When Père Lacordaire braved the threats of M. Martin (du Nord), that functionary found it prudent to forget that he had ever made them. If he had attempted to carry them into execution, it is more likely that the Government would have suffered under the displeasure of the people than that the people would have applauded the policy of the Government. As it turned out, the religious Orders established themselves on a more secure basis by resting their rights on public opinion, in

the face of ministerial discouragement, than might have been the case if the authorities themselves had patronized and affected to protect them. M. Martin and M. Guizot were right in thinking that public opinion in France was very powerful; they were mistaken in supposing that it was likely to be outraged by the fact that a few priests or laymen banded themselves together in a religious community in order to serve God and their neighbor with greater perfection, or that it would support the Government in the jealousy with which it regarded the free action of personal devotion and Christian charity.

After the affair of La Chalais, we still hear occasionally of Government opposition to the restored Dominicans. But the Order made gradual and steady progress. In 1849, Père Lacordaire had the satisfaction of seeing the foundation of a monastery at Flavigny, not far from Dijon, where he had spent so many years of his youth. Later in the same year, he was installed in the old Convent of the Carmes, in the Rue Vaugirard, by Monseigneur Sibour, then Archbishop of Paris. This was the fourth house founded in France. In the following year, Père Jandel, the only survivor of the first set of his novices, was summoned to Rome by Pius IX., who intended to set him over the whole Order of St. Dominic as Vicar General, with a view to the restoration of the full observance of the Rule. Père Lacordaire himself went to Rome in that summer of 1850, partly it would seem, in the hope of keeping Père Jandel for France. He had, however, to give way on this point. He was gratified, however, by receiving from Padre Gigli, the Vicar in office before the appointment of Père Jandel was carried out, the diploma which canonically erected the new Province of France. He himself was appointed its Superior. His authority also extended, as Vicar, to Belgium, Holland, and England; and he consequently visited our shores in the course of the following year. In 1852 he began the work to which the later years of his life were mainly consecrated,—the foundation and consolidation of a "Third Order of Teachers," attached to the great Order of St. Dominic. We have already mentioned that it had been one of his first requests at Rome, on becoming a Dominican, that the Rule might be so far stretched as to admit of educating the young. This had been tried, and it had been found that the austerities and some other features of the original Rule were incompatible with the work of teaching in schools and colleges; and it was therefore judged expedient

to meet the difficulty by the foundation of a separate body, belonging to the great Dominican family, but not bound to the full observance of its Rule. The first College undertaken by these religious was that at Oullins, near Lyons, to which, in 1851, was added his great College, once under the Benedictines, at Sorceze, at the foot of the Black Mountain. We must forbear, for the present, from speaking of this great institution, to which so many of the later years of Père Lacordaire were devoted, and which was the place of his last illness and death.

The Conferences at Notre Dame, as we have said, were continued till 1851. The first of the resumed series (in 1843) dealt with a subject requiring at once bold and delicate handling before such an audience as that of Notre Dame: "*des effets de la doctrine Catholique sur l'esprit.*" In the two following years Father Lacordaire carried on his defense of Catholicism, by speaking of the effects of its doctrine first on the soul, and then on society: in 1846 he came at last to speak of our Lord. "*Seigneur Jésus*, he cried, at the opening of the first Conference of this series, "*depuis dix ans que je parle de votre Eglise à cet auditoire, c'est, au fond, toujours de vous que j'ai parlé, mais enfin, aujourd'hui plus directement j'arrive à vous-même, à cette divine figure qui est chaque jour l'objet de ma contemplation, à vos pieds sacrés que j'ai baisés tant de fois, à vos mains aimables qui m'ont si souvent béni, à votre chef couronné de gloire et d'épines, à cette vie dont j'ai respiré le parfum dès ma naissance, que mon adolescence a méconnue, que ma jeunesse a reconquise, que mon âge mûr adore et annonce à toute créature. O Père! ô Maître! ô Ami! ô Jésus! secondez-moi plus que jamais, puisque étant plus proche de vous, il convient qu'on s'aperçoive, et que je tire de ma bouche des paroles qui se sentent de cet admirable voisinage.*" M. de Montalembert, to whom no one will deny the right to be thought one of the most authoritative of critics in the matter of oratory, and particularly of the oratory of his friends, tells us that he considers that the most wonderful of the treasures of Father Lacordaire's eloquence are to be found in this series. It was only natural that the heart of a great Christian orator, and especially of one so full of the most devoted love to our Lord, should expand with a fresh glow of power and tenderness in the presence of the subject of these Conferences. The next series (in 1848) treats of God as Creator, and man as His creature; and the last (in 1851) speaks of the providential dispensation of the restoration of the human race.



The Conferences of Father Lacordaire were not written by him as we possess them at present. He prepared himself for the pulpit by study, prayer, and intense thought: he prepared the plan and argument carefully, but he never wrote them. He trusted to the inspiration of the moment for expression and illustration. Short-hand writers took down his words, and he corrected their reports the day after each sermon; which was, in fact, published in the course of the week. He seems never to have taken much trouble with the correction. It is obvious that his readers are thus at a great disadvantage in comparison with his hearers. A great part of his power lay in the brilliancy of his improvisation, the accent of his voice, and the intensity of his action. It must also be admitted, that what is most powerful at the moment with an audience worked up, we might almost say, to ecstasy by the magic of a great orator, is not always most effective with the unexcited feelings and the more exacting judgments of a public of readers. We are hardly able to judge of the criticisms of the devoted friend of Father Lacordaire whom we have just named, in which he admits that the great preacher was often incomplete, and that sometimes there was feebleness and even confusion in his argument; that objections were stated more forcibly than their answers; that there was a passion for subtleties both of thought and language. He had studied theology with care, but he was not a great theologian; nor had he a very wide acquaintance with general literature. This hampered him in his illustrations: perhaps it also made him crude and narrow in more of his opinions. These criticisms may perhaps be admitted by his admirers: but it will still remain true that his *Conférences* must always hold a very high place among the treasures of French eloquence.

Père Chocarne, in his *Vie Intime et Religieuse du Père Lacordaire*, has given us an interesting account of the manner in which the great preacher spent the days on which his *Conférences* were delivered, with which we may fitly close these remarks on the Sermons themselves. The morning of the Sunday was passed in profound retirement and meditation. No one entered his room but one or two of his intimate friends, who came to see that he was in need of nothing: even these came in and went out in silence. He took his breakfast at nine, and to strengthen himself for the great exertions he imposed on himself in preaching, he availed himself of an exemption from his usual rule, and ate a little meat. Then

he would go down into the garden, if the weather were fine, and walk up and down slowly, stopping here and there before a flower or a shrub. When the time came for him to start for Notre Dame, M. Cartier, an old friend, came for him. A few hours later, he returned all on fire: his face beaming with the excitement of his harangue, his heart, as it were, flooded with inspiration, but his bodily frame seemingly exhausted and worn to pieces by the vehemence of his action. He would often throw himself on his bed, and talk with a young attendant who was always with him, but it was only about the love of our Lord and the blessings of religious life. He supped alone, on the usual fare of his monastery—a salad and some eggs. Then he would resume his conversation, but it was always on some subject such as those we have named, or on that love of suffering, drawn from the contemplation of our Crucified Lord, which we shall see to have been so powerful a principle in his interior and personal life, and which prompted him to end these days of his great oratorical triumphs by inflicting on himself severe and terrible penances.

MARIE LOUISE, OF FRANCE.

We call the attention of our readers to the sketch of the life of Marie Louise, which we commence this week. When such lessons come to us from the steps of one of the first thrones in the world, they are apt to strike us more forcibly; they carry with them a prestige seldom met with in the common walks of society. The beautiful example of a "daughter of France" exchanging the court of her father for a convent, has perhaps more than any other in our age, opened the eyes of many generous souls who otherwise would never have known that "to serve God is to reign," and that all else is but vanity. Who knows if the same effect will not be produced on our continent, on some such noble souls, not content, not happy in their enjoyments, simply because they are not born for this world.

This flower, destined to embellish and perfume with its fragrance the holy mountain of Carmel, made its appearance in this world on the eve of the festival consecrated to honor in a special manner the Queen of Carmel, to be offered, as it were, in its first bloom upon her altars. The sixteenth of July is the anniversary of the revelation by which God made known to Elias that a Virgin would be the Mother of God, and that she would also be

the Mother and special patroness of the eremitical Order, which He has inspired this holy prophet to establish. Marie Louise, of France, daughter of Louis XV and Marie Leckzinska, was born on the fifteenth of July, 1737. She was baptized the same day and placed under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, whose name she received with that of Louise. Doubtless this divine Mother inspired her royal parents with the design of educating their child in the Abbey of Fontevrault, far from the worldly influences of the court.

The little Marie Louise at the age of nineteen months fell dangerously ill; no hope was entertained of her recovery; but at the moment when she was on the point of passing into the company of the angels, the august Queen of Carmel heard the ardent prayers which the nuns of the Abbey addressed to her in behalf of their infant charge. The little Louise was restored to health; and in gratitude for her recovery the good religious ever afterward clothed her in white; and so from her cradle she wore the livery of the Immaculate Virgin, and the symbol of the virtue of chastity which she preserved in all its purity.

On another occasion the young princess received a severe injury by falling out of bed; she was cured, but a slight curvature of the body remained. In the designs of Providence, God made use of this circumstance, at a later period, to prevent His chosen one from being given to an earthly spouse.

From her earliest years she turned to her God; and the truths of religion alone seemed worthy the attention of a soul dwelling in exile far away from its heavenly home.

One day when Marie Louise was four years old, she said to her governess: "You know, *ma mie*, that I love the good God, and every day I give Him my heart, but what will He give me in His turn?" She said her prayers with a modesty and attention that plainly revealed her lively sentiment of the presence of God. As she was one day kneeling in her oratory, she noticed one of her attendants seated close by. "Kneel down also," she said, "and pray with me, and then our Saviour will be found with us." Even at this early age she was resolved to live for God alone. One of her attendants having told her that a grand prince was just born in Europe, that he was destined one day to be her spouse, she began to weep bitterly, and when asked the cause of her tears, she answered: "I weep because they tell me that I am to have a mortal spouse, and I wish to have no other but Jesus Christ."

In a particular manner she testified her devotion to her Beloved by overcoming the quickness and vivacity of her temper, and a secret pride which her elevated rank would naturally have fostered, together with a marked disposition to indulge in raillery. On one occasion she yielded to a feeling of impatience towards one of her attendants, who was engaged at work in her room; the young princess haughtily exclaimed: "Am I not the daughter of your king?" "And I, madame," replied the woman, "am I not the daughter of your God?" At these words the daughter of a king immediately humbled herself before her servant. "You are right," she said, "I have done wrong and I beg your pardon."

This pure soul, united to her God, prepared herself, with the greatest fervor of her heart, for her first Communion, which she received at the age of eleven. From this moment we may say that she had a continual desire for this Divine Food. At the age of fourteen she left Fontevrault, but her heart remained in its quiet cloisters, or we should rather say attached to God, who watched over her amid the dangers of a court as brilliant as it was corrupt. It was a period when vice seemed to have run wild; but in the midst of that corrupt court the Queen of France and her young daughters lived saintly lives, purifying, by the fragrance of their virtues, the tainted atmosphere that surrounded them. Their alms were so abundant that they frequently deprived themselves of the necessaries of life. The maid of honor charged with keeping the private purse of Madame Louise, was so well instructed in the duties of her office, by her royal mistress, that its contents were always distributed to the suffering members of Jesus Christ. *The good princess* was the name by which Louise was known at Court; a title that speaks more in her praise than the longest eulogium.

In a particular manner she at all times sought to preserve peace of mind in the midst of the agitations that surrounded her, and to regulate her interior life with God. Every leisure moment was consecrated to good works or the various exercises of piety, such as particular examen, spiritual reading, recitation of the beads and the Divine Office, in the same manner as they were observed in religious houses. To these she joined many prayers and practices in honor of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin; she venerated the saints, whom the Church offers for our imitation; she was most exact in purifying her soul from all her faults in the Sacrament of Penance, and fre-

quently received her Beloved in the Holy Communion. It was there she consulted Him, and asked to be enlightened with regard to His designs over her, and the Beloved replied to His beloved. "I hear in the depths of my heart," she said, "a voice which tells me that I am not doing what God requires me to do; then it seems to me that like Saint Augustin I fear that God will speak too clearly, and that I shall be obliged to engage myself too strictly in His service." And in reality such was in a short time afterward the case.

It was in the church of the Carmelites, rue de Grenelle, where she assisted with her mother and sisters at the reception of the Countess de Russelmonde, that God clearly revealed her vocation. "I was but little impressed," she said, "when the Countess entered the Carmelite convent; the reasons assigned by the world for the step she had taken choked the good grain. But the ceremony of her taking the habit struck me so forcibly, and revealed my own vocation in so plain a manner, that I have never since had any doubts on the latter subject. Like Saint Thomas, I was obliged to see in order to believe that there was no happiness for me save in being entirely consecrated to God."

When with her own eyes she saw the Countess divested of all the vain ornaments of the world, in order to be clothed in the coarse woolen Carmelite habit: "This is courage," she said to herself, "Behold, here is one who knows how to offer violence to the kingdom of heaven! and is it not said only the violent bear it away?" At the same time she reflected seriously on those terrible words, which shall never pass away—"Unless you do penance you shall all perish."

In one of her letters she explains the motives which determined her vocation. "I am going to tell you why I have resolved to quit the world, however brilliant it may be for me, and although by my rank I am shielded from certain dangers which surround others, yet the motives, that have determined me, are my own sins, what my salvation has cost Jesus Christ, the necessity of doing penance in this life or the next; a penance which in an elevated position becomes more difficult from loving one's ease and comfort as I do. The parable, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; the precept of charity which extends over all that is superfluous, and this superfluous which is so immense in my case; in a word the desire of imitating Jesus in this life,

and enjoying the recompense He has prepared for us from all eternity. Behold in this schedule a list of the motives that impelled me to forsake all the world can give, for the mortified life of the cloister."

Among all the amusements of the Court, hunting alone retained an attraction for her; but by an accident God detached her heart from this as He had done from all the rest. One day, while enjoying the chase through the forest of Compeigne with the king, she fell from her horse and was nearly crushed by the wheels of a carriage that was dashing along at full speed. In this perilous position she invoked Mary and was saved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLERGYMEN AT THE PLENARY COUNCIL.

The following list of the clergymen in attendance at the late Council formed a part of our special correspondence from Baltimore, and was mailed to us from that city on the 15th ult., but owing to an error in the direction of the letter, it has just reached our hands. As it is a complete list, however, and will doubtless prove interesting to our readers, we have concluded to publish it, notwithstanding the delay in its arrival. The list of prelates and officers of the Council appeared in our issue of October 13th, but we have nowhere seen a complete statement of the names and rank of the other members of the clergy who were present. The list is as follows:

VICARS GENERAL.

- Very Rev. H. B. Coskery, D. D., V. G., Baltimore.
- Very Rev. Nap. R. Perche, V. G., New Orleans.
- Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, V. G., New York.
- Very Rev. P. J. Baltus, V. G., Alton.
- Very Rev. Julian Benoit, V. G., Fort Wayne.
- Very Rev. Timothy Bermingham, Vicar Gen'l, Charleston.
- Very Rev. John Baptist A. Brouillet, V. G., Nesqually.
- Very Rev. Alex. J. Caron, V. G., Cleveland.
- Very Rev. James Conlan, V. G., Cleveland.
- Very Rev. Zephyrin Druon, V. G., Burlington.
- Very Rev. P. Dufau, V. G., Savannah.
- Very Rev. James M. Early, V. G., Buffalo.
- Very Rev. Wm. Glesson, V. G., Buffalo.
- Very Rev. Mathurin F. Grignon, V. G., Natchez.
- Very Rev. Thomas Lynch, V. G., Burlington.
- Very Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, V. G., Newark.
- Very Rev. John Mullin, V. G., Pittsburg.
- Very Rev. John Stibel, V. G., Pittsburg.

Very Rev. Eugene Mueller, V. G., Portland.

Very Rev. Wm. O' Reilly, V. G., Hartford.

Very Rev. Augustus Ravoux, V. G., St. Paul.
SUPERIORS OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Very Rev. M. Marty, O. S. B., Prior of St. Meinrad's, diocese of Vincennes.

Very Rev. Wm. D. O'Carroll, O. S. D., Provincial of the Order of St. Dominic.

Very Rev. F. S. Vilarrasa, O. S. D., Commissary General of the Order of St. Dominic in California.

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ANNALS OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

GRACES OBTAINED

BY THE POWERFUL INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.—TWELVE CONVERSIONS AND AN UNEXPECTED CURE.

"V—, (SEINE ET OIRE,) 8th Sept., 1866.

"REV. FATHER: I have just learned, from one of the Rev. Oblate Fathers of Saint Hilary, that a fervent religieuse has secured the baptism of twelve non-Catholics, by means of the medal of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart."

The Rev. writer of the same letter announces the complete restoration to health of his aunt, who was so dangerously ill that the last Sacraments were given her. She was recommended to the prayers of the Association, and her recovery was as sudden as it was complete.

We have also put, in the last number, the remarkable conversion of a Belgian infidel under most interesting circumstances. Our readers have doubtless heard of the latest infidel association which has taken root in Belgium. The members style themselves *Solidaires*, and they bind themselves by oath to live and die without any religious practice. This association is the very antithesis of the communion of saints. The person in question was dangerously ill, and his false friends kept close guard around his sick bed in order to prevent any pious influence from reaching him. A letter written by one of them, and signed by the sick man, was sent to the pastor of the town, refusing the spiritual aid which the latter of his charity had offered. "*I neither wish to see you nor any messenger from you,*" wrote the sick man, *neither will I receive your Sacraments; and after my death I wish to be buried as I have lived—a true SOLIDAIRE.*"

The zealous priest had recourse to the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, for the conversion of this erring soul. A novena was commenced, and on the Feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart a medal was secretly placed under his pillow.

What struggle went on in that heart we know not; but we do know that the infidel called for the priest, and in the presence of a large number of witnesses made a public retraction of his unbelief and received the Sacraments in the most edifying dispositions. God in his mercy has prolonged his life, in order, it would seem, to deprive the enemies of religion of every possibility of denying the fact, or of imputing to mortal weakness this act so important for the happiness of this dear soul.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

COME TO THE VIRGIN'S SHRINE.

A H Y M N .

Come to the Virgin's shrine,
 The rosy morn is bright ;
 The crystal dew
 Smiles welcome new
 To the rising source of light.

Come, lay at Mary's feet
 Our grateful gift of praise ;
 For she the night
 Of sin's dread blight
 Dispelled by virtue's rays—

The rays that, like the dawn,
 Announced that blissful day
 Whose golden light
 Put sin to flight
 And chased the night away.

Come to the Virgin's shrine,
 The noonday sun is high ;
 The panting soil,
 With mirth and toil,
 Seems doomed to waste and die.

Come, lay at Mary's feet
 Our prayer of trusting love
 That when the storm
 Of sin's alarm
 Our weary souls shall prove,

She from her heavenly throne
 May send a soothing light
 To guard our souls
 From sinful doles
 And save our hearts from blight.

Come to the Virgin's shrine,
 The evening shades grow deep ;
 All nature fades
 In coming shades,
 The sighing zephyrs weep.

Come, lay at Mary's feet
 Our spirit's tearful sigh,
 That when the day
 Has passed away
 And death's dread night is nigh,

She may be kindly near
 To guard our souls from doom,
 And smooth the way
 That leads to day
 Which knows not change nor gloom.

MARY "QUEEN OF VIRGINS."

Mary "Queen of Virgins."
 Thus we love to call
 Her who is, through Jesus,
 Mother of us all.

To this "Queen of Virgins"
 Lilies of the field,
 As she walked the meadows,
 Did sweet homage yield.

But a sweeter homage
 Than the lilies even
 Can a Christian maiden
 Yield the Queen of Heaven.

Thoughts whose guarded whiteness
 With her lilies vie,
 Hearts whose chaste affections
 Keep a heavenward eye ;

Courage, meekness, patience,
 Modest look and mien,
 Win the dearest favor
 Of our blessed Queen

Mary, "Queen of Virgins,"
 Aid us by thy prayer ;
 Lilies never needed
 As we need thy care.

OUR MOTHER'S MESSAGES.

SOLITUDE OF NAZARETH,
Feast of St. Stanislas.

DEAR CHILDREN: Although we have in this month the beautiful festival of our Mother's Presentation, yet my love for a certain little Saint who loved the Blessed Virgin very much makes me talk to you of him.

I would speak of Saint Stanislas, whose festival graces this month. Yes, indeed, I love him very much; and I want you to love him too. And why?—you ask. Because he is your particular patron, dear children; because he loved the Virgin Mary so very much, and was so beloved by her. Now I am sure this is quite enough to make you wish to love him also. However, no one can love whom they do not know; so you must listen, while I tell you something of this little Saint's life, which, like some sweet flower too sweet indeed for this earth, Mary culled in its bud, to bloom in heaven.

Saint Stanislas of Koska was born in Poland, of very rich and noble parents. Beautiful, winning—and above all, so sweetly mild and holy, he gained the hearts of all around him. His pious mother often thought, as she gazed on the angelic countenance of her darling child, that God must have most certainly given her an angel for a son. Stanislas was indeed an angel; and, like the angels, the first sentiment of his heart had been the love of Jesus and Mary. Their sweet names were the first that broke the long silence of his infantine lips; and from that time, our little Saint asked no greater happiness than to converse by fervent prayer with his dear Saviour and Heavenly Mother. Oh, how much Stanislas loved Mary! Her very name would make his heart thrill with joy; and when he was asked why he loved Mary so much—"Why?" he would answer, all surprised at the question, "because she is my Mother!"

I wish, dear children, that this answer were ever in your hearts and on your lips. Yes, you also must love Mary very, very much, because she is your Mother too.

But we cannot think of Stanislas as always a little child. Like the Child Jesus "he grew in stature and in grace—in love with God and man." Can this be said of you, dear children?—O, I hope so. If it were not thus, it would be very sad indeed. But I wanted to tell you that when Stanislas grew tall enough, his fond mother had to part with her darling boy, to send him to a college far, far distant, where he was placed under the care of his brother Paul. I could never tell you all he had to suffer there, from the cruelty of that unnatural brother, who hated Stanislas only because his sweet piety reproached him continually for his own wicked conduct. But Stanislas, who loved to suffer thus for his Saviour's sake, bore all with the sweetest patience. Jesus never forgets what we do for Him. Listen how sweetly our little hero was rewarded.

One day he fell sick, so very sick that he and every one else thought he must die. Stanislas would have been very glad of this. His heart was already in heaven. He had but one wish: it was to receive his dear Saviour before dying. Judge, then, of his grief, when this was denied him.

As usual, Stanislas carried his sorrow to his heavenly Mother, and asked her to obtain for him this last grace. Nor was it in vain: for Stanislas was suddenly startled by a bright silver light; angelic forms and voices filled his chamber, and

oh, what joy! he beholds the Queen of Angels herself bending lovingly over his couch, while a beautiful angel is ready to administer to him the Holy Communion. Need I say with what rapture of love and gratitude Stanislas opened his heart to receive his Saviour, with what joy he conversed with his heavenly Mother? It was in this interview that Mary revealed to her favored child her wish to see him consecrate himself to her service in the Company of Jesus. Indeed it was only on this condition that the Virgin Mary restored him to life and health, in the miraculous cure which so much astonished all who were witnesses of it.

Faithful to his promise, the first use he made of his restored health was to go and knock at the door of the Jesuit college of the town, to solicit admittance into the novitiate.

Our little Saint knew very well that he would never obtain his father's permission to the course he had determined upon; so he had never asked it. What then was his dismay to hear that this permission was quite necessary to obtain the favor of his admittance! In vain he implored for grace: the prudent Superior could not risk thus to bring down on the Society of Jesus the ire of so powerful a nobleman as was the father of Stanislas.

Disappointed but not discouraged, Stanislas redoubled his prayers and mortifications, confident that his heavenly Mother would procure him the means of executing her own commands. Nor was his confidence misplaced. But Mary wished to try how much her generous child would do for her: thus, he was told that the admission refused him at Vienna could be accorded at Rome. Stanislas asked no more. He well knew that hundreds and hundreds of weary miles lay between him and the Eternal City, and that the long journey must be made on foot, amidst humiliations, hunger, fatigue and cold; that he must leave forever all he held most dear on earth, even his own dear mother whom he so tenderly loved. But Jesus asked of him this sacrifice, and his generous heart could not refuse it.

Profiting one evening by his brother Paul's absence, Stanislas slipped from the house, leaving in his room a little note, saying that he had gone forever and to seek him would be in vain.

Hardly had he cleared the city when he met with a little country boy, with whom he proposed a change of clothes. As you may well imagine, the young lad readily consented, congratulating himself all the while on the bargain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, Devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. II.

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No. 48.

ADVENT.

From L'ANNEE LITURGIQUE, par le R. P. DOM GUÉRANGER, Abbe de Solesmes:

Nothing shows more clearly the real value and importance of Mary in the divine economy of our redemption, than the place the Church assigns her in the annual return and commemoration of her feasts and solemnities. To some it may seem a new idea, and yet, upon reflection, it will be evident that the Blessed Virgin is honored not alone in her own festivals, but indirectly in all the festivals of her Divine Son; for in all these, besides a close and admirable union frequently palpable, there seems to hover over us the loud voice of the woman of the Gospel: "Blessed is the womb that bore thee and the paps that gave thee suck." As Nicolas very pertinently remarks, "the Liberator never was foretold, nor prefigured, but in union with His Virgin Mother. It was this virginal bringing forth which constituted the long looked-for prodigy which characterized her Blessed Fruit as the promised Saviour, the God of the New Covenant."

The Liturgy of Advent yearly reproduces and perpetuates in the Church Mary's glorious union with the Son of God in His human form. Mary is ever expected to bring forth Jesus; we ever expect Him from her; in this part of the year we ever celebrate and praise her, as the Patriarchs and the Prophets saluted and praised her; and this burning desire and eager expectation of her precious delivery, no longer in Bethlehem, and for the whole world, but in our souls, and for our personal sanctification, bring down upon us the graces we need in order to receive Him worthily and to revive with Him as His members.

With these brief introductory observations, we beg to present to our readers some exquisite pages of our venerable friend, the celebrated Dom Guéranger, on Advent:

With us the name of ADVENT is given to the time set aside by the Church to prepare the faithful to celebrate, in a worthy manner, the festival of Christmas, the Anniversary of the Birth of Je-

sus Christ. The mystery of that great event deserved, without doubt, the honor of a prelude of prayer and penance; and it would be impossible to determine the first institution of this time of preparation which received only at a later epoch the name of Advent. It appears evident, however, that this observance first began in the West; for it is incontestable that Advent could not have been considered as a preparation for the festival of Christmas until that festival had been definitely placed on the 25th of December; an event which did not take place in the East until toward the end of the fourth century, while it is certain that long before that time the Church of Rome celebrated it on that day.

The mystery of the time of Advent is both *simple* and *triple*. It is *simple*, as it is always the same Son of God who comes; *triple*, because He comes at three different times and in three manners.

"In the first Advent," says Saint Bernard in his fifth sermon on Advent, "He comes in the flesh and infirmity; in the second He comes in spirit and power; in the third He comes in glory and majesty; and the second Advent is the means by which we pass from the first to the third."

Such is the Mystery of Advent. Let us now hearken to the explanation which Peter of Blois gives us of this triple coming of Christ, in his third sermon *de Adventu*. "There are three Comings of the Lord,—the first in the flesh, the second in the soul, the third in Judgment. The first took place in the middle of the night. *And at midnight a cry was made: Behold the Bridegroom cometh.* The first Advent is already past, for the Lord has been seen by the earth and has conversed with men. We are actually in the second Coming; provided, however, that we are such that He may come to us; *but if we love Him He will come to us and will make His abode with us.* This second Coming is, then, for us, a matter of uncertainty, for what other than the Spirit of God may know those who are of God? As for the third Coming it is very certain that it will take

place; very uncertain when it will take place; since there is nothing more certain than death, and nothing more uncertain than the day of death. The first Advent, then, was humble and hidden; the second is mysterious and full of love; the third will be glorious and terrible. In the first Advent Christ was unjustly judged by men; in the second He makes us just by grace; in the third He will judge us with equity; a Lamb in the first Coming; a Lion in the last; a Friend full of tenderness in the second."

Such is the triple Mystery of Advent. Now, the liturgical forms in which the Mystery is clothed are of two kinds: the first consists of prayers, lessons, hymns, and other formulas, in which the words themselves are employed to express the sentiments proper to the time; the other consists in exterior rites peculiar to this holy time, and calculated to complete that which is expressed by the words.

Let us note, in the first place, the number of the days of Advent. The number forty was first adopted by the Church, and is still retained by the Ambrosian and Oriental rites. If, at a later period, the Roman Church, and those who follow her rite, have abandoned this number, the quaternary form is no less expressed by the four weeks, which have been substituted for the forty days. The new Birth of the Redeemer takes place after four weeks, as the first Birth took place after four thousand years, according to the computation of the Hebrew and Vulgate versions.

During Advent, like in Lent, the solemnization of marriage is forbidden, in order that mundane joys may not distract Christians from the serious thoughts with which the expectation of the Sovereign Judge should inspire them, nor the friends of the spouse from the hope which they cherish of being, in a short time, invited to the Nuptial Feast of Eternity.

The eyes of the people are warned of the sadness which preoccupies the heart of the Holy Church, by the color of mourning which she puts on. Except on festival days the purple color is used, the Deacon lays aside the dalmatic, the Subdeacon the tunic. Formerly even black was used in some places, as in Tours and Mans. This mourning of the Church marks with what truth she unites herself with the true Israelites who waited in sackcloth and ashes for the coming of the Messiah, and who wept because the glory of Zion had departed, and the *scepter taken from Juda till he come that is to be sent and who shall be the expectation of nations*. It also signifies the works of

penance by which she prepares herself for the second Coming, full of love and mystery, which takes place in our hearts in proportion as they are touched by the tenderness which is shown them by that Divine Host, who has said: *My delight is to be with the children of men*. It expresses, lastly, the desolation of that widow waiting for the spouse who delays his appearance. She mourns upon the mountain like the dove until she hears a voice saying: *Come from Libanus, my spouse; come from Libanus, come; thou shalt be crowned, for thou hast wounded my heart*. (Cant. iv, 3.)

During Advent the Church also suspends the singing of the Cantic of the Angels: *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*; for this wonderful hymn was heard only at Bethlehem over the Crib of the Divine Child; the tongue of the angel is not yet loosed; the Virgin has not yet deposited her Divine Burden; it is not yet time to say: *Glory to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will*. In like manner, at the end of the sacrifice, the Deacon does not pronounce the solemn words which dismiss the people: *Itē missa est*. He replaces them by the ordinary salutation: *Benedictamus Domino*; as if the Church feared to interrupt the people in their prayers, which, in these days of expectation, cannot be too prolonged.

At Matins the Church also suppresses the hymn of joy: *Te Deum laudamus*. In humility she waits for the Sovereign Good, and while waiting she can only ask, supplicate and hope. But the hymn of joy, the *alleluia*, is not suspended, except on ferial days. It is sung at Mass, on the four Sundays, and forms a contrast to the somber color of the vestments. This remembrance of past joys which underlies all the holy sadness of the Church, sufficiently indicates that while she joins with the ancient people to implore the coming of the Messiah, and thus pays the great debt of humanity to the justice and clemency of God, she does not forget that for her the Emanuel is already come, and that even before she opens her lips to ask for salvation she is already redeemed and marked for eternal union in heaven. And thus we see why the *alleluia* mingles with her sighs; why profound joy and profound sadness are betokened in this time until joy superabounds in that sacred night which shall be more radiant than the most brilliant day.

Now, in the days of Advent, our Divine Saviour knocks at the gate of our souls,—at times in a perceptible manner,—at other times in a hidden manner. He asks if there is place for Him, that He

may be born in them. But although the house is His own, since He built it and preserves it, He complains that *His own receive Him not*, at least the greater number of them. But to those who receive Him, *to them He gives power to become the sons of God*, and to be no longer the children of blood and of the flesh.

Prepare yourselves, then, that you may see Him born in you, more beautiful, more radiant, and still stronger than, as yet, you have known Him. O, faithful souls, who keep Him in yourselves as a cherished deposit, and who, this long while, have had no other life than His life, no other heart than His heart, no other works than His works, learn to choose out from the words of the holy liturgy those hidden words which suit your love, and which will charm the heart of the Spouse.

Open wide the portals of your hearts to receive Him again, you who had already possessed Him, but did not know Him; who enjoyed His presence, but did not relish it; He comes to you with renewed tenderness; He has forgotten your disdain; *He wishes to renew all things*. Make room for the Divine Child; for He would fain grow up in you. The moment approaches; arouse your heart; and lest slumber surprise you, watch and sing. The words of the liturgy are intended for you, for they speak of the darkness which God alone can dissipate; of wounds which His goodness alone can heal.

And you, Christians, for whom the good tidings are as if they were not, because your hearts are dead by sin,—whether that death has held you in its bonds these many years, or whether the wound which has caused it be of recent date,—behold, He who is life comes to you! *Why, then, would you die? He wills not the death of sinners, but that they be converted and live*. The great Festival of His Birth will be a day of universal mercy to all who will give Him welcome. They will then begin to live with Him; all previous life will be abolished, *and where sin hath abounded grace will more fully abound*.

And if the tenderness, the sweetness of this mysterious Coming do not allure you, because your dull, heavy heart cannot comprehend confidence in God, because, having long swallowed iniquity like water, you know not what it is to aspire, by love, to the caresses of a Father whose invitations you have spurned, think of that Coming, full of terror, which will follow the one now silently taking place in the souls of many. Listen to the tumult of the universe at the approach of the dread Judge. See the heavens withdraw be-

fore Him as a scroll rolled up together. Sustain, if you can, the aspect of the Judge; His dazzling glance; regard, without a shudder, the sharp, two-edged sword coming from His mouth; listen to those lamentable cries: *Mountains, fall upon us; rocks, cover us,—hide us from the dreadful sight*. Those cries will be made in vain by the unfortunate souls who *knew not the time of His visitation*; and for having closed their hearts against the Man-God, who wept over them, so much did He love them! they shall descend, living, into eternal flames so intense that they *devour the earth, with her increase, and burn the foundations of the mountains*. It is then they shall feel the *worm* of eternal regret, *which never dies*.

Let those then, who are not softened by the sweet tidings of the approach of the Heavenly Physician, of the generous Shepherd who gives His life for His sheep, meditate during Advent on the awful, and yet incontestable mystery of *Redemption made useless*, by the refusal which man too often makes, to concur in securing his own salvation. Let them test their strength, and if they despise the *Child, who is born to us*, let them see if they will be able to wrestle with *God the Mighty*, in the day when he shall come, no longer to *save* but to *judge*. To know, in a more perfect manner, the Judge, before whom all tremble, let them interrogate the holy liturgy there they will learn to fear Him. And yet this fear is not only for sinners; it is a sentiment which every Christian must experience. Fear, if alone, makes slaves; if joined to love it is proper to the guilty son who seeks pardon from his father whom he has offended; but if love casts it forth, it returns at times like the lightning's flash, and the very depths of the faithful heart are happily disturbed. Then the soul recalls the memory of its misery, and of the gratuitous mercy of the Spouse. No one, then, in this holy time of Advent, should seek to avoid sharing the pious terrors of the Church, who, loved though she be, repeats, every day, in the office of Sext, *Pierce my flesh, oh Lord, with the sting of Thy fear*. But this part of the liturgy will be especially useful to those who are commencing to give themselves up entirely to the service of God.

From all we have said, we must conclude that Advent is a time consecrated principally to the exercises of the *purgative life*; as is signified by the words of Saint John the Baptist, which the Church repeats so often in this holy time: *prepare the way of the Lord*. May each one work seriously to prepare the way of the Lord and make straight

the way by which Jesus Christ will enter into his soul. May the just, according to the doctrine of St. Paul, *forget what they have done in the past*, and labor on with fresh vigor. May sinners hasten to break the chains that have so long bound them, and to free themselves forever from the bad habits which have so long held them captive. May they weaken the flesh and begin the hard task of subjecting it to the spirit. May they, above all, pray with the Church; and when the Lord shall come, they may hope that He will not pass by their threshold, but that He will enter within; for He has said, speaking of all: Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man shall hear my voice and open to me the gate, I will come in to him.

THE VESPER BELL.

The vesper bell! the vesper bell!
How sweet the tone—how soft the spell!
When whispering "Come to Mary's shrine,
And praise the Flower of David's line."

Oh Mother blest! Oh Virgin fair!
What happiness is hidden there,
Where voices blend in concert sweet,
And loving hearts their Mother greet!

The heart is still—the soul at rest,
A foretaste of existence blest
Comes gently as on angel's wing,
When at Thy feet Thy children sing.

Oh blessed task—entrancing theme!
How base all earthly joys now seem!
How weak temptation's gloomy power,
Amid the brightness of the hour.

Hail sweetest one! dear Queen of May!
Hail dawn of Heaven's eternal day!
Hail smile of God to light our path
And save us from Thy Son's just wrath!

Guide all our steps till life is done—
With Thee the fight is surely won—
One word, dear Mother, speak for me
That death may find me pure like Thee!

TEARS and regrets never pass away. On the contrary, profound sorrows are like the in-flowing sea, ever advancing, scooping out the ground more and more. Eight nights, this evening, that thou hast rested in thy bed of earth. O God, my God! console me! Help me to look and hope far beyond the tomb. Heaven, heaven! Oh that my soul may rise to heaven!—*Eugénie de Guérin.*

REASON AND RELIGION---NO. 1.

It has been fashionable for some time, not only with the declared enemies, but even with some who profess to be the warm friends of religion, to treat it and reason as if they were entirely independent of each other, and in fact as mutually antagonistic. It is assumed that reason can exist and operate in full freedom and strength without pious or religious affection, and that pious or religious affection in no sense depends on reason or intelligence. But there is no reason without religion, and no religion without reason, as it will be my purpose in this new series of articles to show.

Knowledge without religion is satanic, and worse than worthless to its possessor, for it is not a rational knowledge directed to the true end of man; and religion without knowledge is a blind sentiment losing itself in idolatry, superstition, or a savage and destructive fanaticism. Reason is essential to man's nature, that which distinguishes him from the lower creation, and renders him kindred with the angels, and, in some sense, with God Himself. It is the faculty of apprehending and acting voluntarily from the principle of our existence, and of apprehending and acting for—*propter*—the end for which we exist. There is and can be no human act that is a perfectly irrational act. Piety or religion without reason or the rational activity of the soul is not, as say the theologians, *actus humanus*, and must be either wholly extraneous to man, or mere sensitive affection, what Catholics call sensible devotion, and which has in itself no moral character, and is neither praiseworthy nor blameworthy.

Herein lies the great mistake of the Evangelical or Methodistical sects. They divorce piety or religion from reason, and therefore from all intellectual apprehension of the Christian mysteries and dogmas, or from faith as an intellectual act. They reduce faith itself to a mere sentiment, and while inveterate dogmatists in their way, hold that nothing is necessary to salvation but the sensible affection or emotion. You cannot reason with them, for they set reason aside as having nothing to do with religion. To your most reasonable objections they have a prompt and decisive answer: "I feel it here," laying a hand over the heart, "and am sure." But you may draw a false inference from your feelings and thus delude or deceive yourself. "I feel it here, and am sure." You cannot reason against feeling, and have nothing to do but to make a low bow and be silent.

They do not seem to be aware that it is by the activity of the rational soul that they can be conscious of their own sensible affection, or are able to say, "I feel, and am sure." They resolve, so far as the man is concerned, all devotion into sensible devotion, and even regard all prayers made when the soul suffers from aridities, or which are not accompanied by certain sensible sweetnesses and freedom, as offensive or at least not acceptable to God.

This comes not solely from a bad psychology, but chiefly from a bad theology. They do not, all of them at least, do not accept the Calvinistic doctrine, *decretum horribile*, as Calvin himself says, of election and reprobation, but they all proceed in their theology on the assumption that original sin means the total corruption and moral impotence of our nature, so that our nature has not been simply averted from God and inclined to sin, as the Council of Trent teaches, but that it has itself become sin and loathsome to God, and incapable of thinking a good thought or performing a good deed. This corruption extends to the reason and will, and they correct the Apostle who says, "in me," that is, "in my flesh," and say that, "in me," that is, in my reason and will, "there dwelleth no good thing." Hence, naturally, prior to conversion I think and will only evil, and after conversion it is not I that think and will good, but the grace that is in me. Hence they hold that whatever in them is not false or evil is placed there by sovereign grace, without their active concurrence, and therefore the sensible affection which they call religion or piety is produced in them by grace without any activity of their own reason and will. Faith with them is not an intellectual act, not elicitable, indeed, without the grace of faith illustrating the understanding and converting the will towards God, yet is elicitable by us, so as to be really and truly our act, but is a simple feeling of confidence that God has for Christ's sake forgiven us our sins, and translated us from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of His dear Son. Hence with them religion is not something done, but something undergone by us, as is indicated by the question they ask: "Have you experienced religion?"

The Protestant reformers generally manifest the greatest distrust of reason, and Luther treats it with great indignity and coarse invective. All non-rationalistic Protestants regard reason as a false and deceptive light that leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind. It is a great mistake to suppose that the central principle of Protestant-

ism is private judgment. This is not and never was the Protestant principle. Its central principle was and is the total depravity of human nature, or the absolute moral and spiritual inability or nullity of man since Adam's prevarication. This is the central principle of its whole system, from which radiate all its so-called "doctrines of grace," or "the great doctrines of the Reformation." The Bible, interpreted by human reason, public or private, was never a Protestant doctrine or a Protestant rule of faith, and they who combat that rule, thinking thereby to refute Protestantism, its principle, are simply beating the air. The charge brought against us by Protestants was and is that we are Pelagians or Semi-Pelagians, and tend to rationalism; that is, we hold that there is some good and some moral ability left in man, and that reason and will are active in justification, not purely passive. True, we hold that without grace we can do nothing, not even make the first motion, but, then, we hold that we ourselves must actively concur with grace, and that by grace we can concur with grace, and so work out our own salvation. On this point the Reformation joined issue with the Church, maintained, in opposition to her, the absolute impotence of nature, expressed in their doctrine of justification without works, that is, without human activity, by faith alone, or in that of justification by imputation.

That modern rationalism holds from the Reformation is, no doubt, true, but from its practice in rejecting the authority of the Church, not from any doctrine or principle it asserted. Its principle was total depravity by the fall, and its rule of faith was the Bible, or certain portions of the Bible, interpreted by grace, or the Holy Ghost dwelling in the individual believer. Rationalism is a one-sided and bastard development of Protestantism, and loses grace altogether. The legitimate developments of Protestantism are Quakerism and Methodism, or Evangelicalism. Quakerism consists in asserting the universality of the inner light, and its sufficiency without the Written Word, or that the Holy Ghost dwells in every man, whether believer or not, and is "a light within" sufficient to guide the individual to eternal life; but it carefully distinguishes this "inner light," this "Christ within," this "indwelling Holy Ghost," from the natural light of natural reason.

Its connecting band with the Reformers is in making the interpreter of the Word the grace operative in the individual, and asserting the passivity of nature in the work of salvation, that is,

in exclusive supernaturalism. Methodism, which is not by any means restricted to the sect called Methodists, but is common to all the Evangelical sects, though it often makes a show of asserting free will or free agency, is based on the total depravity of man by the fall, and holds that the interpreter of the Written Word is the Holy Ghost transiently or permanently in the soul of the regenerate. With it, as with Calvinism, reason and will are impotent, and the essence of the Christian life, which, prior to Whitfield, Calvinism did not assert, is in the feelings or sensible affections produced by the operations of grace within the believer. Methodism comes in the direct line from the Reformation and is the only form of Protestantism that gives signs of life, and that retains much hold on the Protestant people. It is the development of Protestantism most hostile to Catholicity.

Many persons of liberal and even philosophic minds, who have ceased to believe any Protestant doctrine, still honor the memory of the Reformers, as bold and earnest, who asserted the rights of the mind, and emancipated reason, and restored to human nature its dignity; but nothing is farther from the fact, as is evident from their assertion of the total corruption of human nature, and of the absolute moral and spiritual impotence or nullity of man. The supposed antagonism between reason and faith, or intellect and piety, was unheard of before the Reformation, and has grown out of the doctrine of total depravity and that of sovereign and irresistible grace asserted by the Reformers and uniformly condemned by the Church. The Reformation regarded reason as false and deceptive, and the will, since the fall, as a serf or slave, and all owed to neither any participation in the work of salvation. It has done all in its power to damage reason and bring it into contempt, while the Church through her Clergy, her Pontiffs, and her Councils has always vindicated it and sustained its credit. It is a great wrong done to the Church by modern liberals, that of asserting Protestantism as favorable to the freedom and activity of reason, and the Church as hostile to it. The Church asserts the supernatural, but without excluding the natural; the Reformation denied the natural and asserted exclusive supernaturalism.

Those who die do not go so far away, for heaven is quite close to us. We have but to raise our eyes and we see their dwelling. Let us console ourselves by that sweet prospect; let us become resigned on earth, which is but a step to the gate of Paradise.

STATUE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 19, 1866.

Rev. Editor: Last Sunday, the Feast of the Maternity, was a day of unusual interest to the congregation that attended St. Ignatius' Church of this city, as we experienced a gladsome surprise in the inauguration of a fine statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God. The inaugural sermon was delivered in the evening by Rev. F. Villiger, S. J., to an immense congregation; for the Church, which seats between two thousand and three thousand people, was filled to overflowing.

I am sure that the love which inflamed the heart of the Rev. speaker and burned in his words, communicated its fire, in a greater or less degree to the heart of each one present.

There are numerous gas-fixtures, many of which are arranged in fanciful designs that call forth pious thoughts, and at the same time constitute most beautiful ornaments: in front of the tabernacle the luminous word *Hail*, or the letters I. H. S. surmounted by a cross; at the Blessed Virgin's altar, the beautiful name of Mary; at the altar of the Sacred Heart, that of Jesus; the statue of St. Joseph, and that of St. Ignatius are each encircled by a high arch, and back and above the arch, an equally tall, but slender pyramid pointing upward to the Infinity of light above; here are crescents and stars and crosses, there the holy chalice blazing as if with intensity of love—all these, in addition to those in ordinary use, were lighted on this occasion, and bathed in an effulgent flood the precious work of art that had journeyed from the sunny Italian clime, over the mediterranean sea, the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, to enter the Golden Gate and stir the hearts of thousands with renewed devotion to their Mother in Heaven.

For the time being—a more desirable place is in contemplation—this statue is placed on a pedestal erected at the right of the main altar, in sight of the entire audience.

The statue is five feet and eight inches in height, of the purest and whitest marble of Carrara, and is the work of Ignazio Iacomitti of the city of Rome. It cost two thousand dollars, freight and other expenses included. A stranger could almost have felt the thrill of pleasure that pervaded the hearts of the members of the Altar Society, when the Rev. Father announced that *it was their money that had paid for this treasure*—such a feeling as I can remember was manifested some years since,

by those who could see their names graven on the big bass bell alone in *its tower* at Notre Dame.

Since this work claims to be a new one—an original thought—you will ask what was the idea of the artist? I answer: the Virgin looking at the people presents to them her Divine Son, whom she holds in her right arm, her left hand gently pressing on the breast of the child. With her right foot she crushes the head of the serpent holding the apple in its mouth. The Infant with a sweet, smiling countenance looks on the bystanders and is in the act of blessing them.

It seems that some time previous to the commencement of this work, as Ignazio was modeling a Divine Child, the Venerable Pontiff called at the studio, looked at the work, was not pleased with the expression of the face, and told the artist so. O noble critic! O paternal instructor! O worthy patron of artist and the arts! When I look upon *our treasure* methinks I see the results of thy criticism upon true genius!

When this present statue was finished, again the Holy Father called—yes, he gazed upon it—one part escaped: the calm yet tender joy of the mother's face; the power of the omnipresent in the upraised hand of infancy; the dear curls shading the Child-God's forehead; the perfect baby foot; the horrid, scaly serpent crushed by the delicate Virgin, reminding one of the strange power existing in things least tangible to mortal sense; the wonderfully perfect apple; the exquisite drapery, tipped with gold, and so soft that you think you could gather it in your hand like the finest textures of wool—the eye of Pius IX noted all these, and pronounced it an admirable personification of the desired idea.

He was told that it was destined for the church of St. Ignatius in San Francisco, and he benignly blessed it for us.

These are facts dearer to the true Catholic than the fact that the best artists of the Eternal City visited and examined it and bestowed the highest praises on its beauty.

Since Sunday I presume there has not been many moments, when the church was open, that *the Mother* has not had her clients kneeling around this shrine. So sincere and heartfelt appears the devotion—so sublime in its simplicity, I have been almost awe-struck, and have thanked our Blessed Mother for the means of increasing the devotion and piety of her children.

In the love of J. M. J., yours,

E. A. A.

MARIE LOUISE, OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

As years rolled on the Princess Louise devoted more of her time to God and less to the pleasures of the court. Her oratory became her paradise, where she frequently passed entire hours in meditating on the sufferings of our Saviour. It was there, while contemplating the Cross, that she offered herself to be attached, by the nails of divine love, to God's holy will. It was there she besought our Divine Lord to detach her from the earth, and place her, like the body of the dead Christ, in the arms of Mary, in order to be buried by this Divine Mother, in the life of the cloister, as in the tomb.

But this victory over herself was not gained without many a hard struggle with human nature, for she loved the world, and the world loved her. The brilliancy of her virtues added, as it were, a bright halo around her pathway. The ambassador of a foreign prince having arrived at the court of France to select a bride for his royal master from among the four daughters of King Louis XV, it was naturally supposed that the choice would fall on the Princess Louise. In order to avert such a conclusion, which she dreaded more than death itself, she made herself as little agreeable as possible in her manners, and by her style of dress when presented to the ambassador, caused the slight deformity, of which we have before spoken, which had been occasioned by a fall when a child, to appear in the most conspicuous manner. These pious stratagems were eminently successful, yet still her prospects of entering a religious house did not seem to brighten. Her director the Archbishop of Paris, advised a farther delay before acquainting her royal parents with her desire. In the mean time she procured a copy of the constitution of the Carmelite Order. This she kept in a little silver casket made in the form of a reliquary, on which was engraven: "Relics of Saint Teresa." This little book was more precious to her than all the treasures of the world. Placing herself in the presence of our Lord, under the eyes of Mary and her good angel, she carefully studied every page, and endeavored to conform, as far as possible, to the letter and beautiful spirit of these constitutions. During winter she passed entire hours without fire. When all the royal household had retired to rest, and she was alone in her chamber, she would replace her wax candles with coarse ones of tallow, in order to overcome the invincible repugnance she had always

felt to the smell of its burning wick. She secretly obtained a serge tunic, more precious in her sight than the royal mantle. This, together with a *ceinture*, she usually wore under her rich court robes.

The delicacies of the table also became to her a subject of mortification; she refused the choicest dishes, and thereby obtained the reputation of being over-fastidious. The humble princess accepted this misconstruction as a reparation for her past faults, happy to have no one but God for a witness of what she offered Him.

So passed the time until Marie Louise had reached her twenty-fifth year, and still her director required delay of another year before putting her pious designs into execution. With the sadness of a prisoner, she poured forth her soul in the most touching complaints for nine days, in a novena to Saint Teresa. At the end her long waiting seemed crowned with success; Archbishop Beaumont consented that she might follow her vocation; but ere her parents were informed of her desire the queen died a most holy death, blessing her daughters with her dying breath.

It was toward the close of the year 1769 the Carmelite convent of Saint Denis was reduced to great temporal poverty; the religious were often without the absolute necessaries of life, and the creditors made serious threats of seizing the property for debt. In this extremity the prioress thought of making a novena to the immaculate heart of Mary, in order to obtain a subject endowed with an excellent vocation, and with a fortune sufficient to pay the debts of the house, and to repair the church, which was falling in ruins.

After having consulted the spiritual director of the house, in order to know if this thought came from God, and if it were not rash to ask *so many things at once*, she assembled the members of the community, and in their presence confided the interests of the house to the maternal heart of Mary, and commenced the novena before the altar of the Queen of Mount Carmel. A good lay-sister, who mingled a few of her own reflections with her confidence in the success of the affair, could not avoid saying, as she left the chapel, "Well, if we ask the Blessed Virgin to send us such a postulant, she will have to send us one of the king's daughters, for nobody else could do all that our Mother Prioress wants." And a king's daughter, in reality, was granted to their prayers. The novena to the Sacred Heart of Mary was commenced on the eighth of February, and on the day of its close the king wrote to the Princess Louise, consenting to her desire, leaving her free in her

choice, and she selected the house of Saint Denis, because it was poor and regular.

At the first news of the sacrifice that was asked of him, Louis XV exclaimed: "It is too much! it is too much!" The princess, knowing his affection for her, resolved to depart secretly from the palace, without saying farewell to her father or sisters. With a few of her attendants she entered the little Carmelite chapel of Saint Denis, at the early hour of the community Mass. During the holy sacrifice she shed an abundance of tears, but they were tears of holy joy. She felt that the chains which bound her to the world were at length severed; henceforth God would be all in all for her. After Mass, while she was still absorbed in her devotions, Abbé Bertrin, the ecclesiastical Superior, assembled the community in the convent parlor and informed them of the pious design of Princess Louise. What was the joy of the religious! Their petition was heard, and our Lady had indeed sent them a rich Princess, with a *true* vocation. For her there were to be no luxuries, no dispensations. The Princess went immediately and conducted Madame Louise into the parlor, where the community were still assembled. The latter fell upon her knees before the religious, who, in their turn, prostrated themselves before her; in firm, affectionate tones the Princess said: "I beseech you, Madame, to do me the favor of receiving me among you, and to consider me as your sister; forget what I have been in the world, and pray for the king and for me. With all my heart I wish to become a daughter of Saint Teresa; and I shall endeavor, with the grace of God, and the assistance of your prayers, to become a good Carmelite."

We may readily imagine that these poor, humble religious were almost stunned at an event which astonished all Europe—that a daughter of France had come to embrace their austere life—and fearing to make the change from splendid Versailles to Carmel too abrupt, they wished to soften the rigors of the rule for her. But she would not suffer it. It was her joy to occupy the last place in the house, and to perform the duties usually given to Postulants, which she called her rights. She it was who had the care of the lamps and candlesticks, and the charge of opening and shutting the doors and windows, and ringing the bell.

Her docility was unequalled. Having left the splendors of a throne to dwell in a convent almost as poor as the stable of Bethlehem, she imitated Jesus in His abasement as much as a creature can follow after the steps of a God. She hid her-

self completely in the hidden and obscure life of the cloister, where she bravely walked on the road to Calvary. Often did she secretly perform the most painful duties of the other sisters, and in every circumstance she endeavored to conquer her natural repugnances.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOUSE OF LORETTO.

We promised, while writing from Rome last September, to give our readers a description of the House of our dear Mother at Loretto. The approaching festival of the translation of the blessed House, (10th of December), affords, it seems, a fitting opportunity to say what we intended concerning that most venerable of all shrines or temples, in which we have ourself spent many delightful moments. Descriptions without number have been given of the holy House, *Santa Casa*; we follow the one that pleases us most, not only as most interesting, but because we can best testify to the accuracy of its details; we take it textually from *Les Trois Rome* by Mgr. Gaume.

After traversing a fertile and highly cultivated plain we reach Macerata. This city, of twelve thousand inhabitants, is situate on a spacious eminence, formerly the ancient *Helvii Racina*. The Church of Mercy excites admiring attention, even from those accustomed to contemplate the great basilicas of Rome; and its magnificence reminds the traveler that he is still in the country, *par excellence*, of the fine arts, while the blue waves of the Adriatic, stretching far away till they are lost in the horizon, announce to him that he has reached the limits of Italy. From Macerata we descend into the country, which resembles a vast garden covered with tulips of every shade and color, which grow as spontaneously as the cockle in our wheat fields. Nothing more agreeable can be imagined than the landscape before us, in the early spring months, and the nearer we approach the cherished sanctuary of the lovely Queen of heaven the greater becomes the beauty of this charming country.

By a serpentine route we ascend a hill of considerable height and enter Recanati. On issuing from its farther gate we see, at a distance of some three miles, Loretto picturesquely placed on a gentle elevation. Above its ramparts the slender spire and majestic cupola of the basilica rise high in the air, and stand out in bold relief in the beautiful Italian sky. At the sight of this land of miracles our heart beats faster, and a flood of tender

emotions sweep across it as we enter the Roman gate. Two statues of the prophets, supporting the statue of Mary, form the frame work of the gate, and announce that the Queen of the city is the Virgin foretold by the prophets of old. Before us lies the grand street, or, properly speaking, the only street, of Loretto. It is very wide, long, well paved, and, like that of Einsiedeln, is lined with shops, in which are sold beads, medals and other objects of devotion. It ends in the superb square of the Madonna, constructed according to the designs of San Gallo, in front of the world-renowned basilica of Loretto. A magnificent fountain ornaments this square; its pyramid and vast basins are embellished by eagles, dragons and tritons in bronze, all master pieces of the famed brothers Jacometti. On the left hand side of the square the apostolic palace presents its brilliant front, recalling glorious memories of the Sovereign Pontiffs Julius II, and Benedict XIV; to the right is the Illyrian college where the Jesuit Fathers train a large number of youth in science and virtue.

After a hasty glance, followed by a first homage at the door of Mary's sanctuary, we entered the hotel *Della Campana*. We needed some hours of repose before visiting in detail the Church and the *Santa Casa*. And these we employed in recalling the history of the holy place, the abridgement of which I shall give in a few words. The Gospel teaches us that the residence of Mary was in the little town of Nazareth, in Galilee. It was there she dwelt with Saint Joseph, when the Archangel Gabriel announced to her the mystery of the Incarnation; there also she lived with Saint Joseph and the Child Jesus when they returned from Egypt; and the holy family had no other abode until the public preaching of our Saviour. This humble asylum was the witness of the childhood of the Son of God, of His virtues, and of His intercourse with Mary His mother and Joseph His foster father. There, in silence and obscurity, were accomplished the ineffable mysteries of humility, poverty, obedience and love which became the foundation of the Gospel and the principle of the most astonishing moral revolution that the world has ever known. Hence we may judge of the filial love and profound veneration which the apostles and first Christians ever entertained for a spot at once so holy and so eloquent. We may easily understand with what jealous care they guarded it, and how frequently they visited it. And history confirms this natural supposition; from it we learn that from the time

of the Ascension of our Lord into heaven until the present day, pilgrims from the east and from the west have come in uninterrupted succession to venerate the cradle of the Catholic faith—the holy house of Nazareth.

Coming after the Apostles and the faithful of Jerusalem, we find pontiffs of the west; the Empress Helena, and the most illustrious matrons of the Eternal City, the Queen of the world; then the entire West, represented by its myriads of cavaliers and crusaders. In 1252 we find one of the greatest Kings of France, Saint Louis, on the eve of returning to his kingdom, paying a farewell visit and assisting at the divine office in the holy House of Nazareth.

The continued existence and identity of the august House were uncontested and incontestable facts to which the East and the West bore testimony during thirteen centuries; and a description of it was familiar to every Christian.

But the departure of Saint Louis from Palestine was the signal of a new invasion of the Mussulman and of his secular dominion in Palestine.

The capture of Damietta, and the sacking of Ptolemy rendered the Caliph of Egypt master of the entire country. Incensed by his preceding defeats, this new Antiochus resolved to be revenged by unheard-of ravages and profanations. It was at this gloomy epoch that the House of Nazareth disappeared from Palestine, leaving nothing behind but the foundation.

Now, on the tenth of May 1291, under the pontificate of Nicholas VI, and the reign of Rudolph I, Nicholas Frangipani, of the ancient family of Anicia, being Governor of Dalmatia, and Alexander of Giorgio being Bishop of Saint George, certain inhabitants of the Adriatic coast went out early in the morning to work in the fields. Not far from the sea, between Fiume and the little town of Lersatto, at a place called Rannizza, they found a solitary building standing on a spot where until that morning there had never been seen either hut or house. In all haste they ran to spread the news, and the people came in crowds to examine what at first seemed a chapel, but which, from its singular form and antique appearance, was evidently not of recent construction. The walls were built of little square red stones. On entering it, not without a deep feeling of religious awe, they found that the walls had been covered with cement or plaster some of which still remained and retained traces of paintings which had once adorned them. Opposite the door was a small altar adorned with

a Greek cross, on which was a painting of our crucified Lord, executed on canvas and then nailed to the cross. To the right of the altar, on an elevated plane, was a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary with the Infant Jesus in her arms; the hair of both being divided after the manner of the people of Nazareth, whom also they resembled in their dress. To the left of the entrance was a small cupboard, apparently intended for keeping the household utensils of a small family—it then contained a few small cups. At a short distance from this was the site of an ancient fire-place.

Every thing, in the interim, convinced the Dalmatians that it was a building consecrated to the worship of God in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The fame of this event spread like lightning through the country, and the faithful flocked in crowds to this mysterious House.

Whence did it come? What hands had transported to a spot where human dwelling had never been seen before? what power sustained it upon the surface of the earth, unsupported by the slightest foundations? Such were the question which every body asked and nobody could answer, when suddenly they saw Bishop Alexander approaching at a rapid pace, his face beaming with joy. His appearance was a subject of new astonishment, for it was well known that for three years the holy Bishop had been suffering from dropsy. All the doctors had pronounced his case incurable, and for a long time he had not been able to leave his bed. In the midst of the profound silence which his unexpected apparition caused, he spoke as follows: "I was on my dying bed when I heard of the arrival of this unknown House, and I besought the Blessed Virgin to obtain for me strength sufficient to visit this wonderful sanctuary, and within its walls to implore her powerful aid, and I was determined to have myself carried here if I were not able to come alone. My prayer was heard. The Blessed Virgin herself appeared to me, resplendent with light, and she said to me: 'Behold, I come to your assistance! Know then, that the House, which has just appeared in this country, is the same in which I was born at Nazareth; the same wherein I received the visit of the Archangel Gabriel; the same wherein the Word became incarnate. As a proof of the reality of my words from this moment you will be restored to perfect health.' The Blessed Virgin then disappeared, and I was cured." Now to throw himself on his bended knees to thank God for this miracle in his behalf, then to hasten to the Holy House, and to pour forth his soul in

prayer and thanksgiving to her who had restored him to health, were the first acts of the venerable prelate, and, united to his well known probity, were so many proofs, in the eyes of all who beheld him, of the reality of his miraculous cure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EARLY SETTLEMENTS IN CANADA.

Monsieur de Meurville, with his brother and some farm-laborers, had founded a colony on the further side of the mountains which served as a northern frontier between New France, (as Canada was then called,) and the territories inhabited by the Iroquois. He was active, intelligent and industrious; he displayed great skill in suiting the different crops to the various kinds of soil on his farm. His clearing was continually enlarged, and covered, every summer, with abundant harvests. To lighten his prosperity, Mary, his wife, had presented him with two children: Lucian had just completed his eighth year, and Genevieve was approaching the end of her fourth.

M. de Meurville, satisfied with the fertility of his domain, had not sought to penetrate into the plains which belonged to the Indians. When chance brought a savage to his house, far from pursuing and ill-treating him, he always offered him cordial hospitality, and sent him away with presents.

His goodness had not gained for him the heart of the Iroquois; his presence gave them umbrage, and seemed to them a continual menace. If he had fruitlessly wasted his sweat on an ungrateful soil, they perhaps would have been gracious; but the success of his labors rendered him odious to them, and they resolved to kill him with all his family, that his death might forever discourage all who might be tempted to follow his example.

One dark night in spring, whilst all were sleeping without care or anxiety, the Indians assembled in arms and came to besiege the house. They would have taken all the colonists by surprise and cut their throats, if a laborer had not by chance risen earlier than usual, and gone to renew the fodder of the horses. He heard outside a noise that did not resemble the murmuring of the wind, and not knowing whether they had to defend themselves against a herd of ferocious beasts or a band of savages, he ran to give notice to his master.

"Do not awaken my wife!" said M. de Meurville, as he climbed up the ladder into the granary.

The homestead was fortified by a double palisade, formed two rows of piles, sharpened, and separated by a trench four feet broad and now full of water. A wooden gate opened on the inside, with a drawbridge, which led into the yard which was without any other defense. All the buildings were made of earth mixed with straw, with a roofing of planks; but, on the northern side, the outermost wall was protected by steep rocks, between which a concealed footpath connected the orchard with the woodlands.

M. de Meurville was not blind to the danger. He saw on every side groups of savages moving in the darkness; they seemed only to be deliberating on the plan of the attack. The Canadian descended hurriedly from the post of observation. In the twinkling of an eye, he had armed all hands, placed them in the most advantageous positions, and taken his own station, all in the most profound silence.

The Iroquois tried at first to break in the outside gate; but it was fastened by a heavy chain of iron, and they could not accomplish their purpose. The younger ones now drew near the palisade, and climbed up with the agility of monkeys. They had already half crossed the sharpened piles, when a general discharge of musketry drove them back.

The second assault was repulsed in the same manner. Frightened at the effect of the guns with which they were not yet familiarized, the Indians recoiled, and their chiefs gathered together to hold a sort of council of war.

Meanwhile, Madame de Meurville awoke with a start at the noise of the musketry. She rushed to her children, assured herself that they were still living, took them from their beds and hastily dressed them. The roll of musketry resounded anew with a horrible harmony, and incendiary torches traced furrows of flame in the air and fell in showers on the roof.

She hurriedly put on her dress, seized a knife, and without uttering either cry or groan, took Genevieve in her arms, told her son to follow her, and make ready to go out.

"Open the door, Mary, quick!" said a voice suddenly, trembling with emotion. "It is your brother."

"What is going on?" asked she, with anguish.

"Fly: we are all lost."

"I will die with my husband."

"Save your children:—"

And lifting Lucian into his arms, he led the way through the midst of the shower of arrows

which fell around them, but which happily did not touch them.

They gained the footpath across the rocks, and when they had arrived at the borders of the forest, M. de Meurville placed his nephew on the ground, and made a sign to the mother to go on. As for himself, having exhausted his strength and being mortally wounded, he sank down to the earth and breathed his last.

Mary was courageous and strong. She hid the knife she had taken with her in the folds of her shawl, clasped the hands of her son tightly, and entered the woods. The fierce shouts of triumph reached her from their savage foes, and the light of the burning house illuminated all the valley with a ghastly light. She did not turn to look at it, but fearing the Indians would pursue them she buried herself amongst the brushwood.

Madame de Meurville was thirty years of age. Born in France of an old and respectable family, she had, from her cradle, been accustomed to the noise of war. Married without a dowry to M. de Meurville, who himself had no other fortune than his courage, instead of linking poverty to pride in a life of idleness in their own native country they had come to the New World to seek, not the gold of the mines, which makes the fortunate few reckless, while the unfortunate many are hopelessly impoverished, but the gold of industry and labor, which brings a blessing to the seeker.

Heaven had blessed their labors, and everything promised them a happy future; Mary, who believed that she had always lived virtuously, vainly asked herself what crime of hers had drawn upon her such a frightful catastrophe.

She went straight onward, casting upon Providence the care of guiding her flight. Her children, brought up in the pure atmosphere of a new country, strengthened by exercise and field-sports, were vigorous; Genevieve was not yet in a state to endure long fatigue, but Lucian, already intrepid and hardy followed his mother without difficulty.

They did not stop until daybreak. Then, for the first time, the poor fugitive addressed her children:

"You have not said your prayers yet to-day," said she to them.

And kneeling down, she prayed with them.

"Mother," then began Lucian, "where are you going?"

"We are going to find our brethren on the other side of the mountain."

"When shall we return home?"

"I don't know."

Genevieve, in her turn, asked for her usual cup of milk. For once, her mother satisfied her by saying that it was not yet time, and after a little rest, as she still feared that the Iroquois were upon their track, she embraced her children and resumed her journey.

The sun had arisen, and his rays shone through the branches of the trees, reached even to the earth, and played upon the spears of grass. The birds awakened on all sides, and filled the foliage with life and joy. But now and then the echoes also conveyed the distant roarings of wild beasts returning to their lairs.

Mary wished for wings that she might carry her children the faster. But the walking was extremely difficult. There was no trace of a footpath. The saplings grew so close together that their lower branches interlaced. Ivy, Virginia creepers, and climbing plants of every species were woven among the trees and formed an impenetrable web, sometimes appearing like hills of verdure. It was necessary to make wide circuits, and everywhere the herbage of the past season was mingled with that of the new, which had grown so high that Lucian sometimes disappeared in it altogether.

The mother, carrying her daughter on her back, forced her way through. With the knife which she still preserved, she cut down a shrub, and of it fashioned a cane large enough for her son, who followed bravely in her steps.

She thought not of her husband nor of the loss of her fortune. The safety of her children alone occupied her mind. She dared not break silence, for fear of bringing her enemies around her. And from time to time, whenever an unaccustomed noise was heard, she anxiously listened, and tried to distinguish the sound.

She did not fear for herself. Death would now appear to her a benefit. It was for her children she feared the arrows of savages and the teeth of ferocious beasts. The forest was immense: she did not know her way through it, and could not tell whither to direct her steps. Alas! after having wandered tediously through the woods, would she not return to the devastated settlement? Would she not fall into the midst of Indian tribes? Would she ever escape from the mountains, or rather was she not destined to be buried alive in them? And how much time was needed to traverse this wilderness? And how should she feed her children?

These reflections cast down her courage. Per-

haps during the intoxication of prosperity, man seldom thinks of God; but when misfortune overpowers his strength, when his energy of character is about to give way, then despair turns him to God in spite of himself. Madame de Meurville was pious, but the danger redoubled her fervor. She recalled to her mind that the Blessed Virgin had, like herself, fled from bitter enemies, and that she had traversed, with her Babe at her breast, the burning steppes of Arabia. She invoked the Blessed Virgin and recited the chaplet in a low voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMINISCENCES OF THE RT. REV. J. M. YOUNG, BISHOP OF ERIE.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FRIEND: In the *Boston Pilot* I observed a paragraph in relation to the above deceased Prelate, and his employment as compositor in the Catholic Telegraph office; and believing that your readers will feel interested to know that the writer was one of the principal agents in procuring for him the situation referred to, if not being the humble instrument in promoting him to a more exalted dignity, I send you the following communication:

Employed as compositor in James' printing and stereotype establishment, on Walnut street, Cincinnati, thirty-four years ago, I became acquainted with the foreman of the press room department by introducing myself to him, Joshua M. Young, whom I found busily engaged in working off large editions of "Fox's Book of Martyrs," and "Horrors of the Inquisition"—the engravings of which, were not only calculated and designed to startle the tender emotions of uninformed Protestants, but also concocted to disgust the mind of our reflecting Catholic community.

On ascertaining that my brother typo was a zealous convert of our holy religion, and a "down east" Yankee by birth, some kind of a tantalizing spirit of mischief got possession of me and inspired me to visit the press room, and remonstrate with my fellow craftsmen as regarded his perilous employment of aiding and abetting heresy by his unholy labors in making such vile pictorial impressions. But I found all my denunciations against him and his nefarious work of no avail, for he justified himself by declaring "every man to his calling," and furthermore denounced me as an unworthy son of the Catholic church, for being engaged in composing such fallacies as "Lyman Beecher's Lectures on Popery." This sarcastic rejoinder and bitter pill of *mea maxima culpa* I was

compelled to swallow, on account of its genuineness and authenticity; and for a time I absented myself from the press room.

However, I was determined to persevere in my efforts of harassing my friend, and despite of personal rebuke, I again rallied my mental forces of persuasion and moral ratiocination, in order to test the sincerity of the convert's conscience. "Joshua, you ought to be ashamed of your conduct, more especially a young man of your gigantic proportions and superior intellect, assisting in the dissemination of such abominable productions—why not teach school or seek some other business?" To which he replied, "I guess you are right John, but are you aware of a vacant situation elsewhere?" "Not at present," I continued in a consoling tone, "but if I hear of one I shall inform you speedily.

After the lapse of a week's time, I again encountered my friend, busy with his horrible illustrations, when he stopped his hand press and saluted me with cheerful emphasis, "Any good news to-day!" "Yes indeed, there is a new Catholic paper established, and after you knock off here, I have no doubt God will reward you by granting you a situation in the "Telegraph" office and our good priests on Sycamore street will extend a helping hand in your behalf, and at some future day you may, perhaps become a priest or bishop, as you are not a married man;" "I'll think about it," said he, and again I parted with my journeyman companion.

On the following day I went to the press room, and found Joshua absent, the "Book of Martyrs" was only half immolated, and the "Inquisition Horrors" in silent agony and dismay. Before me stood the little *imp* or roller boy anxiously waiting the uncertain arrival of Boss Young—a black leather apron hanging upon the *devil's tail* or handle of the press—and above all was suspended a mitred paper cap adorned with picturesque scenes of anti-popery images. But the motionless press reminded me of a symbol of olden time. As the sun stood still in the days of Joshua in order that he might gain a victory over his enemies, so in like manner the press stood still for our modern Joshua in order that he might be enabled to combat the errors of his Protestant adversaries. His piebald cap was transformed into a bishop's mitre—his black apron was turned into a white surplice—the handle of the press was carved into a Prelate's crozier—and his name was printed on the immortal pages of the Book of Life. Twenty-four years after we parted in your *Queen City* of



the West," I had the extreme pleasure of seeing my old friend for the first time; and after receiving his most cordial benediction on the shores of Lake Erie, together with my only son Charles, I took my farewell look of the benignant countenance of our esteemed friend, the Bishop of Erie.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

CIRCULAR OF THE RT. REV. BISHOP OF FORT WAYNE.

Pastors of souls are hereby requested to read to their respective flocks the Pastoral Letter by the Second Plenary Council held at Baltimore, during the last month. As it is all important that the faithful should have a clear and definite knowledge of the grave matters of which it treats, it will be timely and salutary on successive Sundays more fully to explain the different heads or paragraphs contained in the same and I desire it to be done.

JOHN HENRY,

BISHOP OF FORT WAYNE.

Fort Wayne, November 19, 1866.

R O M E .

We take from the *London Tablet* the following, which we give without further guarantee:

"The Pope has been informed by the Emperor Napoleon that France will uphold his temporal power against all comers, and reoccupy Rome in his name in case of rebellion or invasion. The bearer of this important message was Cardinal Reisach, who lately passed a few weeks in France, and was commissioned by the Emperor Napoleon to acquaint the Holy Father with his resolve. The Spanish men-of-war are still at anchor off Civita Vecchia; but not content with placing a number of men and guns at the disposal of the Pope, Queen Isabel has written again to tell his Holiness that nothing would give her greater pleasure than to be allowed to cede him one of her own provinces, should her troops fail in maintaining his regal prerogative at Rome. Whose offers the Pope, who suddenly finds himself surrounded by friends, will eventually accept, cannot be foreseen. Probably he will be guided by circumstances rather than premature resolves."

THE Sultan, wishing to recompense the exemplary conduct of the Sisters of Charity of Constantinople during the cholera in 1865, has presented them with a piece of ground in the quarter of Pera for the foundation of an orphan asylum. The first stone of that establishment has just been laid in the presence of Mons. Brunoni, Apostolic Vicar of the Holy See.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

"What is this?" said little Bertie,
Pet and youngest one of all,
In his eyes a mighty question,
While his hand, so plump and small,
Held a crucifix extended—
"Bertie knows—a Cross, my dear;"
"Yes," said he, "but *who* is on it?"
With a look surpassing fear.

"That is Jesus Christ, my darling;
Jesus, Saviour of the world!"
Still he pondering stood and wistful,
But no word his wish unfurled.

Next day came, with sunshine, pastime;
Bertie, darling, just past three,
Made the old house ring with laughter,
Brought life's sunshine back to me.

Flitted in and out, the children,
By my side, now here, now there,
To their music set my duty,
Lent a cadence to my prayer.

But to the wings of the immortals
Fledge while mortal forces sleep,
And the question, left unanswered,
Childhood's heart will safely keep.

So, in his little hand, again
That poor crucifix he brought,
In his solemn eyes the shadow
Of an awed, adoring thought.

Pointing, with persistent finger,
To the suffering image dear,
"Is that *God*?" he asked, in whisper
Such as God delights to hear.

Theologians had been cautioned
"Not to stir, with mysterious dread,
Childish wonder or emotion;
Reason is by reason fed."

And that law, unto the letter,
Had been kept; "sweet God," I sighed,
Thou art drawing all hearts to Thee
By Thy shame of crucified!"

A little girl, after having been to church, was very fond of preaching to her dolls. Her mother overheard her, one day, reproving one: "Oh, you naughty, sinful child; you'll just go to that place of brimstone and molasses, and you won't burn up—you'll just sizzle."

**BLESSED ELIZABETH OF THE INFANT
JESUS---DEC. 5TH.**

When very young, Elizabeth expressed a wish to enter a convent, but her parents, being persons of high rank, would not permit her to do so, and, in order to change her resolution, her father traveled with her from one country to another; but in one of their journeys she fell dangerously ill, and fearing that she might die, he promised that if she recovered he would give her to God, and at once she became well.

Elizabeth was fifteen when she joined the Order of Saint Dominic, and, as she voluntarily renounced all worldly pleasures and an exalted position, she was found worthy of receiving extraordinary graces from Heaven.

Elizabeth fell into a kind of stupor, and to rouse her from it the most violent remedies were required. According to her own confession, she would have lost her patience a thousand times if God had not come to her assistance, and thus enabled her to bear all without complaining. Her tongue became black from fever, and yet she never asked for a drop of water, and, although constantly suffering, it was almost impossible to ascertain the nature of her illness, as she never murmured. But after a while her torments became very great, and she was once heard to say: "Dear Lord, I am overwhelmed with affliction and sadness, all joy has left me."

Elizabeth never defended herself when unjustly accused; conscious of the purity of her intention, she left all to God. But it was the will of God that her life should be one of suffering; for a long time she had experienced the most intense pain in one of her eyes. Speaking of herself at this time, she says: "When I wake from my sleep, I look upon my pains as so many messengers of Divine justice, punishing me for the sins I have committed by using my eyes improperly." At length it was necessary to perform an operation upon her eye. She received the surgeon with perfect composure, not even asking him if it would be painful, anxious only to submit perfectly to the will of God; she sat quietly in the chair placed for her by the surgeon, during the tedious and agonizing operation not even a sigh escaped her lips, although her countenance was distorted from pain, and the blood streamed down her face. The physicians were amazed at her fortitude, and after the operation, one of them handed the eye that had been taken out to an attendant, saying: "See, there is the eye of a perfect saint." When it be-

came necessary to remove the bandages from the eye, it was found that blood had collected in the socket, and the surgeon was obliged to remove it with his nails, causing her more pain than the taking out of the eye itself. She could not forbear groaning, and begged the doctor to give her a few moments in which she could strengthen her soul in prayer, in order to submit with more perfect resignation. Elizabeth knew that the power which enabled her to bear pains that were almost insupportable, came from God alone; she says: "I felt then, how little good or evil creatures can do us; that I had nothing to fear, but being separated from God, and that no help could reach me but from His hands; that with time all trials would end, and then would follow a happy eternity in heaven."

Her life was like the sun, increasing in splendor until it reaches its full meridian; she died in her sixty-fourth year, and although always delicate and feeble, persevered to the last hour of her life in denying herself, that she might offer more to God.

OUR MOTHER'S MESSAGES.

SOLITUDE OF NAZARETH,
Feast of St. Stanislas.

[CONCLUDED.]

Behold then our little pilgrim fairly on his way. He had placed his perilous journey under the protection of Mary, and we shall see, dear children, how faithful this good mother was to her charge. As you may well imagine, Paul Koska lost no time in pursuing his runaway brother, and indeed soon overtook him; but God permitted, that he did not recognize him in his peasant dress and thus passed him by; and when a little later coming to his senses he wished to retrace his steps, the fiery horses on coming once more in sight of Stanislas, refused to advance a step thus giving time to the latter to escape from his brother's pursuit.

His staff in one hand, and chaplet in the other, Stanislas courageously pursued his journey, cheering himself on the way by his sweet hopes and loving prayers; ever and anon the sight of a distant spire would fill his heart with joy, and he would hasten his step, that he might sooner throw himself at his Saviour's feet, where he would remain for hours together; nor were the numerous sanctuaries of Mary passed without a long visit to his dear Mother. These visits were the only rest

he demanded. His guardian angel, who followed him along that weary way, alone could tell of all our little Saint had to suffer; how often the evening found him still fasting; how many nights surprised him without a shelter to cover his aching head; how often his swollen feet almost refused to carry him further; how often the burning tears would fill his eyes as he recollected the anguish he was causing the dear ones at home.

Yet Stanislas was happy, oh! so happy in the thought he could suffer all this for his dear Saviour and his Heavenly Mother. But the long journey was finished at length, the majestic domes of the Eternal City, arose before his eyes. With what joy he must have hailed them. In a few hours more he was received with open arms by his new Fathers and Brothers, who had been apprised of his arrival. And now behold the dearest wish of Stanislas realized, for he is clothed in that long wished-for habit of the Society of Jesus. Need I speak of his happiness and gratitude? Oh! how Jesus and Mary repaid him a hundred fold, even then, for all he had suffered for their sakes. It is ever thus, dear children; God is so good He cannot wait for heaven to recompense those who serve Him here below, but even in this life, He fills their hearts with a happiness which nothing but sin can take away. Stanislas now commenced a new life. One would think he had done nothing for God as yet, to have seen the new fervor that now animated him. He had served God with all his heart before, but it seemed as if God had enlarged and strengthened his heart to love Him more. Stanislas had been the angel of his house, the angel of his college; he was here the angel of the novitiate. An angel of purity, of obedience, of charity, and of fervor. Amongst his brothers, his sole presence sufficed to stimulate the most fervent and reanimate the most negligent; no one could gaze on his angelic countenance without feeling a love for purity, while his whole conversation preached that tender love of Jesus and Mary which animated him. The flame of divine love which was burning in his soul, attained even his body, and very often Stanislas was obliged to apply cold water to cool the fire which was consuming him. Scarcely ten months had marked his entrance in religion, and already the fervent novice was ripe for heaven. In measure, as his life was drawing to a close, God drew his heart still more closely to Him, and at the approach of the Assumption he was seized with an ardent desire to celebrate that glorious festival with his dear Mother in heaven.

On the feast of his monthly patron he even wrote this request, and at the moment of Communion, placed it on his breast. It was there that Stanislas received, in his heart, the assurance that he had been heard, and from that moment began joyously to prepare himself for death.

A few days later, our little Saint was attacked with a slight fever, he entered the infirmary with joy, assured that his heavenly Mother had not forgotten him.

The doctor could not understand this illness; Stanislas was sinking rapidly, and yet there seemed no apparent cause for this decline. The latter waited patiently for the moment when his heavenly Mother would want to take him to his eternal home. The night shades gathered around the eve of the Assumption, and the child of Mary knew that the dawn would throw open to him the gates of heaven. As the night waned on, he felt the hand of death weighing upon him.

His confessor was called, the last absolution pronounced, and Stanislas having received his Saviour in his heart, was rapt in an ecstasy of bliss, while his weeping Fathers and Brothers were kneeling reverently around his bed-side. Suddenly a heavenly strain broke the deep silence of the glorious dawn. It was the accents of the angels' harps, who accompanied by a numerous band of Virgins, and headed by their glorious Queen, had come to bear their angel of earth to heaven. Stanislas half arose and joyously exclaimed: "Oh! Jesus, Oh! sweet Mother I come;" his pure soul passed at the moment into the heart of Mary who bore it to share with her in heaven the glorious triumph of her own Assumption.

What a beautiful death! you exclaim. Would you make it yours, dear children, strive to imitate the purity and love of Stanislas, and I promise you also the presence of Mary and her angels at your last hour.

You have learned to love Saint Stanislas, I hope; if so, you must wish to please him, offer, then, three *Ave Maria's* to thank the Heart of Jesus, in his name, for all the graces He has showered on him. The saints find that eternity is not long enough to express the gratitude that inundates their souls, and they are so happy when we help them to pay this debt. You will ask Saint Stanislas, in return, a greater love of Jesus and Mary. And now, dear children, you will forgive me if I have detained you so long. Until I meet you again, please don't forget your *Ave Maria*, for my intention, and think of me ever as your affectionate friend in Jesus and Mary.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DEC. 8, 1866.

No. 49.

Pastoral Letter

OF THE

SECOND PLENARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE.

THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE UNITED STATES, IN PLENARY COUNCIL ASSEMBLED, TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THEIR CHARGE.

Venerable Brethren of the Clergy :

Beloved Children of the Laity :

After a lapse of more than fourteen years it has again been permitted us to assemble in Plenary Council, for the purpose of more effectually uniting our efforts for the promotion of the great object of our ministry—the advancement of the interests of the Church of God. God, indeed, needs not human agency, although He vouchsafes to employ it. As in assuming our nature Our Divine Redeemer subjected Himself to its conditions, and was made like unto us, sin only excepted; so He has willed that in the establishment and maintenance of His Church, human agency should be employed, and the means best adapted for the attainment of its great end should be selected.

Among these means the assembling in council of the Bishops placed over the different portions of Christ's flock, in union with, and in obedience to the Chief Bishop, to whom he has committed the care of the whole—lambs and sheep, people and pastors—has always been reckoned as among the most efficacious. Hence the reverence with which the Christian world has ever regarded the Councils of the Church. Of these, some are called General, because representing the universal Church—the body of Pastors in union with its Head—and are, therefore, the highest expression of the authority which Christ has given to His Church. Local Councils, being but partial representations of the Church,—because composed of the Bishops of one or more Provinces,—are of inferior weight, but still are embodiments of the same principle. Among those Local Councils those called Plenary, because representing several Ecclesiastical Provinces—ordinarily under one civil government, and therefore sometimes called National—hold the

highest place. They are assembled by express direction of the Sovereign Pontiff, who appoints a representative of his authority in the Apostolic Delegate he commissions to preside over them. Such Councils have not ordinarily to define the doctrines of the Church, although they furnish suitable occasions for making authoritative statements of them. Their principle object, however, is to regulate discipline, whether by the correction of abuses or the establishment of such rules of conduct as a circumstance may require.

I. AUTHORITY OF PLENARY COUNCILS.

The authority exercised in these councils is original, not delegated; and hence their decrees have, from the time of their promulgation, the character of ecclesiastical law for the faithful in the district or region subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishops by whom they have been enacted. By a wise regulation, however, which combines the benefit of central authority with the advantage of local legislation, the decrees of such councils are not promulgated or published until they have been submitted to the Holy See. This is not only for the purpose of imparting to them a still higher authority, but also to guard against any inaccuracy in doctrinal statements, or any enactment not in conformity with the general discipline of the Church, or that might be contrary to the spirit of ecclesiastical legislation.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY.

The authority thus exercised is divine in its origin, the Holy Ghost having "placed Bishops to rule the Church of God." Obedience to it—whether there be question of "the faith once delivered to the saints," or of rules of conduct—is not submission to man but to God; and consequently imposes on the faithful no obligation incompatible with the true dignity of man. It would be a gross error to confound the liberty "wherewith Christ has made us free," with the license which would reject the authority he has established. As obedience to law is the basis on which society rests, and the only condition on which civil liberty can be enjoyed; so in religion,

respect for the authority established by God, obedience to its commands, and reverence for those in whom it is vested, are not incompatible with Christian freedom, but form, in fact, the condition of its existence. In neither order, is liberty freed from all constraint, but only from unjust and unauthorized control. In the temporal order, the limits of lawful power vary with the constitution of society in each particular nation, but in the Church, the universal society—divine in its origin and in its constitution no less than in its object, and bounded by no local limit—it is determined by the will of God, made known to men by that revelation of which it forms a part, and of which the tribunal by whose authority it is exercised is the witness, the guardian, and the interpreter. To the Apostles, as a Ministerial Body which was to have perpetual existence by the perpetual succession of its members, Christ gave the powers He Himself had received from the Father: "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." "He who hears you, hears Me." Hence Saint Paul identifies the ministry established by Christ, with Christ Himself, and accounts its acts with the acts of the Redeemer: "But all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself in Christ, and has given us the ministry of reconciliation. For God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing to them their sins; and He hath placed in us the word of reconciliation. For Christ we are ambassadors; God, as it were, exhorting by us."

We have deemed it not unnecessary to recall these truths to your minds, from our knowledge of the false light in which the nature of ecclesiastical authority is so often presented to view. Civil society requires a supreme tribunal for the adjudication of controversies in the temporal order; and without such a tribunal no society could exist. Much more does the Society which Christ established require that all controversies regarding the doctrines He taught and the duties He imposed should be determined by an authority, whose decisions would be final, and which, as all are bound to obey it, must be an infallible oracle of truth.

Nor is this principle less conformable to the dictates of reason than to the inspired language to which we have referred. Religion, considered as a Revelation, or extraordinary manifestation of supernatural truth, originally made to man by the ministry of man, necessarily implies the agency of men in its continued promulgation. When the Eternal Word assumed the nature of man, He

made an outward manifestation of those truths which man never could have known but from His testimony. "No man at any time hath seen God: the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared Him." What Christ made known to the Apostles He commanded them to make known to men: "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." He gave their teaching the sanction of His personal authority, and placed no limit to the continuance of the commission thus imparted: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world," a phrase once before used by Our Lord, and once by the same Evangelist, Saint Matthew, to designate the "end of the world." To suppose that this commission was fulfilled by the preaching or writing of the Apostles, so that after them men were not to have living teachers, who no less than they should speak with the authority of Christ, is to suppose that Christ departed from the plan He originally traced out, and adopted another plan of which He made no mention. But such a supposition is irreconcilable with the plain and authoritative language He used, and incompatible with his divine character.

The Apostles certainly did not so understand the words of their Divine Master. They "appointed priests in every city;" to these they gave the power of associating others with themselves in the office of teaching: as they themselves had been associated with the Apostles, and as the Apostles had been associated with Christ. Hence the charge which Saint Paul gave to Timothy, was, no doubt, given to all who, like Timothy, had received the imposition of hands for the work of the ministry. "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus; and the things which thou hast heard from me before many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also." Hence the principle, elsewhere enunciated by the same Apostles, that "faith comes by hearing," is that by which the knowledge of Christ's religion was to be continued, as it was that by which it was first made known. The announcement of divine truth by preachers, who have a divine commission to preach, is clearly expressed by the same Apostle in the series of questions which precede the words above quoted, and from which these words are a consequence. Having stated that all who call on the name of the Lord, whether Jew or Greek, shall be saved, he asks himself, for the purpose of answering a possible objection, the following questions: "How shall they, then, call

on Him in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? and how can they preach unless they be sent, as it is written: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things!"

Those who refuse to obey this authority, and who condemn it as an unwarranted assumption of power on the part of the Church, deprive themselves of the only means by which they can learn with entire certainty the truths God requires them to believe and the duties He imposes in order to be saved. With such persons opinion is necessarily substituted for faith, which is firm and unwavering belief, on authority external to the believer. Nor can it be said that those who reject the authority of the Church, believe, on the authority of God, what they find Him to have revealed in His written Word. The meaning of that Word—whether it be supposed attainable by the exercise of judgement aided by prayer for divine Light, or by a supposed immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost—in every such case is ascertained by the individual whose judgement may err, and whose belief of a divine inspiration may therefore be an illusion. Experience shows that this must be the case in most instances; and reason suggests that it may be the case in all. The most contradictory conclusions are arrived at by men of great talent, vast learning, and undoubted sincerity of purpose. The most absurd and blasphemous ideas have been regarded by many as the teachings of the Holy Spirit, under the influence of the illusion, that what was the suggestion of their own imagination—if not the promptings of Satan, who sometimes "transforms himself into an angel of Light"—was indeed the voice of God. The tradition of the Church—that is the handing down from pastor to pastor, under the divine protection and guarantee, the doctrines originally received—is the only rational ground we can have for our belief, that God has revealed the truths which we believe. "Although I," says Saint Paul, "or an angel from heaven, preach to you a gospel other than you have received, let him be anathema." The same tradition, joined with the authority of the pastors of the Church, is the criterion by which Saint John teaches us to try the spirits: "We are of God. He that knoweth God, heareth us. He that is not of God, heareth us not. By this we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error."

What the plain words of Christ and reason it-

self established experience confirms. The authority recognized in the Catholic Church "preserves the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," and exhibits to the world One Body and One Spirit, because there is One Faith, as there is but One Lord whose revelation it is. Outside of this One Fold of the One Shepherd, divisions arise and are perpetuated because there is no supreme tribunal by which they might be extinguished; sects are multiplied, and religious indifference or unbelief is sought as a refuge from the contradiction of tongues. Hence the principles of morality which derive the only efficacious motives for their practice from the Revelation of which they form a part, are weakened, if not entirely undermined; the believer is embarrassed and perplexed, and the unbeliever who cannot always distinguish between the Church and the sects, finds a plausible excuse for incredulity in the diversities of religious systems and the divisions of professing Christians.

This authority is exercised not only in defining the truths of Faith, and in determining whatever controversies may arise in relation to them, but also in warning the Flock of Christ, by seasonable admonitions, against whatever might interfere with the purity of Christian Morals, and by rebuke and reprehension, when they are found necessary for the correction of abuses. "Obey your Prelates," says Saint Paul, "and be subject to them; for they watch as having to render an account for your souls, that they may do this with joy and not with grief. For this is not expedient for you." We cheerfully acknowledge, Venerable and Beloved Brethren, the general and willing acceptance by you of this important principle of a living, guiding authority, which distinguishes the Church as a divine Institution, from the various sects that surround her. We wish, however, to impress upon the minds of all our spiritual children the obligation imposed on them of obeying their respective Prelates—each in his own Diocese—by receiving their directions as the expression of the Authority which Christ has established in His Church. So long as such directions are not set aside by superior authority, they are to be received as a rule of conduct; nor can they be evaded without transgressing the Apostolic precept, "Obey your Prelates." No motive derived from the possible misconception of the nature of that which is forbidden, or from the real or supposed difference of opinion—the action or inaction of other Prelates—will excuse the Catholic from the crime of disobedience towards his own Bishop, if he refuses to be guided

by him, and presume to dictate when it is his duty to obey. Hence, when we warn you, either collectively, as in the present instance, or singly in our respective Dioceses, to avoid secret societies and all associations which we deem unlawful, you cannot, on the peril of your souls, disregard our admonition: because the authority we exercise in such cases is that of Him, who has said: "He who hears you hears Me, and he who despises you despises Me; and he that despises Me despises Him that sent Me."

III. RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO THE STATE.

The enemies of the Church fail not to represent her claims as incompatible with the independence of the Civil Power, and her action as impeding the exertions of the State to promote the well-being of society. So far from these charges being founded on fact, the authority and influence of the Church will be found to be the most efficacious support of the temporal authority by which society is governed. The Church, indeed, does not proclaim the absolute and entire independence of the Civil power, because it teaches with the Apostle, that "all power is from God!" that the temporal Magistrate is His minister, and that the power of the sword he wields is a delegated exercise of authority committed to him from on high. For the children of the Church obedience to the Civil Power is not a submission to force which may not be resisted; nor merely a compliance with a condition for peace and security; but a religious duty founded on obedience to God, by whose authority the Civil Magistrate exercises his power. This power, however, as subordinate and delegated, must always be exercised agreeably to God's law. In prescribing any thing contrary to that law, the Civil Power transcends its authority, and has no claim on the obedience of the citizen. Never can it be lawful to disobey God, as the Apostles, Peter and John, so explicitly declared before the tribunal which sat in judgment on them: "If it be just in the sight of God to hear you rather than God, judge ye." This undeniable principle does not, however, entail the same consequence in the Catholic system as in those of the sects. In these the individual is the ultimate judge of what the law of God commands or forbids, and is consequently liable to claim the sanction of the higher law for what, after all, may be, and often is, but the suggestions of an undisciplined mind, or an over-heated imagination. Nor can the Civil Government be expected to recognize an authority which has no warrant for its character as divine,

and no limits in its application, without exposing the State to disorder and anarchy. The Catholic has a guide in the Church as a divine institution, which enables him to discriminate between what the law of God forbids or allows; and this authority the State is bound to recognize as supreme in its sphere—of moral, no less than dogmatic teaching. There may, indeed, be instances in which individual Catholics will make a misapplication of the principle; or in which, while the principle of obedience to Civil authority is recognized as of divine obligation, the seat of that authority may be a matter of doubt, by reason of the clashing opinions that prevail in regard to this important fact. The Church does not assume to decide such matters in the temporal order, as she is not the judge of civil controversies, although she always, when invited to do so, has endeavored to remove the misconceptions from which disputes so often arise, and to consult for every interest while maintaining the peace of society, and the rights of justice.

While cheerfully recognizing the fact, that hitherto the general and State Governments of our country, except in some brief intervals of excitement and delusion, have not interfered with our ecclesiastical organization, or civil rights, we have still to lament that in many of the States we are not, as yet, permitted legally to make those arrangements for the security of Church property which are in accordance with the canons and discipline of the Catholic Church. In some of the States we gratefully acknowledge that all is granted in this regard that we could reasonably ask for. The right of the Church to possess property, whether churches, residences for the clergy, cemeteries, school houses, asylums, &c., cannot be denied without depriving her of a necessary means of promoting the end for which she has been established. We are aware of the alleged grounds for this refusal to recognize the Church in her corporate capacity, unless on the condition that in the matter of the tenure of ecclesiastical property, she conform to the general laws providing for this object. These laws, however, are, for the most part, based on principles which she cannot accept, without departing from her practice from the beginning, as soon as she was permitted to enjoy liberty of worship. They are the expression of a distrust of ecclesiastical power, as such; and are the fruit of misrepresentations which have been made of the action of the Church in past ages. As well might the Civil Power prescribe to her the doctrines she is to teach, and

the worship with which she is to honor God, as to impose on her a system of holding her temporalities which is alien to her principles, and which is borrowed from those who have rejected her authority. Instead of seeking to disprove her various reasons alleged for this denial of the Church's rights in some of the States, we content ourselves with the formal protest we hereby enter against it, and briefly remark that even in the supposition, which we by no means admit, that such denial was the result of legitimate motives, the denial itself is incompatible with the full measure of ecclesiastical or religious liberty which we are supposed to enjoy.

Nor is this an unimportant matter, or one which has not practical results of a most embarrassing character. Not only are we obliged to place Church property in conditions of extreme hazard, because not permitted to manage our Church temporalities on Catholic principles; but at least in one of the United States—Missouri—laws have been passed by which all Church property, not held by corporations, is subjected to taxation; and the avowed object of this discriminating legislation, is hostility to the Catholic Church. In concluding these remarks, we merely refer to the attempt made in that State to make the exercise of the ecclesiastical ministry depend on a condition laid down by the civil power.

IV. AID FOR THE POPE.

When last assembled in Plenary Council, we called on you to aid the Holy Father, by your contributions, and you generously responded to our appeal. Since then the richest and most fertile portions of the States of the Church have been wrested from him by the hands of violence, and his position has become still more critical and embarrassed. In order to enable him to assist those who are dependent on him, and to carry on the affairs of the Universal Church, it is absolutely necessary that the children of the Church, in all parts of the world, should come to his help. We have, therefore, felt it to be our duty to direct that an annual collection be henceforth taken up in all the Dioceses in the country, on the Sunday within the Octave of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, or such other Sunday as the Ordinary may direct, to be devoted to this purpose.

We need not remind you that the obligation of supplying the temporal wants of those who minister to your spiritual necessities applies in a special manner to the Sovereign Pontiff, who necessarily incurs great expenses in discharging the duties of his high office. We abstain from more

than an allusion to the trials and humiliations to which the political changes in Italy, which have since occurred, have exposed him. However much the prevalence of false ideas, and an erroneous estimate of the real character of the charges referred to may mislead the judgment, all must admire the noble courage which the Holy Father has maintained in the midst of these outrages; as all must be struck by that visible protection which Providence appears to have afforded him, so that he alone of all the princes of Italy yet retains his sovereignty and his independence. The imminent dangers, to which he has been exposed in his long and eventful Pontificate, have been hailed by the enemies of the Church as a triumph, and they have awakened in the latter the liveliest exultation and the most extravagant anticipations. You know, Brethren, how fallacious are such expectations; how delusive such hopes. You need not be told that the condition of the Church of Christ on earth is one of trial and endurance; that the Spouse of Christ is never more worthy of His love than when assimilated to Him by walking in His footsteps; that the temporary triumph of her enemies is the forerunner of their ultimate defeat; and that every trial to which she is subjected is the preparation for her final victory. The more violent the storm, the more firmly, when it shall have spent its fury, will the tree of life be found to have struck its roots into the soil, in which the right hand of the Father has planted it. A holy Pope, who filled the chair of Peter in the year 494 wrote thus to the Greek Emperor Anastasius: "What is of divine institution may be attacked by human presumption, but it cannot be overcome, no matter how great the power employed against it. Would that the impiety which impels them were as innoxious to its assailants as that which God has established is superior to all violence. 'The sure foundation of God standeth firm.' Does not experience show that the Church, when attacked, instead of being overcome, is rendered the more invincible by that which appeared to insure its destruction?" Or, as Saint Augustine forcibly expresses the same idea, the greater the violence with which earthly vessels strike against this rock the greater the destruction in which they are involved.

How consoling and encouraging the fact that we can adopt this language, and may learn from the eighteen centuries of her eventful existence, that every successive trial of the Church proves the truth of the prophet's promise; "When thou shalt pass through the waters, I will be with thee;

and the rivers shall not cover thee; when thou shalt walk through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, and the flames shall not burn in thee." "O, poor little one, tossed with tempest without all comfort; behold I will lay thy stones in order, and will lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy bulwarks of jasper, and thy gates of graven stone, and all thy borders of desirable stones. All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children. And thou shalt be founded in justice; depart far from oppression for thou shalt not fear; and from terror, for it shall not come near thee. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that resists thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn."

V. THE SACRAMENT OF MATRIMONY.

To that sacrament of the Church which is highest in its typical signification—the sacrament of matrimony—we feel it our duty to direct in a special manner your attention. From the beginning, as we learn from Saint Paul, the union of man and woman was a great mystery or sacrament; because from the beginning it prefigured the union of Christ with His Church. In nothing, perhaps, is the influence of the Spirit of Truth more evident in the teachings of the Church than in the care with which she has protected this "great sacrament," which, by so many, agreeable to what Saint Paul has foretold, was stigmatized as unlawful, while by others it was unduly exalted above sacred virginity, contrary to the express teaching of Christ and His inspired Apostle. The holiness of Christian matrimony is connected with our most sacred associations and duties; and it cannot be lost sight of, in however small degree, without entailing the most serious consequences. The Church has shown in reference to this subject a spirit of watchfulness and solicitude, which alone would entitle her to the gratitude of man, and cause her to be regarded as the most faithful guardian of public and private morality. Many of the innumerable contests in which she was compelled to engage with the depositories of the Civil Power, during the middle ages, were in defense of the stability and sanctity of the marriage tie; and, at a later period, she preferred to see England torn from her side, rather than to yield compliance with the will of a monarch, who sacrificed his country's faith to his unbridled passions. In this matter she knew no distinction between the private man and the monarch; contrary to what an apologist for the worst passions and most cruel deeds of this unhappy ruler insists

should have been her line of conduct. Even in our own days, her conservative authority has been exerted in the same cause; and the anger of the first Napoleon was incurred by the refusal of Pius VII, of holy memory, to declare invalid a marriage contracted between that ruler's brother and a Protestant lady of the city in which we are now assembled. When this same monarch sought to break his first faith he was obliged to have recourse to an extinct tribunal of the Diocese of Paris—resuscitated for that special purpose—which presumed to decide a question which the wisdom of the Holy See has reserved for its own exclusive jurisdiction.

We recall these facts, because they most strongly express the principle of the Church in regard to matrimony, and must be regarded by every well regulated mind as among the brightest jewels of her crown. We recall them, also, in order to enforce our solemn admonition to our flocks, to give no ear to the false and degrading theories on the subject of matrimony, which are boldly put forward by the enemies of the Church. According to these theories, marriage is a mere civil contract, which the Civil Power is to regulate, and from which an injured or dissatisfied party may release himself, or herself, by the remedy of divorce, so as to be able lawfully to contract new engagements. This is in evident contradiction with the words of Christ: "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." As the guardian of God's holy Law, the Church condemns this false theory, from which would follow a successive polygamy, no less opposed to the unity and stability of Christian marriage than that simultaneous polygamy which, to the scandal of Christendom, is found within our borders. No State law can authorize divorce, so as to permit the parties divorced to contract new engagements; and every such new engagement, contracted during the joint lives of the parties so divorced, involves the crime of adultery. We refer with pain to the scandalous multiplication of these unlawful separations, which, more than any other cause, are sapping the foundations of morality and preparing society for an entire dissolution of the basis on which it rests.

If so many marriages become unhappy, and the bond which unites the married couple proves so often a galling yoke, this is to be attributed, in most instances, to the neglect and disregard of the Church's laws in reference to this subject. These, as you know, forbid marriage between persons related to each other in certain degrees of

consanguinity and affinity, as also between Catholics and non-Catholics. Whatever exceptions may be found to the general observation as to the result of such unions, they are in principle condemned by the Church, and that from the most serious motives; which, in the case of consanguinity, are founded in well-ascertained physiological principles: in the case of affinity, in the danger to which possible unions may place parties who are necessarily brought into fraternal relations; and in the case of mixed marriages, to the danger of perversion, to which the Catholic party and the offspring of such marriages are exposed.

But something more than the observance of these laws of the Church in relation to marriage is required in order that Christians should discharge their entire duty when about to enter the conjugal state. Its sacred character, and the obligations towards God's Society which it imposes, should always be kept in mind. Purity of life, and affection that has better and more lasting grounds than the impulse of passion, are the only proper dispositions for entering upon a state of life which death alone can change, and which involves so many important consequences for time and eternity.

"Who," asks Tertullian, "can express the happiness of that marriage which the Church approves, which sacrifice (the Mass) confirms, and which blessing seals—angels announce it, and the Father ratifies?"

Bearing in mind the sanctity of marriage, and the time-honored usages of the Church in the administration of the Sacrament, we cannot too strongly urge upon you the importance of contracting it before the Altar of God, and with the Marriage Mass, so as to receive that special blessing which carries with it so many graces, to enable those who enter upon this holy state to fulfill its most important duties.

VI. ON BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS—THE PRESS.

The Council of Trent requires, that all books which treat of Religion should be submitted before the publication to the Ordinary of the Diocese in which they are to be published, for the purpose of obtaining his sanction, so as to assure the faithful that they contain nothing contrary to faith or morals. This law is still of force; and in the former Plenary Council its observance was urged, and the Bishops were exhorted to approve of no book which had not been previously examined by themselves, or by clergymen appointed by them for that purpose, and to confine such approbation to works published in their respective

Dioceses. The faithful should be aware that such approbation is rather of a negative than a positive character; that it by no means imparts to the statements or sentiments such works may contain any Episcopal sanction; but merely guarantees them as free from errors in faith or morals.

In many, also, of the Dioceses there are published Catholic papers, mostly of a religious character; and many of such papers bear upon them the statement that they are the "organs" of the Bishop of the Diocese in which they are published, and sometimes of other Bishops in whose Dioceses they circulate. We cheerfully acknowledge the services the Catholic Press has rendered to religion, as also, the disinterestedness with which, in most instances, it has been conducted, although yielding to publishers and editors a very insufficient return for their labors. We exhort the Catholic community to extend to these publications a more liberal support, in order that they may be enabled to become more worthy the great cause they advocate.

We remind them, that the power of the press is one of the most striking features of modern society; and that it is our duty to avail ourselves of this mode of making known the truths of our religion, and removing the misapprehensions which so generally prevail in regard to them. If many of these papers are not all we would wish them to be, it will be frequently found, that the real cause of their shortcomings is the insufficient support they receive from the Catholic public. Supply and demand act and re-act on each other; and if in many instances the former produces the latter, in regard, at least, to Catholic publications, demand must precede supply. We also wish to guard against the misapprehension, which frequently arises from the Bishop's name being connected with such papers, in so far as they are recognized as "organs," that is, as mediums through which the Ordinary communicates with his Diocesans. This circumstance gives no sanction to the articles which appear in such papers, other than they may derive from the name of the writer when given: still less does it identify the Bishop with the paper, so as to justify the conclusion that whatever appears in it has his sanction and authority. It merely designates the paper as one in which the Bishop will cause to be inserted such official documents as he, from time to time, may have to publish, and in regard to which it is obviously desirable that there should be some regular mode of communication.

In connection with this matter we earnestly

recommend to the faithful of our charge the CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY, lately established in the City of New York, by a zealous and devoted clergyman. Besides the issuing of short tracts, with which the Society has begun, and which may be so usefully employed to arrest the attention of many whom neither inclination nor leisure will allow to read larger works; this Society contemplates the publication of Catholic Books, according as circumstances may permit, and the interests of religion appear to require. From the judgement and good taste evinced in the composition and selection of such tracts and books as have already been issued by this Society, we are encouraged to hope that it will be eminently effective in making known the truths of our holy religion, and dispelling the prejudices which are mainly owing to want of information on the part of so many of our fellow-citizens. For this it is necessary that a generous co-operation be given, both by clergy and laity, to the undertaking, which is second to none in importance, amongst the subsidiary aids which the inventions of modern times supply to our Ministry for the diffusion of Catholic truth.

VII. EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

We recur to the subject of the education of youth, to which, in the former Plenary Council, we already directed your attention, for the purpose of reiterating the admonition we then gave in regard to the establishment and support of Parochial Schools; and of renewing the expression of our conviction, that religious teaching and religious training should form part of every system of school education. Every day's experience renders it evident, that to develop the intellect and store it with knowledge, while the heart and its affections are left without the control of religious principle, sustained by religious practises, is to mistake the nature and object of education; as well as to prepare for parent and child the most bitter disappointment in the future, and for society the most disastrous results. We wish also to call attention to a prevalent error on the subject of the education of youth, from which parents of the best principles are not always exempt. Naturally desiring the advancement of their children, in determining the education they will give them, they not unfrequently consult their wishes, rather than their means, and the probable position of their children in mature age. Education, to be good, need not necessarily be either high or ornamental, in the studies or accomplishments it embraces. These things are in themselves unob-

jectionable; and they may be suitable and advantageous or otherwise, according to circumstances. Prepare your children for the condition of life they are likely to be engaged in; do not exhaust your means in bestowing on them an education that would unfit them for these duties. This would be a sure source of disappointment and dissatisfaction, both for yourselves and for them. Accustom them from their earliest years to habits of obedience, industry, and thrift; and deeply impress on their minds the great principle, that happiness and success in life, as well as acceptance with God, do not so much depend on the station we fill, as on the fidelity with which we discharge its duties. Teach them, that the groundwork of true happiness must be placed in habitual and cheerful submission of our wills to the dispensations of Providence, who has wisely consulted for the happiness of all, without, however, bestowing on all an equal share of the goods of fortune.

VIII. CATHOLIC PROTECTORIES AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

Connected with this subject of education, is the establishment of Protectories and Industrial schools for the correction or proper training of youth, which has of late years attracted universal attention. It is a melancholy fact, and a very humiliating avowal for us to make, that a very large proportion of the idle and vicious youth of our principle cities are the children of Catholic parents. Whether from poverty or neglect, the ignorance in which so many parents are involved as to the true nature of education, and of their duties as Christian parents, or the associations which our youth so easily form with those who encourage them to disregard parental admonition; certain it is, that a large number of Catholic parents either appear to have no idea of the sanctity of the Christian family, and of the responsibility imposed on them of providing for the moral training of their offspring, or fulfill this duty in a very imperfect manner. Day after day, these children are caught in the commission of petty crimes, which render them amenable to the public authorities; and day after day, are they transferred by hundreds from the sectarian reformatories, in which they have been placed by the courts, to distant localities, where they are brought up in ignorance of, and most commonly in hostility to, the religion in which they have been baptized. The only remedy for this great and daily augmenting evil, is to provide Catholic Protectories or Industrial schools, to which such children may be sent; and where, under the only influence that is known

to have really reached the roots of vice, the youthful culprit may cease to do evil and learn to do good. We rejoice to say that in some of our Dioceses—would that we could say all!—a beginning has been made in this good work; and we cannot too earnestly exhort our venerable brethren of the clergy to bring this matter before their respective flocks, to endeavor to impress on Christian parents the duty of guarding their children from the evil above referred to, and to invite them to make persevering and effectual efforts for the establishment of institutions wherein, under the influence of religious teachers, the waywardness of youth may be corrected, and good seed planted in the soil in which, while men slept, the enemy had sowed tares.

IX. VOCATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

We continue to feel the want of zealous priests in sufficient number to supply the daily increasing necessities of our Dioceses. While we are gratified to know that in some parts of our country the number of youths who offer themselves for the ecclesiastical state is rapidly increasing, we are obliged to remark that in the other parts, notwithstanding all the efforts and sacrifices which have been made for this object, and the extraordinary encouragements which have been held out to youthful aspirants to the ministry, in our Preparatory and Theological Seminaries, the number of such as have presented themselves and preserved in their vocations, has hitherto been lamentably small. Whatever may be the cause of this unwillingness to enter the sacred ministry on the part of our youth, it cannot be attributed to any deficiency of ours in such efforts as circumstances have enabled us to make. We fear that the fault lies, in a great part, with many parents, who, instead of fostering the desire, so natural to the youthful heart, of dedicating itself to the service of God's sanctuary, but too often impart to their children their own worldly mindedness, and seek to influence their choice of a state of life, by unduly exaggerating the difficulties and dangers of the priestly calling, and painting in too glowing colors the advantages of a secular life. To such parents we would most earnestly appeal; imploring them not to interfere with the designs of God on their children, when they perceive in them a growing disposition to attach themselves to the service of the Altar. If God rewards the youthful piety of your sons by calling them to minister in His sanctuary, the highest privilege He confers on man, do not endeavor to give their thoughts another direction. Do

not present to your children the priesthood in any other light than as a sublime and holy state, having, indeed, most sacred duties and most serious obligations, but having, also, the promise of God's grace to strengthen and sustain human weakness in their fulfillment, and the divine blessing, here and hereafter, as their reward. To those whom God invites to co-operate with Him in the most divine of all works, the salvation of souls, the words of Christ to His Apostles are applicable: "Amen, I say to you, that you who have followed me, in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit in the seat of His Majesty, you also shall sit on the twelve seats, judging the twelve tribes of Israel; and every one that hath left house, or brother, or sister, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall possess life everlasting!"

And whilst speaking to you upon this subject, we would renew our exhortations to the faithful to contribute to the extent of their means to the Diocesan fund for the support of ecclesiastical students. Situated as the Church is in this country, with a Catholic population so rapidly increasing from emigration, there is no work of charity that can take precedence of it, and none which will bring so rich a reward."

X. THE LAITY.

We continue to have great consolation in witnessing the advance of religion throughout the various Dioceses, as shown in the multiplication and improved architectural character of our churches, the increase of piety in the various congregations, and the numerous conversions of so many who have sacrificed early prejudices and every consideration of their temporal interests and human feelings at the shrine of Catholic truth. We must, however, in all candor, say, that we cannot include all, or indeed the greater part of those who compose our flocks, in this testimony of fidelity and zeal. Too many of them, including not unfrequently men otherwise of blameless lives, remain for years estranged from the Sacraments of the Church, although they attend the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, and listen to the preaching of God's word with an earnestness and attention in themselves deserving of all praise. There are, indeed, others who, carried away by the impulse of passion, and but too easily influenced by evil examples, oblige us to rank them, as we do, weeping, after the example of the Apostle, among the "enemies of the Cross of Christ, whose end is destruction, whose God is

their belly, and whose glory is in their shame; who mind earthly things." It is impossible to estimate the injury these unworthy Catholics, and especially those who are the slaves of intemperance and its consequent vices, inflict on the Church. In the minds of but too many uninformed and unreflecting persons, these evils are taken as the confirmation of early prejudices; and the name of God is blasphemed among the nations by reason of the evil acts of those who, whilst they bear the name of Catholics, bring disgrace on their religion by their evil lives. Willingly would we have avoided reference to this painful subject; but we are not without hope, that this our solemn protest against the evils we deplore may diminish, if not entirely remove, the scandal which they occasion; and that our united remonstrance may not be unheeded by those for whom "we watch, having to render an account of their souls:" that they may be roused from the fatal lethargy in which they live, and, by sincere repentance and the practice of every good work compatible with their condition, repair, in some measure, the scandals they have given and the injury they have inflicted on the Church by the irregularity of their past lives.

In this connection, we consider it to be our duty to warn our people against those amusements which may easily become to them an occasion of sin, and especially against those fashionable dances, which, as at present carried on, are revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety, and are fraught with the greatest danger to morals. We would also warn them most solemnly against the great abuses which have sprung up in the matter of Fairs, Excursions and Pic-Nics, in which, as too often conducted, the name of charity is made to cover up a multitude of sins. We forbid all Catholics from having any thing to do with them, except when managed in accordance with the regulations of the Ordinary, and under the immediate supervision of their respective Pastors.

We have noticed, with the most sincere satisfaction and gratitude to God, the great increase of Societies and Associations, especially of those composed of young and middle aged men, conducted in strict accordance with the principles of the Catholic religion, and with an immediate view to their own sanctification. We cannot but anticipate the most beneficial results to the cause of morality and religion from the conduct and example of those who thus combine together to encourage one another in the frequentation of the

Sacraments, and in works of Christian charity. We urge their extension, and especially of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, and of Young Men's Catholic Associations, in all the Dioceses and parishes of the country, not only as useful auxiliaries to the Parochial clergy, in the care of the poor, and of destitute and vagrant children, but also as one of the most important means of diminishing the vices and scandals of which we have spoken.

XI. THE CLERGY.

We exhort our venerable brethren of the clergy who share our cares and responsibilities, to unremitting zeal in the great work to which they have been called. Let them honor their ministry, having ever before their eyes "the High Priest, holy, innocent, undefiled, separated from sinners," whose representatives they are. By purity of life, exemplariness and devotedness, let them be a "pattern of the flock from the heart," "the example of the faithful in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in chastity," "giving no offence to any man, that our ministry be not blamed, but in all things exhibiting ourselves as the ministers of God;" so that "when the Prince of Pastors shall appear, they may receive a never fading crown of glory."

XII. THE EMANCIPATED SLAVES.

We must all feel, beloved brethren, that in some manner a new and most extensive field of charity and devotedness has been opened to us by the emancipation of the immense slave population of the South. We could have wished that in accordance with the action of the Catholic Church in past ages, in regard to the serfs of Europe, a more gradual system of emancipation could have been adopted, so that they might have been in some measure prepared to make a better use of their freedom than they are likely to do now. Still the evils which must necessarily attend upon the sudden liberation of so large a multitude, with their peculiar dispositions and habits, only make the appeal to our Christian charity and zeal, presented by their forlorn condition, the more forcible and imperative.

We urge upon the clergy and people of our charge the most generous co-operation with the plans which may be adopted by the Bishops of the Dioceses in which they are, to extend to them that Christian education and moral restraint which they stand so much in need of. Our only regret in regard to this matter is, that our means and opportunities of spreading over them the protecting and salutary influences of our holy religion, are so restricted.

XIII. RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES.

We are filled with sentiments of the deepest reverence for those holy virgins, who, in our various religious communities, having taken counsel of Saint Paul, have chosen the better part, that they may be holy "in body and in spirit." These serve God with undivided heart, and, like Mary, sit at the feet of Jesus, in devout contemplation; or, like Martha, devote themselves to the service of their neighbor, instructing youth or tending old age, ministering to the sick, or calming the remorses, and encouraging the hopes of the penitent. To such the Prophet's words are applicable: "I will give to them in my house and within my walls a place and a name better than sons and daughters." Their state on earth is likened by Christ Himself to that "of the angels in Heaven;" and to those who embrace it is promised a special reward hereafter. Of those virgins it is written: "These follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth;" and of these it is said: "No man could say the canticle but those hundred and forty-four thousand—for they are virgins." "How great, think you," asks a devout writer of the Middle Ages, commenting on these texts, "will be the glory that environs the virgins that follow Christ by purity of heart and mind! Alone they follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, reflecting this glory of the Sun of Justice, as does the moon that of the orb of day. As the moon outshines the stars, so, in that Heavenly Kingdom, they will shine more brightly than those who have not emulated their purity." Great, indeed, are the privileges and great the rewards promised to these chaste spouses of Christ, and corresponding is the reverence with which they have ever been regarded in the Church. "The glorious fruitfulness of our mother, the Church," observes Saint Cyprian, "rejoices and exults in them; and the more she entwines of these lilies in her crown, the deeper her joy, the more intense her exultation. These we address," continues the Saint, "these we exhort; using rather the language of affection than of authority: not that we, the humblest, most deeply conscious of our own infirmity, have any rebuke to make, any reprehension to utter; but because of our obligation to be watchful, we are the more solicitous to guard against the envy of the devil."

We adopt this language of the great Bishop and martyr of the third century. We discharge a grateful duty in rendering a public testimony to the virtue and heroism of these Christian virgins; whose lives shed the good odor of Christ

in every place, and whose devotedness and spirit of self-sacrifice have, perhaps, more than any other cause, contributed to effect a favorable change in the minds of thousands estranged from our faith. To each of them, however, we feel impelled to address the words spoken to the angel of the Church of Philadelphia: "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no one take thy crown."

CONCLUSION.

We have every confidence, venerable and dearly beloved brethren, that the Council which is this day brought to a close, will exert a most beneficial influence in the cause of our holy religion.

We have taken advantage of the opportunity of the assembling of so large a number of Bishops from every part of our vast country, to enact such decrees as will tend to promote uniformity of discipline and practice amongst us, and to do away with such imperfect observance of the rites and approved ceremonies of the Church, as may have been made necessary by the circumstances of past times, but which no length of prescription can ever consecrate, and thus to give the services of our religion that beauty and dignity which belong to them, and for which we should be so zealous.

For the furtherance of these important objects, we have caused to be drawn up a clear and compendious series of statements upon the most essential points of faith and morals, with which we have embodied the decrees of the seven Provincial Councils of Baltimore, and of the First Plenary Council, which, when they have been examined and approved of by the Holy See, will form a compendium of Ecclesiastical Law, for the guidance of our clergy in the exercise of their holy ministry.

The result of our labors when thus returned to us, will be promulgated more fully in our Provincial Councils and Diocesan Synods, and we will then take advantage of the opportunity to bring more fully under the notice of the Clergy, and the people committed to our pastoral charge, the details of what we have done, and the exact nature of the means by which we hope to give the increased efficiency to the whole practical system of the Church in this country.

We have also recommended to the Holy See the erection of several additional Episcopal Sees and Vicariates Apostolic, which are made necessary by our rapidly increasing Catholic population, and the great territorial extent of many of our present Dioceses.

You will all rejoice, Venerable and Beloved

Brethren, in these evidences of the vitality and diffusion of our Holy Faith, in the midst of the difficulties and evils that surround us. We depend on your fidelity to its sacred teachings, and your zealous co-operation, to give effect to our labors in your behalf, that so all that has been planned and done by us, may be to the glory of God, the exaltation of His Holy Church, and the salvation of souls for which Christ died.

“For the rest, Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever of good fame, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely; if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things. The things which you have both learned and received, and heard and seen,—do ye these, and the God of Peace shall be with you.”

Given at Baltimore, in Plenary Council, on the Feast of the Maternity of our Lady, October the 21st, in the year of Our Lord 1866.

- M. J. SPALDING, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore, Delegate Apostolic, President of the Council.
- F. N. BLANCHET, D. D., Archbishop of Oregon City.
- P. R. KENRICK, D. D., Archbishop of St. Louis.
- J. S. ALEMANY, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco.
- J. B. PURCELL, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati.
- J. M. ODIN, Archbishop of New Orleans.
- JOHN McCLOSKEY, D. D., Archbishop of New York.
- RICHARD V. WHELAN, Bishop of Wheeling.
- P. P. LEFEVRE, D. D. Bishop of Zela, and Administrator of Detroit.
- J. M. HENNI, D. D., Bishop of Milwaukee.
- A. M. A. BLANCHET, D. D., Bishop of Nesqually.
- A. RAPPE, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland.
- JOHN TIMON, D. D., Bishop of Buffalo.
- M. DEMERS, D. D., Bishop of Vancouver's Island.
- M. DE ST. PALAIS, D. D., Bishop of Vincennes.
- J. B. LAMY, D. D., Bishop of Santa Fe.
- JOHN MCGILL, D. D., Bishop of Richmond.
- JOHN LOUGHLIN, D. D., Bishop of Brooklyn.
- J. R. BAYLEY, D. D., Bishop of Newark.
- L. DE GOESBRIAND, D. D., Bishop of Burlington.
- G. A. CARREL, D. D., Bishop of Covington.
- T. AMAT, D. D., Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.
- A. MARTIN, D. D. Bishop of Natchitoches.
- D. W. BACON, D. D., Bishop of Portland.
- F. BARAGA, D. D., Bishop of Marquette.
- H. D. JUNCKER, D. D., Bishop of Alton.
- JAMES DUGGAN, D. D., Bishop of Chicago.

WILLIAM H. ELDER, D. D., Bishop of Natchez.

J. H. LUERS, D. D. Bishop of Fort Wayne.

P. N. LYNCH, D. D., Bishop of Charleston.

E. P. McFARLAND, D. D., Bishop of Hartford.

J. M. O'GORMAN, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska.

- T. L. GRACE, D. D., Bishop of St. Paul.
- JOHN QUINLAN, D. D., Bishop of Mobile.
- J. F. WOOD, D. D., Bishop of Philadelphia.
- M. DOMENEC, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburg.
- E. O'CONNELL, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of Marysville, California.
- AUG. VEROT, D. D.; Bishop of Savannah.
- M. DUBUIS, D. D., Bishop of Galveston.
- P. J. LAVIALLE, D. D., Bishop of Louisville.
- J. J. CONROY, D. D. Bishop of Albany.
- J. P. A. FEEHAN, D. D., Bishop of Nashville.
- J. J. WILLIAMS, D. D., Bishop of Boston.
- J. HENNESSY, D. D., Bishop of Dubuque.
- S. H. ROSECRANS, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Cincinnati.
- JOHN A. COADY, D. D., Administrator of Erie, *Sede vacante.*
- FRED. COOSMANS, S. J, Procurator of the Vicar Apostolic of Kansas.

We come out, at the eleventh hour, with the Pastoral Letter of the venerable Fathers lately assembled in Plenary Council at Baltimore. But such an important document is not a newspaper article, to be read cursorily, and thrown into the waste basket. It is a monument of the most august Ecclesiastical assembly that has ever met on this continent, and as such deserving, above all, to be preserved in every Christian family for attentive perusal, meditation and reference.

“It does not become us to review,” we may say, with Rev. F. Hecker, “but only to direct attention to this most remarkable and important document. Abstracting from the authority of those from whom it emanates, and viewed merely as the pronouncement of so many men distinguished for learning, experience, and piety, it will be read with respectful consideration by the educated portion of our community, whether Catholic or Protestant. On the former, however, it has a higher and holier claim—as the legislative exponent of those appointed to keep garrison on the watch-towers of Israel, to give timely warning of danger, from whatever part of the horizon it approaches, to lead and guide them in their journey through this earthly desert to the promised land of heaven. In some of the plenary councils (for instance, of Africa about the time of St. Cyprian or of St. Au-

gustine, or of Asia before that of St. John Chrysostom) a greater number of bishops were assembled. In plenary councils, too, weightier matters may have come under consideration: as, for example, doctrinal questions at the Council of Orange, not, however, to be finally settled without the after-sanction of the Infallible Church. But never, we may venture to say, has any provincial council in other parts of the church been called to legislate for so vast a territory, or on questions of discipline and practice affecting the present and future prospects of a population so widespread and so varied in its origin, its habits, and its pursuits. Some of the bishops traveled by sea and land over thousands of miles, and were heard to facetiously say that "as they had come so far it were a little thing to step across and see the Pope at Rome." They were all, as we have said, picked men, "chosen among hundreds" of learned and pious priests; actuated solely by the motive of doing the best their collective prudence suggested for their people. Hence their opinions on questions with which they were all practically acquainted in their respective dioceses, merit to be heard by all classes with the deepest respect. Doctrinal matters were not discussed at Baltimore; these are reserved for the supreme authority of general councils and of the Holy See. But practical remedies are suggested for social and moral evils in a quiet, calm, and steady tone, which sounds upon the ears of Catholics like the voice of the Holy Spirit, and wakens in the hearts of the well-minded children of the church an echo such as we may imagine the gentle voice of the divine Master to have awakened in those who listened to his sermon on the mount. The council does not confine itself to the enunciation of general principles, but enters into minute, practical details on each subject."

◆ ◆ ◆
 'TIS SWEET.

'Tis sweet when the breaking
 Of morn in its waking [mood,
 Robes lake, flower and tree in a bright laughing
 And the fair, verdant forest
 Grows loud with the chorus [brood.
 That thrills from the throats of its merry, winged

'Tis sweet when swift shadows
 O'er green, waving meadows [ers,
 Their silent way take by the crimson tipped flow-
 Whose modest heads bending
 Sweet perfumes are lending [bowers.
 To the zephyrs that sigh round their delicate

'Tis sweet when the fountain
 That from lofty mountain
 Its silvery way takes, with a clear gushing thrill,
 Beneath the sun's beaming
 Speeds on in its gleaming
 And sings in its babbling the Creator's deep skill.

'Tis sweet when fair sun-set
 Doth linger a while yet
 To paint with his magic brush all the fair West.
 To smile with abandon
 The sea and the land on
 And blush in the frown of the night's rising crest.

'Tis sweet when the moon-beam
 On wave and on fair stream
 An enchantment is casting like some fairy spell,
 And the bright stars all glowing
 His wisdom are showing, [well."
 And twinkling in beauty "He doth all things

'Tis sweet when heart sorrow
 Can hope for the morrow
 That ne'er shall know night in the realms above,
 When the heart, 'mid its sobbing,
 Its pain and its throbbing, [love.
 Grows warm 'neath the breath of His Fatherly

'Tis sweet when the weary
 Can look up to Mary
 And feel that a mother's deep sympathy's there—
 That the light of her smiling,
 All sorrow beguiling, [despair.
 Shall burst through the clouds of dark sin and

◆ ◆ ◆
 THE ROYAL CATECHIST.*

Gone was the light of Glory's day,
 And from his throne of greatness hurled—
 Within the gloom of exile, lay
 The fallen master of a world.

This rash Prometheus, who stole
 Heaven's fire to light his visions vain,
 Rock-fettered, felt within his soul
 The vulture-fangs of ceaseless pain.

Yet blessed are the shafts that smite
 The daring souls that rashly soar—

* When Napoleon Bonaparte was banished to St. Helena, the little daughter of one of his officers shared, with her father, the royal exiles captivity. "My child," said Napoleon to her, "you must prepare for your first Communion. I will teach you your catechism." Accordingly, he devoted a portion of each day to the religious instruction of a simple child; and when a priest was sent from Europe to give the last rites of the Church to the dying Emperor, his youthful disciple received the Sacrament of Life, for the first time, from the same hand that administered the Sacred Viaticum to her royal instructor.

For Wisdom's radiance cheers the night,
When Glory's lurid day is o'er.

And in its clear, unfading ray,
How pales the tinsel glare of Pride,
That decked the gods of worthless clay,
The phantoms man hath deified!

* * * * *

On lone Helena's desert soil
The victor's noblest deed was done;
His battle-tumults' ghastrly toil
Such conquests rare had never won.

On that bleak shore one flow'ret smiled,
One golden sunbeam cheered its gloom—
His faithful soldier's gentle child
Adorned the captive's living tomb.

That royal captive, day by day,
Watched the fair spirit's bloom unfold;
He turned its gaze on truth's bright ray,
And showed Religion's wealth untold.

He who had filled a world with awe,
And ruled its realms with kingly rod,
Deigned to interpret Heaven's law,
And win a child's pure soul for God.

Heaven sent its peace serene and fair,
And his crushed spirit found a balm
When thus it decked a soul to share
The nuptial banquet of the Lamb.

And when Religion sent her Priest
To sooth his parting strife,
His pupil shared her master's feast,
His last, her first, pure Bread of Life.

WE related the above interesting episode some time since, in the pages of the AVE MARIA; but our prosaic statement seems so dull in comparison to the rich and beautiful verses in which Marie has clothed it, for the *Standard*, that we transfer them, with double pleasure, to our columns, with a request, which all our readers, we venture to affirm, will warmly endorse, viz: that *Marie*, the gifted author of the above happy strophes, may be heard soon and often speaking to us directly of her whose sweet and holy name she has the honor to bear. We do not know who she is, but her name is a happy omen; and the specimen just exhibited is all the evidence we need of a rare talent which can never appear to better advantage than in singing the praises of a most dearly beloved Mother.

THE "Houise of Loretto," "Marie Louise," and several other articles, which we had intended inserting in this number, will appear next week.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE DOVE'S RELEASE.

I remember a fair little face that was glowing
In sunshine of love that illumined her door,
While her innocent lips with sweet music o'er-
flowing,

Delighted the hearts of the rich and the poor.
It was she, like an angel, with hymns of devotion,
And anthems sweet chanted before the blest
shrine,

Kept warm in each heart every holy emotion
Enkindled when offering oblation divine.

I remember a gay little form that was flitting
In bright robes, and smiles, when her small
tasks were through,—

The delight of her bosom to others transmitting,
Who drank of her freshness as flowers drink dew.
It was then, in the dawn of her youth and her
sweetness,

A cloud overshadowed her beauty and bloom,
For disease, with his frown, mocked her nature's
completeness
And stretched forth his hand with the damps
of the tomb.

I remember once more, as she stood calmly breath-
ing,
From lips sweetly pale, holy vows to her God,
And I fancied I saw, then, the dear angels wreath-
ing

Bright links from the throne to the path where
she trod;

And the beautiful child, and the light-hearted
maiden,

Though dear, were less dear than the kneeling
one there,

Whose soul, with its gentle devotion o'erladen,
Was yielding its wealth to earth's heaven of
prayer.

But a few little summers were past, and the waving-
Of angelic wings was heard over her head,
And the ether immortal her spirit was laving,
For low voices whispered: "Our white dove is
dead!"

Ah! the angels were touched by her hymns of devo-
tion

And innocent faith, so they led her away
To join her sweet tones with the rhythmical
ocean,

Calm flowing, where joy never lessens her ray.

HOW BRO. JUNIPER CUT OFF THE FOOT OF A PIG TO GIVE TO A SICK BROTHER.

One of the most chosen disciples and first companions of Saint Francis of Assisium was Brother Juniper, a man of profound humility and of great fervour and charity, of whom Saint Francis once said, when speaking of him to some of his companions: "He would be a good Friar Minor who had overcome the world as perfectly as Brother Juniper."

Once when he was visiting a sick Brother at St. Mary of the Angels, as if all on fire with the charity of God, he said to him: "Can I do thee any service?" And the sick man answered: "Thou wouldst do me a great pleasure if thou couldst get me a pig's foot to eat." Brother Juniper answered immediately: "Leave it to me; thou shalt have one at once."

So he went and took a knife from the kitchen, and in fervour of spirit went into the forest, where were many swine feeding, and he caught one and cut off one of its feet, and ran off with it, leaving the pig with its foot cut off; and he came back to the convent, and carefully washed the foot, and diligently prepared and cooked it. Then he brought it with great charity to the sick man, who ate it with avidity; and Brother Juniper was filled with joy and consolation, and related the history of his assault upon the swine for his diversion.

Meanwhile the swineherd, who had seen the Brother cut off the foot, went and told the tale in order, and with great bitterness, to his lord, who, being informed of the fact, came to the convent and abused the friars, calling them hypocrites, deceivers, robbers and evil men. "Why," said he, "have you cut off the foot of my swine?" At the noise which he made, Saint Francis and all the friars came together, and with all humility made excuses for their Brother, and, as ignorant of the fact, promised, in order to appease the angry man, to make amends for the wrong which had been done to him. But he was not to be appeased, and left Saint Francis with many threats and reproaches, repeating over and over again that they had maliciously cut off the foot of his swine, refusing to accept any excuse or promise of repayment; and so he departed in great wrath.

As all the other friars wondered, Saint Francis, being full of prudence, thought within himself: "Can Brother Juniper indeed have done this through indiscreet zeal?" So he sent for him, and asked him privately: "Hast thou cut off the

foot of a swine in the forest?" To which Brother Juniper answered quite joyfully, not as one who had committed a fault, but believing he had done a great act of charity: "It is true, sweet Father, that I did cut off that swine's foot; and if thou wilt listen compassionately, I will tell thee the reason. I went out of charity to visit the Brother who is sick." And so he related the matter in order, adding: "I tell thee, dear Father, that this foot did the sick Brother so much good, that if I had cut off the feet of a hundred swine instead of one, I verily believe that God would have been pleased therewith." Saint Francis, in great zeal for justice, and in much bitterness of heart, thus answered: "O Brother Juniper, wherefore hast thou given this great scandal? Not without reason doth this man complain, and thus rage against us; perhaps he is even now going about the city spreading this evil report of us, and with good cause. Therefore I command thee by holy obedience, that thou go after him until thou find him, and cast thyself prostrate before him, confessing thy fault, and promising to make such full satisfaction that he shall have no more reason to complain of us, for this is indeed a most grievous offence."

Brother Juniper was much amazed at these words, wondering that any one should have been angered at so charitable an action; for all temporal things appeared to him of no value, except so far as they can be charitably applied to the service of our neighbor. So he answered: "Doubt not, Father, but that I shall soon content and satisfy him. And why should there be all this disturbance, seeing that the swine was rather God's than his, and that it furnished the means for an act of charity?"

And so he went his way, and came to the man, who was still chafing and past all patience, and told him for what reason he cut off the pig's foot, and all with such fervour, exultation and joy, as if he were telling him of some great benefit he had done him which deserved to be highly rewarded. The man grew more and more furious at his discourse, and loaded him with much abuse, calling him a fantastical fool and a wicked thief. Brother Juniper, who delighted in insults, cared nothing for all this abuse; but marveling that any one should be angry at what seemed to him only a matter of rejoicing, he thought he had not made himself well understood, and so he repeated the story all over again, and then flung himself on the man's neck and embraced him, telling him that it had all been done out of char-

ity, and inciting him and begging him to give the remainder also for the same motive; and all this with so much charity, simplicity and humility, that the man's heart was changed within him, and he threw himself at Brother Juniper's feet, acknowledging with many tears the injuries which, by word and deed, he had done to him and his brethren. Then he went and killed the swine, and having cut it up, he brought it, with many tears and great devotion, to St. Mary of the Angels, and gave it to those holy friars in compensation for the injury he had done them. And Saint Francis, considering the simplicity and patience under adversity of this good Brother Juniper, said to his companions and those who stood by: "Would to God, my brethren, that I had a forest of such Junipers!"

A DUELIST IN GOOD FAITH.

Soldiers are high spirited Christians, when they trouble themselves at all about religion; but, unfortunately, their zeal is not always in accordance with the teachings of Theology. This reminds me of an incident which occurred about the year 1827, during a mission preached by the eloquent Father Guyon to the soldiers of the garrison at Versailles. An old veteran who sported a heavy moustache and was the best swordsman in the regiment, took it into his head to be converted. This was certainly a miracle of grace, for the old sinner had a terrible account to render. With an almost incurable *rage* for single combat, he would challenge his comrades on the slightest provocation, and had sent many of them on their last long journey. This pugnacious individual attended all the sermons with the greatest punctuality.

One day the sermon was on the power of Mary's protection, and so deeply moved was he by the forcible manner in which the subject was treated, that he determined to carry out the resolutions it suggested. On leaving the church he entered a picture store, and called out: "Have you a good picture of the Virgin?" "Certainly we have, sir," was the reply, and the shopkeeper presented him an engraving tolerably well executed. He did not stop to haggle, but paying down the price demanded, hurried away. As he was hastening homeward he remembered that he would need some wafers; he quickly performed the "about face," and retraced his steps to the shop, where he procured a small box of the above mentioned articles, and starting off again at a double quick

pace, he soon arrived at his lodgings. Without stopping to say a word he went into the room and proceeded to business. Having moistened four of the wafers in the approved style, he stuck one on each corner of the picture, and then placed it on the wall just over the head of his bed. Many of his comrades were standing at a little distance, wondering what he could be so busy about. His task finished, he returned their gaze, and pointing to the picture gravely addressed them: "There, I hope you will all respect *that*; the first one that laughs—well, so much the worse for him." In spite of the fierce determination of this solemn injunction, there was one who could not keep a straight face. The old veteran observed him, and exclaimed: "Ha! you are laughing, eh? well, very well! to-morrow at ten o'clock—such a place." Unhappily both were punctual at the place of meeting, and the laughter was disposed of in short order. Enchanted with his exploit, this pretended convert ran, in a state of joyous excitement, to Father Guyon, and believing that he had an excellent piece of news to give him, blustered out, without preface or preamble: "One more, Father, but this one was for the good God!" The Father did not at first understand what he meant, but soon imagining that it had, perhaps, something to do with another duel, and finally ascertaining that his surmises were correct, he reproached him severely, and strove to convince him of the sinfulness and barbarity of such conduct. "But, Father," repeated the old soldier, "this was for the good God, this one was!"

The poor fellow thought he had done an act of expiation sufficient to cancel the guilt of all his former duels, which had been fought from vain, worldly motives. Father Guyon, however, was finally successful in convincing him of his mistake, and in inducing him to abandon the use of those terrible arguments which he had so long abused.

Good Matches.

"Marguerite!"

"Madam."

"Go buy some matches; and mind you get good ones."

"Yes ma'am!"

Half an hour after, enter Marguerite with the matches.

"Are they good ones, Marguerite?"

"Yes ma'am; I tried them all, and every one went off!"

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II.

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No. 50.

ALLOCUTION OF THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF, PIUS IX.

VENERABLE BRETHREN:—More than once, O venerable brethren, exercising our apostolic office, we have deplored, either in our published letters or in divers allocutions delivered in your most august assembly, the affliction which has hung for a long time in Italy over the affairs of our most holy religion, and the very grave insults offered to us and to the Holy See by the sub-Alpine Government. Moreover, you must comprehend with what grief we are seized now that we see that government, with a passion that is increasing every day, constantly attacking the Catholic Church, its wholesome laws, and all its sacred ministers; when we see, alas! venerable bishops, and the most virtuous clergy, both secular and regular, and other most excellent Catholic citizens, sent into exile by that government, without the least regard for religion, justice, or humanity, or thrown into prison, or condemned to forced residence, molested in the most unworthy manner; dioceses deprived of their pastors, to the great detriment of souls; virgins devoted to God taken away from their convents and reduced to beggary; God's temples violated; diocesan schools closed against the members of the clergy; the education of Catholic youths taken out of the pale of Christian discipline and confided to the professors of error and iniquities, and the patrimony of the Church usurped and sold. The same government, in contempt of ecclesiastical censures, and without paying the least regard to our most just complaints and those of our venerable brethren the bishops of Italy, has sanctioned similar laws, totally contrary to the Catholic Church, to its doctrines and its rights, and condemned by us; and it has not hesitated to promulgate a law respecting civil marriage, as it is called—a law quite contrary not only to Catholic doctrine but likewise to the well-being of civil society. Such a law tramples under foot the dignity and sacred-

ness of marriage. It destroys it as an institution and encourages a concubinage that is perfectly scandalous. In fact, a marriage cannot take place among the faithful without there being at the same time a sacrament. It belongs, therefore, exclusively to the Church to decide on everything concerning the sacrament of marriage. Moreover, that government—injuring in an evident manner the condition of those who make public profession of religious vows which have always had and always will have force in God's Church, and not recognizing the very great advantage of the regular orders, which founded by men of holiness, and approved by the Holy Apostolic See, have in an especial manner deserved the thanks of the Christian republic, civil and literary, by so many glorious labors and so many useful works.—has not feared to sanction a law suppressing throughout its entire territory all religious corporations of both sexes; it has appropriated their property, and a great deal of other property belonging to the Church, and has ordered it to be divided. Before entering into possession of the Venetian province it did not hesitate to extend thereto the same laws, and it enjoined, contrary to all law and justice, the total abrogation and annihilation of the Convention which was come to between us and our very dear son in Jesus Christ, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. Therefore, faithful to the very serious duty of your apostolic ministry, we raise anew in your most august assembly our voice on behalf of religion, of the Church, of its holy laws, the rights belonging to this chair of St. Peter; and with all our strength we deplore and condemn all and each of the things which, contrary to the Church, its laws and its rights, have been decreed, done and attempted by the sub-Alpine Government, and by all other subordinate authorities; and by our apostolic authority we abrogate and proclaim null and void, and without force or effect, all the aforesaid decrees, and everything that appertains to them. We likewise beg their authors, who glory in the name of Christians, to bear in mind and seriously

to consider that they have unfortunately incurred the censures and spiritual pains inflicted by the the Apostolic Constitution and the decrees of the General Councils upon whosoever should attack the rights of the Church. You know, venerable brethren, that certain astute men oppose us and interpret in their own sense the blessing which we gave to Italy, when, assuredly, without any merit of our own, but, thanks to the impenetrable judgement of God, we spontaneously pronounced the words of pardon and peace out of love for the people of the Pontifical State. In truth, full of solicitude for the welfare and happiness of the entire flock, asking by our prayers from God the good of Italy, we besought Him with fervor and humility that He might deliver her from the evils which afflicted her, and that the most precious gift of the Catholic faith might be all-powerful in Italy, and that rectitude of manners, justice, charity, and all Christian virtues, might flourish there more and more. Once more to-day we do not cease to send up our most fervent prayers to God that in His goodness He would deign to remove from the Catholic people of Italy the many and great calamities of every kind which are afflicting and assailing them through the fault of the governors of Italy, and, in consequence, of a multiform persecution. But, above all things, we beseech our most merciful Lord to aid and fortify by His heavenly help the people of Italy, in order that they may remain firm and immutable in the divine faith and in their religion, and that they may be able with Christian fortitude to support and endure so many misfortunes and evils. Foolish, however, are those who, on the strength of this, do not cease to demand of us already despoiled, and with the most manifest injustice, of several provinces of our Pontifical territory, that we should renounce our civil sovereignty and that of the Apostolical See. Surely every one must see how unjust and prejudicial to the Church is such a demand. By a singular arrangement of Divine Providence, as we have said on a former occasion, it happened that the Roman Empire having fallen, and being divided into many kingdoms and divers states, the Roman Pontiff, in the midst of such great variety of kingdoms, and in the actual state of human society, was invested with his civil sovereignty, in consequence of which, never being subject to any lay power, he exercises in entire liberty supreme authority and his jurisdiction over the Church which has been divinely confided to him by Our Lord Jesus Christ. And the faithful, with full

tranquillity of conscience and entire confidence, obeying the decrees, warnings, and orders of the Pontiff, submit themselves thereto without ever entertaining the least suspicion that his acts are subject to the will and impulse of any sovereign or any civil power. We cannot renounce the civil powers established by the Divine wisdom of Providence for the good of the Universal Church. We are bound, on the contrary, to defend that government, and to protect the rights of that civil power, and to complain strongly of the usurpation of the provinces of the Holy See, as we have already done, and as we do now, remonstrating and protesting to the utmost of our power.

Every one knows that the bishops of the Catholic world have never ceased to defend with zeal, orally and in writing, our civil sovereignty and that of the Apostolic See, and all have proclaimed that the sovereignty, especially in the actual condition of the affairs of this world, is absolutely necessary to establish and defend the perfect liberty of the Roman Pontiff, who feeds all the Catholic flock—a liberty which is so intimately connected with the freedom of the entire Church. These same men fear not even to go about crying everywhere that we ought to reconcile ourselves with Italy—that is to say, with the enemies of our religion who boast themselves of having founded Italy. But how can we, the appointed champions and defenders of our most holy religion, and of the salutary doctrine of virtue and justice, who have to watch for the salvation of all, march in concert with those who, not upholding the holy doctrine, and refusing to hear the truth, keep themselves away from us—those who would never condescend to grant our desires nor to meet our demands, to the effect that so many dioceses of Italy, deprived of their pastoral consolation and protection, should have their bishops? Would to Heaven that all those who so vehemently oppose the Church, us, and this Apostolic See, turning their regards and their souls to truth and justice, may be enlightened once for all, and thinking of themselves, and looking to the good of their souls, moved by a holy repentance, may endeavor to come back to us. Nothing would be more agreeable to us than to go forward to meet them, following the example of the evangelical father, and to embrace them, rejoicing in the Lord that our children were dead and are alive again, that they went astray and have been found. Then, indeed, it would be seen that our venerable religion, the mother and the fruitful nurse of every virtue, and the scourge of vice, conduces equally

to the happiness of the individual and the welfare of all. Where religion and her wholesome doctrines prevail there must necessarily flourish uprightness of manners, integrity, peace, justice, charity, and all the virtues. Then people are not afflicted with those grievous calamities which unhappily weigh upon them wheresoever religion and its doctrines are not recognized. By the deplorable facts related summarily and with pain, and by the sad temporary events in Italy, everybody can easily see and divine to what great perils this Apostolic See is exposed, and how it is the mark of the most bitter threats of rebellion, the hatred of unbelievers and the anger of the enemies of Christ's Cross. On every side are continually heard frenzied voices, which find an echo in our desperate enemies, declaring that this city of Rome must share in this unhappy Italian perturbation and rebellion—nay, must become its capital. But God, who is rich in mercy, will, by His omnipotence, make the impious counsels and desires of our enemies fail. He will never permit this noble city, so dear to us, in which, out of His great and singular goodness, He has fixed the chair of Peter, the impregnable basis of His divine faith and religion, to return to that unfortunate condition so admirably described by our holy predecessor, Leo the Great, in which she found herself when for the first time the holy Prince of the Apostles entered this city, then the mistress of the world. As to us, when deprived of almost all human assistance, faithful still to our mission, and confiding absolutely in the aid of Almighty God, we are ready to combat without fear, even to the peril of our life, for the cause of the Church divinely confided to us by the Lord Jesus Christ, and if need be to remove thither where we shall be able to exercise in the best manner our supreme apostolic mission. And seeing that in such a horrible tempest our best and only support must be prayer, we address ourselves to all the venerable brethren and bishops of the entire Catholic universe, to all the Catholic clergy, and to all the children of the Holy Mother Church, who have never ceased to lavish on us such striking evidences of love and respect, and to come to our aid in our gravest trials and those of the Holy See; we beg of them more and more to offer constantly, with faith, hope, and charity, fervent prayers to God for the defeat of the enemies of the Church, and for their return to the path of salvation. For, to avail ourselves of the words of Chrysostom, prayer constitutes a powerful arm, a great security, a real treasure, an excellent har-

bor, a very sure asylum, provided that, attentive and vigilant, we present ourselves before the Lord, the mind collected, and without leaving any access to the enemy of our salvation. In the midst of the deep anguish which afflicts us, we have a great consolation—knowing that God, when His Church has no human support, effects marvelous prodigies, which manifest most clearly His omnipotence and His divine hand, and come to confirm this truth, that the gates of hell will never prevail against the Church which will always remain immovable, triumphing over its enemies, until the consummation of time. But it is exceedingly painful that it is not precisely determined that a nation shall always preserve the precious treasure of our divine faith and of our religion. In truth, there are many nations who kept faithfully the deposit of the faith and the discipline of its manners; but, alas! they have been detached from the rock upon which rests the edifice of the Church, and separated from him to whom has been given the power to confirm the brethren and to feed the lambs and the sheep, not agreeing among themselves, and enveloped in the darkness of error, they are in the greatest danger as to their salvation. And here we can not abstain, by reason of our mission, from adjuring in the name of the Lord all sovereigns and governors of States to examine once for all, and carefully to consider, the very grave obligation they are under to endeavor that love and respect for religion should increase among nations, and with all their strength to prevent the torch of faith from being extinguished amongst them. Woe, then, to those governors, who, forgetting that they are the ministers of God unto good, shall have neglected to promote that worship when they could and ought. It is for them to fear and tremble when through their work especially they destroy the most precious treasure of the Catholic faith, without which it is impossible to please God. When they shall be summoned before the tribunal of Christ for most severe judgment, they shall see what a dreadful thing it is to fall under the displeasure of the living God and to feel His strict justice. Finally, we cannot doubt, venerable brethren, witnesses and companions of our labors, appreciating your excellent and well-known religion, your piety, and your deep love for Catholicism, that you will desire to unite your fervent prayers to ours, and to those of the whole Church, and earnestly to conjure the most gracious Father of mercies, in order that, through the merits of His only Son, our Lord Je-

sus Christ, He would take pity on Italy, on all Europe, and on the entire world, and that by His omnipotence He would cause that, after the destruction of all errors and the cessation of bitterness and perturbations, His holy Church may fully enjoy entire liberty and peace—that human society may be free from the many evils that afflict it, and that all nations may be blended in the unity of the faith and in acknowledgement of His Son, walking in the paths of the Lord, and producing fruits in good works of every kind.

CAUSE OF OUR JOY.

O how delightful to the filial heart
Is that loved title of our Mother dear:
"Cause of our Joy!" Yes, pure and radiant Star,
No gleam of heavenly sunshine ever gilds
This fallen earth that is not due to thee!
Thus has He willed, who, in raising thee
Unto so high a dignity, has wished
That thou should be a channel to convey
The richest treasures of His Heart divine
To us. And oh! what gift more precious could
He grant than the pure light of blissful joy
Which beams from thee upon earth's tearful vale?
For He who floods with joy ecstatic all
The heavenly hosts has come to us through thee!
Yes, Jesus, "Joy of Angels"—Light Supreme—
Has come to us through thee! Then truly art
Thou, Mother bless'd, the "Cause of all our Joy!"
Amid the wildest storms that gather o'er
The pilgrim on life's dark tempestuous way,
He looks above, and gratefully beholds
In thee the "Mystic Rainbow," fraught with peace.
There's not on earth a heart so desolate,
So drowned in sorrow as not to have found,
E'en in the bitterest hour, some little beam
Of cheering hope, of sweet and soothing joy;
For where's the heart, though broken, bleeding—
crushed,
To whom the thought of thee no solace brings?
Not such exists; for hidden deep beneath
Grief's darkest clouds the beauteous light of thy
Maternal smile is visible—all shades
Disperse, and lo! the wearied soul, renewed,
Reposes sweetly, safely pillowed on
Thy gentle breast, nor heeds the tempest wild,
Nor surging billows foaming furiously!
And oh, delicious thought! that thou, our own,
Our loved—our dearest Mother, art the one
To whom all—all is due. Then should not we,
Like loving children of thy heart, rejoice?

Were there no other happiness in life
Save that sole one of sweet relationship
With thee—the fair, the wondrous masterpiece
Of God's creation—this alone would fill
The heart to overflowing with delight!
"Cause of our Joy!" Ah, yes! the joy of joys
Is this: that thou, the Virgin Mother of
My dearest Saviour, art my Mother too!
My Mother! Oh, how full of tenderness
The very name! My Mother dear, through life,
And oh! at death's dread hour, with confidence
I trust thy *child* thou'lt not abandon, but
Will come to guide her to celestial bliss,
To share, near thee, thy joy for evermore!

REASON AND RELIGION---NO. 2.

God says to man since as well as before the fall,
"My son, give me thy heart." It is not compatible with the character of God to demand of His creatures what they have not the ability to give. He may demand more of them than they are naturally able to perform, but not without rendering them able by His gracious assistance. To give the heart to God requires an act of free will on our part, and therefore implies that we are not in religion resistant or purely passive, but must be active and concurrent. This negatives the Reformation doctrine of the total depravity or corruption of our nature, and places religion in the free exercise of our active powers, and makes it something which we do,—do by the assistance of grace, if you will,—not something which we undergo, or which is wrought in us, by grace, without our active concurrence.

The rationalizing sects among us, who deny the fall, deny the necessity and the fact of grace; and assert the sufficiency of nature for herself, fall into a serious mistake when they suppose the doctrine of the Church and that of the Reformation on original sin are one and the same. The Church and the Reformation both assert that there is original sin, but they differ radically as to what original sin is. The Reformation understands by the term, as we have seen, the total moral and spiritual inability or corruption of our entire nature, so that in faith, justification, holiness, we are either passive or resistant, and never actively concur with grace. Hence it scouts the idea of merit, and denies that heaven is given as a reward for well-doing. Human nature from first to last resists grace, and never of itself, or even by the assistance of grace, performs any active part in the work of Christian perfection. God concludes all

men under sin, and by His sovereign act gives heaven to whom He will, and denies it to whom He will. All are children of wrath, and the elect are as sinful in themselves after regeneration as before, and are no less so than the reprobate.

I know very well that the Methodists talk of free will, free agency, and pretend that man has some part in the work, but I know also that they do it at the expense of logical consistency, because they hold, with the Reformation, that by the fall man became totally depraved, totally corrupt, and with it deny what our theologians call infused habits. They pretend to deny irresistible and inamissible grace, but they hold justification by faith alone, and that the perfect sanctification which they say is possible even in this life is wrought out not by us assisted by grace, but in us by the Holy Spirit without our active concurrence. Calvinism is the only logical and consistent expression of the Reformation, and whoever concedes the doctrine of total depravity must, if capable of reasoning at all, accept the Calvinistic doctrine of man's moral and spiritual impotence, and therefore the Calvinistic doctrine of grace, as Whitfield maintained against Wesley to the last. The Methodist tried to form a compound of Calvinism and Catholicity, but the two systems will not mix and coalesce, and practically Methodism is only a development of Calvinism, for of all Protestant sects the Methodists are the most attached to the Reformation, and the most inveterate in their hostility to the Catholic Church.

The Church asserts, indeed, original sin, and that Adam's sin has passed upon all men, for as Adam represented the whole human race, and all men were generically in him, and so all sinned, generically, not individually, in him; but she denies that original sin consists in the total depravity or corruption of nature, or that its effects are the absolute moral and spiritual inability or impotence of man. By it our nature lost the supernatural grace in which it was clothed in the state of innocence, and what theologians call integral nature, as immunity from sickness and death, and the submission of the body to the soul, the appetites and passions to reason. By it man lost original righteousness, his original communion with God, became alienated in his affections or averted from God, and inclined to sin, so that he needs to be turned back or converted to God; but his nature, though disordered by the fall, his reason darkened, and his will attenuated, is still good, and is able by grace to concur actively with grace; and by perseverance in grace, man is able

to work out his own salvation, and to merit and receive heaven as a reward for his well-doing.

All our natural faculties, appetites, passions, and tendencies remain, since the fall, substantially what they were before, and are still in themselves good and necessary to constitute us human beings, and when rightly exercised or directed are productive of good. Our reason has, indeed, been obscured by original sin, and our will enfeebled, but neither has been taken away or changed in its nature. Grace is needed not to supersede nature or to change its faculties, appetites, or tendencies, but to heal the wounds it received in the fall, to elevate it to the plane of its supernatural destiny, and to strengthen it to gain it. The maxim of all Catholic theologians is that grace supposes nature: *Gratia supponit naturam*. The necessity of healing or integrating grace grows out of the fall, but elevating grace, or the grace that elevates our nature to the level of a supernatural destiny, was as necessary before as since the fall, and hence many theologians hold that the Word would have become incarnate even if man had not sinned,—not, of course, to redeem man from sin, but to enable him to gain that union with God for which he was originally created, and therefore the Incarnation was no after-thought, but was included in the original decree to create.

I will not say that God could not have created man for a natural destiny,—though I see not how He could, or how any rational creature could possibly find beatitude in any created good, or in any thing short of the possession of the Infinite God Himself, in whom alone his being can be completed or filled up,—but this much I may say, that God has made all things for Himself, and that in the present decree of God man has no natural destiny, and that regeneration, or its equivalent, would have been as necessary as it is now even if man had never sinned. The Reformation has taken a very narrow and untenable view of grace or the supernatural by isolating it from the natural, and presenting it as a succedaneum or an expedient, and laid it open to the attacks of the rationalists. As the Church holds, it is an essential part of the divine system of the universe, viewed as a whole, and can no more operate without nature than nature can gain its end without it. Nature and grace are parts of one whole. Nature has been damaged, has received a false bent by the fall, but it is nature still.

The active powers of the soul are reason and will, and it is only in them that we are properly active. If we suppose them so corrupted as to be

incapable of acting in religion or of concurring by the assistance of grace with grace in the work of salvation, grace can operate only on the sensibility, in which, properly speaking, we are not active but passive. We feel as we must, not as we will to feel. It is to this conclusion that Methodism or Evangelicalism, the legitimate development of the Reformation, leads. It must lead to this conclusion, or else it must maintain that grace is wholly forensic, and does not touch the soul at all. But as this conclusion is inadmissible, nothing remains but to assert that religion addresses the active powers of the soul, and that it is only by the exercise of our reason and will that we do or can comply with its demands, which corresponds to *obsequium rationabile*, or "reasonable service" of the Apostle. There then is and can be no antagonism between reason and piety or religion. Such antagonism results only from the Reformation theory of grace or the supernatural, which instead of presenting the natural and supernatural as two distinct parts of one whole, and both equally essential to the existence and completeness of the divine system, presents them as two contrary systems, incapable of reconciliation.

In the order of grace, as in the order of nature, as I show in my article on Saint-Worship, man acts by way of concurrence with the divine action in gaining the end the Creator proposes, and is not simply acted or acted upon; and also that in all the actions of the creature the Creator concurs by His ever active and efficient presence, for the creature can do nothing and is nothing without the Creator. So is it in nature, so is it in religion, or the order of grace. We can do nothing in religion without grace to illustrate the understanding and to strengthen and incline the will, but we in it act by and with grace. This, as I have learned it, is the doctrine of the Church, which equally opposes the exclusive supernaturalism of the Reformation on the one hand, and the exclusive rationalism of the rationalists on the other, or, in other words, reconciles nature and grace in a principle common to both.

DEATHS.

Died, in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in Buffalo, N. Y., Sister Mary Liguori (Mary McFarland), on the 2d of November, the Commemoration of all Souls.

Nov. 3d., in Baltimore, Sister Mary of St. Martin (Rapier), a professed religious, in the Convent of the good Shepherd.

In Iowa City, Iowa, Sister Mary Chrysostom, (Mary Reilly), of the Sisters of Charity, on Nov. 4.
Requiescant in pace.

MARIE LOUISE, OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

On one occasion, having no other dress to wear than a rose-colored silk gown, she was found cleaning, in her ignorance, the outside of a big iron pot, until her gown was equally as black; on being told that it was only required to clean the inside, she said: "Ah, I did not know that. Well, pardon my stupidity this time, and I shall try and do better in future." Every sort of labor was new to her, and became a means of merit by enabling her to overcome the repugnances of nature, which she called *expiating her birth*.

The Bishop of Amiens having paid her a visit, she said: "My lord, I must not forget to inform you of my dignity; I have been appointed third sacristan, and my employment is to wash the cruets and fold the linen."

Were we to speak of all that is holy in this holy life, we should have to repeat all her words and relate all her actions. It was not the will of God that so many virtues should be diminished by being recompensed here below. She felt no spiritual sweetness in her new life, nor any sensible consolations; yet she walked bravely on the road to Calvary, only asking God to give her courage. And the calumnies of the world also served as a crucible to purify the gold of her virtues; the impious, and there were many in those days, put their own construction upon her actions, saying that she was now doing penance for the follies and irregularities of her youth. All this was said of her who was innocence itself; one of the most beautiful lilies in the valley where the Spouse delights to repose. But while the impious sought to blacken the acts of the Princess, the good were in admiration. The heart of the Sovereign Pontiff Clement XIV., was filled with joy when he heard the news. The day she took the Carmelite habit, the Nuncio, as representative of the Holy Father, officiated. The poor little chapel of Saint Denis was crowded with all the great ones of the Court. Tears filled the eyes of all the assembly, when they saw the Princess, resplendent with gold and precious gems, resigning her place upon the steps of one of the proudest thrones of Europe, bidding an eternal farewell to the world, and casting from her, one by one, all the splendors of an earthly diadem to clothe herself in the course woollen habit of Saint Teresa.

From that moment she became the model of the Novitiate, and was held up as an example to the others by the Mistress of Novices; but the

humble Princess, now known as Sister Teresa, of Saint Augustine, believed herself the least and most unworthy member in the Community. Far from seeing any merit in having left the brilliant court of her father, she considered it a happy deliverance for which she never could sufficiently thank God. "Believe me, my sisters," she would frequently say, "we are much happier than the princes of the court. Even in a physical point of view, we, of Carmel, are the gainers. At Versailles I had a bed of down, but often I could not sleep; here on my straw bed I can scarcely awake at the sound of the morning bell. My table was loaded with delicacies, but what did they signify when I had but little appetite to eat; here I have really a scruple in the satisfaction I experience in eating our beans and carrots. And as regards the peace of soul—O my God, what a difference! In truth can I say, that one day in the house of the Lord, gives me more solid satisfaction than a thousand passed in the royal palace. If we have our rules to observe, the court has also its own that are much more onerous. Words cannot express the joy and happiness I find in our cloister. I have now been here more than a year, and every day I ask myself, where are the austerities of Carmel?"

One day in speaking to one of her companions the tone of her voice expressed something like a reproach. Immediately throwing herself upon her knees, she said: "Pardon my manner, it is the fruit of my education. We princesses are so badly brought up, that we always wish to be considered in the right, and never contradicted in any thing. Nevertheless, I hope to be able to reform myself." In this humble Community of St. Denis, she found all the joys of family as a foretaste of the delights reserved for the children in house of the Father in the society of the adorable persons of the Trinity.

In speaking to a lady of the court about the Carmelites, she said: "If you only knew how much I love them, and how much they merit it! They are truly angels, and I owe all to them." On another occasion, she exclaimed: "I am so happy in this house, that the whole year seems but one bright festival day. Yes, at Carmel, every thing laughs, even to the stone walls of the enclosure."

The day of her profession caused a great sensation throughout Paris. All the bells rang out as for a royal festival. After the ceremony the Nuncio, the Archbishop of Paris, and the most distinguished royal guests expressed the wish to pass the recreation in the parlor with the Community. When the new Professed entered, bearing on her head the crown of her sacred nuptials, she said: "I wear a diadem a thousand times more precious for me than the crown of France and Navarre."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOUSE OF LORETTO.

[CONTINUED.]

Nicholas Frangipani, the Governor of Dalmatia, hearing of the miraculous apparition of the house, visited it in person, and in order not to leave the shadow of a doubt as to this being the house of the Blessed Virgin, he sent four commissioners to Palestine with the plan and dimensions of the mysterious chapel, that they should be enabled to attest on oath: 1st, whether the house of the Blessed Virgin at Nazareth, known to all Christendom, had really disappeared without the knowledge of the inhabitants of the place; 2d, whether the foundations of the house still remained; 3d, whether the shape and dimensions of the foundations corresponded to the walls of the house which had so mysteriously appeared in Dalmatia; 4th, whether the material was the same; 5th, whether the sort of construction was so evidently the same that it would be impossible to deny that the foundations that remained in Palestine and the house recently appearing at Tersatz were the same edifice in two parts.

The four commissioners, as eminent for their scientific attainments as for their character of virtue, went to Palestine, reached Nazareth, and enquired of the Christians for the house of the Blessed Virgin. They replied that it had disappeared some time before, and no one knew how or whither it had gone—they could show the foundation, but nothing more. The commissioners were conducted to the site where the house had stood, and saw the foundation. To fulfill the orders they had received, they measured the foundations, examined minutely the nature of the stones of which they were made, the mode of construction, calculated the time which had elapsed between the disappearance of the house from Nazareth and its appearance in Dalmatia. The dimensions, form, the kind of material and the sort of construction were all found to conform to those of the house in Dalmatia, and prove that Tersatz had the happiness of possessing the house of the Blessed Virgin.

The result of this mission increased the devotion of the faithful to the Holy House. From Bosnia, Servia, Istria and all the provinces, and from more distant countries multitudes came to this spot so favored by Heaven. But their joy was not of long duration. Three years and a half after its arrival the Holy House disappeared from Dalmatia. We condense the detailed account of the various removals of the Holy House

given by the author *Des Trois Rome*. It was removed from Dalmatia across the Adriatic to Italy, and placed about a mile from the sea shore, and four miles from Recanati, in a district called Lauretum either from the laurels which grew there in great abundance, or because it belonged to a lady whose name was Laureta, and from this latter circumstance comes the appellation *Domus Lauretana*, or House of Loretto, by which the Holy House has ever since been known. From this wood, God removed the Holy House to a spot near the road, and placed it on a hill belonging to two brothers, and thence it was removed, four months afterward, to the place it now occupies.

The recital of these wonderful events reached the ears of Boniface VIII. In this circumstance, as in all others, Rome acted with that prudent reserve which always characterizes her. The Holy Father gave orders to the Bishop of Recanati to take particular care of this precious treasure, and further measures to prove its identity. The Pontiff was obeyed, and in 1296 a commission of fourteen cavaliers set out from Recanati; they took with them the plan of the sanctuary that had lately appeared in Loretto. They first proceeded to Dalmatia, where the inconsolable inhabitants showed them the place so recently occupied by the Holy House. The deputies examined with care the chapel that stood upon the spot, which was built after the design of the one that had stood there for more than three years, and found a complete conformity in the dimensions of this chapel with those of the House of Loretto. They remarked that on the same day the house disappeared from Tersatz it was seen on the territory of Recanati.

The cavaliers then set sail for Palestine, where, on their arrival, they made, with even greater care, the same verification that had been made five years before by the Dalmatian commissioners. They verified the existence of the foundations, the disappearance of the walls, the nature of the building material, the length, breadth and form of the foundations; they examined and compared them with the plans and models they had brought from Tersatz and Loretto: the identity was perfect. On their return they gave their sworn testimony, which, after being written and signed, was placed in the archives of the town to perpetuate the memory of an event so worthy to be handed down to all ages.

If to this testimony we add the fact of the constant veneration in which the Holy House has

been held up to the present time, no doubt can remain upon an impartial mind as to the House of Loretto being really and truly the House of the Blessed Virgin.

Before giving a description of the *Santa Casa* and of the Basilica of Loretto, we present the following remarks taken from a book on this subject written by Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick, before his elevation to the Archiepiscopal See of St. Louis:

In the first place, it must be allowed that the translation of the Holy House is not in itself an impossibility. God could as easily have transferred it from Nazareth to Dalmatia, and thence to Italy, as have preserved it at Nazareth or suffered it to fall to decay. Nor is it so improbable, as not to have something like precedent, as similar exercises of the Divine power are recorded in the Sacred Scripture. We know that Habacuc was borne by an angel from Judea to Babylon. (*Daniel xiv*, 35.) Our Divine Saviour was borne by Satan to the pinnacle of the temple; and He Himself has assured us, that if we have faith as a grain of mustard seed we shall be able to say to a mountain: "Remove from hence;" and it will immediately obey our heaven-inspired mandate. (*St. Matt.*, *xvii*, 19.) In fact, we read in the life of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus an instance of the fulfillment of this divine promise,* and the fact narrated rests on the most respectable evidence that can reasonably be desired. There is, then, no absolute impossibility in the translation of the Holy House, nor can it be said to be utterly improbable after the above examples, and the promise of Christ.

Now when we take into account the great and incomprehensible mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God, which was effected in the house of Mary at Nazareth,—the devotion which the faithful have at all times manifested towards a place which was consecrated by such an extraordinary display of the Divine mercy,—and the piety and faith which have been excited by the belief of the identity of the Holy House of Loretto with that in which the Word was made flesh; we should hesitate before we say that an event,—in itself possible, and not without something like a precedent both in the Scripture and ecclesiastical history,—is altogether improbable, because destitute of any motive which would make God interfere with the ordinary laws of nature. The translation of the Holy House is not, then, impos-

* See his life in Butler's Lives of the Saints, on the 17th of November.

sible, or even improbable, at least in the sense, that no proof can remove whatever degree of improbability may be attached to it.

With regard to the frequent transfers of the House, I am fully aware how much, at first sight, these seem to increase the apparent improbability of the event, and may even give the history an appearance of the ludicrous, in the eyes of most people. Few are bold enough to deny God the power to transfer a small mass from one part of the surface of the globe to another, or rash enough to scrutinize the motives of Him "whose ways are not as our ways." But many will, naturally enough, ask, if God ultimately designed, as it appears by the fact, to confer so great a gift on Italy, why transfer the Holy House first to Dalmatia? Moreover, do not the frequent changes which are said to have occurred in Italy seem to argue a want of prescience on the part of God, or an instability in the execution of His plans, as He must have foreknown the motives which eventually appear to have induced Him to place it in its present position?

I shall only say in reply, that, unable as we are to assign God's motives for these frequent changes, it requires but a little reflection to perceive that this very circumstance of the frequent changes of site, while it increases the improbability of the event, supplies it with an accumulation of evidence in support of the facts which otherwise we should not have. This I hope to make appear in the following chapters. Besides, it is evident, at least to me, that these frequent changes would never have been recorded, unless they had actually occurred. In the supposition that the miraculous translation of the Holy House had no foundation but the artifice of some designing impostor, or the innocent mistake of pious credulity, it is obvious that by multiplying the changes, the one would have increased the facility of detection; and all must see that these frequent transfers are incompatible with the hypothesis of an innocent mistake. Instead, then, of finding in these frequent changes an argument to prove the legendary character of this event, I, on the contrary, seem to discover in it presumptive evidence of its truth derived from this very improbability. Should this assertion appear strange to any one, as it doubtless will to many, I have only to beg of him to suspend his judgment until he shall have examined the grounds on which it rests. I may say to such a person what La Harpe said to those who regarded his belief in Christianity, after the infidelity of his past life, as a weakness not easily to

be comprehended: "I believe because I have examined; do you examine, and you will believe!"

We refer those who would wish to have a full history of the translation of the Holy House, to the book of M. Gaume, entitled *Les Trois Rome*, from which we have taken the above, or to any of the one hundred and fifty or more histories that have been written in various languages. "The Holy House of Loretto, or an examination of the historical evidence of its miraculous translation," by Very Rev. (now Most Rev.) P. R. Kenrick, will be found convincing to the most skeptical.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EARLY SETTLEMENTS IN CANADA.

[CONCLUDED.]

Towards noon, Lucian found himself so worn out, that they were obliged to make a halt. His little limbs, torn by the stalks of dry herbs, were all bleeding.

"Poor child," thought his mother, wiping away the blood, "he has made no complaint of this!"

She gently encouraged him, and tearing off the skirt of her dress, she wrapped it about his legs.

Genevieve was consumed with hunger and thirst. Every minute she asked her mother:

"Is it not dinner time yet?—When will it be then?"

Madame de Meurville suffered all the necessities of her children, but she had nothing to give them. It was the spring time of the year, and she searched in vain with her eyes the branches of the trees, in the hope of seeing a few wild berries that might have escaped the winter. She begged of Heaven to afford her some nourishment, for she racked her invention fruitlessly to think of any.

"How dainty and exacting you are, Genevieve!" answered she, checking her sobs. "Your brother, who is travelling on foot, asks for nothing. You are too heavy a load for me already. Cannot you have patience until evening? This evening, by the help of God, we shall have everything we want."

Lucian displayed an energy and a courage above his age. He did not allow a single sigh to escape him. It was scarcely a quarter of an hour that he had lain upon the grass, when he arose, resolved to go on. His knees bent under him, and could not sustain him any longer; his nerves, strained by weariness, accompanied every movement with aching and pains that brought tears to his eyes.

"I had done better not to have listened to you,"

said his mother. "See, now, you are more tired than before. But shake yourself a little, your legs will soon get over their numbness."

As they were walking around a mass of rock which they had not been able to make their way through, they found a little rivulet of clear and limpid water. Mary made her children drink out of the hollow of her hand, and they felt much relieved. She also washed Lucian's feet and face, and he felt his strength renewed.

She remembered at last that she had heard it said that the Indians ate the young shoots of certain trees. She broke off some from the ends of the branches, and began to chew them. They tasted bitter, but they were refreshing. Lucian and Genevieve ate some in their turn. From that moment the most afflicting of the mother's anxieties was calmed: her children would not die of hunger.

For herself, insensible to her own sufferings, she neither ate nor drank. However, weariness at length overcame, and obliged her to stop. The night was approaching, and it was time to seek a place of shelter. They saw a large rock among the bushes. She heaped some branches up against it. The children repeated their prayers, then, harassed with fatigue they closed their eyes: Genevieve stretched herself upon the bosom of her mother, who was sitting with her back against the stone: Lucian placed his head upon her knees and they went to sleep. Mary covered them with her shawl and watched whilst they slept.

The ceaseless emotions which arose during the journey had kept her mind in a continual state of distraction, and had not permitted her to calculate the extent of the losses she had suffered. Now, she thought of her husband, of her brother-in-law, of all the servants, who were doubtless dead, and lastly, of all the labors she had undergone, of which the fruit was now lost to her forever.

What was the future reserved for her children? Formerly, when rocking them in their cradle of rushes, she had hoped that they would be able to live, not in opulence, but in that modest and happy competence, which ensures the abundance of solid goods. But henceforth, poverty alone awaited them, and they would be obliged to begin again as their father had done, if they did not die of misery beforehand.

And why should she afflict herself with fears and anxieties relating to the distant future. Were not the present dangers terrible enough? This first day had passed without accident, but was

not death continually around them? did not wolves, jackals and panthers make the forest fearful with their sanguinary howlings? The night was full of terrors and gloomy fancies. In the slightest rustling of the foliage she believed she heard some ferocious animal approaching rampant and ready to spring upon her. It seemed to her repeatedly that she saw two sparkling eyes fixed upon her among the branches. Trembling, daring neither to breathe nor to utter a cry, she clasped her children to her breast, shut her eyes, and awaited her death.

She knew the beneficent influence of prayer and she took up her beads. Peace returned to her heart; she put her trust in Providence, and her anguish was dispelled.

The daylight reappeared, and entirely put to flight the horrors of the darkness. The birds sang above the heads of the children, who woke up. The fresh smile on their lips brought joy and hope to Madame de Meurville. She arose. Her body was exhausted by sleeplessness and cramped by remaining so long motionless. She aroused herself, and again set out on her journey.

Lucian was full of ardor, and he had slept so well that he said to his mother.

"Shall I take my turn to carry my little sister?"

"It is enough that you can walk yourself without assistance," answered she, deeply affected.

Genevieve herself was willing to go on foot. Her Mother would not listen to this fancy, and the difficulties of the journey very soon extinguished it. Lucian himself asked from time to time:

"Mother, are we going very much farther?"

"What! are you tired already?"

"I shall never be able to go on to the end."

His mother restored his courage by her caresses, and led him along. The young shoots of the trees still composed their only nourishment. The forest was intersected by an endless number of little channels in which they quenched their thirst. Moreover, the freshness of the atmosphere sustained them on their march.

In the evening, before she let her children go to sleep, Mary, who still remembered the terrors of the preceding night, and dreaded the Iroquois less, cut with her knife some branches of the saplings, heaped them up around her, and set them on fire. Fortified by this precaution against the attacks of wild beasts, she slept for some moments. This sleep, although anxious and interrupted, renewed her strength, and she commenced the journey again courageously.

They had not gone a mile, when Lucian, whose

inquisitive eyes were always in motion, cried out with fright.

"Mother, oh! See there!"

He pointed out a gigantic bear climbing up the trunk of a tree, of which he was devouring the young leaf-buds.

"Hold your tongue," answered she, putting her hand over his mouth. "He will not do us any harm."

The animal had heard the noise; he suspended his repeat and bent his ear. The Canadian, armed with her knife, awaited him. Her resolution was taken: she would make the sacrifice of her life; she would cast herself in front of the bear and attack him boldly. It was the only way to save her children, or, at least, not to see them torn to pieces in her presence.

Happily the animal was between them and the wind. After having snuffed the air, hearing nothing more, he returned to his feeding. Madame de Meurville passed on on tip-toe.

As the sun was beginning to decline, she noticed a little uneven footpath among the bushes; she followed it.

The footpath ended at a mass of rocks, which opened near a spring, and formed, by their separation, a little ravine carpeted with moss and greensward. She sat there, and thought of making it their resting-place for the night, when repeated mewings drew her attention to a cleft in the rock.

O terror! Three young panthers, whose mother had left them to seek for food, darted out upon her with a famished appearance. She recoiled, and taking her children by the hand, led them away without power to speak a word, for fear.

As soon as she thought herself far enough removed from danger, she lit a fire. It was time. The panther had followed in their track, and was bounding along, with frightful screams, twenty paces behind her. The children, petrified with terror, nestled in the arms of their mother. That night they did not sleep. The ferocious beast still kept in their neighborhood. Sitting at the bottom of a small tree, always on the watch, and ready for a spring, every time that Madame de Meurville bent over to stir the fire, it rose with a threatening appearance.

It remained there a long time after daybreak, and the fugitive trembled at every step for fear of seeing it in front of her. The children, exhausted with fatigue, hunger, and fright, could not drag themselves along any further, and the efforts of maternal love succeeded no longer in alleviating their suffering.

However, the struggle for their life still excited the courage of their mother: never would she, without them, have had the strength to accomplish this painful journey, which lasted no less than six days. Lucian sank upon the ground, and could not rise again. She herself, enfeebled, and dying, was obliged to sit down beside him. She wiped his face, and embraced him; but neither words nor kisses had any longer the power to renew his strength.

"One more effort!" said she to him. "Perhaps, before this evening, we may find some village where we shall get everything we want."

The sixth day, they came to the extremity of the forest. But however far they stretched their gaze, they saw nothing around the horizon but the surface of an immense lake, which rolled its azure waves towards all the cardinal points.

Madame de Meurville was no longer mistress of her despair. Now at length they must die. For she was not in a condition to begin anew a journey such as they had undergone. To the desert of forests had succeeded a desert of waters, and this last it was impossible for them to make their way through.

When the night had thoroughly set in, turning their eyes behind them,—O joy! they saw a column of ruddy smoke ascending towards heaven.

There were then human beings in the neighborhood; but what men were they? Was she not about to cast herself on the mercy of a tribe of savages, and was it not better to hide in the solitude than to deliver herself up into their hands?

Now, however, she was so wretched, and death appeared to her so inevitable, that she did not hesitate. Besides she hoped that her misfortunes would touch even the hearts of Iroquois. Moreover, if they wanted to kill her, would they not find her track very soon?

"Lucian," said she to her son, "do you see the village? It is there we must go."

An hour afterwards, they found themselves in a French settlement, and fraternal hospitality consoled them for the ills they had endured.

THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING left Baltimore on Friday evening, 9th ult., on a visit to his native State—Kentucky. His Grace will spend a portion of his time among his old friends at Louisville, and visit his numerous relations scattered through the State. The Most Rev. Archbishop feeling much exhausted by his labors during the session of the Plenary Council, was, we understand, advised by his physician to seek a week or two of relaxation.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

SOLEMN CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH
AND MONASTERY OF OUR LADY OF LA-
TRAPPE, OF GETHESEMANE, KY.

The interesting ceremony of consecrating to the service of Almighty God the above named building took place on Thursday last, (Feast of Saint Gertrude) and was witnessed, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, by a large concourse of interested spectators. In addition to the Fathers of the Community, there were present on the occasion two Archbishops, the Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, D. D., and the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, D. D.; one Bishop, the Right Rev. P. J. Lavalie, and about twenty-five of the reverend clergy of this and the neighboring Dioceses. Among these we may name the Very Rev. B. J. Spalding, the Very Rev. J. N. Brown, of Tennessee, Rev. F. Celestine, of Covington, Ky., Rev. Father O'Carroll, Provincial of the Dominicans, Rev. Father Coosemans, Provincial of the Jesuits, Rev. Meagher, Prior of the Dominican Convent, Louisville, Rev. Egan, Prior of the Roses, Revs. Leander and Lucas, Franciscans, of Louisville, Revs. J. B. Hutchings, J. Elliot, C. Truyens, S. J., F. DeMoulder, F. Wuyts, J. B. Montariol, Jos. Chocarne, O. P., J. Read, P. Fremont, J. DeVries, P. DeFraine, H. Brady, J. Brown, F. Mouglin, J. L. Rianey, P. Guilfoyle, T. Disney.

THE BUILDINGS.

These are on a scale quite grand. The Convent proper occupies two sides of a square, measuring over two hundred feet in length each way, west and north. The Church occupies the third side of a square, on the east, and is two hundred and fourteen feet long, by thirty in width, except in the arms of the cross, where it is ninety-four feet wide, from wall to wall. The southern face of the square, the front of the building, built in a uniform style with the rest, is intended solely for the accomodation of the Sisters, and is divided into suitable rooms for this object.

All the buildings are three stories in height. They have been erected in a most substantial manner, and in a style of architecture simple, yet chaste. The whole establishment is provided with water and gas throughout, (the latter made upon the premises) and heated by furnaces from the basement.

The inside of the square formed by the building, which is over one hundred and fifty feet on each of its sides, is entirely open, with the exception of the center, which is occupied by a well of excellent water, and by a large cistern into which

flows the water from the stoops, led thither by underground pipes. Around this square, protected by hanging roofs, is a beautiful walk of over six hundred feet.

Immediately in front of the building there is an enclosed court of nearly an acre in extent, at the entrance to which are erected suitable porter's offices.

The Church, built in the cruci-form style, is one of the handsomest edifices of the kind we have seen in this country. The architecture is Gothic, though this style has not been carried out with that degree of elaborateness which is found in many similar buildings. The front part of the Church is separated entirely from the main or Community chapel by a solid partition wall, and is used exclusively for the benefit of the people residing in the neighborhood of the Convent, and for the Sisters. The lower part of the Church, with the wings formed by the arms of the cross, is to be used solely for the Community. It is filled up with stalls in black walnut, in the medieval style, for the choir-religious, the lay Brothers occupying, during the divine offices, the space formed by the arms of the cross. The high altar is surmounted by a crucifix carved in wood, and of life-size, with statues similarly carved, and of life-size, on either side, of our Blessed Lady and Saint Joseph. Around and back of the main altar there are seven smaller altars, built in niches; the first being dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the second to Saint Joseph, the third to Saint Stephen, martyr, the fourth to Saint Benedict; the fifth to Saint Bernard, the sixth to Saint ———, and the seventh to the suffering souls in Purgatory. This last is what is known as a "privileged altar." The entire church is dedicated under the patronage of Our Blessed Lady of the Assumption.

THE COMMUNITY.

The Trappist order, as is well known, is one of the severest in its discipline that belongs to the Church. Prayer, mortification, labor, silence—these form the source of its rules. It is even astonishing to many Christians, that men can be found to give up every thing to which poor humanity naturally clings, and to find their sole comfort in the cross of Christ. The effect of God's grace upon these mortified religious is truly wonderful. To see them obedient, laborious, mortified, always silent with faces that indicate nothing but joy within their hearts, it is enough to make us blush for the daintiness of our Christianity.

The first Abbot of the order in Kentucky, Father Eutropius, arrived at Gethsemane with a num-

ber of those still living in the community, in the year 1852-3, but, it was not until the 25th of March 1854 that the corner stone of their now immense establishment was laid. Ever since that day the labor has gone on without interruption. No doubt many deficiencies stood in the way, from time to time, but the good Fathers never lost their faith in the final accomplishment of their task, and now they may rejoice that their hope has found its fruition.

THE SOLEMN CONSECRATION.

The consecrating Bishop, as well as the celebrant of the Mass, was your own venerable Prelate, the Most Rev. Dr. Purcell. Many of the clergy present thought the task was too great for one of his years; but they did not know that the Archbishop, in a body little indicative of strength, possesses nevertheless an energy and power of endurance which would be considered extraordinary in a much younger man. The entire service lasted over six hours, and though fasting from the previous evening, we failed to discover in the venerable Prelate any symptoms of bodily exhaustion at the close of the Mass. He was assisted by the Rev. J. Schacht, of Lebanon, as Deacon, and the Rev. P. DeFraine, of Nazareth, as Subdeacon, and the Rev. Father Brown, of Chattanooga, acting as assistant Priest. The Master of Ceremonies was the Rev. L. Bax, of Louisville, assisted by the Rev. N. Ryan, pastor of the Congregational Chapel at Gethsemane. While the Archbishop was consecrating the church and the high altar, the Bishop of Louisville was engaged in consecrating the seven small altars, before spoken of.

At the conclusion of the Mass, the Most Rev. Dr. Spalding, of Baltimore, ascended the steps of the altar, and preached an eloquent sermon, which was listened to with great interest by all present.

On the 10th of November, at the Monastery of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in this city, Sister Mary Rose Lennan made her holy vows of profession. The Very Rev. Dr. Coskery preached on the occasion and performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Father Clauss, C. S. S. R. —*Baltimore Mirror.*

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL was presented with a diamond cross worth \$3,000, at Cincinnati, on his return from Baltimore.

THERE was a collection for the Provincial Seminary, in the Diocese of New York, on the 30th ult., which yielded \$14,982.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

BAPTISM.

THE NEW BOARDER.

CHAPTER I.

"Come, Alice; come quickly. There's a new boarder, and Sister Frances says we're to go to the parlor to be introduced," said Mary Warren, entering rather abruptly the usually orderly classroom in the Convent of St. M——; and she added: "I think they must be of some importance, for Fanny White was practising on the grand piano, and Mother Philips told her to defer it till this afternoon. Fanny just caught one glimpse of her, and she says she is *perfectly lovely!*"

"Fanny White goes into raptures over every new face she sees. Don't you remember the account she gave of Clara Hood? and I'm sure *she* is no beauty," was the rather ungracious reply of Alice Thornton, who had no idea of resigning her position as belle and beauty of the school in favor of any one, much less a new comer.

They were interrupted in their remarks by the entrance of Sister Frances, who, having ascertained that the young ladies were neatly attired in the uniform, led the way to the parlor, where they were presented in due form to Agnes Milton, the new boarder.

Poor Agnes sadly belied the description given of her by Fanny White—at least so thought Alice as she gazed with feelings akin to satisfaction on her swollen eyes and disfigured features, while poor Agnes, all unconscious of her scrutiny, sat with her hand clasped tightly in her mother's, vainly endeavoring to dissuage her grief, and at the same time to suppress her own tears.

"Never mind, dear mother," she was saying as they entered the room; "it will only be for four months, January, February, March and April, and then we will be back at dear Beechwood again—every thing settled," and she looked in her mother's face with an anxious expression which told that if she did not fully enter her mother's troubles, she sympathized with her all the same. But over the mother's face there flitted an expression of agony which told that she had known sad partings, and anticipated glad reunions, never, alas! to be made this side of the grave, and as she confided her child in an especial manner to Sister Frances' gentle keeping and kissed her farewell, every one present was moved to tears.

To understand more fully Mrs. Milton's painful

position and the peculiar sadness of this parting, we must briefly review her history for the last few years, from the time when her husband, a prosperous merchant in the city of B—, failed, till his death in California, whither he had gone to retrieve his fortune. In this he had been successful, and was on the eve of returning home, when he fell a victim to the virulent fevers prevalent in the mining districts. This occurred some two years previous to the opening of our story, and Mrs. Milton was now on her way to California to prove the legality of her claim to his estate, and to bring his remains to the family vault in B—. But fearing the effects of the climate on Agnes' health, which was naturally delicate, she determined on placing her in the Convent of St. M— till her return.

CHAPTER II.

I think there are few things more sorrowful in this sad world of ours, than the first awakening after a great grief. The scarcely defined feeling of sadness at first, and then, as our faculties gradually return, the overwhelming force of our grief breaks upon us, as if to revenge itself for our partial forgetfulness. And so thought our little Agnes the next morning, as, aroused from her slumbers by Sister Frances' gentle salutation of *Benedicamus Domino*, and the girls' louder response of *Deo gratias*, she realized, little by little, the loneliness of her position, and was weeping bitterly when Sister Frances approached her. For a while the good Sister let her weep unrestrainedly, and then, as her grief naturally expended itself, tried by every soothing art to console her; spoke of her mother, how much it would add to her happiness to know that her daughter was contented; and when she was obliged to descend to the chapel with the rest of the pupils, had the satisfaction of seeing Agnes calm, and of receiving her assurance that she would at least try to be happy.

And when, after Mass, Alice Thornton was sent to conduct her to the refectory, Agnes looked so lovely in the simple but beautiful uniform prescribed by the rules of the house, that Alice mentally endorsed the opinion expressed by Fanny White the evening previous; but she argued to herself "there's no use in me speaking about it; the girls will find that out soon enough." And when, after breakfast, she led the way to the class-room where the children were taking recreation previous to their morning studies, and heard the expressions of admiration as Agnes blushed and smiled when she was presented in turn to

each of her companions, a feeling of envy took possession of her mind, and instead of joining the merry group that had subsided into something like decorum on their entrance, she took her books and seated herself in sullen silence at her desk.

Very little occurs to disturb the monotony of Convent life; day after day glides on much the same, therefore it needs not excite remark if the advent of a new boarder was hailed as a real God-send; and when, after being duly catechised, it was found out that she was to enter the graduating class, represented this year by Miss Thornton—the other pupils not having returned—and that she would be likely to share the honors of it with her, the admiration increased, of all, indeed, except Alice, who viewed with envy the growing popularity of her whom she considered as a rival.

CHAPTER III.

Alice Thornton possessed many really estimable qualities. Alas! that I should have to add that they were all more or less tarnished by that most vicious of all vices, envy. She had entered the school some six years previous, and for the first three had been the torment of both teachers and pupils, whenever occasion occurred to excite her envy; but as year after year glided by, and those who had been above her in the different classes graduated, and she obtained an honorable position in the school, that defect in her disposition, which had been so apparent at first, manifested itself more rarely every year, and Mother Philips, whose niece she was, fondly hoped that divine grace had eradicated it forever. But, alas, the evil was still latent in her disposition, needing only circumstances to call it forth to the sorrow of those among whom she lived, and the peril of her own soul.

She had heard with bitterness of heart that Agnes was to be placed in the same class with herself, and as the new comer's loneliness gradually subsided, and she applied herself diligently to her studies, Alice found she had no mean rival to contend with; not that Agnes was her equal in intellect, but her previous education, conducted principally by masters and under the direct supervision of her mother, had been very thorough, and she found but little difficulty in keeping up with her class; and joined to her indefatigable industry she had one of those naturally beautiful dispositions which we sometimes meet with—which we seek in vain in any of its surroundings to account for, and can only ascribe to the gratu-

itous grace of God, who bestows it upon whom He will.

Indulged from her earliest childhood, indulgence had not spoiled her; and the praise which was freely bestowed on her rare beauty was scarcely noticed by her, who seemed all unconscious of it. And now, surrounded as she was by every thing calculated to call into existence the naturally pious dispositions of her heart; nay, living under the very roof with Him who condescends to dwell on our altars, in the holy Sanctuary, her very soul yearned within her to know more of Him of whom she had hitherto thought so little.

Her mother had never attached herself to any particular creed, contenting herself with saying that when Agnes was of a suitable age they would both join Dr. G——'s Church, and teaching her her duty as far as she understood it, making her read a chapter in her bible daily, and attend to her morning and evening prayers. These exercises of piety sufficed for her, and she thought they should be sufficient for Agnes.

But now that Agnes had an opportunity of studying a religion for herself, she determined to avail herself of it, and never willingly absented herself from the religious exercises. And as the truths of the Catholic religion gradually became apparent to her, she felt intensely her own want of faith, and longed with an indescribable longing particularly for the cleansing waters of Baptism. She solicited and obtained permission to attend the catechetical instructions given to the Junior class: alleging as her reason her partiality for the society of her friend Alice, who, in virtue of her office as President of the Sodality, was selected to explain the catechism to them. And Alice, much as she disliked her, did not dare to show it openly, for school girls are proverbially quick of apprehension, and would have had no hesitation in imputing to their *real* motive any disparaging remarks made about Agnes, who, all unconscious of the feelings entertained toward her by Alice, evinced on every occasion her affection for her whom she esteemed her friend.

CHAPTER IV.

Among other honors conferred on the graduates in the Convent of St. M—— was the "White Rose," given only to those who by respect and deference to their teachers, kindness and amiability among their companions, and strict observance of the rules of the school throughout the year, were thought worthy of it. Happy, indeed, was the young lady who, in addition to the other

honors of her class, graduated with the "White Rose;" and this honor, so much coveted, and which could be bestowed but upon one, Agnes bid fair to win, unless in the mean time she should be found guilty of some breach of discipline, which would effectually prevent her from competing for it; and such a transgression of the rules Alice determined to *prove* her guilty of, that she might win and wear the "White Rose," sadly, indeed, out of place if it were bestowed upon her.

Among other pleasant souvenirs of Agnes' happy home at Beechwood, was a number of books, selected with peculiar reference to her taste by her mother, and which she had brought with her to the Convent, all of them unexceptionable in sentiment and expression, but scarcely the kind generally found circulating there, and which Sister Frances had forbidden her to distribute among the pupils, having them, however, in her cabinet, as she said, under the key of Saint Ignatius' obedience. These books Alice determined to get possession of, and privately circulate through the school. As no one had, or should have had, access to Agnes' cabinet, suspicion was not likely to rest on Alice. How she accomplished her object it does not concern us to know; suffice it to say that Agnes received a peremptory summons to go to the lecture room one morning, where the nuns were all assembled in council; and Mother Philips might be pardoned if the pallor which overspread Agnes' face seemed to her indicative of guilt. Not so with good Sister Frances, who could not think her charge would so glaringly disobey her, and as she showed her the books which she had found in different parts of the house, she said to her kindly;

"Agnes, if you did not take out these books, which I cannot think you would be guilty of, tell Mother Philips so, and try and think if your keys have been out of your possession, for you know no one could get to your cabinet without them."

Agnes paused for a moment to collect her scattered faculties, and then said:

"I cannot account for it in any way, Mother Philips; I did leave my keys in my desk about a week ago, but I found them the next morning, just where I left them; and I have never touched those books since you forbade me! You may believe me," she added, as an expression of doubt passed over Mother Philips' face, "I am incapable of telling a falsehood."

But circumstances were against her. Sister

Alexis, the infirmarian, for instance, recollected that going to the infirmary to bathe her head when she was ill a week ago, she found her reading a book which she secreted on her approach, and on being questioned about it, she blushed, but refused to answer. The Sister thought but little of it at the time, supposing it to be one of her lessons which she was conning over, and merely telling her not to make her head worse by studying too hard, dismissed it from her thoughts. But now that she was obliged to relate the incident, it served to confirm the suspicions against Agnes, who was severely reprimanded by Mother Philips, and forbidden to hold any intercourse with the rest of the pupils until she acknowledged her fault and made a public apology.

Poor little Agnes! Could Sister have known that the objectionable book was a copy of *Thomas a Kempis*, which Agnes greatly admired; or could Mother have known the struggle between nature and grace which Agnes daily sustained; she would have attributed to far different motives her sadness and pre-occupied mind. At one time almost resolving to ask for Baptism, and sacrifice *every thing* for the happiness of being a child of God, and heir to His heavenly kingdom; and again shrinking from inflicting pain on her beloved mother, whose pride and joy she knew she was.

And here I cannot acquit Agnes from all blame; and had she spoken to Sister Frances, ever her kind and loving friend, of her doubts and perplexities, all would have been well. But naturally extremely reserved, she hesitated about speaking on the subject, especially as she had not yet made up her mind to the sacrifice. But when she turned to leave the room, humiliated before her teachers, and disgraced in the eyes of her companions, she bitterly regretted that she had not spoken before. For who would now believe that she, who was not deemed worthy to associate with her companions, was yearning with her whole heart to be made a child of God!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

“HOME IS WHERE MY MOTHER IS.”—A person meeting a little boy weeping bitterly at having lost his way, inquired of him where his home was. The little fellow, with childish simplicity and truth, answered: “Home is where my mother is!”

HE who is a tiger in his own family is generally a sheep in society.

Extract from Old Christmas-Carols.

Man, be glad in hall and bower,
This day is born our Saviour;
In this time Christ have us sent
His only Son in present,
To dwell with us in verement,
To be our help and succor.
In this time it is befall,
He that died for us all,
Born he was in asses' stall,
Of Mary, that sweet flower.

CHRISTMAS AT SORRENTO.

An ancient custom, religiously observed at Sorrento, decrees that on the night of the birth of Christ, a real child, living and beautiful, shall be chosen as the representative of the Divine Child our eyes are not blessed in beholding; and that the faithful, like the shepherds of Bethlehem and the Eastern kings, shall come and offer Him gifts and pay Him homage. * * * He was a beautiful, dark-eyed boy, about three or so, clad royally in a cloak of scarlet wool. His mother placed him, sitting, in a gilt and red-velvet chair, placed at the left of the altar, and, removing the cloak, showed him in his little white shirt, bare-footed and bare-armed. A gilt basin, an ewer and a sponge were handed to the priest who took them, and kneeling before the child washed his feet, then shod him with stockings and embroidered shoes. After this the child stood up, and a little blue frock with pink bows was put over him, and the priest placed on his head a crown of flowers. Shots were fired without, and all, rising, opened the *Te Deum*. He stood all the time, his father helping him to hold his little right arm in the act of benediction. Formerly the poorest child was chosen; a nun embroidered his habit, and kept him at her cost for a year; but now the nun is dead. Beauty is the greatest recommendation: next to beauty comes poverty. * * * It is a beautiful custom. I felt as I looked on that child, born to sorrow, sin and death—I felt that it is good to be reminded of mysteries we treat so spiritually that we forget them. Do we indeed always remember that Christ became a weak little child for our sakes? We know it, but do we think much of it? Ay, truly I felt as I looked on, as I saw the ardent faith of this simple people—ay, truly this is the flesh of Christ; this is the real humanity to which He became wedded, which He redeemed by His blood.—*A Summer and Winter in the two Sicilies.*

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DEC. 29, 1866.

No. 52.

HOW THE WAR STILL RAGES BETWEEN THE SERPENT AND THE WOMAN.

Before we close this Second Volume of the AVE MARIA, we beg to return our thanks to all who have befriended our Blessed Mother's unpretending Messenger. We have no regret to express for having commenced, against many odds, a work which at first sight, seemed to have no chance whatever of success. On the contrary, we feel rejoiced. Our sweet Queen smiles, we hope, upon our humble efforts; her little Messenger continues to gain ground and favor.

It is something to come at the right time. We by no means wish to imply here, that we lay any pretension to a close and keen observation or appreciation of the signs of our times; we much rather refer it to an All Wise Providence, if our little Messenger of Mary was brought out, at the hour when a more attentive ear was beginning to be lent to the distant echo of a solemn declaration once delivered in the earthly Paradise, namely, that the war now raging between good and evil, was but the continuation of the "enmity God Himself has placed between the serpent and the woman." Such is to day, as ever, the real nature of the conflict the world over—a deadly war between Mary and Satan.

We felt it somehow instinctively, at the time we commenced our task; but since we returned from Europe, we simply believe that in the execution of our design, our personal merit, if any there is, rests more on having acted the part of a blind instrument than that of a clearsighted speculator. We say "since we returned from Europe," because of the unexpected value set upon our insignificant efforts, by men of the highest standing; for in their estimation, it was a timely and happy move made in the right direction, and from which abundant results may ultimately be anticipated.

This was more than a numerical addition to the flattering encouragements already received here; it seemed to increase beyond measure the weight

of each approbation of our venerable Prelates, of the Rev. Clergy and community at large.

In France, and still more in Rome, there appeared to be a general *presentiment* that our English language was just beginning, comparatively, its consecration to the honor and praises of Mary, Mother of God, and that in return she would soon give it a new feature, which it ever lacked in its richness—that of piety.

Indeed, whoever takes the slightest interest in the cause of the Blessed Virgin, must have noticed, with equal surprise and delight, how much more has been written in our language, within twelve months, on the Marian Doctrine, as it is called, than in any given year since the reformation; and yet we are only opening the campaign.

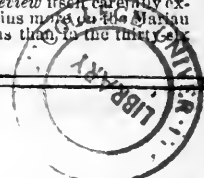
Among the precious counsels we received, especially in Rome, there is one which we must name because of its importance, and likewise because it foreshadows best the true character of the Volume we are about to commence. It was this: "To keep constantly before our readers the admirable doctrine, the testimonies and sentiments of the Fathers on the Holy Mother of God; they brought out countless treasures from the inexhaustible mine of Divine Scriptures referring to the Holy Virgin; the world knows scarcely any thing of them; first of all, the AVE MARIA should draw from those life-giving sources, its chief inspirations and teachings, as well all its ornaments and graces."

We need not add that our resolution was made accordingly, and we hope that ere long, it shall have received, at least, a partial execution.

As an evidence to what an extent the cause of our Blessed Lady is now eliciting attention in England, and among our English speaking people generally, we beg to place before our readers some striking and beautiful passages from the *Dublin Review* for October, 1866:*

"We have said more than once that we expect

*We had the whole of the *Dublin Review* itself carefully examined, and the result is that it contains more of the Marian Doctrine within these twelve months than in the thirty years of its entire existence together.



great benefits from the Eirenicon, as in other ways, so particularly in eliciting Catholic treatises which would not otherwise have been written: yet we were hardly prepared for so powerful an illustration of our thought, as Father Harper's masterly volume. The other replies to Dr. Pusey, which have hitherto appeared, have been in the pamphlet form; and have rather, therefore, dealt with that divine's general principles, than grappled with his individual arguments and citations. The Bishop of Birmingham, Canon Oakeley, Father Gallwey, Mr. Allies, have done signal service in their various ways; and Mr. Allies, indeed, has written what is throughout one most closely reasoned and consecutive treatise; yet even as to him, the above remark substantially holds. Then, again, Father Newman's historical discussion exhibits that vast patristic knowledge, and that singular power of combining, illustrating, and vivifying facts, in which the author is unrivalled; still it is not so much occupied with encountering Dr. Pusey's arguments one by one, as with drawing out a general counter-view from ecclesiastical history. But Father Harper is not content with a clear and profound exposition of Catholic dogma; he grapples with his opponent step by step, and point by point. Dr. Pusey's errors, indeed, and misapprehensions are in general so extreme and almost grotesque, that it might seem no difficult task to expose them; yet we believe there are very few writers who would do this with that union of admirable temper, unruffled patience, exemplary candor, and controversial completeness, which distinguish Father Harper.

"There are two most divergent rudimental views concerning our Lady, which may be embraced by those who speculatively accept the doctrine of her Son's Divine Personality. One of these views is very common among Protestants, and may be thus expressed; though we must apologize to Catholics for being obliged, by the exigencies of controversy, to utter words which they will justly regard as so blasphemous and revolting: 'Our Lord's Mother was in no respect pre-eminent among women; the very supposition that she was so lessens the significance of what He did. He showed His loving condescension, as all Christians are forward to maintain, not only in assuming our nature, but also in assuming poverty and obscurity of station. In the same spirit He chose not for His Mother a saint or a heroine, but a very ordinary every-day woman: pious, no doubt, up to her light, but not so pious as thousands of Christians have been since. She lived very con-

tentedly afterwards with her worthy husband, the carpenter, and bore him several children.' It is the Catholic view, on the contrary, that Mary Most Holy was invested with that full degree of grace and privilege, which was proportioned to so great and unapproachable a dignity as that of Deipara. Here is the essential conflict between the two theories. Earnest meditation would more and more impress on the intellect and imagination of Christians, how much is included in the idea of an Incarnate God; and how unspeakably vast and elevated are the gifts and endowments, which are suitable and proportionate to the office of His Mother.

"If the Protestant notion were correct, our Lady would have had no share in promoting man's redemption, except as a mere physical instrument: 'such as David or Judah may be considered': she would have had no active concern with it beyond the mere physical circumstance that she gave birth to the Redeemer. But let us consult the Written Word as interpreted by Antiquity. What was the first gleam of light which relieved the darkness of the Fall? How was the very first announcement of future redemption put forth, on that momentous occasion when the penalties incurred by man were judicially pronounced? The one person explicitly mentioned by God, as Satan's future antagonist, was not Jesus but Mary.* This is no private judgement of ours; nor any invention of modern Rome: it is the one patristic interpretation of Gen. iii. 15.† At a later period of our article we shall speak at greater length on the extraordinary significance of this passage; but we have here said enough on it for our immediate purpose.

"Since then Mary, as the Redeemer's Mother, was destined from the first to play so very prominent, so singularly influential a part, in the Church's whole conflict with Satan,—and since the Fathers accepted this as the undoubted sense of Scripture,—there was every reason (as we just now observed) to expect confidently what has in fact taken place. As Christian thought and meditation have expanded from age to age, so has there been a corresponding increase in the ascription of every high privilege to the Deipara, and a more detailed apprehension of her office in co-operating with the work of redemption. Saint Bernardine, Saint Alphonsus, Venerable Grignon de Montfort, are as far advanced beyond Saint

* "Inimicitias ponam inter te et *Mulierem*, et semen tuum et semen illius." (Gen. iii. 15.)

† "The parallelism of Mary to Eve "is the doctrine of the Fathers from the earliest times." (F. Newman, p. 35. See F. Harper also, p. 245.)

Proclus and St. Cyril (see F. Harper, pp. 412-13) as these are beyond Saint Irenæus and Saint Justin; but it is only because they have more adequately unfolded that rudimental idea, which was conveyed in the Protevangel of Genesis. Eve undoubtedly was not the federal head of her posterity, and her offense therefore was not man's ruin; but this single reserve being made, it is difficult to exaggerate the prominence of her personal action in bringing about the Fall. "Mary"—such in effect was God's pronouncement—"shall bear a part in man's redemption altogether parallel to that borne by Eve in his destruction. As the first Eve came into direct conflict with Satan and was overthrown, so shall the second Eve come into conflict with him and be victorious. The natural mother of mankind occupied a secondary, indeed, but most prominent part, in inflicting on each one of her children the miseries of concupiscence, of ignorance, of sin: and so their spiritual mother shall occupy a secondary, indeed, but most prominent part in *relieving* each one of them from the result of those miseries. As the former was the co-enslaver of all men, so shall the latter be their Co-Redemptrix from slavery." The very strongest expressions which Dr. Pusey has quoted from St. Alphonsus and Montfort are no more than the legitimate interpretation of this divine announcement; or rather—as for ourselves we love to think—are considerably short of its legitimate interpretation. Nor can we personally fail to cherish the hope—so dear to Montfort and to Faber—that in future ages Mary will be far better known by Catholics, even than she is now; and Jesus by that means more effectively and more tenderly loved.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Have you heard the wondrous story,
Bethlehem's story, sweet and old,
Of an infant raying glory
From a manger bare and cold?
Bleak the stable, cold the manger,
But the "Word made flesh," was seen.
By the shepherds, by the magi,
Radiant, lovely and serene.
Icy winds of sharp December
Shook the stable rude and worn,
But the angels we'll remember
Where their king, the Christ, was born.
Well remember how His Mother,
Mary, virgin mother blessed,

With a worship like no other
Mother, her own babe caressed.

Mother's love, with adoration
Tender, rapturous, profound,—
He had come, the world's salvation,
And her arms her God surround!

We would hasten with the shepherds
Through the midnight, to adore,—
Join the Magi's band intrepid
Incense, myrrh and gold in store.

Never can a gift, too costly,
Touch the manger's humble shrine,
Never can a gift, too lowly,
Jesus, touch that throne of thine.

On the straw which made thy pillow,
Poverty contented lies,—
Mortal pride, like some spent billow,
Breaks against that straw, and dies.

Infant Jesus! Bethlehem's wonder!
Mary's babe! My God, my all!
By thy manger can no wanderer
On thy mercy vainly call!

CIRCULAR OF THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP OF FORT WAYNE.

Pastors of souls are earnestly requested to take up in their respective congregations and stations the customary collection for the Orphans on Christmas day.

As it is the universal custom among Catholics to give presents on this day, I trust that they will not forget the Orphans, especially this time, since the expenses for furniture and other unavoidable outlays incidental upon opening the Institution for such children must necessarily be very heavy.

Could you, beloved brethren of the Laity, stand by the bedside of a dying father or mother, as we Pastors have so often to do, and look at those beseeching eyes, and listen to those imploring lips: "Father! take care of my little ones," I am sure we would have no difficulty in obtaining for them all they need.

I have no doubt that each one will find on Christmas morning for this truly noble work of charity, at least one dollar.

It is gratifying to be able to state, that the subscription for purchasing the site for the Institution is fully realizing expectations. Those who have charge of collection will, I trust, go through with their good but truly arduous task until finished. The Christmas collection must be remitted without delay, so that the same may be speedily published.

JOHN HENRY,
Bishop of Fort Wayne.

THE HOUSE OF LORETTO.

[CONCLUDED.]

The Holy House is completely encased in marble, upon which the events and the personages that have announced the great mystery of the Incarnation have been chiseled by such sculptors as Cioli, Raniero di Pietra, Francesco del Tadda, Jerome Lombard, the Chevalier della Porta, Bandinella, and Sansovino. A superb colonnade of the Corinthian order encompasses the monument. Between each double set of columns are two niches one above the other, the first containing a prophet, the other a sybil who have chanted the glories of the Virgin Mother. Above these are seen crowns and angelic figures symbolizing the glory and power of Mary.

On the side to the north, is the Hellespontic Sybil in the upper niche, and the Prophet Isaias in the lower one, uttering his prophetic words: *Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel.* (Isaias. vii. 14). Then we examine the magnificent door of bronze moulded by Jerome Lombard, under the pontificate of Saint Pius V. Above the door is represented the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, who is received into the world by the seven Virtues which were to distinguish her through life: Innocence, Fidelity, Obedience, Humility, Modesty, Charity, and Love of Solitude.

Between the two columns of the centre are the Pnygian Sybil, and the Prophet Daniel; the Prophet announces the time of the Incarnation: *Seventy weeks are shortened: that transgression may be finished, and the Saint of saints be anointed.*

The second door of bronze, which like the first, was made by Jerome Lombard, represents the marriage of the Blessed Virgin, the carrying of the Cross, and the death of our Lord on Calvary. The two other niches of this side, are occupied by the Sybil of Tivoli, and by the Prophet Amos.

In viewing this side, we see the Incarnation announced by the Prophets of Israel and the Prophets of the Gentiles: let us pass on to the accomplishment of events. In the middle of the façade which faces to the west and the nave of the church, is seen a narrow window, through which the Angel Gabriel appeared to Mary to announce the glory and the happiness of the human race. Underneath is an altar consecrated to the mystery of the Word made flesh: above it is a superb bas-relief, representing the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin; this is one of the masterpieces of Sansovino; to the left of the window we see the

Visit of the Blessed Virgin to her Cousin Elizabeth, and to the right, the Journey to Bethlehem.

The niches between the columns on the gospel side of the façade are occupied by the Sybil of Lybia, and the Prophet Jeremiah; on the epistle side by the Sybil of Delphi and the Prophet Ezechiel.

On the side facing south, we have first the Sybil of Erythea, and the Prophet Zachary. Above the door is represented the Infant Jesus in the manger watched over by Joseph and Mary, praised by angels, and warmed by the breath of the animals who share His abode; this is also of Sansovino. On the door, are represented the mysteries of the Incarnation and Nativity of Our Lord.

In the niches between the center columns of this side are the Sybil of Cumæ and the Royal Prophet David. Between this set of columns and the next is represented the adoration of the Magi; between the columns appear the Punic Sybil and the Prophet Malachy.

We arrive at last at the façade looking east. Here we have Samian Sybil and Moses, on the other side the Sybil of Cumæ (in Pontus) and Balaam; between them is represented the death of the Blessed Virgin. The Apostles are represented bearing their Queen to the tomb, and angels hover above as if waiting for the moment to take her to Heaven, while a group of Jews seem to seek to carry off the precious burden.

Such is a brief account of the magnificent subjects with which genius has surrounded the Holy Chapel. Is it to be wondered at that the entire world should agree to make of Loretto a general rendezvous? Is it not there that was accomplished the mystery to which the forty centuries of expectation, of figures, of promises, and preparations pointed?

Let us now enter. What we have already said has no doubt enabled you to form an idea of the interior, it remains for me to give some of the details and mark some changes that have been made, and the ornaments with which the Sovereign Pontiffs has enriched it.

The Holy House is 29 feet 8 inches long, by 12 feet 8 inches wide, and 13 feet 3 inches high; the walls are 1 foot 2 inches thick; the walls are not of brick, but of stone of a reddish color, streaked with small yellow veins. I have already said that the marble encasing the Holy House does not touch the real walls of the House; this is easily verified by holding a light between the walls and the encasing—the interval is about two inches and a half. No foundations support

the august House, the walls of which rest upon the bare earth, and one side, on account of the unevenness of the surface, do not touch the ground at all; this has been certified at several different times on the occasions of renewing the pavement of the Basilica.

On one of the walls may still be distinguished the remains of an ancient painting representing Saint Louis delivered from the chains with which the Saracens had loaded him in his captivity.

The ancient roof no longer exists; the tiles of which it was composed have been placed under the present pavement. A portion of the primitive wood-work appears on a level with the pavement, and though trodden upon continually by the pilgrims as they pass through the chapel, it has remained without any alteration. Another piece of the old wood-work traverses the chapel and supports the silver lamps which burn before the Blessed Virgin; all these, and many others that can be seen in various parts of the building, are of cedar, a wood not native to Italy, but well known in Judea.

In the middle of the Holy House is an altar; through an opening in front we can see the old altar of cut stone which was in the House when it appeared in Dalmatia. To the left is an ancient cupboard, in which are preserved two little porringers, or cups, which, with several others, were used by the Holy Family. Behind the altar is a small apartment called *il Santo Camino*, on account of the ancient chimney-place in the back wall; the fire-place is 4 feet 3 inches high, 2 feet 2 inches wide, and 6 inches deep. In this apartment is preserved a third cup, or bowl, which is like the other two; it is covered with bands of gold, on which are represented the mysteries of the Annunciation, and of the Nativity of our Lord.

Above the Santo Camino, in a niche which formerly was covered with solid gold and studded with precious stones, but which at the present day is ornamented only by arabesque in gilt, is the venerated antique statue of the Blessed Virgin; it is made of cedar of Lebanon, as is also the figure of the Divine Infant resting in the arms of His Mother. The height of the statue of the Blessed Virgin is 2 feet 8 inches, that of the Infant 1 foot 2 inches.

Now, gentle readers, you have the House of Loretto before you. May the wonders wrought in favor of the House in which Mary was born, and in which the great mystery of the Incarnation took place, increase your confidence in Mary and your love for her Divine Son.

MARIE LOUISE, OF FRANCE.

[CONCLUDED.]

On the 27th of November, 1773, Marie Louise, (Sister Teresa,) was elected Prioress of the Community of Saint Denis. The novices alone did not take part in the general joy, as by the elevation of the Mistress of Novices, they lost a cherished mother. As for Sister Teresa herself, the more she was raised in the dignity of her office, the more she lowered herself below all the others. To chide others, to give advice, to exercise any authority was a torment for her, and she took every means to avoid the marks of respect which the members of a community owe to their superiors. She was always the first at every exercise, in order to avoid seeing the nuns rise up when she entered. One day a sister having been asked for in the parlor by a visitor was a very long while in coming, and the Prioress, as in duty bound, chided her for her delay. "And you, too, mother," replied the tardy sister, "you also make people wait for you sometimes." "What you say is true," said the Prioress, "but you have not the same reasons that I have." No sooner had she said the words than the humble Prioress reproached herself for them, as manifesting that self-love was still alive in her, and she cast herself on her knees at the feet of the religious, kissed the ground and asked pardon for the bad example she had given them all, in wishing to justify herself. "I have always been proud," she said "and after having quitted the world I find in myself the foolish delicacy of self-love."

The love of poverty not only reigned in her heart but shone forth in her exterior. Worn-out garments and these of the coarsest material were her choice. She delighted in mending her own robe, and had she not been prevented would have mended it with all the odds and ends of thread which she gathered up, without any regard to their color or quality.

The Queen, Marie Antoinette, having one day visited the Carmelites of Saint Genevieve, Madame Louise wrote thus to the Visitor of the order who was at Saint Genevieve at the time of the visit. "You have had, Reverend Father, fine company in your street. I am sure you said to yourself: *'Oh how happy Sister Teresa of Saint Augustins is in not being here to-day: her straw chair, if she knows how to value it, will make for her a finer throne than the one prepared for the queen at the Hotel de ville, and her coarse garments will be more brilliant one day than all that I see around me.'* At any

rate, Reverend Father, I know right well that all that a Carmelite can wear on a feast day is not so troublesome as what I sometimes wore on similar occasions. But that was all lost for heaven, whereas here, in Carmel, everything even the dust may become diamonds. What an account shall I not have to give to God if I do not gather them up with care."

Her spirit of mortification was also shown in her repasts. Once the cook, having found a very bad artichoke among the number she was preparing for dinner, laid it aside, but the sister who waited on the table, not perceiving it was so very bad took it up with the rest. The cook was much vexed, but thought the artichoke would be sent back, as it most likely would have been, had it fallen to the lot of a less mortified person than it did. Perceiving that the vegetable in question was not brought back, the cook concluded at once that it had fallen to the lot of the Prioress, and she went at once to throw herself at the feet of Marie Louise and make the most humble excuses. "It is of no importance" replied Madame Louise, "since it fell to me who have such an excellent appetite, but have a care hereafter lest you give such portions to the sick and those who have poor appetites."

The sole liberty she made use of as Prioress was that of multiplying her practices of penance; and when she was told that she went beyond the limits of discretion, and that she would shorten her days, "If we have such great care of our life and of our health," she replied, "we will never do anything, for fear of shortening the one or injuring the other."

The rigorous austerity of her life would never have been suspected to judge by the calm, sweet joy imprinted on her countenance. It was like a beautiful sun before which nothing could remain dark and somber. She received from God the special gift to sweeten the conventual rule and make it loved. It was enough to look at her, or to listen to her, to make discontent and sorrow give way to joy and gladness. She was a source of great comfort and consolation to her sisters, to her nephew Louis XVI, and to Marie Antoinette. But we cannot now enter into the details of what happened in this eventful time which preceded the terrible epoch of the French Revolution. Limiting ourselves to the statement that she was several times consecutively chosen Prioress, that she founded other houses of the Order, protected the interests of religious Communities in France, and aided the religious of other

countries, we come to the closing scene of this most beautiful life.

She offered herself as a victim to Almighty God to disarm His cholera against her family and the French nation. Night and day she placed her prayers, her tears and works of penance between the justice of God and the perversity of man. She thus increased the hatred of the impious wretches of that day, and twice they attempted to poison her; the first time they were fortunately discovered, but the second attempt was more successful and though she quickly burned the package in which the poison had been brought to her, she had inhaled the deleterious odor, and thus contracted the disease which brought on her death. In spite of the torments she suffered from a tumor in the stomach, and the urgent request of the Sisters, her love of modesty prevented her from having recourse to the aid of a physician.

In order to prepare her children for her death, she frequently said to them, that she would not remain much longer on earth. They however did not think she was speaking seriously, especially as her words were so calm, and they knew that she had, up to that time, a great fear of death. She did not forget her duty towards those entrusted to her care. To her last breath she thought of them, and of their temporal and eternal welfare. She gave her last instructions to the community as they surrounded her death bed, bade them all an affectionate farewell, and, as they could not restrain their tears at the thought of losing her, she gently rebuked them for their want of confidence in God. "Why are you so afflicted? in God you must trust and He will protect you. I hope we shall all meet above in heaven." Several times she asked pardon of the community for the bad example she feared she had given them.

The young Sister who was watching her, having gone to take some rest, Marie Louise, knowing that the moment of death was drawing near, and not wishing that the young Sister should have the sorrow of not being present at that solemn moment, she sent for her, and, on the entrance of the sister, she exclaimed: "Adieu, Sister Seraphine; this time I am going." "And whither are you going, Mother?" cried Sister Seraphine, hastening to her bedside. "Do not weep for me; I thought the good God had many crosses in store for me yet, but now, through His infinite mercy, all is ended. I am confident He will grant me pardon; have I not reason to be happy? Ah, no, never would I have thought it was so easy to die!" and then, in a transport of joy, she exclaimed: "Come! let us hasten to Paradise!" Thus, on the twenty-third of December, 1787, this sweet dove winged its way to heaven.

It have been to Fairy-land to purchase don't wonder his Christmas visit is among little people. But we must not Christmas recalls another visit, much than that of Santa Claus,—the visit angels, dear children, when they first Christmas night, with their to announce the unspeakable gift made to earth in giving us His own little Child Jesus. I know some (not you, I am sure,) to whom Christmas nothing but visions of sugar plums, takes. They do not reflect that it is the of our dear Saviour we are celebrating, if we are to be joyous and happy on this day, it must be with a grateful, lovingness, springing from the thought of God's al bounty, and the tender love of Jesus in ing to become a Little Child to bless and us.

Will you leave your sweetmeats and toys for a moments, to dwell a little while on the heavenly wonders of Christmas day? It is an old story, and one very familiar to your hearts, I know, and yet so very beautiful that it becomes dearer each time we hear it.

Let us transport ourselves in thought way back to the first Christmas night, picturing to ourselves a sloping hillside, where are seen flocks of white sheep reposing in the silvery moonlight, while their faithful shepherds guard them.

They are holy men, whose thoughts are often with God. At this moment they are perhaps thinking of the promised Saviour and calling Him from heaven by their fervent prayers. Suddenly a dazzling light shines around them, in the midst of which appears a beautiful angel: "*Fear not,*" he says, "*for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, for you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.*"

Well did the angel proclaim these tidings joyful. Oh that our hearts could better understand the tender love this wondrous message told! And now a multitude of the bright heavenly hosts join the celestial messenger, breaking the stillness of that deep night hour with the sweet music of their beautiful canticle—"Glory be to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good-will."

The mountain echoes catch up the sweet accents, as happy earth repeats the glad tidings of her salvation. And, since then, echo after echo has prolonged the strain; for whence flows all the

The regular and beautiful letter to our children arrived too late for insertion in the Christmas number, as we would have sent it to them on the very day. However, it is well to recall the scene of Christmas on the Octave, and it could not be recalled in sweeter words.—Ed.]

SOLITUDE OF NAZARETH, CHRISTMAS DAY.

A merry, merry Christmas, dear children. Aha! I have caught you this time. Will you make me a place in your happy group, little ones? You know I have ventured to entitle myself "Our Mother's Messenger," and as this is the day of good tidings, by excellence, I could not resist the temptation of spending a half hour with my little friends, even at the risk of proving *Madame de Trop* on so merry an occasion. Oh, I see that Santa Claus has found your stocking so carefully pinned at the chimney corner. How generous he has been this year. What a lovely new doll you have there, little Mary. Johnnie's great rocking horse must have disdained the stocking, which, I see, was filled with sugar plums instead. And then this profusion of beautiful books and work-boxes, of tops and balls, Noah's Arks; and what is here? an entire city, I declare. Really, Santa

sweetness of our beautiful church hymn from that eternal canticle of the Holy Spirit. However, the *real* music of the celestial choir faded away; the heavenly light faded away; the glorious angels withdrew, leaving the shepherds filled with love and joy.

The angel had said you "*shall find*" Him, said the good angels. So, leaving their flocks, they set off for Bethlehem. And soon they gathered about the crib, and fell prostrate in adoration at the feet of the Infant Jesus. Oh, that it were given to us to behold the touching scene which the eyes of the wondering shepherds; never before seen any thing half so beautiful as the picture. Even as faith paints it to us in our hearts must overflow with gratitude, it is expressive of our dear Saviour's tender love. By the Eternal Son of God, become the new-born of an earthly Mother; the Sovereign King of heaven and earth lying in a manger; the Creator who clothes all the universe in beauty, wrapped in poor swaddling clothes; the Sun of Justice, the eternal Source of light, surrounded by the darkness of a cold winter's night; the Author of supreme bliss, from whom all the happiness of men and angels flows, weeping bitter tears!

What lessons of love in all these mysteries! Ask the Child Jesus to become your teacher, and He will tell you, that though strength and grandeur, riches and joy were all His to choose—still He wished to come on earth a tiny child to gain the hearts of little children. That it was to teach men humility and contempt of vain pomp that he chose a mean crib for a throne.

We have gazed on the beautiful Child Jesus till our eyes are dimmed by tears of love and gratitude; let us now raise them towards His holy Mother, whom we find, as ever, in our dear religion, close to her Divine Son. Next to Jesus the Virgin Mary claims our love on this happy day. Yes, dear children, we must love that sweet Mother very, very dearly, because Jesus Himself has loved her unspeakably. It is one of the first lessons the Divine Babe teaches us, as he winds His arms around His Mother's neck, and returns the loving smiles she lavishes on her first born.

Happy, blessed mother! how false and unfilling are all the joy and gratitude of this day, which are not shared with thee, thou, sweet Virgin, the "Cause of our Joy," in being the Mother of our Saviour. Saint Joseph too is there, next to Mary most worthy of our love and veneration, because next to her, God has proclaimed him happiest

war.

The Child Jesus is really present, as *really*, dear children, as when the shepherds found Him in the Stable of Bethlehem. Like the shepherds then, we must adore Him on entering the church; like them, also, we will offer Him our Christmas gifts. But what can you give the Child Jesus? you ask. Your hearts, but hearts full of love and gratitude. Ah! if our dear Infant Saviour could receive hundreds of such loving little hearts for His birthday present, He would think Himself happy indeed; and when, at the moment of the consecration, the Child Jesus will descend once more from heaven, make of those same little hearts a crib to receive Him, not like the manger of Bethlehem, cold and dark, but warm and bright with your lovely virtues. If you feel that your hearts are not prepared for so august a visit ask His loving Mother to supply all that is wanting. What do I mean by this? you ask. It is that you must pray the Blessed Virgin to obtain for you the spiritual birth of Jesus in your hearts, which will thus be made like His—docile, mild and pious.

Oh the happy Christmas which marks the birth

of the gentle Jesus in little children's hearts! But here we are, at the church door; I can talk to you no longer; let us enter to adore our dear Saviour in the sweet mystery of His holy infancy. Oh, how many things I have to ask Him for my little friends; and you, I trust, will not forget to whisper in your fervent prayers a word for me and those I love so dearly.

BAPTISM.

THE NEW BOARDER.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER V.

And Alice! was she happy? Ah, no! The still, small voice, which she had silenced in the hour of temptation, now tormented her unceasingly, and would be heard. What had dear Agnes ever done to her that she should so sin against her? She might, indeed, win the honors of which she had so unjustly deprived Agnes, but would she ever regain her peace of mind? Besides, she could not absent herself from the Sacraments, and she dared not profane them.

So time passed on till the last week in April, she tortured by her own guilty conscience, and Agnes bearing with sweetness and patience the crown which she had carved for her, more reserved than ever, and taking counsel only from her own sad heart, when Sister Frances, on returning to the dormitory, one evening, after a short meditation in the chapel, was surprised to find Agnes in the dressing-room, bathing her throat copiously with water, and gasping from time to time as if for breath. "Are you ill, Agnes dear?" she asked, as she noticed that, notwithstanding her brilliant color, she was trembling from head to foot.

"Not ill, Sister, but my throat is very sore, so swollen, indeed, that I can scarcely swallow."

"Why did you not speak of it before, my dear," said Sister Frances, as, bending over her to arrange her pillow, she inhaled the fetid breath coming short and quick through the scarlet lips.

"O it is nothing serious, Sister. I will be quite well in the morning," said Agnes sweetly, noticing the Sister's alarm.

They were her last coherent words! for when, a few minutes afterward, Sister Frances returned with the Infirmarian, her mind was wandering far away. Every remedy that was at hand was applied, but without success! and Sister Frances watched with intense anxiety and solicitude the flushing of the sweet face, scarlet with fever,

and heard the wild ravings that fell from her unconscious lips. Again Agnes was at Beechwood, the pet and darling of all around her; then she would call on her mother to save her from something or some one whom she could not elude; but more than all she dwelt on the incidents of the last few months, and a new revelation of character was made to Sister Frances as she watched by the unconscious girl and heard her repeat chapter after chapter of the catechism, the acts of faith, hope and charity, and then, with clasped hands and burning tears, invoke the the Blessed Virgin in words which were pitiful in their earnestness and agony.

With the first dawn of morning they removed her to the infirmary, and summoned a physician, and though he prescribed for her, nevertheless, from the very first, he pronounced her case *hopeless* diphtheria, or an aggravated type of scarlet fever! nothing could save her! She might recover her senses before she died, but it was not very probable! In vain they summoned from a distant city the best medical advice; the opinion of Dr. Wilson was but corroborated. Every thing was tried that skill and affection could devise, but God had marked her for His own, and "nothing could save her!"

Her delicate frame offered but slight resistance to the disease, which ran its course with fearful rapidity. On the evening of the third day, Sister Frances, who had been her untiring watcher from the first attack, thought she perceived a gleam of consciousness in her eyes which a few hours before were wild with delirium, and raising her tenderly in her arms, held a cordial to her lips; after several ineffectual attempts Agnes swallowed a few drops, and then gently laying her back on the pillow, Sister Frances said: "Agnes darling, do you know me?" The poor, parched lips parted and essayed to speak, but in vain! once, twice, thrice she made the attempt, and then feebly articulated: "Yes—dear—Sister!" Sister Frances knew that not a moment was to be lost, as the Doctor had said that if consciousness returned at all, it would immediately precede death. Taking the thin, wasted hands in hers, she said: "You are very ill, my love; is there any thing you would like, or can any thing be done to make you happier?" For a few minutes Agnes was perfectly still—so still that Sister Frances feared she was passing away; and then feebly opening her eyes, she whispered: "I—would—like—to—be—baptized!" Hastily summoning Mother Phillips and Sister Alexis, who were watching in the

adjoining room, she administered herself the sacred rite, and then giving her a stimulant, they all knelt round the bed and joined in the prayers for the dying. After a few minutes Mother Philips closed the prayer book and listened to the scarcely coherent expressions which fell from poor Agnes' pallid lips, while Sister Frances, unable to restrain her emotion, buried her face in the pillow and wept.

"O God," said Agnes, "I thank Thee for Thy dear—and patient love. I bless thee—for having made me—Thy child ere calling me—before Thy face. O Blessed—Mother—present me—this day—to your—Divine—Son!" and then, with the words "Jesus, Mary and Joseph" fluttering upon her lips, in her baptismal beauty she passed into the presence of her God!

The glorious sun shone on many a lovely scene that May-day morning. It gleamed on cross and statue, on chancel and nave in the little chapel where Father White was preparing to say his early Mass. The organ pealed forth its sweetest notes, and the flowers exhaled their sweetest perfumes to greet the "Queen of Heaven." But in the little room above, decked in white as if for her bridal, lay our dear little Saint Agnes, a flower, indeed, whose virtue had exhaled so sweet a perfume on earth that the Divine Son of Mary had deigned to cull it that it might bloom forever in His presence in Heaven.

Of Alice's remorse we will not speak; suffice it to say, if she "sinned, she suffered!" On the first mention made of Agnes' illness, she had sought Mother Philips, and with bitter tears confessed her sin, and begged permission to nurse and watch her, or at least to see her to crave her forgiveness; but, on account of the infection, it was not thought expedient to allow her, and she never saw Agnes again till the latter was robbed for the grave! she took the creamy white roses which she had destined for far different purposes, and with artistic skill wove them into the inscription: "The first sweet flower of May," and laid them Agnes' coffin, and then when "all was over," in the presence of the whole school, she acknowledged her sin, divested herself of the medal and ribbon and all the other honorary badges which she had won, and kneeling before her companions, begged their forgiveness for the scandal she had given them; and though, at the examination, by the unanimous vote of her companions the medals were restored to her, they were valueless in her eyes. She entered the world which she was calculated to adorn, but "her sin

was always before her," and two years after she entered the Order of the Sisters of Charity, and while attending the yellow fever patients in New Orleans fell a victim to that disease, and she, too, passed to her reward.

Should any of our readers have a curiosity to know the fate of Mrs. Milton, we refer them to following notice: "Died, on the steamer Crescent, Mrs. C. Milton, late of S——."

Telegram to the Holy Father---Answer of the Sovereign Pontiff.

As our readers are aware, the Prelates lately assembled in Council sent a cordial greeting to his Holiness through the Atlantic telegraph. The wording of the telegram was as follows—it left Baltimore on the 9th October and reached Rome the same afternoon, in about fifteen minutes, making allowance for difference of time:

"Seven Archbishops and forty Bishops, met in Council, unanimously salute your Holiness, wishing you long life, with the preservation of all the ancient and sacred rights of the Holy See."

This dispatch carried joy and consolation to the afflicted heart of the Pontiff, as appears from the following letter, addressed by his direction, to our Most Rev. Archbishop, by Cardinal Barnabo, dated October 24:

"The telegram which the Bishops of the States of the American Union, assembled in Council, had the happy thought to address to the Holy Father, proved to be of great comfort and consolation to his Holiness; and so highly did he appreciate its spirit, that he ordered it to be immediately published in the Official Journal of Rome, for the edification of his Roman people and of the faithful at large. His Holiness looks with interest for the Acts and Decrees of the Plenary Council, which he expects to receive in due time, and from which he hopes a new impulse and continued increase to religion in the United States will result. He has, however, directed me to express directly to your Amplitude, and through you to all your colleagues, his great pleasure, and to request you to thank them for the interest they have taken and still take in defending the Holy See and in vindicating its contested rights. Moreover, his Holiness has learned with satisfaction that the Papal Loan is succeeding, also through the co-operation of the American Episcopate; he thanks them particularly for this, and nourishes the hope that such co-operation will not cease, and that thence a prosperous result may be obtained.

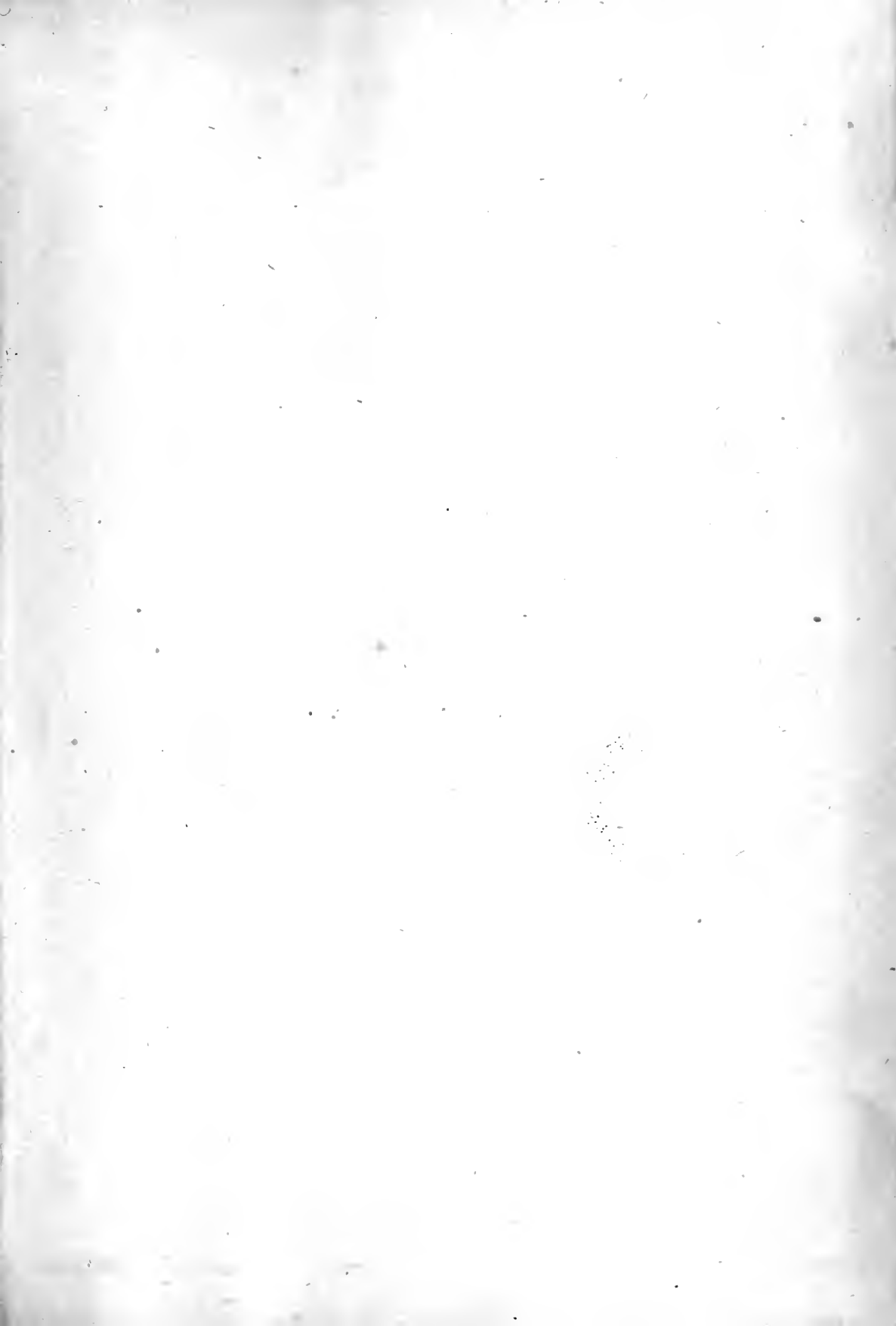
"In the mean time, I pray the Lord that He long preserve and prosper you.

"Rome, from the Propaganda, 24th Oct., 1866.

"Most affectionately, your servant,

"ALEXANDER CARDINAL BARNABO, Sec'y.

"To the MOST REV. MARTIN JOHN SPALDING, Archbishop of Baltimore.





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Ave Maria.

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