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THE
APPARITIONS AND SHRINES
OF
HEAVEN'S BRIGHT QUEEN

In Legend, Poetry and History

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES
TO THE PRESENT TIME

Compiled from Approved Catholic Publications

BY
WILLIAM J. WALSH

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
MONSIGNOR BERNARD O'REILLY, D.D.

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME ONE

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Archbishop of New York.

New York, December 8, 1904.

INTRODUCTION

BY

MONSIGNOR BERNARD O'REILLY, D.D.

There is a vision in the heart of each,
 Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
 To wrong and pain, and knowledge of their cure;
 And these embodied in a woman's form
 That best transmits them pure, as first received,
 From God above to mankind below.

Robert Browning.



HOW often do we hear it said: We are living, indeed, in an extraordinary period! And the assertion is more than justified by facts that occur every day. Frightful as are the enormities of wickedness in these times, we witness, on the other hand, boundless good appearing everywhere, and in the most unexpected manner. The most remarkable feature of our age is, however, the visible intervention of the invisible world in the destinies of mankind. Supernatural Apparitions have been witnessed in quick succession accompanied with prophecies, and followed by a large number of miraculous cures. Vast countries are roused to the greatest degree of excitement by these phenomena; entire populations wend their way to the hallowed scenes of these Apparitions. Even in the remotest parts of the world a general interest is caused by the news of these occurrences. A lively controversy about their truth and importance is opened in the daily papers.

If the nature of these events is more closely examined, they develop themselves chiefly into revelations of Mary, the Mother of God. And it is this very feature of the Apparitions which, on the one hand, gains so rapidly the faith and interest of the Catholic populace and, on the other, awakens the fierce hatred and scoffing blasphemy of the infidel world. Mary's name! How full of consolation and joy for the faithful mind! But, again, what a stumbling-block to the erring and unbelievers!

The Catholic people seize joyfully upon the conviction that Our Blessed Lady has appeared, and hope for some new exhibition of her inexhaustible goodness. An experience of over nineteen hundred years

teaches them that they are right in their expectations. Such revelations of the Mother of God are nothing new. Every generation has been more or less favored with them. And it is precisely this frequent intercourse of Mary with the Christian people that gives to the devotion to the Queen of Heaven that fervor and vivacity which is so great an obstacle to those outside the Church.

We are reminded again and again that the Mother of Our Lord is not only an historical personage, who dwelt on earth nineteen hundred years ago, but that the devotion offered to her, the fulness of virtue and grace admired in her, the glory and immense power of intercession ascribed to her, as well as the maternal solicitude with which she is said to relieve our misery,—all this is not a mere invention of pious fancy, but a truth that has become in the course of time self-evident.

The influence and results of this pious veneration of Mary in the development of civilization is thus admirably depicted by a distinguished modern author, the late Brother Azarias:

“This love and veneration for Mary has been in itself an educator and civilizer of the human race. The Church instituted festival after festival in her honor; each feast-day commemorated some new-found prerogative, some more clearly-seen virtue; men thereupon became more penetrated with a sense of the holiness and power of Mary, and sought to imitate her virtues and live up to the ideal they had formed of her perfect character. In doing this they were suppressing within themselves the brutal elements in their nature inherited from their barbarian ancestors. Their manners became more refined, their ways more gentle, their lives more holy and useful before God and men. Gradually through this sweet influence did they rise in the scale of civilization. It has aided materially in refining man; it has raised up woman in his estimation, and filled him with profound respect for the womanly character and for womanly virtues; it has caused chastity and virginity to be held in reverence; it has enshrined in a veil of delicacy and tenderness the modesty and purity and honor of mother, wife, sister, and daughter; it has taught men the worth of the domestic virtues that grace the Christian home; it has inspired the sentiment of pure love, and made holy the affections of maiden hearts; it has created the chivalry that made men gentle, pure and brave; it has nerved strong men and delicate women to organize themselves into religious orders and lead lives of self-denial and self-sacrifice in the service of God, under the banner of Mary Immaculate, and to live and die hymning her praises and imitating her heroic virtues. All this it has done because of Mary’s nearness to the Godhead.”

Nor are these and kindred facts proclaimed and proven by Catholic writers only; many of the most illustrious writers and historians outside of the Church, willingly admit and eloquently describe the debt of

modern civilization, the spiritualizing influence and elevating tendency of the devotion to Our Blessed Lady, as a type for all pure womanhood, and the patron of all those who aspire to and practice Christian virtue. Even in a secular sense wholly apart from spiritual perfection, this influence has been recognized as one of the greatest factors in the refining of and elevating of humanity, and the consequent progress of our race and the advance of civilization. Even those who reject Catholic truth, and deny the prerogatives of the Church are themselves the unconscious beneficiaries of the influence of Mary, exercised on the Christian world during the last twenty centuries. The late Mr. Lecky, one of the ablest and most erudite of modern historians, thus portrays this historic truth:

“The world is governed by its ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised more profound and, on the whole, a more salutary influence than the mediæval conception of the Blessed Virgin. For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness was recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave or the toy of man, no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and of sensuality, woman rose in the person of the Virgin Mother into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential homage, of which antiquity had no conception.

“The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was, for the first time, felt. A new type of character was called into being, a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh and ignorant and benighted age this ideal type infused a conception of gentleness and of purity unknown to the proudest generations of the past. In the pages of living tenderness which many a monkish writer has left in honor of his celestial patron; in the millions who, in many lands and in many ages, have sought, with no barren desire, to mould their characters into her image; in those holy maidens who, for the love of Mary, have separated themselves from all the glories and pleasures of the world, to seek in fasting and vigils and humble charity, to render themselves worthy of her benediction; in the new sense of honor; in the chivalrous respect; in the softening of manners; in the refinement of taste displayed in all the walks of society—in these and in many other ways we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered around it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization.”

The beneficent influence of the veneration of the blessed Virgin in contributing to holiness and purity in the home and family life, elicited the following noble and just tribute from the pen of the most penetrating and esthetic minds of our time, the late John Ruskin:

“Of the sentiments which in all ages have distinguished the gentleman from the churl, the first is that of reverence for womanhood.

which even through all the cruelties of the Middle Ages developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century, and became consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thoughts of that age. To the common non-Catholic mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have always been a violent offense; they are one of the parts of the Catholic faith which are open to reasonable dispute, and least comprehensive by the average realistic and materialistic temper of the Reformation. But, after the most careful examination, neither as adversary or friend, of the influence of Catholicity for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character.

"There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials, of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Israelite maiden: 'He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His Name.'"

Mary's name became a prayer upon the lips of every Irishman, and so it has remained to the present day. The domestic salutation even embraced the name of Mary. To this day, when giving utterance to their thoughts through the medium of the Irish language, they greet each other with those sweet words, "God and Mary be with you!" And the reply contains it as well, "God and Mary and Patrick be with you!"

The Poles called Mary the Great Queen, while Spain invokes her as the Immaculate Mother. England was styled by our forefathers Mary's Dowry, and France, Mary's Kingdom. Belgium placed the dear Images of Our Lady at the corners of all the streets in her towns, and Portugal made a decree ordering men to fast on Saturdays in her honor. In Hungary, as in Germany, great honors were decreed to Mary, while Italy may truly call itself the Blessed Mary's land, so full is it of churches and chapels dedicated to her. And in the United States there are over a thousand churches in honor of their glorious Patroness.

Mount St. Vincent, June 20, 1903.

MONSIGNOR BERNARD O'REILLY, D.D.,

Dr. Lit. Laval.,

Prothonotary Apostolic.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

To the most glorious Heavenly Queen,
Through whom all love and mercy flow;
To thee I dedicate these lines—
They tell of joys; thy tell of woes.

And if they draw one heart the more
To sing thy praises loud and sweet,
Then let me die—with joy escape
To lisp thy name at Jesus' feet.

William J. Walsh.



HIS work is the result of many years' labor in collecting, choosing and arranging material from every available source. It gives a chronological account of the Apparitions and principal Shrines of Our Blessed Lady in different countries.

The compiler places before the reader all that has been written on these subjects from time to time, with the sanction of the Church.

The object of the work is to bring before the faithful, more clearly, the love of the Blessed Virgin, the Queen of Heaven and Earth, her maternal love for us—banished children wandering wearily in this vale of tears. Her pure love, drawn from the heart of her Divine Son, is manifested in the description of her many Apparitions to faithful Catholics in different countries.

As may be seen the primitive Christians of the Roman Catacombs honored Our Blessed Lady, so do the Catholic Christians of our days, and so would our separated brethren if they knew her; for to know her is to love her.

Diligent attention has been given to bring all out in correct order of dates—time has been willingly spent—the most reliable Catholic authors have been referred to—spiritual works examined, and learned, and religious men consulted—all for one object: that of procuring more devoted children for her who is ever proving her maternal care for those who are struggling in this weary exile.

Though Apparitions of the Mother of God may be well known in the places in which they occurred, and be scarcely heard of in other countries, my intention is to place before the reader an account of the many Apparitions and Shrines, from the earliest ages of Christianity to the present time.

It is not through pride that I have undertaken this work, but in the belief that it is Our Blessed Lady's desire to have these manifestations universally known to all her devoted followers. In 1846, when the Blessed Virgin appeared to Maximin and Melanie on the mountain of La Salette, in France, before leaving them she said: "Well, my children, you will make this news known to all my people."

It is strange that some Catholics appear to be surprised when they hear of an Apparition of Our Blessed Lady, and they wish to know the cause of such a manifestation.

We read in the Holy Scriptures, that God always sent a warning to His erring people before He punished them. As an illustration: Jonas was sent to the Ninevites, and Daniel to the Babylonians. And in these latter days, our dear Mother comes for our protection, and tells us how to avert the just anger of God by repentance, and when she deigns to do so, it is intended for the guidance of her people in every country.

Sacred history tells that all the Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin—besides having one end, common to all, which is to open a new channel of graces and blessings to the faithful people amongst whom they took place—were directed to some special purposes—sometimes to excite repentance, by foretelling Divine chastisements; at other times to revive the fervor of languid faith; now to manifest the desire of Mary; again to show us the compassion the Blessed Virgin feels for our miseries, and to point out to us the remedies for them.

In 1876, an Apparition took place at Pellevoisin in France, and Our All-Merciful Mother amongst other things, said to her beloved servant Estelle:

"What afflicts me most is the want of respect shown by some people to My Divine Son in Holy Communion and the attitude which they assume at prayer when the mind is occupied by other things." "I am come in particular for the conversion of sinners." "The treasures of my Son are open; let them pray, and have confidence in me."

Many Catholics are careless about their eternal salvation; they attend

Church on Sundays, and when the holy Sacrifice of the Mass is finished, they go away, and during the week re-pass the Church, and enter not to receive that loving benediction ever ready to be poured on the devout worshipper; and our loving Redeemer complained to His favored servant, Margaret Mary Alacoque, saying: "The streets are crowded and the churches empty."

A special feature of the book is the choice and appropriate selection of poems and hymns, some of them specially written for this work; others are by the most celebrated writers in Europe and America, as will be seen some of the best poems are by the non-Catholic writers, who have contributed some of their choicest verses to the praise of Our Immaculate Mother. "Our tainted nature's solitary boast," as Wordsworth fittingly styles her.

Dear reader, it is my earnest desire that by perusing this work you should know more about Our Blessed Mother, and to assist in publishing her praises is to me a labor of love.

"Blessed are they who are bound by love and confidence to these two anchors of salvation—Jesus and Mary: They certainly shall not be lost."
—*St. Alphonsus Ligourie.*

May those pages written for the honor and glory of the most Immaculate Mother of God contribute in drawing souls to know, imitate, and love, more and more our dear Mother Mary, Our Life, our sweetness, and our Hope.

I am greatly indebted to many kind friends who have assisted me in various ways in the preparation of this work, especially publishers and authors who have given permission of making selections from their copyrighted works. Special acknowledgement is due to the kindness and courtesy of the following periodicals: "Ave Maria," "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," "Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs," "Rosary Magazine," "Irish Monthly," "Our Lady's Dowry," and "Lives of the Saints;" also to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., D. & J. Sadlier, P. J. Kenedy, W. R. Jenkins, Burns & Oates, London, and James Duffy & Co., Dublin, Ireland.

WILLIAM J. WALSH.

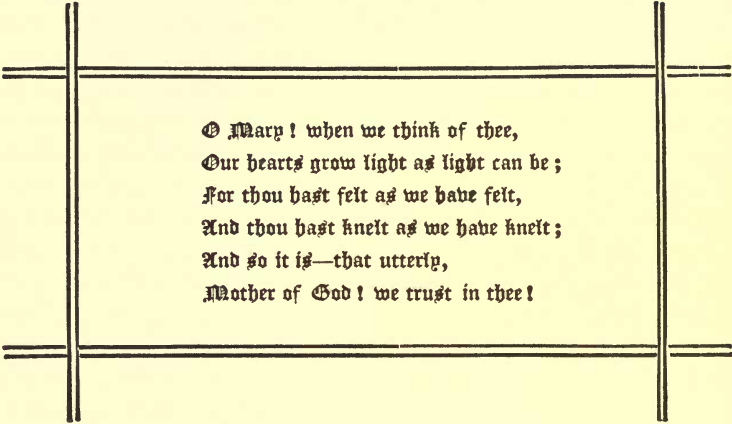
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© what were our life without Mary,
The cause of our hope and our joy,
Whose love is the one love enduring—
The love that hath never alloy?
© what were our life without Mary,
The spring-tide with promise replete?
She sows in our hearts, and then garneres,
And lays our life's fruit at God's feet.



O Mary ! when we think of thee,
Our hearts grow light as light can be ;
For thou hast felt as we have felt,
And thou hast knelt as we have knelt ;
And so it is—that utterly,
Mother of God ! we trust in thee !

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SCRIPTURAL LIFE

OF

HEAVEN'S BRIGHT QUEEN

Luke i, 5-80.



HERE was in the days of Herod the King of Judea, a certain priest named Zachary, of the course of Abia, and his wife was of the daughters of Aaron, and her name Elizabeth. And they were both *just before God*, walking in all the commandments and justifications of the Lord without blame. And they had no son; for that Elizabeth was barren, and they both were well advanced in years. And it came to pass, that while he executed the priestly office before God, in the order of his course, according to the custom of the priestly office, it was his lot to offer incense, going into the temple of the Lord. And all the multitude of the people was praying without, at the hour of incense. And there appeared to him an angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense. And Zachary seeing him, was troubled, and fear fell upon him; but the angel said to him, Fear not, Zachary, for thy prayer is heard, and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son; and thou shalt call his name John; and thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth; for he shall be great before the Lord; and shall drink no wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb; and he shall convert many of the children of Israel, to the Lord their God: and he shall go before Him, in the spirit and power of Elias; that he may turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the incredulous to the wisdom of the just, to prepare for the Lord a perfect people. And Zachary said to the angel: Whereby shall I know this; for I am an old man, and my wife advanced in years. And the angel answering said to him: I am Gabriel who stand before God; and am sent to speak to thee, and to bring to thee these good tidings. And, *behold thou shalt be dumb*, and shalt not be able to speak until the day wherein these

things shall come to pass; because thou hast not believed my words, which shall be fulfilled in their time. And the people were waiting for Zachary; and they wondered that he stayed so long in the temple. And when he came out he could not speak to them: and they understood that he had seen a vision in the temple. And he made signs to them and remained dumb.

And it came to pass after the days of his office were accomplished, that he departed to his own house. And after those days his wife Elizabeth conceived, and hid herself five months, saying: Thus hath the Lord dealt with me in the days wherein He hath regard to take away my reproach among men.

Now Elizabeth's full time of being delivered was come, and she brought forth a son. And her neighbors and kinsfolks heard that the Lord had showed His great mercy towards her, and they congratulated her. And it came to pass, that on the eighth day they came to circumcise the child, and they called him by his father's name, Zachary. And his mother, answering, said: Not so; but he shall be called John. And they said to her: There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name. And they made signs to his father, how he would have him called. And, demanding a writing table, he wrote, saying: John is his name. And they all wondered. And immediately his mouth was opened, and his tongue loosed, and he spoke, blessing God. And fear came upon all their neighbors; and all these things were noised abroad over all the hill-country of Judea. And all they that heard them laid them up in their hearts, saying: What an one, think ye, shall this child be? For the hand of the Lord was with him.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST



EIGHT days later he was circumcised with all the solemnity befitting one so favored by God, and given the name John, which signifies filled with grace. It was the Angel Gabriel who appeared to Zachary in the Temple and told him to call the boy John, just as he told the Blessed Virgin a few months later to call the offspring of her womb Jesus. At length, when the ceremony of circumcising John was over, the tongue of Zachary was loosened, and he broke forth into that beautiful hymn which is recited by every priest in his daily office :

“Blessed be Lord God of Israel, because He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people:
And hath raised up an horn of salvation to us in the house of David,
His servant,” etc.

The Evangelists tell us nothing of that period intervening between the childhood of John and the time he came forth from the desert “preaching the baptism of penance for the remission of sin,” except that he was strengthened in spirit, and was in the desert until the day of his manifestation to Israel.

Origen, the great Biblical scholar, speaks thus of the Baptist’s sojourn in the desert: “He went into the desert, where the air was more pure, the heavens more open, and God more familiar, till the time of his preaching was come, that he might employ himself in prayer and in the company of the angels. He had neither scrip nor servant, nor so much as a poor cottage to shelter himself from the inclemency of the weather.”

St. Jerome says: “Neither the tenderness nor the riches of his devout parents could hold him in their plentiful house amid dangers from the world. He lived in the desert and disdained to behold other things with eyes which coveted to see Christ. His raiment was coarse, his food locusts and wild honey, all of which things were conducive to virtue and continency.”

John prepared himself for his mission then, not in the Temple, as one might expect, but in the heart of the Judean deserts, where he led a life of the greatest austerity, practising the virtues of silence, prayer and mortification almost to an heroic degree. We are told that he never used strong drink and that his food was locusts and wild honey. Now, locusts were something akin to our grasshoppers, and were used as a course of food in Oriental countries. Wild honey could be had in large quantities in the deserts of Judea.

John came forth from the desert to begin his mission when he was almost thirty years old, at that time when Tiberius was emperor and Caiaphas and Annas held sway in the priesthood. He came unannounced, but his preaching soon attracted the people, and so affected them that vast multitudes presented themselves for baptism.

There was something about his face and manner which made them feel that he was a holy man. Some thought he was the Messiah whom the Jewish people were then expecting, others that he was Elias. But he was neither Messiah nor Elias, but the voice of one crying in the wilderness: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight His paths." He was a prophet, and more than a prophet, for other prophets simply foretold the coming of the Messiah, but he pointed out the Messiah, went before Him to prepare the Jewish people for His coming, and finally baptized Him in the Jordan.

He was not clad in the rich and costly garments of the Pharisees, but in the garment of the poorest prophet. His garment was of camel's hair, caught around the waist with a leathern girdle; he wore a long beard, and always appeared bareheaded and barefooted. He did not remain preaching and baptizing in any one place, but went into all the country around the Jordan.

It was probably when John was at the height of his missionary career that Christ came from Galilee to the Jordan to be baptized. Although Christ and John were relatives, yet John probably did not know Christ, for Christ grew up in Galilee, while the Baptist grew up in the desert, and there was

very little opportunity of them meeting. When John saw Christ he immediately recognized His superiority, and refused to baptize Him, saying that he ought to be baptized by Christ instead of Christ being baptized by him. However, at Christ's request, John baptized Him, and as He was leaving the water or had come out of the water: "Behold a voice from Heaven, saying: This is my beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased."

If the Baptist had any doubt as to whether this was the Messiah or not, surely it must have disappeared when he saw the Holy Ghost coming down upon Christ and heard the voice saying: "This is my beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased." —Matt. iii, 17.

John continued his mission of preaching and baptizing until he was arrested by Herod Antipas, the Tetrarch of Galilee. Wherever he went he freely condemned the evils committed by the people, whether rich or poor, and Herod Antipas came in for his share. It seems that Herod Antipas cast aside his faithful wife and endeavored to contract a marriage with Herodias, his brother's wife, while his brother was yet alive. John so openly condemned this adulterous marriage that he evoked the intense anger of Herodias, who sought every opportunity to get revenge. It was not many months after the imprisonment of the Baptist that her desire for revenge was satiated. Herod gave a banquet, at which her daughter danced so well and afforded him so much pleasure that he swore before all present that he would grant her anything she desired, even if it was half the kingdom. He probably thought she would ask for jewels or something of that sort, but never dreamt that she would ask for the head of the Baptist. However, at the instigation of her mother and to the great surprise of Herod, she asked for the head of the Baptist, saying: "I will that thou forthwith give me in a charger the head of John the Baptist."

This request the impious Herod granted, being too cowardly to refuse, since he had previously sworn before the whole assembly that she should have whatever she desired. So with a sad heart he ordered the execution of John the Baptist.

It was not long after the orders were given for the execu-

tion of the Baptist that his pure soul soared heavenward, there to enjoy forever the beatific vision of a Triune God. Such was the termination of the career of that man who was sanctified in his mother's womb and whom our Saviour called His angel; that man who baptized the King of Glory and was the first preacher of penance and the Kingdom of God; finally, that man who was a virgin, the illustrious model of all virgins, the spring of chastity and the mirror of purity. There were other great saints and prophets remarkable for their virtues and holiness of life, but none have surpassed this truly great man.

"Amongst those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist."—Luke vii, 28.



JUDEA—PALESTINE

And through the East shall ring her name,
And Mahomet himself proclaim
In these mysterious words her fame:
"Speak, Koran! tell how Mary, wise,
Entered the temple at sunrise,
And veiled herself from mortal eyes."

Eleanor C. Donnelly.



T. ANNE, the mother of the ever Immaculate Virgin Mary, was the spouse of St. Joachim. Her parents were both of the royal house of David, and their lives were wholly occupied in prayer and good works. One thing only was wanting to their union—they were childless, and this was held as a bitter misfortune among the Jews. They were already far advanced in years when God bestowed upon them that illustrious daughter whom all generations were to call blessed. From an early age they dedicated this cherished child to the service of the altar of the Lord. Mary was three years old when Anne and Joachim led her up the Temple* steps, saw her pass by herself into the inner sancturary, and then saw her no more. Tradition tells us that Joachim died soon after the presentation of the Infant Mary in the Temple, but St. Anne lived until her wonderful daughter was eleven years old. As the epitome of the Blessed Virgin's sanctity is given in those few words: "Mary, of whom was born Jesus," so the holiness of the spouse of St. Joachim may find expression in one brief but significant phrase: "Anne, of whom was born the Mother of God."

*It was not uncommon among the Jews for parents to present their children in this way, and there were special apartments in the buildings of the Temple for such children. Mary, then remained there several years, spending her time in learning, reading the Holy Scriptures, working in the service of the house of God, and in prayer. At the age of fifteen, as many writers think, she was espoused to her kinsman, Joseph. Both she and Joseph were "of the house and family of David."

GIRLHOOD OF MARY.

This is that blessed Mary, pre-elect
 God's Virgin. Gone is a great while, and she
 Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.
 Unto God's will she brought devout respect,
 Profound simplicity of intellect,
 And supreme patience. From her mother's knee
 Faithful and hopeful; wise in charity;
 Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect.

So held she through her girlhood; as it were
 An angel-watered lily, that near God
 Grows and is quiet. Till, one dawn at home,
 She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
 At all—yet wept till sunshine and felt awed:
 Because the fulness of the time was come.

Times are the symbols, on that cloth of red
 I' the centre is the Tripoint: perfect each,
 Except the second of its points to teach
 That Christ is not yet born. The book whose head

Is golden Charity as Paul hath said—
 Those virtues are wherein the soul is rich,
 Therefore on them the Lily standeth, which
 Is innocence, being interpreted.

The seven-thorn'd briar and the palm—seven-leaved
 Are her great sorrow and her great reward.
 Until the end be full, the Holy One
 Abides without. She soon shall have achieved
 Her perfect purity: yea God the Lord
 Shall soon vouchsafe His Son to be her Son.

Dante G. Rossetti.



THE ANNUNCIATION

Luke i, 26-38.

"Fiat!" The flaming word
Flashed, as the brooding Bird,
Uttered the doom far-heard,
Of Death and Night.

"Fiat!" A cloistered womb—
A sealed, untainted tomb—
Wakes to the birth and bloom
Of Life and Light!

Rev. John B. Tabb.



IN the sixth month, from the time that the Angel appeared to Zachary, telling him that his wife was to have a son, St. John the Baptist, the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the Virgin's name was Mary.

While this humble virgin was deeply absorbed in prayer, suddenly the Angel Gabriel entered her chamber, and said to her: "Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou amongst women!"

When Mary heard these strange and, to her, startling words, she became exceedingly troubled, not knowing what they could mean. But the angel hastened to relieve her anxiety by telling her that God had sent him to announce the coming of the Messiah, and that she had been chosen to be His Mother. When Mary objected that she was a Virgin, and knew not man, the angel bade her fear not: "For the Holy Ghost would come upon her, and the power of the Most High would overshadow her, and the Holy One that should be born of her should be called the Son of God." To confirm his words, Gabriel told her that her cousin Elizabeth had also conceived a son in her old age. When Mary understood the great things God proposed to do in her, she no longer opposed the Divine

Will, but gave her consent, by saying: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word." And the angel departed from her.

The same moment she consented, she became the Mother of God.

THE ANNUNCIATION

Gabriel from the Heaven descending,
 On the faithful Word attending,
 Is in holy converse blending
 With the Virgin full of grace:
 That good word and sweet he plighteth
 In the bosom where it lighteth,
 And for Eva Ave writeth,
 Changing Eva's name and race.

At the promise that he sendeth
 God the Incarnate Word descendeth;
 Yet no carnal touch offendeth
 Her the undefiled one,
 She without a father, beareth,
 She no bridal union shareth
 And a painless birth declareth
 That she bore the Royal Son.

Tale that wondering search entices!
 But believe—and that suffices;
 It is not for man's devices
 Here to pry with gaze unmeet:
 High the sign, its place assuming
 In the bush the unconsuming,
 Mortal, veil thine eyes presuming,
 Loose thy shoes from off thy feet.

Bless'd is the womb that bore Him—bless'd
 The bosom where His lips were press'd,
 But rather bless'd are they
 Who hear His word and keep it well,
 The living homes where Christ shall dwell,
 And never pass away.

Adam of St. Victor.

THE VISITATION

Luke i, 39-56.

And blessed Mary rose and went her way
To Judah, 'mid whose verdant hills there lay,
The home of Zacharias, there to greet
With rev'rent salutation, and repeat
To Saint Elizabeth her secret strange and sweet.

Guild of the Holy Cross.



AFTER the angel left her, Mary hastened to visit her cousin. And she entered into the house of Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth. And it came to pass, that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, and she cried out with a loud voice and said: "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? For behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy. And blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord." And Mary said: "My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me: and holy is His name. And His mercy is from generation unto generations, to them that fear Him. He hath shown might in His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away. He hath received Israel His servant, being mindful of His mercy. As He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and his seed forever."*

*His Holiness, Leo XIII., by a Rescript of the S. Cong. of Ind., Sept. 20, 1879, granted to all the faithful who, with at least contrite heart and devotion, shall recite the Canticle of the blessed Virgin Mary; an Indulgence of one hundred days, once a day. See *Raccolta* of 1892, p. 476.

Mary remained about three months with Elizabeth; after which she returned to her own humble home at Nazareth, where she gave herself up to prayer, and the duties of her house.

THE REVELATION TO ST. JOSEPH

Matthew i, 18-25.

When Joseph discovered the condition of his wife Mary, he was very much troubled, and, not understanding the deep mystery that surrounded her, resolved to put her away secretly. Whilst he was thus debating the matter with himself, the angel of the Lord appeared to him in sleep and told him to fear not, for Mary had become a mother by the overshadowing power of God; and, moreover, the angel bade him call the child that would be born of her, Jesus—that is to say, Saviour. Joseph did as he was commanded.

VISITATION OF THE B. V. MARY

Whither thus, in holy rapture
 Royal Maiden, art Thou bent!
 Why so fleetly art Thou speeding
 Up the mountain's rough ascent?
 Fill'd with the eternal Godhead!
 Glowing with the Spirit's flame!
Love it is that bears Thee onward,
 And supports thy tender flame.
 Lo! thine aged cousin claims Thee,
 Claims thy sympathy and care;
 God her shame from her hath taken;
 He hath heard her fervent prayer.
Blessed Mothers! joyful meeting!
 Thou in her, the hand of God,
 She in Thee, with lips inspired,
 Owns the Mother of her Lord.
 Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
 Be to Thee, O Virgin, Son!
 With the Father and the Spirit
 While eternal ages run.

Rev. Edward Caswall.

THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD
BETHLEHEM—JUDEA

Luke ii, 1-19.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For the holy sages once did sing—
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

John Milton.

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be enrolled. This enrollment first began in Judea, and everyone was required to go to his family city, there to be enrolled. It was thus Joseph and Mary, being descendants of David, were forced to go to Bethlehem, the city of David.

And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the Inn. And there were in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the night watches over their flocks. And behold an Angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And thē Angel of the Lord said to them: Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest: and on earth peace to men of good

will. And it came to pass, after the Angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us.

And they came with haste, and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger. And seeing, they understood the word that had been spoken concerning this Child. And all that heard them wondered; and at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart.

CHRISTMAS

No tramp of marching armies
 No banners flaming far;
 A lamp within a stable,
 And in the sky a Star.

The midnight azure rifted,
 And bent in level flight,
 The mighty host of seraphim
 Blaze out in Heaven's light.

The soft gray silence shivers,
 And quivers wide apart,
 At thrill of lofty chorals,
 Flung straight from Heaven's heart.

Their hymns of peace and gladness
 To earth the Angels brought,
 Their Gloria in Excelsis
 To earth the Angels taught;

When in the lowly manger
 The Holy Mother Maid
 In tender adoration
 Her Babe of Heaven laid.

Thenceforth through endless ages
 Full meed of joy and mirth
 To flow in song and greetings
 Around the Christ-Child's birth.

Born lowly in the darkness,
And none so poor as He,
The little children of the poor
His very own shall be.

No rush of hostile armies then
But just the huddling sheep;
The angels singing of the Christ,
And all the world asleep.

No flame of conquering banners,
No legends sent afar;
A lamp within a stable,
And in the sky a Star!

Margaret E. Sangster.





THE PURIFICATION

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THE PURIFICATION

Luke ii, 22-35.

I envy those two turtle-doves
Sweet Mother, held by thee,
My heart thy journey sees and loves
Thy follower to be.
But ah! thou goest forth to meet
The Sword, and is my heart
Enough like thine to make it beat
Exultant for its part?



AFTER the days of her purification, according to the law of Moses, were accomplished, they carried Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord. As it is written in the law of the Lord: Every male opening the womb shall be called holy to the Lord. And to offer a sacrifice according as it is written in the law of the Lord, a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons. And behold, there was a man in Jerusalem named Simeon, and this man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel, and the Holy Ghost was in him. And he had received an answer from the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Christ of the Lord. And he came by the Spirit into the Temple. And when his parents brought in the Child Jesus to do for Him according to the custom of the Law, he also took Him into his arms and blessed God, and said: Now dost Thou dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy Word in peace. Because mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all the people. A light to the enlightening of the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel.¹ And His father and mother were wondering at those things which were spoken concerning Him. And Simeon blessed them and said to Mary His Mother: Behold! this Child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted; and thine own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed.²

While Simeon was speaking, a prophetess, Ann, entered the Temple. She also took the Child in her arms, and praising God, went forth publishing the news to all who were looking for the redemption of Israel.

THE PURIFICATION

'A maiden, young, and fair, and sweet,
With flowing robe and sandaled feet,
And veiled head comes down Juda's street.

To greet her steps the lilies spring,
And gladly die if they may bring,
To her pure feet an offering.

One hand against her side is pressed;
Two doves lie there as in a nest,
Lightly by other hand caressed.

O, happy doves! to nestling lie,
Beneath the glance of Mary's eye,
To Mary's tender heart so nigh.

Thus she whom angels hold in awe,
In whom God could allow no flaw,
Came in obedience to the law.

And every year as ages wane,
With saintly mien to holy fane,
We see the Mother come again.

Each year before our mystic sight,
Her young face filled with heavenly light,
She smiles upon the doves, snow-white.

And with each cycle that is told,
God's messages to man unfold;
We read anew the lessons old.

Mother of God! help us to see,
With clearer faith thy majesty;
Teach us thy sweet humility.

Elizabeth A. Tully.

THE ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN

Matthew ii, I-II.

Knelt the Magi round His bed,
Bowed low each proudest head;
Mary, Mother, pondered.
Gold and Frankincense and Myrrh,
They the wise and great confer,
Jesus mild look up to her.

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

WHEN Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Juda, in the days of King Herod, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His Star in the East, and are come to adore Him. And King Herod, hearing this, was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And assembling together all the chief priests and the scribes of the people, he inquired of them where Christ should be born. But they said to him: "In Bethlehem of Juda, for so it is written by the prophet (Micheas). And thou, Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall comè forth the Captain that shall rule My people Israel.' Then Herod privately calling the wise men, learned diligently of them the time of the star which appeared to them; and sending them into Bethlehem, said: "Go and inquire diligently after the Child, and when you have found Him, bring me word again, that I also may come and adore Him." Who having heard the King went their way; and behold! the star which they had seen in the East, went before them, and it came and stood over where the Child was. And seeing the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the house they found the Child with Mary His mother, and falling down they adored Him; and opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And having received an answer in sleep that they should not return to Herod, they went back another way into their own country.

Herod, seeing the Magi did not return to him, he became very angry, and, resolving to destroy this new-born King, ordered all the children in Bethlehem and the country round to be put to death. He foolishly thought Jesus would surely be killed among the rest, little thinking how easily God could shield Him.

OUR LORD'S COMING.

"No sudden thing of glory and fear
Was the Lord's coming; but the dear
Slow nature's days followed each other
To form the Saviour from His Mother
—One of the children of the year.

"The earth, the rain, received the trust,
The sun and dews to frame the just.
He drew His daily life from these,
According to His own decrees
Who makes man from the fertile dust.

"Sweet summer and the winter wild,
These brought Him forth, the Undeiled.
The happy Springs renewed again
His daily bread, the growing grain,
The food and raiment of the Child."

Mrs. Alice M. Eynell

PRACTICE IN HONOR OF MARY

BY ST. GERTRUDE, O. S. B.

Specially honor the mystery of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, which does so much to honor Mary. St. Gertrude having addressed herself to the Blessed Virgin, on the day of the Annunciation, in order to learn how she might best celebrate that festival, she ordered her to recite the Hail Mary 277 times every day during the octave, to honor the number of days during which she had carried in her womb the Incarnate Word; that practice pleasing her no less than if she had served her during those nine months.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

Matthew ii, 13-15, 19-23.

Then by the dark Egyptian river,
Joseph, the Mother, and the marvelous Child,
Heard the chill night-wind softly quiver
In the tall palms or o'er the sandfields wild.

Rev. F. W. Faber.



AFTER the wise men were departed, behold an Angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: "Arise, and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt: and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him." The holy man obeys the mandate. The poor sick mother is placed upon the ass, and at midnight they steal away and flee into the wilderness. At the present time a journey from Bethlehem to Egypt is a hazardous affair. Napoleon lost a third of his army in the burning sands, and how did Joseph and his suffering charge escape? No miracle was wrought in their favor, in fact, no miracle was ever wrought to relieve the Holy Family from poverty and suffering.

We may picture to ourselves the tall old patriarch, with uncombed beard and hair, wrapped in a patched cloak, and with bare feet bleeding from contact with the sharp stones, limping along by the ass's side, while Mary and the Child sat patiently on the poor beast as the burning sand flew in gusts around them, or sometimes when faint, taken down from their perch and seated in the ass's shadow; for in the desert to get in the shadow of a beast, when the broiling sun is overhead, is a luxury that cannot be appreciated in our country.

Some travelers crossing the desert saw a brilliant light proceeding apparently from the Sphinx. Knowing that the altar of the sun stood there, they asked of one another in amaze: "Can the people be sacrificing again to the sun?" And when they drew nearer they saw that a little group of wanderers was resting beneath the shadow of the mystery of the desert. A

man of middle age, dusky and travel-stained, was feeding a small gray ass, while on the arms of the Sphinx rested a young woman holding an Infant to her breast. The radiant light which had dazzled them shone from the face of the young Child with a great and exceeding brilliancy. Now, the travelers going on their way, were filled with awe and astonishment. Yet they did not know that they had beheld the "Light of the World."

Did you ever see the lovely picture of "The Rest in Egypt," by Oliveier-Merson? It is night. The Sphinx is gazing out, with its cold, stony gaze over darkened Egypt, which so long has failed to give answer to its question. But between the Sphinx's arms are pillowed the Mother and Child, while Joseph sleeps peacefully on the sand near by. And as we look we understand the moral of the scene; the Sphinx's question has found its answer; the mighty question, the question above all questions, What is man, what his origin, his destiny, his duty? is answered by the dear Jesus, who slumbers so sweetly in Mary's arms.—*Bishop Keane.*

THE SPHINX

All day I watch the stretch of burning sand,
 All night I brood beneath the golden stars;
 Amid the silence of a desolate land,
 No touch of bitterness my reverie mars.

Built by the proudest of a kingly line,
 Over my head the centuries fly fast;
 The secrets of the mighty dead are mine;
 I hold the key of a forgotten past.

Yet, ever hushed into a rapturous dream,
 I see again that night. A halo mild
 Shone from the liquid moon. Beneath her beam
 Traveled a tired young Mother and her Child.

Within mine arms she slumbered, and alone
 I watched the Infant. At my feet her guide
 Lay stretched o'er wearied. On my breast of stone
 Rested the Crucified.

Agnes Repplier.

THE RETURN FROM EGYPT

Matthew ii, 19-23.

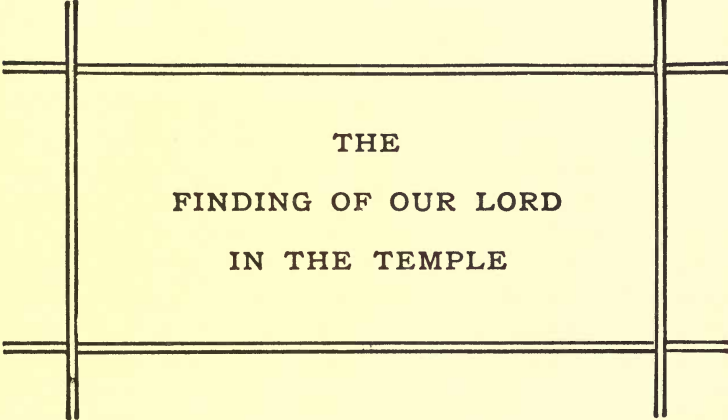
God revealed in aspect mild!
Virgin-Mother undefiled!
Guardian of the Holy Child!
Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

BUT when Herod was dead, an Angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph, saying: Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and return to the land of Israel; for they are dead who sought the Child's life. And he arose, and took the Child and His Mother and came into the land of Israel. But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in the place of his father, Herod, he was afraid to go thither. And he went into a city called Nazareth; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene.

THE MEMORARE OF ST. JOSEPH

Remember, O most benignant, most amiable, most meek, most merciful Father, St. Joseph, that St. Teresa assures us that she never had recourse to thy protection in vain. Animated with the same confidence, O my beloved St. Joseph, I have recourse to thee and, sighing out my numerous sins before thee, I cast myself at thy feet. O most merciful Father, do not reject my humble prayer, but hear and grant my petition. Amen.

300 days' Indulgence. Plenary once a month.



THE
FINDING OF OUR LORD
IN THE TEMPLE

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THE FINDING OF OUR LORD IN THE TEMPLE

Luke ii, 41-51.

O Mother, dry those bitter tears!
O Mother, grieve no more!
Thy child, thy Jesus, is not lost;
That weary search is o'er.

He stood amidst the wondering scribes
His Father's work to do,
But now returns to dwell for years
With Joseph and with you.

G. F.



AND His parents went every year to Jerusalem, at the solemn day of the Pasch. And when He was twelve years old, they going up into Jerusalem, according to the custom of the feast, and having fulfilled the days, when they returned, the Child Jesus remained in Jerusalem: and His parents knew it not. And thinking that He was in the company, they came a day's journey, and sought Him among their kinsfolks and acquaintance. And not finding Him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking Him. And it came to pass, that after three days they found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom and His answers. And seeing Him, they wondered. And His Mother said to Him: Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing. And He said to them: How is it that you sought Me? Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business? And they understood not the word that He spoke unto them. And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and was subject to them.

CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

With His Mother, who partakes thy woe,
Joseph, turn back: see, where your Child doth sit
Blowing, yea, blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which Himself on those doctors did bestow.

The Word but lately could not speak: and lo,
 It suddenly speaks wonders. Whence comes it,
 That All which was, and All which would be, writ
 A shallow-seeming Child should deeply know?
 His Godhead was not soul to His Manhood;
 Nor had time mellowed Him to this ripeness;
 But as for one which hath long tasks, 'tis good
 With the sun to begin his business,
 He, in His age's morning, thus began
 By miracles exceeding power of man.

John Donne.

INNOCENCE RESCUED

Above the doorway of an old church in Barcelona is an image of the Immaculate Conception with the face of Our Lady slightly turned, the eyes expressing the most tender pity, the features moulded in a sweet, sad smile. Centuries ago a poor weaver and his mother were working together one night, when the screams of a miserly neighbor attracted their attention, and Severo, against the will of his aged mother, ran over to offer help. He soon returned pale and scared, the miser had been murdered,—the officers were upon him—had found his scissors which he had dropped on the way—trial and conviction followed,—prayers and entreaties and protests of innocence were of no avail; how the poor mother prayed in Santa Maria del Mar!—Alianor the mother of a good son. The day of execution came, Severo was led away by the soldiers. As he passed the Church of St. Mary he begged to pray there—what an appeal to her protection? How trustingly he told her of his innocence! With what astonishment the crowd of people beheld the image of the Blessed Virgin, which had its head raised heavenward, turn toward the condemned man with a look of compassion, and so remains to this day. Severo was declared innocent and continued a pious son of Mary to the end of a long life in God's service.

MARY'S POWER WITH HER SON

John ii, 1-11.

With voice of firm command
 She bade the servants stand
 And do His bidding; then, without a word
 They knew their Master and His power adored.

Then, without word or sign,
 The water turned to wine;
 The wine blushed red within the circling cup,
 While mortals with their God were called to sup.

J. Oliver Smith, in "The Christ."



HERE was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the Mother of Jesus was there. And Jesus also was invited, and His disciples, to the marriage. And the wine failing, the Mother of Jesus saith to Him: They have no wine. And Jesus saith to her: Woman, what is it to Me and to thee? My hour is not yet come. His Mother saith to the waiters: Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye. Now, there were set there six water-pots of stone, according to the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three measures apiece. Jesus saith to them: Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled up to the brim. And Jesus saith to them: Draw out now, and carry to the chief steward of the feast. And they carried it. And when the chief steward had tasted the water made wine, and knew not whence it was, but the waiters knew who had drawn the water; the chief steward calleth the bridegroom, and saith to him: Every man at first setteth forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee; and manifested His glory, and His disciples believed in Him.

MARY AT CANA OF GALILEE

In silent thought
 He sat beside the Mother; and around
 The revellers were merry, thinking nought
 Of Him; and high the sound

Of mirth and happiness and festal glee
 Rose from the village hall of humble Galilee.
 She gazed on Him;
 And knew that, underneath that fragile frame,
 The God who sits between the cherubim,
 Girded about with flame,
 Restrained his swelling Godhead, in the hem
 Of that weak fleshly garb revealed at Bethlehem.
 She watched His eye,
 And saw it kindle when the wine ran low,
 As oft times at her breast in infancy,
 In still and steady glow,
 Her God had gazed on her from that calm face,
 And eye to eye her soul refreshed its stores of grace.
 "'Tis not yet come,
 Woman, Mine hour, when I must tread alone
 The wine-press of My vintage. Though My home
 I leave to seek mine own,
 The Woman's Seed, ere ripened, must abide
 The resurrection Sun of God's warm Easter-tide."
 "Fill full the cup,"
 And the thin water blushes into wine,
 To find its meaner substance brimming up
 Round the creative Vine;
 And the low whisper steals around the board:
 "Our Guest is God; 'tis our Creator; 'tis the Lord."

Gerard Moultrie.

HEAVENLY TRINITY ON EARTH

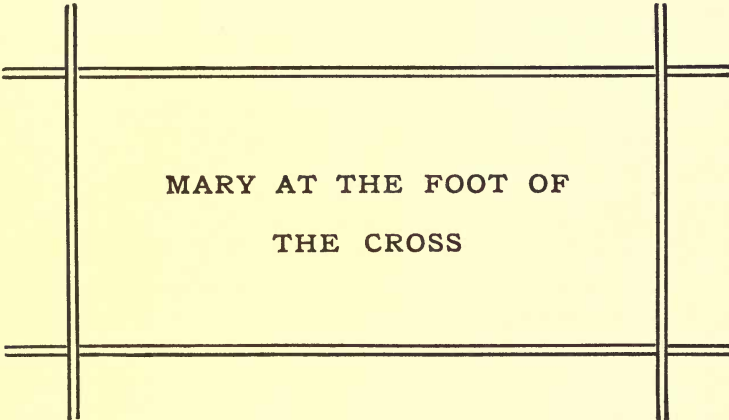
"We know not the details of that sweet, hidden life at Nazareth, but we do know that Mary's must have been a happy home. Everything in and about it was made holy and serene by her presence. She left nothing undone for the comfort of the strong, chaste spouse who held out to her the shield of his protecting arm. There was naught in the whole range of household duties—the household duties, be it remembered, of a poor man's wife—to which she did not put her blessed hands, and which she did not accomplish in a cheerful spirit and in the best manner possible. She anticipated his material wants and personal comforts; she soothed his spirit under trial and trouble; she

brought him balm for soul and body amid the weariness and fatigue of the labors; she shed through his home the sunshine that comes of holiness of life, and cheerfulness of disposition,—complete abandonment to the will of her Heavenly Father. And in the pursuance of her daily round of duties she sanctified herself more and more, and rendered herself less unworthy of being the special creation of God for the specially great work for which He had chosen her.”

For thirty years Christ lived with Mary and Joseph and thus formed a shadow of the Heavenly Trinity on earth. O! the perfection of that sympathy which existed between the three! Not a look of one but the other two understood as expressed in a thousand words; nay, more than understood; accepted, echoed, corroborated. It was like three instruments absolutely in tune which all vibrate when one vibrates, and vibrate either one and the same note or in perfect harmony.

CARDINAL H. NEWMAN.





MARY AT THE FOOT OF
THE CROSS

Private Use Only

MARY AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS

John xix, 25-27.

At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.
Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Lo, the piercing sword had passed.



HERE stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother, and Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen. When Jesus therefore had seen His Mother and the disciple, standing, whom He loved, He saith to His Mother, Woman, behold thy Son. After that, He saith to the disciple, Behold thy Mother. And from that hour the disciple took her to his own.

There Stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother.—The sword of sorrow, foretold by Simeon, was now piercing Mary's heart, as with heroic bravery she stood at the foot of the Cross and witnessed the death agony of her beloved Son.

Thine Own Soul a Sword Shall Pierce.—Simeon here foretells the bitter sorrow that Mary was to suffer through her Son. The prophecy was fulfilled more particularly on Mount Calvary, when Mary stood by the Cross and saw Him Whom she loved so tenderly as her God and her Son, dying in such pain and disgrace. "Great as the sea was her sorrow." For this reason the Church calls her Queen of Martyrs.

Woman, Behold Thy Son.—There is something very solemn in these words, almost the last of the dying Saviour. Mary is now established as "the Mother of all living," as she is styled by many of the Fathers. St. Augustine says: "She was clearly the Mother of His members, which we are, for she took part in causing that the faithful should be born in the Church, and they

are members of the head (Christ);”* and Origen declares that “no one can arrive at the true meaning of the Gospels, without reclining on the breast of Jesus (that is, being like St. John) and receiving, from Jesus, Mary to be his Mother also.”† Truly, as we call Jesus our Elder Brother, for He is “the first-born among many brethren,” in the same way may we call Mary our Mother.

The Disciple Took Her to His Own.—From that time Mary dwelt with St. John and was to him as a Mother, and he took care of her like a son. We do not read in the Gospels that our Lord ever appeared to His Mother after His Resurrection; but as St. John tells us,‡ “there are also many other things which Jesus did, that are not written,” and we cannot think that He Who commanded us to “honor our father and our mother,” would Himself leave His widowed Mother, who for His sake had been so sorely afflicted, without consolation. He showed Himself to Mary Magdalen twice, and also to other women, and it is only natural to believe that on His Resurrection He went at once to His Mother, that she who had borne a chief part in the sorrows of His Passion, should be gladdened by the sight of His glory. And how great must have been Mary’s joy that Easter morning, when, “according to the multitude of sorrows in her heart, His consolations brought joy to her soul!”§

THE APPARITION OF JESUS TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

O Queen of Sorrows! raise thine eyes;
See! the first light of dawn is there;
The hour is come, and thou must end
Thy Forty Hours of lonely prayer.

Day dawns; it brightens on the hill:
New grace, new powers within her wake,
Lest the full tide of joy should crush
The heart that sorrow could not break.

**De Virgin.* n. 6. †*In Joan.* i. ‡St. John xxi. 25. §Psalm xciii.

Oh never yet had Acts of Hope
Been offered to the throne on high,
Like those that died on Mary's lip,
And beamed from out her glistening eye.

Hush! there is silence in her heart,
Deeper than when Saint Gabriel spoke,
And upon midnight's tingling ear
The blessed Ave sweetly broke.

Ah me! what wondrous change is this!
What trembling floods of noiseless light!
Jesus, before His Mother stands,
Jesus, all beautiful and bright.

He comes! He comes! and will she run
With freest love her Child to greet?
He came! and she, His creature, fell
Prostrate at her Creator's Feet.

He raised her up; He pressed her head
Gently against His wounded Side;
He gave her spirit strength to bear
The sight of Jesus glorified.

From out His Eyes, from out His Wounds,
A power of awful beauty shone;
Oh how the speechless Mother gazed
Upon the glory of her Son!

She could not doubt; 'twas truly He
Who had been with her from the first,—
The very Eyes, the Mouth, the Hair,
The very Babe whom she had nursed.

Her burden o'er the desert sand
The helpmate of her toils,—'twas He,
He by whose deathbed she had stood
Long hours beneath the bleeding Tree.

His crimson Wounds, they shone like suns,
His beaming Hand was raised to bless;
The sweetness of His voice had hushed
The angels into silentness.

His sacred Flesh like spirit glowed,
Glowed with immortal beauty's might:
His smiles were like the virgin rays
That sprang from new-created light.

When wilt thou drink that beauty in?
Mother! when wilt thou satisfy
With those adoring looks of love
The thirst of thine ecstatic eye?

Not yet, not yet, thy wondrous joy
Is filled to its mysterious brim;
Thou hast another sight to see
To which this vision is but dim!

Jesus into His Mother's heart
A special gift of strength did pour,
That she might bear what none had borne
Amid the sons of earth before.

Oh let not words be bold to tell
What in the Mother's heart was done,
When for a moment Mary saw
The unshrouded Godhead of her Son.

What bliss for us that Jesus gave
To her such wondrous gifts and powers;
It is a joy the joys were hers,
For Mary's joys are doubly ours.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber.



THE ASSUMPTION

The beautiful Mother, the peerless, the bright,
 The purest of gems that the world has e'er seen,
 Is wafted in glory to infinite height,
 Where angels, unnumbered, proclaim her their Queen.
 She soars to the Father, who welcomes above
 The coming of her whom the nations call "blest;"
 She goes to the Son of her heart and her love,
 To reign evermore in His kingdom of rest;
 She answers the call of the Spirit, her Spouse,
 Whose Bride she became in her innocent youth;
 She reaps there the fruit of her virginal vows,—
 Sweet Lady, the Source of the Way, Life and Truth.

Amadeus.



ESUS had gone. The glorified body of the risen Saviour had passed from the theatre of His mortal sufferings; His humanity had been assumed by the Divinity. And although this was one of the joys of His Blessed Mother, it also had its shade of sorrow, for she was then left alone on the earth. With uplifted eyes she followed the soaring figure of her Divine Son, exclaiming: "Oh, remember me, when Thou comest to Thy Kingdom! Leave me not long after Thee, my Son!"

And yet, for the consolation and happiness of the Church, He left her many years upon the earth. But her long exile and pilgrimage had its end. Tradition tells us that when she had the consolation of knowing that the doctrine of her Son, His works and name, were well known, she was filled with an inexpressible longing to behold His Divine face, and she besought Him to deliver her from her body and transport her to Heaven. An angel appeared before her, saluting her as of yore—"Hail Mary, blessed by Him who gave salvation to the world, I bring thee a palm-branch from the garden of Paradise, that on the day of thy death it may be carried before thy bier. Rejoice, O full of grace; for in three days thy soul shall leave thy body, and thou shalt enter Heaven, where thy Son awaits thy coming."

What joy to the heart of our Blessed Mother were these glad

tidings! She thanked her Divine Son, and, kneeling, she prayed that the disciples might be reunited around her, so that she might give up her soul in their presence. We know that this request was not refused, and He who in former times transported the prophet Habakkuk from Judea to Jerusalem, with the same power gathered around His Mother's couch the Apostles from their far-distant missions. The noise of the approaching event reached the ears of all the Christians of Jerusalem and the neighboring countries, and they also assembled in crowds to be present at the death of their great and good Mother, all bearing lights, perfumes and aromatics. And from Ephesus came John, his face of virginal, angelic purity glowing and beautiful with divine love, yet wearing a saddened, startled look at the unexpected news; she had been with them so long, he had almost learned to think she would not go before them. From Antioch came Peter; deep furrows, caused by contrite tears, marked his cheeks, and his noble brow, formed for the tiara, was clouded with sorrow at this new and great loss. And the other Apostles, dispersed in different parts of the world, were suddenly caught up by a miraculous power, and found themselves in Mary's dwelling. Philip from Egypt and James from Spain, Bartholomew from beyond the Red Sea and James the Younger—he who in his beauty was so often thought to resemble our Saviour—and Matthew, Andrew, Jude and Simon, Thaddeus—all save Thomas were present.

The palm-branch, which the angel had left, shed light from every leaf, and sparkled up as the stars of morning, and tradition says that when all were assembled, from the humble couch where she was seated Mary blessed them, and giving Saint John the shining palm, desired that he should bear it before her to the tomb. Then this Holy Virgin, who in times gone by had intoned the triumphal *Magnificat*, spoke words of sublime import, and they who heard them held their breath in wonder and delight. The face of Mary was fresh and brilliant as in early youth; her eyes, beaming with heavenly joy, were turned towards Heaven. And then the house seemed filled with a mysterious sound; a delicious odor perfumed the air, and Jesus

Himself appeared, accompanied by a brilliant *cortege* of angels and saints, and the soul of Mary, leaving her mortal tenement, ascended with her Son to Heaven. But her body remained, and the Apostles gently and lovingly bore it to the valley of Josaphat, and laid it reverently in the sepulchre. For three days the faithful watched and prayed beside it, hearing distinctly the sacred concert of celestial harmonies, soothing, as it were, the last sleep of Mary. On the third day Thomas returned, and hastened to take a last look at the cold remains of the Blessed Virgin and water them with his tears. The stone of the sepulchre was removed—and behold, the coffin was empty! Lilies, emblems of purity, were growing in the place that had been touched by her pure remains; but the Immaculate body, too sacred to be left in the tomb, had been borne away on the wings of the angels as soon as the voice of God had awakened it from its slumber. Perfumes filled the air—the fragrance of the Mystical Rose that had been transplanted from earth to Heaven. With arms extended and eyes raised towards her Divine Son, the Virgin in ecstasy ascends, while the courts of Heaven resound with the glorious refrain—“*Ave Maria, gratia plena;*” and the Thrones and the Dominations, the Virtues, the Powers and the Principalities, the Cherubim and the Seraphim, the Angels and Archangels, and that crowd of Saints which no man can number, bow down and proclaim her their Queen. In an instant she has passed the highest spheres, leaving far below the most exalted hierarchy of celestial spirits; on—on—even to the throne of God Himself—and the Three Divine Persons receive her, and bind her radiant brow with a diadem of twelve stars, more brilliant than rubies or diamonds; then, placing her on a throne at the right hand of Jesus, They proclaim her Queen of Heaven and Earth, and the praises of Mary, joined to those of Jesus, henceforth sound forever through the Heavenly Jerusalem. AVE MARIA!—the glorious anthem of triumph in Heaven; the battle cry of the Church militant against the powers of hell, and the plaintive minor modulation, the sad, low, sweet tone of love and suffering sounding through those purifying flames of purgatory.

Kingdoms and empires have their limits, but from the date of that first Assumption, the heavens and the earth are Mary's. And now, on this the anniversary of our Mother's triumph, millions of voices bless her name, and AVE MARIA echoes and re-echoes throughout the highest Heaven. On this day her banner floats o'er every clime: Europe bows with joy beneath her sceptre, Asia honors and loves her, Constantinople raises her statue and venerates her with love, Smyrna invokes her with confidence, Nazareth and Bethlehem live in her souvenirs, Jerusalem can never forget her sorrows and joys, China has opened her jealously-guarded gates to the victorious Queen, Thibet and the Corea bend to receive her maternal blessing, and Our Lady of Africa claims the homage of the children of the desert. The two Americas, from the east to the west and the north to the south, show their loyalty by erecting temples and monuments to Mary, Queen of Heaven and earth; and our own once more United States, more emphatically than all other nations, pledges her fealty to the Immaculate Conception of *Regina Cæli*.

Behold our Sovereign Queen venerated in all regions, reigning in all hearts, receiving all homage! More than two hundred million souls form her dominion in the Church militant. An humble virgin of that far land in Galilee, unknown in her days of exile, to-day receives the prayers and homage of the entire world! Unheard of prodigy! But one word explains all. It is the Divinity of the Son surrounding the Mother with the resplendent magnificence of His glory. It is by the power of His divine grace that the Blessed Virgin reigns in all hearts—living image of sanctity, mirror of justice, and model of perfection. The Church itself, in ecstasy, as it were, to-day, unable to praise as they deserve her inexpressible virtues and her ineffable grandeur, unites them all in three words—*O Benigna! O Regina! O Maria!*

“All generations shall call me Blessed.” The graces that descend from heaven this day, the sorrows consoled, the passions vanquished, the triumphs of faith and virtue, the communions received, the clouds of incense which ascend to heaven

and return to earth in torrents of blessings, all go to show our love and confidence in the Queen of Heaven and Earth; these, all these, are living, breathing testimonies of the truth of that wondrous prophecy.

HEAVEN'S BRIGHT QUEEN

Let us soar away from this world's dominions,
And borrow awhile the meek turtle's pinions;
Let us mount to the home of the happy and blest,
Where the Saints and the Angels eternally rest,
Nor tarry our flight on the borders of Heaven,
Since this privileg'd entrance by faith is given:
But on, still, still on, to the golden throne
Of God the Father, who sitteth alone;
The Father, All present, Omnipotent Being,
Almighty God, the great All-seeing.
Oh! to adore thee, thou Heavenly King
And forever and ever thy praises to sing!
But a mortal being must hasten on
Lest the light of faith should flee and be gone.
Lo! on the right is a glorious Throne
And Another who sitteth thereon alone,
The anointed Son of his Father's love,
Who ascended as God and Man above.
But these mortal eyes must still veil their sight
Nor glance at a Being so dazzling and bright.
How I long for the day when my soul shall adore
And gaze on these beauties for evermore.
Near to the Throne of the Lamb that was slain
Sits the Queen of Heaven, the Star of the main:
Her throne is of ivory, silver bedight,
And with glittering pearls of the ocean is bright;
The diamond glows with the emerald's sheen
While the ruby and amethyst there are seen.
If such be the splendor of Mary's throne
Encircled by Angels, a peerless zone,
What must her own perfect beauty be,
Dazzling with glorified majesty?
Her robe is of azure with sapphires bedight
Fring'd round with a border of silvery light.
Her tunic is glowing with cloth of gold,
While brilliants are gleaming in every fold.

Her face which was ever too lovely for earth,
And with spirits beatified round her the while,
She repays all their homage with heavenly smile.
On that queenly head is a golden crown
Which presseth the hair but gently down :
On its front is a star whose dazzling sheen
Befitteth the brow of so lovely a Queen,
While its rim is fring'd with a wreath of Roses
Sweeter than earth's fondest vision discloses.
Fifty are crimson, and fifty are blue,
And fifty again of the lily's hue.
The sun never shone on such flowers as those
Which might tempt one to wonder if earth hath its rose.
This Rosary hung on its chain of gold,
And I ponder'd thereon until reason told
How the Queen of the Saints from that Heaven's sphere
Looks down on the earth each petition to hear,
And by lov'd intercession the meek pray'r to heed
Which her children upraise in their hour of need.
But nought did she prize, as it seem'd to me,
In the form of prayer like the Rosary.

Cardinal Newman.



CORONATION OF OUR
BLESSED LADY IN HEAVEN

Revelations xii, 1-5.

"The Throne is set: the Blessed Three
Crowning Their work are seen—
The Mother of the First-Born Son,
The first-born creatures' Queen!"



GREAT sign appeared in Heaven; A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars; and being with child she cried travailing in birth and was in pain to be delivered. And there was another sign in Heaven; and behold a great red dragon having seven heads, and ten horns; and on his head seven diadems, and his tail drew the third part of the stars in Heaven, and cast them to the earth; and the dragon stood before the woman who was ready to be delivered, that he might devour her son. And she brought forth a man-child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron, and her son was taken up to God and to His throne.

"Who can conceive that God should so repay the debt which he condescended to owe to His Mother, for the elements of His human Body, as to allow the flesh and blood from which it was taken to moulder in the grave? Do the sons of men thus deal with mothers? Do they not nourish and sustain them in their feebleness, and keep them in life while they are able? Or who can conceive that that virginal frame which never sinned was to undergo the death of a sinner? * * She died that she might live; she died as a matter of form, or (as I may call it) a ceremony, in order to fulfil what is called the debt of nature, not primarily for herself, or because of sin, but to submit herself to her condition, to glorify God, to do what her Son did; not, however, as her Son and Saviour, with any suffering for any special end; not with a martyr's death, for her martyrdom had been in living; not as an atonement, for man could

not make it; and One had made it, and made it for all; but in order to finish her course and to receive her crown. And therefore she died in private. It became Him who died for the world to die in the world's sight; it became the great Sacrifice to be lifted up on high as a light that could not be hid. But she, the Lily of Eden, who had always dwelt out of the sight of man, fittingly did she die in the garden's shade, and amid the sweet flowers in which she had lived.—Her departure made no noise in the world. The Church went about her common duties, preaching, converting, suffering; there were persecutions, there was fleeing from place to place, there were martyrs, there were triumphs; at length the rumor spread abroad that the Mother of God was no longer upon earth.”

“However we may feel towards the details of this history (nor is there anything in it which will be unwelcome or difficult to piety), so much cannot be doubted, from the consent of the whole Catholic world, and the revelations made to holy souls, that, as is befitting, she is body and soul with her Son and God in Heaven, and that we are enabled to celebrate not only her death, but her Assumption.”

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

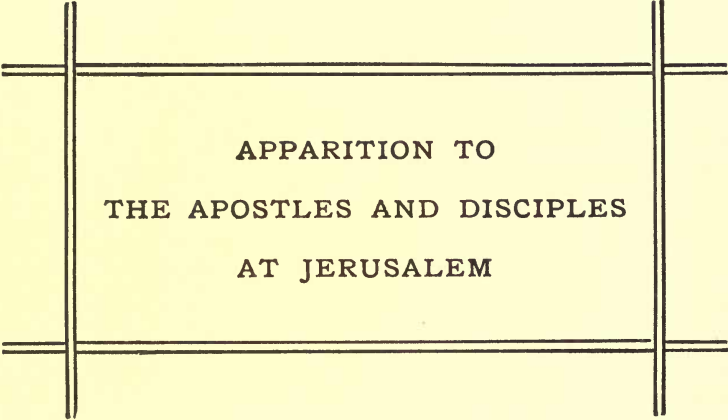
THE MYSTICAL ROSE

Mary is the most beautiful flower that was ever seen in the spiritual world. It is by the power of God's grace that from this barren and desolate earth there have ever sprung up at all flowers of holiness and glory. And Mary is the queen of them. She is the queen of spiritual flowers, and therefore she is called the rose, for the rose is fitly called of all flowers the most beautiful. But moreover, she is the mystical or hidden rose, for mystical means hidden. How is she now hidden from us more than other Saints? What means this singular appellation, which we apply to her specially? The answer to this question introduces us to a strong reason for believing in the reunion of her sacred body to her soul, and its assumption into heaven soon after her death, instead of its lingering in the grave until

the general resurrection at the last day. It is this: if her body was not taken into heaven, where is it? How comes it that it is hidden from us? Why do we not hear of her tomb as being here or there? Why are not pilgrimages made to it? Why are not relics producible of her, as of the Saints in general? Is it not even a natural instinct which makes us reverent towards the places where our dead are buried? We bury our great men honorably. St. Peter speaks of the sepulchre of David as known in his day, though he died many hundred years before. When our Lord's body was taken from the cross, He was placed in an honorable tomb. Such, too, had been the honor paid to St. John, the Baptist, his tomb being spoken of by St. Mark as generally known.

Christians from the earliest times went from other places to Jerusalem to see the holy place. And, when the time of persecution was over, they paid still more attention to the bodies of the Saints, as of St. Stephen, St. Mark, St. Barnabas, St. Peter, St. Paul, and other Apostles and Martyrs. Thus from the first to this day it has been a feature and characteristic of the church to be most tender and reverent towards the bodies of the Saints. Now, if there was any who more than all would be precious taken care of, it would be Our Lady. Why, then, do we hear nothing of the Blessed Virgin's body and its separate relics? Why is she thus the hidden rose? Is it conceivable that they who had been so careful and reverent of the bodies of the Saints and Martyrs should neglect her—her who was the Queen of Martyrs and the Queen of Saints—who was the very Mother of our Lord? It is impossible. Why, then, is she thus the hidden rose? Plainly because that sacred body is in heaven, not on earth.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.



APPARITION TO
THE APOSTLES AND DISCIPLES
AT JERUSALEM

APPARITION
TO
THE APOSTLES AND DISCIPLES
AT JERUSALEM

"A sign was seen in heaven: a Woman stood;
Beneath her feet the moon." That waning moon
Neath yonder pictured apparition curved,
Is time there dying with his dying months;
The Spirit showed that vision to Saint John,
Exiled in Patmos Isle. The best beloved
Deserved such solace best.

Aubrey De Vere.



AT the foot of Mount Olivet, beyond the hill of Kedron, stands the church built on the site of the Virgin's tomb, whence her sacred body was taken up to heaven. A square place, paved with fine stones, serves as a court. The entrance is no wise remarkable, but you descend to the sanctuary by a flight of fifty steps; covered by a sounding arch, the echoes of which repeat the pious chant of the Pilgrims who go down thither singing Litanies and hymns. This holy place receives no other light than that from the door, which is at the top of the steps, and a narrow opening behind the sepulchre. This gloom inspires recollection and respect, the eye soon becomes accustomed to it, and discovers the tomb where the Divine Mother of the Saviour triumphed over death. The Virgin says Chateaubriand "was," according to the opinion of many of the Fathers, miraculously buried at Gethsemane by the Apostles. Euthymius relates the history of these marvelous obsequies. St. Thomas, having caused the coffin to be opened, nothing was found therein save a virginal robe, the poor and simple garment of the Queen of Glory, whose body had been carried by angels to Heaven.

Thick walls support an arch which covers the monument, and forms a small chapel, so narrow that it can only contain three or four persons at a time. This tomb is now an altar, and

Mass is celebrated on the very spot where Mary's body reposed. The monument is covered with marble, and a great number of lamps are kept burning above the altar. All Christian nations desired to have the Holy Sacrifice offered up in the sanctuary consecrated by the Sepulchre of the Mother of God. Thus are fulfilled before the tomb of Mary, the prophetic words of the Magnificat: "All generations shall call me blessed." The altar of the Greeks is placed behind the tomb; that of the Armenians is near the eastern entrance; that of the Georgians is at the foot of the grand southern staircase; that of the Copts is in the nave itself, in front of the Sepulchre. Before this altar there is a fountain of excellent water, which the Pilgrims drink with devotion. The Latin Catholics have for their altar the very tomb of the Virgin, and it is they who keep the lamps burning before it, night and day. The Mahometans themselves have in the sanctuary of the Mother of Jesus, a place of prayer. They hollowed a niche in the south wall, and they turn towards it to pray. The Emperor Theodosius is considered the first founder of this church, which was destroyed by Chosroes, and rebuilt by the Crusaders. During the first ages, the ruins of Jerusalem, heaped in this part of the valley of Johosophat; had covered the tomb of the Blessed Virgin. There it was, according to tradition, preserved by the Greeks, that Mary appeared to the Disciples after they had performed the last duties to her sacred body. They had just finished the usual light repast, and were returning thanks in these words: "Glory be to Thee, O God! glory be to Thee; glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! Oh! how great is the name of the Trinity! Lord Jesus Christ, help us!" The Virgin appeared before them, surrounded with splendor, and in the transports of their joy they cried: "Panagi! Panagi! adjumuos!" ("O Holiest! Holiest! help us.") The Virgin replied: "I shall be with you always." When the Pilgrims reascend the grand stairs, after having reached the twenty-second step, they stop to venerate the chapel of St. Joseph's burial-place. "That great Saint," says Father Naw, "cousin-german, and virginal spouse of the Queen of Virgins, the Mother of God, and Nephew of

St. Anne who was the sister of his father, Jacob, and who was, furthermore, the adopted father of the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and the fosterer of God Himself, had come to Jerusalem to fulfil the obligations of the Law, and had the consolation of dying there in the practice of that obedience which he rendered to his Creator.”

He died in the arms of Jesus and Mary, both of whom assisted at his obsequies according to tradition. Jesus Himself laid him in this sepulchre, which was to be so near that of His Mother. The date of St. Joseph's death is uncertain. Some authors think that he died soon after having found Jesus in the Temple among the doctors, but this opinion is not confirmed by any text. According to another opinion, Joseph died about the beginning of our Saviour's public ministry. The body of St. Joseph did not long remain in the sepulchre. He was amongst the Saints who went forth alive from their graves after the Resurrection of the Son of God, and who appeared to a great number of persons in Jerusalem. Father Naw makes in this connection a touching reflection: "Can it be thought that he who supported the Son of God by the sweat of his brow for thirty years, was left dead in his sepulchre, and if God had left him there, would He have left his sacred remains un-honored?" This great Saint is in Heaven, body and soul. He ascended thither at the head of all the Saints who were raised up to Heaven with Jesus Christ on the day of His ascension; and as he does not lose there the name and quality of father, he possesses a glory, and a power proportionate to that great and ineffable name." The chapel of St. Joseph is on the right-hand side of the grand stairs, as one goes up the steps from the sanctuary. On the other side, in a chapel two or three steps higher, is found the tomb of St. Joachim and St. Anne. Here, too, Mass is celebrated in the chapel right over the Holy Sepulchre. The tomb of St. Joachim is facing the East, and that of St. Anne the North. Thus, in the same sanctuary, Christian piety venerates all the members of this Holy Family, amongst whom the Son of God vouchsafed to be born.

MARY TO CHRIST ON THE CROSS

"There stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother."

Son of my gladness,
 Nailed to the Tree!
 Son, King, and Saviour,
 Look upon me!
 Lamb I have tended,
 Dying forlorn:
 Head I have pillowed,
 Circled with thorn!
 Jesus, Son Jesus,
 Once, on my breast,
 Angels all gladly
 Sang Thee to rest!
r. I saw Thy scourging,
 Saw Thy lips pale:
 'Neath Thy Cross, bearing,
 Saw Thy limbs fail!
 Son I have loved so
 All through the years,
 Steep was the hill-side,
 Salt were my tears!
 Through *my* heart, Jesus,
 Passes the sword,
 As the rude soldier
 Pierces his Lord!
 White are the holy
 Lips I have kissed:
 Lo, the Three Crosses
 Loom through a mist!
 Jesus, Son Jesus,
 Nailed to the Tree,
 Look on Thy Mother,
 Look upon me!
 Where is there anguish
 Like unto mine?
 Where is compassion
 Like unto Thine?

Nora Rylman.

APPARITION
TO
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST
EPHESUS, ASIA MINOR

"Woman, behold thy Son,"
So spake our Saviour ere His soul had flown;
And John, His loved disciple, from that hour,
Took Mary for his own.
"Mother, behold thy Son,
The Lamb of God for sinners sacrificed."
And in Communion, John his mother gives
Her holy One, the Christ.

Patrick Rafferty, S. J.



T. JOHN the Evangelist, the youngest of the Apostles, was called to follow Christ on the banks of the Jordan during the first days of our Lord's ministry. He was one of the three present at the Transfiguration and the Agony in the Garden. At the Last Supper, his head rested on the bosom of Jesus, and in the hours of the Passion, when the others fled or denied their Master, St. John kept his place by the side of Jesus, and at the last, stood by the Cross with Mary. From the Cross the dying Saviour bequeathed His Mother to the care of the faithful Apostle, who, "from that hour took her to his own." After the Ascension, St. John lived first at Jerusalem, and afterwards at Ephesus. He was thrown by Domitian into a cauldron of boiling oil, and is thus reckoned a martyr, though miraculously preserved from hurt. Afterwards he was banished to the Isle of Patmos, where he received the heavenly visions described in the Apocalypse. He died at a great age in peace at Ephesus in the year 100.

It is dawn. The dew upon the Judean hills glistens like drops of purity beneath the rays of the rising sun. Its golden light rests upon the home of the beloved disciple as if to glorify it. Within an inner room his adopted mother kneels in prayer. John's mother! The title deepens the pathos of her loneliness.

Yet, as she kneels near the casement dawn's tender light gleams upon her, a look of expectation and peace is upon the gentle face, so like the face of Jesus; a face that once transfigured it a December night long ago.

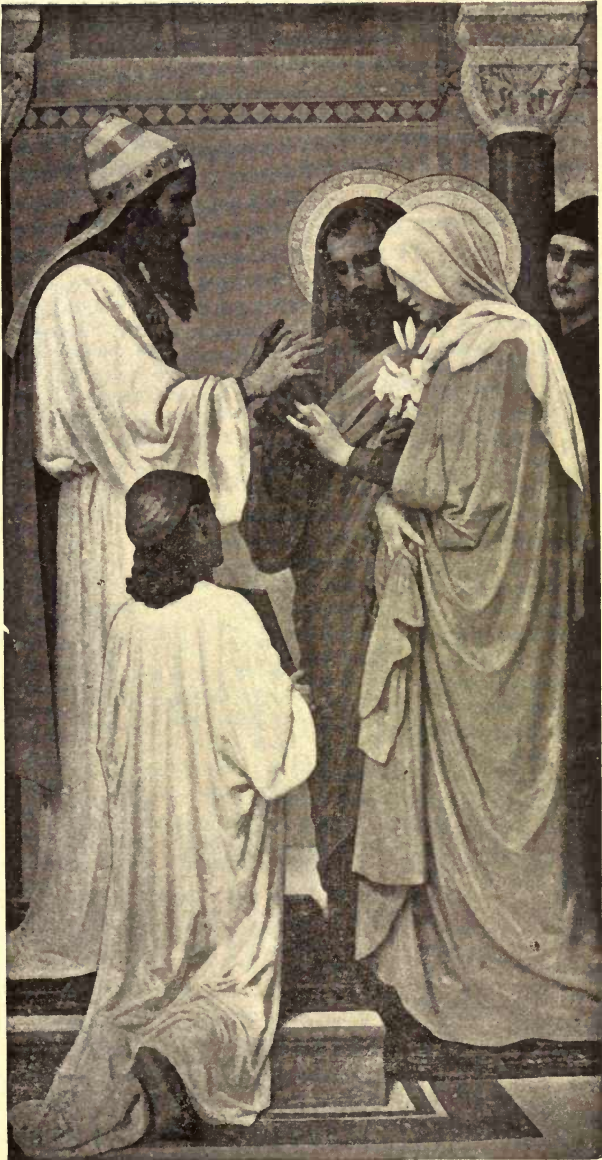
John, true to his trust, has taken her, reverently, to be his "very own."

Last evening, when he led her to his poor abode, she insisted, in her humble way, that he should bless her at "eve'n hour," as Jesus was wont to do, and, when tremblingly he obeyed, he whispered the promise that now floods her soul with peace beyond human understanding.

She has not long to wait. Almost at the first gleam of dawn he comes and bids her enter a small room near her own. Never shall he forget her smile, her look of awe, as she crosses its threshold. It is his gift of welcome. Each mystery of her Son's life seems focused in the sacred spot. A rude altar is hewn in the wall, upon it a chalice, with spotless linen, lowly as the manger and swathing-bands of the stable gave. To the Mother it seems as if the "Gloria in Excelsis" of the angels must burst forth afresh, telling earth that unto it is born again Christ the Lord. Yet Calvary breathes here, too. As the cross-shadowed joys of Infancy merged into the full gloom of maturer sorrow, so is it now. If the chalice speaks of the crib, the altar tells of the "Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world," her Lamb as well as the Eternal Father's. Near "unleavened bread" lie thorns from the cruel crown; splinters, it may be, from the wood which flew ruthlessly about during the dread nailing.

Mutely the Mother kneels, and a little bird upon the sill trills sweetly, as if to comfort her. Not even an angel may fulfil so holy a task. Jesus Himself must come else the love of that maternal heart will burst asunder the bonds that keep her from Him in whom alone she may live.

See! John takes bread in his hands, blesses and breaks. Is it the midnight hour of Nazareth, the angelic messenger that after all comes thus strangely back? No, but the "power of the Most High" again overshadows her, and man, not angel,



MARRIAGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

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utters the words that shall give once more into the Virgin's keeping the "Word made flesh" within her womb.

More glorious than when her purity first drew Him from the Bosom of the Father is that heart after those "love-burdened" years of a maternity that fills Heaven and earth with awe. Nothing breaks the stillness now, even the little "winged chorister" is hushed.

For an instant John holds the Host above her head. Her lips part—the angels hide their faces and earth is bathed in benediction as its Redeemer comes back to it again within the tabernacle of His Mother's spotless soul.

"My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, for He that is holy hath done great things unto me." The Magnificat of the "handmaid of the Lord" echoes throughout the highest heavens, and the Mother kneels alone with her Eternal Son.

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Ye, bolder than the angels, yet very humbly, kneel near our Blessed Lady in her hour of ecstatic joy. The angels need not the lesson we must learn. We gaze upon her with the little Host pressed to her heart, hushed in awe as we think that we, too, may have that joy. Not the sinless angels, but we, tempted earth-stained, may alone bear within us our Incarnate Lord. As intimately as the Mother, in her moment of communion, became again one with her Son, we are united to Him in the same ineffable reality. As He comes to each one of us, with His ascended beauty veiled, so He came to her that she might be our model in faith and humility. No one will so aid us to honor Him as she who gave Him the sacred Flesh and Blood, now merged into our very own.

Precious in her sight is "a soul where Christ rejoices." Each heart is to her a Bethlehem where her divine Child seeks His rest. A Nazareth where her Boy, in spite of His hiddenness, wins adoring homage; an altar whereon her Lamb and the Eternal Father's offer holocaustic love. Each mystery of His human life seems focused there, and with tenderness inexpressible she strives, by her prayers, to adorn his abode.

Words fail us when we ponder upon a mercy so vast, so deep. We ask ourselves whether lips purpled by the Blood of Jesus can utter sinful words; whether hearts once united to His can be filled with error, pride?

Deeply do we need the example of the First of the Faithful to aid us in such a union. Unable to think of us "from her dear Son apart," we beg her to give us, on those blessed days, "a refuge in her heart," so pure, so humble, that it alone would woo Him from the Bosom of His Father back to earth. Thus, beneath the shadow of the Mother's communion, we, too, will be humble, worshipful. She will teach us her own Magnificat, uttered in the disciple's home, in accents of more transcendent love than when it first echoed throughout the Judean hills. Strong in its spirit of adoring praise, our love for the Incarnate Word will be stronger than death, mightier than sin.

The "power of the Most High," overshadowing us in the sacred Host, we shall "stand" silent beneath the Cross till in the sunlight of the "everlasting hills," He in whom our soul "rejoiceth" shall Himself "wipe away," forever, "all tears from his beloved."

Marchese, in his "Diario di Maria," mentions an old tradition, which would carry devotion to the sorrows of Our Lady up to Apostolic times. Some years after her death, while St. John the Evangelist was still grieving over his loss, and longing to see her face again, it pleased our Blessed Lord to appear to him in a vision, accompanied by His Mother. The sorrows of Mary, together with her frequent visits to the holy places of the Passion, were naturally a constant subject of devout contemplation to the Evangelist who had watched over the last fifteen years of her life; and, as if it were in response to these continual meditations, he heard her ask Jesus to grant some especial favor to those who should keep her Dolours in remembrance. Our Lord replied that He would grant four particular graces to all those who should practice this devotion. The first was a perfect contrition for all their sins some time before death; the second was a particular protection in the hour of death; the third was to have the mysteries of the Passion deeply

imprinted in their minds; and the fourth, a particular power of impetration granted to Mary's prayers on their behalf. . . .

If we may dare to use words which holy writers have used before, by her dolors she has laid our Blessed Lord under a kind of obligation, which gives her a right and power of impetration into which something of justice even enters. Yet when we think of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of the immensity of His love for Mary, and of the great part of the Passion which it was to Him to see her suffer, we cannot for a moment doubt, without thinking of obligation, the extreme persuasiveness to Him of devotion to her dolors—a devotion which He Himself began, a devotion which was actually a solid part of His ever-blessed Passion. We draw Him toward us the moment we begin to think of His Mother's sorrows. He is beforehand, says St. Anselm, with those who meditate His Mother's woes.

And do we not stand in need of power in Heaven? What a great work we have to do in our souls, and how little of it is already done! How slight is the impression we have made yet on our ruling passion, on our besetting sin! How superficial our spirit of prayer, how childishly timid our spirit of penance, how transitory our moments of union with God! We want vigor, determination, consistency, solidity, and a more venturous aspiration. In short, our spiritual life wants power. And here is a devotion so solid and efficacious that it is eminently calculated to give us this power, as well by its masculine products in the soul as by its actual influence over the Heart of our Blessed Lord. Who that looks well at the Saints, and sees what it has done for them, but will do his best to cultivate this devotion in himself?

One day during Advent as St. Gertrude prayed, St. John the Evangelist appeared to her. He was clothed in a gold-colored habit, covered with golden eagles, which signified that, though this Saint was elevated to the highest contemplation, even while in the body, he always sought to humble himself by the consideration of his own unworthiness. As Gertrude began to consider these ornaments, she perceived a red light shining from under the golden eagles, from which she learned that St.

John always commenced his contemplation by the remembrance of the Passion of the Lord, which he had beheld with his own eyes, and which he had never ceased to mourn in his inmost heart; and thus by degrees he flew to the sublimity of the Divine Majesty, which he contemplated without pain by the eyes of his soul as far as it is possible for man to do. He had also two golden lilies on his shoulders—on the right was written, in marvelous characters, the words of the Gospel, *Discipulus quem diligebat Jesus*—"The Disciple whom Jesus loved," and on the left, *Iste custos Virginis*—"This is the Guardian of the Virgin," to mark the singular advantage which he enjoyed of being called, and of being the disciple whom Jesus loved above the rest of His Apostles, and of having been found worthy by Christ, to receive from Him the charge of His Mother before He expired, on account of his surpassing purity.

The Apostle had a magnificent rational on his breast, to indicate his prerogative of having reposed on the bosom of Jesus at the Last Supper. The words, *In principio erat verbum*, were written on it in letters of living gold, to show the marvelous virtue of the words contained in His Gospel. Then St. Gertrude said to our Lord, "Why is Thy beloved one manifested to a creature so unworthy as I am?" Our Lord answered: "I have done this that he may be united to you by a special friendship; and as you have no apostle, I have appointed him to be ever your faithful advocate with Me in Heaven." "Teach me, then, my dearest Lord," she replied, "how I can show my gratitude to him." Our Lord answered: "If any person says a *Pater noster* daily in honor of this Apostle, reminding him of the sweet fidelity with which his heart was filled when I taught this prayer, he will not fail to obtain, for whoever prays thus the grace of persevering faithfully in virtue, even to the end of his life."

This Apostle also appeared to the Saint as she assisted at Matins, on his Feast, when she applied with special fervor to her usual exercises. Gertrude then recommended some of the religious of whom she had charge very fervently to him; he received her prayer very lovingly, and said: "I am like my Mas-

ter in this—that I love those who love me.” The Saint inquired: “What grace, then, and what benefit, can I hope for, who am so unworthy, on your Feast?” “Come,” he replied; “come with me, thou elect one of my Lord, and let us repose together on the sweetest bosom of the Lord, in which all the treasures of beatitude lie hidden.” Then, taking her up in spirit, he presented her to our loving Saviour; and having placed her on His right, he placed himself on the left, and reposed there. Then he exclaimed, pointing reverently to the bosom of Jesus: “Behold, this is the Saint of Saints, who draws to Himself all that is good in Heaven and on earth!”

She then inquired of St. John why he placed himself on the left hand, and had given the right to her. He replied: “It is because I have become one spirit with God, and am able to penetrate where flesh cannot enter; but you are not yet able to penetrate into such high things, because you are still in the flesh. I have therefore placed you at the opening of the Divine Heart, from whence you may drink in all the sweet consolations which flow from it with such impetuous abundance, that it is capable of satisfying all who desire to taste thereof.” Then, as she felt the constant pulsations of the Divine Heart, and rejoiced exceedingly thereat, she said to St. John: “Beloved of God, didst not thou feel those pulsations when thou wert leaning on the Lord’s breast at the Last Supper?” “Yes,” he replied; “and this with such plenitude, that liquid does not enter more rapidly into bread than the sweetness of those pleasures penetrated my soul, so that my spirit became more ardent than water under the action of a glowing fire.”

“And why,” she inquired, “have you neither said nor written anything of this for our edification?” He replied: “Because I was charged with instructing the newly-formed Church concerning the mysteries of the uncreated Word, that those truths might be transmitted to future ages, as far as they would be capable of comprehending them, for no one can comprehend them entirely, and I deferred speaking of these Divine pulsations until later ages, that the world might be aroused from its torpor, and animated, when it had grown cold, by hearing of

these things." Then, as she contemplated St. John reposing upon the bosom of the Lord, he said to her: "I now appear to you in the same form as when I lay on the bosom of my beloved Lord and only Friend at the Last Supper."

On another occasion during the same Feast, as the Saint took great satisfaction in the frequent praises which were given to the Apostle for his perfect virginity, she asked this special friend of God to obtain by his prayers that we might preserve our chastity with such care as to merit a share in his praises.

St. John replied: "He who would participate in the beatitude which my victories have won must run as I ran when on earth." Then he added: "I frequently reflected on the sweet familiarity and friendship with which I was favored by Jesus, my most loving Lord and Master, in reward for my chastity, and for having watched so carefully over my words and actions that I never tarnished this virtue in the slightest degree. The Apostles separated themselves from such company as they considered doubtful, but mixed freely with what was not (as it is remarked in the Acts, that they were with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus); I never avoided women when there was an opportunity of rendering them any service, either of body or soul; but I still watched over myself with extreme vigilance, and always implored the assistance of God when charity obliged me to assist them in any way. Therefore, these words are chanted of me: *In tribulatione invocasti me, et exaudivi te* Ps. lxxx. For God never permitted my affection to render anyone less pure; wherefore I received this recompense from my beloved Master, that my chastity is more praised than that of any other Saint; and I have obtained a more eminent rank in Heaven, where, by a special privilege, I receive with extreme pleasure the rays of this love, which is as a mirror without spot and the brightness of eternal light. So that, being placed before this Divine love, whose brightness I receive each time that my chastity is commemorated in the Church, my loving Master salutes me in a most sweet and affable manner, filling my inmost soul with such joy, that it penetrates into all its powers and sentiments like a delicious beverage. I am placed as a

receptacle for the effusions of the sweetest and most ardent charity."

One night, also, when the Saint was engaged in prayer with great devotion, she beheld St. John approaching Our Lord, resting himself upon Him, and embracing Him very lovingly and ardently. Then, as she cast herself humbly at the feet of Our Lord, to implore pardon for her sins, St. John said to her, with great condescension: "Do not let my presence trouble you; behold one whose love will suffice for thousands; behold a mouth in which each will find a special sweetness; behold an ear which will guard inviolably all the secrets confided to it."

As they chanted the words, *Mulier, ecce filius tuus*. Woman, behold thy son. Gertrude beheld a marvelous light, which came forth from the Heart of God and shone upon St. John, obtaining for him the respect and veneration of all the Saints. She also saw the Blessed Virgin manifesting a special joy towards him when she was called his mother; and the beloved disciple saluted her also with the greatest respect and affection. Also, when the words were chanted which referred to the particular privileges of friendship which the Saint had received from his Divine Master, such as these: "This is John, who leaned on the Lord's breast at Supper;" "This is the disciple whom Jesus loved"—he appeared surrounded with a new light of glory, which distinguished him from other Saints; and for this they praised God with their whole souls, which caused the blessed John to rejoice greatly.

At the same time our Lord said to St. Gertrude: "I have rewarded My elect in Heaven with a special glory for his virginity, and for the compassion which he had at My death; but I have also recompensed his lively hope, which made him believe that I would refuse him nothing, by withdrawing him from the world without permitting him to experience the pains of death, and by having preserved his body from corruption."

How imperfections of which we forget to accuse ourselves in Confession are pardoned by God.

On the Feast of St. John before the Latin Gate, he appeared to Gertrude; and after having consoled her in a wonderful man-

ner, he said to her: "Do not be troubled, O elect spouse of My Lord, at the failure of your bodily strength; for what you suffer in this world is but little, and will last only for a few moments, in comparison with the eternal delights which we now enjoy in Heaven, and which you will soon possess with us when you enter therein; for it is the nuptial couch of your spouse, whom you love so ardently, whom you desire with such fervor, and whom you will at last possess as you desire." Then he added: "Remember that I, who was the beloved disciple of the Lord, was still more infirm in body than you are; and nevertheless, I am now, as you see, the delight and devotion of the faithful; so you also, after your death, will live in the hearts of many, and will draw many souls to God." Then she said complainingly to St. John, that she feared she had placed an obstacle to this, because she had forgotten to confess some little faults; and when she remembered them, she could not have recourse to her confessor; and that she could not always remember them when she went to Confession, on account of her extreme debility. "Do not be troubled at this, my child," replied the Saint lovingly, "for when you have prepared for a good and entire confession of your sins, and find that you cannot then have recourse to a confessor, if you forget anything in consequence of the delay, and omit to accuse yourself of it merely from a defect of memory, what you have forgotten will not fail to be effaced; and the grief you have for the omission will adorn your soul as a precious jewel, which will render it pleasing to the heavenly court."

It was St. John's special gift to see and to show forth the mysteries of the Godhead. "Not undeservedly," says St. Augustine, "is this Evangelist compared to the eagle. He has elevated his preaching higher and far more sublimely than the others. They walked with the Lord on the earth as with a man; but he soars like an eagle above the earth, above the skies, and beyond all created beings; and reaching to Him by whom all things were made, gazes upon the light of the unchangeable Truth, with those keenest and steadfast eyes of the heart. He has spoken concerning the Divinity as none others

have." So, too, St. John is the one prophetic seer of the New Testament. To him alone was it granted to see and to describe the heavenly Jerusalem, with the Lamb on His throne; the woman clothed with the sun, and the army of angelic spirits.

St. John is a living example to you of our Lord's saying: "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God."—Matt. v, 8.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

Saint of the sacred Heart,
Sweet teacher of the Word,
Partner of Mary's woes,
And favorite of thy Lord.

Thou to whom grace was given,
To stand where Peter fell;
Whose heart could brook the Cross
Of Him it loved so well.

We know not all thy gifts,
But this Christ bids us see;
That He who so loved all
Found more to love in thee.

When the last evening came,
Thy head was on His breast,
Pillowed on earth, where now
In Heaven the saints find rest.

Thy long fair hair hung down,
His glance spoke love to thine,
While love's meek freedom owned
The human and Divine.

His Heart, with quickened love,
Because His hour drew near,
Now throbb'd against thy head,
Now beat into thine ear.

He nursed thee in His lap,
He loved thee to make free;
What Mary was to Him,
He made Himself to thee.

God and His friend, so free
To touch, to rest, to move!
The angels wondering gazed,
And envied human love.

Dear Saint! I stand far off,
With vilest sins opprest;
Oh, may I dare, like thee,
To lean upon His breast?

His touch could heal the sick,
His voice could raise the dead!
Oh that my soul might be
Where He allows thy head.

The gifts He gave to thee
He gave thee to impart;
And I, too, claim with thee
His Mother and His Heart.

Ah, teach me, then, dear Saint!
The secrets Christ taught thee,
The beatings of His Heart,
And how it beat for me.

Rev. F. W. Faber.



ANTIQUITY OF SHRINES

"The Shrines of Mary"—

"At each one, O Mother of Mercy!
Let still more of thy love be given,
Till I kneel at the last and brightest—
The throne of the Queen of Heaven."

Adelaide A. Procter.



WE are assured by the Saints and taught by the experience of ages that Our Blessed Lady does not content herself with answering our petitions, but, of her own accord, assists her children and protects them from the dangers that threaten their souls. She has the solicitude of a mother, and with a mother's foresight she sees and provides for her children's needs. And this spontaneous zeal of Our Blessed Mother is exercised, not only in behalf of individual souls, but also in behalf of the Church at large. Her union with her Divine Son is so intimate that she cannot but be filled with that zeal for God's glory which is ever consuming His Sacred Heart. Hence the solicitude that ever prompts her to guard and protect the Church of God, to apply a remedy to the evils that spring up within its bosom, and to multiply opportunities of sanctification for its children.

Such is the ordinary and habitual care which Mary takes of the Church of Christ. But there are times and places in which her provident care and motherly kindness are bestowed with lavish hand. There are spots on the earth on which she has set the seal of her mother's love, and which henceforth abound in wonderful manifestations of the power of God. These are the Shrines and sanctuaries of Our Lady, to which such vast multitudes of the faithful have flocked to seek relief for soul and body, and which have played so important a part in the sanctification and perpetuation of God's Church.

One of the most striking facts connected with the Shrines of Our Lady is their almost incredible number. Those of our readers who have heard of only a few of the Shrines of the

present day, such as La Salette, Lourdes, or Peleroisin will be surprised to learn that these Shrines are but a small fraction of the entire number existing even at the present day, and a still smaller fraction of the number existing in all ages from the beginning of the Church. France alone counts its sanctuaries of Our Lady, old and new, almost by the score, and some of these, it is said, date from Apostolic times. Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain—all have had their famous Shrines of Our Lady. England, too, once had its hallowed spots where Our Blessed Lady rewarded the faith and devotion of her English children by the favor of her visible presence, and by an all but visible outpouring of her mother's love. Many of these sanctuaries of Our Lady owe their origin to Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin, in which she commanded a chapel or place of pilgrimage to be reared in her honor, or in which she complained to some favored one of her children of the crimes and abuses that she wished to remove, or promised her protection to those who would honor her in ways which she herself indicated.

Another remarkable circumstance connected with the origin of these sanctuaries is the fact that, frequently, nothing in the outward and visible course of events led up to the miraculous occurrences in which they had their rise. Suddenly and unexpectedly would Our Lady appear to some favored one, or cause some prodigy to be wrought which was to convert some unknown corner of the earth into a famous Shrine of the Queen of Heaven. Not unfrequently has she thus appeared to persons who were not thinking of her, and still less looking for any extraordinary favor at her hands, nay, sometimes, to persons who would seem to have no particular devotion to her and were ignorant of all but the barest rudiments of religion.

This circumstance has characterized the Apparitions of Our Lady in all times, in the earliest ages as well as in our own. We see it, among scores of other cases, in the origin of the ancient Shrine of Our Lady of Boulogne, in France. The people of the town suddenly beheld a strange ship, without sailors or oarage, wafted to their shores and bringing them a miraculous image of Our Lady which was to be the instru-

ment of wonderful graces for many a century. And so it has been down to our own age. At La Salette the wonderful Apparition in which the Shrine had its origin was vouchsafed to two poor and ignorant children whose thoughts at the moment were occupied with the herd they were tending on the mountain side. And so it was at Lourdes, where a simple child was, without any warning, made the instrument for founding another great Shrine of Our Lady whose fame is known the world over. What does this circumstance, which is so universal in such Apparitions, prove, if not that the graces that have flowed from these sanctuaries of Our Lady are purely the outpouring of Mary's unsolicited bounty, and the result of her constant and unremitting solicitude for the souls of her children.

There is still another circumstance in these apparitions which arrests our attention, one in which Mary copies, so to speak, the ways of God himself. Nearly all of these extraordinary favors have been granted to persons of the most obscure condition in life. It has been said that God chooses the weak things of this world to confound the strong and the little things to confound the great. And so has it been with Mary. Sanctuaries that have won world-wide fame by the miracles wrought in them have been founded through the instrumentality of the poor and simple and ignorant. And yet what else might we expect from her who first uttered those words of the *Magnificat*: "He hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaid. . . . He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. . . . He hath put down the powerful from their seat and raised up the lowly." A deep lesson is this to those who expect divine favors before humbling themselves under the hand of God, and acknowledging, not only with their lips, but still more by their deeds, that whatever gifts they may possess, these are as nothing in the sight of God, who gave them and can take them away.

The immense number of our Lady's Shrines, and the circumstances under which she herself founded them, illustrate in their own way the position of our Blessed Mother in the

general plan of the redemption and sanctification of the world. Everywhere we find Mary most closely associated with Jesus in this work; everywhere we find her sharing, so far as a mere creature can share, in the office and prerogatives of her Divine Son. Such was the case during her lifetime on earth; such is the case in her glorious life in Heaven; such, too, is the case in the life which still, in a manner, she leads with her children on earth. Just as her Divine Son finds it His delight to dwell among the children of men, living as He does in thousands of tabernacles whence He feeds the multitudes of the faithful with the Bread of Life, so, too, does Mary find pleasure in abiding among her children in those Shrines where she gives them such extraordinary marks of her love and her power, and her zeal for their eternal welfare.

The Church considers no honor that can be given to any pure creature, too great for the Blessed Virgin; but at the same time, being aware that there is an infinite distance between her and God, she is far from offering sacrifice to her, or paying her any worship that belongs to God alone. We may also state that whatever she bestows on the Mother, she refers to the glory of the Son as the chief motive and end of all the devotions held in her honor.

Asia claims the honor of having first set up oratories and chapels under the invocation of Mary. The oldest of these sanctuaries was that of Our Lady of Tortosa, on the coast of Phœnicia, which, according to Oriental tradition, was founded by St. Peter himself.

Tradition clearly enunciates that her form was depicted upon one of the pillars of the beautiful church of Lydda, which her adopted son had dedicated to her. We are informed likewise by Hegesippus that St. Luke presented to the Cathedral of Antioch a portrait of the Blessed Virgin painted by himself. This picture, to which it was confidently asserted that the Mother of God had attached many graces, became so famous that in after days the Empress Pulcheria transferred it to Constantinople, where she built a magnificent church for its reception. According to Eusebius, Edessa had also in the first cen-

ture its church of Our Lady, which contained a miraculous image of her. Egypt boasts of having had about the same time its church of Our Lady of Alexandria, and the Spanish Saragossa, then called Cæsar Augusta, prides herself on having possessed then also its celebrated sanctuary of Our Lady del Pilar.

Ephesus, where the memory of the Blessed Virgin was still fresh, soon built in honor of Mary a superb cathedral, in which a famous council was held in the fifth century, establishing her beautiful title of Mother of God.

This example was soon followed from one end to the other of that immense Roman Province. Phrygia, Christianized, forgot her Trojan deities whom Homer chanted; Cappadocia effaced from her memory the thought of feeding the sacred fires that the sun-adoring Persians had enkindled beside the elegant temples of the deities of Greece; and the caverns which formerly had lent their gloomy recesses to the bloody mysteries of Mithra, became during the subsequent religious persecutions, which nowhere raged with greater fury than among the Greek colonies, places of refuge for the Christians and their proscribed God. At last the gods of Greece, those indigenous deities sprung from the bright foam of the Aegean sea, born beneath the whispering palm trees of the Cyclades, or cradled in the shade of the woods which crown the lofty mountains of Crete, were abandoned for the God who died on Calvary, and also for the Virgin of Nazareth. So utterly forgotten were those pagan deities, that Pliny the Younger, on his arrival in Bithynia, of which he had just been appointed governor, wrote to Trajan that Christianity had invaded not only the cities, but the country, so that he had found the temples of the gods of the empire forsaken. (Plin. lib. x, epist. 97.)

AT OUR BLESSED MOTHER'S SHRINE.

The wearied child when evening draweth nigh,
Seeks its fond mother's breast,
And while she sings a soothing lullaby,
Sweetly it sinks to rest.

So Mother Mary, when the day is done,
And night comes on apace,
With wearied hearts thy children, one by one,
Come to thy embrace.

More tenderly than earthly mothers do,
Thou dost thy nurslings hold;
And round their trembling forms the chill night through
Thy mantle thou dost fold.

Tho' we've been weak and wayward thro' the day,
No chiding tones we hear,
While at thy knee our nightly prayers we say
Without a thought of fear.

In all the world there's not so fair a sight,
Dear Mother, as thy face;
There's not on earth a spot so dear and bright
As this sweet, hallowed place.

The darkest night becomes as sunlit day
If thou art by our side;
Toil becomes light, and sorrows flee away,
If thou with us abide.

O sinless Mother of our fallen race,
Virgin Immaculate!
Fountain of love, storehouse of every grace,
Heaven's ever-open gate!—

Look down upon thy children bending low
Before thy earthly shrine;
O take our hearts, thou who dost love us so,
And make them like to thine!

Angelique de Lande.

SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF CHARTRES
CHARTRES, FRANCE

A Dew-Drop of the darkness born,
Wherein no shadow lies;
The blossom of a barren thorn,
Whereof no petal dies;
A rainbow beauty passion-free,
Wherewith was veiled Divinity.

Rev. John B. Tabb.



IS it not a beautiful reality, that wherever Christianity has been introduced, we find sanctuaries of Mary springing up, growing in beauty, and gladdening the hearts of the children of the Church? We trace these sanctuaries from the tomb at Nazareth to the last altar erected in the Mission around the North Pole. They form

One long procession of chapels—
Low shrines, or cathedrals grand,
Stretching through lapse of ages,
And brightening every land.

Of these principal sanctuaries, which adorn all countries, like the "moon's fair beams," wherever the Sun of Justice sheds His rays, we intend giving a series of sketches, or pen and ink panoramic views. Therefore, to be systematic and artistic in our work, we must begin at the beginning.

Now, kind readers, do not turn, in imagination, to the blue sea and green hills of Galilee, and expect us to show you the open sepulchre, full of flowers, which was converted into an oratory by the devotion of the Apostles, ere they again separated, after their reunion around our Blessed Mother's death-bed; neither is it the "House of Nazareth," we intend to paint, as our proto-sketch; nor our "Lady of the Pillar," erected by

Saint James on the banks of the Ebro; nor the beautiful church of Lydda, dedicated by the beloved disciple to the Mother of his God; nor "Our Lady of Tortosa," built by St. Peter in Phœnicia, when on his way to Antioch. But we are going back—beyond the days of the Apostles—anterior even to the life of the Blessed Virgin, or the devout Anne and Joachim, to find, amid the "Sacred Groves" of the Druids in Gaul, the first sanctuary dedicated "to the Virgin who was to bring forth a son." The immense Gothic cathedral of Chartres still perpetuates this shrine. Its lofty spires can be seen many miles before the traveler reaches Chartres; like a mighty citadel, it towers above that city of the olden time, and its archives and chronicles date back beyond the birth of Christianity; and, through all the intervening ages, devotion to the Virgin Mother has continued without interruption up to the present time.

Perchance the *soi disant* learning, and antiquarian lore of our day, may smile incredulously, when we say that devotion to the Blessed Virgin, in the Chartrain country, preceded Christianity; that on the very spot where the cathedral of Chartres now stands, the Druids raised a prophetic statue of the Virgin Mother, a hundred years before her birth; and that they offered their homage to the *Virgini pariturae*. Nevertheless, this is not a legendary tradition, to be rejected by the wise; it is an historical fact, as fully authenticated as any well established point in history.

The impious author of the "Origin of Worships" has proved that the mystery of the Virgin who was to bring forth a son, was known among Pagans; his testimony surely cannot be suspected, as it is the testimony of an enemy. Nicolas, in his *chef d'œuvre*, "Philosophical Studies," demonstrates that belief in the Virgin Mother existed among the Gauls, Latins, Chaldeans, Persians, and Egyptians.

The pious and learned author of "Notre Dame de France," says they could have obtained a knowledge of this mystery in three ways. First, from primitive tradition; for the truths which God revealed to our first parents and the patriarchs were

never totally effaced by idolatry; many were preserved by floating, if I may so speak, upon the deluge of errors which covered the earth. In the second place, this knowledge might have been an immediate revelation from God himself. The holy Fathers teach that God revealed to Pagans the coming of His Son, and they cite in confirmation of this Balaam's prophecy, which was known among the Gentiles, as the testimony of the Magi proves. Thirdly, after the conquests of Alexander, the Jews dispersed into the various quarters of the globe, carried with them their prophetic books and their expectation of the Messiah; consequently, the Pagans might have gained this knowledge by reading their books, or from oral intercourse with them.

It was an ancient, constant and universal belief, that a powerful liberator was to come from the East. Tacitus says that this was the common persuasion. These prophecies were preserved in the ancient Jewish books, and grave authors consider the prediction, attributed by Virgil to the Sybil of Cuma (Eclogue iv), an imitation of the prophecy of Isaias relating to the prodigy of a Virgin Mother: *Ecce Virgo concipiet et pariet filium* (Is. ix, 14). All the fancies of the poet seem borrowed from the prophet, and were realized in Jesus Christ, to whom alone they can be applied.

Now, if the mystery of the Virgin Mother was known to the pagans in general, it should have been familiar to the Druids above all others, for they were the *savants* of their epoch—the wise men of Gaul. Cæsar says, that as ministers of divine rites, they preserved the deposit of religious doctrines. If the pagans, then, had an idea of this mystery, it is among their sages and priests that we ought to seek its fullest development. Faber ("Origin of Pagan Idolatry"), Guibert ("de Vita Sua"), and other authors, fully prove that it was a general custom among the Druids to erect altars to the Virgin Mother—*Virgini pariturae*.

The Chartrain country was their grand point of reunion in Gaul; there they held their general assembly; and there their supreme chief resided. Under the mysterious shade

of the grand forest trees, far away from the tumult of the city, they offered their sacrifices to their deities. Upon the hill where the cathedral of Chartres now stands, was one of those sacred groves, containing a vast grotto into which the light of day could scarcely penetrate; it was in perfect keeping with the sombre character of the Druidic religion. There, according to authentic tradition, all the distinguished men of the nation were convoked, in the one hundredth year before the birth of Jesus Christ, and in their presence the Druid priests erected an altar to the "Virgin who was one day to bring forth a Son," and they engraved upon it that inscription which has since become so celebrated: *Virgini pariturae*. Priscus, the reigning king of Chartres, was deeply moved by the discourse pronounced on the occasion by their grand pontiff, and in presence of the entire assembly, solemnly consecrated his kingdom to the future Queen, who was to bring forth the Desired of Nations. All the assistants, touched by this act, immediately consecrated themselves to this privileged Virgin; and they and their descendants ever afterward, entertained for her the most tender veneration, invoking her under the title of "Our Lady of Chartres."

Time, which proves all things, has not shaken this belief of the first ages; on the contrary, it has rather strengthened and developed it. In the fifteenth century Charles VII. granted letters patent in favor of the church of Chartres, declaring it, at the same time, to be the most ancient in his kingdom, founded, by prophecy, in honor of the glorious Virgin Mary, before the Incarnation, and in which she was honored while living. At a later period Mr. Olier, in his "Autograph Memoirs," salutes Chartres as the "holy and devoted city, first in the world as regards antiquity, since it had been erected by prophecy."

The first Apostles in the Chartrain country, found the inhabitants admirably disposed to receive the truths of the Gospel; and as Saint Paul, preaching in the Areopagus, appealed to the altar, erected to the "Unknown God," to draw the Athenians to a knowledge of the true God; so these apostolic men reminded the Chartrains of their devotion to the Virgin Mother,

in order to announce to them the *Son*, whom this Virgin had already given to the world. Their words and doctrine were joyfully received, and the true faith was soon established among these Pagans.

Their mysterious grotto was dedicated to the Sovereign Master of Heaven and earth, and transformed into a Christian temple, under the invocation of the Virgin Mary. Such is the antiquity of Notre Dame de Chartres. What the devotion of succeeding ages has made it, we find beautifully illustrated, in "Notre Dame de France," by the venerable Curé of St. Sulpice.

In the eleventh century the celebrated Bishop Fulbert conceived the idea of erecting to the Mother of God one of those monuments that seem to defy time, and astonish all ages by their grandeur and magnificence. To accomplish a design so worthy of his great heart, he made an appeal to all sovereigns of Europe: Robert, King of France, Canute, the great King of England and Denmark, Richard of Normandy, William of Aquitaine, and a host of noble Princes and Lords, liberally responded by pious largesses. A holy emulation pervaded all ranks—females even taking part in the construction of the edifice; and from this epoch dates that idea of banded corporations of skilful workmen, who enriched Europe with those superb basilicas, which still continue the admiration of the world.

Before the work of Fulbert was finished, it became a prey to the flames, and all its combustible parts were destroyed. Then it was decided to build another edifice, that should stand unrivaled in the world. It was constructed of cut stone, from the foundation to the summit, and, said William of Brittany, referring to the former accident, "this shall have nothing to fear from the fury of the flames until the day of judgment."

The royal magnificence of Philip Augustus and his successors poured out its riches in the erection of this new Cathedral, while a holy zeal animated all classes. A contemporary writer says: "Who had ever before seen princes and powerful lords, men-at-arms and delicate women, laboring with trowel and chisel, bending under the yoke, like beasts of burden, while drawing these heavy loads of stone? Yet here we meet thou-

sands such." Skilful architects and renowned artists hastened from all parts to offer their services gratuitously; and, as if by enchantment, that grand cathedral was raised and completed.

"When one sees, for the first time, the cathedral of Chartres," says an eloquent writer of our day, "he is agitated by indefinable emotions, and strange sensations thrill through his inmost soul. There all that is grand and imposing meets the sight; a multitude of pious recollections which come crowding from the past; the mighty proportions of the vast cathedral; all united, ravish the heart, and dazzle the eye, presenting as they do, such celestial marvels. We find within this inclosure, so venerable, and yet so young, all grace and poesy, and a combination of beauty, which human words cannot express, and we can but say that the cathedral of Chartres is one of the most prodigious *chefs d'œuvre* of Catholic architecture. Yet, however splendid may be this cathedral, *it* has not been the attraction which for ages has drawn whole generations to Chartres. No, they do not go there to admire the skill of architects, nor the grandeur of the temple; these are but accessories; it is Notre Dame de Sous-terre, or the Druidic Statue; Notre Dame du Pilier, and the veil of the Blessed Virgin, that draw all hearts to Chartres. The first, Notre Dame de Sous-terre, ever rests in the crypt. Its mysterious origin, its antiquity, and the many miracles obtained at its feet, make this crypt hallowed ground. Never has Notre Dame de Sous-terre been removed, for any length of time, and it is meet that she should rest there."

If it were asked, why a Madonna so devoutly venerated through so many ages should have been left in the bowels of the earth, hidden as it were in a vault, instead of being exposed to the veneration of the faithful, in the brilliant light of day, in the upper church, which is far more beautiful and spacious; we would answer in the words of Bishop Pie, as found in his address delivered at the inauguration of the new statue of Notre Dame de Sous-terre: "It is because we never displace the source of a stream. Mary herself selected that particular dwelling. There, in that subterranean church, as it is called, Our Lady of Chartres has loved to receive her faithful servants,

and enrich them with her choicest favors. In changing the place of the statue, they might be exposed to stop the source of graces. For God is the master of His own gifts, and He grants them on His own conditions." This is why Fulbert, when making the crypt nine hundred feet long, was most careful not to displace the antique statue. He left it on the very spot where the Druids held their assemblies, and where they had raised the image dedicated to the Virgin who was to bring forth a Son. In reality this subterranean church is the principal part of this sanctuary of Mary, the upper temple being only the decoration—and it was constructed with so much magnificence in order to honor the primitive grotto of the Druids.

In the middle ages it shone resplendent with gold and precious stones; its walls were covered with the choicest paintings, and a vast number of lamps burned day and night before the venerated statue. In this manner was Notre Dame de Sous-terre honored, until the terrible days of the infamous French Revolution, when, inspired by a spirit of impiety, of which a savage nation would be ashamed, the enemies of the Church dared to penetrate even to the sanctuary of Notre Dame de Sous-terre, and drag the statue from its throne and burn it at the door of the magnificent temple which the piety of ages had erected in honor of the Virgin Mother. When better days had succeeded the fury of the Revolution, an exact copy of the original was replaced in the crypt.

Notre Dame du Pilier happily escaped the fury of those modern Vandals. This statue is preserved in the upper church. It derives its name from a column upon which it rests. The faithful have always held it in great veneration; and after bearing their first homage to Notre Dame de Sous-terre, they lay at the feet of Notre Dame du Pilier the tribute of their gratitude and prayers. "So great are the crowds, and so fervent their devotion," writes an author of the seventeenth century, "that the stone column upon which the above mentioned statue rests has been worn away in places by the kisses of the devout pilgrims."

The veil of the Blessed Virgin is the third object of the devotion of the faithful at Our Lady of Chartres. This precious

relic was brought from Aix-la-Chapelle, by Charles the Bald, grandson of Charlemagne. For more than nine hundred years it was venerated by the faithful, as one of their most precious treasures. When the Revolutionary Commissioners of 1793, whose glory consisted in insulting all that was sacred and holy, invaded the sanctuary of Our Lady, they insolently demanded the case containing this relic. In those days, might, or rather brute force, was right, and the sacristan was compelled to bring to them the rich cedar box, overlaid with thick plates of gold and incrustated with pearls, rubies, and diamonds. When they saw it, in spite of their seared consciences they were seized with feelings of involuntary respect, and decided that none but an ecclesiastic should open it. Two priests were called to obey their behest. On opening it, they found the veil, composed of silk and linen, four and a half yards long. They cut off a portion of it, and sent it to Barthelemy, member of the Institute, in Paris, begging him to give his opinion of it, but did not inform him of its origin. This celebrated Oriental antiquarian, after carefully examining it, replied that the material must have been woven some two thousand years previous, and that it had formed part of a veil similar to those worn by the Oriental women. On receiving this reply, even those impious minions of Robespierre respected the case and the veil it contained, although they carried off all the treasures of the Cathedral, melting down all the gold and silver into the money of their so-called Republic.

Many royal octavo volumes would be required merely to enumerate the miracles that have been performed at Notre Dame de Chartres. The number of extraordinary cures have been great; truly might it be said that there the lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind see, and the sick are restored to health.

The archives are a long succession of preservations from shipwreck, fire, pestilence, and all other calamities which afflict life here below. In these records, the strongest evidences are given to prove how frequently, during the wars of the feudal times, Chartres was preserved from destruction by her precious relics. In the fourteenth century, not only the city, but the

entire French nation, was menaced with destruction. Her King, John, had been many years a prisoner in England; the English were masters of Guienne, the flower of French chivalry had fallen at Crecy and Poitiers, the nobles were ruined, the young Regent was without troops, and Edward of England, pursuing his victorious career, penetrated with his triumphant army to the very walls of Chartres, where he pitched his tents, and summoned the city to surrender immediately. Full of confidence in God, and the intercession of Mary, the citizens simply replied that they would not. Edward's messengers thought the siege would be an easy task for the English men-at-arms, for they saw no signs of defense within its walls.

But, contrary to their expectation, the siege wore on, until the green fields of France were bristling with English bayonets instead of the golden grain. The Dauphin tried to save the favorite city of Mary, but Edward was determined that it should be destroyed. The citizens saw that every shadow of earthly hope was lost; still they redoubled their supplications to their Patroness, when, suddenly, the sky was overcast, and so terrible a storm fell upon the English army that it seemed as though the end of the world had come. Stones fell from the sky, so large as to kill both men and horses. The entire English camp was in ruins, the canvas of the tents hung in tatters, and over that immense plain more than six thousand horses and a thousand soldiers lay dead upon the ground. There is no historical fact better attested than this extraordinary event. Edward, terror-stricken, believed that Heaven had taken up arms against him, and, falling on his knees in the midst of the ruins and dead that surrounded him, he implored the assistance of Notre Dame de Chartres, vowing to grant peace to France. In the fulfilment of this vow, which, in his fight he had made to the powerful Patroness of Chartres, he signed the treaty in the little town of Bretigny, close by. France was saved, and the English King, with his haughty nobles, went, as peaceful and humble pilgrims, to kneel before the Shrine of Notre Dame de Sous-terre.

CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES.

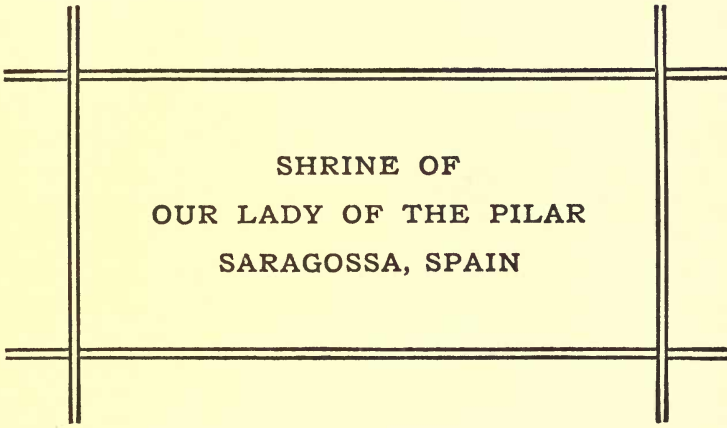
I who to Chartres came to feed my eye
 And give to Fancy one clear holiday,
 Scarce saw the minster for the thought it stirred
 Buzzing o'er past and future with vain quest.
 Here once there stood a homely wooden church,
 Which true devotion nobly changed for this
 That echoes vaguely to my modern steps.
 By suffrage universal it was built,
 As practiced then, for all the country came
 From far as Rouen, to give votes for God,
 Each vote a block of stone securely laid
 Obedient to the master's deep-mused plan.
 What will our ballots rear, responsible
 To no grave forethought, stand so long as this?
 Delight like this the eye of after days,
 Brightening with pride that here, at least, were men
 Who meant and did the noblest thing they knew!
 Can our religion cope with deeds like this?
 We, too, build Gothic contract-shams, because
 Our deacons have discovered that it pays,
 And pews sell better under vaulted roofs
 Of plaster painted like an Indian squaw.
 Shall not the Western Goth, so fiercely practical, so keen of eye,
 Find out some day that nothing pays but God.
 Served whether on the smoke-shot battle-field,
 In work obscure done honestly, or vote
 For truth unpopular, or faith maintained
 To ruinous convictions or good deeds
 Wrought for good's sake, mindless of heaven or hell?
 Shall he not learn that all property
 Whose bases stretch not deeper than the sense,
 Is but a trick of this world's atmosphere,
 A desert-born mirage of spire and dome,
 Or find too late, the Past's long lesson missed,
 That dust the prophets shake from off their feet
 Grows heavy to drag down both tower and wall?
 I gaze round on the windows,* pride of France,
 Each the bright gift of some mechanic guild
 Who loved their city and thought gold well spent

*There are 128 windows in the Cathedral of Chartres.

To make her beautiful with piety;
I pause, transfigured by some stripe of bloom,
And my mind throngs with shining auguries,
Circle on circle, bright as seraphim,
With golden trumpets, silent, that await
The signal to blow news of good to men.

James Russell Lowell, 1819-1891.





SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF THE PILAR
SARAGOSSA, SPAIN

Private Use Only

SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF THE PILAR
SARAGOSSA, SPAIN

Hail, the Saviour's Blessed Mother,
Vase elect, above all other,
Full of honor, full of grace;
Fore-ordained from years eternal,
And, by Wisdom's hand supernal,
Wrought from Adam's ruined race.

Adam of St. Victor.



AMONG the twelve, three were chosen as the familiar companions of Our Blessed Lord, and of these James was one. He alone, with Peter and John, was admitted to the house of Jairus when the dead maiden was raised to life. They alone were taken up to the high mountain, apart, and saw the face of Jesus shining as the sun, and His garments white as snow; and these three alone witnessed the fearful agony in Gethsemane. What was it that won James a place among the favorite three? Faith, burning, impetuous, and outspoken, but which needed purifying before the "Son of Thunder" could proclaim the Gospel of Peace. It was James who demanded fire from Heaven to consume the inhospitable Samaritans, and who sought the place of honor by Christ in His kingdom. Yet, our Lord, in rebuking his presumption, prophesied his faithfulness to death.

When St. James was brought before King Herod Agrippa, his fearless confession of Jesus crucified so moved the public prosecutor that he declared himself a Christian on the spot. Accused and accuser were hurried off together to execution, and on the road the latter begged pardon of the Saint. The Apostle had long since forgiven him, but hesitated for a moment whether publicly to accept as a brother one still unbaptized. God quickly recalled to him the Church's faith, that the blood of martyrdom supplies for every sacrament, and em-

braced his companion, with the words, "Peace be with thee." Together then they knelt for the sword, and together received the crown.

The Apostle James the Great, after Our Lord's Ascension, went to Spain. One day, as he stood on the banks of the River Ebro, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him seated on the top of a pillar of jasper, surrounded by a choir of angels. And the Apostle having thrown himself on his face, she commanded him to build on that spot a chapel; assuring him that all this province of Saragossa, though now in the darkness of paganism, would at a future time be distinguished by devotion to her. He did as the Holy Virgin had commanded, and this was the origin of a grand and famous church known as Our Lady of the Pilar, which became the cradle of the Spanish Church; and in it the pillar consecrated by the feet of the Mother of God has received the veneration of the faithful from that date to this, and St. James has remained the Patron Saint of the land which he apostolized.

The chapel was very small, and in course of time a church was erected above it, which, after various vicissitudes, was replaced in the seventeenth century by the present magnificent edifice.

The Cathedral of Nuestra Senora del Pilar is a quadrangular building, 500 feet in length, surmounted by clustering domes roofed with green, yellow and white glass tiles, to which the sunlight imparts a dazzling splendor. There are three great waves, and in the center is the venerable sanctuary of Our Lady, which is elliptical in shape and now adorned with fine jasper columns and many old Moorish banners—trophies of the victories over the infidels won "by the sword of the Lord and of Santiago."

Upon the sacred pillar stands a statue of Our Lady carved out of black resinous wood in very ancient times and held in great esteem. The pillar is surrounded by a silver railing and the image upon it is usually covered by a heavy cloth.

The choir of the cathedral is very fine and contains 115 elaborately carved oaken stalls, made by Juan Moreto in 1542.

There is also a superb iron grating, made in 1574, which is the masterpiece of Juan Celma. There are some fine frescoes on the interior, and in a crypt beneath the chapel are the remains of a number of eminent ecclesiastics and noblemen, including the heart of Don John of Austria, that brilliant Christian hero, "beautiful, commanding, chivalrous and magnanimous," who was at the head of the Christian army in the great naval victory of Lepanto, in which the Turkish power was finally broken, and which is still commemorated throughout the Catholic world in the festival of the Most Holy Rosary.

The principal altar is of alabaster in the Gothic style, and has always been much admired. It is the work of Damien Forment. The altar-piece represents the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and is the finest work of its kind in Arragon. This birth-place of the Spanish Church is naturally very dear to the whole nation, and on the 12th of October, the anniversary of Our Lady's Apparition to St. James, pilgrims congregate there from all parts of Spain, sometimes to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Innumerable miracles have taken place at this Shrine of Our Lady of the Pilar, and by the application of the oil taken from the ever-burning lamps before it.

It is constantly enriched by votive offerings of every kind, including reproductions in solid silver of members restored or healed through the all-powerful intercession of the Mother of Mercy.

A multitude of miracles have been wrought at the Shrine of Our Lady of the Pilar, but the following stands pre-eminent both for splendor and authenticity. Let those who impugn the devotion to Our Blessed Lady know, that it stands on record that by means of it a man recovered at this Church in Saragossa one of his legs which had been amputated. His name was Michael Juan Pellicer, aged, at the time, nineteen years, and born at Calanda, a town of Arragon. His parents belonged to that town. The young man, being in the service of his uncle, James Blasco, at Castellon de la Plena, in Valentia, happened to fall out of a wagon, and broke his right leg. He was taken to the hospital at Valentia, and, after many remedies had been

tried in vain, he was taken to the great hospital at Saragossa, where he was placed under the care of Juan d'Estanga, a celebrated surgeon.

Here we must observe that the young man had great devotion to Our Lady of the Pilar, and that on being taken to Saragossa he first received the sacraments at her church, and that when the surgeon amputated his leg (which he was obliged to do, and cut it off a finger's breadth below the knee), during the operation, he invoked the Blessed Virgin with great fervor. When the wound was cicatrized, he dragged himself to her image to offer up thanks and place his whole life in her hands; and when, afterwards, he suffered pain in the sore limb, he used to go to the Church of Our Lady of the Pilar and anoint the stump with the oil from one of the lamps which burned before her. He did this constantly, and for two years was known by everybody to frequent the Church of Our Blessed Lady, sometimes imploring her succor, sometimes begging the charity of the passers-by.

In 1640 he returned to Calanda, the place of his birth, and used to beg for his support. On March 29th, 1641, after having tired himself cutting grass, he hung up his wooden leg, and went to bed. At eleven o'clock at night his mother entered his room, and was amazed to see two feet in her son's bed. At first she thought one of the soldiers quartered in the town had got into the house, and ran to tell her husband. Her husband came, saw it was his son, and awoke him. The son cried out, on awakening, "I dreamt that I was in the chapel of Our Lady of the Pilar, where I was anointing my stump with the oil of the lamp!" The father instantly answered: "Give thanks to God, my son. His Holy Mother has restored you your leg." The young man did not know it till then. The news of the event immediately spread all over the town, and the same night all the inhabitants came to witness the miracle. Next day a large crowd accompanied him to the church to render thanks, and all beheld him with two legs, who, the day before, was known to have but one. The young man was conducted to Saragossa, and judicially examined. An advocate was named,

witnesses were examined, the question was debated, and at length, on April 27, 1641, the most illustrious Lord Pedro Apaolara, Archbishop of Saragossa, pronounced that the fact was true, and that it surpassed all natural powers. The verdict was also signed by the prior of St. Christina, the vicar-general, the archdeacon, the senior professor of canon law, and several other professors and provincials of orders.

To these testimonies may be added that of Jerome Brizius (quoted by the Bollandists, *Acta Sanctorum*, vi, p. 118), who makes the following declaration: "By order of M. Gabriel de Aldamas, Vicar-general of Madrid, I have read the publication regarding the astounding miracle wrought by Our Lady of the Pilar. I know that it is true. In the first place, I knew the young man at Saragossa, where, deprived of one leg, he used to ask alms at the door of the Church of the Virgin; and I afterwards saw him at Madrid, whence his Catholic Majesty had sent for him, walking on his two feet. I saw the mark which the Blessed Virgin left to attest the incision; and the others fathers of this royal college of the Society of Jesus saw it, like myself. I knew the parents of the young man, who were assisted by the Canons of Our Lady of the Pilar. I also knew the surgeon who made the amputation. Dated, Madrid, at the College of the Society of Jesus, March 12, 1642."

CRADLE SONG OF THE VIRGIN,

Angels! Ye holy
Who fly through the palm-groves,
Hold quiet the branches,
My Babe is asleep.

Palm-groves of Bethlehem
That sway in the tempest,
The winds are loud moaning
As through you they sweep;
Restrain your wild fury,
Move gently above us;
Hold quiet your branches,
My Babe is asleep.

My Child, my divine One,
Who came down from Heaven,
What pangs He must suffer!

 What tears He must weep!
O let Him one moment
Forget all His anguish,
Hold quiet your branches,
 My Babe is asleep.

The tempests blow 'round Him;
Ye see that I have not
Wherewith from my Darling

 The cold blasts to keep.
O angels, ye holy,
Who o'er us are flying,
Hold quiet the branches—
 My Babe is asleep.

From Lope de Vega.
By Constantina E. Brooks.



SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF THE CATACOMBS
ROME, ITALY

Dive deep for pearls, as did the Messenger
Who learned in earth's humility to know
A gem that Heaven itself, apart from her,
Had not in all its treasury to show.

Rev. John B. Tabb.



WHEN the Christian pilgrim for the first time enters the Catacombs of Rome he experiences a strange, indefinable emotion. The gloomy darkness of those subterranean abodes; the long, narrow corridors, the sides of which are lined with tombs, placed one above the other; the thought of the frightful persecutions which during three centuries filled this bloody cradle of Christianity,—all are calculated to produce a kind of religious terror. But as he slowly passes from room to room, and attentively fixes his eyes upon the paintings of the vaults, and the numberless inscriptions of the tombs, little by little terror vanishes. There is in all these paintings a youthfulness, a lively freshness almost a gayety—a radiant hope which is as unexpected as it is cheering to the soul. No cry of pain is heard, no sound of lamentation, nor any of those lawful outbursts of holy anger with which the Psalms abound. The soul, gently moved, feels that this is the kingdom of the Lamb, whose sweet image, as it everywhere appears with that of the dove, fills the whole being with peace, hope, love, and mercy.

Some inexact and coarsely made copies of these incomparable paintings have given the world the idea that art was wanting in the Catacombs. This is an error, and the most superficial observation suffices to show, beyond doubt, vestiges of great genius. True it is, often a rapid, and as it were extemporized, sketch is seen; but is this not enough for genius sometimes to

make striking effects? How many hours do not artists spend in the Uffizi galleries at Florence, studying some drawings or pen-outlines of Michael Angelo or Leonardo da Vinci? Here and there a connoisseur meets with the figure of a Madonna, sketched by Raphael upon a small sheet of paper, which, unfinished as it is, moves him even to tears. This is often the case in the Catacombs. In paintings which, at first glance, appear rude and unfinished, examination reveals those beauties of art that never fail to fill the observer with admiration.

It frequently happens that, after studying the sculptures of the Antonine column, or the paintings of the mansion of the Cæsars at Ostia, a curious traveller descends into one of the Catacombs. There at each step he finds again the same process, the same dash of the pencil; but more vigorous, and as if inspired by a loftier motive. For instance, there is the admirable painting of the Virgin Mother in the Cemetery of St. Priscilla, where the Child has an expression of divine gracefulness, which reminds us of Raphael's picture in the museum of the Louvre; there is also the same Virgin Mother in the Cemetery of St. Domitilla, where the Child, divinely thoughtful, clad in white, and delightfully radiant, recalls to our minds the miniatures of Fra Angelico. Again, there is that inimitable scene of the Annunciation, the style of which is wholly Grecian, and which is found in the crypts of Lucina. Assuredly these are all splendid works of art, or there is no such thing as art. And this is not the language of mere enthusiasm: it is the verdict of the most competent judges—men such as De Rossi, the distinguished scientist; Vitet, a critic of most refined taste; Kùgler, Northcote, and Brownlow, in England, and Welcker, in Germany,—well-known antiquarians.

What has led to error in these obscure investigations is this, that almost everything is to be found in the Catacombs, and that as every discovery was published, many valuable frescoes of the earliest ages, unfaithfully reproduced, and mixed up with shapeless pencil sketches, could not possibly be remarked; and such a heterogeneous collection gave a wrong bias to public opinion. It was, indeed, high time that De Rossi should appear,

and that true science should begin its work. This patient, indefatigable specialist may be called the Columbus of the Catacombs. As a result of his profound inquiries and intelligent criticism, it is now admitted by all that the more antique the crypts, the purer is the style of the paintings, so that the oldest go back to the same epoch as the famous frescoes of Pompeii, and the "Golden House of Nero." And this verdict is really important, not only from an artistic point of view, but also and especially as a grand expression of Christian faith.

The whole Catholic Creed, in all its details, is depicted upon the dark walls of its first prison, and day after day rises to life again from the sepulchre which had for more than eighteen centuries buried its significant symbols. Since the publication of "Fabiola," by Cardinal Wiseman, and "Callista," by Cardinal Newman, these symbolical characters have become more popular, and their study has revealed new evidences of the principal dogmas and practices of the early Church. We need not say that the First Article is to be read everywhere, and that the belief in one only God and the faith in His Adorable Trinity are particularly conspicuous by various inscriptions in Greek and Latin. Though the pictures representing the Creation are few in number (because the early Christians were too well convinced of this old tenet of the patriarchal tradition ever to have any doubt about it), the fact of the primitive Fall, which destroyed the beautiful work of Creation, is deeply engraved on all the tablets of subterranean Rome. Sometimes Adam and Eve appear before the Fall, standing, and separated by the tree, around which the serpent is coiled; Adam fixing his eyes on Eve, and Eve looking at the fruit. Again they are painted just at the moment when the sin was committed, as in the beautiful representation in the Domitilla Cemetery, where, between the branches of a large tree laden with reddish fruits, can be seen the head of the serpent, holding an apple in its mouth. These great paintings of the Fall are innumerable; some of them can be traced back to the remotest antiquity, perhaps even to the age of the Apostles; and most of them express an exquisite beauty, at once simple and majestic.

But if the early Christians so eagerly covered the walls of the Catacombs with representations of the Fall, they were far from forgetting the mysterious promise which was made soon after, to console and encourage the afflicted souls of our first parents. It is a remarkable circumstance, and one too often disregarded, that beside the painting of the Fall there is sometimes seen a figure, pure and radiant, in the attitude of prayer, and called by archæologists "*Orante.*" Who can this suppliant female be? It is true, the name "*Maria*" is not written under the picture, but it would be impossible to doubt the identity in this case. The position which she holds in relation to the Fall, the ornaments which surround her (as if the painter had feared and wished to prevent a mistake); her arms not always raised to Heaven, but lowered towards the earth, as in the modern statues of the Immaculate Conception; the two vases of white lilies placed on either side to do her honor; those two venerable-looking personages who point to her respectfully; the dove lying at her feet,—all these symbols sufficiently declare that she is indeed the Virgin of whom it was said, after the Fall: "She shall crush thy head."

Let those who smile at the devotion of the Catholic Church to the Blessed Virgin go to Rome; let those who charge us with paying too much honor to Mary, the Mother of God, read calmly and without prejudice the works published on the Catacombs; let those who accuse us of idolatry, and pretend that this homage is a novelty in the Christian world, descend with us in mind and heart, and visit those mysterious places of burial and worship. Soon will they be convinced that, after the Saviour, whom the inscriptions called Christ-God, no other painting is made with greater care or more loving tenderness than that which represents Mary, "of whom was born Jesus." When a person has a deep feeling—when he earnestly wishes to trace out the image of one dearly beloved, even without the assistance of genius or talent he will paint with respect, delicacy, and enthusiasm. And if he is anxious to inspire others with these noble sentiments, had he nothing but a piece of chalk or charcoal, he will give his work a spark of the flame which

burns in his soul. This is the character of the frescoes to be found in the Catacombs, particularly of those which represent our divine Lord and His Blessed Mother.

It has often been stated that the image of Mary is nowhere to be seen in the Catacombs, except, perhaps, in a few historical representations of the Adoration of the Magi. Again it has been said that it was only after the Council of Ephesus that paintings relative to Mary began to appear. This is a mistake, and originated from the fact that in the beginning only a part—a very small part—of the Catacombs had been explored, and, moreover, this narrow corner but superficially investigated. The fact is that there is not one of the extraordinary privileges of the Mother of God—not one of the marvels of her life, such as her Virginité, the Annunciation, the Visitation, her Divine Maternity, her inviolable purity, her power with God—which is not to be read in a thousand shapes and forms on the walls of the Catacombs? And not only did the early painters omit nothing of what concerns the Blessed Virgin, but never, perhaps, were they more happily inspired. Nowhere is it possible to point out in a higher degree that inventive spirit, that originality, that instinctive return to the great traditions of antique art, which are the sweetest delight of the artist, and the irresistible charm of the man of taste. What renders it more wonderful is that the most beautiful among these paintings are of the highest antiquity, dating back even to the Apostolic age.

Let us first enter the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, to which a most learned critic has appropriately given the name of "Crypt of Mary," on account of its many frescoes representing her. Let us take our stand before a painting wherein the chaste inspiration of new-born Christianity is harmoniously mingled with the graceful forms of the Grecian style. It is the picture of the Annunciation, the oldest known to us, and contemporaneous with St. John. The groundwork is carefully prepared and tastefully adorned, and upon it is laid a circlet of five layers of precious stones, within which two personages are depicted—the Blessed Virgin, sitting on an antique chair, and a mysterious being standing before her at a certain distance, who seems to

speak to her. The Virgin listens, her eyes modestly cast down, her right hand leaning on the arm of the seat, her left somewhat thrown forward, as if making an objection. But the mysterious being appears to insist. With one hand he holds the pallium which covers his tunic, and he stretches out the other towards the Virgin, as if wishing to persuade. His eyes are wide open, and full of a heavenly fire. The attitude of both personages, the arrangement of their garments; the modesty of the one, the dignified insistence of the other,—all produce the greatest effect.

One can never grow tired in looking at that image of the Virgin, exhibiting such a calm, angelic majesty, such a pure expression on her sweet countenance, such amazement and emotion, as she gently reclines on a simple but well-carved chair. Certainly all this is the most refined art. The four doves placed at the four angles of the little room seem to speak the words of the Archangel, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee."

This painting, according to the best critics, dates from the end of the first century or the beginning of the second.

In the same Cemetery of St. Priscilla, so remarkable for its antiquity, is to be found another image still more beautiful—the incomparable picture of the Virgin Mother and the Prophet Isaias. The Virgin is seated, with the Infant God in her arms. Beside her stands the Prophet, wearing the Greek Pallium; in one hand he holds a scroll of parchment, and with the other points to a star in the heavens. There is an artistic power displayed in this painting which even the ancients seldom attained. The Child is truly worthy of Raphael, as He gently leans upon the breast of His Mother, and at the same time turns His head towards the Prophet with an admirable motion of grace and liveliness. The manner of turning His head, His deep, beautiful eyes, His little hand laid with so much grace on Mary's bosom,—all the details reveal an art so consummate that, if in Raphael's time these frescos had not been buried in the ground, you would believe that he saw them, and derived his inspirations therefrom.

In this instance, the countenance of the Virgin fairly rivals

that of the Child,—with her pure, broad forehead, her eyes wide-open and yet so modest, her small mouth, and her whole air of profound astonishment. Though she holds the divine Babe in her arms, she appears still to doubt of her happiness, and seems to believe that the “*Quomodo fiet istud*” of the Annunciation has not been answered. How is it that such a picture, so remarkably beautiful, so truly antique, has not been reproduced by the pencil of great artists, and is not to be seen as a precious ornament in Christian homes? It may certainly be classed with the Virgins of Raphael, being a child of the same inspiration. It must have been made during the lifetime of St. John. Rossi, who published accounts of several pictures of the Blessed Virgin taken from the Catacombs, was right in giving this one the first place, as it is both the oldest and the most beautiful of his selection.

In the Cemetery of St. Domitilla there is another painting of the Virgin Mother which may well be compared with the one we have just considered. The Blessed Virgin is represented sitting in a curule chair, and wearing a dalmatic adorned with purple bands; her head is covered with a short veil wrapped around the shoulders; her right hand is raised, and her head, slightly turned, seems, as it were, to sink under feelings of astonishment, admiration, and thanksgiving—a perfect expression of the *Magnificat*. The Child, sitting on her knees, seems to look at you. He is clad in a robe of dazzling whiteness, and makes one think of the miniatures of the *Beata*.

To these three paintings we must add that of the Virgin Mother in the Cemetery of SS. Peter and Marcellinus. Not that it equals the others in antiquity or beauty, but on account of a curious peculiarity, which commends it to the attentive consideration of all Christians. Mary appears clothed in a tunic with a purple border, seated in a chair, and holding the Infant Jesus in her arms. But, while all the other pictures represent her with her head covered with a veil, in this one she has no veil. This led Rossi to conjecture that, as it was the custom for married women only to wear a veil, taken on the day of their betrothal, the design of the artist was to typify the

virginal integrity of Mary. However this may be, the idea of the immaculate purity of the Blessed Virgin, blended with her glorious maternity, we find expressed in a mysterious and striking manner in another page taken from the book of the Catacombs, in the Cemetery of St. Valentine on the Flaminian Way. There may be found a remarkable painting which has, so to speak, three subjects, or divisions. On the right side is depicted the Visitation, in which Mary and Elizabeth are charmingly represented embracing each other,—the one older, the other younger,—both with the nimbus. In the center-piece the Virgin Mother is portrayed holding the Child-God on her knees, with this inscription, *Sancta Dei Genitrix*. On the left side is a representation of the apocryphal legend of the woman who, doubting Mary's virginity, was punished by the loss of her right arm, and, having addressed a fervent prayer to the divine Infant, recovered it. It is strikingly evident that the early Christians in this picture intended to profess their faith in the perpetual virginity of Mary.

In an *arcosolium* of the Cemetery of St. Agnes may be seen the first picture of the Blessed Virgin discovered in the Catacombs, and owing to this circumstance it soon became famous all over the world. It was for a long time believed that no other was extant, an opinion actually expressed in the "Early Christian Symbolism" of Palmer. Archæologists have shown that this painting is not older than the fourth century, and it is consequently far inferior, in point of antiquity and beauty, to all the others that have been previously sketched, and which must undoubtedly be referred to the second, and even the first century. Its importance and dogmatic value, though greatly lessened, are still considerable. The Virgin is enveloped in a long veil; she wears a necklace of pearls, and her attitude is that of an *Orante*, or praying female, with hands and eyes raised to Heaven. The Child is seated before her. There is in all these details a degree of stiffness and conventionalism, which places the picture at a great distance from those recently found in the Cemeteries of SS. Priscilla and Domitilla.

But it was not under this form only that the painters of the

Catacombs took pleasure in representing Mary: they very often painted the "Mother," but with no less tenderness did they frequently portray the "Virgin" in her ideal purity, dressed in a robe of dazzling whiteness, her eyes and hands raised to Heaven, or at times lovingly turned towards earth. It is true that all the suppliant figures called *Orante* which are to be found at each step in the Catacombs cannot be said to represent the Blessed Virgin, but it would be a very grave error to hold that her ideal portrait is not found in any of them. How, for instance, can one fail to recognize Mary in that grand and graceful *Orante*, of almost Grecian design, wrapped in the floating folds of her tunic, covered with the *peplum*? The same may be said of the *Orante* on a tombstone in the Cemetery of St. Callixtus, where the kneeling figure appears like the Good Shepherd, with two sheep at her feet, which look at her with eyes expressive of ardent prayer; while by her side are two precious vases, from which arise the smoke of spices.

In many rooms the Queen of Patriarchs and Prophets occupies the very center of the ceiling, in company with the greatest Saints of the Old Law. Oftentimes she is seen wearing a diadem; often, too, her arms, instead of being raised to Heaven, are outstretched towards the earth. Sometimes two personages are seen bowing before her, and respectfully pointing to her, in the same attitude as they are noticed in the presence of Christ; while more than one painting represents her placed between SS. Peter and Paul. But we need not insist any further; it suffices to say that above many of these beautiful *Orantes*, the painter, wishing to prevent any mistake as to the identity of the figure, has written the sweet name of the Blessed Virgin—*Maria*.

Thus it is that there is no novelty in our divine religion. The two great classes of images representing Mary which we venerate in our modern churches had adorned the primitive sanctuaries of the Catacombs more than eighteen centuries ago. On the one hand, Mary contemplated in her spotless virginity, covered with a veil, clothed in a long white robe her arms or eyes either majestically raised to Heaven, or lovingly lowered

towards the earth, as in our representations of the Immaculate Conception; and, on the other hand, Mary contemplated in her most glorious maternity, holding her Son in her arms, and presenting Him to the adoration of the world. And that which during eighteen centuries has been vainly attempted by Christian genius,—that which the grandest efforts of human art have never been able to realize—that incomparable union between virginity and maternity, was first the inspiring motive of Christian painters, imprisoned for religion's sake in the dark, subterranean caverns of pagan Rome. But those hands which on the morrow were to be loaded with chains; those hearts which neither rack, nor fire, nor the lions of the Amphitheatre could terrify; those souls filled with the Holy Spirit of God, were not more successful than were those sublime geniuses, the blessed Angelico, the divine Raphael, who, at a later period, raised Christian Art to such a lofty plane.

One who has passed hours and days before the mystical paintings of the Catacombs, lost in contemplation till his eyes were bathed in tears of admiration and piety, has left those sacred places, carrying deep in his soul an image of the Blessed Virgin more expressive than any picture. The beauty of Mary, like that of her divine Son, is never understood but by the heart that loves her.

AVE.

Ego Mater pulchrae delectionis et timoris et agnitionis et sanctæ spei.

Mother of the Fair Delight—
 An handmaid perfect in His sight
 Who made thy Blessing infinite,
 For generations of the earth
 Have called thee Blessed from thenceforth—
 Now sitting with the Ancient Three,
 Thyself a woman-Trinity,
 Being the daughter of Great God,
 Mother of Christ from stall to rood,
 And wife unto the Holy Ghost;
 Oh, when our need is uttermost
 And the long sorrow seems to last,
 Then, though no future falls to past

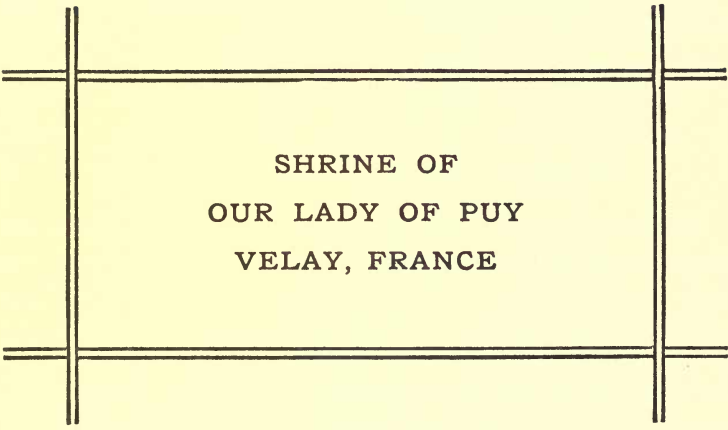
In the still course thy cycle runs,
Bethink thee of that olden once
Wherein to such as Death may strike
Thou wert a sister, sisterlike:
Yea, even thou, who reignest now
Where angels veil their eyes and bow—
Thou, scarcely to be looked upon
By saints whose footsteps tread the sun—
Headstone of the great Mystery,
Fashioned like us, yet more than we.

From an unpublished poem by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in the December "Pall Mall Magazine," 1899.

LEGEND OF THE WHITE THISTLE

The long hours of darkness had begun on one of the weary nights when the Virgin Mother and her Holy Son were flying with St. Joseph into a strange land. Shivering with fatigue and cold, Mary could go no further, but sank down on the sand of the desert, with the Divine Child still clasped in her arms. At length St. Joseph discerned a cleft between two large rocks, which would be some shelter from the cold night wind; and, having laid a mantle upon the ground, he placed the Virgin and Jesus there to rest.

At the foot of the rock a little flower was blooming, a humble lowly thing that scarce a traveler would have heeded—a flower of a bright red hue. But that night, during the silence and stillness, when the only watchers were the gleaming stars in Heaven above, Mary rose to give nourishment to Jesus, and as she nursed Him, singing a sweet, low hymn to soothe Him to sleep, one drop of her milk fell upon the lowly little flower which bloomed at her feet. From that moment its hue fled forever, but it was fairer and lovelier by far; for the thistle was as white as snow, and has so remained to this very hour in remembrance of the night when Mary and the Infant Jesus rested so very near it.



SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF PUY
VELAY, FRANCE

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OF
OUR LADY OF PUY
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Bright Queen of Heaven: when we are sad,
Best solace of our pains;
It tells us, though on earth we toil,
Our Mother lives and reigns.

Adelaide A. Procter.



THE history of the venerable church of Puy presents us with the first instance on record of an Apparition of the Blessed Virgin. Whatever may be the worth of such legends in the eyes of critics, they incontestably assist us in tracing back some of the popular devotions of Christendom to periods of very remote antiquity, and possess a certain weight and value which no unprejudiced mind can disallow. These childish legends, as some regard them, enjoy a marvelous vitality; they have survived through ages of rationalism and revolution, and if our own generation has witnessed such a spectacle as the inauguration of an Image of Notre Dame de France on the Rocher Corneille, it must be owned that the erection of that monument in the year of grace 1860, was but the offspring of a piety which dates its earliest traditions from the Apostolic age. We shall give these traditions as they stand, therefore, regarding them if not as certainly authentic, at least as being entitled to respect and veneration, and certainly as not ranking among the least interesting narratives of their kind. It was in the year 46 or 47 of the Christian Era, according to the French historians, that the first missionaries were sent into Gaul by St. Peter, and amongst these St. George of Velay, as he is commonly called, became first Bishop of that church. One of the new converts, a certain devout

widow named Villa, being sick of a fever, invoked the aid of Our Blessed Lady, and was consoled by a vision in which the Blessed Virgin desired her to ascend a certain hill in the neighborhood, then called Anis, or Amcium, which she had chosen as the site of a future sanctuary to be erected in her honor, promising her that she should there be cured. Villa obeyed the command, and made her attendant carry her to the spot indicated, where, being laid to rest on a large stone, she fell asleep, and woke in perfect health.

The facts being made known to St. George, he proceeded to the spot in company with his clergy, but when they came in sight of the Cornelian Rock, they paused in surprise. It was a hot summer's day, the 11th of July, but Mount Corneille was covered with a sparkling veil of freshly-fallen snow. As they still gazed in wonder at so strange a spectacle, a stag sprang out of a near-by thicket, and, with light steps bounded round the rock, and then galloped back to her woody covert, leaving on the snow the traces of her feet. St. George directed the area thus marked out to be enclosed by a hedge, and St. Martial afterwards chose the place to be occupied by the altar of the future church, and left, as a precious relic to be preserved in it forever, one of the shoes of the Blessed Virgin, which he had brought from Rome.

Nevertheless, it was not until the episcopate of St. Vosy, or Evodius that the church was commenced. Another miraculous cure wrought on the person of a paralytic woman when laid upon the same stone determined him in 221, according to the early writers, to build the church, and fix his Episcopal See at Anis. The authorization of the Pope was necessary, for which purpose Evodius journeyed to Rome, and returned in company with a young Roman architect named Scrutarius. In seven years they completed building the round apse and cupola now occupied by the chapter stalls, and commonly called "the Angelic Chamber." When it was finished, say the historians, of Puy, the Bishop again set out for Rome, accompanied by his architect, to solicit permission for its solemn consecration, but they had not proceeded half a league, when they met two ven-



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erable old men, each carrying a casket of gold, containing relics brought, as they said, from Rome, which they presented to the Bishop, desiring him to deposit them in the church of Mount Anis, which at that moment they assured him was being consecrated by the hands of the angels. They then disappeared, and the Bishop returning, barefoot, to his church, found it illuminated by 300 torches, and the altar still anointed with an oil of delicious fragrance. Two of these torches are still exhibited in the treasury of Puy; the church never received any other consecration, and has henceforth borne the title of the Church of the Angels.

As the population increased, and a city gradually gathered round the foot of the mountain, the apse of St. Vosy was found far too small for the purposes of a cathedral. In the ninth century the Angel's Tower was added, and a portion of the transept, then the nave, and finally the great porch, in different styles of architecture, all more or less of the Byzantine character, which, however, harmonize together, and from their unmistakable air of genuine antiquity produce an effect at once devotional and picturesque.

Accepting the chronology of the most incredulous critics, we are, therefore, bound to assign the Church of Puy an antiquity which dates from the third century, from which time to our own day, Notre Dame de Puy has constantly remained a place of devout pilgrimage.

It would surpass our limits to attempt anything like a history of this venerable sanctuary; and we can but select a few of the facts of special interest which fill its chronicles. "Puy Notre Dame," as it soon came to be called, is associated in a particular manner with the story of the Crusaders. When Urban II., visited France to open the Council of Clermont and preach the first Crusade, he came to Puy, and was there received by its famous Bishop, Adhemar de Montheil, who was the first man to assume the Cross, and who accompanied Godfrey de Bouillion to the Holy Land in quality of Legate of the Holy See. A new door was opened in the wall of the church on this occasion, to admit the Vicar of Christ, after which it

was walled up again, only to be reopened when any of his successors in the Chair of St. Peter should visit the cathedral. Here, at the foot of Our Lady's altar, Urban II. passed the entire Feast of the Assumption, 1095, praying for the success of his great enterprise, and the deliverance of the Holy Land; and here, before leaving his beloved city, Adhemar de Montheil prostrated on the same spot and then, as by sudden inspiration, arose and intoned an anthem, then heard for the first time, but which each successive generation of Christians has repeated with increased devotion: "Salve Regina, Mater-Misericordiæ, vita, dulcedo etspes nostra, salve!" Whether, as stated by the Puy historians, Adhemar was really the author of this anthem, or whether the circumstances under which it was then recited first rendered it popular, one thing is certain, that in the early times it always bore the title of the *Anthem of Puy*, and that it formed the favorite invocation of Our Lady in use among the first Crusaders.

We must mention one royal pilgrim, to whom Puy stood indebted for the miraculous Image of Our Lady which for many centuries was the object of extraordinary devotion, not only in France, but throughout Europe. It was brought from the Holy Land and deposited in the Basilica in the year 1254, by St. Louis himself, who at the same time presented to the church a thorn from the Holy Crown. The image was of great antiquity, was carved in very hard wood, and represented the Blessed Virgin seated, and holding the Divine Child on her knees. It was first carried in procession, by way of solemn thanksgiving for the safe return of its royal donor, on which occasion such immense crowds assembled in the steep and narrow streets that serious accidents occurred. In consequence of this, the Holy Image was very rarely afterwards carried in public, and only on extraordinary occasions. At such times the ceremony was performed with the greatest splendor. Four nobles of the highest rank were chosen to carry the image, and four others, styled the Barons of Our Lady, held the canopy. These processions were made to implore the intercession of the Blessed Virgin when the country was afflicted by famine, pestilence, or war.

Their confidence in the protection of Our Lady knew no bounds; "Puy was the city of Mary;" and it was the proud boast of her citizens that she had never opened her gates to a conqueror. Again and again the Huguenots laid siege to the place, but whether they had recourse to strategem or violence, their efforts were equally frustrated.

It remains to notice the very remarkable monument erected at Puy in our own time to the honor of the Blessed Virgin. We have already spoken of the Cornelian Rock, or the Rocher Cornielle, on which, according to ancient legend, appeared the miraculous snow. Mgr. de Morlhon, the Bishop of Puy, who presided at the jubilee of 1853, conceived the idea of making this rock the pedestal on which should be raised a colossal image of the Mother of God. The rock itself stands 757 meters, or 2,460 feet, above the level of the sea. On such a pedestal, therefore, the image of the Mother of God might be said to overlook the whole of France, the country long since consecrated to her by one of her old line of princes, and which the crimes of later generations have not succeeded in tearing from her protection. It was a noble design and one worthily executed. The first stone of the pedestal which was to be fixed on the top of the rock was, by the judicious arrangement of the Bishop, to have been laid on the day when the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed by Pius IX., but, circumstances having deferred the ceremony two days, the work was commenced on the 10th of December, 1854. Then came the war in the Crimea, and the idea was suggested by Marshal Pelissier of applying to the Emperor for some of the cannon taken from the Russians, as forming a fit material for the statue of Our Lady of France. Mgr. de Morlhon summoned courage to make the request on the 5th of September, 1855; three days later Sebastopol was in the hands of the Allies, and the cannon taken by the French were, in the following April, granted to the Bishop of Puy by an imperial ordinance. The image was not completed and placed on its pedestal till 1860, when twelve bishops and an immense throng of clergy and the faithful attended at the ceremony which inaugurated Notre Dame de

France. The statue is described as a fine work of art, and measures, with its pedestal, twenty-three meters, or about seventy-six feet. It represents the Blessed Virgin, crushing the serpent's head under her foot, while in her arms she bears the Divine Child, whose hand is raised as if in the act of blessing France, and by an Episcopal ordinance the anniversary of its erection is to be kept in perpetuity on the first Sunday after the 12th of September.

HAIL, STAR OF THE SEA

Hail brightest star! that o'er life's troubled sea
Shines pitying down from heaven's elysium blue!
Mother and maid, we fondly look to thee,
Fair gate of bliss, where heaven beams brightly through.

Star of the morning! guide our youthful days,
Shine on our infant steps in life's long race—
Star of the evening! with thy tranquil rays,
Gladden the aged eyes that seek thy face.

Hail sacred maid! thou brighter better Eve,
Take from our eyes the blinding scales of sin;
Within our hearts no selfish poison leave,
For thou the heavenly antidote canst win.

Oh, sacred Mother! 'tis to thee we run—
Poor children, from this world's oppressive strife;
Ask all we need from thy Immortal Son,
Who drank of death, that we might taste of life.

Hail, spotless Virgin! mildest, meekest maid—
Hail, purest pearl! that time's great sea hath borne—
May our white souls, in purity arrayed,
Shine, as if they thy vestal robes had worn.

Make our hearts pure, as thou thyself art pure—
Make safe the rugged pathway of our lives,
And make us pass to joys that will endure,
When the dark term of mortal life arrives.

Dennis Florence McCarthy.

APPARITION
TO
ST. GREGORY THAUMATURGUS, BP.
NEOCÆSAREA, ASIA MINOR

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"O thou, to whose sweet care, so much I owe
To thee I'll give a pure and faithful son,
To care for thee as long as life shall last,"
Then of St. John He makes a last request,—
And now His loving work on earth is done,
While through the cruel crowd the mourners passed,
Till in John's Home sweet Mary finds her rest.

Caroline F. Little.



THEODORUS, afterward called Gregory, and, from his extraordinary miracles, surnamed Thaumaturgus, or Worker of Wonders, was of Neocæsarea in Pontus, born of parents eminent for their rank and fortune, but engaged in the superstitions of idolatry. At fourteen years of age he lost his father, and from that time began to discover the vanity of the heathenish religion as his reason grew more quick and manly, and was improved by education; and by this means his inclinations were insensibly turned towards the belief of the Unity of the Deity, and the Christian faith. His mother pursued the plan begun by his father, in giving him a literary education, with an intention of bringing him up to the bar, and the practice of oratory. In the study of rhetoric he made such surprising progress, that it was easy to foresee he would one day be one of the greatest orators of the age. He learned the Latin tongue, which was a necessary qualification for preferment to great dignities in the Roman empire: his masters also persuaded him to study the Roman laws, an acquaintance with which they said would be a great advantage to him in whatever profession he should afterward embark. Phedimus, archbishop of Amasea, metro-

politan of Pontus, cast his eye upon him to raise him to the episcopal dignity, judging that his ripe parts and piety more than made up for his want of age. The good man, hearing of this, shifted his quarters, and no sooner was he sought for in one desert but he fled to another. However, at length he compounded, that a delay should be allowed him, to prepare himself for that sacred character; after which he received the episcopal ordination with the accustomed ceremonies. About the same time he received, and committed to writing, the famous creed or rule of faith, concerning the mystery of the Holy Trinity, which is extant in his works, and of which we have in Lambecius, a most valuable ancient Latin translation, published from a copy which was sent by Charlemagne, a present to Pope Adrian I.

St. Gregory of Nyssen, relates that his namesake, Bishop of Neocæsarea, a short time before he was called to the priesthood, received in vision a creed, which is still in extant, from Our Blessed Lady at the hands of St. John the Evangelist.

He was deeply pondering theological doctrine, which the heretics of the day denied. "In such thoughts he was passing the night, when one appeared as if in human form, aged in appearance, saintly in the fashion of his garments, and very venerable, both in grace and countenance and general mien. Amazed at the sight, he started from his bed, and asked who it was, and why he came; but on the other calming the perturbation of his mind with his gentle voice, and saying he had appeared to him by Divine command, he took courage at the word, and regarded him with a mixture of joy and fright. Then, on his stretching his hand and pointing to something on one side, he followed with his eyes the extended hand, and saw another appearance opposite to the former, in shape of a woman, but more than human. When his eyes could not bear the apparition, he heard them conversing together on the subject of his doubts. And thus he is said to have heard the person in woman's shape bid 'John the Evangelist' disclose to the young man the mystery of godliness; and he answered that he was ready to comply with the wish of 'the Mother

of the Lord,' and denounced a formulary, well-turned and complete, and so vanished. He, on the other hand, immediately committed to writing that Divine teaching, and henceforth preached in the church according to that form, and bequeathed to posterity, as an inheritance, that heavenly teaching."—*Card. Newman.*

The city of Neocæsareā was rich, large and populous, but so deeply buried in vice, and so miserably addicted to superstition and idolatry, that it seemed to be the place where Satan had fixed his seat, and Christianity had as yet scarce been able to approach its neighborhood, though it was in a flourishing condition in many parts of Pontus. St. Gregory, animated with zeal and charity, applied himself vigorously to the charge committed to him, and God was pleased to confer upon him an extraordinary power of working miracles, of some of which St. Gregory of Nyssa gives us the following account. As the Saint was returning from the city to the wilderness, a violent rain obliged him to take shelter in a heathenish temple, the most famous in the country, upon account of oracles and divinations delivered there. At his entrance he made the sign of the cross several times to purify the air, and then spent the night there with his companion in prayer, according to custom. The next morning he pursued his journey, and the idolatrous priest performed his usual superstitions in the temple: but the devils declared they could stay there no longer, being forced away by the man who had passed the last night there. After several vain attempts to bring those powers back, the priest hastened after the Saint, threatening to carry his complaints against him to the magistrates and to the emperor. Gregory, without the least emotion, told him, that with the help of God he could drive away, or call, the devils when he pleased. When the idolater saw he disregarded all his menaces, and heard that he had a power of commanding demons at pleasure, his fury was turned into admiration, and he entreated the bishop, as a further evidence of the divine authority, to bring the demons back again to the temple. The Saint complied with his request, and dismissed him with a scrip of paper on

which he had written: "Gregory to Satan: Enter." This being laid upon the altar, and the usual oblation made, the demons gave their answers as usual. The priest, surprised at what he saw, went after the holy bishop, and begged he would give him some account of that God whom his gods so readily obeyed. Gregory explained to him the principles of the Christian faith, and finding the priest shocked at the doctrine of the incarnation, told him, that great truth was not to be enforced by words or human reasoning, but by the wonders of the divine power. The priest hereupon pointing to a great stone, desired the Saint to command that it should change its place to another, which he named. St. Gregory did so, and the stone obeyed by the power of Him who promised his disciples, that by faith they should be able to remove mountains. The priest was converted by this miracle, and forsaking his house, friends, and relations, resigned himself up to the instructions of divine wisdom.

The people of Neocæsarea hearing of the miraculous actions of Gregory, were all ambitious to see so wonderful a man, and received him with great applause when he first arrived amongst them. But he passed unconcerned through the crowd, without so much as casting his eye on one side or another. His friends who had accompanied him out of the wilderness were solicitous where he should meet with entertainment. The Saint asked them if they were banished the divine protection and bade them not be solicitous concerning their bodies, but about their minds, which are of infinitely greater importance, and are to be prepared and built up for heaven. Many were ready to open their doors to so welcome a guest: and he accepted the invitation of Musonius, a person of great honor and esteem in the city, and lodged with him. That very day he fell to preaching, and before night had converted a number sufficient to form a little church. Early the next morning the doors were crowded with sick persons, whose distempers he cured, and at the same time he wrought the conversion of their souls. The body of Christians soon became so numerous that the Saint was enabled to build a church for their use, to which all contributed either

money or labor. Though churches were afterward demolished in the days of Dioclesian, and though an earthquake threw down most of the neighboring buildings, this escaped both dangers, and not a stone of it was shaken to the ground. St. Jerome and Venerable Bede mention, that when St. Gregory built this famous church near the sea, he commanded a rock, which obstructed the work, to yield place; which it did. The river Lycus, now called Casalmach, which passed by the walls of Neocæsarea, falling from the mountains of Armenia, sometimes by its impetuous floods swept away inhabitants, cattle, houses, and crops. St. Gregory, moved with compassion, fixed his staff near the bank, and prayed that the waters might not exceed those bounds, and they obeyed his voice; and no such floods happened again to the time when St. Gregory of Nyssa wrote; the staff also took root, and became a large tree. Once, when the Saint was upon a journey, he was espied by two Jews, who, knowing his charitable disposition, made use of a stratagem to impose upon him. One lay on the ground feigning himself dead and the other, lamenting his miserable fate, begged somewhat of the bishop toward his burial; who took his coat and cast it on the man that lay as dead. When Saint Gregory was got out of sight, the impostor came back laughing, and required his companion to rise; but found him really dead. The miracles and wisdom of the Saint brought him into such reputation, that even in civil causes, wherever the case was knotty and difficult, it was usually referred to his decision. Two brothers happened to be at law about a lake, both challenging it to belong to their part of the inheritance: nor was the Saint able by words to accommodate the difference between them; but each resolved to maintain his right by force of arms, and a day was set when they were to bring into the field all the force they could raise with their tenants. To prevent unjust bloodshed St. Gregory continued all the night before the intended engagement in prayer upon the spot, and the next day the lake was turned into solid land, whereby the contention was removed: the remains of the lake were shown long after. A little before his death, being sensible of its near approach,

he enquired how many infidels yet remained in the city, and being told there were seventeen, he sighed and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, expressed his grief that any continued strangers to the true religion, but thankfully acknowledged as a great mercy that, having found but seventeen Christians at his first coming thither, he left but seventeen idolaters. Having then heartily prayed for the conversion of the infidels, and the confirmation and perfect sanctification of those that believed in the true God, he enjoined his friends not to procure him any peculiar place of burial, but that as he lived as a pilgrim in the world, claiming nothing for himself, so after death he might enjoy the portion of a stranger, and be cast into the common lot. He peaceably resigned his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, and is named in all Eastern and Western Martyrologies on the seventeenth of November.

MATER DOLOROSA.

"She stood: she sank not. Slowly fell
 Adown the Cross the atoning blood,
 In agony ineffable
 She offered still His own to God.

"No pang of His her bosom spared;
 She felt in Him its several power,
 But she in heart His Priesthood shared:
 She offered Sacrifice that hour.

"Behold thy Son! Ah, last bequest!
 It breathed His last farewell. The sword
 Predicted pierced that hour her breast,
 She stood: she answered not a word.

"His own in John He gave. She wore
 Thenceforth the Mother-crown of Earth.
 O Eve! thy sentence, too, she bore;
 Like thee in sorrow she brought forth."

"From her He passed; yet still with her
 The endless thought of Him found rest;
 A sad but sacred bunch of myrrh
 For ever folded in her breast.

"A Boreal winter void of light—
So seemed her widowed days forlorn;
She slept; but in her breast all night
Her heart lay waking till the morn.

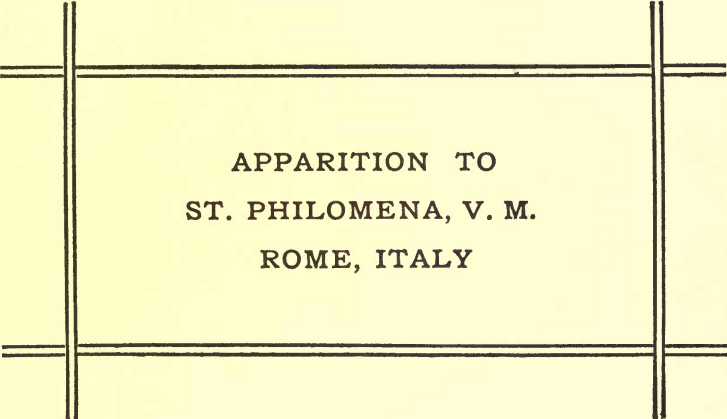
"Sad flowers on Calvary that grew;—
Sad fruits that ripened from the Cross;—
These were the only joys she knew:
Yet all but these she counted loss.

"Love strong as Death! She lived through thee
That mystic life whose every breath
From life's low harpstring amorously
Draws out the sweetened name of Death.

"Love stronger far than Death or Life!
Thy martyrdom was o'er at last.
Her eyelids drooped; and without strife
To Him she loved her spirit passed."

Aubrey de Vere.





APPARITION TO
ST. PHILOMENA, V. M.
ROME, ITALY

APPARITION
TO
ST. PHILOMENA V. M.
ROME, ITALY

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By the sword that pierced Thy heart
When for us He ore the smart,
With my Holy Faith to part
Suffer me oh, never!
Jesu, Brother, Lord Divine!
Mary, Mother, His and mine,
Joseph, child am I of thine—
Help me, now and ever.

John Wilson.



T. PHILOMENA was born of noble parents, at Nicopolis in Macedonia in 289 A.D. Her father was Governor of the province. Himself and his wife were pagans, but on the day of their daughter's baptism they were baptized also.

In baptism the child received the name of Philomena, the Well-Beloved, or Daughter of Light. When the aged priest poured the saving water on the child's head, the Spirit of God descended on him, and he prophesied like Zacharias of old concerning the future of the one just regenerated in the water and the Holy Ghost. He could not refrain from adopting the words of Holy Writ, "All generations shall call me blessed," to Philomena, and, turning to her mother, a cloud of sadness swept over his face when he said, "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce." But she understood not the meaning of these words.

Years passed in happiness and peace for the parents. The child grew in wisdom and virtue, and they marveled at the glorious workings of grace in the little maiden's soul. She

was quite unlike other children: her conversation was in heaven. She showed a supernatural knowledge of the mysteries of faith. The sacred books were to her as a garden from which she culled the choicest flowers. She would often perplex her instructors with her questions concerning heavenly things. But an aged servant of the house, a saintly woman who had gone through the crucible of severe trials for the faith and who was well grounded in it, proved herself a wise teacher and faithful guardian of the child. Macrina was especially solicitous to instill into the girl's soul a firm faith in and a tender love for our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. This was the fountain from which she herself had drawn the courage and strength to persevere in the practice of the most heroic virtue. And when after years of patient instruction and fervent prayer, she noticed that her pupil was well grounded in the knowledge of and devotion to this Mystery of Love, and had been rewarded in return with a desire of consecrating her virginity to God, the good soul wept for joy. This vow Philomena was permitted to make soon after her first communion, and with her heart inflamed with an ardent love of God, her life one of innocence and purity, she longed for the palm of martyrdom. To shed her blood for Christ, to die for Him who had died for her, was her sole desire. She was well versed in the legends of the Christian virgins who had gained a martyr's crown in the persecutions of bygone years, and her soul was charmed especially by the example of Agnes, whose triumph, achieved not very long ago, was still the theme of praise and admiration in Christian circles.

One warm summer's night, whilst contemplating the stars and elevating her heart to the bliss beyond them, she was overcome by slumber. In the prophetic dream which was vouchsafed her, she saw a countless number of virgins clad in white robes, with palms in their hands, and heard them sing a hymn which filled her soul with exquisite melody. One of the virgins bent over her, and she recognized dear Saint Agnes, who beckoned her to approach nearer and to follow that radiant company. But she was unable to do so, because between them

and her lay the sea, and a furious dragon prevented her from joining the procession.

Next morning, when she told Macrina her dream, the trusty servant smiled, took the roll of Holy Writ from its place and read to her: "After this I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and tribes, and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. And they cried with a loud voice, saying: Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and the angels, and the four living creatures; and they fell down before the throne upon their faces, and adored God, saying: Amen. Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor, and power, and strength to our God for ever and ever, Amen. And one of the ancients answered, and said to me: These that are clothed in white robes, who are they? and whence came they? And I said to him: My Lord, thou knowest. And he said to me: These are they who come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God, and they serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell over them; they shall no more hunger nor thirst, neither shall the sun fall on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall rule them, and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." (Apoc. vii, 7, 19.)

"My dear Philomena," she continued, "in the procession thou sawest the holy martyrs, and the one that beckoned to thee was Saint Agnes. Mayst thou happily cross the sea of tribulation, and gain the victory over the dragon."

Marcellinus, the holy Pope, occupied the chair of St. Peter in Rome. It was the year 302 of the Christian era. The Roman empire was under the sway of Diocletian, whose name will be synonymous with cruelty to the end of time. Instigated by his son-in-law, Galerius, he inaugurated the most cruel per-

secution which had so far befallen the Christians. Whilst Diocletian and Maximinian attempted to annihilate the Christians in the West, Galerius devastated the East with still greater fury. He caused thousands of Christians to be murdered, and seemed determined to exhaust every means of cruelty in order to attain his end. Neither place nor time, nor age nor sex, were sacred to him. A contemporary writes: "If I had a hundred tongues I should not be able to describe the atrocities and cruelties perpetrated against the Christians by Galerius."

All Asia Minor was filled with consternation at the news of the furious persecutions. The emissaries of the tyrant found their way into the remotest villages and smallest hamlets in the execution of the emperor's commandments. Nicopolis did not escape the universal storm. The Christian community there was small, but its members were well known, the more so because Calistos, the chief Christian, occupied so eminent a position. His territory, it is true, did not belong to the Roman empire, but Galerius soon found a pretext for sending his troops there. In this strait Calistos assembled his council and, after due deliberation, it was deemed best that he should go to Rome and place his government under the protection of Diocletian, the chief emperor. At all events it seemed easier to obtain justice of him than of fickle Galerius.

Preparations for the journey were made at once. Eutropia, the Governor's wife, insisted on accompanying him and, as they could not think of parting with their dear child Philomena, now thirteen years of age, they took her along. The voyage was safely accomplished and they reached Rome in the beginning of July. Calistos immediately took steps to secure an audience with the emperor and, with the help of various presents to the officers of the imperial household, he succeeded. A day was set when the emperor would receive him.

Ever since Diocletian had proclaimed himself the lord over life and death, an audience with the emperor was a great risk; it might cost a person's life. He was the supreme master of his subjects' life and death. His throne was continually surrounded by a guard of pretorians and lictors, armed with their

fascas and axes, watching for a sign from their master to put them to immediate use. As with his predecessors, love of power had become a mania with Diocletian. He thought himself a god and exacted divine honors and worship from the slavish creatures about his throne. About this time, this mania had developed, in consequence of circumstances attending the martyrdom of St. Vitus and others, into a blind fury suggestive of demoniac obsession, and it is a well-known fact that his son died actually possessed by a devil. Conscience upbraided the tyrant, and nocturnal visions disturbed his sleep. The victims of his tyranny appeared to him in his dreams, and thereby he was driven to such a frenzy that he ordered the murder of his best friends.

It is obvious that under these circumstances Calistos had reason to tremble at the thought of the audience. But when he was admitted, together with his wife and child, into the emperor's presence, Diocletian was exceptionally in good humor. To impress the strangers with his greatness and supreme dignity, he received them in his throne hall costumed as Jupiter and bearing the attributes of that false deity. His predecessors, Caligula and Heliogabalus, also had loved to play with these symbols of divine power. He was surrounded by the dignitaries of the empire and by the lictors.

As Calistos, Eutropia his wife, and their child, Philomena, entered the hall, a suppressed murmur escaped those present, called for the by the appearance of the child. Just budding from childhood into womanhood, the maiden was of dazzling beauty. Like a figure from a higher sphere she glided into the hall, clad in a beautiful white garment, and impressing all present with her virginal purity and nobility of soul, as well as with her personal beauty. The emperor also felt the influence of her presence and, with friendly mien, invited the strangers to approach, inquiring for the cause of their coming.

Calistos respectfully stated his case, and the emperor listened composedly. But when in the course of his statement the Governor confessed that he was a Christian, Diocletian's features underwent an ominous change. Nevertheless he suf-

ferred him to conclude his address, meanwhile intently regarding Philomena. The virgin could not but feel an indefinable dread at his looks, and a glow of color rose to her face whilst her eyes modestly sought the floor. When Calistos had finished, Diocletian cast a knowing glance at his courtiers and said:

“Hark, Calistos! It was quite superfluous to be so profuse in thy statement. The proposition embodied in it is simply as follows: Thou fearest that our co-emperor, Galerius, to whom we have entrusted the eastern empire, is about to take the city Nicopolis and to transfer from thy full coffers the wealth which he so sorely needs. This fear is well founded, for I cannot but admire my son-in-law’s cunning, and only wonder that thou wast so long in discovering this fact. There is not the slightest reason for accusing us of injustice in this proceeding, for we are the lords of the Roman empire, and consequently of the world. Thy possessions, in comparison with ours, are like a grain of sand compared with the ocean. What can the sand-grain do against the power of the waves? Its absorption is a law of nature: the right of might. True, thou art entitled to resistance and canst array thy army against us; but what can a mouse do against a lion? And as thou with all thy army art but like a mouse in comparison with Galerius and his hosts, it is but just that he annihilate thee.” And turning to his courtiers he inquired: “Am I not right?”

“Well said, imperial lord!” was the unanimous response. “Thou spokest like a hero, like a god.”

Calistos stood trembling with indignation at such mean treatment, but conscious of his inability to retaliate, he invoked God’s help secretly in his heart. Diocletian continued:

“This is one view of the matter. But there is an aggravating circumstance: thou dost profess the faith of the Nazarene. Thou art a Christian, Calistos, art thou not?”

“Yes, I am a Christian!” Calistos courageously replied.

“And thy wife, is she also Christian?”

“I am!” modestly answered Eutropia.

“And thou, little one,” the emperor said to Philomena, “art

thou, too, infected with the poison? Dost thou adore the Nazarene?"

All eyes were intent on the maiden when she solemnly replied: "Yes, I adore Him whom thou callest the Nazarene. I was consecrated to Him from my birth, and shall belong to Him who is my God and Saviour in time and eternity."

A murmur of dissent swept through the hall. Diocletian's features darkened as he said:

"You have all heard it: they are Christians, adherents of that damnable sect against which we have published our edicts and which we are resolved to annihilate. Hence Galerius has not only the power, but it is his duty to trample in the dust this lot of conspirators. This being the case, I cannot understand, Calistos, how thou couldst dare to approach my throne and invoke my aid against my son-in-law Galerius. Thou remindest me of the man who to escape the claws of the tiger took refuge in the jaws of the lion. Well done, indeed! Ha, ha, ha!"

The courtiers dutifully joined in their master's mirth.

Calistos felt his courage ebbing away. He clearly saw the impending danger and shuddered. He resolved to have recourse to a last means—to appeal to the emperor's vanity. He said:

"True enough. I was well aware that I was about to enter the lion's den when I resolved to appeal to thee. Thou wast pleased to compare thyself to a lion, and one of the foremost traits of the animal is magnanimity; whilst it is ever ready to engage in combat it disdains to swallow a mouse. Thus it is also unworthy of thy prowess to send the legions that subdued the nations of the earth and carried the renown of thy name beyond the seas to conquer a city which is unable to resist them. Let robbers do this, but let not the glorious page of history which contains the record of thy deeds be defiled by such an undertaking."

"Thou speakest well," replied Diocletian, "thy comparison is good. It shall be as thou wishest: the lion disdains to swallow the mouse. Thou shalt announce our generosity to thy

whole people. I shall induce my son-in-law to spare thee and thine! I take thee under my protection, and during thy sojourn in Rome thou art my guest."

"Accept my most sincere thanks," answered Calistos, greatly relieved that his little strategem had succeeded. "I am thy servant," he continued, falling at the emperor's feet. But he told him to rise and said:

"To prove thy gratitude for the great favor I bestowed on thee, we hope thou will grant us the wish we are about to express, and which, moreover, will redound to thy great honor."

"Ask what thou wilt, most gracious lord! If it is in my power to grant it, I shall do so."

"Well said. I take thee at thy word. I ask thee for the hand of thy daughter."

An ominous silence followed these words. The courtiers looked dubiously at each other, and Calistos was so overwhelmed that he was unable to speak.

"Why dost thou not answer? I think such an offer should render thee extremely happy," remarked Diocletian.

"True, thou dost overwhelm me with honor; such an offer exceeds my most sanguine expectations. But pardon me if I remark that thy imperial majesty was pleased to jest," answered Calistos.

"To jest? By no means! I was pleased with thy daughter, for nowhere have I found beauty comparable to hers. I love her, and shall not rest till she is mine."

"Ineffable honor, most gracious lord! How shall we ever be able to thank thee for such condescension?"

"Do not speak of condescension. I love her, and that is sufficient. Am I not at liberty to choose my wives wherever I wish? Am I not the lord of the world? I choose thy daughter. She shall share my throne and thou, instead of being a petty prince in a semi-barbarous country, shalt be amongst the first in my empire. This is my imperial will; thus have I decreed and thus shall it be. The offer is an acceptable one, is it not?"

"If thou art really in earnest, my lord, we prostrate ourselves before thee, and filled with gratitude kiss thy hands."

"That is unnecessary. Thy consent is sufficient. Of course, thy wife is of the same mind?"

"I agree with whatever my lord Calistos says and does. And, moreover, how could a mother refuse so great an honor for her child?"

"Well said. Now, we have only to hear what the young lady has to say. Thou hast heard, Philomena, the proposition I have made: dost thou consent to become my wife?"

With palpitating heart, and with a deathly paleness overspreading her features, the child regarded her mother, who beckoned to encourage her, and said: "O mother, I cannot say yes!"

Diocletian persisted: "What answer am I going to have?"

"I beg thy pardon, most gracious lord," remarked Calistos; "our child is overwhelmed at the great happiness in store for her. She is unable to find words, and it will be necessary to give her time to compose her mind. To-morrow she will gladly give her consent."

The emperor assented, and dismissed them.

Philomena's parents had educated her for heaven; yet it was their desire that she should accept Diocletian's offer, for they knew very well that by a refusal they would incur his displeasure with all its disastrous consequences.

"Remember, my child," Calistos addressed her, "what a splendid opportunity of doing good thou shalt have at the side of this mighty monarch. Sharing his throne, thou wilt be able to protect thy Christian brethren from persecution. Perhaps thou shalt even convince him of the truth of the Christian religion and convert him. Then the continual massacre of Christians will cease, the Church will flourish in peace and coming generations will call thee blessed."

But Philomena remained firm, and replied with a heavenly wisdom quite beyond her years: "Dear father, thou allowest thyself to become a victim of illusion; thy hopes will never be realized. So deeply is Diocletian sunken in depravity, that

he is impenetrable to higher emotions. Instead of elevating himself at my side to the sublime heights of Christian truth, he would seek to draw me down with him into the abyss of corruption. Instead of saving him, I would be exposed to the danger of becoming his associate in crime, and the blood of the victims of his wrath would cry out against me, too. May the Lord preserve me from such a fate! Moreover, thou canst not sever the sacred bond which binds me to the Lord. Well dost thou know that three years ago I vowed my virginity to Him on the happy day of my first communion."

"Thou wast then of too tender an age to know the importance of the step thou didst take. A vow made at such an age does not bind."

"Far be it from me to take advantage of such an excuse. I knew well what I did when I followed her example whom we salute as the Mother of the Redeemer, and vowed my virginity to God. Did not she herself set the example at a much earlier age in the temple at Jerusalem? No, no! I shall never cancel my vow. I know but one spouse, our Lord Jesus Christ."

"But consider that the man who claims thee for his wife is Diocletian, the mighty Roman emperor, the lord of the world. He will place a crown on thy brow and endow thee with immeasurable wealth."

"Great, indeed, is Diocletian's power and wealth; but who is he in comparison with the Eternal King to whom I am betrothed? I renounce Diocletian's crown and choose for my part my Saviour's crown of thorns on earth, and in heaven the imperishable diadem of victory promised to those who are faithful to Him. I renounce a wealth which I needs must leave behind me one day, and seek the inexhaustible treasures of heaven."

"But what if Diocletian, incensed at your refusal, turns his wrath against us and destroys us? Remember, that our fate rests with him, that we are entirely in his hands. Hast thou no consideration for us? Hast thou effaced the last vestige of filial love from thy heart?"

"It is better to lose our lives here below and to be reunited in eternal bliss, than to try to avoid temporal death and thereby incur everlasting punishment. Therefore I beseech thee by the blood of Christ to refrain from further effort to change my resolution of remaining faithful to my heavenly spouse, Jesus Christ, even at the cost of my life."

A heavenly halo seemed to surround the maiden as she spoke these last words—words which no doubt were entered into the Recording Angel's book of life.

Less firmly grounded in Christian principles than their daughter, Philomena's parents were too strongly wedded to the world to share her sublime sentiments. Placed in the position of choosing between the highest glory on earth and an ignominious death, they preferred the former and hesitated not to influence their child to do the same. Especially did her mother Eutropia beg her with tears and blandishments to defer to Diocletian's wish. Calistos, too, was inconsolable. "What does it profit us now," he exclaimed, "to have received a daughter from the God of the Christians, when He is about to take her away from us at the very moment when she is to become our joy?" His faith, heretofore so firm, was shaken, and he inclined more and more to use every means to induce Philomena to submit. But all his efforts were of no avail.

In the midst of these troubles Diocletian summoned them to receive their answer to his proposal. They went with heavy hearts. The emperor received them alone in a small but luxuriously furnished apartment. Diocletian was seated at a table loaded with costly presents, such as gold rings, bracelets, a diadem with precious stones of immense value and a variety of other ornaments sufficient to captivate a thousand girls. Like the tempter in the desert who said to our divine Saviour, "All these will I give thee, if falling down thou wilt adore me," Diocletian offered these gifts to Philomena on the sole condition that she marry him. He used every blandishment to influence her decision, and was zealously seconded by Calistos and his wife. But Philomena remained firm; she refused the gifts and resisted all endeavors to gain her consent. At length

the emperor, who saw that all his efforts were in vain, became furious and, violently pushing away the table so that the costly gifts fell to the floor, he approached the trembling maiden and exclaimed :

“What, this stubborn damsel dares to spurn an emperor’s love? Thou dost prefer a crucified Jew to me, the lord of the world? I offered thee my crown; thou hast refused it and shalt repent of thy obstinacy. I am accustomed to have my will, and if a woman finds favor in my eyes I take her. With thee I made an exception and begged for thy love. Thou hast refused me, and by the gods, thou shalt rue it!”

He called to lictors, and pointing to Philomena, cried : “Take her, cast her into the prison beneath my private apartment. She has dared to spurn me, the equal of the gods!”

The lictors proceeded to execute the emperor’s command. Philomena trembled as the men stretched out their hands towards her. But Calistos stood guard over his child and exclaimed : “Dare not touch her, or you are dead men!” Eutropia fell at the emperor’s feet, asking his pardon. “Have mercy on us,” she cried, “and do not separate us from our dear child, or, if the decree is irrevocable, let us die with her!”

“Die,” laughed Diocletian, “who speaks of dying? Your daughter shall not die, at least not presently. I only intend to give her time to reconsider in prison her decision and to come to a more satisfactory resolve. Perhaps isolation will bring her to her senses. If this be not the case, I possess the means to turn her away from her love of the Nazarene. But for your sake I shall order that no harm befall her. As soon as she shall be ready to do as I wish, everything shall be forgotten, and from out of the prison’s cell she shall ascend the throne. But woe to her and you if she persists in her refusal!”

And turning to the lictors, he cried : “Why stand you there idle? Do your duty!”

This was easier said than done, for Calistos, a man of powerful build, still guarded his child. Now one of the lictors ventured to lay hands on her, but scarcely had he touched her,

when a powerful blow felled him to the floor. The father defended his child, and the other lictor prudently retreated a few steps. Diocletian was amused at the lictor's defense and applauded Calistos. But the struggle had brought on several other guardsmen. They overpowered him and led Philomena away.

Ponderous and strong iron doors had closed on Philomena. She was in prison. For the first time in her life she was separated from her parents, totally excluded from all intercourse with human beings, alone with her sorrow. She keenly felt the loneliness of her situation. Nature, tested to the extreme power of endurance, finally succumbed under the strain; grace, which had hitherto upheld and filled her with heroism, seemingly abandoned her. Weeping, she fell on her knees, buried her face in her hands and gave vent to her grief. Death-like silence reigned in the dark cell, into which only a slender streak of light found its way through a small opening high up in the wall. The walls were damp and mouldy, an icy blast was wafted through the foul air, and the straw couch on the stone floor seemed alive with gruesome vermin. A large rat ventured near Philomena, and she shrieked loudly. The terrors of her situation presented themselves to her in their full reality. She saw the innocent pleasures of her youth vanished for ever, her young life doomed before its promises were realized. She contemplated the sorrow of her parents, whose tears she was not permitted to dry without becoming unfaithful to God; she realized the terrible dilemma to which she was reduced—either to sacrifice her filial love or to endanger the salvation of her soul. Prison, the anguish of suffering either the repulsive endearments of a libertine, or the torments of the rack and an ignominious and cruel death confronted her like spectres.

After the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, the poor child turned for help and strength to God in prayer. Her soul soared up into the presence of her divine spouse and was penetrated with light and consolation. Then she sank into a sweet slumber, and the dream she had had three years ago

again presented to her view the choir of virgins clad in white garments following the Lamb with palms in their hands. Again one of the virgins, younger and lovelier than the rest, bent over her, saying: "Dost thou not know me, dear sister? I am Agnes, the spouse of Jesus Christ. Soon thou, too, will join us." And when Philomena extended her hands towards the vision, her heavenly visitor smiled. She awoke, and behold, on her hand she saw a drop of blood!

And before her stood Diocletian, who addressed her, laughing: "Well, my girl, hast thou slept well? I hope thou hast changed thy mind during the night. Am I right?"

Terrified at the sound of the voice so detested by her, the maiden retreated to the remotest corner of her prison cell and called aloud for help. Nothing but the scornful laughter of her tormentor answered her.

"Cease thy noise, child! Nobody hears thee. Thou art in my power, and even thy so-called spouse Jesus of Nazareth will scarcely be able to deliver thee. Therefore hear what I have to say. Thou art aware that I offered thee my hand in marriage, and I am still ready to redeem my promise. Be sensible, do as I wish, or, by Jove! thou shalt not leave this dungeon alive."

"Have mercy on me! Spare me, a mere child!" she cried. "By all that thou lovest and cherishest, I implore thee to leave me in peace!"

"Thou shalt have peace, tranquillity and happiness in every shape—do but accept my offer!"

"Never, never!" she cried, lifting up her hands in terror, "I cannot."

"Indeed thou canst! And I will overcome thy stubbornness. Until now I had too much regard for thee, because thou art so delicate and tender. But now my patience is exhausted. Either thou dost consent to become my wife, or I shall use violence and make thee my slave. I am master of thy life and death."

Furious with rage he took hold of her arm and held it as in a vise. The child trembled with fear and called aloud for

help. "Now thou art in my power: yes or no?" cried the tyrant.

"No! No! Thou shalt never have part in me. I belong to my heavenly spouse. O Jesus, protect thy servant!"

"Ha, ha! She calls on the Nazarene!" laughed the emperor. "No doubt but he will presently appear and deliver her. We shall see! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jesus, help me!" sighed Philomena, trying with all her might to free herself from the emperor's hold. "Jesus, help!"

"Death and damnation, witch!" suddenly cried the tyrant, letting go his hold as if he had touched red-hot iron. He seemed beside himself, and dancing round the cell wild with pain, cried: "I shall teach thee to give up thy nefarious witchcraft." And furious with rage he left her.

What had happened? Had the "Nazarene" shown His power in favor of His servant? Yes, the power of the name of Jesus had asserted itself and baffled the tyrant, smiting and disabling him.

Scarcely had Diocletian recovered his composure, which had been sorely shaken by the sudden attack, than he ordered the poor child to be put in heavy chains like a criminal, to prevent her from exercising her "sorcery." For the present, however, he ceased his visits, for the pain he had experienced when laying hold of Philomena had been so excruciating that he did not feel tempted to try the experiment again.

Philomena's condition was now more pitiful than ever. The heavy chains which weighed down her tender limbs bereft her of the power of motion. Darkness and silence enveloped her, and she saw no one but the prison-master, who brought her a jug of water and a piece of hard bread every morning. Her parents were not permitted to visit her. In this condition the poor child remained for thirty-seven days, her only solace being prayer to her divine spouse. A supernatural peace descended into her soul and confirmed her in her resolution to remain faithful to her Saviour until death.

THE APPARITION

Diocletian might deny to human beings admission to the prison, but he could not prohibit the appearance of heavenly visions. It was a warm summer's night. The emperor's palace resounded with the revelry of drunken courtiers, but silence deep and solemn reigned in Philomena's dungeon. She was absorbed in prayer. Suddenly she became aware of a light brighter than the sun. It filled her cell, and from it stepped forth the figure of a majestic lady bearing a child in her arms, and her benignant countenance filled Philomena's heart with heavenly joy.

"Fear not, Philomena," said the vision. "I am she who was never invoked in vain by anyone. I am Mary, thy Mother. I came to announce to thee a glad message. Three days more, and thy captivity ends. But a great trial awaits thee before then: have courage, however, for in the hour of tribulation my Son's grace shall mightily assist thee. Moreover, I commanded the angel who once announced to me the message of salvation, to watch over thee. He will be at thy side and never leave thee for a moment until he shall have brought thee to the throne of my Son, where a crown awaits thee. His name is Gabriel, and his power will do great things for thee, for thou art my well-beloved daughter, for whom my Son has prepared everlasting glory. Therefore be of good cheer! Already the angels await thy coming and thy spouse is ready to meet thee." With these words the Blessed Virgin placed the divine Child into Philomena's arms, who embraced her and filled her heart with joy.

Whilst the visit from heaven consoled the holy maiden in her prison, the spirits of darkness took possession of the revelers in the emperor's banquet hall. Diocletian himself lay prostrate on a couch; he was overcome by wine and was no longer able to sit up. Maximian, a soldier of herculean size and strength, roared like a wild beast and destroyed costly vases in his drunken fury. Daja, a semi-barbarous Thracian, sang a Bacchanalian couplet; Sennon, the centurion of the

imperial body-guard, cursed fiercely and belabored with the shaft of his spear his pretorians who lay about drunk.

Suddenly, in the midst of a song, Daja stopped. A thought had entered his mind which impelled him to rouse his imperial master from his torpor. "Imperial lord," he cried, "what news for to-morrow? Are there no Christians to be tortured, no heads to be cut off, no rack to be employed? Forsooth, business is becoming slack and I am tired of Rome. In Nicomedia we have more diversions. Galerius is an inventive genius when he sets his mind to torturing Christians."

"Well said, Daja," replied Diocletian, with a heavy tongue. "I have a piece of work for you. Philomena, the Christian, who spurned me, and moreover made me feel her power of sorcery in the night of my visit, must die."

"And die at once!" cried Daja. "Shall I go to the dungeon right off and choke the witch to death?"

"Not so fast, Daja!" answered Diocletian. "Death shall come to her by degrees. Slow torture shall be her reward for spurning me, the emperor."

"What punishment has your imperial majesty decreed for the contemptible wretch?" inquired Maximian.

"I think I shall condemn her to receive the same punishment which Pontius Pilate decreed for the Nazarene: I shall have her scourged. It is the most ignominious and cruel of all tortures. If she survives we shall still have time for further proceedings against her."

Loud applause greeted this announcement. The rioters revelled in the thought of feasting their eyes on the victim of the terrible punishment in store for the delicate maiden. The morning had scarcely dawned when Philomena was led forth from the dungeon, and after again resolutely refusing Diocletian's offer, she was taken to the inner court of the palace and subjected to the unspeakable torture of the scourge. This punishment was so severe, that very often those condemned to it died during its infliction. We therefore cannot but admire the power of divine grace which sustained the life of this tender child amid so cruel suffering.

The execution of Diocletian's cruel order is over. The holy maiden's tender body is covered with wounds, her blood has saturated the floor and walls. Like her Saviour, there was not a sound spot on her from the soles of her feet to the crown of her head. A few more stripes, and she would have fallen dead. Death would indeed have been a mercy, but she was not privileged to die as yet, and the scourging was merely the beginning of her torture. She was released from the pillar to which she had been bound, enveloped in a sheet, which was soon dyed by her blood, and borne back to her dungeon. There she was left alone, in the expectation that she would be found a corpse in the morning.

Who can describe the jailer's amazement when, instead of a corpse, he next morning found the maiden in blooming health? All the wounds were healed, the pain was gone and the bloody sheet alone gave evidence of the sufferings of the day before. Her countenance shone like the sun, and, rejoicing, she sang hymns. Two angels had appeared to her during the night and poured a heavenly balm into her wounds, which healed at once. They left her filled with supernatural consolation.

The jailer hastened to inform the emperor of the unusual occurrence. He had the maiden brought into his presence, and was filled with amazement on beholding her in perfect health and full vigor whom he had seen covered with wounds and blood, and well-nigh dead the day before. Unable, however, to recognize the hand of God in so extraordinary an event, the resplendent beauty of his victim impelled him to try again to persuade her to fulfill his wish.

"Behold," he said to her, "how the gods love thee! Jupiter has decreed that thou shalt find happiness at my side; therefore be docile and bow to our imperial will. Thou hast experienced how dangerous it is to oppose us. We were compelled to have thee chastised like a rebellious child. Be wise now, and do not incur our displeasure a second time; rather obey, and renounce the Nazarene, who proved to thee his inability to protect thee."

"Be silent, unclean tyrant, and do not blaspheme my Saviour," Philomena replied. "I do not ask Him to deliver me from the torments which thou chooseth to have inflicted on me, but I implore His help to endure them. The liberty which I crave is death. Cease, therefore, thy vain promises: I shall never consent to fulfill thy wish. Thou canst not give me true happiness, because thou dost not possess it thyself. Thou art a mean wretch, and the vengeance of the Almighty, whose servants thou dost murder, will fall upon thee ere long."

Diocletian frowned darkly. "Beware," he said, "and guard thy tongue. The emperor is not accustomed to such speech."

"Would that my words would be conducive to thy welfare, instead of rousing thy anger, and that thou wouldst learn to know Him whom thou dost persecute and who one day shall be thy Judge."

"Of whom dost thou speak? Of Jesus, the Nazarene, the carpenter's son, thy lover? I do not wish to know Him. Between Him and me there is eternal hostility, combat and conflict to the end."

"'Tis true, alas! But who, thinkest thou, will gain the victory?"

"Foolish question! How canst thou doubt? Where are now the followers of the Nazarene? Their number is reduced to a mere handful, and these we annihilate as fast as we discover them. Ha! a few months more and not a single Christian shall be found in the whole Roman empire."

Philomena smiled pityingly. "Couldst thou but look into the future, emperor! Long after the last vestige of the Roman empire shall have been swept from the face of the earth, the Christians will be as numerous as the sands on the seashore. Millions will call reverently and adoringly on the name of Jesus, whilst thy name shall be detested by all who hear it."

"Cease thy impertinence," fiercely cried Diocletian, "or I shall have thy malicious tongue cut out."

But Philomena minded not the tyrant. Like a prophetess she stood before him, her eyes turned heavenward and her spirit borne beyond time and space into the future.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "Jesus of Nazareth will triumph. His is the victory. I behold its emblem, the cross, the sign of salvation, rising above this city and shining in the clouds. Not one of thy predecessors persecuted the Christians as fiercely as thou, but thou shalt be the last of persecutors. The innocent blood shed by thee cries aloud to heaven for vengeance. Emperor and empire—both will be extirpated, but the Church, the Saviour's spouse which thou thinkest to have destroyed, will spread and flourish."

"Enough of thy insolence, audacious wench! I shall close thy bold mouth forever and send another adorer of the Nazarene to the lower realms. Thou shalt die—but thy death shall be inglorious. I shall have thee drowned like a dog or a cat. In the darkness of the night I shall have thee cast into the Tiber, a stone around thy neck, and may the fishes make a meal of thy flesh.—Ho, lictors, seize the witch, but take care that she escape you not: Christians are adepts at sorcery. At midnight cast her into the Tiber where it is deepest."

The order was executed. Philomena was seized, bound and returned to the prison, there to await the night.

Dark and black the clouds lowered over Rome, increasing the gloominess of the night which had descended on the city amid a fearful storm of rain, thunder and lightning. Not far from the city walls a bark propelled by strong arms started off and sped swiftly towards the middle of the stream.

"I am really sorry for the delicate maiden," said one of the rowers; "it is sad for one so young and beautiful to die."

"What does it concern us, Gabas," replied another; "are we not accustomed to our work? For three years the slaughter of Christians was our occupation. A bad business, 'tis true; but we must make a living. We are soldiers; the murder of Christians is one of our secondary duties. Is it our concern that Diocletian furnishes us with so much of this kind of work? Let him answer for it! As to that maiden, it is well that she is about to find peace. She must die one way or the other, and drowning is an easy death. Take care that the anchor

holds fast and that the rope does not break, so that the business may be speedily dispatched."

Between the rough men sat Philomena with her hands tied behind her back, and a rope to which was attached a huge anchor about her neck. She was pale, her eyes were closed. Nature within her revolted at the violent death, and her soul sought courage and strength in prayer. Soon the bark had reached the middle of the river. Four strong hands laid hold of the maiden, raised her gently and dropped her with the anchor about her neck into the waves. A heavy fall, a gurgling sound—and all is over.

"She will not return," said one of the men. "But let us make haste lest the storm overtake us."

At that moment a stroke of lightning lit up the expanse of water, and the other rower cried out in alarm: "What is it?"

"Woe unto us," replied his companion, "the dead come back! There is Philomena."

"Impossible! The rope was new and strong, and the anchor heavy enough to draw down the most expert swimmer. Perhaps it is her spirit, or a spectre. See how it moves and shines! Methinks it will be best for us to make for the shore and vanish as soon as possible. It is not advisable to meddle with the spirits of murdered people."

The men rowed with all their might to reach the shore, but in the furious storm which now broke upon them they found it a hard task.

"What a storm!" remarked Gabas. "It seems heaven and earth are angered at our deed. Woe to us, see! She is following us."

True enough, a shining figure seemed to follow them, and now they clearly recognized the maiden martyr. Flooded with supernal splendor her figure floated on the waves. Her face appeared above the water, her hands were free and folded on her breast, the rope and anchor had disappeared in the depth, and, as if by angels' hands, the Saint's body was borne towards the shore by the waves.

Scarcely had the terror-stricken soldiers landed, when they

ran into the city and acquainted their commander with what had occurred.

"You are bereft of your senses or overcome by drink," said he. "You made a bungling job of your task. If you had really drowned her she would not return. Your cowardice played you a trick."

"Go and see for thyself! We have done as we were ordered. The anchor was heavy enough to sink a hundred children like her, and the rope was new and strong. It could not break."

"Then she is a sorceress and freed herself by witchcraft. But it shall avail her nothing. Die she must. I myself will go and see whether you are the victims of a delusion or not. Here, Sarmio, Tullus, Cassius! Each of you take two men and follow me! Take chains and ropes to bind the sorceress, so that she may not escape us a second time."

The men lighted torches, did as they were ordered and followed their chief as if about to capture a band of robbers. On nearing the shore of the Tiber they beheld from afar a shining light, amid which Philomena knelt in prayer between two angels. At this sight the soldiers became terror-stricken.

"They are not human beings," said Sarmio, "and with spirits I shall not engage in combat. See how her face shines, and, oh, the other two have flaming swords in their hands!"

"Bah! it is all an illusion," replied the centurion. "Go for them. Against our weapons they cannot prevail. Lower your lances, and forward!"

The soldiers reluctantly obeyed. Just as several lances were about to touch the holy martyr's breast, one of the angels beckoned towards them and, as if struck by lightning, they fell to the ground. The lances fell from their hands, but else they were unharmed. The centurion was the first to recover from his fright. With a fearful curse he tried to rise, but found himself unable to do so.

Now Philomena spoke, and said, smiling: "Why have you come with spears and swords and clubs to capture a weak maiden? There is no need of all these weapons. I shall follow you of my own free will, because it has been ordered thus by

my divine spouse. I had hoped to die in the water into which you cast me, but it is God's will that I should suffer more in testimony of my faith in Christ crucified. Did He not permit it, you would have no power over me, for he has given me into the custody of His angels. Now let us go hence, for I must suffer for my heavenly spouse."

Suddenly the angels disappeared, and the soldiers regained the use of their limbs. Their courage returned, and the centurion roared: "Now, sorceress, thou art in our power. Ho, there! Hold her fast and bind her, lest she escape us again."

She was loaded with chains and securely bound. Yet the uncouth warriors treated her with a certain awe and did not offend her modesty, for even though the angels had departed, the Lord guarded the virgin purity of His spouse.

The news of the extraordinary event spread all over the city, and when, at early dawn, the procession reached the imperial palace, a great crowd of people had assembled there to see the "sorceress."

Diocletian had had a bad night. Alarming dreams had terrified him, and the spirits of his murdered victims appeared to him in shapes more terrible than ever. After being notified in the morning of what had happened concerning Philomena, he was sorely frightened. He refused to see her, and when asked what was to be done with her, he cried in superstitious wrath: "Do with her what you like, but by all means put her out of the way. Hang her, burn her, kill her with clubs—do but kill her! I want to have peace."

"This suits me exactly!" rejoined the centurion. "It will afford capital sport for my Thracian archers, whose arrows have never had so beautiful a target."

The virgin martyr was taken from the prison into which she had been cast and led outside the city walls, and there bound to a tree. The centurion measured the distance, the archers took their stations, and at the word of command a shower of arrows flew off against the helpless victim. The archers did their business well. Most of the arrows went true, and with the exception of the face there was scarcely a part of her body that

was not pierced by the sharp points. The pain was excruciating, and when the arrows were pulled out the blood flowed in streams. The cruel sport was repeated, and now the deadly missiles were aimed at vital parts. Deathlike pallor overspread the maiden's countenance; she closed her eyes, heavily her head sank on her breast. Loss of blood had exhausted her.

"She is done for," said the soldiers when they removed the arrows. "At best she can live but a few hours. It is unnecessary to torture her any longer. Let us leave her to die in peace."

The ropes that bound the martyr to the tree were cut, the bleeding victim was placed on a bier and carried into a dark vault in the amphitheatre, where the corpses of the dead gladiators were usually laid away. Two soldiers remained on guard before the vault with orders to report when she died.

Time hung heavy on the guards. "O Strabo," said the one to his companion, "I do not see why we should stand here and roast in the sun, only to see a poor, tortured child die. I move that we permit her to die in peace whilst we go over to old Tryphon, who dispenses that excellent Falernian."

"Bravo, Marcellus! By the gods, thy motion is a good one. Let us be gone! The girl is as good as dead, she will not wake up again. I am off."

Tryphon's Falernian was excellent indeed, so excellent that the two guards, when they returned towards noon, found it difficult to gain a firm footing. But who can describe their consternation on beholding Philomena, whom they had supposed dead, sitting before the vault on a stone, singing psalms and smiling at their approach? They could not believe their eyes and were afraid to go near.

"By all demons, Strabo," said the one to the other, "there is something wrong there. I never saw the like in my life. It is witchcraft. Let us save ourselves; let Diocletian attend to her himself." And he ran as fast as his legs, still weak from the effects of the wine, could carry him. His companion took the matter cooler. He reported to his captain, who informed the emperor of the turn things had taken. The news spread through the palace; everyone was anxious to see the miracle

and hastened to the scene. Diocletian, too, despite his superstitious fear, went out.

"Now, Philomena," he summoned courage to address her, "how long wilt thou persist in thy sorceries and witchcraft?"

"It is not by sorcery and witchcraft that death is kept away from me," she replied; "it is by the power of God, who wishes to glorify His name before the heathens. Instead of ascribing the marvels which you see to witchcraft, thou shouldst rather acknowledge the Lord's power and cease to persecute His Church. For the more obdurate thou art, the greater is thy crime and the heavier will be thy punishment."

"Why persist in speaking of punishment and the Nazarene?" replied Diocletian. "Long since would He have annihilated me, if he did but possess the power. Have I not tortured and murdered His followers every day for years, and was He able to prevent it? I despise thy threats, and thou shalt die in spite of thy Jesus of Nazareth and all His angels. Ho, lictors, bind her again to the tree! Let the archers make her a living target before my very eyes. Die she must!"

The order was quickly obeyed. Again the arrows sped with unerring aim from the bows; but behold, not one of them touched the martyr's body.

"Ha, now I see why you could not kill her! You do not even hit her! And you call yourselves Thracian archers? You are miserable cowards and craven wretches, but no soldiers!"

The archers resented the imputation, and in proof of their sure aim showed him the arrows still red with blood, which they had used in the morning.

"Try again!" commanded Diocletian; "I shall have each one scourged who misses her this time."

The archers gnashed their teeth in silent rage, but again sent their arrows in the direction of the martyr. They stuck fast in the tree above her, they fell to the ground at her feet, but not a single one harmed her.

"This is sorcery, imperial lord," cried the centurion. "My men never missed their aim. A higher power must divert the arrows' course."

An augur who witnessed the scene explained: "Let the arrow-heads be made red-hot. Witches fear the fire, and their power is harmless against it."

The suggestion was adopted. But lo, a new marvel! The red-hot arrows sped through the air until they reached the martyr; then, without touching her, they reversed their course and returned with double force on the archers. Six of them were killed outright, and the rest writhed on the ground in fearful pain. Terror and alarm seized the spectators, and many of them struck their breasts and confessed the true God. Others fled in dismay. The emperor was sorely perplexed, he feared a general revolt. He summoned his counselors and said:

"This thing is becoming unbearable. What is to be done with the sorceress? If she continues to baffle our efforts to kill her, our prestige will be gone. The heathens murmur and the Christians triumph. The Nazarene is gaining in favor, and yet we may not confess ourselves defeated. What is to be done?"

"Permit me to make a suggestion," remarked Nicanor, one of the emperor's trusted friends. "These Christians are adepts at sorcery, 'tis true, and we have the proofs thereof before our eyes. We have had cases like this before; remember Vitus, who was belabored with clubs, placed in boiling oil and cast before wild beasts: all our endeavors were in vain. Yet, when the executioner cut off his head the end came. Indeed, to cut off their heads is the only reliable way to get rid of the Christians."

"Well said, Nicanor! I believe thou art right," replied Diocletian. "The Nazarene seems to be master of the hidden arts, but I doubt whether he is able to replace a severed head. Well, we shall see."

All present were anxious to witness the result of the experiment. The emperor ordered Philomena to be released from the tree and scornfully addressed her:

"I see that thy lover's power is rather great. He seems to be a master sorcerer, and has captured the minds of many by his art. Now I shall give him the opportunity of performing a new trick, and if he succeeds, I also shall believe in him. I will

have thee beheaded, and if he is powerful enough to replace thy head in presence of this whole assembly and before my very eyes, I shall believe in him and cease to persecute his followers. No better opportunity was ever offered to the Nazarene to vindicate himself and his doctrine."

Philomena replied: "Be silent, and blaspheme not the Most High Lord. God, the searcher of hearts, knows thy falsehood and deceit. For a number of years He wrought countless miracles before thy eyes, but thy mind remained obtuse, because it is the abode of Belial, the spirit of darkness. Thou callest thyself master and lord, but thou art a mere slave, a bloodhound, an executioner, a tool of hell. Even should the Lord perform the miracle thou hast named, thou wouldst not believe, and thy sin would be so much the greater. Do, therefore, whatever thou wilt. If thou thirstest for my blood, take it. My banishment in this abode of sin and cruelty was long enough. I court death, and sigh to be united with Christ."

"Thy desire shall be fulfilled without delay, insane visionary! Ho, lictors, bring the block, and cut off this foolish girl's head! And if the Nazarene replaces it not, I shall laugh him to scorn."

"Thou mayest laugh now; but when He shall come with a legion of angels to judge the world, then wilt thou tremble."

The lictors took hold of her, threw her to the ground and bound her. In silent prayer she laid her head upon the block. One of the executioners put aside the beautiful hair which covered her head and shoulders, another stood by with the axe raised high, ready to strike. The overawed spectators stood in silence.

"Now, Nazarene, is thy opportunity!" cried Diocletian, "now show thy power before all the people! Let us see who is more powerful—thou or I?"

"Come, O Jesus, spouse of my soul!" prayed the martyr.

Diocletian laughed. "Thy Jesus comes not. I am losing patience. Executioner, do thy work!"

The axe descended and the martyr's head rolled in the sand. The blood spurted high. Once more the eyes of the severed head opened, and then they closed forever. A beautiful smile

graced her lips, not a muscle moved, not a sign of pain was visible. A halo of light encircled the head for a moment and then vanished. The martyr was at rest.

The emperor boasted of his triumph and blasphemed: "See now the Nazarene's power! She fell a victim to her folly like so many others before her. Thou art vanquished, Nazarene!"

* * *

The virgin martyr St. Philomena died on the 10th of August, A. D. 302, on a Friday, at the very hour when our Saviour died on the cross. But the Nazarene was not vanquished. God is eternal: hence He selects His own time for reward and for punishment.

Diocletian had long ago mouldered in the dust. The Roman empire belonged to history. Fifteen centuries had elapsed and the generations that flourished in them were forgotten. St. Philomena's very name was no longer known, when it finally pleased the Lord to glorify her before the world. On the 25th of May, 1802, a marble slab was discovered in the Catacombs of St. Priscilla in the Via Salaria at Rome, bearing the following inscription: *Lumena in pace Fi*, which was interpreted to mean: "Filumena in peace." The stone bore the emblems of martyrdom: an anchor, an arrow, a palm branch, a scourge and two arrows reversing their course, and finally a lily in token of her purity. With the relics was found a flask containing some of her blood. When the latter was examined, a series of extraordinary miracles began with the luminous appearance of the dried particles of blood, which now shone like burnished gold, now like diamonds and precious stones, and then again were resplendent in all the colors of the rainbow.

The relics of the Saint were transferred to Magnano, near Naples, and thence the fame of "Little Philomena," as she was called in Italy, began to spread all over the world, for so many miracles were performed by her intercession that she soon was styled the "Wonderworker of the Nineteenth Century." The saintly Curé d'Ars, Venerable John B. Vianney, was a most zealous propagator of devotion to her.

The history of her martyrdom is not based on romantic imagination, but on private revelations made by the Saint in 1836 to three different persons, amongst them a saintly nun in Naples. Moreover, it is corroborated by the symbols found on her tomb and by numerous miracles wrought through her intercession.

ST. AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapor goes;
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers,
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours,
That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snow-drop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, Thy bride, a glittering star
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below.
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.

The sabbaths of Eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom with His bride.

Alfred Lord Tennyson.

PRAYER TO ST. JOSEPH

ORDERED BY HIS HOLINESS, LEO XIII., TO BE SAID AS PART OF THE
 DEVOTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

To thee, O Blessed Joseph, we have recourse in our tribulations and, while imploring the aid of thy most holy Spouse, we confidently invoke thy patronage also. By that love which united thee to the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God, and by the fatherly affection with which thou didst embrace the Infant Jesus, we humbly beseech thee graciously to regard the inheritance which Jesus Christ purchased by His blood, and to help us in our necessities by thy powerful intercession.

Protect, O most provident guardian of the Holy Family, the chosen children of Jesus Christ, ward off from us, O most loving Father, all taint of error and corruption; graciously assist us from Heaven, O most powerful Protector, in our struggle with the powers of darkness; and as thou didst once rescue the Child Jesus from imminent peril to His life, so now defend the Holy Church of God from the snares of her enemies and from all adversity. Shield each one of us with thy unceasing patronage, that, imitating thy example, and supported by thy aid, we may be enabled to live a good life, die a holy death, and secure everlasting happiness in Heaven. Amen.

*300 days' Indulgence—applicable to the souls in purgatory—
 once every day of the year for recital, even in private.*

*Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for each
 public recital.*

APPARITION
TO
ST. CATHARINE, V. M.
ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT

306

Hail Lady of the world, and Heaven's Bright Queen,
Virgin of Virgins hail, thou star serene;
Thou, in early morn to earth dost shine
Fill'd with celestial grace, and light divine;
O Lady hasten and thine arms extend,
Guard us from sin, and from our foes defend.

Office of the B. V. M.



SAINT CATHARINE was born of noble parents at Alexandria in Egypt, and was richly gifted both in mind and body. She belonged to a pagan family, and at first studied the doctrines of Christianity merely out of curiosity. She was captivated by their purity and beauty, but still held back from submitting her understanding to the Obedience of Faith. A beautiful legend represents her to us as having been favored with a vision of Our Blessed Lady, who bore the Divine Infant in her arms. Catharine was enraptured with His charms; but, when she would fain have caressed Him, He refused to look at her, and even drove her from Him, saying that He could not bear the sight of her because she was baptized. As a result of this vision, she at last embraced the Faith; and, shortly afterwards, she again beheld the Virgin Mother and the Holy Child, who then pressed her to His heart and mystically espoused her to Himself, placing a ring upon her finger. Thenceforth she gave herself wholly to His love and service.

At that time Maximin was Emperor of those Roman possessions which lay below and east of the Mediterranean; and Alexandria, then at the height of her greatness, stretched along the

narrow line of sand that held out the waters of the sea from Lake Mareotis. It was the time of year when ripened olives hang against a hazy sky, and the grapes are passing through the wine-press. All day long the people had been celebrating the high festival of the god Dionysius; and as the night was closing in, and the light of Pharos trembled against the east, the songs and cries of revellers came and went with the wind. From the palace of the General Porphyrius one could see the horns of the African moon burning faintly in the misty Nile; and within the guarded walls, imprisoned for Christ, was the Princess Catharine.

During the day just ended Maximin, with his court, had reclined beneath a magnificent pavilion on the Canopic Way, and watched the procession of Dionysius. Into the slanting sun of the cool morning the Masque of the Morning Star had swept along the carpet of roses before the imperial presence; and with it went the revel of kings and gods, till the Evening Star came to end the first part of the pageant. Then, with chiming of silver trumpets, the Satyrs and Sileni hurried past. After these came Victories swinging smoking thuribles, and troops of boys in purple robes scattering precious perfumes from golden salvers, and the altar of Dionysius. Next, surrounded by crowds of priestesses, Mænads and Bacchantes, Bessarids and women vine-crowned or garlanded with snakes, was borne the gigantic image of the god. After this had gone by, the Emperor went down to his litter and slowly followed the procession of a thousand boys, that, clad in white tunics and wreathed with ivy, carried to the temple the vessels of gold and silver containing the wine for his guests.

Within the temple the light was dim with fragrant smoke from blazing altars, and the multitude stood close as reeds along the Nile; while over their heads swept the blare of trumpets, the bellowing of frightened bulls, and shouts of priests. The Emperor stood before the god, and as he raised the jeweled thurible, a maiden pressed forward, up to the line of leveled lances that kept back the encircling throng. Tall she was, and graceful as a lotus stalk; and, as one might see a starling's wing

above apple blossoms in a Northern April, so lay the dark hair above her white forehead. Her snowy *peplon*, from the shoulder where it was clasped by rubies down to the gems on her sandal-thongs, was without ornament, save the royal scarlet stripe around her feet. This was Catharine, the Christian, the daughter of Costis, half-brother of Constantine, and of Sabinnella, a queen in Egypt.

"Maximin!" she cried across the spears; and as the Emperor started and turned, her great brown eyes were gleaming, and her white arms were outstretched and trembling,—“Maximin, there is no god but Christ! Why dost thou lead His lambs astray?”

The Emperor grew slightly pale; then he said, quietly: “Bind the girl! We shall prove if this Christ be a god.”

The ranks opened, the maiden was hurried out, and the sacrifice was finished in peace. The day went on, and the night came; and Catharine, imprisoned in the palace of Porphyrius, awaited the end.

The following day she was brought before Maximin. He was so amazed by her wonderful beauty that he strove to lure her from her faith by kind words, but he failed. It was clear he was loth to put her to death, and at length he said:

“We are told, Catharine, that thou art skilled in the learning of our Alexandrian schools, and we shall see if thy philosophy can show this Christ to be God.”

Then she was led back to imprisonment, until the priests brought philosophers from the Serapeum, that these might prove Christ false. She feared greatly at first, because the defence of the Lord was laid upon her little mind; but the night before the disputation, while she was at prayer, a strange light greatened through her cell and, in the midst thereof, shone out a ghostly form. She bowed down in awe, but a sweet voice said:

“Fear not! I am Mark, who first was bishop here. I tell thee the Lord our God hath pleasure in thy faithfulness, and He shall be thy strength.”

Fifty wise men came, but God's wisdom flowed across her

lips; and when she ceased they all were still, until their chief arose and exclaimed before the court: "Christ is my only God!"

Then the others, starting up, cried in echo: "Christ is our only God!"

A dumb wrath held the Emperor and, when he could, he muttered: "Burn them, burn them all! But take the girl and scourge her till she die!"

That morning the lictors lashed her in the palace court till the stones ran blood. She thought of Pilate's court, and at last she cried out, "Christ my Love is God!" and she fell. They thought her dead, and she was carried back to the palace of Porphyrius; but with the next day's sun she awoke.

The following night, when she prayed again, the heavy tread of soldiery was heard outside the room. The bolts were shot back, and Catharine saw the old General Porphyrius standing upon the threshold.

"Art thou come, Porphyrius, to lead me to my marriage-feast?" she asked.

"Nay, Catharine; but some of my men are here, and they would speak with thee."

She went to the door, and there, along the broad *ambulacrum*, was drawn up the imperial body-guard. Porphyrius then spoke:

"Catharine, these men and I heard all thy words before the learned men, and we believe. We come to ask thee if Christ thy King will take us in His service."

A flush of joy made the maiden very beautiful, as, through tears, she answered:

"Ah, yes! and He shall pay ye well—to each a throne, and love and rest."

"Love and rest?" cried a veiled lady near the door, whose presence Catharine had not noticed. "Can He give me love and rest?" she asked, as she lifted her veil, and lo! it was Augusta, wife of the Emperor. "I, too, believe in Christ; and I would be a Christian did I fear the certain torture less. I come to beg thee plead for me with Christ."

Then the Empress and the General strove to persuade Catharine to escape; for Maximin thought her dead.

"Nay, Augusta," said Catharine, quietly. "I have listened through years for the nuptial chant; and now when I hear it wouldst thou bid me leave my coming Love?"

She went back into the cell, and they left her.

The night wore on, and she was sleepless, praying for the soldiers and for the Empress. At last an orange light spread over the east, the stars floated back, the sea began to murmur in the awakening wind; and when the sun lit up the cell, a message from Porphyrius told her that the Emperor knew she lived, and that he would send for her during the morning. Then the light deepened in her beautiful eyes, and she said:

"The bridal day is come!"

A few hours later she stood before the Emperor. Maximin said:

"Maiden, we thought thee dead; but Dionysius forgave and saved thee for thy beauty's sake. Come! but bend to him, and we shall even put away our wife and make thee Empress."

Then she made answer: "I will love no spouse but Christ."

In his wrathful pride, Maximin cried out: "Lictors, bind her on the wheels! Crush out her life!"

Two Nubians tie her, the wheels start—but hark! A rush of wind, a sound like the movement of mighty wings; the bonds are snapped, the wheels are dashed to pieces.

Now the throne-guards clash their brazen shields and shout: "Live Jesus Christ the King! We serve but Him!"

In fear the Emperor cries: "Take all without the Canopic Gate, and kill her and these traitors with the sword."

The guardsmen, with the light of martyrdom in their eyes, threw down their shields and belts; and then they went out, followed by Catharine.

That evening the sentence was executed. As the soldiers were led up one by one, she encouraged them, till her own time came. Then as she knelt on the crimsoned sand, the bronze whirled through the gathering dusk, and lo! she was at peace.

The Christians wait in silence until the executioners depart

to gather up the precious relics; but as they linger, behold an awful light!—the ranks of a million star-bright spirits appear along the eastern sky. In a moment the battle-angel Michael stoops down to the sand, and lays the fair dead girl in the hollow of his mighty shield; then, rising through the silent twilight, he shouts: “Live Jesus Christ the King!” And his army’s echoing roar—“Live Jesus Christ the King!”—sweeps over the sea; and they wheel, and fade down the eastern darkness. And they laid the maiden to rest over against Horeb, where from the cloud God said to men: “Ye shall not kill!”

And there the lady sleeps unto this day, above the desert of Zin, by the strange Red Sea.

After her death, which took place in the fourth century, a graceful legend represents her body as having been borne by the angels to the summit of Mount Sinai and there buried by them. Some authors, however, assert that by “angels” we are to understand monks, who were regarded as earthly angels; and that St. Catharine’s remains, after being first interred in Egypt, were translated in the eighth century to the celebrated monastery on Mount Sinai, which had been built by St. Helen and enlarged and beautified by the Emperor Justinian.

In consequence of her extraordinary learning, St. Catharine is regarded as the patroness of Christian philosophy; and this circumstance, taken in connection with her successful apostolate for souls is doubtless the main cause of her being considered as a special Protectress of the Order of Preachers, which glories in the name of the Order of Truth and has ever been distinguished alike for its eminent learning and its zeal for souls.

On the Feast of St. Augustine, Our Blessed Lord showed St. Gertrude the merits of many Saints, and, amongst others, those of the glorious Virgin St. Catharine, to whom she had been singularly devoted from her infancy. To satisfy her desires, Our Blessed Lord showed her this Saint, seated on a high throne, and in a state of great glory and magnificence, as if there were no queen in heaven whose glory equalled hers. The fifty philosophers, whom she had won by her wisdom and

knowledge, appeared before her, and each held a golden sceptre in his hand, with which he touched the robe of the Saint to indicate that their wisdom would have been useless had not this virgin taught them how to employ it for the honor and glory of their Creator. She observed also that our Lord bestowed the same caresses on this Virgin as on St. Agnes, and that He drew into His Heart all that was said or done in her honor on earth, crowning her with it gloriously.

THE MYSTIC BRIDAL OF ST. CATHARINE OF ALEXANDRIA

O Mystic bride of Christ,
Teach me thy heavenly lore,
Which won the love of Him
Whom angel hosts adore.

O Catharine the pure,
Win me thine own dear grace,
Which, wanting, none may see
The Bridegroom's blessed face.

Richest in earthly gifts,
In earthly grace most fair,
Thy Bridegroom must be one,
Thou saidst, beyond compare.

Noblest in earthly rank,
Dowered with earthly fame,
Thy Bridegroom must be one
Whom all were proud to claim.

And, lo! the Mother-Maid,
The spotless Virgin one,
Hath led thee to the feet
Of her all-glorious Son.

What rapture fills thy heart!—
Yet, see, He turns aside—
"She is not fair enough
To be My royal bride."

But now the font's pure dew
Hath cleansed thee from sin's trace,
Making thee pure and meet
For thy dear Lord's embrace.

'And crown and robe and gem,
All meekly laid aside,
Thou kneelest at the feet
Of Christ the Crucified.

Thy Baptism hath won
Thee vesture snowy white,
Which martyrdom shall deck
With gems of ruby light.

Fierce was the tyrant's wrath,
And dread the awful hour,
When man's insensate rage
O'er thy frail form had power.

But angels raise thy soul
To Jesus' loving breast
'And bear, on snowy wings,
Thy bleeding form to rest,

O'er Afric's burning sands,
To Sinai, Mount of Heaven,
Where once, in fire and flame,
The Law of God was given.

Sweet Saint, by thy dear pain,
By that sharp agony,
'Amid the shining train
Of Heaven, plead for me.

And be thy lonely grave
On Sinai's Mount, the sign,
That He the Law who gave,
Can save by power Divine.

Edith R. Wilson.



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APPARITION
TO
SS. JULIAN AND BASILISSA, M.M.
EGYPT

312

Would'st thou with Christ
In Heaven wear a crown?
Learn from Him first
To bow thee lowly down.

St. Anthony's Messenger.



T. JULIAN and St. Basilissa, though married, lived by mutual consent in perpetual chastity. They sanctified themselves by the most perfect exercises of an ascetic life, and employed their revenues in relieving the poor and the sick. For this purpose they converted their house into a kind of hospital, in which they sometimes entertained a thousand poor people. Basilissa attended those of her sex, in separate lodgings from the men; these were taken care of by Julian, who from his charity is named the Hospitalarian. Egypt, where they lived, had been begun to abound with examples of persons who, either in the cities or in the deserts, devoted themselves to the most perfect exercises of charity, penance, and mortification. Basilissa and Julian, after having stood seven persecutions, received the crown of martyrdom under Maximin in 312, together with Celsus, a youth, Antony, a priest, Anastasius, and Marcoinilla, the mother of Celsus.

On the day of their martyrdom, Jesus and Mary visibly appeared to them, surrounded by saints and angels, who said aloud, "Victory to thee, Julian, victory to thee, Basilissa!"

Many churches and hospitals in the East, and especially in the West, bear the name of one or other of these martyrs. Four churches at Rome, and three out of five at Paris, which bear the name of St. Julian, were originally dedicated under the name of St. Julian.

In the time of St. Gregory the Great, the skull of St. Julian was brought from the East to France, and given to Queen Brunehault; she gave it to the nunnery which she founded at Etampes; part of it is at present in the monastery of Morigny, near Etampes, and part in the church of the regular canonesses of St. Basilissa at Paris.

Reflection—God often rewards men for works that are pleasing in His sight by giving them grace and opportunity to do other works higher still. St. Augustine said, "I have never seen a compassionate and charitable man die a bad death."

VIRGO GLORIOSA

Vines branching stilly
 Shade the open door
 In the house of Zion's Lily,
 Cleanly and poor.
 O brighter than wild laurel
 The Babe bounds in her hand!
 The King, who for apparel,
 Hath but a swaddling-band,

Who sees her heavenlier smiling than stars in His Command.

Soon mystic changes
 Part Him from her breast,
 Yet there a while He ranges
 Gardens of rest;
 Yea, she the first to ponder
 Our ransom and recall,
 A while may rock Him under
 Her young curls' fall,
 'Against that only sinless, love-loyal heart of all!

What shall inure Him
 Unto the deadly dream,
 When the tetrarch shall abjure Him,
 The thief blaspheme,
 And scribe and soldier jostle
 About the shameful Tree?
 When even the Apostle
 Demands to touch and see?

But she hath kissed her Flower where the Wounds are to be.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW
ROME, ITALY

352

And flutt'ring down, the snow was seen,
Like angels white in Jacob's dream.
And the wond'ring Roman's heart was stirred
When he saw how the Christians' prayer was heard;
How their God marked out for Mary's shrine
Where Juno ruled on the Esquiline.

Halifax.

DURING the pontificate of Pope Liberius there lived in Rome a patrician named John. Blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, he counted himself more fortunate in the legacy of glory which accrued to him from his ancestors; but his happiness was marred by the thought that with his death his honored name would suffer extinction. Heaven, although besieged by his confiding prayers, had remained deaf to his petition for a son and heir. Providence had other views. The patrician accepted his disappointment with Christian resignation, and begged the Blessed Virgin at least to designate an heir of her own choice, to whom in dying he might bequeath his immense fortune. This filial trust pleased the Mother of God. Mary desired that a vaster temple than had yet been raised to her honor should correspond to the devotion manifested for her by the Romans. She herself deigned to point out the site which it should occupy, and to trace the dimensions of the new sanctuary, by causing snow to fall in the heart of summer on the ground which the church was to occupy.

On the morning of August 5 the sunbeams, striking Mount Esquiline, fell upon a snowy carpet. The whole city, apprised of the prodigy, betook itself to the scene, and many were the conjectures as to the signification of the marvel. The Blessed

Virgin, however, had by means of a dream announced both to the pious patrician and Pope Liberius what would occur, and her future designs. On their awakening, both hastened to the hill; but the Pontiff, wishing to signalize this pilgrimage to the future sanctuary of Mary, went thither in solemn procession.

The snow covered a certain space which was to be occupied by the new temple. As soon as the site indicated by Heaven was staked off, the snow disappeared. The hand of the Pope then gave the first stroke of the pickaxe in digging the foundation, and the patrician's purse was opened to defray the cost of the edifice. No expense being spared, it was speedily completed; and, in consequence of its size and unusual splendor, received the name of St. Mary the Greater. It is also known as the Church of St. Mary of the Snows, in memory of the miracle that signalized its inception; and again as the Liberian Basilica, from the name of the Pope who consecrated it. Finally, it is sometimes called the Church of St. Mary of the Crib, to commemorate the venerable relic which was afterward deposited within its walls.

In looking for an image of Our Lady with which to adorn this sanctuary, Pope Liberius understood that he should secure one worthy of the remarkable temple which was to enshrine it, and so selected a much venerated picture from the pontifical oratory. It had been brought to Rome with the Crib by St. Helena, and was attributed to the brush of St. Luke. Pope Paul V., of the illustrious Borghese family, desiring to erect a magnificent throne for the picture, built the sumptuous chapel which still bears his name. An urn of lapis lazuli surmounting three steps of white marble forms the altar. Four superb columns of Oriental jasper, with gold channellings and bronze bases and chaptrals, uphold an entablature whose frieze is of agate, as are also the pedestals of the columns. The picture by St. Luke, placed on an enormous block of lapis lazuli, is encased in a frame of amethyst, with vermilion margin enriched with rubies, emeralds, and topazes. The frame is supported by seven golden angels. On the entablature of the altar

a bas-relief in gilded bronze represents the miracle of St. Mary of the Snows.

The holy image is painted on a thick cedar slab nearly five feet high and three and a quarter feet wide. The features are expressive of nobility and gentleness. The eyes are large and brilliant, the nose long; the mouth and chin are in harmony with the rest of the physiognomy. The colors can scarcely be said to be well preserved, the assertion of some writers to the contrary notwithstanding. In fact, one can explain this assertion only on the hypothesis that those who make it do so on the authority of historians who wrote of the holy image as it appeared centuries ago. It is quite possible that the colors were well preserved "once upon a time," but such a contention is manifestly untenable as regards the image of to-day. Some authors place the transferral of the image to St. Mary the Greater in the reign of Syxtus III. The question, of little moment in any case, remains undecided.

For this famous picture of Our Lady the Popes have always had a tender devotion. Symmachus, Gregory III., Adrian, Leo III., and Paschal I., spent whole nights in prayer before it; Clement VIII., old and feeble, would ascend the steps of the Esquiline only on his knees, kissing each of the stones as he painfully ascended. Benedict XIV. never omitted to be present on Saturdays at the singing of the Litanies held in St. Mary's; and Paul V. desired to be carried on the eve of his death to the Blessed Virgin's chapel, there at the feet of her beloved image to bid his last earthly farewell.

In the midst of these grand and imposing figures crowned with the tiara, there rises before us, too, the angelical Stanislaus Kostka, kneeling night and morning on the cold stone of his little cell, praying with his face turned toward Santa Maria Maggiore.

St. Francis of Borgia, third General of the Society of Jesus, first obtained from the Sovereign Pontiff the authorization to have reproduced the portrait of the Blessed Virgin venerated in this church. Some of the copies made from it have in their turn become miraculous. The Jesuit convent at Ingolstadt, in

Bavaria, possesses one which more than once has spoken, in order to settle the vocations of those who were in doubt which road in life to take.

During the pontificate of St. Gregory the Great a plague of unprecedented violence decimated Rome. The Pontiff had recourse to Mary, and during the Easter festivals he carried her image in solemn procession from St. Mary the Greater to St. Peter's. The throng, having arrived at Adrian's Mole, heard angelic choirs singing the joyous Resurrection hymn:

Regina cœli, lætare, alleluia;
Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia;
Resurrexit sicut dixit, alleluia.

And the holy Pontiff did not hesitate to add, with confidence and love:

Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia.

At the same moment above Adrian's Mole was seen an angel, who, at the prayer of Mary thus tenderly invoked, replaced in its scabbard the sword of vengeance which he had held over the city. A chapel was built on the spot under the title of St. Michael in the Clouds. When Alexander VI. devoted Adrian's Mole to the purpose which it has ever since served, he caused the figure of an angel in white marble to be placed on the summit of the edifice. From this angel the chateau and the bridge take their names.

Among the many prodigies recounted in the history of St. Mary the Greater, we select a few of unusual interest:

When Constant, Emperor of the East, formed the sacrilegious project of murdering the Pope, St. Martin, he hired an assassin to accomplish the deed. The wretch was to effect his execrable crime during a pontifical function at Santa Maria Maggiore, and at the very moment when he would receive the Sacred Host. The merciful Virgin did not allow the nefarious crime to be consummated. A sudden blindness attacked the assassin: he was unable to see the Pope. At the same time a ray of divine grace fell upon his heart. Kneeling afterward

at the feet of St. Martin, he confessed his criminal intention, and received as his only punishment a generous kiss of pardon.

The Venerable Peter, Abbot of Cluny, relates an extraordinary occurrence which was annually renewed in this Basilica on the Feast of the Assumption. Candles lighted at first Vespers burned without being at all consumed until the hour of None.

St. Gregory the Great regarded St. Mary Maggiore with especial affection, and loved to offer there the Holy Sacrifice. One Easter Sunday, at the words of the Mass, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*, he heard a celestial voice sing the response, *Et cum spiritu tuo*. To commemorate this marvel, when the Popes officiated afterward in the church, the choir at this part of the Holy Sacrifice remained silent.

On one of the columns of the Basilica there is a painting that transmits to us the gratitude of Cardinal Peter Colonna. In his flight from Rome to Avignon, he was assailed by a furious tempest. The vessel was about to founder, when, recalling the holy image of Our Lady, he invoked her protection. The wind at once died away, and he entered the port in safety.

One of the bells of the Basilica is rung every night at two o'clock. The ringing perpetuates the gratitude of a traveler of high rank, who, lost in the Roman Campagna, recommended himself to Our Blessed Lady. Suddenly the bell of St. Mary the Greater rang out, at once indicating his proper route.

The Romans, heirs of a devotion that goes back fourteen centuries, continually send up to their cherished Madonna the perfumed incense of their ardent prayers. In time of calamity they run to her as a sorrowing child to the outstretched arms of his loving mother, and never has Our Lady's heart been hardened to her suppliant children. On the 5th of August each year, the glorious anniversary of the origin of Santa Maria Maggiore is celebrated with the utmost pomp and splendor. One touching and gracious custom of long ago has come down even to our times. During Mass and Vespers, by means of an ingenious mechanism, a shower of jasmines and other white flowers falls from the vaults, recalling the miracu-

lous fall of snow that indicated the site and size of the Basilica. This flower-fall impresses the spectator also as a suggestive symbol of the graces of purity and innocence lavishly scattered by the hand of Mary over hearts that are faithful to her cult.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW

The Romans tell a legend rare,
A quaintly sweet and graceful story,
How first the site was chosen, where
Is built the temple grandly fair,
Of Santa Maria Maggiore.

And thus, too, doth tradition show
Why Rome still keeps, 'mid summer's brightness,
(Aye, e'en in fiercest August glow)
Feast of Our Lady of the Snow;
Typing the flakes with jasmine's whiteness.

There dwelt in Rome a noble pair—
(When Faith ruled hearts with stronger power)
Vast wealth was theirs that had no heir—
No spendthrift son to waste his share,
No daughter yearning for her dower.

And so, for Him whose Hand bestowed
Their golden store in bounteous measure,
They vowed to build a fair abode,
And thus, where "moth could ne'er corrode,"
To shrine rare wealth of heavenly treasure.

But long they sought a fitting site
Whereon to rear the dome of splendor,
Praying meanwhile, Our Lady bright,
In gracious vision of the night
To lend her aid, benign and tender.

The prayer of trusting Faith was heard—
Heav'n on their hearts' sincere petition
The boon of blest reply conferred—
And to Our Lady's gracious word
Glad heed they gave, and wise submission.

Ave Maria.

APPARITION
TO
ST. MONICA W.
TAGASTE, AFRICA

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Thou, my sweetest Mother, art
Mary! Take and keep my heart;
Take my heart and fondly hide
With thine own in Jesus' side.

Rev. M. Russell, S. J.



ST. MONICA was not once but twice over a mother to St. Augustine. She brought him forth to this world of sin, a child of Adam. She brought him forth to this world of grace, a child of God; and her travail and pains in this second instance were much more severe than were her first labor-pains. She is, indeed, a model mother, and, as such, is recognized by all. From the time of her marriage her soul was steeped in affliction. Could it be otherwise? Her husband, Patrick, was a heathen, a man of strong passions, which kept him in the most abject slavery of the devil. She saw this, and was grieved; yet she had no remedy but tears, and these she shed in no stinted measure. As yet no result followed, save that he became more headstrong and self-willed; nor was he long until he robbed her of the little consolation which she had experienced during her married life. She was a mother—a mother of an innocent child, who had already begun to love God dearly. Ah, 'twas but a slight recompense to her for all her tears. But even now a blight falls across her path, and the little flowers of devotion in the heart of Augustine droop, lose their leaves, and die. Suddenly his heart becomes barren and a desolate waste. All is easily explained when we state that the pagan father took the child Augustine from under the tutelage of St. Monica, and in-

structed him in the ways of the world and wickedness. Monica weeps, and her heart bleeds for many long years, until she is rewarded by another favor; but it is of the shortest duration. Her prayers for the conversion of her pagan husband, Patrick, were heard; he becomes a Christian, is baptized, and dies. Poor Monica, whilst promising herself the sweet companionship of a kindred soul after her long waiting, is doomed to see him ruthlessly snatched away suddenly by the hand of death. Again, her son is still in the ways of error, heresy and death. Who will now befriend her? Mary, the Mother of Consolation, who was also a Mother of Sorrow, seeing, as she did, Monica in prayer before her, pours the balm of resignation on her sorrowing soul, and consoles her. To the eager prayers which Monica addressed to her, as to the manner in which she now, a widow, was to dress herself, Mary gave answer, by appearing, clothed in mourning habiliments, wearing a Cincture, which shone resplendent with heavenly light. The choirs of the seraphim wait on her, their Queen. Meanwhile Monica is rapt in ecstasy, and in it hears words modulated in sweetest harmony, which penetrate to the very depths of her soul, "Daughter of mine," does she hear, "in this guise are you in future to clothe yourself; let this Cincture," which she takes in her hand and gives to Monica, "be to you a pledge of my love—this self-same Cincture that encircled the womb wherein the Word was made flesh; let it henceforward be yours, and be to you a girdle for your constant wear; never put it off; spread devotion to it far and wide. All who wear a Cincture like to this I shall esteem my especial children. This Cincture is to become the wonder of the universe at a future day." We can but feebly realize to our minds what were St. Monica's joyous feelings after this vision. How her heart welled over with delight, and with what strong faith in its efficacy did she, in the fulness of her devotion, enclasp her waist with this precious Cincture. She admitted of no delay in the fulfilment of that which was entrusted to her by Our Blessed Lady, in spreading on all sides the devotion to this holy Cincture. She hastens to communicate with the learned and saintly Ambrose, and the devout ascetic, St.

Simplicianus, who forthwith gird themselves with this blessed Cincture. What a consolation, too, for her to see, in some short time, her darling child, Augustine, not only become regenerate in the waters of baptism at the hands of Ambrose, but also to see him receive, in all humility, the holy Cincture. The words of St. Ambrose are still extant. "We clothed the new Christian with new garments, even with a black cowl, and we did gird him with a leathern Cincture."

Along with St. Monica, her daughter Perpetua, and her two grand-daughters, Felicitas and Basilica, girded themselves with the holy Cincture: but let our eyes be riveted on her eldest born. From the day he received the Cincture from the hands of St. Ambrose, well and prudently did he employ it in promoting ever after the greater honor and glory of God and of his Mother Mary.

The illustrious Doctor of the Church propagated, by this means, the observance of the evangelical precepts and counsels with such remarkable success, that there scarcely was to be found a city or a town of any note in Christian Africa without a monastery of his institution, as he relates in his writings. In the monastery erected near Tagaste, the birthplace of St. Augustine, he lived for some years in community with several learned and saintly persons who embraced his rule. When he was consecrated Bishop for the See of Hippo, he continued the same mode of life, along with his pastoral clergy, who thenceforward were called Canons Regular.

Daily did his Order increase in numbers, and, in an incredibly short space of time, the Cinctured sons of St. Augustine betook themselves to all parts of the world, bearing with them the rule of their holy Father Augustine, and the treasured Cincture, and thus they succeeded in peopling the deserts with hermit Saints, and in founding large communities, drawn together by the heavenly Cincture, in islands the most remote and barren. Soon did other religious orders show their anxiety to become sharers of the protection afforded them by the Cincture; so that no less than forty different religious orders sue

for and rejoice now in its possession. Seculars of every degree and class rival one another in their esteem of it.

Two thousand five hundred members of the Augustinian Order obtained the crown of martyrdom in the persecution carried on by Hunneric, King of the Vandals. Ecclesiastical writers count above sixteen thousand religious of this Order who have been placed by the authority of the Church in the catalogue of the Blessed. Our holy Mother, the Church, has enriched it with numerous and extraordinary indulgences, as may be seen by examining the calendar of the Augustinian Order, and especially the golden Bull of Clement X. (See *Augustinian Manual*, pp. 34 to 47.)

We cannot, in the limited space of a small book, venture into any detail of how so many Pontiffs favored and encouraged this beautiful devotion to the Cincture. It would be shorter and yet no less true to say that the Pontiffs, one after another, from the time of Gregory IX., in 1227, to Leo XIII., who reigns at this present moment (1894), seem to vie with one another to promote the spread of this devotion. They appear to have been actuated with one spirit towards Our Lady's Cincture, and to have imitated, now in equal, now in lesser degree, the extraordinary zeal of Clement X. (in 1675), when he addressed these most memorable words to Don Pedro, of Arragon. This nobleman had been sent as ambassador to Rome by Charles II., King of Spain, and when, having succeeded in his embassy, he was about to return home to Spain, he asked the favor of some indulgences from Pope Clement the Tenth. Thus did the holy Pope address him: "*Let your Lordship receive the Cincture of St. Augustine, which contains them all, and which alone will make you a partaker of all the indulgences of the Church of Christ on earth.*"

Yes, we can scarcely find one amongst this long line of Pontiffs who did not mark, in some way, his sense of appreciation, either by briefs, bulls, constitutions, decrees, or rescripts; and, at the same time, unlocking the treasury of the Church, did not dispense with a liberal hand spiritual riches

in the shape of special indulgences and such like, on all the devout clients of the Cincture.

DECREE OF THE SACRED CONGREGATION

Concerning the renewal of Indulgences by Gregory XV., after Paul V.'s revocation of many Indulgences of Religious Orders.

"WHEREAS, in a letter of the Holy Congregation appointed over the affairs of Regulars, and the consultation of Bishops, dated 23rd of March, 1629, sent to the Prior-General of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine, it seemed as if the Indulgences of the Arch-confraternity of the Cincture, which is erected at Bononia (called in Italian Bologna) in the Church of St. James, granted to them by the many Popes of Rome, as also to the other Confraternities aggregated to it, and afterwards recalled by Paul V., of blessed memory, could be rejected: notwithstanding Gregory XV., of happy memory, had, out of his great and old love and affection for that Society, renewed and confirmed them in his Bull, which begins with the words: 'Injuncti nobis (3 of the nones of June, 1621); the matter having been now carried to the Holy Congregation, and more carefully examined, the same Congregation hath judged: 'THAT THERE WAS NO MANNER OF HINDRANCE WHY THE BRETHREN AND SISTERS OF THE SAID CONFRATERNITIES SHOULD OR OUGHT NOT TO MAKE USE OF AND ENJOY ALL AND EVERY THE INDULGENCES IT CONTAINED, confirmed and renewed TO THEM IN THE SAME BULL.'"

*Dated this 17th day of April, 1673.**

F. M. CARD BRANC, *Præf.*

Loco  Sigilli.

Mich. Aug. Riccius. Secret.

VERSES ON ST. MONICA

Among the sainted matrons whom we honor
 With Mass and matin song,
 One draws the gaze of filial love upon her
 From all the throng.
 Next to St. Anne, the Blessed Virgin's Mother,
 I prize St. Monica, o'er ev'ry other.

Great is the glory of Augustine—high
 His place on earth, in heaven.
 But if St. Monica, with prayer and sigh,
 Less hard had striven
 To bring the child forth to his truer birth,
 What were his fame in heaven, and ev'n on earth.

His father's name to us is nothing strange,
 "Patrick," but, ah! no saint.
 Saint surely she, who all so soon could change,
 That pagan taint—
 Who wept and prayed, and suffered till she won,
 Her heathen husband, her half-heathen son.

Have you not seen them sitting on the beach?
 The younger face less fair—
 They talk not, 'tis society for each
 The other's there—
 Hands interlaced, deep eyes upturned in thought,
 Their hearts bless God, whose grace the change hath wrought.

Hid in her son, yet many a touching trace
 In Austin's page we find,
 Which shows her like to him not more in face
 Than royal mind.
 'Another item for the common story—
 How large a mother's part in hero's glory.

St. Monica, still many a mother shares
 Thy strong maternal faith,
 Still sheds such bitter tears, still breathes such prayers,
 To save from death
 Some soul perchance from all hearth else exiled,
 As vile or wicked, yet her child, her child!

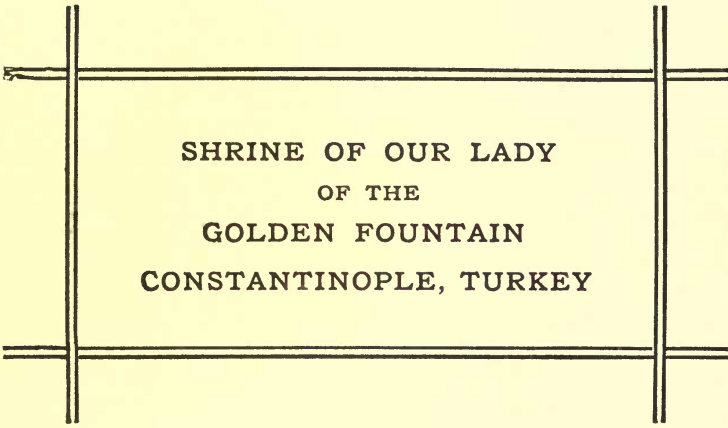
Pray for the wretched mothers, who this hour
Weep for the doubly dead,
Weep for the cherished wanderer, and shower
Tears on his head.
Whose faults and sins would weary out all others,
Save the meek Heart of Jesus, or a mother's.

When thou hadst longer been away from earth
Than she (God rest her!), yet
Who did far more for men than give me birth,
Whose cheek was wet
With tears less bitter (God be thanked!) than thine,
Austin asked prayers for thee—and I for mine.

Be Monica's, oh mothers! pray and weep,
Send ceaseless sighs to heaven,
That ye for heaven and God secure may keep
Whom God has given.
Love them, but save their souls at any cost—
"The child of holy tears cannot be lost."

Rev. M. Russell, S.J.





SHRINE OF OUR LADY
OF THE
GOLDEN FOUNTAIN
CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY

SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY
OF THE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN
CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY

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No dew-laden rose-bud that blooms in earth's garden,
No fair-tinted pearl in the depth of the sea,
No calm, silvery moon-beam that falls on the ocean,
Can picture, sweet Mother, thy beauty to me.

Lilian Tormey.



THE torrid sun of an Oriental summer glared pitilessly from a sky whose dead whiteness was unrelieved by even the tiniest cloud. Not the faintest breath of a breeze moderated the oppressive sultriness of the atmosphere. Withering plants drooped languidly on the arid soil, whose surface, under the burning rays which it reflected, had assumed a sickly, yellowish hue, like that of a desert.

The open country in the vicinity of Constantinople was deserted. Flocks had been led back to the folds. Other quadrupeds slept in their deepest caverns. The birds, hidden in the foliage, had ceased their songs; the very insects sought, in the crevices of rocks or under the leaves of herbs, a partial shelter from the sweltering heat.

Truly an unpropitious day for travellers, especially those on foot. Yet along the dusty high-road, about ten miles from Constantinople, a blind beggar and his only guide, an emaciated dog, painfully plodded their weary way. The blind man, whose bowed form and hoary locks told a tale of life's meridian long since passed, carried in his hand a wild-olive staff, on which he lent heavily as if very tired. His naked feet, dragged along with difficulty, raised around him a continuous cloud of

dust, which powdered his long beard, his eyebrows, and his ragged garments.

His miserable guide, overcome with fatigue and the heat, lay down at every dozen steps; and the old man was forced to goad him with his staff. Finally, even the goading became ineffectual: the poor brute sank down exhausted, and could not be prevailed upon to stir. The traveller himself could only totter along feebly, and with difficulty prevented himself from succumbing to his overpowering weariness. And, unfortunately, along that rocky route there was to be found no tree beneath which he might repose, screened from the rays of the sun, and await the comparative coolness of the night. To crown his misfortunes, while alternately entreating and menacing his worn-out guide he stumbled over a stone and fell prostrate.

Fatigued, bruised, and scarcely conscious, he lay for some time unable to rise. Partially reviving, he groped anxiously about on his hands and knees, feeling for his staff which he had dropped when falling, and which had rolled a few feet away. Successful in this search, he prepared to rise, when he was dismayed to discover that the cord by which the dog had been attached to his girdle was broken. In vain did he call the animal by name in his softest and most enticing tones: the dog, if he heard, made no sign and could not be found.

Without a guide, helpless in the intensified solitude of blindness, the old man for a moment abandoned himself to despair. He durst neither advance nor recede; for the route, as he had been warned some hours previous, was bordered on either side by treacherous quagmires and quicksands, and a false step might cost him his life. He remained where he had fallen for more than an hour, hoping that some charitable traveller might pass that way, or that his dog might return.

Weary at length of waiting, the unfortunate beggar arose, and, testing with his staff the ground before him, slowly and fearfully advanced. As might be expected, he soon strayed from the highway and wandered at random among the dangerous quagmires. All at once he felt the earth failing him, and he sank up to his knees, staggering like a drunken man. A few

steps farther on, and he would have plunged over a precipice. Recovering himself a little, the traveller sat down, or rather threw himself on the ground, with the heartrending cry:

"Holy Virgin! I have never seen your image, but I have always had confidence in your protection. On the faith of your promises I undertook this journey; do not let me perish here without succor."

To the mental tortures of anxiety and despair was soon added the agony of a devouring thirst. The air which he inhaled was like the blast of a furnace; his throat was parched, his tongue clave to his palate, and his lips were dry and cracking.

But hark! what was that? With the acuteness of hearing common to those who are blind from birth—a delicacy of one sense that partially compensates for the absence of another,—the old man heard, or believed he heard, footsteps, distant as yet, but approaching. A thrill of hope ran through him as he raised his head, and for some moments listened intently. The sound was not repeated, and he fell back, moaning. But hope is not easily killed; he pressed his ear close to the earth and listened again. Yes, this time there could be no mistake: a firm tread and what appeared to be the rattling of arms, were distinctly audible. Raising himself on his hands and knees and making a supreme effort, he cried out:

"Oh, you whom the Lord has led along this route, whoever you may be, deign to look with pity on a poor unfortunate wretch about to die!"

The only response to his cry was its echo, which, reverberating hoarsely, terrified him by disclosing the depth of the gulf at his feet. Yet the old man had not been deceived as to the approach of a traveler. Neither the length of the journey nor the overwhelming heat of the day had deterred Leo, a private soldier of the Grecian army, from carrying the dispatches of his commander to Constantinople. He was on foot, and, although robust and inured to the hardships of war, he was somewhat bent beneath the weight of his arms, and walked slowly along. He had taken off a portion of his clothing, and

now carried it on his pike above his head. It served as a screen to protect him from the fierce rays of the sun.

As he drew nearer the blind man, the latter redoubled his entreaties.

"In the name of Jesus our Saviour," he cried, "in the name of the Virgin His Mother, if you are a Christian, save blind Simeon! Leave me not here to die."

Gathering all his strength, as he spoke he struggled to his feet and ran toward the soldier.

"Stop, stop, old man," cried Leo, quickly, "or you will fall into the pit! Do not take another step!"

The soldier, who had been reared in the camp, was a brave man and one much respected by his companions in arms. Like all who are truly valiant, he was generous and compassionate. Touched by the sight of the aged beggar's misery, he went up to him.

"Give me your hand, father," said he, "and I will lead you to the high road.

"God reward you, benevolent man! But alas! I am so fatigued that I can scarcely drag myself along."

"Lean on me. I am young and will support you."

"May Heaven grant you its choicest blessings, my son! Without your aid I should surely perish. But I shall sadly hinder your progress."

"It matters not. Whither do you wish me to conduct you?"

"I am going to Constantinople. The Virgin has told me in a dream [but it was not a dream] that I shall *see* the crowning of the new Emperor."

"What! Is the Emperor Marcian dead?"

"I know not, but I shall be freed from my blindness to see his successor. Doubtless that successor will be named before many months, for I am very old."

"How did you hope to accomplish the journey, since you are blind? We are still far from the city."

"I had a guide," replied Simeon,— "a faithful dog who had conducted me for five years. He abandoned me, the ingrate!"

While speaking thus they had reached the highway, the

soldier still holding the old man's arm and sustaining him, as the unfortunate beggar had barely sufficient strength left to enable him to stand. They proceeded a rod or two in this manner when Simeon, no longer able to fight against exhaustion, forced his companion to stop.

"I am thirsty," he murmured,—“oh, how thirsty!”

“Courage a little longer, father. There is a clump of trees down yonder. We will sit down in the shade, and may perhaps find a spring.”

“I shall never be able to reach it,” sighed his companion.

He made another effort, however, and, half carried by Leo, advanced a few paces; but he was so thoroughly fatigued, so completely worn out, that his knees bent and he dropped, a dead-weight, into the soldier's arms. Leo laid him gently on the ground, and, as it was useless to think of carrying him on his shoulders, endeavored to reanimate him by the assurance that it required only a slight effort more to reach the trees. The old man remained extended at full length on the ground, and for answer only murmured, in the most pitiful of tones: “I'm *dying* of thirst!”

Leo planted his different arms in the earth, and with the aid of some of his clothes formed a kind of tent above the head of the blind man; then, confiding him to the care of Providence, he set out to ascend a neighboring hill, or small mountain, whose summit was crowned by an old and sombre forest. The ascent was steep and difficult. Any one but a hunter or a soldier would have hesitated to scale some of the overhanging rocks that frowned darkly on the deep, uneven beds of dried-up torrents. After much exertion, and many risks of being precipitated into yawning abysses, the young man succeeded in reaching the outskirts of the forest, and entered its gloomy portals.

The outspread branches of the trees formed a sort of vault, under which the atmosphere was dense and sultry. The shade was deep and unrefreshing, so much so that Leo feared to smother there. But where would he find the water he sought? Without giving a thought to the danger of losing his way

among the tangled paths, he plunged blindly forward into the dense thickets, but found only arid rocks and traces of evaporated pools. Yet time was speeding, and Simeon had been left in a sore strait.

"Alas!" mused the soldier, "of what avail is my labor and my seeking? Before I have found a drop of water the poor old man will have expired."

At this thought he was tempted to give way to discouragement and retrace his steps. Then came the idea of addressing himself to the Consoler of the Afflicted, for whom he had ever cherished a tender affection.

"O Queen of Heaven!" said he, raising his eyes, "this unfortunate man has exposed himself to these dangers because he trusted in thee; permit not his faith to prove deceptive."

Hardly had he formulated this prayer in depths of his heart, when he heard himself called loudly by name. Astounded, he stopped, looked about him, but saw nobody. He believed himself the victim of an hallucination, and continued his way.

"Leo!" continued the same clear voice, "why are you so troubled, and what seek you in this forest, while just before you there is a pond full of water?"

Leo bounded forward with redoubled speed, pushing aside the branches and brushwood that barred his progress. The humidity of the earth soon announced, in very truth, the vicinity of a lake or pond. A hedge of thorns obstructed his approach, but he finally succeeded in reaching the water. Forgetful of his own thirst, he abstained from drinking, and remembered only the miserable man whom he had left on the high road.

"Will I not arrive too late?" said he to himself. "Before I can reach the spot where I left him, will he not be dead?"

"Fear not!" said the voice, answering his thoughts. "She whom the blind man invoked will not abandon him in his suffering. But do thou hasten. And because thy soul is compassionate and thy heart open to the appeal of the unfortunate, and because thou hast confidence in my intercession, and hast honored me with a persevering devotion, I have ob-

tained for thee the highest earthly dignity man can seek. Thou wilt be proclaimed Emperor, and thou shalt sit on the throne where sat Constantine, my servant; and thou shalt reign with glory during seventeen years. And thou wilt build in this very place a church dedicated to me; and I will be pleased to hear myself invoked therein; and I shall draw thither multitudes of the faithful by the countless prodigies and miracles that shall here be worked in my name. And this is the sign by which thou mayst know that I am truly the Mother of God, and that I have chosen thee to propagate my glory. Fill thy helmet with water from this pond, and take a handful of mud. Thou shalt give the water to the old man to drink, and he shall regain his strength; and with the mud thou shalt anoint his eyes, and he shall see. And now go quickly to him, for he touches at the portals of death."

Leo obeyed; he hastened down the hillside, holding in one hand his helmet full of water, in the other as much mud as it could grasp. He found a pathway which he had not seen in ascending, or which, perhaps, had been prepared for him by her who had just spoken to him, and his descent was easy and rapid. As soon as he could perceive the beggar he cried out: "Be of good courage! I bring you life and sight."

But the blind man remained silent and motionless, as if already dead. Leo hurried up to him, knelt by his side, raised his head, and moistened his lips with the water.

The old man, gradually brought back to life by the freshness of the draught, sat up and returned thanks to his deliverer.

"Let us now proceed," said he. "I have great hopes; the Virgin protects me. Let us go on; I wish to see the new Emperor."

"Yes," answered Leo; "and sight will be given you."

Then he rubbed Simeon's eyes with the mud he had brought, and washed them with the water left in his helmet. And Simeon's eyes were opened, and, mistaking his companion for an angel, he wished to prostrate himself before him; but the young soldier prevented him, and together they returned thanks to the Mother of God. Continuing their journey, they pro-

ceeded to Constantinople, where Simeon did not fail to publish the miracle wrought in his favor.

Some time afterward, as one of the results of a revolution, the soldier Leo was raised to the imperial throne. In accordance with the prediction of the Blessed Virgin, he reigned seventeen years, his domination proving one of the most glorious in the history of the Lower Empire. He erected on the spot where the Blessed Virgin had spoken to him a magnificent church, which bore the name of Our Lady of the Golden Fountain, and which became renowned among the faithful of the surrounding countries for the numberless cures and prodigies operated within its hallowed precincts. This sacred edifice, unfortunately, was razed under the ruthless iconoclasm of the Mussulmans.

NEVER OUT OF CALL

I thought that I might walk alone,
And so let go my Father's hand;
Brightly the sun above me shone,
And verdure covered all the land.

The flowers blossomed at my feet,
The morn was fragrant with their breath;
I thought that just to live was sweet,
Nor dreamed of sorrow, pain or death.

Yet as with careless feet I sped,
Heedless of time's unfailing flight,
Thick clouds were gathering overhead,
And lo! the noon became as night.

With blinding flash and deafening roll,
And rattling hail and drenching rain,
A dreadful storm burst o'er my soul;
I looked for shelter, but in vain.

The flowers had withered in my grasp,
Silent the birds that sang at morn;
In all the world there scarce could be
A spot more barren, more forlorn.

Then I bethought me of the time
When, safely at my Father's side,
His hand I held, and knew no fear,
Though joy or sorrow might betide.

And in my need I cried to Him
Who holds the world at His command;
But ere my lips had framed the words
I felt the pressure of His hand.

In His strong arms He lifted me,
And held me closely to His breast;
O it were worth a life of pain
To find at last such perfect rest!

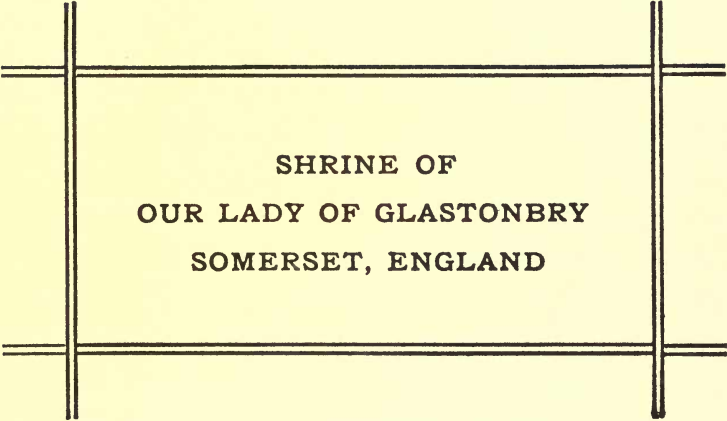
He wrapped me in His garment's fold,
Whispered of pardon and of peace;
While in His ear my griefs I told,
And all my sorrows found release.

"Where wert Thou, Lord, when Thy poor child
Was tempted from Thy side to stray?"
My father looked on me and smiled:
"Child, I was with thee all the day."

All day, though oft by us forgot,
The Father watches over all;
Thro' storm and sunshine—sweetest thought!—
His ear is open to our call.

Angelique De Lande.

St Theresa relates of a rich merchant of Valladolid, Spain, who did not lead a Christian life, but who always had devotion to the Blessed Virgin: When St. Theresa came to that town, seeking a house for her nuns, the merchant said he would give her one in honor of the Blessed Virgin. She gladly accepted it. He died shortly after, and it was revealed to the Saint that he had been saved through the charity shown in honor of the Mother of God.



SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF GLASTONBRY
SOMERSET, ENGLAND

Private Use Only

SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF GLASTONBURY
SOMERSET, ENGLAND

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O thou that art the Queen of May,
My spring of life control;
Ward off all foes would take away
The treasures of my soul;
That when thy Son shall come to me
He find not a barren tree.

Rev. J. Gerard, S. J.



O those who believe that devotion to the Mother of God forms an integral part of the Christian religion, the fact that it was preached and practised in England at a date coeval with the introduction of Christianity does not require proof. Yet if wanted, proofs might be adduced, no less from the history of the British than that of the Anglo-Saxon Church. The number and antiquity of the Shrines dedicated to Our Lady of which history gives record, the frequency with which we find her name attached to towns or villages, bear evidence to the fact that our forefathers were taught to love and honor Mary by the first heralds of the Gospel who landed on their shores.

Few countries were as rich in sanctuaries consecrated to the Blessed Mother of God as old Catholic England, which, as most readers are aware, derived its beautiful title of the Dowry of Mary from the churches which bore her name, of which a large proportion are still standing. Many of these were places of pilgrimage, resorted to with pious devotion by crowds of fervent pilgrims, from the haughty monarch to the humble peasant. Scattered through the writings of ancient historians, notices are found of particular favors granted through the in-

tercession of the Queen of Heaven to those who invoked her mercy at the Shrines where she was pleased to manifest her loving kindness, and which had not unfrequently been rendered sacred by her visible presence.

The most ancient and venerable sanctuary of Our Lady in England was Glastonbury, where, as tradition relates, stood the first Christian temple erected in the island. This is said to have been, in its original shape, a little oratory formed of branches interwoven together, constructed by St. Joseph of Arimathea, to whom some attribute the introduction of Christianity into Britain. However this may be, there remains the fact, proved by primitive tradition and existing charters that, long before the invasion of the Saxons, there was a church dedicated to Our Blessed Lady at Glastonbury, which is described as "an ancient and holy spot, chosen and sanctified by God, in honor of the Immaculate Mother of God, the Most Blessed Virgin Mary." William of Malmesbury, in the twelfth century, gave the story as he had read it in old records :

"Now, Joseph of Arimathea came with twelve companions to Britain, and had assigned to them by the pagan King Arviragus a kind of island in the swamps not far from Wells, in Somersetshire. The island was called Avalon, and afterward Glastonbury. Soon after these holy men had commenced their common life in this desert island, they were admonished in a vision by the Angel Gabriel that they should build there, on a spot designated from on high, a church in honor of the Blessed and Holy Virgin Mother of God. Prompt obedience was given to this command. Walls were erected of wattled osiers, and a small chapel was completed by them in the thirty-first year from the Passion, and the fifteenth after the Assumption of the ever-glorious Virgin. Poor indeed it was in appearance, but it was richly adorned with divine benedictions; and, as it was the first church that had ever been built in this land, so did the Son of God distinguish it by directing that it should be dedicated in honor of His Virgin Mother. . . . In course of time all of them were taken away from this earthly prison, and then the spot which had been the dwelling

of Saints became the haunt of wild animals, until it pleased the Blessed Virgin to bring the remembrance of her oratory back to the minds of the faithful."

About two centuries later a church of stone was built on the site of the primitive chapel. This appears to have been dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul; but in 530 St. David, attracted by the sanctity of the spot, and the report of the "many and unheard-of-miracles" that had taken place there, visited Glastonbury with seven of his suffragan bishops. He added a chapel to the east side of the church, which he consecrated to the honor of our Blessed Lady; and adorned the altar with a sapphire of inestimable value, which was called the Great Sapphire of Glastonbury. This jewel was fixed in a golden super-altar; subsequently it was hidden for security's sake, and the place of its concealment forgotten. It was discovered at a later period, and magnificently set in gold and silver, and surrounded with precious stones; its final fate was to be delivered into the rapacious hands of Henry VIII. on the suppression of the monasteries.

In 542 the good King Arthur, nephew of St. David, being mortally wounded in the battle of Camlan, was carried to Glastonbury, that he might prepare himself more perfectly, under the protection of our Blessed Lady, for departure out of this world for life eternal. It is recorded of this hero of chivalry that he was most devout to the Mother of God, and bore her image with him into battle. It is likewise said that he had her effigy painted inside his shield, that she many times miraculously defended him, and that his greatest victories were gained by her special help. From the time of the building of the chapel by St. David, the whole church was again spoken of as the Church of the Blessed Virgin. William of Malmesbury particularly mentions in his chronicles that kings and the leading men of the land eagerly sought to be buried at Glastonbury, so that they might await the day of doom under the patronage of Our Lady. He gives a list of many who were there interred.

In 708 Ina, King of the West Saxons, in gratitude for the

prosperity of his reign, which he attributed to the special patronage of Our Lady, rebuilt both churches and monastery on a grand scale, giving them a new charter of privileges, and endowing the new edifice with a profusion of costly treasures. The catalogue of King Ina's gifts deserves insertion, as an instance of royal munificence in the ages of faith; it will bear comparison with any similar record of offerings made at the celebrated Shrines of Montserrat or Loreto. In the first place, the Chapel of St. Joseph, which he attached to the church, was entirely plated over with precious metals; this was called the "Silver Chapel," and on it he is said to have expended 2,640 pounds weight of silver, with 264 pounds weight of gold for the altar. Besides which he presented a gold chalice; a paten weighing 10 pounds, and a gold thurible; two silver candlesticks; a gold cover for the Book of the Gospels; images of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Apostles; lastly, a pall for the altar and other vestments, all of cloth, curiously wrought and adorned with precious stones. Among the relics preserved at Glastonbury was a portion of Our Lady's girdle and of her robe. The girdle is described as "of red silk, a solemn relique, sent to women in travail." These relics were sacrilegiously seized by the visitors sent to the abbey by the infamous Henry VIII., and their fate is unknown.

The next benefactor of Glastonbury was King Edgar, surnamed the Peaceable, who laid his sceptre on the altar of Our Lady, and solemnly placed his kingdom under her patronage. This sceptre was beautifully fashioned of ivory and adorned with gold; it was laid on the altar in confirmation of the charter of especial privileges which the King at the same time granted to the abbot and monks, in the presence and with the consent of his prelates and nobles. Afterward he caused this sceptre to be cut in two, that no future abbot might give or sell it to any one; commanding one portion of it to be kept on a spot for a testimony of the aforesaid donation.

During the period of the Danish incursions, the church so magnificently endowed fell into partial decay, though it never ceased to be regarded with singular devotion. Its restoration

was effected by St. Dunstan, who received his early education at Glastonbury, imbibing from his infancy, as was natural, a deep and fervent devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. Amongst the legends connected with the life of this Saint, and the popular devotion paid to Our Lady in this sanctuary, is one which speaks of a miraculous sign granted to his mother Kyndreda before his birth, which seemed to foreshadow the future greatness of her child.

On the Feast of the Purification, Kyndreda and her husband, Herstan, were attending the solemn Mass of that day in the Church of Our Lady; and, according to custom, they, in common with the rest of those present, held in their hands the burning tapers they were afterward to offer at the altar. Suddenly every taper was extinguished; and, as the people looked about to discover the cause of so strange an accident, they beheld the candle which Kyndreda bore all at once relighted by a flame descending, to all appearance, from heaven. Hastening to her, they all relit their tapers from the one she held, and regarded the incident as betokening some special grace which should be granted to her child, who they felt sure would prove a favored client of the Immaculate Virgin. This was indeed the case. Many are the wonderful visions, ecstasies and supernatural favors recorded of the Saint, and great was the zeal he manifested in increasing the glory of the Queen of Angels. The devotion he bore toward her probably had an influence over the Anglo-Saxon princes, whose counsels he directed; for they are all spoken of by their historians as special clients of Our Lady.

After a brief time spent at the court of Athelstan, Dunstan returned to Glastonbury, and led an eremitical life in a cell which he had constructed for himself, until he was called to fill the archiepiscopal throne of Canterbury. When watching by night in her sanctuary, the devout servant of Mary was frequently rewarded for his devotion by her visible presence. The obscurity of the sacred edifice would be suddenly illuminated by a brilliant light, and the stillness broken by the singing of angels; while our Heavenly Mother, surrounded by a choir of

virgins, would come toward her client, and graciously smile upon and encourage him.

Many persons were attracted to Glastonbury by the fame of Dunstan's sanctity. Among these was a certain lady of the blood-royal, named Ethelsgina, who was so charmed by his instructions that she caused a small habitation to be built adjoining Our Lady's sanctuary, wherein she spent the remainder of her days, frequenting the church both by day and night, and spending her time in the exercise of prayer, almsdeeds, and penance. Ethelsgina shared the devotion of her spiritual Father toward Our Lady of Glastonbury, and abundantly supplied the means for keeping up divine service in her favorite shrine. And in return Our Lady bestowed so many favors upon her that she was said to obtain whatsoever she asked in prayer.

There was at Glastonbury a beautiful image of the Blessed Mother of God. This was placed over the high altar, in a tabernacle elaborately carved and of excellent workmanship. Toward the end of the fourteenth century the abbot then ruling clothed it "very becomingly" in gold and silver, and adorned it with precious stones. This image, with the relics belonging to the church, was carried with veneration in the processions which took place on the principal festivals. During the reign of Henry II. the church was burned to the ground, but the image was miraculously preserved. Although the fire consumed all the altar-cloths and ornaments, wonderful to relate, it did not touch the statue; the veil upon its head even was not singed by the flames. Nevertheless, it is recorded that the heat of the fire caused several blisters to rise upon its face, as upon the face of a living man, which long remained in proof of the divine protection.

Henry II. determined that the church should be rebuilt by himself or his successor more magnificently than ever. He confirmed to the church called, as the charter says, by some the Mother of Saints, by others the Tomb of Saints (built originally by the very disciples of Our Lord, and dedicated, according to ancient authority, to the Mother of God by our

Lord Himself), all the privileges granted by his predecessors William I. and William II., his grandfather Henry, and the more ancient kings. There is a long series of regal evidence showing the profound veneration in which the church of our Blessed Lady at Glastonbury was held, and the devotion of the early rulers of the land to the Mother of Our Lord.

The glory has now, alas! departed from this ancient and venerated sanctuary. The abbey and church have long since been demolished by sacrilegious hands; and of the Shrine of Mary nothing remains but a picturesque ruin, roofless, and overgrown with ivy or lichen. The chancel still stands, and a portion of the walls, with their slender columns and graceful pointed arches, forming an object of attraction to the archæologist and the artist. But there is nothing to suggest to the mind of the visitor that the spot whereon he stands is one which, in olden days, was chosen by the Queen of Heaven for the bestowal of supernatural favors on her faithful subjects.

INVOCATION TO THE prioress TALE

Modernized by William Wordsworth.

O Mother-Maid! O Maid and Mother free!
O bush unburnt, burning in Moses' sight!
That down didst ravish from the Deity,
Through humbleness, the Spirit that did alight,
Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory's might,
Conceived was thy father's sapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

Lady, thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance;
For sometimes, Lady! ere men pray to thee,
Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing to our prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen,
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain;
But as a child of twelve months old, or less,
That laboreth his language to express;
Even so fare I; and, therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my song, which I of thee shall say.

Geoffrey Chaucer.



SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF BOULOGNE
BOULOGNE, FRANCE

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Star of the sea: we kneel and pray,
When tempests raise their voice;
Star of the sea! the haven reached,
We call thee and rejoice.

Adelaide A. Procter.



IN an attractive volume, "Les Livres à Relire," l'Abbé Lenôte says: "Good descriptions of Our Lady's shrines are acts of philanthropy. With the aid of a little imagination, they furnish thousands of the faithful who stay at home with free transportation to the holy places, in a first-class conveyance, without dust or fatigue. And—delightful thought!—we can start on these pilgrimages of the heart any day we please and as often as we will."

From the Old World's garden of churches—those "flowers in stone," as they have been prettily called—village chapels, modest as violets, domed cathedrals brilliant as jewelled tulips, we choose for to-day's "heart pilgrimage" the famous miracle-shrine of Our Lady of Boulogne.

We learn from the commentaries of Cæsar that when he first occupied the province of Morinia (a division of Belgic Gaul) he made the town of Gesoriacus his headquarters. From its port he embarked to subjugate Britain; and when he returned to Rome, he commanded his lieutenant, Quintius Pedius, to build a city there. In 50 B. C. Pedius founded a city on the height now occupied by the Haute Ville, naming it Bononia, after his own birthplace in Italy, corrupted into Bolonia. It is now known as Boulogne-sur-Mer.

The history of the quaint old French city, where Christianity was first preached A.D. 170, and where St. Patrick for some time resided, contains much of interest; but that of Catholics of to-day centres in the Haute Ville, within whose walls Clothaire II., eighth King of France, as far back as 606, built on the ruins of a pagan temple the chapel thus referred to by a chronicler of that time:

“It was near the close of a day in the year 636, under the reign of Dagobert I., that a sudden calm fell upon the restless sea. Over the stilled and reverent waves, luminous with celestial radiance, a small boat, without sail, oars, or visible pilot, was seen entering the port of Boulogne. Within it, standing upright, was a statue, exquisitely carved in wood, of the Blessed Virgin. Upon her left arm rested the Infant Jesus, and upon her beautiful countenance an indescribable expression of majesty and divinity. At the same moment some saintly souls, assembled for Vespers in the chapel in the upper city, were transported by a vision of the Divine Mother, framed in a mist as of melted stars. She commanded them to take her image from the boat which angels had just guided to their shore, and place it in the church which they must rear on the spot whereon she then stood,—most graciously promising to bestow special blessings on the builders of that church, and all who should worship therein. News of the wondrous apparition straightway becoming known, the parish, led by the clergy, hastened to the shore to welcome upon their knees the holy image. Lifted upon the shoulders of rejoicing priests, it was borne back in triumphal procession to the chapel, there to receive the homage of kings and queens of earth, pending the erection of a worthier shrine, which was at once begun upon the spot chosen by our Blessed Lady.”

This “worthier shrine” was, in 1104, rebuilt in cathedral-form by Ida Comtesse de Bouillon, mother of the Crusader Godfrey, proclaimed King of Jerusalem. Godfrey of Bouillon made an offering to this holy Image of the royal crown of Jerusalem, which he himself would never wear, and his mother Ida built the church in which this treasure of the Boulognese

continued to be venerated up to the calamitous days of 1793.

Our Lady of Boulogne was always an object of special devotion on the part of the English. Many of her kings came hither and, in 1264 the English bishops held a Council here at which St. Louis and the Papal Legate assisted, with the view of mediating between Henry III. and his barons. In 1567 this edifice was pillaged and mutilated by the Huguenots, who, finding that rain quenched every fire they kindled about the miraculous image of Our Lady, buried it. After long remaining underground, it was exhumed on the 26th of September, 1607, by Jean de Frohart, aided by an old hermit of the forest of Desvres; and, after formal identification, placed in the Abbey of St. Wilmun, where it remained till its restoration to the new cathedral, rebuilt in 1624.

In June, 1791, when the cruel reign of infidelity began, and by order of the National Convention all churches were closed, the blessed statue, again at the mercy of vandals and heretics, was cast into a pit of flames, and believed to have been completely destroyed. By special providence, however, a Catholic, M. Cazin de Caumartin, having previously obtained access to it, had severed from the image a hand, which, piously treasured in his family till the consecration of her present Shrine, was then presented by one of his descendants to the Bishop of Boulogne. Through a glass, always dim with kisses, one may see a facsimile of that blessed hand, encased in an exquisite hand-shaped silver reliquary, resting on a cushion of crimson velvet. The real relic is enshrined in the gold heart which hangs from the arm of Our Lady's statue.

For a quarter of a century after the Revolution the ground of the ruined cathedral remained national property, till in August, 1820, after several happily incompleated sales to aliens and heretics, it was again offered at auction, and purchased by l'Abbé Haffreingue. From boyhood this good and zealous priest had cherished the fond hope of seeing erected on that vision-consecrated site a fitting Shrine, which, undaunted by the magnitude of the undertaking, he determined to commence

building. Unsolicited contributions from rich and poor supplemented the private fortune he had devoted to the cause; and, in March, 1827, the work of clearing away the ruins was begun under his personal supervision. While sinking the foundation a wonderful crypt, or underground church, was discovered, dating back, it is thought, to the fourth or fifth century, which, with its many relics—shafts and broken capitals of the first cathedral, mammoth stone coffins, fine specimens of ancient fresco—the Abbé succeeded in preserving.

Work progressed slowly as the exchequer permitted; but the life of the venerable builder was prolonged to witness the consecration of the completed edifice in 1866. Born at Audinghen on July 4, 1785, raised to the dignity of a Roman prelate by a Papal brief in 1859, Monsig. Haffreingue died in April, 1871, and is entombed in the crypt. No more beautiful thought has found expression in marble than the monument to his memory, which stands near the entrance from the north transept. It represents the priest kneeling, upholding toward Our Lady of Boulogne a facsimile in miniature of the present edifice.

The architecture of the cathedral is half Greek, half Roman. The spacious nave is surrounded by a clerestory; the roof is formed of two ceilings,—the lower, of cloud color, pierced with spaces, through which one sees the soft blue and tinted frescoes on the upper ceiling: subjects from the Gospels, designed by Overbeck, master of the Dusseldorf school.

On the south side of the high altar is one of richly inlaid marble, dedicated to St. Benoit Joseph Labre. The portrait of the Saint distributing alms to the poor of Rome was a gift from his Holiness Pope Pius IX. Under the dome is placed the magnificent high altar presented by Prince Alessandro Torlonia, in accordance with the dying wish of his brother Charles. Its table rests on twenty monolith columns of *lapis martyrum* (so called from its use in the days of Christian persecution to weight bodies cast into the sea); precious stones and exquisite paintings adorn the four sides; the doors of the tabernacle are of sardonyx with crosses of *lapis lazuli*.

Passing up the side aisle—"Gloria Mariæ" on every side, tablets recording her miracles—one reaches the chapel of Our Lady of Boulogne, blazing with lights, fragrant with flowers, every stone of the mosaic floor pressed by the knees of a worshipper. The altar of pure white marble—the gift of an Irish lady—is of striking design; the recess above and behind the tabernacle being filled by a life-size representation of the Blessed Mother as she came across "the stilled and reverent waters" with her Babe upon her breast. Looking steadily up, one can imagine a gentle motion of the sculptured waves; throbbing beneath their precious burden, they seem to bear nearer the beautiful golden boat, with its kneeling angels at prow and stern.

Times have changed, and Boulogne may have changed with them; but some years ago preparations for celebrating the Feast of the Assumption began days before. You could tell every child who was to take part in the procession, its little head bristling with *papillotes*. And such radiant faces, glowing beneath their proudly-worn paper crowns of martyrdom!

Within an hour after sunrise of the happy day the whole town wore Our Lady's colors. Men with ladders and hammers hastened from house to house, decorating them with blue and white. By two o'clock all who were not at windows thronged the streets. And soon it came, the glittering pageant, with bands and banners, chanting clergy, white-veiled maidens scattering flowers; "curled darlings" solemnly timing their baby feet, clinging tight to the blue ribbon streamers of their parish banner, as though it were a mother's hand; four storm-bronzed fishermen from St. Pierre des Marins bearing upon their shoulders a statue of Our Lady of Boulogne. Very dear to them is that Blessed Lady in her golden boat; safe harbor has she ever found in those loyal sailor hearts. And last of all came the scarlet canopy beneath which walked the Bishop, pausing at each step to scatter blessings on the multitude.

The regular pilgrimages to Our Lady of Boulogne begin on the 15th of August and last a fortnight. During that period, from dawn till dusk, each hour a pilgrim band from some quar-

ter arrives, and, forming in procession at the depot, takes its way toward the cathedral. Fathers, husbands, sons, supporting the steps of dear afflicted ones; mothers bearing death-doomed babes,—all with faith in their breasts and hope in their faces, dragging themselves to Mary's feet; for *there* help waits them,—help for body and for soul. The refrain of their hymn, sung in chorus between each verse chanted by the priest, holds wondrous power in its few simple notes. It lingers on the summer air, faint and sweet as breath of incense rising from those prayer-kindred, love-swayed hearts,—fainter, sweeter, as the singers and the song mount up, upward, to the "Upper City."

John, King of France, believed his deliverance from his long captivity in England to have been obtained in consequence of a vow made by him to visit this Shrine in pilgrimage, and, on landing at Calais, he walked from thence to Boulogne to accomplish his devotions; and during the reign of Henry V., when the English held possession of the country, we find the brave Earls Talbot of Shrewsbury, and Beauchamp of Warwick, making magnificent offerings—Talbot presenting a robe of cloth of gold adorned with massive golden lion's heads, whilst Warwick offered a golden statue of the Blessed Virgin with the dragon under her feet. An English merchant also enriched the treasury with a torquoise of such extraordinary value that it was placed in the Cross, known as the Great Cross, and was considered its greatest ornament. The enormous riches of this sanctuary were further increased in 1514 by the offering of an English Princess of Tudor blood; Mary, sister to King Henry VIII., being affianced to Louis XII. of France, landed at Boulogne, on her way to her husband's court, and immediately proceeded to Boulogne, where she left an arm of massive silver, enameled with the armorial escutcheons of France and England. Indeed the Boulogne treasury seems to have rivaled that of Loreto in wealth. It possessed more than a hundred golden reliquaries, eighteen great silver statues, and a great quantity of diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, to say nothing of hearts, arms, legs, and other votive offerings, the French sov-

ereigns paying every year the tribute of a golden heart to Our Lady as to their feudal sovereign. All these riches were doomed to fall into the hands of King Henry VIII. and his brutal soldiery. In his younger days Henry had visited the church as a pilgrim and knelt before Our Lady's Shrine, in company with his gallant rival, Francis I. But in 1554, war having broken out between the two countries, the English laid siege to Boulogne, which was betrayed into their hands by some Italian mercenaries and the town, being taken, was given up to pillage. The soldiers hastened to the cathedral and, having made themselves masters of the riches which had accumulated there during nine centuries, they seized the sacred Image and carried it back with them to England as a trophy of war. The chapel of Our Lady was entirely destroyed, and the church converted into an arsenal. The town remained in the hands of the English for five years and a half, during which time the garrison was continually swept away by pestilence, and had to be constantly recruited, until at length, no soldiers could be found willing to accept the service, and they had to be sent over from England in chains.

In 1550 Boulogne was restored to France, and Henry II., after making his solemn entry into the town, accomplished a vow which he had made two years previously by offering a new image of solid silver to replace the old miraculous statue which had been carried to England. Magnificent as the new image was, it did not console the people of Boulogne for the loss of their old one, and the King therefore caused an article to be inserted in the treaty of peace concluded between him and the government of Edward VI., according to which the latter prince was required to give back Our Lady of Boulogne, as the Philistines in old times had been compelled to restore the ark of Israel. The English ministers were not at that time in a position to refuse any demands made on them, and the treaty, a most humiliating one to the national pride, was reluctantly agreed to. The Image of Our Lady was sent back to France, together with all the ordnance stores captured at the taking of the town, and the clergy of Boulogne, going forth in proces-

sion, conducted their treasure back to the cathedral, where it soon drew to its feet new crowds of pilgrims.

Henrietta Maria, the unfortunate Queen of Charles I., was the last of the English sovereigns whose name appears on the list of those who made their offerings to this venerable image.

THE STAR OF THE SEA

How many a mighty ship
 The stormy waves o'erwhelmed;
 Yet our frail bark floats on,
 Our angel holds the helm;
 Dark storms are gathering round,
 And dangerous winds arise,
 Yet see! one trembling star
 Is shining in the skies;—
 And we are safe who trust in thee,
 Star of the Sea!

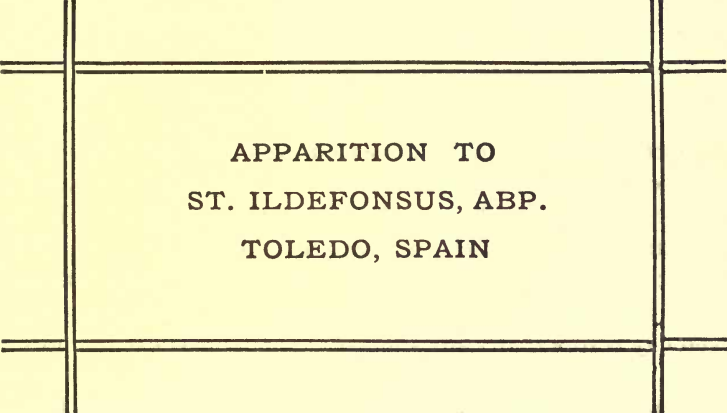
A long and weary voyage
 Have we to reach our home,
 And dark and sunken rocks
 Are hid in silver foam;
 Each moment we may sink,
 But steadily we sail,
 Our winged Pilot smiles,
 And says we shall not fail:
 And so we kneel and call on thee,
 Star of the Sea!

Yes, for those shining rays
 Shall beam upon the main,
 Shall guide us safely on,
 Through fear and doubt and pain;
 And see—the stormy wind
 Our little sail has caught,
 The tempest others fear
 Shall drive us into port:—
 Through life's dark voyage we trust in thee,
 Star of the Sea!

The shore now looms in sight,
The far-off golden strand,
Yet many a freight is wrecked
And lost in sight of land;
Then guide us safely home,
Through that last hour of strife,
And welcome us to land,
From the long voyage of life:—
In death and life we call on thee,
Star of the Sea!

Adelaide A. Procter.

A remarkable incident, for which the judicious *Tablet* stands sponsor, is related of the miraculous Madonna venerated at Wilna, in Russian Poland. "In February a Russian, who unfortunately cannot now be identified, brought to the parish priest of the Ostra Brama chapel several very large wax-candles, with the request that they might be kept burning night and day before Our Lady's image. The request excited no surprise, as even the schismatic Russians have a devotion to the Madonna, and frequently bring offerings to the Shrine but, as it would have been imprudent to leave the candles burning all night without watching, the sacristan was told to sit up in a room near the altar. About midnight, the watcher extinguished the candles. Asked next morning why he had done so, the man declared that in his sleep he had repeatedly heard the cry "Put out the candles!" and, with some natural feeling of awe, had done so. Upon careful examination, the candles turned out to be hollow and filled with gunpowder. There is no doubt an attempt had been made to destroy the famous Madonna which, for so many centuries has been looked upon, even by the Russians, as the mighty protectress of the Catholic faith. The parish priest immediately informed the authorities of what had happened, but the only satisfaction he got was the advice to "keep the occurrence quiet."



APPARITION TO
ST. ILDEFONSUS, ABP.
TOLEDO, SPAIN

APPARITION
TO
ST. ILDEFONSUS, ABP.
TOLEDO, SPAIN

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Mary! that name secure shall bear me on
Amid life's perils; in that mighty name
The menaces of fortune I defy.
And, when my term of mortal life is gone,
In my last moment Mary's help I'll claim.
Her name upon my lips, content I'll die.

Rev. H. Nozzi, S. J.



ST. ILDEFONSUS, Archbishop of Toledo, had been in youth a disciple of St. Isidore of Seville. Forsaking for the love of Christ the worldly honors of his noble birth, he became a Benedictine monk, in a monastery near Toledo, of which in course of time he was chosen abbot. In 659 he was made Archbishop of Toledo. He had always been most devoted to the Mother of God and, when some heretics in Spain revived the heresy of Helvidius, and denied the perpetual virginity of Our Blessed Lady, St. Ildefonsus wrote a treatise against them, in which he displayed the greatest zeal for the glory of the Virgin Mother of Christ. By this work and by frequent exhortations to his flock he effectually checked the heresy.

In reward for his devotion and virtue Our Blessed Lady appeared to him. One morning while he was reading *Matins* in the cathedral on the Feast of the Annunciation, 657, he saw Our Blessed Lady seated on her throne, holding in her hands his book against the heretics, and surrounded by the choirs of virgins. She thanked him for all that he had done in defence of her honor, and in token of her gratitude gave him a chasuble. This celestial present is still preserved at Oviedo. St. Ildefonsus died in 669. Spain has chosen him as one of its Patrons,

and his example and writings have done much to help the devotion to the Virgin Mother of God.

ZEAL FOR OUR LADY'S HONOR

No child could listen patiently to insults offered to his mother; nor should we hear with indifference those shown to Our Blessed Lady. We should try to make up by the fervor of our piety for the neglect of those who will not honor her, and do all in our power to spread amongst others devotion to the Blessed Mother of God.

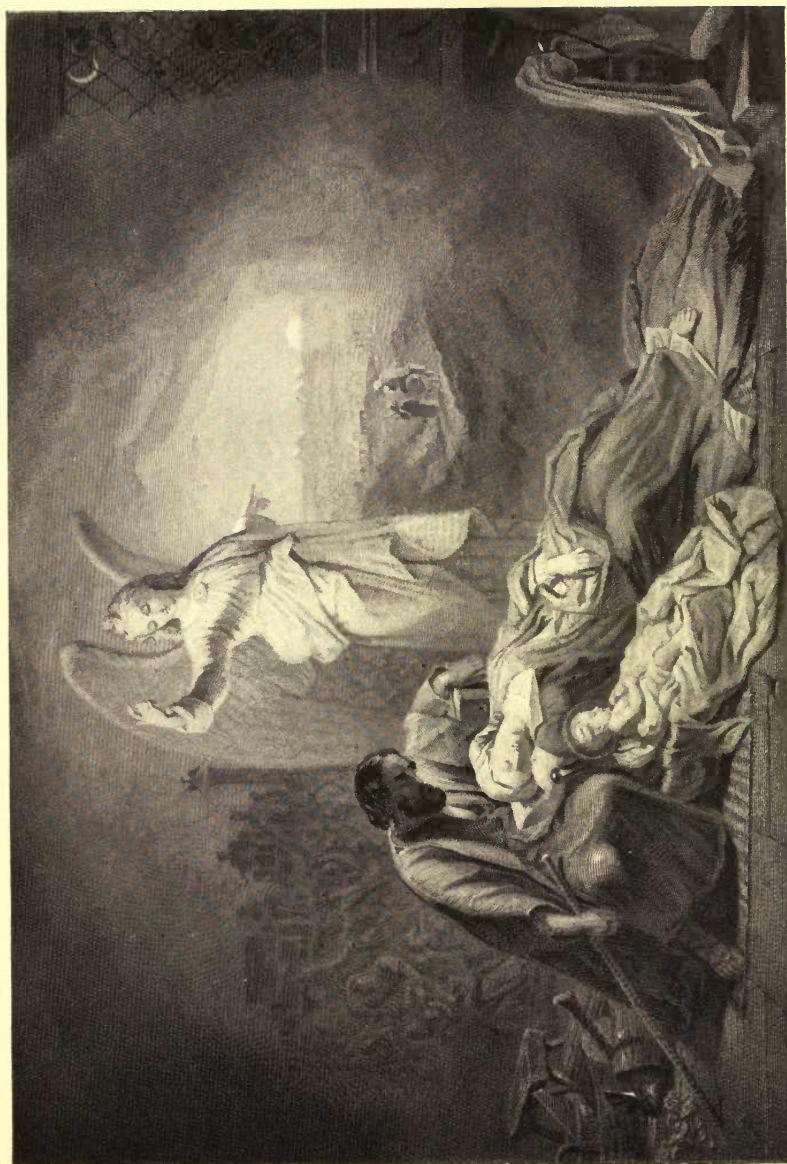
“O Virgin Mother of God, grant me to cling to God and to thee, to wait on thy Lord and thee, to serve thy Son and thee: Him as my Maker, thee as the Mother of my Maker; Him as the Lord of Hosts, thee as the handmaid of the Lord; Him as my God, thee as the Mother of my God.”—*St. Ildefonsus*.

As St. Ildefonsus was once celebrating Mass in his cathedral, St. Leocadia, a virgin martyr of Toledo, appeared to him, and made known to him the resting-place of her relics, for which he had long searched. She then, in the hearing of the King and all the people, praised his zeal for the honor of Mary, saying: “O Ildefonsus, through thee doth live Our Lady Queen, who holds the heights of Heaven.”

“This gate shall shut; it shall not be opened, and no man shall pass through it; because the Lord the God of Israel hath entered by it, and it shall be shut.”—*Ezek. xlv, 2*.

THE VISION OF ST. ILDEFONSUS

The peerless Queen, from her high, star-paved floor,
 Down bending, clad him with a bright brocade;
 The cherub forms within Heaven's golden door
 Tread not Heaven's courts in pile so rich arrayed;
 The gems that sparkle Heaven and change no more,
 Though not outdone, in radiance seemed to fade
 Before that fair embroidery; not more fair
 The glorious stars, than each small ruby there.



THE EVE OF THE FLIGHT

Private Use Only

What thanks and praise the wandering bishop gave
 For that immortal gift, bestowed so well,
 Were theme that other hand and pen must crave,
 Divinely led, like his, in words to tell:
 But as the lessening foam on eddying wave
 Dies down with ocean's soft retiring swell,
 So died the temple's lustre on the view,
 Still lessening as the vision's light withdrew.

Ever-Virgin, glorious evermore
 Who wilt not humble love's pure gifts disdain,
 A pastor now is ours who brings his store,
 With bronze and jasper-stone, to deck thy fane;
 Such strength and grace henceforth shall ne'er deplore
 Time's outrage, but defy his menace vain:
 Tall pyramids and walls of weary toil
 May moulder; but these stones time ne'er shall spoil.

A sandoval, the glory of his race,
 The Argus of our Faith, whose watchful eye,
 Keen as an angel's glance in realms of space,
 Invests with awe, his purple dignity:
 Of those glad throngs, whom robes immortal grace,
 May he increase the goodly company,
 Who now to thee, with service duly shown,
 Mother and Maid, hath raised this worthy throne.

Louis de Gongora.

THE CHAPEL OF THE SAGRARIO IN THE CATHEDRAL AT TOLEDO

In the Cathedral of Toledo is a chapel called the Sagrario, and composed of three apartments. The first of these contains the crown and bracelets of the Virgin of the Sagrario; in four others are preserved magnificent ornaments of silver, representing emblematically the four quarters of the globe. Each quarter is personified by a figure invested with the attributes which characterize the region she represents, seated on a large silver globe, on the front of which is traced the quarter represented.

The globe is supported by figures of animals. In the last of these recesses is seen the sword of Alonzo the Sixth, who won

Toledo from the Moors. It is small and unornamented, except by a hilt of embossed silver, on which the arms are repeated four times. In the smaller sacristy within are several good pictures, but not so remarkable as to prevent their being eclipsed by the splendid robe of the Virgin of the neighboring Sagrario here exhibited, extended flat on a semicircular board, such being the form of the garment. No one knows the value of this treasure. During the Peninsular war, the Archbishop, in order to spare the French Generals the temptation to commit a sacrilegious robbery, conveyed it, together with whatever else deserved the precaution, to Cadiz. It is embroidered almost entirely with pearls on a tissue of silver; but none of the silver is visible without separating the pearls, diamonds, etc., with the fingers. Most of the larger pearls possess the irregular sort of beaten shape often observed in the best specimens. Some are enormous. Numbers of diamonds, rubies, and other stones are admitted in the upper part, to vary and enlighten the effect of the various designs of the embroidery. In another case is extended the front piece, worn together with the robe, which is open in front. The robe sits nearly in the fashion of a lady's cloak, but perfectly stiff, and widening as it descends, so much as to make the figure assume the appearance of a triangle of which the base is longer than the two other sides. The opening in front corresponds with the outline of the two sides, being wider below than above, although not in as great a degree. This opening is occupied by the front piece which is much smaller than the robe, but still more valuable, being principally worked in brilliants. It contains also every variety of precious stones, introduced as their colors may happen to accord with the design. In addition to these is shown the dress of the Bambino, similar in materials to the two others; but the pearls and diamonds more equally distributed.

But the marvel of this costume is the crown. This ornament adds to the splendor of its materials, the most exquisite and elaborate workmanship. It would require hours to appreciate the labor and taste displayed in all its details. The diamonds, especially those which compose a cross surmounting the center,

are of the purest water, and of immense size. But in the midst of the dazzling and harmonious intricacy of this gem of all colors, there is a center of attraction, which took my fancy more than the rest. Immediately under the center ball is an immense spherical emerald, which supports the diamond cross, a small bird is suspended on a hook within the crown. All the parts of this bird are composed of white enamel, except the body, around which the wings, legs, neck, and head are attached, and which consists of a pearl of an oval form, about the size of a sparrow's egg. The movement of the statue during a procession keeps the bird (hanging from its hook) in constant agitation, and produces the effect of a living bird enclosed in a cage of precious stones.

The crown was valued at Cadiz at a hundred and sixty thousand pounds, of which the emerald, supporting the cross, represents forty thousand.

A pair of bracelets, possessing no less magnificence than the crown, but rather too heavy and bulky to be graceful, are suspended in the same recess, and worn on the same occasions.

It should not be forgotten, as a proof of the judgment shown in the choice of ornaments, which as far as regards the front consists principally of diamonds, that the complexion of the Virgin of the Sagrario is more than dark, in fact, quite black.

The innermost of the three apartments forming the chapel of the Sagrario is called the Ochooo, and is the deposit of a collection of relics of all kinds. It is an octagon, surmounted at an elevation of more than double its diameter by a dome, ornamented with excellent painting. The walls are faced with the best Spanish marbles. Each of the eight sides contains an open recess, reaching to the first cornice—an elevation of about twenty-five feet; and in these recesses are contained all the valuable relics belonging to the cathedral; a rich display of silver statues, reliquaries, coffins, chests, and crosses of gold and silver, some containing jewels of great value. A silver statue of Saint Ferdinand wearing a golden crown, is among the objects most worthy of remark; also a cross containing a portion of the true cross, presented to the cathedral by St. Louis on his return

from the East, and are here preserved, together with the letter in his own handwriting which accompanied it.

Centuries have passed away since that pious monarch visited the Holy Land, and placed his kingdom under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and in our day the number is yearly increasing of those who love her Shrines and solicit her protection, for all generations shall call her blessed.

The chapel of the Sagrario is a great ornament to the Cathedral of Toledo, and to this ancient Spanish city. It is impossible to walk a step in Toledo, or to turn the eye in any direction, without perceiving the remains of former grandeur, and the proofs of present decay: ruins are everywhere seen, some, the vestiges of empires passed away, and whose remains are crumbling into nothingness—the empires of Carthage and of Rome: other vestiges, those of an empire equally fallen, but more visible, in the greater perfection of its monuments—the empire of the Moors: and still another class of ruins, those more recent emblems that record the decay of the Spanish monarchy, through the lapse of a hundred and fifty years. Past magnificence and present poverty are everywhere written in a hundred forms, and in legible characters. But all this, although offering to the reflecting mind an impressive example of the “*sic transit gloria mundi*,” gives to Toledo much of its peculiar interest in the eye of a stranger, and adds to the picturesque and striking character of the views presented from every quarter. Few of these are finer than the view of this remarkable city and its environs, from the bridge over the Tagus.

The Virgin of the Sagrario receives by far the greatest share of devotion brought to the numerous Shrines of this vast temple. The aisles facing her antechapel are constantly filled with a crowd of kneeling votaries. The image stands in the second enclosure, turning her back to the Octavo. The iron railing separates the image from the first chapel, which is usually open to the aisles, and consequently in full view, magnificently robed in a (facsimile) imitation of her pearl dress, the original being only worn on one or two occasions during the year.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is one of the principal char-

acteristics of the Spaniards. For every house there is an image of her, attired in the most costly robes the owners can furnish, generally of velvet, embroidered with gold. In the churches a rosary is seen in nearly every hand; the graceful Spanish women look so picturesque kneeling before the picture of the Mother of Jesus, their long black veils shading their fine faces animated with the purest devotion. Well may they invoke that hallowed being who shared in all the trials of woman's lot, yet bore them so meekly; who had experienced all the sorrows of this world, excepting those which come from sin. From the Christian era to the end of all time the prophecy will be accomplished; for all generations shall call Mary blessed, and her intercession will comfort the mourner, and draw the sinner from the way to destruction.

THE MUZARABIC CHAPEL AT TOLEDO

It remains now only to give some short account of the chapel attached to the Cathedral of Toledo, the home of all that is interesting in the ancient Muzarabic Rite.

If there is one matter in which the Cathedral of Toledo stands out in more bold relief amongst the churches of Spain than the rest, it is in the richness of what we call its "side chapels." They are in many instances perfect Shrines themselves. The Muzarabic chapel, if not one of the first in size among these, is perhaps one of the richest. Until the Pontificate of Cardinal Ximenes, it bore the title of Corpus Christi. He bought it of the chapter for the sum of 4,000 gold florins.

The interior of the chapel is a square of 50 feet. It is attached to the southwest wall of the Cathedral, as shown in the plan which is described. The rich marble altar is the work of a well-known worker in marble of those days, and is composed of the rarest specimens of that stone, worked in with the finest jasper. Between two pilasters springing from the retablo of the altar, is that, however, which gives the chapel its renown for possessing a work of art that is unique in the world. This is a picture, not painted, but of "*pietra dura*" workmanship,

that is unrivalled. Till the visitor is very close to it, it has all the appearance of a finely painted canvas, so perfect is the deception. One may gather the value when its size, 6 feet by 4 is mentioned. And now for the subject: The Blessed Virgin. The full figure is represented standing upon the orb of the earth surrounded by cherubim issuing from the clouds about her. In her arms is the Infant Child Jesus. In His right hand He is striking down upon the evil spirit in the form of a dragon, with the spear He holds. Stars surround the Mother's head. The faces, although a collection of the most carefully selected mosaic, are worthy of the brush of a Raphael or Murillo, so delicately is the work carried out.

The Cardinal Archbishop Lorenzana paid some 400,000 reales for the picture, which was placed in the hands of artists at Rome to execute.

The vessel was wrecked which conveyed this treasure from Rome to Spain; and the "Mosaic" remained for some time under water. When recovered several delapidations had to be made good. But fortunately the most important portion of the work was uninjured.

Some effective frescoes cover the west wall, representing Cardinal Ximenes' presence at the taking of Oran. It was, indeed, to him, and his influence and policy (a rather war-like one) that Spain owed her successes in Northern Africa.

In the chapel at Toledo, for which the Cardinal so strenuously worked, it was meet that his services to his country, otherwise, should be also marked. The frescoes are not wanting in artistic value, and are the work of a Spanish painter, Juan de Borgoria, though in instances the aerial perspective leaves something to be desired.

Such is the dwelling place of the Muzarabic rite in Toledo, interesting in itself as an attachment to the Cathedral, which in Spain bears the sobriquet, "la Ricca," and is certainly not impoverished by that which is incorporated with it, the chapel of Cardinal Ximenes; but interesting besides, and, moreover, from the fact that it has preserved for us, and is preserving for future generations, the knowledge and habit of that which has

been the use in Catholic ritual in days bygone, and (who knows?) may be perhaps a link that shall help to forge the chain "Reunion" in times to come.

THE VIRGIN OF SAGRARIO

This image of the Virgin is carved out of a strange hard wood like ebony, "dark, but, comely, like the daughters of Jerusalem;" made from life as legend says, "by a poor wood carver who cast in his lot with the little band of disciples shortly after the crucifixion; and to-day, after many strange wanderings and adventures both by land and by sea, and many narrow escapes from destruction at the hands of the heathen from the North and the Moslem from the South, all sheathed in shining silver, the dark image smiles graciously upon her worshipers in the dim light of the Sagrario." Here the peasant girls kneel on the cold stones that cover the moldering bones of forgotten men, "to watch with adoring eyes the patron of the women of Toledo." The virgins of Aljofrin are chosen to care for her vestments, for there are garments enough and jewels for many changes of adornment. "Formerly the queens of Spain presented Our Lady with their wedding dresses; but since the court moved to Madrid they have fallen to the Virgin of the Atocha." The ruins of a Moorish mosque are utilized in the construction of a Christian Shrine. Across St. Martin's Bridge, half way down a cliff known as the Head of the Moor, is the humble Shrine and hermitage of the Virgin of the Valley, "one of the most holy places about the city, dating back to the days before Reconquista." "The holy place and the blue-mantled image are always sweet with the flowers of the field that the peasants bring.

THE VIRGIN OF THE SAGRARIO

'Neath the spires of old Toledo,
There are priceless works of art—
Treasures culled from long gone ages;
But most dear to Spanish heart.

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It is a statue of Our Lady,
Crowned with precious diadem,
Dark but comely as we fancy
Daughters of Jerusalem.

Of a strange, black wood 'tis fashioned,
But the world knows not its name,
For no forester can tell us,
Where it grew or whence it came.

And a wondrous, olden legend,
Like an oreole of glory,
Hovers 'round the dark, sweet image,
Thrills each true heart. This, the story:

In the days when Christ's dear Mother
Tarried in the care of John,
Every chosen, brave disciple,
Sought to prove himself a son.

And that household, God-appointed,
Drew men's souls by right divine;
There the Master's workers gathered
Grace and strength, as at a shrine.

It was then a pious carver,
With that holy, earnest band,
Cast his fortunes; carved the Virgin
From life, with inspired hand.

Now, Our Lady, after journeys
O'er rough seas through hostile lands,
After perils, war and shipwreck
On Spain's favored altar stands.

Sheathed in silver she is standing,
Smiling on her clients true,
As within the dim cathedral,
They for favor humbly sue.

Still she greets with love and pity,
All by care or grief oppressed,
'As she did when the poor carver,
Wrought in wood her image blessed.

Elizabeth A. Tully.

APPARITION
TO
ST. BONITUS BP.
CLERMONT, FRANCE

694

When by Thine altar, Lord, I kneel,
And think upon Thy love,
O, make my heart thy goodness feel,
Fix it on things above!
My dearest Lord, when I retrace,
Thy wondrous love for me,
Oh, how can I affection place,
On anything but Thee.



T. BONET was referendary or chancellor to Sigbert III. the holy king of Austrasia; and by his zeal, religion, and justice, flourished in that kingdom under four kings. After the death of Dagobert II. Thierry III. made him governor of Marseilles and all Provence, in 680. His elder brother, St. Avitus II., bishop of Clermont, in Auvergne, having recommended him for his successor, died in 689, and Bonet was consecrated. But after having governed that See ten years, with the most exemplary piety, he had a scruple whether his election had been perfectly canonical; and having consulted St. Tilo, or Theau, then leading an eremitical life at Solignac, resigned his dignity, led for four years a most penitential life in the abbey of Manlieu, now of the order of St. Bennet, and after having made a pilgrimage to Rome, died at Lyons on the fifteenth of January in 710, being eighty-six years old. His relics were enshrined in the cathedral at Clermont; but some small portions are kept at Paris, in the churches of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and St. Bont, near that of St. Merry. See his life, wrote by a monk of Sommon in Auvergne, in the same century, published by Bollandus; also le Cointe, an. 699. Gallia christiana nova, &c.

On Christmas night, 694, Bonitus remained alone in the church to pray. A short time before midnight, Our Blessed Lady, accompanied by many angels, appeared inside the altar-rails. One of the angels asked who was to celebrate the Mass at midnight. Our Lady said her beloved servant, Bonitus. The Saint leaning against a pillar to hide himself, the stone became soft and made a place for him, which place may be seen to this day. But Our Lady called him, and ordered him to celebrate Mass, and gave him a chasuble which the angels brought to celebrate in. The heavenly present is still to be seen at Clermont, where it is preserved with great care.

THE FIRST CRUSADE

In the year 1074, when the Turkish hordes made their appearance, and after rapidly overrunning the Christian provinces of Western Asia, had just advanced upon Constantinople, the immortal Gregory VII. had urged the Emperor, Henry IV., to put himself at the head of a great army for the relief of the oppressed Christians of the Orient and the salvation of Europe from the yoke of Islam; and Victor III. had made some efforts in a similar direction. But now Peter the Hermit, a devout priest of Amiens, had returned from a pilgrimage to Palestine with letters from the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and personal testimonies to the incredible insults and persecutions to which Christians of every name were constantly subjected in the very home and birth-place of their religion; and Pope Urban at once authorized the zealous pilgrim to preach throughout the neighboring countries a holy war against the infidel tyranny. The Pontiff made no delay in holding a great popular convention at Piacenza, and followed it up by summoning a council to meet at Clermont. At this council the ambassadors of most of the great Christian powers were present, together with no less than three hundred and ten Archbishops, Bishops and Cardinals, and the town could not accommodate the multitudes of every rank and station who gathered from every quarter.

When, after ten days of deliberation, the council closed its sessions and the Sovereign Pontiff ascended the platform erected for the purpose in the great square, and proclaimed its decision, that all the Christian nations should unite to free the sacred Shrines at Jerusalem, adding a fervent appeal to the faith and chivalry of France, they lifted up their voices in a mighty shout, "God wills it," and the princes and peers tore up their crimson mantles into strips to make crosses for the breasts of the thousands who, by a solemn vow, devoted themselves, on the spot, to the holy war. Thus the first Crusade was inaugurated and, within four years a Catholic prince was reigning over the kingdom of Jerusalem.

On May 16, 1895, the celebration of the eighth centennial anniversary of this proclamation of the Crusade was begun with the greatest of pomp in the City of Clermont. Rarely was a more splendid scene ever witnessed anywhere in the world. The costumes of the nobles, citizens and clergy, who took part in the great procession, were an exact reproduction of those worn in the eleventh century; the crusading banners were flung again to the breeze; the red cross blazed over every heart, and the feats of Catholic chivalry were rehearsed with as eager enthusiasm as inspired those who first achieved them; and, when the sacred Mysteries were celebrated in the vast cathedral in the presence of that glorious array, the ages of faith seemed to live again in all their glory. Is not this one of the dawning lights of a new age of faith, far more glorious in its unity and consistency, and far more universal in its influence than any that history records?

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

Amongst the earlier descendants of William the Conqueror was one Walthen, a priest, whose mother had married David, King of Scotland, and whose father bore in his veins the blood of the brave Siward, about whom you have all heard, no doubt. St. Walthen, of course, loved the beautiful feasts of Christmas-

tide; and on one occasion, after a very fervent preparation, he was standing at the altar celebrating the Midnight Mass, when a strange thing happened.

It was so solemn, so intensely still in the chapel, that the very candles seemed to be holding their breath in expectation. The worshippers wondered that Walthen was so long at the Elevation. And what do you suppose was the cause? A very wonderful thing, indeed.

As St. Walthen lifted the Sacred Host and pronounced the words of Consecration It suddenly disappeared, and in his arms lay a lovely Babe, smiling up into his eyes and stretching out Its tiny hands to caress him. The Saint's heart gave a great leap, and then he stood still for a long, long time, drinking in the beauty of the Blessed Child that had sought a Bethlehem within his arms. Then suddenly again the Sacred Host lay on the altar, and St. Walthen finished his Mass, with great thoughts swelling in his heart and tears of joy streaming from his eyes.

Who would not like to have been in his place that Christmas morning?

THE CHRISTMAS MASSES

The bells thro' the darkness are ringing!

Come, haste to God's temple with me!

The priest at the shrine is beginning

The first of his Masses Three.

The first at the holly wreathed altar,

That tells us, this beautiful morn,

That Christ, in the breast of His Father,

Forever and ever is born!

O Babe! in His bosom Thou liest!

Begotten yet coeval still!

Glory to God in the highest!

Peace unto men of good will!

Behold! on the altar's fair table,

The second Mass shows us with joy,

The Mother, in Bethlehem's stable;

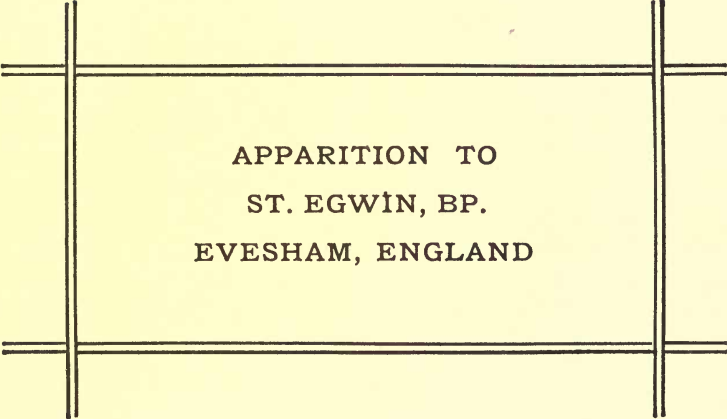
Adoring her kingly Boy!

The tapers that shine from the chancel,
 (Where the smoke of the incense hath curled),
Are types of mankind's shining Ransom;
Of Mary's glad Light of the World!
 O Babe, on her bosom Thou liest,
 Safe screened from the night's bitter chill!
Glory to God in the highest!
 Peace unto men of good will!

Draw nearer; the Sacrifice holy
 Is offered the Father again;
'And now the Child Jesus all lowly,
 Is born in the hearts of men!
Around the Communion rail cluster!
"Venite" sweet voices intone,
In this House of Bread, full of lustre,
 Each heart hath a Crib of its own!
 O Babe! in our bosom Thou liest;
 Thy Blood thro' our being doth thrill!
Glory to God in the highest!
 Peace unto men of good will!

Eleanor C. Donnelly..





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Maternal Lady with the virgin grace,
Heaven-born thy Jesus seemeth sure,
And thou a virgin pure.
Lady most perfect, when thy sinless face
Men look upon, they wish to be
A Catholic, Madonna fair, to worship thee.

Mary Lamb.



N the commencement of the eighth century, about the same time that King Ina was restoring the church of Glastonbury, the sanctuaries of Evesham, Tewkesbury and Worcester were rising on the banks of the Severn,—all destined to become the resort of English pilgrims. The first named of the three is said to trace its foundation to a miraculous apparition, similar to the legends of later date which are associated with so many of Our Lady's sanctuaries.

One of the great saints of the Anglo-Saxon Church was Egwin, Bishop of Worcester. In the early part of his episcopate he became the victim of detraction on the part of some of his flock, whose heathenish practices he had courageously opposed. He was driven from his See, and accused at Rome. For the purpose of justifying himself he repaired to the Eternal City. Before starting on his journey he vowed that if God prospered him, he would erect a church to the praise of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother; furthermore, he bound his feet with iron fetters and fastened them with a lock, the key of which he threw into the river Avon. Thus he made his pilgrimage to Rome; and, straightway on his arrival, cast himself

on his knees in prayer at the tomb of the Apostles. Meanwhile his attendants purchased a fish just caught in the Tiber; and on opening it, they found the key which St. Egwin had thrown into the Avon. The fame of this wonder spread throughout Rome; Egwin was considered a holy man, the calumnies were disproved, and he was reinstated in his See.

On his return to England, the Bishop naturally wished to obtain possession of the spot, called Hetholm, whence he had thrown the key into the river. Accordingly, he asked Ethelred the King to bestow it upon him, which he willingly did. Now, the valley of the Avon, at present so richly cultivated, was then a wild, desert place; and one day the Bishop's swineherd, a man named Eoves, allowed the animals he tended to wander in search of pasture onto the newly-acquired piece of land. Whilst there the herdsman, penetrating into a thicket, beheld Our Blessed Lady, with two companions, shining with a light far surpassing that of the sun, and chanting most exquisite psalmody. The poor man, astonished and terrified, related his vision to the Bishop. And he, maturely considering the matter, after prayer and fasting, took with him three companions, and proceeded barefoot to the valley. When they had reached the thicket, Egwin, leaving his companions, advanced alone to the spot indicated, and, prostrating himself on the ground, remained there a long time imploring the divine mercy. When he rose from prayer, he beheld the three virgins, shining gloriously, as they had previously appeared to Eoves. But she who stood in the midst far outshone her companions, and seemed to him whiter than the lily, more brilliant than the rose, and fragrant with an indescribable perfume. He perceived that she held in her hands a book and a golden cross, which likewise shone with a radiant light. Whilst he was thinking within himself that this could be none other than the Blessed Mother of God, she, as if to assure him that his judgment was correct, extended her hand and blessed him with the cross which she held out toward him; and thereupon the vision disappeared.

Egwin, who felt his heart filled with extraordinary consolation, understood that this was a holy place, and that it was

God's will that he should build a church there, to be dedicated to the ever-blessed Virgin. He therefore caused the spot to be cleared, and changed the name of it from Hetholm to Evesham, from the name of the pious herdsman to whom Our Lady vouchsafed to manifest herself. He immediately set about the work of erecting the abbey and church. In the charter granted to the monks in 709, the gift of the place where Our Lady manifested herself to the venerable man Egwin is solemnly confirmed; and another charter, granted by Egwin himself later on, gives a circumstantial account of the events already narrated.

The story of the first foundation of Evesham was, moreover, depicted on the abbey seal, the principal side of which represented the abbey upheld by the kneeling figure of St. Egwin; while on the other appeared the three virgins of his vision. Below, in a kind of trefoil, we see Eoves tending his swine in the forest, surrounded by the following old English legend:

Eoves . her . wenede . mit . was . swin.
Egwin . clepet . Vis . Eovishom,—

which may be thus rendered:

“Eoves here wended his way with his swine,
Egwin has named it Vie Eoveshom,”—

that is, Evesham of the Wicci, as the men of Worcester were formerly denominated.

In the year 960 the church built by Egwin fell in, but the relics of the Saint were miraculously preserved from injury. During the vicissitudes of the next fifty or sixty years the ruins remained undisturbed, until the noble Earl of Mercia, Leopic, and his incomparable Countess Godiva, came forward with their usual munificence, and built a church for the abbey. “They greatly loved and honored this abbey,” says the chronicler; “and built a handsome church, in which they caused to be placed a large crucifix, with an image of the Holy Mother of God, beautifully wrought in gold and silver; they gave also a green chasuble, a black cope, and many other precious ornaments.”

Evesham in after-times became a favorite place of pilgrimage; it possessed more than one image of Our Lady, all of which were regarded by the people with great veneration. The chronicler adds: "There were in this same church (to raise funds for the rebuilding of which two of the monks traveled through England with the relics of St. Egwin) two or three images of our Blessed St. Mary, having in her lap the image of our Saviour Jesus Christ in the form of a babe; and they were set at every altar, right well painted, and fair arrayed with gold and divers other colors; the which showed to the people that beheld them great devotion. And before every image hung a lamp, the which, after the custom of this same church, was wont to be lighted at every principal feast throughout the year, both by night and by day."

According to ancient customs, the sacristan had to supply one lamp by day, and one *cresset*, or torch fixed upon a pole, to burn from night till morn, before Our Lady's altar in the crypt. By the new regulations, one wax-light and one lamp were to burn there continually; and one *cresset* by night, as formerly. At the celebration of the "Marye Mass" twenty-four wax-lights were to burn daily. Of these the sacristan provided six, the seneschal of Evesham one, and the altar-keeper the rest.

The Marye Mass here spoken of was not confined to this particular church. In most, if not all, of the cathedrals, collegiate churches, and abbeys—wherever, in fact, the number of priests allowed of one being deputed for this duty without interfering with parochial or other claims on his services,—it was the daily custom to sing a Mass of Our Lady, which was celebrated at a very early hour, and quite independently of the festival of the day. Generally one particular priest was appointed for this special office, and he was known as the St. Mary Priest,—a title often mentioned in old wills. The Mass said on these occasions was the Votive Mass of Our Lady composed by Alciun, to whom, in general opinion, belongs the honor of having composed the first Mass of the Blessed Virgin. A chalice of gold and beautiful vestments were always used for this service.

Many ancient records mention payments made to chaplains for the celebration of the Marye Mass, or foundations to provide for it in perpetuity.

In order to keep up the supply of candles for Our Lady's altar, in 1218 the then Prior of Evesham purchased two shops in the street of the town, and gave them to the support of the lights in the crypt. He also bought a piece of land for the same purpose. William Boys, Abbot 1345-1367, endowed the keeper of the Chapel of Our Lady with £4, the proceeds of divers tenements acquired by him in various places, probably by bequest. It was he who caused the two great bells to be cast, named Mary and Egwin, which bore the following inscriptions :

O Pater Egwynne, tibi consono nocte dieque!
Me fugiant digne tonitrua mala fulgura quæque!

Egwyn.

Me sonante, pia succurre Virgo Maria!
Ecclesiæ genti discedant fulgura venti.

Maria.

From the Church's children let winds and steorms depart.
Let dangerous storms and lightnings keep far from me alway.
When I ring, do thou, sweet Virgin, gracious help impart;
From the Church's children let winds and storms depart.

Almost equally celebrated was the Church of Our Lady of Tewkesbury. The historian, William of Malmesbury, asserts that the name of Tewkesbury is derived from the word *Theotokos beria*, signifying "the town of the Mother of God." Others derive it from a hermit of the name of Theocus, who inhabited a cell near the river, whence *Theokesbyria*. Here, on their land near the Severn, two Mercian dukes, Oddo and Dodo, in the year 715 built a small monastery in honor of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady. In it they placed a prior and four or five monks. Our Lady of Tewkesbury was held in great veneration, but no description of the Shrine remains

on record. We read that Isabella, Countess of Warwick, by her will (1439) desires to be buried in the Abbey of Tewkesbury. After giving directions how the statue on her tomb is to be made, she desires that on the sides thereof there be "the statues of poor men and women in their poor array, with their beads in their hands." This refers probably to some charitable foundation of the testatrix, the figures representing the beadsmen and beadswomen whose duty it was to pray for the soul of their benefactress. She adds directions that a chalice be made of her great "sharpe" (a silver or gold poniard?) for the Lady Chapel at Tewkesbury. She also gave her wedding gown, and all her clothes of gold and silk, one only excepted, to adorn the image.

An abbey church of vast proportions and great architectural beauty rose later, on the site of the small monastery and chapel erected originally by the pious dukes of Mercia. To it a large and flourishing community of Benedictines was attached. Although now desecrated to the use of Protestants, the church is still in perfect repair, and forms one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in the west of England.

The famous image of Our Lady of Tewkesbury had the singular good fortune to escape destruction at the time of the Reformation; owing, as it would seem, to the reluctance of the magistrates to rouse the indignation of the populace, who regarded it with extraordinary veneration. At last, however, in the reign of James I., the Puritan zeal of a certain inhabitant of the town could no longer endure the presence of this relic of the old religion, and he petitioned the magistrates to deliver it over into his hands. After long asking he obtained possession of it; and, in order to show the utmost contempt for the image, he caused it to be hollowed out and filled it with dirty water; nay, more, he frequently used it as a trough for his pigs. But this sacrilege did not remain unpunished. It was remarked that all the animals that drank out of it died; and the children of the wicked man, all of them, became lame, blind, or were afflicted by some horrible disease. He himself was reserved for a greater punishment. There was a stone trough,

in which the pigs had been fed until the image was profaned for this purpose; it had been removed, and placed close to the mouth of a well which was unprotected, to prevent those who went thither to draw water from losing their footing. The unhappy man one day passing that way, fell over this stone and, being precipitated headlong into the well, perished miserably.

The sanctuary at Worcester was originally founded in 678, and dedicated to St. Peter, but it was soon called St. Mary's; and when, in 983, a new minster was built, it was dedicated to Our Blessed Lady. The celebrated image of Our Lady of Worcester stood over the high altar. The Protestant historian Burnet says: "There was a huge image of Our Lady at Worcester, that was had in great reverence; which, when it was stripped of some veils that covered it, was found to be the statue of a bishop." This evidence has been eagerly seized and commented on as a proof of the deceit practised by monks. A more groundless charge was never trumped up; it is one of the sensational lies of the Reformation period, and convicts itself. There was nothing unusual if the image was a colossal one. It was a principal object in the church, and had to be seen from a distance. But an image of Our Lady would have had her Divine Son in her arms, for a statue of the Blessed Virgin alone was uncommon at that time; and had the statue of a bishop been substituted for that of the Mother of God—with what object one is at a loss to conceive,—the figure of Our Lord would at once have been missed. The size of the statue led Bishop Latimer to speak contemptuously of it as the "great Sibyl." He counsels Henry VIII.'s agent, Thomas Cromwell, to turn it to some good purpose; blasphemously adding, "She hath been the devil's instrument to bring many to eternal fire." In consequence of this, Our Lady of Worcester, with some other of her "sister-images," was taken to London, and there publicly burned.

There are several instances recorded of bequests to the Shrine of Mary in the cathedral church of Worcester, and we find it mentioned among famous places of pilgrimage in the

scurrilous ballads composed at the time of the so-called Reformation. One of these may be quoted :

To Walsingham a-gadding, to Canterbury a-madding,
 As men distraught of mind;
 With few clothes on our backs, but an image of wax
 For the lame and for the blind.
 To Thetford, to Ipswich, to Oxford, to Shoreditch,
 With many mo' places of price;
 As to Our Lady of Worcester, and the sweet Rood of Chester
 With the Blessed Lady of Penrice.

The mention of a wax image is an allusion to a custom of the Middle Ages of placing wazen effigies in churches. These images either represented benefactors or were thank-offerings on the part of persons who had received favors at the Shrine. They were dressed like living persons, and were allowed to remain where they were placed until they perished from age.

Previous to the Reformation, the Wiclifites preached openly against pilgrimages, but especially against Walsingham, and another venerated image of Our Lady of Grace, at the north door of St. Paul's Cathedral. "It is a vain waste and idle," they declared, "to trot to Washington or to the Rood of the North Door, rather than to any other place where an image of Mary is." But the love of going on pilgrimage was so innate in the English people that neither ridicule nor penalties sufficed to quench it; and even after the Reformation and the great Rebellion, Catholics still visited betimes some of their favorite sanctuaries, to which in the ages of faith and piety they had been in the habit of resorting every year.

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE BIRTHDAY OF MARY—SONG OF THE ANGELS

Hail to the Flower of grace divine!
 Hail to the Heir of David's line!
 Hail to the World's great Heroine!

Hail to the Virgin pre-elect!
 Hail to the Work without defect
 Of the Supernal Architect!

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Hail to the Maid ordained of old,
Deep in eternities untold,
Ere the blue waves of ocean rolled!

Ere the perennial founts had sprung,
Ere in ether the globe was hung,
Ere the morning stars had sung.

Welcome the beatific morn
When the Mother of Life was born—
Only hope of a World forlorn!

What a thrill of ecstatic mirth
Danced along through Heaven and Earth
At the tidings of Mary's birth!

Happy, happy the Angel band
Chosen by Mary's side to stand,
As her defense on either hand!

Safe beneath our viewless wings,
Mother elect of the King of kings,
Fear no harm from hurtful things.

What though Eden vanished be,
More than Eden we find in thee!
Thou our joy and jubilee!

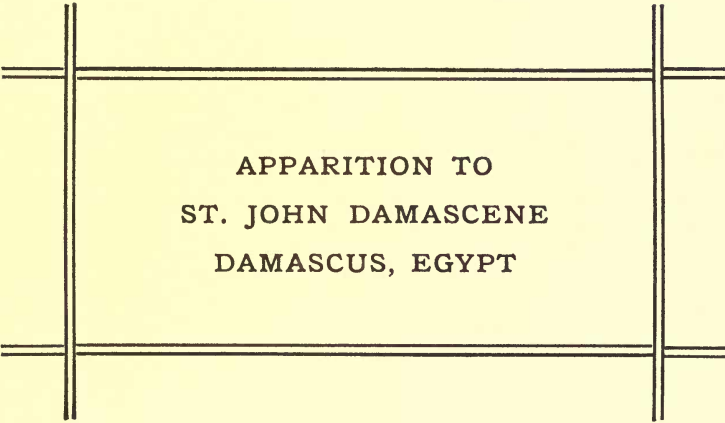
Rev. Edward Caswall.

MEMORARE TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

Remember, O most sweet Jesus, that none who have had recourse to Thy Sacred Heart, implored its assistance, or called for mercy, has ever been abandoned. Filled and animated by this same confidence, O Divine Heart, ruler of all hearts, I fly to Thee; and oppressed beneath the weight of my sins, I prostrate myself before Thee; despise not my feeble prayers, but listen to them with a favorable ear, and vouchsafe to answer them. Show us that Thou art the Heart of the best of Fathers, and that He who has deigned to give Thee to us for our salvation will, through Thee, receive our prayers. Amen.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be everywhere loved.
100 days' Indulgence.

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O Help of Christians, mercy laden!
O blissful Mother, Blissful Maident!
O sinless! were it not for thee,
There were in faith no liberty
To hold that God could stoop so low,
Or love His sinful creatures so,

Rev. F. W. Faber.



T. JOHN was born A. D. 690, in the City of Damascus, and therefore was called the Damascene. At that time the city was taken by the Saracens. They were indulgent to the Christians, and our Saint's father, a man of great wealth, was the trusted vizier of the Caliph. John was educated with great care by a learned Greek monk, who had been brought as a slave to Damascus, and who, when his work was done, retired to the monastery of S. Sabas. On his father's death John succeeded to his office. He had now all that the world could give him—wealth, honor, power, learning. It was probably at this time that he wrote his three orations, of singular strength and beauty, in defence of holy images, assailed by the Emperor Leo. He soon felt the peril of his position, divided his vast riches amongst the poor, came down from his high place, and went alone and on foot to the Holy Places at Jerusalem, and thence to S. Sabas. His life thereafter is a record of humility, prayer, labor, and obedience; and the cell is still shown in which he lived and wrote. His great work on the Orthodox Faith is the first attempt at dogmatic or scientific theology, and was a text-book and model to succeeding ages. His homilies show great fervor and tenderness, especially when he speaks

of the Blessed Mother of God. His contemporaries named him "Chrysorrhoes," the Golden Stream, and he is the last of the Greek Fathers before the fatal Schism. He died A. D. 780.

The Emperor revenged himself on St. John by accusing him to the Caliph of treason; and the enraged Caliph ordered the Saint's right hand to be struck off and publicly hung up in the market place. In the evening St. John knelt before a statue of Our Blessed Lady, and prayed thus: "O stainless Mother of God, in defence of holy images I have lost my hand; help me, heal me, that I may still write of thy praises, and those of thy Divine Son." When sleep came over him he heard in vision Our Blessed Lady say: "Thy hand is whole; be it as thou hast said, as the pen of one who writeth swiftly." He awoke; his hand was restored; only a thin red line showed that it had been severed. The Caliph recognized his innocence, and restored him to his favor.

"The deeds and sufferings of the Saints I express," said St. John, "in pictures; and I grow holier from the sight, and am strengthened to imitate them."

"O Lord, we adore Thy flesh, not because it is flesh, but because it is Thine. We adore Thy passion, Thy Image, and all that is Thine—Thy servants, Thy friends, and above all, Thy true Mother."—ST. JOHN DAMASCENE.

Their bodies are buried in peace and their name liveth unto generation and generation.—Eccclus. xlv, 14.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE

Lady! Queen! all holy Mother,
Christ my God was born of thee!
In thy cause and for thy Image
This right hand was lost to me.

Why the lion raged and ravened,
Thou in Heaven above dost know;
Help me Lady! heal me quickly,
Here before thee lying low.

Wonders oft at thy sweet pleading
Hath thy Son vouchsafed before—
Heal my hand, and let it praise Him,
Thee—in Him—forever more.

Of His Faith and of thy honor,
Still the champion let it be!
What thou askest thou obtainest—
Christ my God was born of thee.

The Lamp.

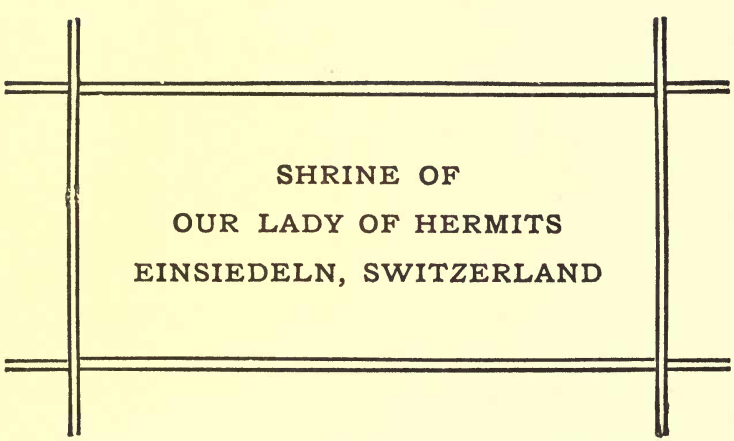
“MEMORARE” OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES

Remember, O Immaculate Virgin, who didst appear in the lonely Grotto of Lourdes, surrounded with a dazzling light, and clad in a shining white Robe, remember the unlimited power which thy Divine Son has given thee. O Our Lady of Lourdes, fruitful in miracles, full of confidence in thy merits we come to implore thy protection. Protect, with that hand which nothing can resist, the Holy See of Rome, which has recognized the truth of thy Apparitions. Protect the Holy Church of God in all countries.

Remember, O most gracious Lady, that thou art the dispenser of the gifts of thy Divine Son Jesus, Our Lord and Saviour. Thou canst open and lavish upon us the treasures of Love and Mercy, of Light and Salvation. Pour them upon us. We cannot meet with a refusal at thy hands; and since thou art our Mother, O Immaculate Virgin, Our Lady of Lourdes, graciously accept our petitions, and vouchsafe to grant them. Amen.

Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for us.
Hail! Lily White of the Trinity Bright, and
Vermilion Rose of Paradise, pray for us.

100 days' Indulgence, each time.



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OUR LADY OF HERMITS
EINSIEDELN, SWITZERLAND

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

Look on the face of Thy fair Mother, Mary,
Ne'er shadowed by a sin,
Whilst angels ope Thy longed-for sanctuary
To take Thy suppliant in.

Rosa Mulholland.



WHEN the pilgrim leaves the smiling and tranquil shores of the picturesque Lake of Lucerne, if he follows on foot the road over the mountains which leads from Schwytz to the little town of Einsiedeln, instead of taking a place in the *diligence* that rumbles along the more frequented and more level road, he will find himself amply rewarded for his trouble. He must start at an early hour, so as to accomplish his walk of some nine or ten miles before the heat of the day reaches its height; for although for a considerable part of the way the path conducts him through shady woods and beside cool streams, he will have to climb the steep sides of the Mythen, where the sun beats pitilessly down on the pedestrian, and urges him to proceed when he would fain linger a while to admire the enchanting panorama unrolled before him, or to pluck some flowers of the deep-blue gentian growing in the short grass at his feet, or to kneel and recite a brief prayer at one of the wayside shrines which serve as landmarks to direct his steps. And when at length the gradual descent, grateful to his weary feet, brings him into the dusty highroad—at a turn of which the Abbey of Einsiedeln comes

into full view, situated in a green valley, its towers standing out prominently from the irregular houses and buildings of larger dimensions that surround it on three sides,—involuntarily he will uncover his head, and the words, *Salve Regina, Mater misericordiæ*, will escape his lips; while his heart pays its tribute of glad homage to the Blessed Mother of God, to whom this place is distinctively dedicated.

While the weary traveller is seeking the rest and refreshment which nature requires, we will acquaint ourselves with the history of Einsiedeln, and inquire what events have been the means of rendering it so renowned a place of pilgrimage, where Our Lady vouchsafes to manifest such signal marks of her power and loving kindness on behalf of the pilgrims who flock to her sanctuary.

In the year 822 Meinrad, a young man about twenty-five years of age, the son of noble parents, received the religious habit in the Benedictine monastery of Reichenau, not far from the lake of Constance, where he had been educated. The monks at that period enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity and learning. But Meinrad felt himself called to a life of more complete seclusion than that of the community; and, after five or six years, he retired, with the consent of his superiors, to a solitary spot on Mount Etzel, taking with him nothing but a few books. There he built a cell and lived a hermit's life, until the fame of his sanctity drew so many visitors to his home that he resolved to remove thence, and seek in the depths of a dense pine forest, which clothed the mountains at a short distance from the Lake of Lucerne, a place where, withdrawn from all human habitations, he could devote his days to prayer and the practice of penance. For some time he lived in the hermitage he made for himself in "the Dark Forest," holding intercourse with Heaven alone, his only companions two ravens, which he had taken from the nest and tamed. The retreat of the holy man was discovered, however, by a woodcutter; and, once known, it became the resort of hundreds of persons, who desired the spiritual instruction, consolation and counsel which Meinrad gave to all who came to him.

In 853 a chapel was built adjoining his cell, and a statue of Our Lady, holding on her left arm the Divine Child, was given to him by the abbess of a convent at Zurich. This was the famous image which has ever since been an object of great veneration to millions of pilgrims, who have received innumerable celestial favors in answer to the fervent prayers offered at its feet. The image is carved in wood, and is three feet four inches in height. Its color is now perfectly black; but whether this is the original color of the wood, or the result of great age and long exposure to the smoke of burning tapers, it is impossible to determine. We incline, however, to the former opinion. At any rate, to it can be applied the words of the Cantic of Canticles (i, 4), "I am black but beautiful;" for the features are regular, the face a perfect oval, and the expression of the countenance gracious and serene.

Meinrad placed this precious gift over the simple altar of his little chapel, whither the peasants of the neighborhood repaired on Sundays to hear Mass, and soon extraordinary graces began to be manifested there. Pilgrims in ever-increasing numbers came from far and near, and found miraculous answers granted to their prayers. Such was the origin of the pilgrimage of Our Lady of Einsiedeln, or the Hermitage.

One winter's day, when the roughly-made roads through the forest were almost impassable on account of a heavy fall of snow, two men, coveting the treasures which they supposed Meinrad to have amassed from the offerings of pilgrims, presented themselves at the door of his cell. Meinrad, who had received a supernatural intimation of their coming and of their evil intent, had just finished offering the Holy Sacrifice when they arrived; he welcomed them kindly, admitted them into his dwelling, and set before them such hospitality as it was in his power to offer. Untouched by his charity, they seized him and cruelly beat him to death with their clubs. After laying his body upon the dry leaves which formed his couch, the miscreants were about to pillage the chapel, when they perceived a delicious fragrance pervading the cell; and say that two candles, standing beside the bed on which the murdered man lay,

had become ignited without human hand. Struck with sudden terror, they hastily took flight. But the two ravens belonging to the Saint pursued them to Zurich, uttering sharp cries, and harassing them incessantly and persistently. This circumstance aroused suspicion, and led to the detection of the criminals. They were brought to justice; and the remains of the holy man were removed to the Abbey of Reichenau, where they were interred with every mark of affectionate veneration.

For nearly half a century after the death of Meinrad the hermitage in the Dark Forest remained untenanted, until in 906 Benno, the scion of a royal house, and a canon of Strasburg Cathedral, caused it to be restored, and dwelt there for some years with a few other hermits. Later on a community of regular monks of St. Benedict was established on the spot, and a handsome church erected, within whose precincts the Chapel of St. Meinrad was enclosed.

The church and monastery were ten years in course of erection. They were completed in September, 948; and, at the abbot's request, Conrad, the Bishop of Constance, repaired to Einsiedeln for the purpose of consecrating the new structure. The day fixed for the ceremony was September 14, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. On the preceding evening, after the monks had finished the nocturnal Office and retired to rest, the Bishop went to the church to spend a part of the night in prayer. Shortly after midnight a light more brilliant than that of the sun at its zenith illuminated the sanctuary, and the sound was heard of voices singing most melodiously. Looking up, the prelate beheld two choirs of angels chanting the hymns appointed by the Church for the solemn consecration of a temple. More wondrous by far, he beheld Our Lord Himself standing at the high altar, arrayed in the pontifical vestments, preparing to celebrate the Mass of Dedication. St. Stephen the protomartyr officiated as deacon, and St. Lawrence as subdeacon. St. Peter, St. Gregory and St. Augustine stood around; while before the altar, seated on a throne of light, was the glorious Queen of Heaven, with her attendant train of angelic spirits, refulgent with celestial brightness. Awestruck

and amazed, the Bishop watched with rapt attention every detail of the ceremonial, which corresponded in the minutest particulars with the rites prescribed by the Church. Only he noticed that in singing the *Sanctus* of the Mass, the angels made a slight alteration; for the words, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," they substituted these, "Blessed be the Son of Mary, who has come down to this place; who reigns world without end."

Long after the ceremony was at an end, and the singing had ceased, and the heavenly visitants had departed, the Bishop remained kneeling in an ecstatic trance. And when the sun streamed in through the eastern window, and the church filled with people, and the acolytes went to and fro, busied in placing everything in readiness for the approaching function, he still knelt there motionless, oblivious of all that went on around him. Presently the official personages and ecclesiastical dignitaries who were to take part in the ceremony had assembled; they grew tired of waiting for the Bishop, and sent to inform him that it was now time to begin. He replied that the church was already consecrated, and related the vision he had seen during the hours of the night. It was thought that he had been dreaming, and he was requested to go at once to the altar. At length he yielded, and proceeded to vest. But when all had taken their places, and he was about to utter the first words, a voice was distinctly heard by all present to say three times: "Cease, brother! For the church has been divinely consecrated." Thus the reality of the vision was proved beyond a doubt.

Sixteen years later, on the deposition of the Bishop of Augsburg, and other witnesses who had been present on the occasion, the miraculous event was confirmed by a bull of Pope Leo VIII., and a plenary indulgence accorded to all who should perform the pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Hermitage.

In 1029 the church, together with the adjacent conventual buildings, was destroyed by fire. The flames spared nothing but the Chapel of St. Meinrad containing the image, which was found perfectly intact amid the charred and blackened ruins. No time was lost in rebuilding the church. The day

of its consecration was marked by a twofold festival; for on that day Meinrad was raised by Pope Benedict IX. to the altars of the Church, and his sacred remains were translated from the Abbey of Reichenau to the scene of his martyrdom. The monks were reluctant to part with so precious a treasure; but they were induced to comply with the reiterated entreaties of the inhabitants of Einsiedeln by a series of misfortunes which had of late years visited their convent, in which they saw an intimation of the divine will that the body of the Saint should rest on the spot where his blood was shed. Thus, in fact, it proved; for after the sacred deposit had been removed to Einsiedeln, the disasters ceased, and the happiness and prosperity of former days once more returned to Reichenau.

The signal and unparalleled honor shown by Our Lord to the sanctuary of His Holy Mother, in consecrating it with His own sacred hands, brought the Hermitage into high repute. The Abbey of Einsiedeln became, and remains to this day, the most important in Switzerland. With the exception of Loreto in Italy, St. James of Compostella in Spain, and Mariazell in Styria, it attracts more pilgrims than any other shrine; and, similarly to the two first mentioned, a dispensation of the Holy See is required to release from the vow of making a pilgrimage thither. The offerings of the vast concourse of worshippers brought great wealth to the Abbey. When the French Republicans invaded the country in 1798, they seized the treasures which had accumulated in the course of centuries, and carried them off to Paris. The pious Fathers, however, rescued the sacred image of Mary, the object of their veneration, from the sacrilegious hands of the spoilers; they took refuge in the Tyrol, and, when tranquillity was restored, returned with it to Einsiedeln.

Since that time the number of pilgrims resorting to the shrine has been immense: it now averages above 150,000 annually. On high festivals, especially the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady and Holy Cross Day, vast numbers flock thither from all parts of Switzerland, from Bavaria and Swabia, and from more distant regions. In 1861 the Abbey celebrated

the thousandth anniversary of its foundation, or rather of the death of its founder, St. Meinrad, when an immense multitude assembled to take part in the festival. The King of Prussia on this occasion presented the Abbey with two valuable historical paintings: one represents Mt. Meinrad (who is said to have been a member of the House of Hohenzollern) preaching on Mount Etzel; the other is the presentation of the venerated image by Hildegarde, the Benedictine Abbess of Zurich.

But it is time for us to cross the wide, open space before the church and enter to pay our devotions at the famous shrine. The square is full of pilgrims, almost exclusively of the poorer classes, who, rosary in hand, are drinking from the large fountain of black marble, surmounted by a figure of Our Lady, which occupies the centre. This fountain has fourteen jets, and tradition says that Our Lord once drank from one of these jets. As it is impossible to ascertain which was the one thus hallowed, the pilgrims avoid the possibility of mistake by placing their lips to each in succession. Under the arcades which form a semicircular approach on the right and left, there are numerous booths, where the usual objects of piety and mementos of the place are exposed for sale. The church is a spacious structure, in the Italian style. The interior is profusely decorated with gilding, marbles, fresco and other paintings.

Besides the high altar, over which hangs a picture of the Assumption, there are fourteen side altars. In the nave, nearer to the western door whereby one enters than to the choir, entirely isolated from the rest of the building, stands the Chapel of Our Lady. This chapel, formed of black marble, was constructed in 1817 to replace the ancient original one, which, respected by the all-devouring fire, and spared by the ruthless hand of time for more than nine centuries, was destroyed by the French during the period of the Revolution. The altar, of white Carrara marble, is the gift of the King of Sardinia; above it, illuminated by silver lamps suspended from the dome-shaped roof, or cupola, of the chapel, the image of the sweet Mother of God is visible through the grating, or screen, which

closes the front of the chapel. She no longer wears the modest silver circlet that crowned her head at the time when Meinrad offered the Holy Sacrifice at her feet: a golden crown, sparkling with precious stones, has been substituted for it; and a similar diadem rest on the head of the Divine Infant. Both Mother and Child are arrayed in robes of cloth of gold, richly embroidered and adorned with jewels.

Go when you will, on all days of the week, at all hours of the day, before this shrine a crowd of suppliants is always kneeling, each intent on his own sorrows, his own needs, his own entreaties. Some, with outstretched arms, utter aloud their fervent appeal to the Heart of Mary; some, with tears running down their cheeks, gaze silently, with devout affection, on the benign countenance of the Mother of Mercy. No respect of persons is shown, no distinctions of rank are observed: the peasant in poorest attire, her headdress a red cotton kerchief, her only *article de luxe* a clean print apron, heeds not the fashionably dressed lady at her side, as she reiterates in harsh *patois* the ejaculation: *Mutter Gottes, bitt' für uns arme Sünder!*—"Mother of God, pray for us poor sinners!"

Every priest who goes to Einsiedeln has the privilege of saying Mass once in this chapel; and if he is accompanied by friends, they will be admitted to assist at his Mass; otherwise the favor of admission into the shrine is rarely extended to the laity. The coming and going in the church are incessant from dawn of day until the doors are closed for the night. Toward evening one of the monks attends in a corridor leading out of the church, to receive offerings for Masses. Note-book in hand, he writes down the name of the donor, the amount of the donation, and the number of Masses to be said for his intention. Every pilgrim is desirous to have a Mass said in this holy place, and those who are too poor to pay in coin pay in kind. Watch the peasants as they press forward; and while one horny-handed son of the soil brings out one or two francs, earned sou by sou by the sweat of his brow, you will see another hand in a large cake of beeswax, to be employed in the manufacture of candles for the altar. The next comer will per-

haps take from the basket she has carried on her head for many a mile a jar of honey (the produce of her own hives), a home-made cheese, or a piece of linen spun by her own fireside.

Even when the lights are extinguished and the church is empty, there is little stillness in the town. If the traveler is there on Saturday and Sunday, as was the writer of these pages, he will not get many hours' rest; for late into the night some wagon, conveying a band of rustic pilgrims, will come jolting over the uneven stones; or a belated procession from a distant village, beguiling the road with hymns and prayers, will wend its way to some modest hostelry. And since the Masses begin at 4 a.m., it may be imagined that even on Sunday the place is astir betimes.

When Communion is given at Einsiedeln, a curious local custom is observed: that of carrying round a cup of wine mingled with water, which is put to the lips of each communicant immediately after the Sacred Host has been received. To the Catholic who is unacquainted with it, this custom—which we can find no trace elsewhere—is somewhat surprising; while Protestant tourists, of whom now and again one or other is led by curiosity to visit Einsiedeln, draws from it the conclusion that the rule of communicating in one kind is not universally adhered to.

No one can fail to be edified by the heartfelt piety and devotion evinced by the pilgrims; and when we consider the antiquity of this pilgrimage, and reflect that we are not witnessing an isolated manifestation of faith and devotion like that which took place last year, when the Seamless Robe of Our Lord, the symbol of the Church's unity, drew together millions from every quarter of the globe, but one which has continued for centuries to attract the faithful in undiminished numbers, who but must rejoice in so convincing a proof of the deeply-rooted love to the Blessed Mother of God in the hearts of her children, of their profound confidence in her mercy, their sure trust in her all-prevailing intercession?

Innumerable are the supernatural graces that have in all ages been granted in this favored place. The *ex-votos* suspended on

the walls of the church testify to the bodily miracles that have been wrought there; but who can tell the spiritual cures, more wonderful by far than any bodily miracles, which Mary has obtained for her clients? Many a one can date his conversion or that of his friend, his own growth in holiness or the enlightenment of his mind, from a visit to Einsiedeln. And who can deny that to guide an erring soul into the right way is a far greater miracle than to heal the sick or give sight to the blind?

To enumerate a hundredth part of the royal and other illustrious personages who have made the pilgrimage of Einsiedeln would be a lengthy task. We will content ourselves with mentioning three eminent saints: St. Nicholas von der Flüe, the patron of Switzerland; St. Charles Borromeo, and St. Benedict Labre, whose presence there on several occasions is recorded. Many, too, are the rich offerings made at various times by pilgrims to the shrine. The magnificent corona which forms a conspicuous object in the nave of the church, was presented in 1865 by the Emperor Napoleon III., one of whose earliest religious impressions—one, too, which he loved in after-life to recall—was that of a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln in the company of his mother, Queen Hortense.

In gratitude to the Blessed Mother of God, the writer of these pages feels constrained to add that not one of the petitions he offered at this ancient shrine on occasion of the visit mentioned above was left unheard and unanswered. *Laus Mariæ semper!*

MATER ADMIRABILIS

How fair art thou
 O Mater Admirabilis!
 Fair as the blushing dawn in silver night;
 Fair as the violets blue,
 Or crystal dew
 Transfixed with arrows of the morn's first light;
 "Fair as the moon," the queen of starlit realms above;
 Fair as the radiant eyes of Hope, or heavenly love.

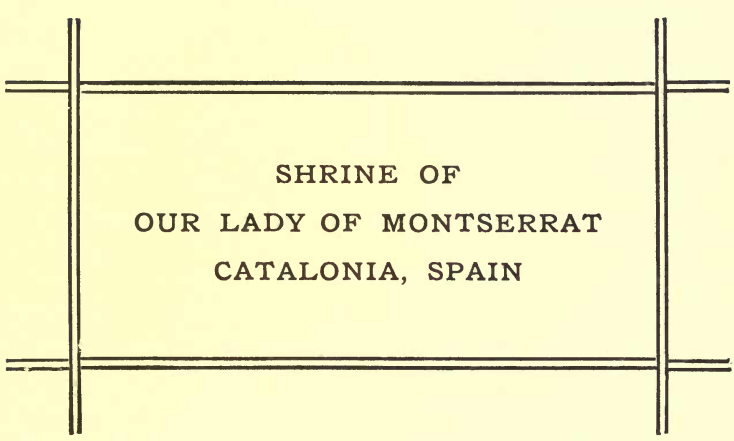
How pure art thou
O Mater Admirabilis!
Pure as the mantling snow on Alpine crest;
Pure as the torrent's spray,
The star's mild ray,
Or lily's cup with pearls by morning dressed;
Pure as the mild white dove that bathes in woodland spring,
Pure as the seraphs' thought before the Almighty King.

How sweet art thou
O Mater Admirabilis!
Sweet as the perfume, as the perfect rose,
That lifts her stately head
Of royal red,
And freights with fragrance every wind that blows;
Sweet as the amber honey hived by summer bee;
Sweet as thy guileless Heart, sweet as thy purity.

How wondrous thou
O Mater Admirabilis!
Above all angel choirs thou'rt pure and fair;
Robed with the dazzling sun,
Thou glorious one,
Naught else created can with thee compare!
O marvel and a joy to me thou ever art,
O peerless Mother—Maid, sole sovereign of my heart!

Rev. Michael Watson, S. J.





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890

His vigil kept Ignatius before Our Lady's shrine,
And hung his sword at morning there, irrevocable sign
That her true knight thenceforth was he, though yet all unbeknown
The service she would deign accept—her Son's will and her own.

Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.



BARCELONA, the second city of Spain, stands on the Mediterranean, and from a remote period of antiquity has been a place of considerable importance. It is supposed to have been founded by the famous Carthaginian General, Hamilcar Barca, from whom it has derived its name. A short distance from this ancient city is the mountain of Montserrat, famous for the miraculous image of Our Lady so long concealed in its rocky recesses, and of which the granite mountain alone knew the secret; famous also as being the spot where St. Ignatius of Loyola, having laid aside forever the vain trappings of worldly knighthood, passed his lonely vigil of penance and prayer before assuming the arms of a knight of the Cross.

This celebrated mountain presents a curious spectacle to the traveler's eye, consisting as it does of a number of rocky, cone-shaped peaks, rising one above the other until they terminate in a cluster round the summit. This group of cones, seen from a distance, bears a fanciful resemblance to the teeth of a saw; and to this the mountain owes its name of Montserrat, or the serrated mountain. Its height is estimated at nearly 4,000 feet, and its circumference around the base at about twelve miles. Montserrat is of granite formation, and rich in medicinal plants. Although very few streams are to be met with,

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one cannot but admire the richness and luxuriance of the undergrowth. The atmosphere is delightfully invigorating, and the view from the summit simply magnificent, amply rewarding the toil of the ascent. It is said that on a clear day the islands of Majorca and Minorca, one hundred and fifty miles distant, are distinctly visible even from some of the lower cones.

With regard to the miraculous image of Montserrat, tradition tells us that it was the work of the Apostle St. Luke, executed when he was in Jerusalem; for which reason it received at first the name of La Jerosolimitana (the native of Jerusalem). The old chronicles go on to relate that the Prince of the Church, St. Peter, when passing through Spain, entrusted the image to the first Bishop of Barcelona, St. Etereo, whose love for our Blessed Mother was beyond all measure. From that time until the seventh century the holy image was held in veneration, not only in Barcelona but throughout all Catalonia; and wondrous were the graces and favors said to have been bestowed upon those who sought help and consolation at the Shrine of Maria Jerosolimitana.

But in the seventh century the Saracens entered Spain, carrying death and devastation wherever they appeared. The Christians of Barcelona were stricken with fear, not so much for their lives and homes as at the thought that the precious treasure confided to their city by the Apostle might fall into the hands of the barbarians. For three years they defended themselves bravely against the infidels; but, finding they could no longer resist, they determined to remove the holy image to a secure hiding-place, where it would be safe from the insults and profanations of the conquerors. Consequently, the Bishop and the governor of the city, aided by a trusty band, with the utmost secrecy carried the object of their love and veneration to one of the most hidden and inaccessible caves of Montserrat. The translation took place on the 22d of April, 718; and a full account of the origin of the miraculous image and the cause of its removal was drawn up, and carefully deposited in the archives of the city.

The years rolled on. The inhabitants of Barcelona never

lost sight of the tradition of the wondrous image which had passed from their midst, but by degrees all knowledge of its secret resting-place was lost in the midst of time.

It was the year of Our Lord 890. One Saturday evening some shepherd boys from Monistrol, a village at the foot of Montserrat, were tending their flocks on the mountain. Suddenly one of them noticed a brilliant light issuing from a cave under one of the cone-like rocks. It streamed forth with such dazzling splendor as to illuminate a considerable portion of the mountain around, causing it to stand out in startling distinctness against the sombre darkness of the night. He drew his companions' attention to the strange occurrence, and they gazed in silent, awe-struck wonder. At the same time they heard strains of the sweetest music, like angelic harmonies.

The youths quickly told their parents of what they had seen. The old people, somewhat incredulous, went to the mountain only on the following Saturday, and witnessed the phenomenon. Filled with awe, the peasants hastened to acquaint the parish priest of Olesa with what was happening on Montserrat. The good priest, in his turn doubting their statement, repaired without delay to the mountain. Again the wondrous light streamed from the cave and celestial harmony filled the air.

Up to this time no one had dared to penetrate to the spot whence the marvels issued. The rector of Olesa, taking with him those who had been witnesses of these extraordinary manifestations, went to Manresa, and laid before the Bishop of the diocese a detailed account of the sights and sounds seen and heard on Montserrat. The Bishop, much impressed with the narrative, determined to investigate the matter. On the following Saturday he, with a number of his clergy, the rector of Olesa, and the other privileged persons who had seen the heavenly sight, went in solemn procession, just as the evening Angelus was ringing, to that part of the mountain where the wonder had taken place. The shades of night had scarcely fallen when a light of unearthly effulgence streamed from the cave, and at the same time music of ecstatic sweetness and angelic canticles were heard. The lights and harmonies con-

tinued until midnight, when the glorious radiance faded, leaving the rocky peaks in blackest darkness; and the heavenly strains also died away, to be succeeded by the deep silence of night.

The Bishop ordered that the next morning, at break of day, the mountain should be scaled and the cave searched. This proved a difficult task; but the men, filled with pious enthusiasm, at great risk succeeded in reaching the cave. On entering they perceived a most delightful fragrance; and, advancing farther, were rewarded by the discovery of the holy image, which had lain hidden in the dark recesses of the cave for so many years.

On hearing of their discovery, the Bishop, filled with joy, announced his intention of proceeding at any risk to the spot. A procession was formed, in which were carried innumerable wax lights, and after some time the cave was reached. The Bishop knelt down and gave thanks to God for the marvelous revelation. He then reverently took the holy image with the intention of placing it in the cathedral at Manresa, that it might there receive the veneration of the faithful. But when the procession, on its return, reached the spot where the church of Our Lady of Montserrat now stands, it was brought to a sudden standstill: those composing it finding themselves unable to proceed or to retrace their steps, nor could they move the statue. Perceiving this, the Bishop made a vow to build a chapel in honor of the Blessed Virgin in that particular spot, and the rector of Olesa vowed that he would spend the remainder of his life there in meditation and prayer. Both vows were piously fulfilled. A magnificent chapel was built, the charge of which was given to the rector conjointly with another priest.

Soon after the building of the chapel, Jofre Villosa, Earl of Barcelona, in thanksgiving for the miraculous restoration of his daughter to life, founded a convent at Montserrat for nuns of the Order of St. Benedict, of which convent his daughter afterward became abbess. On her death, Borrell, surnamed the Good, Count of Barcelona, representing to the Pope that, on account of the vast numbers of pilgrims who flocked to the

shrine, a monastery would be more suited to the requirements of the place, obtained permission to establish some Benedictine monks there, and the nuns were transferred to Barcelona.

The monastery was built about half-way up the mountain on the only available space. There were usually from seventy to eighty monks, twenty-eight lay-brothers, besides choir boys, a physician, a surgeon, and several servants. On the annual Feast of Our Lady of Montserrat the number of pilgrims often ran up to about 5,000. All who applied at the monastery were supplied with food *gratis* for three days, and the sick were cared for in the hospital. The greater number of the pilgrims found shelter in the rocks and caves.

In different parts of the mountain, generally in the most picturesque spots, were erected thirteen ermitas, each the abode of a holy recluse, who passed his life in continual penance and prayer. These venerable solitaries were subject to the abbot of the monastery at Montserrat, who received their vows, and appointed to each an ermita. They took the same vows as the other monks, with the additional one never to leave the mountain; they practised perpetual abstinence, their food consisting only of salted fish, vegetables, eggs and cheese. From the 3d of September until Easter they fasted every day; the rest of the year they fasted two or three days of each week; in addition, they were bound to long hours of prayer, mental and vocal. Their recreation was employed in making small crosses, which they gave to the pilgrims who sought them in their solitude. These crosses were held in great veneration on account of the indulgences attached to them by the Sovereign Pontiffs. Once a year the hermit of San Benito invited the twelve others to dine with him; with this exception, their lives were passed in strict solitude. At stated times a lay-brother of the monastery loaded an ass with thirteen portions of food; the animal, trained to his work, started off, and, without any guide, sought out each ermita; and then, unburdened of his load, returned to the monastery.

As the ages rolled away, the fame of the miraculous image of Our Lady of Montserrat increased more and more. Pil-

grims flocked in vast numbers from all parts of Europe to lay the homage of their devotion at Mary's Shrine. Those were the days of faith, and many were the privations and sufferings endured even by those of the highest rank to reach the favored spot,—some trudging barefoot and bleeding over the hard rocks. Kings and queens esteemed themselves fortunate in making the pilgrimage, and carried with them, as votive offerings, lamps and vessels of gold and silver adorned with jewels.

At length it was found that the old church which had sheltered the holy image for seven hundred years could no longer contain the ever-increasing stream of the devoted clients of the Queen of Heaven. It was therefore resolved to replace the old structure by a new and magnificent cathedral, the foundations of which were laid in 1492; but for a considerable time the work proceeded no further. At length it was resumed in 1560, and was brought to a successful termination in 1592. The church of Montserrat was under the invocation of Our Blessed Lady in the mystery of the Annunciation, of which there was a representation on the façade.

The sacred image was removed to its new and magnificent shrine with great solemnity on the 9th of July, 1599—his Majesty Philip II. taking part in the ceremonies—and was placed over the high altar. Before it were forty waxen lights of great size, but these were used only on great festivals; fifty silver lamps were kept burning night and day.

The image is of full size, and represents Our Lady in a sitting posture with her Divine Child in her lap. She wears a crown of twelve stars, and in her right hand holds a globe, out of which springs a bunch of lilies. Her features are beautiful, and have an expression of great sweetness and benevolence. The Divine Infant is also represented with a crown, and in His left hand a globe; His right hand is raised as if in the act of blessing. It is impossible to avoid being struck with the marvelous resemblance between Mother and Child. The whole is carved in wood of a tawny brown color.

It would not be possible to enumerate the wonders wrought at this shrine. In all ages the sinful, the suffering, the sorrow-

ful, have laid their woes at the feet of Our Lady of Montserrat, and none have ever gone away unheard or unaided.

VIGIL OF ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA*

When at thy shrine, most holy Maid,
The Spaniard hung his votive blade
And bared his halmed brow—
Not that he feared war's visage grim,
Or that the battlefield for him
Had aught to daunt, I trow—

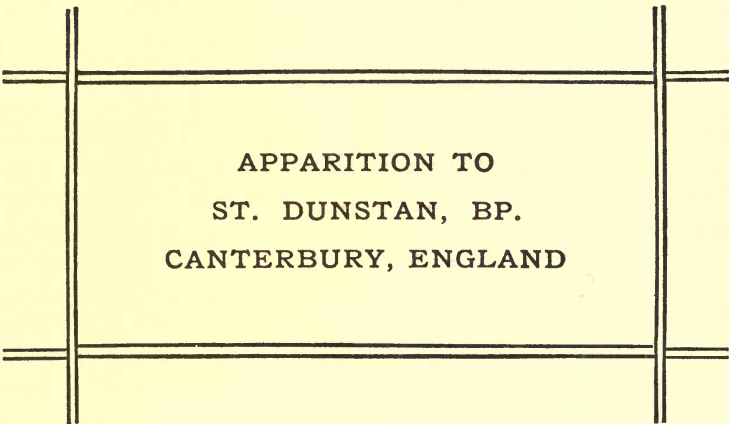
"Glory!" he cried, "with thee I've done!
Fame! thy bright theatres I shun
To tread fresh pathways now;
To track thy footsteps, Saviour God!
With throbbing heart, with feet unshod—
Hear and record my vow.

"Yes, thou shalt reign! Chained to thy throne
The mind of man Thy sway shall own
And to its conqueror bow.
Genius his lyre to Thee shall lift
And intellect its choicest gift
Proudly on Thee bestow."

Straight on the marble floor he knelt,
And in his breast exulting felt
A vivid furnace glow;
Forth to his task the giant sped
Earth shook abroad beneath his tread
And idols were laid low.

India repaired half Europe's loss;
O'er a new hemisphere the cross
Shone in the azure sky,
And from the isles of far Japan
To the broad Andes won o'er man
A bloodless victory!

*Above poem is by the Rev. Francis Mahoney, better known as "Father Prout," and commemorates the night-watch of arms of St. Ignatius in the Monastery of Montserrat, when, on the eve of the Feast of the Annunciation, he passed the night in watching and prayer before the altar, and in the spirit of the most exalted chivalry resigned his sword forever—resolved to devote himself thenceforth to holier pursuits.



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"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Samuel T. Coleridge.



WE read that, as has so often been the case with other great servants of God, destined to achieve some special work in the church, a miraculous sign was granted to Kyndreda, the mother of St. Dunstan, before his birth, which seemed to foreshadow the future greatness of her child. On the Feast of the Purification she and her husband, Herstan, were attending the Solemn Mass of the day in the church of Our Blessed Lady, and according to custom they, in common with the rest of those present, held in their hands the lighted tapers, which they were afterwards to offer at the altar. Suddenly every taper was extinguished, and as the people looked about to discover the cause of so strange an accident, they beheld the candle which Kyndreda held suddenly relighted by a flame which descended, as it seemed, from heaven. Hastening to her they all relit their tapers from the one she held, and regarded the incident as a sign of some special grace which should be granted to her child, who, they believed would certainly prove a favored client of Our Blessed Lady. It was in this church that Dunstan received his early education, imbibing, as was natural, a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

St. Dunstan was educated by the Irish monks of Glastonbury. He there acquired great learning, and also a cultivated taste for

music and painting. After long hesitation between the world and the cloister, a grievous sickness led him to choose the monk's cowl, which he received from his uncle, St. Elphege. He then withdrew to Glastonbury, where he soon became abbot. His bold condemnation of the public vices of King Edwy drew upon him the royal anger, and he was forced to leave the country. Edgar, on succeeding to the throne, recalled him from exile and, in 960, nominated him to the see of Canterbury. At the cost of much hatred and obloquy, but with the zealous co-operation of SS. Oswald and Ethelwold, his brethren in the cloister, whom he promoted to the episcopate, Dunstan raised the clergy of England from a state of ignorance and laxity. Nor was his zeal confined to the sanctuary. He defended the poor and oppressed, watched over the court, and the nobles, and as readily chastised his patron, King Edgar, as his enemy, the profligate Edwy. On ascension eve he sang Pontifical Mass for the last time, preached to the people, and concluded by asking their prayers, as his hour was nigh. On the Saturday following he received the last sacraments, and after giving thanks, breathed out his soul to God. A. D. 988.

Few of the English saints can be cited, the character of whose sanctity is so strictly contemplative at that of St. Dunstan, or of whom there are recorded a greater number of visions and heavenly favors. One of these narratives shows us the devout client of Mary watching at night in one of her sanctuaries, and rewarded for his devotion by Her visible presence. For, even when filling the archiepiscopal throne, Dunstan abandoned none of his austere eremetical exercises, but spent great part of his nights in prayer and vigil. "When he lived at Canterbury," says his biographer, "it was his custom to visit the holy places by night, and there to offer himself to God by repeated acts of contrition and compunction. On a certain time, according to his custom, he thus in the silence of night visited the church of SS. Peter and Paul, where the blessed Augustine and other fathers of the church of Canterbury lie buried, and there for a long time lay prostrate in prayer. Then going forth, he went to the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, which

was in the east part of the monastery.* As he approached, he heard voices inside chanting the words, 'Gaudent in cœlis animæ sanctorum qui Christi vestigia sunt secuti.' Astonished at this, he stood at the door and looked through the chinks (for it was locked), he beheld the chapel full of light, and a number of persons sitting clothed in white, who seemed to be singing the anthem. At another time, when he went by night, for a similar purpose, to the church of Our Lady, behold! the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by a choir of virgins, came out to meet him, and with great honor conducted him into her sanctuary, two of the attendant choir going before and singing the hymn of Sedulius :

Cantemus, sociæ Domino, cantemus honorem;
Dulcis amor Christi personet ore pio.

When this verse had been repeated a second time by the whole choir, two who followed the first-mentioned singers, continued the hymn and sang :

Primus ad ima ruit magna de luce superbus:
Sic homo cum tumuit primus ad ima ruit;

And the virgins of the first choir, with the two sets of singers, continued to sing the hymn after this manner until the man of God had entered the church.

The Lady chapel, which was the scene of these heavenly visions, no longer exists at Canterbury. Nevertheless, we read that another notable sanctuary of Our Blessed Lady was raised in after ages in the very crypt where reposed the ashes of St. Dunstan. The devotion he showed to the Mother of God probably had its influence over the Anglo-Saxon princes whose counsels he directed, and who are spoken of by their historians as special clients of Mary. Thus Edgar the Peaceable laid his sceptre on the altar of Our Lady of Glastonbury, and solemnly placed his kingdom under Her patronage; and we find St. Edward the Martyr uniting his authority with that of the Archbishop in a formal authorization of the popular pilgrimage to one of Our Lady's sanctuaries. Sideman, bishop of Crediton in Devonshire, having died in 977, whilst the great Council of

Kirtlington was still sitting, the King and the archbishop decided that he should be buried in St. Mary's Minster at Abingdon, which had recently been restored by St. Ethelwold. Thither his remains were accordingly conveyed, and it was at the same time ordained in council that "it should be lawful for the country people to make religious pilgrimages to the church of St. Mary of Abingdon."

We have already seen St. Dunstan favored with heavenly visions in the Lady chapel of the old Saxon cathedral. In the fabric which rose over its ruins not one but several altars were dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The exquisite Lady chapel, now known as the Dean's chapel, was built by Prior Goldstone about the year 960, probably on the site of a more ancient erection. The stone screen leading into the choir displays over its arched doorway a niche under a triple-headed canopy within which formerly appeared a statue of the Blessed Virgin, under twelve other niches which contained silver images of the Apostles. On the spot called the *Martyrdom*, from the fact of its being the scene of the Martyrdom of St. Thomas, a wooden altar was erected to Our Lady, whereon was preserved the sword's point, which broke off in the hands of the assassin whilst giving the fatal stroke.

From the *Martyrdom* is a descent to the crypt or Undercroft, supposed to be part of Lanfranc's structure, and undoubtedly of Norman work. Here stood the celebrated chapel of Our Lady Undercroft, situated exactly under the high altar of the cathedral. Even in its present ruinous condition it displays remains of its former splendor. On the vaultings may be seen traces of brilliant blue coloring on which appear small convex gilt mirrors, and gilded quatrefoils. The royal arms are painted in the centre, and forty shields are emblazoned on the lower part of the arches. This chapel was also enriched by Prior Goldstone, and the armorial bearings, which mostly belong to Lancastrian nobles of the court of King Henry VI., appear to have been placed there as memorials of notable offerings at the shrine.

In a canopied niche at the east and above the altar, stood the

image of Our Lady Undercroft on a rich pedestal sculptured in relief with subjects from her life. The Annunciation may still be traced, but the other sculptures are now destroyed. This chapel, says Erasmus, "is not showed but to noblemen and special friends. Here Our Lady hath an habitation, but somewhat dark, inclosed with a double rail of iron, for fear of thieves, for indeed I never saw a thing more laden with riches. Lights being brought, we beheld a more than royal spectacle, which in beauty far surpassed that of Walsingham."

This chapel is one of those which retains the most distinct traces of its former character, and if in its present state of obscurity and abandonment it should ever chance to be visited by the Catholic pilgrim, he may at the same time satisfy his devotion by visiting the tomb of St. Dunstan, whose ashes repose in the same crypt, and but a few yards distant from this once famous sanctuary.

ST. DUNSTAN

White is the apple bloom of Avalon,
And white the hawthorn of the Glossy Isle,
Here once wandered from a southern shore,
A saintly pilgrim from a Holy Land.
'Twas he who in his meek and reverent hands
Took down the Sacred Body from the Cross,¹
And laid it in his own new tomb, and gave
A rich man's burial to his outcast Lord,
'Twas here, so ancient legends say, he bore
The sacred prize, the mystic Sangreal;
And here he struck his staff in English soil,
And the white hawthorn gave *its double bloom*.
'Tis not of him that I would speak to-day,
Nor of the last of all our British kings,
Who died here, as they say, and whose fair name
Has magic still to wake the voice of song,²

¹St. Joseph of Arimathea, founder of Glastonbury, who brought with him a vessel of the Holy Blood. The Glastonbury thorn, which flowers at Christmas, was his staff stuck into the ground at "Weary-All-Hill," where first he rested.

²King Arthur.

Nor yet of all the noble saintly crowd
 Who came to lay their dust in Avalon—
 Holy of holies unto British eyes.
 But my heart turns to one, a saint indeed,
 Perchance the greatest of his nation's sons,
 Who paid the debt which lofty genius owes,
 And wrestled here with his own fiery soul,
 He fought, and he was crowned, and bore away
 A noble prize—the mastery of will.
 But the sharp iron pierced him with its pang,
 And his grand heart was shaped with many a blow,
 Dunstan! thou of the seer's mystic gift;
 Thou poet, artist, statesman, prelate, saint,
 Whose secret anguish burnt and seared away
 All human fear, and made thee giant-strong,
 The evil world still shudders at thy name,
 And hates the mighty hand that kept it down;
 Yet wheresoe'er thy steps may yet be traced
 Within the Glossy Isle, or far away
 In that fair palace in the Sussex woods,³
 Thy memory makes a beauty of its *own*.
 A lingering light of holy ancient days
 Hangs like the ivy round those crumbling walls,
 And when the low wind sighs its mournful tones,
 It seems as though thy harp were hanging still
 In its old place, and breathed its mystic strains
 Touched by no mortal *finger, as of yore.*⁴

Ave Maria.

³Mayfield Palace.

⁴St. Dunstan's harp gave out melody of itself as it hung on the wall.



APPARITION
TO
ST. HENRY, EMPEROR
ROME, ITALY

1014

Hail, Blessed Virgin! Holy Mary, hail!
To love and honor thee, how can I fail,
If I adore thy Son and would prevail
With Him in prayer!
What intercessoin can there be like thine,
So worthy to approach the throne divine
Of grace, all wants and miseries of mine
To plead for there?

Dr. Richard M. Madden.



HENRY, DUKE OF BAVARIA, saw in a vision his guardian, St. Wolfgang, pointing to the words, "After six." This moved him to prepare for death, and for six years he continued to watch and pray; when, at the end of the sixth year he found the warning verified in his election as emperor. Thus trained in the fear of God, he ascended the throne with but one thought—to reign for His greater glory. The pagan Slavs were then despoiling the empire. Henry attacked them with a small force; but angels and saints were seen leading his troops, and the heathen fled in despair. Poland and Bohemia, Moravia and Burgundy, were in turn annexed to his kingdom; Pannonia and Hungary won to the Church. With the faith secured in Germany, Henry passed into Italy, drove out the Anti-Pope Gregory, brought Benedic VIII. back to Rome, and was crowned in St. Peter's by that Pontiff in 1014. It was Henry's custom, on arriving in any town, to spend his first night in watching in some church dedicated to Our Blessed Lady. As he was thus praying in St. Mary Major's, the first night of his arrival in Rome, he "saw

the Sovereign and Eternal Priest Christ Jesus" enter to celebrate Mass. SS. Laurence and Vincent assisted as deacon and sub-deacon. Saints innumerable filled the church, and angels sang in the choir. After the Gospel, an angel was sent by Our Lady to give Henry the book to kiss. Touching him lightly on the thigh, as the angel did to Jacob, he said, "Accept this sign of God's love for your chastity and justice;" and from that time the emperor always was lame. Like holy David, Henry employed the fruits of his conquests in the service of the temple. The forests and mines of the empire, the best that his treasury could produce, were consecrated to the sanctuary. Stately cathedrals, noble monasteries, churches innumerable, enlightened and sanctified the once heathen lands. In 1022, Henry lay on his bed of death. He gave back to her parents his wife, St. Cunegunda, "a virgin still, as a virgin he had received her from Christ," and surrendered his own pure soul to God.

MY LADY'S WAYS

How may I scan my Lady's ways?
 How may I tell my Lady's worth?—
 Nor tongue nor pen on this wide earth
 Dare hope to fitly speak her praise.

Were every word I wrote a gem,
 And every thought a golden thread,
 'Twere all unworthy to o'erspread
 My Lady's raiment's very hem.

With rarest pearls of words and deeds,
 Into historic settings wrought,
 On costliest chain of human thought
 I'd form my Lady's Rosary-beads,

And bid them 'loud, and men's hearts fire
 My Lady's love and praise to sing;—
 Ah me! I can do naught but string
 Rough pebbles on a rusty wire,

And in rude accents lisp my pray'r,
 And stammer what I fain would say
 To make more loved from day to day—
 More blest and loved—my Lady fair.

Brother Azarias.

APPARITION
OF
OUR BLESSED LADY
THETFORD, ENGLAND

1104

Thy name, Sweet Mary, floats o'er land and sea,
Like music strangely glad—it brings to me
A Sov'ran solace for life's griefs and pains,
Oh name so dear—there's healing in its strains.

Mother of Jesus—thou my mother, too,
My very soul would breathe the homage due;
To one who suffered, with her Son for me,
Their mutual suff'ring and their constancy.

S. J. Huggard.



T will be remembered that many of the Norman prelates who were placed in possession of the English Sees by the Conqueror were remarkable as architects, and a large number of the English cathedrals and parish churches were rebuilt by them with great increase of splendor.

A synod held in London, in 1075, and presided over by Archbishop Lanfrank, provided moreover for the removal of Sees from small villages and defenceless towns to places of greater importance in the diocese, and it was thus that the See of Dorchester, near Oxford, became removed to Lincoln, where Bishop Remigius, a follower of the Conqueror, erected a magnificent cathedral which he purposed dedicating to the Blessed Virgin, though he died on the day before the ceremony took place. We find Our Lady of Lincoln frequently mentioned among the sanctuaries which were regarded by the English with special veneration, and the inhabitants of Lincoln who took part with King Stephen in the Civil War, choosing her as their patroness, attributed to her intercession the great vic-

tory which they gained in 1147 over the Earl of Chester, who was repulsed from the walls with great loss; whereupon, says Hoveden, "the victorious citizens of Lincoln, filled with joy, gave great thanks to their protectress, the Virgin of virgins."

Our Lady of Lincoln continued in much repute; and in the cathedral inventory we find mention of the "Great Image of Our Lady sitting in a chair, silver and gilt, having a crown on her head, silver and gilt, set with precious stones and pearls, and her Divine Child sitting on her knee with a crown upon His head, set with many precious stones, and having a ball with a cross silver and gilt, in His left hand."

At the same synod of 1075, it was decreed that the ancient bishopric of Elmham in Norfolk should be removed to Thetford in the same county, where a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin already existed. Herfast, a Norman prelate, was appointed to the See; assisted by the pious Knight, Roger Bigod, he rebuilt this church on a grander scale, and made it the cathedral church of his diocese. But the See was not destined to remain long at Thetford. In 1099, Herbert Losinga again translated it to Norwich, where it has ever since remained, and from that time Thetford, the ancient capital of the East Anglian Kingdom, fell into decay. This transaction appears to have caused great regret to the inhabitants of Thetford, though Roger Bigod made them some amends by planting a community of Cluniac monks in the deserted cathedral church. His first intention had been to have atoned for the sins of his past life by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, that he might more fervently worship his Lord in the place where His feet stood when He ascended from the earth; but his steward, Etbran, dissuaded him from this and advised him rather to bestow his alms in the foundation of some religious house, where the servants of God might make continual intercession for him and his successors. Convinced by his arguments, Roger bought the church and lands of St. Mary's, and in 1104, erecting some temporary offices for the reception of his monks, he settled a colony of Cluniacs from the priory of Lewes in the

place and set about building them a monastery within the city walls.

In this monastery the monks placed an image of the Blessed Virgin which had formerly been over the high altar of the old church, during the time that it was used as the cathedral of the diocese. It was now placed over the high altar of the new church; but in course of time, a finer image being made, the ancient one was taken down and put in an obscure place. This old image was, in the course of a few years, to attract far more notice than the fine new one that had replaced it, and became the chief ornament of a noble chapel, wherein "Our Lady of Thetford" was venerated by many a pious pilgrim, down to the disastrous time of the Reformation. The narrative is thus related by John Brame, a monk of Thetford, in a MS. still preserved in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. There was at that time in the town, he says, a poor workman who incessantly prayed to the Blessed Virgin for relief from an incurable disease from which he suffered; and one night she appeared to him, telling him that if he would be cured, he must hasten to the prior of her monastery, and command him in Her name to build her a chapel on the north side of the choir, which he had newly repaired. As he paid no attention to this message, she again appeared to him thrice, whereupon he acquainted the prior who, being much astonished, resolved to obey the command, and build the chapel in wood. But the sick man returning to him, desired him on the part of Our Blessed Lady to build it of stone, and showed him the exact spot in which she wished it to be. Shortly after this the prior departed out of the town, and the man going to the monastery, and not finding him at home, went to an old monk who had resided many years in the house, and gave him a token where the foundation stone of the chapel should be placed, by showing him and everyone else that would see it, for two hours together, the shape of a cross upon it wonderfully adorned with gold and jewels, which afterwards disappeared. As the prior on his return still delayed commencing the building, Our Lady appeared in like manner to a woman in the town, and bade her go to one of the

monks, and command him to bid the prior build the chapel at once. The woman neglected to fulfill this order, whereupon Our Lady came to her in the night, and blamed her for her neglect, at the same time touching her arm, of which she lost the use. Perceiving this when she awoke, and grieving for her negligence, she ran to the monk, and telling him what had happened with many tears, he advised her to offer an arm of wax to Our Lady's altar, which being done, her arm was cured.

The chapel was at last built and, judging from the ruins which yet remain, was not much inferior in size to the choir itself. Desiring to increase the people's devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the prior ordered that the old image which stood at a door of the chapel be painted, for it was a point on which our forefathers showed much care that the images in their churches "*shulde be wel peynted, that they shulde make men fayne to loke upon them; and styer to devocion.*" As the painter was cleaning it, preparatory to beginning his work, he found a silver plate fastened to the top of the head; and showing it to the prior and monks, it was taken off in their presence, and found to conceal an opening, in which were laid many holy relics, carefully wrapped in lead, all of which had been sent to Prior Stephen by William, Prior of Meresham, at the request of Hugh Bigod and Sir Ralf, a monk of Thetford. All the relics bore their names, and most of them had been brought from Jerusalem. They consisted of portions of the holy sepulchre of the sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin, of the rock of Calvary, of the purple Robe of Our Blessed Lord, of Our Lady's Girdle, of the holy manger, of the earth found in the sepulchre of St. John the Evangelist; together with relics of St. Vincent Martyr, St. Leger, St. Barbara, St. Gregory, St. Leonard, and St. Jerome, with some of the hair of St. Agnes. There were also two relics of English saints, namely a portion of the wooden coffin in which St. Edmund the Martyr had been laid, and in which his body had been found whole and incorrupt many years after his death, and pieces of St. Ethelreda's coffin, wherein she also had been found lying as if asleep, eleven years after her death. The image had been made by the aforesaid

Sir Ralf, who had been a monk before they removed from the cathedral, and he had caused to be made for it at his own expense a tabernacle adorned with small images, and had placed the said relics within the head. And being a great client of Our Lady, he had also persuaded the Lady Maud de Samundeham to purchase the famous picture of the Blessed Virgin, then preserved in their refectory, and for all these his labors and services, his anniversary was to be kept yearly on the Ides of October.

The image was now set up in the new chapel wherein also were kept the relics thus curiously discovered, and persons coming to perform their devotions here, and obtaining many and great favors, these were noised about the country and increased the fame of Our Lady of Thetford. Thus a certain woman in the town, having overlaid her child in the night and, finding it dead, ran with the body in her arms and placed it before the holy image, when it was restored to life. Another woman had lost her voice in consequence of a disease in her throat, and was urged by her friends to go and make her offering to the holy image of Our Lady at Wulpit in Suffolk. But she made signs that she would rather go to the image in the monk's new chapel and, on doing so, her voice was restored. And she declared, on being able to speak, that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to her and touched her tongue; wherefore, in gratitude, she vowed to keep a candle burning before the holy image daily during her life. Another recorded miracle is that granted to William Keddrich, a carpenter of Hokham, and Isabel his wife. For it being harvest-time, they, according to their custom, carried with them to the field their son, a boy of three years old; and while the mother was working, towards evening, the child lay down and fell asleep. Soon after a cart passing through the field, the wheel passed over his head and killed him on the spot. The father was following the cart and, seeing what had happened, he took up his child and ran with him to a doctor in the town, who assured him that the boy was dead. The parents, in their sore distress, made a vow to go on pilgrimage to Our Lady of Thetford, and about midnight the

child returned to life; whereupon the parents fulfilled their vow and made large offerings to Our Blessed Lady's Shrine.

'AT BETHLEHEM

So many hills arising green and gray,
 On earth's large round, and that one hill to say:
 "I was His bearing place!" On earth's wide breast
 So many maids! And *She*—of all most blest—
 Heavily mounting Bethlehem, to be
 His mother!—Holy maid of Galilee!
 Hill with the olives and the little town!
 If rivers from their crystal founts flow down,
 If 'twas the dawn which did day's gold unbar,
 Ye were beginnings of the best we are,
 The most we see, the highest that we know,
 The lifting heavenward of man's life below.

Sir Edwin Arnold.

PRAYER TO ST. ALOYSIUS

O Blessed Aloysius, adorned with angelic graces, I, thy most unworthy suppliant, recommend specially to thee the chastity of my soul and body, praying thee by thy angelic purity to plead for me with Jesus Christ, the Immaculate Lamb, and His Most Holy Mother, the Virgin of virgins, to keep me from all grievous sin. Oh, never let me be defiled with any stain of impurity; but when thou dost see me in temptation, or in danger of falling, then remove far from my heart all bad thoughts and unclean desires, and awaken in me the memory of eternity to come and Jesus crucified; impress deeply on my heart a sense of the holy fear of God, kindle in me the fire of Divine love, enable me so to follow thy footsteps here on earth, that, in Heaven with thee, I may be made worthy to enjoy the vision of our God forever. Amen.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father. 100 days' Indulgence.

APPARITION
TO
KING WILLIAM THE GOOD
MONREALE, SICILY

IIII

Mother here on earth have I,—
Mother true and mother sweet;
Mother have I in the sky,
And the moon is at her feet.
"Mother!" say I soft and low;
Mother, Queen,—I love her so!

Lawrence Minot.



THE history of Sicily—perhaps the most beautiful of Mediterranean islands to which the first tidings of Christianity were carried by St. Paul—is a bewildering bit of mosaic, full of color and intricate interlacing of fact and fiction. The mind pleases itself in imagining the "oxen of the sun" pastured in the rich plain of Milazzo; Daphne piping pastoral lays to the green stillness of the listening forest; and Hercules lifting into place the cornerstones of those mighty temples whose ruins still adorn its shores. Then the coming of the Greeks, driving before them into the mountain fastnesses the native flock-tending Siculi: a flood-tide of civilization—Athenians, Corinthians, Dorians—choosing their own sites, and founding thereon separate states. The Grecian is the most glorious period in Sicilian annals; white days of peace, when the kings of its rival cities, Syracuse and Agrigentum, meeting in Olympian games, contended only for the palm of excellence,—days memorialized in the immortal poems of Pindar. Many crimson days were to come later.

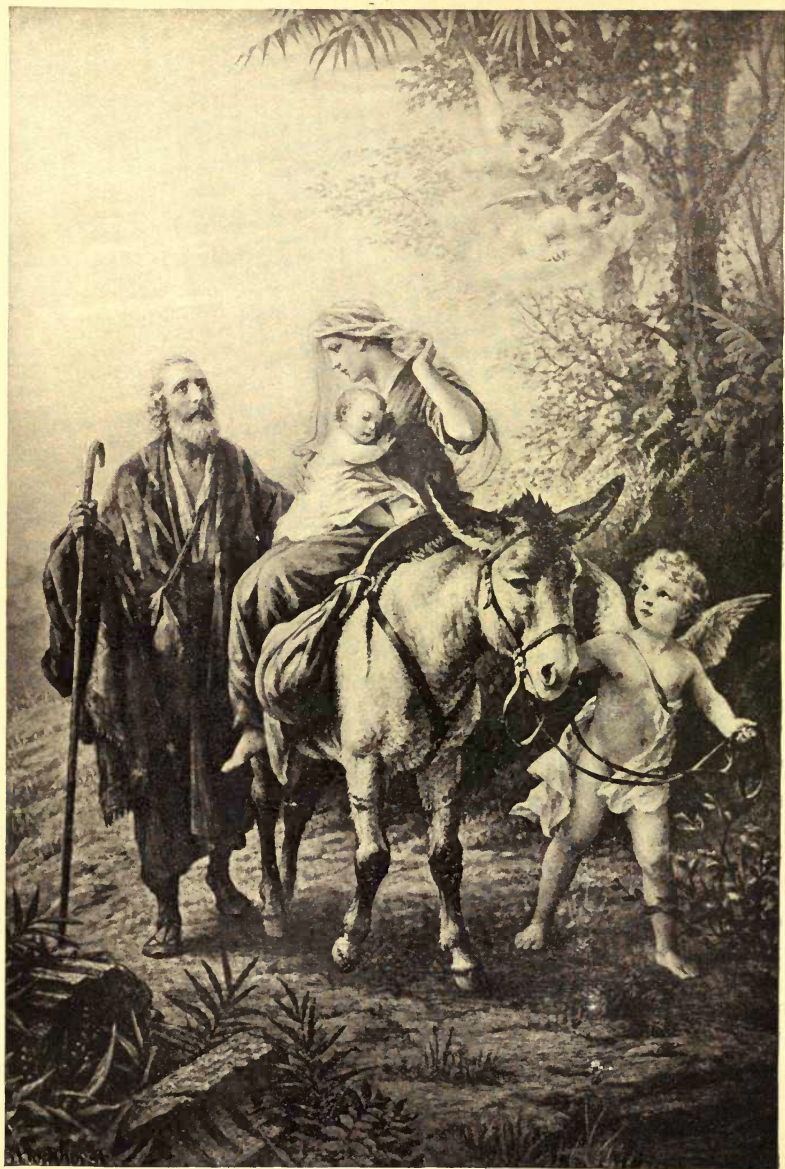
Passing successively under Roman, Byzantine and Saracen dominion, Sicily in the twelfth century saluted as its king the Norman Roger, brother of "William of the Iron Arm,"—a

young knight who, leaving his native land with only his sword, had crossed to Italy in quest of adventure; and, defeating the Mohammedans in several battles, eventually subdued the whole island, and was crowned at Palermo, A.D. 1130.

It is of the best beloved and one of the last of the Norman dynasty that we must now speak—William II., “a monarch whose manifold virtues,” according to an ancient chronicler, “forced the people to forget the manifold vices of his predecessor, and remember William ‘the Bad’ only as the father of William ‘the Good.’ He made no conquests, but maintained the honor of his domain; respected by friend and foe, feared only by the wicked. In his time there was more security in the thickets of Sicily than in the sentried *piazas* of other kingdoms.” And it was he who founded that wonder of Christian art, Monreale, by many deemed “the noblest church in the world.” Thus runs the legend, so dear to Palermitans, repeated from father to son.

One summer afternoon, wearied with hunting in the forest, William the Good lay upon the ground to sleep; and while he slept Our Blessed Lady appeared to him, commanding the erection upon that spot of a church in her honor. Joyfully awaking, the King slept not again till he had given orders for the immediate carrying out of the divine will; first taking care to mark by a golden lamp, suspended thereon, that tree beneath which the glorious vision stood. “For here shall be the high altar,” said the King; and while all other trees of the virgin forest were being felled to make place for the Virgin’s shrine, that favored one, its lamp kept perpetually burning, was left standing till the last.

Therefore, together with the vast Benedictine abbey and cloister—“a monastic Alhambra” (now, alas! falling to ruin)—was quickly begun and slowly builded on the mountain’s slope this grand old Norman stronghold of Our Lady; created a cathedral in 1682 by Pope Lucius III., who, looking on the work, exclaimed: “The like of this church hath not been constructed by any king, even from ancient times; and it is such that it must compel all men to admiration!”



FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

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If, externally, in the first view of Monreale, disappointment awaits one, that may be because, on the way there, one's eyes have grown too accustomed to beauty of God's and man's creating, and lips weary of uttering at each step "*Bello, bello!*" For that same morning one may have seen the sun rise from the ivied chapel behind Santa Maria di Gesù; looked thence down upon the mountain-girdled plain and white-domed city of Palermo, curving round the azure bay. On climbing Monte Pellegrino, flanked by its sheer precipices nineteen hundred feet above the sea, to whose solitude "from the bray and bustle of worldly life" fled the twelve-year-old child Rosalie, there with prayer and penance to mould her pure soul to perfectness, you may have heard the noon Angelus bell float skyward from all Palermo's towers, and breathed your orison before the grotto where she lived and died; from whose entrance her marble effigy, robed in solid gold, overwatches the city, whose patron Saint she is. Then, as the sunbeams begin to slant, the dreamy ride up from the valley of the Concha D'ors, under blossom-starred boughs of almond and orange trees, past the old Convent of San Martino—gray hermit, cowed in pines—up and up to Monreale.

If the dome appears small and the towers plain, the eastern portal compensates for all. Great richness is produced by the mode of its ornamentation: the interlaced arches, upheld by slender pillars, being formed of alternate blocks of black and white marble; the panels diversified with multi-colored mosaics. The three beautiful doors are of bronze elaborately adorned with Scriptural designs and arabesques, the largest one executed by the architect of Pisa's Leaning Tower.

Within, the blending of different styles is remarkable. In form, according to the founder's wish, a Latin cross; its columns are borrowed from Roman temples, their capitals Greek; the Byzantine mosaics, in which Monreale is the richest of all medieval churches, wrought upon a gold ground, time has mellowed into a delicious purple haze of glory. The nave is ample, and the arches slightly pointed. Narrow windows cast a tempered radiance over the flat, gorgeously embellished roof. There

is a single aisle; the east end consists of three apses, the largest one terminating in the magnificent high altar.

Above it, unique in design and effect, is the famous fresco, a half-length figure of Christ, so colossal that the whole edifice seems merely a mantle thrown about it. The right hand is outstretched in benediction; the left holds an open book wherein is written: "I am the Light of the world."

"It was during a night service that I first entered Monreale," says a traveler of the last half century. "Every stone of the tessellated floor was hidden by a worshipping multitude. Pausing near the door, my uplifted eyes discerned, looming through the incense, clouds high above the candle-blazing altar, which alone seemed to conceal the rest of the mighty form, the head of Christ, the living God. And, in the shadow, truly seemed it breathing, moving. How describe the effect of this picture, in beholding which the terrors of Judgment Day, and the dread meeting face to face, *forced the soul, trembling, to its knees!*"

But, as though to give hope in recalling to the trembling soul its most powerful intercessor, just below the representation of Our Lord's divinity is suspended one of the tenderest, most compassionate of Madonnas, into whose mother-eyes smiles the Infant, while He leans upon her with all the touching dependence of human childhood.

The Sainte Chapelle at Paris claims possession of the heart of St. Louis of France; but here, in the north transept, is inurned part of his body,—relics held in veneration by the Sicilians even when throughout their land the name of his brother, Charles of Anjou, was spoken with deserved execration.

Over the "King's chair" a portrait of William the Good represents him humbly offering to Our Lady the church she bade him build—one of royal Faith's most royal tokens—Monreale; to quote the words of Dantier, "sculptured in whose stones, enamelled on whose mosaics, all the religion, all the poetry of that age was left to the admiration of succeeding ones."

Early on Low Sunday morning, in the year 1100, a brilliant light shone on the Adriatic shore near Ravenna. Blessed Peter

degli Onerti, then superior of the Canons Regular in that place, went down to the beach with some of his brethren to investigate the phenomenon. They saw two angels bearing torches which emitted a dazzling light; and between the angels a portrait of the Blessed Virgin, engraved on a marble slab, coming over the waves of the sea. When the picture reached the group standing on the water's edge, it placed itself in the arms of Blessed Peter, who took it with joy to the collegiate church.

Such is the local tradition as to the arrival at Ravenna of the famous Madonna Greca. Marvelous answers to petitions made before this new Shrine soon resulted in the erection of a magnificent temple, in which the image was enshrined. Pilgrimages to Our Lady at Ravenna were taken part in by many popes, kings and emperors; for centuries it was considered the principal sanctuary of Mary in Italy. Since the Revolution in that country, and the consequent expulsion from their basilica of the Black Canons, many exercises of piety have necessarily been suspended at the Shrine, and it has thus lost some of its attractiveness. Cardinal Galeati, Archbishop of Ravenna, intends to mark the Pope's Golden Jubilee by the re-establishment of the Madonna Greca in its former position of honor. An interesting fact in connection with this picture is that before it Blessed Peter Onerti established the first congregation of the Children of Mary.

MADONNA OF PERUGINO

Out of all the fair Madonnas
Seen in many a rich and distant city—
Sweet Madonnas, with the mother's bosoms,
Sad Madonnas, with the eyes of anguish;
Rapt Madonnas, caught in clouds of heaven—
(Clouds of golden, glad, adoring angels)—
She of Florence in "the Chair," so perfect:
She that was the Grand Duke's wealth and glory,
She that makes the picture of "the Goldfinch;"
Ghirlandajo's with the cloak and jewels;
Guido's Queen, whom men and angels worship:
Della Robbia's best; and that sweet "Perla,"

Seville's bright boast, Mary of Murillo,
(Painted, so they vow, with milk and roses;)
Guido Reni's "Quadro" at Bologna;
Munich's masterpiece, grim Durer's goddess:
Yes, and thy brave work, Beltraffio mio—
Many as the lessons are I owe them,
Thanks and wonder, worship, grateful memories,
Oftenest I shall think of Perugino's.
Do you know it? Either side a triptych
Stands an armed Archangel, as to guard her
Glorious, with great wings and shining armour:
In the middle panel, pure and tender,
Clasping close her hands, with adoration,
(All the mother's love, the mortal's worship,
In their yearning, in their reverence painted,)
Gazes Mary on the Child. A seraph
Holds Him, smiling, at her knees; and smiling,
Looks she down with spirit humbly-happy,
Full, to the heart's brim, of the peace of heaven.
Reverence mingles with the Mother's passion,
But no touch of sadness, or of doubting.
This is why, of many rare Madonnas,
Most of all I think on Perugino's.

Sir Edwin Arnold, 1832.



APPARITION
TO
ST. WILLIAM, AB. F. MONTE VERGINE
MONTE VERGINE, ITALY

1119

"The day must come, nor distant far its date,
Time flies so swift and sure,
O peerless and alone,
When death my heart, now conscience struck, shall seize,
Commend me, Virgin, to thy dear Son!
True God and Very Man,
That my last sigh in peace may, in His arms, be breathed!"

Francesca Petrarch.



FEW miles from Avellino, the capital of that province of Italy known as Principato Ulteriore, rises the peak of the Apennines known as Monte Vergine. The mountain was famous in ancient days for the Temple of Cybele near its summit, where the "mother of the gods" received worship from frenzied corybantes, to the clash of the cymbal and drum which accompanied their wild dances. It is said to have been once called Mount Virgilian, after the great poet Virgil of Mantua, who, according to tradition, took up his abode there. Dantier, a French writer of the early part of this country, declares that Virgil gave to it the name of the Virgin's Mountain, in allusion to the oracles of the sibyls concerning the miraculous birth of a Saviour. The poet, according to this writer, struck by the legends which foretold this coming marvel, ascended to the Temple of Cybele to consult the priests upon the event. Either through malice or ignorance, they refused to enlighten him, and he resolved to apply to the goddess herself for aid. To gain her good-will, he planted in the ground sacred to her certain flowers brought from the East; and so far propitiated Cybele that she deigned to reveal to him the knowledge he sought. It

is a remarkable fact that at the top of the mountain a piece of table-land is still called Virgil's Garden.

Whatever may be the origin of the name Monte Vergine, it has for many centuries designated one of the favored sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Italy, a country peculiarly dear to Our Lady. This sanctuary owes its origin to St. William of Vercelli, in Piedmont. At the age of fifteen this Saint embraced a life of great austerity, and eventually fixed his residence in solitude upon this mountain in 1119.

In this region of wild grandeur St. William was favored with many supernatural graces. Soon after his arrival Our Blessed Lady appeared to him, holding in her arms the Divine Infant, who made known to the Saint the mission which God entrusted to him. This was to build on that spot, formerly the stronghold of paganism, a Christian temple dedicated to Mary; so that where the worship of the false goddess, foolishly entitled the "mother of the gods," had flourished, the cultus of the true Mother of God might be maintained. In obedience to this command, St. William built on the mountain a small chapel which he dedicated to Our Lady. Its site had been miraculously made known to him by a flock of white doves, which rested upon the spot henceforth to be held sacred to the purest of God's creatures.

As a means of perpetuating the work begun, God gathered around St. William a band of pious disciples, who formed the nucleus of the great Order which was to bear the name of Monte Vergine,—its members assuming a white habit in honor of the Blessed Virgin. This order was eventually incorporated in the great Benedictine family, the original habit being retained. In course of time a magnificent basilica replaced the humble chapel which St. William had constructed. Thus the work imposed upon the Saint was brought to perfection by his children, and the sanctuary of Mary firmly established.

When St. William raised the first oratory on the mountain, he exposed in it a rude picture of the Mother of God (represented as giving nourishment to the Divine Infant), which he had caused to be painted on a wooden panel; at the foot of the

picture the Saint himself was to be seen kneeling in prayer. The work had no artistic merit, and derived its value from the fact that the Saint had directed its production, and that his own figure was believed to be a reliable portrait. This picture remained in the original chapel, which had been incorporated in the church, until 1310, when it was removed to make way for a more valuable and far more beautiful painting, which at that date came into the possession of the abbey. St. William's first picture is still preserved in the night choir, in the precincts of the monastery, where it is to be seen over the altar; but unfortunately the figure of the Saint has been obliterated by age.

The picture which took the place of the old one was really far more ancient. According to tradition, it was painted by St. Luke, and was held in great veneration at Antioch. The pious Empress Eudoxia, widow of Theodosius the Younger, sent it to her sister-in-law, St. Pulcheria, at Constantinople. That holy virgin placed it in one of the many churches she had erected in honor of Our Lady; and there it was venerated with much devotion until A. D. 1261. In that year Baldwin II., the last of the Latin Emperors at Constantinople, was dethroned, and fled from Michael Paleologus, who assumed the imperial power. Baldwin escaped to the island of Eubœa, and thence to Italy. One of the most treasured of the Christian antiquities of the metropolis was the time-honored picture of Mary Immaculate. The exiled Emperor was unable to bring it away entire; but the upper part, containing the faces of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child, was cut off and carried into Italy. The picture came to be called Our Lady of Constantinople.

After Baldwin's death, this treasure became the property of his grand-niece and heiress, Catherine of Valois, who married Philip of Anjou. In 1310 she caused it to be restored to its original size by Montana, an artist of Arezzo, and presented it to the church of Monte Vergine, which she frequently visited. There it has remained for nearly six hundred years, an object of devotion to thousands of the faithful who have climbed the steep ascent to visit this mountain Shrine of the Queen of

Heaven. All these facts are related in authentic documents preserved in the archives of the abbey.

Pilgrimages to Monte Vergine are of daily occurrence during those months when the road is passable; for during the winter snow renders the ascent next to impossible for many weeks. From May to November pilgrims flock there from all the Neapolitan provinces. Natives of Terra di Lavoro, Molise, Capitanata, Basilicata, Bari, the Abruzzi, and even distant Otranto, wend their way in thousands to the sacred spot. So numerous are these pilgrimages that special arrangements have to be made for their conveyance during the summer months. And yet they are not mere excursions for pleasure. It is a common practice for the pilgrims to arrive fasting in order to receive Holy Communion. In all cases abstinence from flesh-meat is rigidly observed as long as they remain on the mountain, in accordance with the command given by Our Lord to St. William, and kept unbroken ever since by his monks.

Those who are familiar with the sight tell us that it is striking to witness the earnestness and devotion of these simple Neapolitan peasants on such occasions. The ascent is begun from the south, at Mercogliano; or from the east, at Ospedaleto d'Alpinato,—both of them villages under the ecclesiastical rule of the abbot. Although it is customary for many to drive as far as one or other of these places, every pilgrim must make the ascent on foot, except such children as are carried by their parents. When a third part of the ascent has been accomplished, all form in processional order. After the processional cross follow the men, two by two; if they belong to the peasant class, they will almost invariably carry in their hands the traditional pilgrim's staff with its suspended water-bottle. After the men come the women, also in pairs. Most of them carry on their heads baskets containing food and necessaries. The children form in the same way a separate detachment.

Not the least attractive feature in these long processions is the distinctive festal attire peculiar to each province. These costumes are often richly embroidered, and are handed down from father to son as family treasures. The women especially

form a brilliant company; for, besides the bright colors which are also conspicuous in the costumes of the men, they are glittering with chains, bracelets, ear-rings and finger-rings of gold—some of them of valuable antique workmanship,—which form the collection of family jewels most jealously guarded by every Neapolitan matron. The fact that every province differs widely in the fashion, color and material of its holiday costume gives variety to each procession.

As soon as the pilgrims have formed in order, devotions begin, and continue without intermission till the sanctuary is reached. The Rosary, litanies, psalms, antiphons of Our Lady—especially the *Salve Regina*—are recited or sung by the whole body. Arrived at the summit, each one makes three genuflections, and all kiss their hands toward the sanctuary of Mary Immaculate.

The road up the mountain is surrounded by scenery of exquisite beauty, winding as it does through clumps of elms, birches or olives, with here and there a vineyard on the slope of the mountain. Glimpses of distant scenes may occasionally be snatched as the path mounts upward. But arrived at the summit, about four thousand feet above the sea, a vision of enchanting loveliness breaks on the view. Mountains and hills, valleys and plains, dotted with cities, towns and villages; the distant prospect of the gulfs of Salerno and Apulia and the Bay of Naples, form altogether a beautiful panorama.

The large and imposing buildings of the abbey, with its fine church, were restored a few years ago, and have been declared by the Government a national monument; so that the monks are now comparatively secure from molestation,—more fortunate than too many other religious communities in Italy. The monks and lay-brothers number about thirty-five.

The church is cruciform in shape, and built after the usual type of a basilica. The picture of the Madonna is placed over an altar in the transept, on the epistle side. The figure of Our Lady is larger than life-size; she is seated on a rich throne; her right hand embraces the Holy Child, who is seated on her left arm. Our Lord's left hand is clasping that of His Mother,

and His right hand is extended toward her. Our Lady is vested in a blue and gold mantle of thickly plaited folds, and a red under garment. The Divine Infant is in red. On the head of Our Lord is a triple gold crown, and a crown also adorns that of His Holy Mother. The necks of both are hung with many chains of jewels and gold. Costly gems set in collars of crimson velvet adorn both figures. Some of these gems are of great value; they comprise diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls of large size. The crowns and jewels are, of course, votive offerings, and do not form part of the original painting. The whole chapel is nearly covered with *ex-votos* of all kinds.

At the back of the throne-like chair on which Our Lady sits are diminutive figures of angels waving censers. Other angels also, of smaller size than the principal figures, stand round the Blessed Virgin's footstool, singing and waving palms. This method of representing inferiority of dignity by lessening the stature of some of the figures of a painting is peculiarly medieval.

But it is not the magnificent decoration of the picture which most impresses the beholder. The features of the Virgin Mother are full of beauty and dignity. The eyes especially strike one at the first glance. They are large and dark, and have the power of inspiring with peace and confidence those who regard them devoutly. Many who have approached the picture with hearts overflowing with sorrow and anxiety have experienced, under that mild yet steadfast gaze from the eyes of Our Lady, the sensation of an ever-increasing calm and rest of soul.

When a pilgrimage arrives at the church all the pilgrims with one voice chant the *Salve Regina*; and as they enter and behold from afar the sacred picture, they break forth into shouts of "Evviva!" many weeping aloud for joy. The first duty after a visit to the miraculous picture is to confess and communicate. As many as sixty thousand persons approach the Sacraments here in the course of a year. After partaking of their simple refreshment, the pilgrims are ready to devote themselves for the rest of the day to the praise of the Madonna. Rosaries and

other prayers, litanies and hymns, resound continually. Not only during the day, but all through the night does this go on,—one band after another in regular succession keeping vigil till dawn. When the pilgrims have laid before the Queen of Heaven all their necessities and made their humble offerings, they prepare to set out for home.

After a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, they re-form in processional order. Kneeling, they begin the Litany of Loreto; when the invocation *Sancta Maria* has been sung, all rise and slowly move backward toward the door; keeping their faces turned toward the picture, as subjects do in the presence-chamber of an earthly sovereign; and repeatedly crying, "*Evviva la Madonna!*" as they kiss their hands in leave-taking. Arrived at the piazza in front of the church, they wend their way in procession down the mountain. Large pilgrimages, as has been stated, are of daily occurrence; but still greater is the concourse at Pentecost and on the Nativity of Our Lady, when pilgrims flock thither from all the Neapolitan provinces.

The picture has already been alluded to as miraculous. The numerous *ex-votos* on and around it testify to the manifestations of Our Lady's bounty to her clients; but we have more explicit proofs of this in the records of many wondrous interventions which have taken place here. The following will serve as an example of many a like cure:

A friend of the writer received from the lips of the venerable Abbot, the Rt. Rev. Dom Victor Corvaia, the subjoined account of a scene which he himself witnessed on one occasion in the church of Monte Vergine. The pilgrims are often vociferous in their prayers, and shouts and cries are constantly resounding. But on the day in question one voice in particular was raised continually, with such untiring energy that he approached the Shrine to discover the reason of the disturbance. A woman was kneeling there in such a state of wild excitement that the good Abbot feared she had lost her reason, until he realized the cause of her constant cries. By her side was her infant of three years—a sickly, deformed boy, looking the image of death. From time to time she would lift him up to Our Lady as though

to move her compassion, while with vehement weeping she urged her suit. The other pilgrims crowding round would sympathetically murmur now and then, *Poveretta!*—"Poor woman!"—as they witnessed her earnest entreaty. "*Madonna mia!*" she would cry, "you gave me six lovely children, strong and healthy, with beautiful eyes and curling hair; and one by one you took them to yourself. And in their place you sent me this little cripple. Look!" as she almost fiercely snatched up the baby. "What use is such a child as this? Take him, too,—take him to yourself or else cure him!" Daring words, but powerful because of the intense faith which prompted them. We might almost imagine Our Lady answering in the words once used by her Divine Son: "O woman, great is thy faith! Be it done to thee as thou wilt." Suddenly the child escapes from his mother's grasp and runs along the marble pavement, instantaneously cured! Weeping and shouting for joy, the delighted multitude, with cries of "*Evviva!*" join their thanksgivings to those of the grateful mother.

Such is the sanctuary of Monte Vergine—a source of graces to all who seek them with a childlike faith. Its living power in that Italy which has risen in rebellion against God's Vicar is proof alike of the divine forbearance and of the never-dying love of the Heart of Mary for her wayward children.

O STAR OF GALILEE

O Star of Galilee,
Shining o'er this earth's dark sea,
Shed thy glorious light on me—
 Maria Stella Maris!

Queen of clemency and love,
Be my advocate above;
And, through Christ, all sin remove—
 Maria Stella Maris!

When the Angel called thee blest,
And with transports filled thy breast,
'Twas thy Lord became thy guest—
 Maria Stella Maris!

Earth's purest creature thou,
In the heavens exulting now,
With the halo round thy brow—
 Maria Stella Maris!

Beauty beams in every trace
Of thy Virgin-Mother's face,
Full of glory and of grace;
 Maria Stella Maris!

Thou a beacon to the just,
To the sinner Hope and Trust,
Joy of the angel-host,
 Maria Stella Maris!

Ever glorified, thy throne
Is where thy blessed Son
Doth reign: Through Him alone;
 Maria Stella Maris!

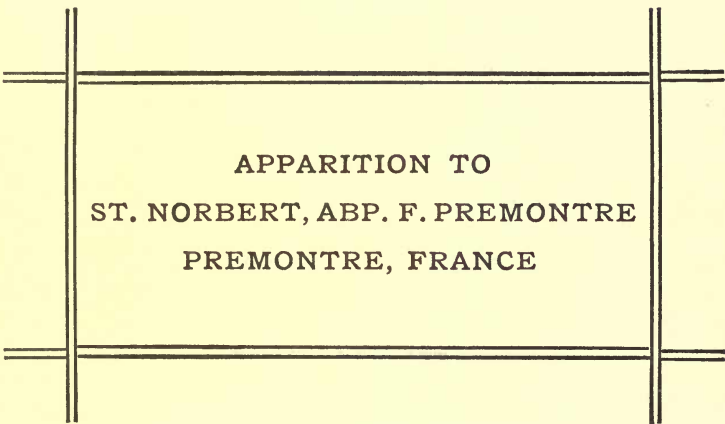
All pestilence shall cease,
And sin and strife decrease;
And the kingdom come of peace;
 Maria Stella Maris!

Girolamo Savonarola, O.P.

PRAYER TO THE HOLY VIRGIN

BY ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENA

O Woman, loaded with benedictions above all creatures! Thou art the only Mother of God, the Queen of the universe, the dispenser of all graces, the ornament of the Church; in thee is contained the incomprehensible greatness of all virtues, of all gifts; thou art the temple of God, the paradise of delight, the model of all the just, the consolation of thy servants, the glory and the source of our salvation; thou art the gate of heaven, the joy of the elect, the object of God's predilection. It is only imperfectly we can celebrate thy praises, but do thou make up for our deficiencies, to the end that we may worthily praise thee throughout eternity.



APPARITION TO
ST. NORBERT, ABP. F. PREMONTRE
PREMONTRE, FRANCE

APPARITION
TO
ST. NORBERT, ABP. F. PREMONTRE
PREMONTRE, FRANCE

1120

Aid us from thy throne above,
Saint Norbert by thy pray'r;
Dear Lady of our life-long love,
Oh! take us to thy care.

Sister C.



ST. NORBERT was born at Santen in the duchy of Cleves in 1080. His father Heribert, Count of Gennep, was related to the Emperor of Germany, and his mother derived her pedigree from the house of Lorrain. The rank which his birth gave was rendered more illustrious by the excellent qualifications of his mind and body. His application to his studies was very remarkable, and he passed through his academical exercises with great applause. But being at first blinded by the flattery of the world, he allowed himself to be carried away by its pleasures, and had no higher thoughts than how he might live in honor and at his ease. He even received the ecclesiastical tonsure in a worldly spirit; and though he was appointed to a canonry at Santen, and ordained subdeacon, he neither changed his spirits nor his conduct.

He was so thoroughly enslaved to the world that he refused the bishopric of Cambrai, offered to him by the Emperor Henry IV., his cousin, who appointed him his almoner, and nothing short of a miracle of grace could change this ambitious soul into another St. Paul. So God, who looked with compassion on the heart of Norbert, soon wrought this miracle of grace. One day as Norbert, bent on pleasure, was riding to a

village called Vreden, six leagues from Santen, mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, and attended by his servant; when in the midst of a pleasant meadow he was suddenly overtaken by a violent thunder storm. The servant, overcome with fear, exclaimed: "Whither art thou going? Come back, for the hand of God is against thee." Hardly had he uttered these prophetic words than with a loud clap of thunder a ball of fire or lightning fell at his horse's feet, burning the grass and tearing up the earth. The horse thus frightened, threw Norbert, who lay like one dead for some time, when recovering, like another Saul, he cried to God in the bitterness of his heart: "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" To this question the Divine Grace interiorly replied: "Turn away from evil and do good: Seek after peace and pursue it." Being thus humbled in pursuit of his pleasures, Norbert became at once a sincere penitent. Renouncing his appointments at the court, he returned to Santen, where he led a life of retirement and penance and spent his time in tears and prayers.

The fire of Divine love being kindled in his heart, gained strength every day by his fidelity, and by more supplies of grace. His conversion was completed by a retreat which he made. Norbert was then in his thirtieth year. After this he employed two years in preparing for the priesthood, which he received from the Archbishop of Cologne, together with the order of subdeacon.

Soon after he sold his estate, giving the money to the poor, retired from the world, accompanied by one companion, his chaplain, Hugh, who left all to go with Norbert.

Bartholomew, Bishop of Laon, desirous of keeping Norbert in his diocese, accompanied him to find a favorable place for a conventual life. After visiting several places, they went to the forest of Coucy, where they found a deep marshy valley, named Premontre, where the waters flowed from the mountains and covered with thorns and brushwood. There was in this retreat a little chapel fallen into ruin, dedicated to St. John the Baptist; and into this chapel they entered to pray. Norbert being immediately seized with the Spirit of God was soon in

ecstasy, in which he remained until he was informed by the bishop that night was drawing near. Norbert begged to be allowed to remain all night in prayer, in the little chapel. Whilst Norbert was praying most fervently that God would direct him in founding his Order, the Queen of Angels appeared to him, and told him that his prayers were granted. She indicated to him the place where he should build the first house of His Order, and she gave him the white habit of the Order, saying: "Receive my son, the white habit," and requested him to ask the Sovereign Pontiff to confirm his Order. After this the Queen of Heaven disappeared, and Norbert remained enraptured in prayer until morning, when he was rejoined by the bishop.

The bishop built a monastery in that place for Norbert, who assembled out of Brabant thirteen brethren, desirous to serve God under his direction. Their number soon increased to forty, who made their profession on Christmas Day, 1121. The Saint gave them the rule of St. Augustine, with a white habit, destining them, in imitation of the angels in heaven, to sing the divine praises on earth. Their manner of living was very austere. The Order soon spread over several parts of Europe. Several persons of distinction fled from the corruption of the world to the sanctuaries established by this great director in the paths of salvation. His institute had been approved by the Legates of Calixtus II., but a more solemn confirmation being judged necessary, Norbert went to Rome in 1125. Pope Honorius II., who had succeeded Calixtus II., was a great encourager of learning, received him with all possible respect and affection, and granted all he desired, as appears by his Bull, dated in February, the same year.

St. Norbert, desiring to unite his followers by a common rule, commanded them to fast and pray to heaven for that purpose. While he was praying to Almighty God in the same chapel where Our Blessed Lady had appeared to him, to know His will as to what rule he should give his religious, St. Augustine appeared to him surrounded by a brilliant light, offering a book, written in golden letters, addressing him in these words: "I am Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, receive this Rule, which I have

written: If thy brothers, who will be my sons, are faithful in observing it, they may present themselves without fear before the terrible tribunal at the last Judgment."

Norbert having completed the great work of establishing his Order, was obliged to quit his monastery, to be placed in a more exalted station for the benefit of many. The Count of Champagne, who did nothing of importance without the advice of Norbert, took him into Germany, whither he was going to conclude a treaty of marriage between himself and Maud, a niece to the Bishop of Ratisbon. After the death of the unhappy Emperor Henry V., Lothaire II., Duke of Saxony, was chosen King of the Romans in 1125. This excellent prince, whose reign was equally glorious and religious, was holding a diet at Spire when the count and Norbert arrived at that city. Deputies from the City of Magdeburg were come to the same place to solicit Lothaire for an Archbishop in the place of Roger, who died the year before. Two persons were proposed for that dignity; but Lothaire preferred Norbert to them both. At his name the deputies rejoiced and, indeed, the Saint was the only person not pleased with the nomination. The Pope's Legate, Cardinal Gerard, who was afterwards Pope under the name of Lucius II., made use of his authority to oblige him to comply. The deputies of Magdeburg took him with them to that city, where he was met at a distance by the principal persons and the clergy. He followed the procession barefoot, and was conducted to the church and thence to his palace. But his dress was so mean and poor that the porter shut the door against him, saying: "Why will you go in to disturb my lords?" Those that followed cried out: "He is our Bishop." The Saint said to the porter: "Brother, you know me better than they do who have raised such a one to this dignity." In this high station the austerity of his life was the same he had practised in the cloister, only his humility was more conspicuous. By the weight of his authority, eloquence, and example, he made a great reformation, both in the clergy and laity of his diocese, and by his undaunted resolution he recovered a considerable part of the lands of his church which had fallen into the

hands of certain secular princes. But his zeal made those his enemies whom his charity could not gain to their duty.

After the death of Honorius II. an unhappy schism divided the church. Innocent the II. was duly chosen on the fourteenth of February, 1130. Notwithstanding which, Peter the son of Leo, under the name of Anacletus II., was acknowledged at Rome, and by Roger of Sicily. The true Pope was obliged to fly into France, where he held councils at Clermont, Rheims, and Le Puy in Velay. St. Bernard and St. Norbert labored vigorously to prevent or remedy the disorders which the schism brought into many places. St. Norbert assisted for this purpose at the council which the Pope assembled at Rheims in 1131. Upon his return home, the Emperor Lothaire, who resolved to march his army to Rome to put Innocent II. in possession of the Lateran Church in 1132, carried our holy Bishop with him in that expedition, trusting that his piety, prayers and zealous exhortations would contribute very much to the success of his undertaking; and the event answered his expectations. The Saint returned to Magdeburg, where he fell ill, and after four months' sickness, died the death of the just on the sixth of June, in the eighth year of his episcopal dignity, the fifty-third of his age, of our redemption 1134. He was canonized by Gregory XIII. in 1582. Pope Urban VIII. appointed his festival to be kept on the tenth of June. His body remained at Magdeburg till that city embraced the Lutheran doctrine and revolted. The Emperor Charles V. laid siege to it, but was prevailed upon to withdraw his armory for a great sum of money. In the reign of Ferdinand II., the Lutheran magistrates, at the request of the Norbertine Order, and of many princes, consented that the body of St. Norbert should be removed out of their city. The Emperor ordered that it should be translated to Prague, which was done with great pomp, in 1627. The sacred treasure was carried into that city by fourteen Abbots, and laid in the church called Mount Sion, all the Orders of the city attending the ceremony in the most solemn and magnificent procession.

St. Norbert is usually painted holding a ciborium in his

hand. He is distinguished by this symbol on account of his great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He inculcated in all his sermons the frequent reception of this Divine food, being sensible from daily experience, and from the words of truth itself, that a neglect, and much more a distaste of the Holy Communion, is a deplorable symptom of a most dangerous state in a spiritual life. A short interval in order to a better preparation is often a good and necessary duty.

“But he who seldom receives Holy Communion, because he is tepid and cold, is like one who would say, ‘I never approach the fire, because I am cold.’ I have not recourse to the physician, because I am sick,” as the devout Gerson writes. The Divine Sacrament is the most powerful, and sovereign remedy of our spiritual miseries, and the source of heavenly comfort to alleviate the sorrows of our mortal pilgrimage. The deeper sense we have of our spiritual indigence, with so much the greater eagerness ought we continually to cry out: “If I but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be saved.” Can we slight the most tender invitations of Our Divine Redeemer? Can we disobey His repeated commands, and contemn His threats? That person cannot love Jesus who is not solicitous to unite himself often with Him in this Sacrament of Love.

IN LONE PREMONTRE'S VALLEY

In lone Premontre's valley pray'd,—
 St. Norbert prayed all night.—
 When suddenly the dark green wild
 Grew glorious with soft light,
 And 'mid the starry splendor stood,
 Our Queen of many years,—
 Our joy in days of gladness; and
 The solace of our tears.

The Saint with glowing heart beheld
 The radiant Queen who said,
 Take thou this sign of grace, my child
 As o'er his bended head

She held the snowy habit bless'd
By heavenly hands above;
'And brought by Mary's care to be
A token of her love.

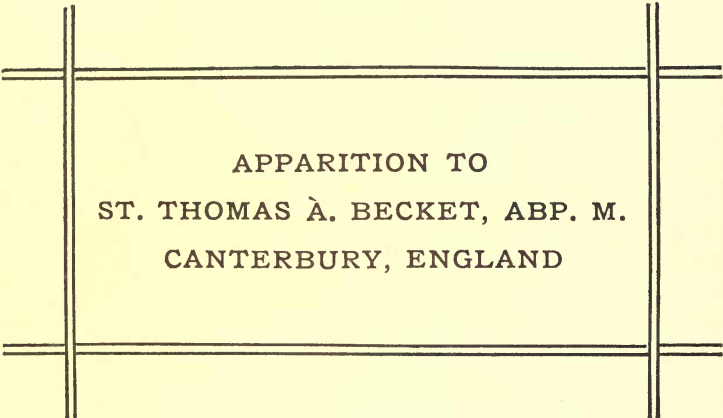
The light grew dim, the Queen was gone,
St. Norbert slowly rose;
'And in his spotless habit clad,
Went forth to meet the foes;
The foes of the great Heart of Love,
Who sought the altar thrown.—
The foes of her whom nations hail
Immaculate, alone.

Long years went by, St. Norbert found
A holier home than earth;
Yet still the snow-white habit tells
Its spiritual birth.
And still it bids St. Norbert's band
With hearts that dwell above,
In choral pray'r and praise proclaim,
God's and our Lady's love.

Still to the wandering and the weak,
They haste with holy care;
Still shrinks the tempter from the touch
Of Norbert's Lily Fair.
'An when from exile and from strife
The call to rest shall come;
St. Norbert's glorious hand will lead
His faithful children home.

Sister C.





APPARITION TO
ST. THOMAS À. BECKET, ABP. M.
CANTERBURY, ENGLAND

Private Use Only

APPARITION
TO
ST. THOMAS À BECKET, ABP. M.
CANTERBURY, ENGLAND

1128

Triumph, for Thy dignity
And most ardent charity
Give Thee power with Thy Child;
Thy request whate'er it be,
Is most surely granted Thee
By Thy Son, so sweet and mild.

St. Thomas of Canterbury.



LOWLY but surely, Englishmen are unlearning the history of the Church in their country as taught for the last three hundred years. Slowly but surely, as the truth about days gone by comes out more clearly, so are names once honored, then reviled, regaining their old place in the hearts and minds of our country people. Of these, two of the successors of St. Augustine of Canterbury, St. Dunstan the Saxon and St. Thomas the Norman, are examples in point.

“Proud prelates, haughty churchmen, rebellious subjects,” was once the style in which grave historians, and all the swarm of popular writers who followed in their wake, spoke of these great men. Now they are recognized by those most fit to judge, if not as Saints of God, at least as men of highest principle, who struggled and suffered for Liberty and for Right.

No English name was in the days of Catholic unity so well known throughout Christendom as that of St. Thomas à Becket. He still receives a world-wide veneration even in this day, for his feast is kept throughout the Universal Church. To make his life once more familiar is the aim of this slight sketch.

His father, Gilbert à Becket, joined the Crusade, and some time after he was taken prisoner, and given over to an Emir.

While a prisoner a daughter of the Emir fell in love with him. She also gave him money, and delivered him from captivity. He then escaped and went home to England. Soon after the lady followed him to England, knowing no words of any Western language except "Gilbert" and "London," with the aid of which she found him in Cheapside; then her baptism, and her marriage. Thomas was born in London, on December 21, 1118, the feast day of the Apostle whose name was given to him at his baptism. His mother taught him to love the poor, and she used to, at certain times, put him in the scales and weigh him with clothes, meat, bread, and money, which were placed in the opposite scale. These things were then distributed to the poor, and her intention was, by this act, to commend him to the protection of God, and the Blessed Virgin. For, says Roger de Pontigny, among the works of piety that she exercised, she had a very special devotion to Our Blessed Lady, and carefully taught her son (as he was accustomed oftentimes to say) to fear God, and to love and venerate the Blessed Virgin with special devotion, and to invoke her as his patroness at all times.

We are told that, in his youth, Thomas received some special marks of Our Lady's favor; one was that, being ill of a fever, she appeared to him, promised him that he would recover, and placed in his hands two golden keys, as if to indicate his future greatness. The other occurred when he was at school. Playing with some other youths, his companions began to praise, some one and some another fair lady of their acquaintance, and after the fashion of the times to exhibit the gloves or other "favors" which they had received from the lady of their admiration, or, which they wore in her honor. But Thomas being required to show the like, answered, that he had given his heart to a dame of far higher degree and, being twitted by his comrades to show some token of her favor, he went into a church and, praying before an image of Our Blessed Lady, who was in truth the Lady to whom he had vowed his love, he returned to his school-fellows with a glowing countenance, as one who had been granted a heavenly grace, and exhibited to them a little box containing a cope of red color (a token apparently of his future

dignity and martyrdom), which he declared to them was the pledge of affection which he had received from the lady of his heart.

When a youth he was attached to the household of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who sent him to Paris and Bologna to study law. He became Archdeacon of Canterbury, and afterwards was chosen by the King, Henry II., Lord High Chancellor of England. His learning, great abilities, and the services rendered by him to the King and the State gained for him the especial confidence of Henry. The condition of the Church in England was then greatly disordered. The barons robbed it by force. The King seized on the revenues of the bishoprics and abbeys as they fell vacant, and held them for many years by preventing the canonical elections. The morals of the clergy were lax; those of the laity were worse. In 1160 Archbishop Theobald died, and the King insisted on the consecration of St. Thomas in his stead. St. Thomas refused, warning the King that from that hour their friendship would be broken. In the end he yielded, and was consecrated. The conflict at once broke out; St. Thomas resisted the royal customs, which violated the liberties of the Church and the laws of the realm. After six years of contention, partly spent in exile at Sens and Pontigny, St. Thomas, with full foresight of martyrdom before him, returned as a good shepherd to his Church, and on the 29th December, 1170, was martyred in his own cathedral.

Vespers were beginning when the four knights broke into the cathedral, crying, "Where is the Archbishop? Where is the traitor?" The monks fled, and St. Thomas might easily have escaped. But to die was the wish of his heart, and he advanced, saying, "Here I am, no traitor, but Archbishop. What seek you?" "Your life," they cried. "Gladly do I give it," was the reply; and bowing his head, the invincible martyr was hacked and hewn till his soul went to God. Upon the sacred body were found the stripes of his discipline, and the hair-shirt reaching to the knees, and full of vermin from never being removed. Six months later Henry II. submitted to be publicly scourged at the Saint's Shrine, and restored to the

Church her full rights. St. Thomas is the special patron Saint of the secular clergy of England.

"In the name of Jesus and the defence of His Church I am ready to die."—*Dying words of St. Thomas.*

THE SEVEN JOYS OF OUR BLESSED LADY IN HEAVEN

This devotion, no less than the former, is pleasing and agreeable to the ever-glorious Mother of God. She herself teaches us this truth, and suggested and recommended the practice of it to her servant, St. Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, as related by Pelbartus, in his *Stellarium* and in his sermon of St. Thomas; as also by Ballingham in his *Calendar of the Blessed Virgin*. The fact is related in this manner.

St. Thomas upon a time being intent on the rehearsal of the seven Hail Marys he daily performed in memory of the principal joys which his blessed Patroness, the ever-glorious Virgin, received whilst upon earth, was favored with an apparition of the sovereign Queen of Heaven. She exhorted him to add seven Aves more each day, in honor of the seven signal joys she possessed, and to instil the same devotion into the minds of others, her clients, assuring him that this instance of their respect and affection should not pass without her peculiar regard and recompense; that in their afflictions, even upon this consideration, she would aid and assist them, and most particularly, she would comfort and support them in the hour of their death. The Saint was at a loss as to the import of the commission, and accordingly sued for further instructions, which she gave him in admirable bounty and condescension, pointing out to him each particular subject and circumstance, after which, leaving him much satisfied and greatly comforted, she disappeared. The holy Archbishop not only wrote out the particulars with great care, but ever after, during his life, practised this devotion with equal fidelity and comfort.

Joy I.—*She is exalted above all the Choirs of Heaven.*

Joy II.—*Her Presence adds a Lustre to Heaven.*

Joy III.—*She is singularly honored by all the blessed.*

Joy IV.—*Her Intercession in favor of her Servants is all powerful.*

Joy V.—*Her Throne is next to that of the Blessed Trinity.*

Joy VI.—*God regards and loves those who Love and Reverence the Blessed Virgin.*

Joy VII.—*Her Joy and Glory is eternal.*

SAINT THOMAS A BECKET

When Saint à Becket was a babe, we read
His holy mother, with a mother's pride
Would take her scales and put him in one side;
Then for the poor, according to their need,
And in the measure that his weight decreed,
Her dole of food or raiment would provide;
And ever, with her grateful heart for guide,
Rose in Our Lady's praise the dear alms-deed.

But, in the balance of my thankful thought,
" 'Tis Mary's Child I set, whose little weight
From day to day increases as it ought;
And grows my love for Mary day by day,
As more and more I can appreciate
My debt to her I never can repay."

Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.J.

ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY

HYMN

On the founding of the Abbey of St. Thomas à Becket, Martyr,
in Dublin, A.D. 1177.

Rejoice, thou race of man, rejoice,
To-day the Church renews her boast
Of England's Thomas; and her voice
Is echo'd by the heavenly host.
Rejoice, whoever loves the right;
Rejoice, ye faithful men and true:
The Prince of peace o'errules the fight;
The many fall before the few.

Behold a great high priest with rays
 Of martyrdom's red sunset crowned,
 No other like him in the days
 Wherein he trod the earth was found.
 The swords of men unholy met
 Above him clashing and he bled;
 But God, the God he serves, hath set
 A wreath unfading on his head.

Great is the priestly charge, and great
 The line to whom that charge is given
 It comes not, that pontificate,
 Save from the great High priest in heaven.
 A frowning King no equal brook'd:—
 "Obey," he cried, "my will or die,"
 Thomas like Stephen, heavenward look'd
 And saw the Son of Man on high.

Blest is the people, blest and strong,
 That 'mid its pontiffs counts a Saint,
 His virtuous memory lasting long
 Shall keep its altars pure from taint.
 The heathen plot, the tyrants rage;
 But in their Saint the poor shall find
 A shield, or after many an age
 A light restored to guide the blind.

Thus with expiatory rite
 The Roman priest and Laurence sang
 And loud the regal towers that night
 With music and with feasting rang.

Aubrey de Vere.

PRACTICE IN HONOR OF MARY

BY ST. CLARE

Pray constantly to the Blessed Virgin to show herself a mother to you and to give you grace to show yourself her worthy child. St. Clare, to obtain that double favor, recited every day a great number of Aves; and it was by that pious practice that she merited for herself and her Order that special protection by Mary, on which the church felicitates herself in her Office.

APPARITION
TO
ST. BERNARD AB. D,
CLAIRVAUX, FRANCE

1130

Whene'er goes forth Thy dread command,
And my last hour is nigh,
Lord, grant me in a Christian land,
As I was born, to die.

But let my failing limbs beneath
My Mother's smile recline;
And prayers sustain my laboring breath
From out her sacred shrine.

Cardinal Newman.



BERNARD was born at the castle of Fontaines, in Burgundy. The grace of his person and the vigor of his intellect filled his parents with great hopes, and the world lay bright and smiling before him when he renounced it forever and joined the monks at Citeaux. All his brothers followed Bernard except Nivard, the youngest, who was left to comfort his father in his old age. "You will now be heir of everything," said they to him, as they departed. "Yes," said the boy, "you leave me earth, and keep heaven for yourselves; do you call that fair?" And he, too, left the world. At length their aged father came to exchange wealth and honor for the poverty of a monk of Clairvaux. One only sister remained behind; she was married, and loved the world and its pleasures. Grandly dressed, she visited Bernard. He refused to see her, and only consented to do so, not as her brother, but as the minister of Christ. The words he then spoke moved her so much that, two years later, she entered a convent with her husband's consent, and died with a reputation of sanctity. Bernard's holy example attracted so many novices that other monasteries were erected, and our saint was ap-

pointed abbot of that at Clairvaux. In spite of his desire to be unknown, the fame of his sanctity spread far and wide, and many churches asked for him as their Bishop. Through the help of Blessed Eugenius IV., his former subject, he escaped this dignity; yet his advice and protection was sought by the poor and rich; bishops, kings, and popes applied to him for advice, and at length the pope ordered him to preach the Crusade. By his fervor, eloquence and miracles he kindled the enthusiasm of Christendom, and two splendid armies were sent against the infidels. Their defeat was only due, said the Saint, to their own sins.

To mention the name of St. Bernard is to recall the memory of the greatest among the eloquent panegyrists of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and, amongst those whom the Church has raised to her altars, the one most enriched by the maternal favors of the Queen of Heaven. After the love of God and the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, this predestined and privileged soul was wholly filled with the love of Mary. It was a love that was filial, full of respect and confidence,—a love, it might be said, that knew no bounds. All that Bernard has written in praise of his Heavenly Mother, in honor of his Queen, excites our admiration; what the Blessed Virgin has done in behalf of him who was her favored child and devoted servant excites our wonder. And yet we are far from knowing all. Words are, at best, but the feeble expressions of thought, and the facts known to us in regard to this great Saint only serve to make us think of deep and impenetrable mysteries.

The Abbot of Clairvaux had been well schooled in devotion to the Blessed Virgin by the workings of divine grace and the tender care of a saintly mother. Language cannot portray the wonderful influence which a mother's watchful, anxious love exercises over the development of the heart of the child. In some mysterious manner her deep love is all absorbed in the soul of her child, and there is enkindled the flame that finds its outcome in the devotedness of the one and the sensible affection of the other. It is not for us here to seek to explain such a mystery, but it must have been realized in an exception-

ally perfect manner in a mother so holy as was Bernard's, and a son so blessed as he was.

The future panegyrist of the Queen of Heaven—he who was to furnish to succeeding ages the most happy and most forcible expressions of praise that have ever been uttered in honor of the ever-blessed Mother of God—was from his tenderest years protected and privileged by the goodness of this amiable Mother. With a particular solicitude the Blessed Virgin watched over her devoted servant. We know but little of all the favors which she bestowed so plentifully upon him, and it would be impossible for us to relate in detail those of which the knowledge has come down to us. We may, however, recall here the miraculous manner in which Bernard was cured of one of his ailments by the sweet Queen of Heaven.

It is related in the chronicles of his Order that during a severe illness of this holy man his sufferings increased day by day, and his pains were intensified by the thought that death would not come to put an end to them; for he had learned through a vision that his hour was not yet at hand. One evening, as he was alone with two Brothers, his sufferings became so insupportable that he begged one of the religious to go to the church, and there pray that God might send him some relief. The Brother excused himself, saying that his poor prayers could not obtain so great a favor. But Bernard commanded him in virtue of holy obedience. The religious immediately obeyed, went to the church, and prayed successively before three altars, one of which was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and the other two to St. Laurence the martyr and St. Benedict. At the same time the Mother of God appeared to the sick man, in company with the two Saints mentioned. Their serene countenances reflected that peace which Heaven alone can give, and they revealed themselves so distinctly to the servant of God that immediately upon their entrance into his cell he recognized them perfectly. The Blessed Virgin and the two Saints touched the sufferer, and he was at once cured.

It is well known that the three invocations with which the *Salve Regina* terminates are due to St. Bernard. After his

recovery, as he entered the Cathedral of Spires, the immense crowd that escorted him made the walls of the vast basilica resound with the melodies of this beautiful hymn. When the people concluded, the servant of God, seized with an irresistible enthusiasm, threw himself before the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and exclaimed: "O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary!" The people took up the cry, but they were not alone: the statue itself became animated, and, to the wonder of all present, it bowed to the Saint and said: "Bernard, may God bestow upon thee His salutation!"

Many incidents such as these might be cited which would show better than a long treatise the blessed and intimate relations of mother and child that existed between the Queen of Heaven and this privileged Saint. And after such wonderful manifestations of the affection of Mary for the servant of God it is not surprising that she should be revealed present by his side as he lay upon his bed of death,—that she should be there at the head of a glorious cortege of Saints and angels of paradise, to receive this predestined soul as it took its departure from this world, and conduct it in triumph to the mansions of eternal bliss.

The facts narrated are so exceptional in their nature as to permit us to infer that they were not the only ones that made glad the years of the Abbot of Clairvaux. They reveal the secret of that incomparable devotion which filled his heart towards the Blessed Virgin; they are the explanation of all that he desired and all that he undertook in order to make his Heavenly Mother better known and better loved. So ardently did he labor to this end that he became the Apostle of Mary, and ignorant minds have pretended that he invented devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Of course such an assertion is contradicted by tradition and the facts of the earliest ages; but however unfounded it may be, it serves at least to show how potent was the part which St. Bernard took, how great his influence, in propagating throughout the Church a devotion so salutary and so sweet. If the Abbot of Clairvaux did not invent what existed before him, he has the merit of being its unrivalled

preacher, and all the servants of Mary have sought in his doctrine and in his words the means whereby the better to know and the more irresistibly to teach what she is and the homage that is due to her. There has been no loving child of Mary who has not drank at this inexhaustible fountain,—no eloquent voice lifted in her praise that has not derived from him its inspiration. Great orators, as well as hearts that pray in silence and obscurity, are the disciples of this incomparable master, and the Church has stamped his panegyrics with the seal of consecration by borrowing in her sacred offices the words of St. Bernard as the best forms of praise and prayer.

In the numerous discourses which the Abbot of Clairvaux pronounced in honor of the Blessed Virgin the leading thought that seems to pervade the whole is that she is the Mother of God and that we are her children. From this prime thought, as from an inexhaustible source, follows all that is beautiful, tender and consoling in his writings. Nothing can equal his love and enthusiasm, except it be that firm confidence which ever remains unshaken despite the fiercest storms. The privileged office of the Divine Maternity shows to Bernard the position which she occupies in the world of grace, and her intervention in the destinies of souls. No one before him realized as well as he the part which the glorious Queen of Heaven takes in the works of God; and so well has he spoken of what she is and what she does that all who have come after him have repeated his own words, lest they should prove inferior in their praises, and diminish the truth which he had portrayed with such splendor. They have felt that he was near to her of whom he spoke, and that in the intimate communications with which he was favored he was admitted to the knowledge of mysteries hitherto unknown, and learned to express them in language never before equalled in its tenderness and beauty.

One should read all that this great Doctor of the Church, with childlike affection and exceptional genius, has written in praise of his most sweet and most powerful Mother. While learning to know Mary better, these pages, filled with sympathetic eloquence, will give us some idea of how much he to

whom we owe them loved her whom he called the Queen of his heart!

All through Mary! This expression resumes the whole doctrinal part of the works of St. Bernard on the Blessed Virgin. All has come to us through her, since it is to her consent that we owe Christ Jesus, and with Him and by Him grace and redemption; so, too, all should return through Her to God. She is the white ladder of Jacob by which Heaven sends its helps and blessings, and which provides for the faint-hearted and weak ones of earth the secure means by which they may raise themselves and ascend to the Throne of the Almighty.

Let us repeat some of the words of the holy Doctor: "If you wish to offer anything to God, forget not to present it through Mary, in order that grace may return to its Author through the same channel by which it came to you; for God, no doubt, might have bestowed His graces without her mediation, but He wished to provide you with the means of returning to Him. Perhaps your hands are stained with blood, or soiled by the gifts you should have rejected. Therefore it is that the little you desire to offer should be presented by the pure and worthy hands of Mary. You may then be secure that your offering will not be despised. Her hands are like the beautiful and spotless lily, and He who loves the lily will be pleased to see among the lilies the modest gift which you present to Him through the hands of Mary."

In another sermon he develops this idea still further, and with singular beauty of expression shows us the nature of her intercessory power, by which she exercises, with an efficacy that admits of no refusal, her mission as mediatrix between Our Lord Himself and His poor creatures upon earth. And in this he shows, as we have already said, how unlimited and unshaken was his confidence.

Everyone knows that the *Memorare*—that beautiful prayer beginning with the words, "Remember, O most tender Virgin!"—was composed of expressions taken from the writings of St. Bernard. Equally well known is that passage from one of his sermons in which the holy Doctor exhorts the whole world

to look to Mary for aid against every assault of the enemy—for secure refuge in all dangers.

We may say with him: You who are lost amid the storms of life and desire to arrive safely in port, keep your eyes fixed upon that radiant star, that you may not wander from your course and be wrecked by the waves. When the winds of temptations beat about you with fury, when you are surrounded by the rocks of tribulation, look to the star—call up Mary. If oppressed by the terrible weight of your faults, you tremble at the thought of the chastisements prepared by the justice of God, and you feel yourself sinking into the terrible abyss opened beneath your feet, look to the star—call upon Mary. In anxiety, in trouble, in danger, think of Mary, invoke her sweet name. Let it be always on your lips and always in your hearts. With Her as guide we cannot be lost; with Her as our intercessor we shall never despair. Give Her your hand, she will support and protect you.

This appeal of St. Bernard should ever be in our thoughts; it is the cry of a loving soul revealing the filial confidence with which it is filled,—reminding us how we should strive to imitate this great servant of Mary, and manifest our gratitude and devotion to her to whom we owe so much, and who ever proves herself our Heavenly Mother.

St. Bernard died A.D. 1153. His most precious writings have earned for him the titles of Father and Doctor of Holy Church.

As St. Gertrude reflected at Mass on the merits of St. Bernard, to whom she had a particular devotion on account of his sweet eloquence, the illustrious abbot appeared to her, clothed in ineffable glory and in three different colors, each of which were equally brilliant: white, which indicated the integrity of his innocence and purity; violet his perfection as a religious; and crimson, the fervor of his love; and these three colors appeared to impart a special pleasure to all the Saints. He had also golden bracelets, in which precious stones were interlaced with admirable skill: the gold indicated the inestimable value of his rare and admirable doctrine, and all that he had said

or written for the good of souls; the precious stones indicated his burning love of God. Our Lord drew into His Heart all the merits and advantages which had ever been gained by any person, either in heaven or on earth, from his words or writings, causing this to radiate from His Heart into that of St. Bernard, which resounded like a sweet instrument of music—his virtues, and above all his innocence and love, producing the sweetest melody imaginable.

The heart of the Saint was also adorned with a brilliant diadem of many colors, on which appeared the profit which he had desired should be gained from his writings for the greater glory of God. St. Gertrude then repeated the *Laudate-Dominum* two hundred and twenty-five times, in honor of the Saint, returning thanks to God for all the graces with which He had favored him. Then all that he said appeared on the vestments of the venerable father in the form of little shields, on which were engraven the virtues for which he had been specially distinguished when on earth; and they shone also into the soul of Gertrude, who had returned thanks to God for them.

As the Saint prayed at Mass for all the religious of whom she had charge, and especially, for those who were devout to St. Bernard, although they had not been recommended to her prayers, she beheld this venerable father again clothed in glory, the splendor of which appeared to pass from him to all those who desired to obtain the same fervent love of God as he had through his merits. As Gertrude marveled at this, she inquired why those persons who had not practised the same virtues as he had done could appear thus enriched with his merits. He replied: "A lady of noble birth is not less admired when clothed with the habits of another than when she wears her own, provided she is beautiful, and perfectly formed. Thus the virtues of the Saints obtain the same advantages for those who praise God for their fervor in acquiring them."

St. Gertrude now observed, that those who had recommended themselves to her prayers with devotion appeared adorned with a singular brightness, which others did not ob-

tain; to show that the least action done with a right intention profits much, and that the least negligence, even in little things, may be a serious loss.

On the same day, as the Saint reflected on the glory of St. Augustine, to whom she had always been devout, and thanked God for the favors He had bestowed on him, he appeared to her with St. Bernard, as if equal to him in glory, as he had been equal to him in sanctity and doctrine. This great Bishop stood before the throne of the Divine Majesty, magnificently apparelled, while rays of ardent fire appeared to shoot forth from his heart, as also from the heart of St. Bernard, towards that of Jesus Christ; this indicated the eloquence by which the holy doctor had enkindled the fire of Divine love in the hearts of men. Rays of light, like sunbeams, proceeded from his lips, which filled the whole heavens, and figured the abundant and marvelous doctrines with which he had enlightened the Church. Beneath these rays there appeared arcades of light, of admirable clearness, which attracted the attention of all, and gave abundant pleasure and content to those who gazed upon them. As the Saint beheld this with joy and admiration, she learned from St. Bernard that these arcades represented the light of the doctrine of St. Augustine, and his immense labors in defence of the Catholic faith by his discourses, and by his writings and his ardent desires, having been brought, after so many wanderings, from the darkness of ignorance to the light of faith, that he might be able to close up the way of error to all men, and to open the way of the true faith.

St. Gertrude then inquired of St. Bernard if he had not had the same end in his writings. He replied: "I spoke, wrote, and acted under the impulse of an impetuous love of God; but this illustrious doctor wrote from a principle of Divine love, and moved by the miseries which he had himself experienced."

Our Lord then drew to Himself from the blessed and from the hearts of the faithful still on earth the faith, consolation, light, and love which the writings of St. Augustine had produced; perfecting this, uniting it to His Heart, and then pouring it forth into the heart of the Saint, whose soul was pene-

trated by this Divine influence, and became like a harp before God, emitting the most perfect and the sweetest melody; and as the virginity and love of God had formed an admirable concert in the heart of St. Bernard, the penitence and fervent love of St. Augustine produced a similar effect, so that it was impossible to decide which was the most melodious. After this, St. Bernard informed St. Gertrude that the melodies which she heard were those which were spoken of in the words, *Omnis illa Deo*, etc.; for the heart of each Saint emits a melody which corresponds to its virtues, and all are ever employed in the Divine praises.

HAIL HOLY QUEEN

Rosy dawn, the orient flushing
 Dews o'er purple flowers that flow,
 Crimson wings of martyrs blushing
 Like the blood ye shed below;
 Ye in light celestial glowing—
 Gems that pave Jehovah's hall,
 Eden streams in music flowing
 Rills o'er opal rocks that fall;
 Lamps of God careering o'er us,
 Robed in more than regal sheen,
 Sing aloud in pealing chorus,
 "Hail Holy Queen!"

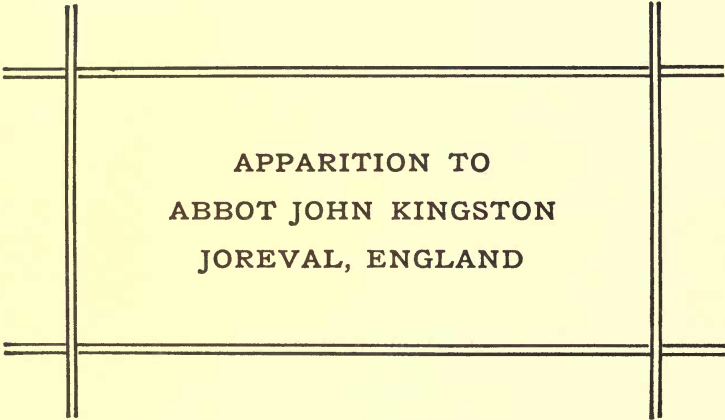
While she clasps the pretty Lisper
 To her holy Virgin breast,
 White wing cherubs around her whisper,
 Angel armies o'er her rest.
 'Tis the lip that now on Mary
 Sweetly sheds seraphic smiles,
 Bids the tides of ocean vary,
 Lights on high the starry isles.
 Ye who from the sun's dominions
 Gaze upon that heavenly scene,
 Sing to harps, with quivering pinions,
 "Hail Holy Queen!"

All the spheres behold with wonder
 Sleeping in thy bosom lie
 Him whose word in cloud and thunder
 Hurl'd them flaming through the sky.

Mary! sacred Star of Ocean,
Rise thou o'er the stormy brine,
Quell the passions' wild commotion,
Cheer and save us, Mother mine!
Round us while the tempest rages
Be thy guiding lustre seen,
'And our song through endless ages,
"Hail Holy Queen!"

Richard D'Alton Williams.





APPARITION TO
ABBOT JOHN KINGSTON
JOREVAL, ENGLAND

APPARITION
TO
ABBOT JOHN KINGSTON
JOREVAL, ENGLAND

1150

Lady Seint Mary, fayre and gode and swete,
For love of ye teres that thi self lete,
Gyve me ye grace on erthe my sines for to hete,
And that I may in Heven sitten at thi fete.

Lady Seint Mary, wo de that thi wille it ware,
Thou art ful of joye, and I ful of care,
O bring me out of sinne, and let me fal no more,
And give me grace on erthe sinne to rewe sore.

Old English.



T Joreval, in Yorkshire, England, was a shrine of Our Blessed Lady. In the year 1150 twelve monks headed by Abbot John Kingston were sent from Byland, carrying with them the Rule of St. Benedict and a few relics, as their only treasure.

It was on Wednesday, the 8th of March, when, having received the blessing of the Abbot of Byland, they went on their journey towards a pleasant valley on the river Eure, having, says the monk Serlo, "Jesus Christ as their guide and His Blessed Mother Mary for their comforter, as Abbot John often declared to one Abbot Roger, manifesting with tears the revelation made to him."

The revelation here spoken of is more particularly related by Richard, afterwards Abbot of Savigny, and we shall give his narrative as it stands in all its simplicity. "When John, first Abbot of Joreval, and his twelve monks first left our house to go to Joreval, they rested the first night at a certain village, where the following revelation was granted in sleep to the Abbot John. It seemed to him that he was at our house at Byland, and that Abbot Roger commanded him to go forth

with some of our monks to a far country as if to receive orders, and as he went out through the cloister he saw in the midst thereof a certain Lady, nobly dressed, and of surpassing beauty, holding by her left hand a fair child whose face was like the light of the moon. The boy plucked a beautiful bough from a little tree that stood in the centre of the cloister quadrangle and, having done so, they both vanished from his sight. Then he went to the gate, and there he found his companions ready and awaiting him and, as they went along, Abbot John said to them, 'Do ye know well the road and place whither we are going?' And they replied that they did not."

To whom he made answer: "Truly, I supposed that you had known it, and now see, we have entered a thick and shady wood, and if we lose our way who will guide us?" But one of them said: "Let us go in confidence, for as I trust, we cannot wander far out of our way." When they had gone a little further, it seemed to him that they became quite surrounded by thorns and brambles and high rocks, where they could see no path, neither could they retrace their steps. So as they hesitated and bewailed themselves, Abbot John proposed that they should say their Hours, and the Gospel; and when they had finished, lo! the beautiful Lady and her Son, whom he had before seen in the cloister, appeared once more; and he said: "O fair and delightful Lady, what dost thou in this desert, and whither art thou going?" To whom she made answer: "I am often in desert places, and I come from Rievaulx and Byland, where I have been speaking with the abbots, and with certain monks who are specially dear to me, and I am now going on to Newminster to console my beloved abbot there, and certain other of my monks." Then said Abbot John: "Whereas thou art but one, how is it that one friend does not suffice thee, but that thou hast many, and those far distant?" And she replied: "Truly, I have One, who has chosen me for Himself, and from whom I am never separated, either in presence or in will; nevertheless, it seems good to me to seek other friends also who love me faithfully next to Him, yet nevertheless our love ever perfect never decreases, but always augments."

Then said Abbot John: "Good Lady, I humbly entreat thee to guide me and my companions who have wandered into this unknown and narrow place, and to set us on the road towards the city, where by the help of God these monks are to receive orders; and I ask thee to do this for the love of thy friends at Byland, whence we also come." And she replied: "You say truly that you belong to Byland, but as a part belongs to the whole, as members to the head. For you were of Byland, but now you are of Joreval." And as she named Joreval he marvelled, and said: "Good Lady, lead us to Joreval, for it is thither we are going." Then looking at her Son she said: "Sweetest Son, for the love wherewith thou hast ever loved me, be a guide to these brethren who are our friends, for I am called elsewhere." And so saying she departed. But the Child, holding out the branch which He had plucked in the cloister of Byland, with a clear voice and smiling countenance, said: "Have confidence and follow Me." And they did so, walking through rough and difficult ways, without feeling any fatigue. And behold! a great number of little birds, as small as sparrows, and of snowy whiteness, flew down on to the bough which the Child held, and there continued singing the hymn, *Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino*, whereby they were so much refreshed, that they felt neither weariness nor difficulty of any kind from their journey. At last they reached a wild uncultivated spot where the Child planted His branch in the earth with the birds singing on it, and said: "Here very soon God will be adored and invoked," and as it seemed in a moment, the land grew into a great tree all covered with white birds. "Rest here," continued the Child, "and restore your strength, for you can see from hence the place whither your are going, and the way leading thereto." And with that He disappeared.

Now Abbot John slept but little after this, but lay awake revolving these things in his mind, wondering much, and greatly consoled at the Vision. Very early in the morning he and his monks arose, and having said their Matins, they proceeded by the light of the moon and stars. About daybreak

they entered a village, the inhabitants of which were just rising, and hearing a great barking of dogs, some of them looked out of their windows into the road, and seeing a number of men passing by clothed in white, one of them said: "Who are all these white men going by?" Then Abbot John stood under the shadow of the wall that he might hear what further would be said about them; and another man made answer and said: "Yesterday I was told that an abbot and twelve monks were about to remove from Byland to Joreval;" which a third man hearing, went out of the house with great joy, and gazing a little at the moon, the stars, and the signs of the firmament, he said: "These good men have removed at a happy time, for within a brief space, that is to say within thirty or forty years, they will attain to much prosperity, and enjoy abundance of all things necessary for themselves and their neighbors." Having heard these words, Abbot John proceeded on his way rejoicing, and comforting his companions as well with the words of the simple man as at the revelation he had before received. "This narrative," continues Richard, "he who reads may interpret as he wills; it suffices to me to relate it simply as I have heard it told by our elders, and that not once but many times."

STAR OF THE SEA

Wild though the storm, dark though the night,
 Still thou dost shine, placid and bright,
 Sweet gleam of Hope, Love's gentle ray,
 Star of the Sea! guiding our way.

Beaming through storms, fadeless and pure,
 Unto the goal, our beacon sure;
 Soft o'er the waves smileth thy ray,
 Star of the Sea! guiding our way.

Still lead us on, cheer from afar,
 Past the black reefs, over the bar;
 Safe into port, though lightnings play,
 Star of the Sea! guiding our way.

Poor travelers we, tossed in despair,
 If, looking up, thou wert not there;
 From midnight dark till dawn of day,
 Star of the Sea! guide thou our way.

Hope Willis.

SHRINE
TO
OUR LADY OF TRIM
MEATH, IRELAND

1150

Such, Mary, are the realms once thine,
That know no more thy golden reign.
Hold forth from Heaven thy Babe divine,
O make thine orphans thine again!

Aubrey de Vere.



THE Yellow Tower of Trine, as the ancient ruin is now called, which is in reality but part of a tall steeple, marks the site of a famous abbey said to have been founded by St. Patrick and dedicated by him to Our Blessed Lady. But the Irish soil is strewn with ruins, and the temporal structures raised in honor of Mary, have perished more easily than devotion to Mary, Our Lady, which together with the vital truths of faith, St. Patrick and his fellow missionaries implanted in the hearts of the first converts.

Trine, ever since the days of St. Patrick, a chosen sanctuary of Mary, became one of the most famous pilgrimages of Europe. From the days of King Loaghaire, church after church erected on the land given by that monarch, had received Mary's clients as they came on pilgrimages through each successive age. But now it was restored to a grandeur which it had never previously attained, and many miracles are recorded there.

Strange it seems to us that parliaments that scarce respected any human rights, safeguarded by law the privileges of Trine, provided national offerings for the Shrine under Edward IV. in 1464, and protected pilgrims to Trine though civil strife raged in deadly conflict along the Blackwater and the Boyne. Archall's Monasticon, p. 577. So it was with the sanctuary

of Navan. But the history of persecution is sad to follow. Trine and Navan were despoiled, devastation laid waste every sanctuary, Shrine and Madonna, except a few rescued and preserved by pious hands.

“My bounden dutie unto your honorable Lordschip premysid. Theise shal be to advertise you, for that I endevor my selff and also cause others of my clergie to preache the Gospell of Christe and to set forthe the Kinge’s causes, there goeth a commen brewte amonges the Yrish men that I entende to ploke downe Our Ladye of Tryme with other places of pilgramages, as the Holy Crosse and souch like, which in deade I never attempted, although my conscience wolde right well serve me to oppresse souche ydolles.” So runs a dispatch, dated June 20, 1538, from Browne, the first Anglican Archbishop of Dublin, to Henry the Eighth’s “vicar-general,” Thomas Cromwell.*

“Our Lady of Tryme” was a famous Shrine of the Mother of God preserved in the abbey church of the Canons Regular at Trim, in Meath. Its story is but a brief chapter from the long and well-known history of the devotion of the Irish people to the Blessed Virgin, and of the vandalism of the self-styled Reformers in our land.

The interesting town of Trim is situated pleasantly by the Boyne; in the olden time it was the seat of a bishopric, and possessed one of those puzzles to antiquarians, a Greek church; through the Middle Ages parliaments and important gatherings were held in it. Its extensive remains of King John’s castle, its many ruined churches and friaries, still attest its former greatness. But perhaps more famous still was it for “its image of Mary” (*dealb Muire*, as it was called in Irish), that brought to the abbey of the Canons Regular pilgrims from far and wide. I regret not to have been able to find the origin of this devo-

*This letter was written from Tallaght, County Dublin, where there was a country residence attached to the See of Dublin. It may interest some readers to know that the writer was shown, by the Dominican Fathers at Tallaght, the seal of the Papal Bull which excommunicated this same Archbishop Browne. It was discovered when the foundations were being dug for the beautiful Father Burke memorial church, and is preserved, with other interesting relics, in the monastery.

tion, but will give such references as are made to it by our native annalists and in the State papers.

The first reference to it I find in the "Annals of the Four Masters,"* where we read that "in the age of Christ, 1397, Hugh MacMahon recovered his sight by fasting in honor of the Holy Cross at Raphoe, and of the image of Mary at Ath-Truim." In Irish Our Lady is nearly always spoken of as Mary (*Maire*)—"the Mary;" so St. Patrick and the other Saints are called "Patrick," etc. Our Irish equivalent for "Good-morning" is, *De agus Maire agath*,—"God and Mary be with thee;" and the frequent response is *De agus Maire agus Padraic agath*,—"God and Mary and Patrick be with thee." It is sad to think that, unless great efforts be made by us to preserve our tongue, this beautiful greeting, with its invocation of Heaven's blessing, and its familiar *tutoiement* for stranger or neighbor, will soon be a thing of the past. But that must not be.

In 1412 again it is recorded that "the image of Our Lady at Ath-Truim wrought many miracles." Later on, in 1444, "a great miracle was wrought by the image of Mary at Trim—namely, it restored sight to a blind man, speech to a dumb man, the use of his feet to a cripple, and stretched out the hand of a person to whose side it had been fastened."

In 1472 a parliament held at Naas (12 Edw. IV.) granted to the abbot and convent of the house of Our Blessed Lady of Trim and their successors two watermills in Trim, with the weirs, fisheries, etc.; trees in the park of Trim, and services of the villeins of the manor for the ordinary establishing, repairing, and continuance of a perpetual wax-light from day to day and night to night burning before the image of Our Blessed Lady in the pavement pedestal of Our Lady in the church of the said house; and for the support of four other wax tapers continually burning before the same at the Mass of the Holy Mary, at the anthem of Our Lady, to the honor of God and our said Lady; for the good estate of our sovereign lord and Cecilia

* O'Donovan's translation, which has been used for all references to the "Four Masters."

his mother, and of his children, and for the souls of their progenitors and ancestors.

Trim was on the outmost borders of the English Pale; outside its walls the native clans held sway. To kill an Irishman beyond the Pale was no crime in English law, but a special act was passed by Parliament to allow the "rebel" to come and pay his homage without fear of death at Our Lady's Shrine at Trim. I have searched in vain for any description of a pilgrimage to it, but we can well imagine how, on Mary's festal days, the saffron-gowned clansman, the armored invader, and the burgesses from Dublin and Drogheda thronged through the Sheep-gate or the Water-gate, hurrying to the blissful Shrine. Then, too, would the Dominican from the Assumption, and the Franciscan from St. Bonaventure's; the Canon of S. Victor, of Newtown, and the crouched friar, leave their convents to join their brethren at St. Mary's in hymning the Virgin's praise.

But the evil day was at hand when, as says one of our annalists, "a heresy and a new error sprang up in England through pride, vainglory, avarice and lust, and through many strange sciences, so that the men of England went into opposition to the Pope and Rome. . . . They broke down the monasteries and sold their roofs and bells; so that from Aran to the Iccian Sea there was not one monastery that was not broken and shattered, with the exception of a few in Ireland, of which the English took no notice or heed. They afterwards burned the images, Shrines and relics of the Saints of Ireland and England; they likewise burned the celebrated image of Mary at Ath-Truim, which was used to perform wonders and miracles, and which used to heal the blind, the deaf, and the crippled, and persons affected with all kinds of diseases."

To show what store the Irish annalists set on the Reformation, let me, at the risk of being tedious, give another extract from a different source.* "The most miraculous image of Mary at Baile Ath-Trium, which the Irish people all honored for a long time before that, and which used to heal the blind, the deaf, and the lame, and every disease, in like manner was

*"The Annals of Kilronan," translated by O'Curry.

burned by the Saxons. . . . And not only that, but there was not a holy cross nor an image of Mary nor other celebrated image in Erinn, over which their power reached, that they did not burn; and the Pope and the Church in the East and at home were excommunicating the Saxons* on that account."

In August, 1538, a bishop and a friar were transferred from Dublin Castle to be tried at the sessions at Trim for "their highe and notorious offences against the Kinge's Majestie," refusing to own the "much-married" monarch's ecclesiastical supremacy. Thomas Allen, writing to Cromwell about the trial, is shocked at the conduct of some of the "maisters of the law." He says: "They thre" (Archbishop Browne, Mr. Treasurer, and the Master of the Rolls) "wold not come into the chapell where the idoll of Trym stode, to th' intent they wold not occasion the people; notwithstanding my Lord Deputie, veray devoutly kneeling before Hir, hard thre or fower Masses." The Lord Deputy was Lord Leonard Gray, who, though a bitter persecutor of the Irish, remained attached to the end to the ancient faith.

That year or next the image was destroyed, and the many and valuable offerings placed on its altar swelled the unholy coffers of the enemies of our Faith and Fatherland.

The image is not with us to-day, like the many time-honored Shrines of Our Lady in the Old World and the New; but the devotion to Mary is perhaps in no land more living than in ours, from which centuries of persecution tried to banish it in vain. A touching instance of this tender love for the Blessed Virgin came under my notice this very day. I was passing through Grafton Street, one of the most crowded and fashionable thoroughfares of Dublin, when the *Angelus* bell of the church of the Bare-footed Carmelites hard by rang out; almost at once a gang of about twenty Corporation workmen, engaged in repairing the streets, ceased their work, rested on their clubs, and lifted their hats, some blessing themselves, to honor, for a moment even, the Mother of the God-Workman.

*It is noticeable that to the present day in the Irish language the same word (*Sassendach*) translates "English" and "Protestant."

THE VESPERS OF THE SLAIN

In gray Cistercian robe and cowl, his feet with sandals shod,
To shrive a dying sinner's soul, went Conal, priest of God;
He went and left afar behind, 'mid garths of golden corn,
St. Mary's abbey towers, whose bells with music filled the morn.

His heart was sore within his breast, his head in grief was bowed,
"Lord Jesus, save my little lambs!" he wept and prayed aloud;
"Oh, save them from the Saxon wolves that range our land at large,
And break into Thy fold and slay the shepherd and his charge."

He scarce had gone a league when to St. Mary's gates there rode
A kern—beflecked with foam the frothing charger he bestrode—
With white lips crying, where the monks were chanting in their stalls,
"Fly, fly! The Saxon soldiery are hard by Nenagh's walls!"

Then spoke old abbot, Brendan—his voice was firm and calm—
"Now God be praised, that in my age He sends the Martyr's palm!
Fly, ye who will! but here within the sanctuary I'll abide,
Rejoiced to suffer for the sake of Christ the crucified!"

Not one arose to quit the choir of all the brethren there,
But, clustering 'round the altar, knelt in softly-murmured prayer;
While, thundering on the abbey gates, the Saxon soldiers came
With curse and yell, and crypt and cell flashed into lurid flame.

The doors have yielded to the axe; they've gained the abbey church;
They've torn our Lady's statue down and given it to the torch.
The abbot Brendan's on his face, a sword hath cleft his head;
The monks are slain, the altar-steps with blood are running red.

Before the altar foot they lie, a ghastly butchered pile,
While to the Saxons' ribald shouts ring vaulted roof and aisle.
And there is weeping of the wife and wail of ravished bride,
As out of Nenagh's plundered town the red marauders ride.

But heavy-hearted o'er the fields the young monk Conal came,
And through the golden gloaming marked the devastating flame,
And smote his breast and sobbed aloud: "Thy will be done, O Lord!"
And gained the church and saw the bloody havoc of the sword.

He kissed the abbot Brendan's wounds, he kissed his brethren all,
While to the floor, like April rain, his bitter tears did fall.
And at our Lady's broken niche he groaned on bended knee:
"Oh, woe! that such a sacrilege within thy walls should be!

"No more in this thy ruined shrine we'll keep thy harvest feast,
With psaltery and organ-peal and chant of holy priest.
No more at Matin or at eve shall Vespers be or psalm;
Yet, God be praised! My brethren all have won the Martyr's palm!"

But what is this that greets his eyes? The chimes begin to ring,
He sees the murdered monks arise; he hears them chant and sing.
The steeple rocks unto the bells, the pealing organ plays,
The solemn anthem round him swells, the altar tapers blaze.

He marks the halo on each brow, in every hand the palm;
But sweeter notes salute him now and swell the Vesper psalm.
Angelic voices echo unto heavenly harp and lyre,
The deep-intoned *Magnificat* that thrills the martyr-choir.

And—oh, the sight!—in blinding light, with face of beauty mild,
Amid the band he sees her stand, the Mother with her Child—
The Virgin Mother of Our Lord—her voice is low and sweet,
He veils his eyes; in ecstasy he falleth at her feet.

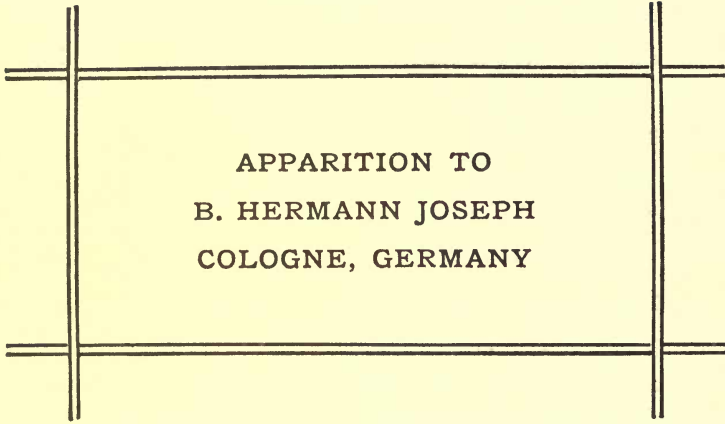
The chant is o'er, the martyred monks have sung their last Amen!
The music fades upon his ear, the Vision from his ken;
But far, afar, 'mid moon and star still echo harps and lyre,
While silent darkness settles down on cloister and on choir.

The silent darkness settles down and leaves him with the slain,
No light save where the moonlight falls upon the ruby pane,
The ruby pane whose blazonry of Saints and cherubim
Doth weave a nimbus for the dead beside the altar dim.

"O Jesus! Lord! the sainted dead within Thy love are safe!"
The young monk Conal kneels and prays, "but unto me vouchsafe,
That death may join me to my freres, who bear the martyrs' palm,
When life is run, before Thy throne to sing the victor's psalm."

P. J. Coleman.

St. Gertrude was once reciting the *Salve Regina*; when she reached the words, "turn then, thine eyes of mercy towards us," she had a vision of Our Blessed Lady holding in her arms her Divine Child. Pointing to the eyes of the Divine Infant, the Blessed Virgin said: "These are my most merciful eyes which I can incline in favor of all who invoke me."



APPARITION TO
B. HERMANN JOSEPH
COLOGNE, GERMANY

APPARITION
TO
B. HERMANN JOSEPH
COLOGNE, GERMANY

1160

"Come, fly with me, my darling,
To Mary, sweet and mild;
Come, let us kneel before Him,
The pure and holy Child.
Come, with thy little bundle:
Already Mary's hand
Doth bid the Holy Jesus
Welcome us to that land."

Ludoviga, Baroness Bordes, née Brentano.



OME time in the twelfth century, when the great and powerful Emperor Frederic Barbarossa was reigning in Germany, there was born at Cologne a child called Hermann Joseph, to which names the Church has since authorized the prefix Blessed. His parents had been wealthy; but evil times had seen their riches take wings, and Hermann Joseph was consequently brought up in the strictest poverty.

His parents, aware of the many dangers and temptations to which the very poor are exposed, impressed upon him daily the duty of putting his confidence in God; and warned him against taking anything whatsoever, were it only an apple or a nut, belonging to others. They trained him to make a virtue of his necessity by always contenting himself with a little. He was especially bidden to keep away from bad boys, or those who frequented such company. Every night he gave his mother a full account of all he had done, seen, and heard during the day.

Hermann was an obedient child, and his sweet temper and modesty lightened considerably the hardships under which his

parents labored. He early manifested a tender devotion for the Blessed Virgin, and almost as soon as he could speak, asked his mother how best to honor the gracious Mother of God. He was taught in reply the spirit, if not the letter, of the Church's prayer, *Sub tuum*—"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God! Despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers, O glorious and ever-blessed Virgin!"

Full of ardor for study, he attended school joyfully; but daily made a visit to a church, which was on his road to the school-house, to kneel for a few minutes before a statue of Our Lady. He greeted Mary and the Infant Jesus, and spoke to them with childish frankness and confidence. He told them of all his trials and his needs, and made the Divine Infant the confidant of all that happened to him. Often his talk took this form: "Dear Jesus, I had nothing for breakfast this morning but a little piece of dry bread, and I am still hungry. But, all the same, I am content; for Thou art the Son of God, and Thou didst hunger voluntarily. And, anyway, Thou canst make the least crumb of bread nourish and strengthen me as much as the most generous meal."

Then he would impart to his Divine Friend what he had studied for the day, and what he wished to do during its progress. Finally, he would take leave of Mother and Son in this fashion: "I should like to stay much longer with Thee and Thy Holy Mother, but it is time for me to go to school. Give me Thy blessing, and don't forget me till I come back."

What a pity all scholars do not follow little Hermann's example in this respect! Surely our young folks could enter a church and greet Jesus and Mary more frequently than they do. A few minutes of genuine prayer, such as Hermann's, would prove of inestimable help to them in getting through the duties of the day.

In the summer time Hermann always carried flowers to the church and laid them before Our Lady's statue. One day he brought an apple and offered it to the Blessed Virgin, holding it toward her. Immediately she reached out her hand, took the apple, and smilingly thanked him.

On another occasion Hermann left the playground to spend a few minutes in the church. His little sacrifice was well rewarded. As he approached the altar he saw the Blessed Virgin floating in the air above him. She was accompanied by St. John, and was playing with the Infant Jesus. Hermann stopped and gave himself up to the contemplation of this beautiful spectacle. Suddenly the Blessed Virgin said to him :

"Hermann, come and join us!"

Hermann stretched out his arms; and Mary, taking his hand, raised him up into the air. The boy was all confused, but Our Lady smilingly said to him: "Don't be ashamed; you may play at your ease." So he took courage and began playing with the Child Jesus. When he had amused himself for a good while, the Holy Virgin took him down again to the floor. These recreations with the Divine Infant were often repeated.

Hermann Joseph was often obliged to go barefooted in the most bitter winter cold, because his poor parents had no means of procuring shoes for him. One very cold day he went to the church in his bare feet and began praying.

"Hermann," said Our Lady, "why do you go barefooted when it is so cold?"

"I haven't any shoes, Holy Mother," he replied.

"Go to that stone," said the Blessed Virgin, pointing with her finger, "and you will find all the money you need to buy a pair of shoes. Whenever you are in want of anything all you have to do is to go to that stone. There you will find all that is necessary; only you must always go to it with the fullest confidence."

Hermann obeyed, and found the price of his shoes as Our Lady had told him; but he never went to the stone except in extreme necessity. His companions soon discovered that he found cents on the stone, and they frequently went to it to get some money, too; but they never found any. The stone proved a bank to Hermann alone.

When only twelve years old Hermann entered a monastery of religious called by the long name of Premonstratensians, from Prémontré, the place where the Order was first estab-

lished. He lived a long and edifying life in the cloister, and died on the 7th of April, 1241.

This brief account of his childhood has been told to our young folks in order to fill them with confidence in the Infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother. No boys or girls can ever discover so kind, so gracious, or so sympathetic friends as they already have in Mary and her Divine Son, if only they will keep up the friendship by frequent intercourse, by real sincere praying, genuine open-hearted conversation with their Heavenly Mother and the Blessed Saviour, who was once a little child like them, and understands all their wants and longings.

A LEGEND OF THE HOLY INFANCY

It is related in the chronicles of the Dominican Order that, between the years 1250 and 1277 A. D., there lived in the monastery of Santarem, in Portugal, a holy friar called Bernard.* He was a native of Morlaas, a little village of the Lower Pyrenees, near Pau. At the age of nineteen he entered the Order, and was sent by his superiors to pursue his studies in Portugal. His student life was one of great simplicity and innocence; and when, having completed his noviceship, he was ordained priest, he still retained a humble position in the monastery; being assigned to the care of the sacristy, and entrusted with the education of two little boys, who were oblates of the Order.

It was his delight, however, to guide those young souls in the paths of holiness, and to watch their innocent hearts grow in the love of God and Our Blessed Lady. No wonder that he found joy in his occupation; for those boys of his seemed more like angels than human beings. His words of wisdom and piety fell like golden seed upon the richest of soils when he

*Within the last twelve months an ecclesiastical commission has been formed by the Dominican Order to inquire into the record of the life of Bernard of Morlaas, who has long been called Blessed, and to obtain from the Holy See an authoritative recognition of the veneration shown him for more than six hundred years. The touching episode here related has been handed down as worthy of credence, in a tradition dating back to the year 1277.

spoke to them of God and heaven, of humility and poverty, of obedience and of purity; and their guileless ways, and their simple, confiding affection, well repaid the lessons he taught, making his task a sweet and easy one.

At the noonday hour and at eventide, when their lessons were ended, those two boys were accustomed to eat their modest meals together, kneeling at a little deal table, placed before an image of Our Lady with the Divine Infant in her arms; and as they ate they talked together of heavenly things, often raising their eyes to the statue above them, and calling on the little Jesus and His Holy Mother to bless and protect them.

One day, while they were at dinner, Bernard, unknown to them, went to the door of the room where they ate (the statue was in a sort of oratory dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary, which served as their refectory), and overheard his little disciples, who were talking most earnestly, and with child-like freedom, to the statue before them.

“Come down from Thy Mother’s arms, sweet little Lord, and share our dinner with us. O Blessed Lady, let thy dear Son come down and keep us company for a while! We will give Him the best we have, and then let Him go back to thy arms again. Do come, sweet Jesus! We are your little friends, and we have no companions; come down and eat with us.”

And, lo! the Mother’s arms opened, her hands unclasped; and her Divine Child, no longer a mere statue of stone, but a living, breathing, speaking Child of flesh and blood, radiant with smiles and loving condescension, stepped down to the humble table, and shared the dinner of His two little adorers.

Fancy the amazement and delight of Bernard in presence of such a miracle of love! Those little ones, so dear to his heart, were chosen, privileged friends of his Lord and Master; but they were too simple and childlike, too guileless and innocent, to understand the wonderful favor and grace which their prayers had gained for them. With joyful lips, they related to Bernard afterward the event which he himself had witnessed. They repeated to him the words of their invitation, and told how kindly the little Jesus had consented to join them. They

were eager to obtain some more choice viand for a future meal, that they might do honor to their Divine Guest.

Fra Bernard not only pondered their story in the secret of his heart, with thanksgivings to God for having given him such angelic pupils, but he made it known to his brethren of the monastery, as evidence of the blessings they would bring to the community. The following day he said to his little friends (for he meant to encourage their miraculous intercourse) :

“When the Divine Child comes to dine with you the next time, ask Him to let you eat with Him some day in His Father’s house.”

With all simplicity, they did as Bernard told them; and related to him afterward that the Child Jesus had given them an invitation to dine in His Father’s house on the next great feast-day that should be celebrated in the monastery.

“But,” said Bernard, “one thing has been forgotten: you must tell the Divine Child that you cannot dine out of the community without your preceptor’s permission; and that you would like to have Fra Bernard included in the invitation.”

Great, therefore, was his joy when his pupils told him that he also was to share in the wonderful favor.

Three days later was the Feast of the Ascension. Bernard said Mass, and the little fellows served it as usual, and received Holy Communion from his hands. When Mass was ended the three devoted friends, master and pupils, knelt together at the foot of the altar to make their thanksgiving. They were so rapt in holy joy that they did not observe how long they prayed—at least so the brethren of the monastery thought; but when more than an hour had passed, and they still showed no disposition to leave the chapel, the superior sent a friar to tell them that they had prayed long enough: it was now time for them to breakfast and go to their daily duties.

They did not answer the call; when it was repeated, they still remained silent, absorbed, apparently, in their devotions. The friar touched Bernard on the shoulder, but he did not move; nor did the children stir when he pulled them by the sleeves. Could they be asleep kneeling at their prayers? Finally, look-

ing into their faces, he found that their gaze was fixed upon the altar; but it was the gaze of death: they had gone together to banquet with the Infant Jesus in the heavenly home of His Eternal Father.

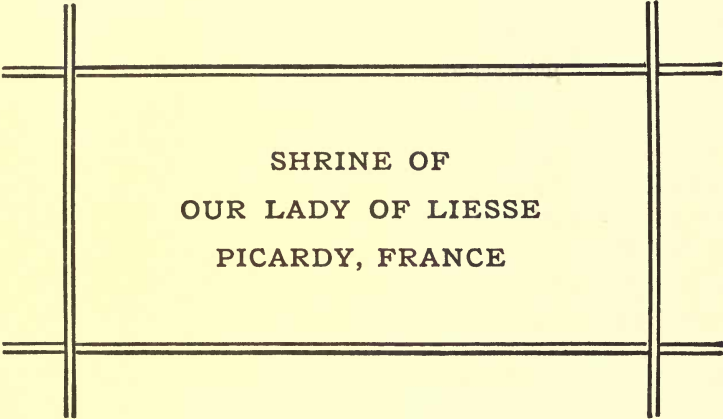
HERMAN'S GIFT

Once upon a time in Holland,
Near the stormy Zuyder Zee,
Dwelt a little lad named Herman,
Bright and happy as could be.
'As he went to school each morning,
'Twas his wont to stop and pray,
Offering at Our Lady's altar
All his duties for the day.

'And Our Lady seemed to bless him,
And the Infant sweetly smiled,
As the little Herman lingered
Near the Mother and the Child.
Once, so runs the pretty legend,
Herman had an apple red,
And he knelt before the statue
As with childish trust he said:

"Mother dear, I wish the Infant
Might this apple now enjoy,"—
And he reached it to her, saying,
"He is such a little boy!"
Lo! the image of the Virgin
Stretched its hand and softly smiled,
Taking Herman's rosy apple,
Giving it unto the Child.

.
So, dear children, when you gather
At our loving Mother's feet,
Grieving that you have no offering
For the little Infant meet,
Tell her to her Son you offer
All you think and do and say;
And His smile will show acceptance,
Consecrating all your day.



SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF LIESSE
PICARDY, FRANCE

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SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF LIESSE
PICARDY, FRANCE

1190

O Mary, pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that goes to-morrow
Before the God that gave;
As each was born of woman,
For each, in utter need,
True comrade and brave foeman,
Madonna, intercede.

Rudyard Kipling.



THE Shrine of Our Lady of Liesse, in Picardy, not so old as those of the south of France, as it does not date further back than the twelfth century, surpasses them in celebrity. The origin of the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which adorns this holy place, is very marvelous; the tradition has been preserved not only in the province of France, where it is found, but also in the Holy Land. The tradition, which has a decided Oriental air, is as follows:

Foulques of Anjou, King of Jerusalem, having rebuilt the fortress of Bersabee, four leagues from Ascalon, to protect the frontier of his kingdom against the incursions of the Saracens, confided the care of it to the brave and pious knights of St. John of Jerusalem. This valiant garrison often engaged the infidels who held the ancient country of the Philistines for the Sultan of Egypt. One day the knights of St. John, among whom were three brothers of the ancient and opulent house of Eppes in Picardy, fell into an ambushade, and in spite of prodigies of valor, were taken and loaded with chains by the Mussulmans, who sent them into Egypt. The Lords of Eppes

had the lofty mien, the tall stature, and the heroic bearing of the ancient nobles of northern France. The Sultan at once singled them out and, desirous of gaining them over to his false prophet, he threw them into a dungeon to reduce their courage, and then held before their eyes the most enticing prospects, in order to draw them into apostacy. The three warriors who had been inaccessible to fear were deaf to the clink of gold and the voice of ambition. The Sultan, deceived in his expectations, sent to them the most celebrated Imaums to argue with them upon faith. The good knights, through hatred of Islamism, became all at once subtle theologians, and defended Christianity as well in dispute as they had often done with the shield on their arm and the lance in their grasp. The Sultan now deemed that his honor required him to subdue the captives and, his opposition increasing with their resistance, he swore that the knights of St. John should follow the standard of the prophet even if it cost him half Egypt. He had a handsome, chaste, accomplished daughter, every way worthy of a better faith; he sent her to the dungeon where the French knights were detained in fetters, and bade her to set before them a frightful picture of the punishments reserved for them. The knights received the princess with those testimonies of respect which were at that time lavished upon ladies; but they repelled her insinuations with the resolute courage of men who accept martyrdom, and explained to her their belief in a manner so persuasive that the Moslem lady began to dream and reflect on Christ and His Blessed Mother. A miraculous and resplendent image of Mary, which, it is said, was brought by angels to the pious champions of the Christian faith, completed the conversion of the young infidel. One night she bribed with gold the guards of the three French warriors and, penetrating into their prison with a casket full of precious stones, fled with them from her father's palace.

After crossing the Nile in a boat prepared for their reception, they directed their course towards Alexandria, hoping, perhaps, to conceal themselves for a time in the Coptic monasteries of the desert of St. Macarius; but after marching for some hours,

the princess, exhausted with fatigue, wished to rest for a little while and, in spite of the great danger, the three knights, resolving to keep good guard, made her sit down in a field of dourra, then in full verdure, and seated themselves at a respectful distance. The princess fell asleep, and her traveling companions, after struggling in vain against the drowsiness, which followed long nights without rest, slept soundly also.

No one knows how long their slumber continued. The eldest of the three was the first to awake; the sun was beginning to gild the tops of the trees, when he heard the sweet singing of birds. The crusader looked at the landscape with great surprise: he had gone to sleep in sight of the Nile and the pyramids, under the fan-like branches of a palm, and he awoke beneath a gnarled oak, beside a crystal spring, on the freshest of turf enameled with white daisies. A short distance off, the dark, round towers of an old baronial castle reminded him of the manor where he had left his weeping mother at his departure for the Holy Land. A shepherd, who was driving his sheep to the fields, relieved his perplexity; the castle which he beheld was his own castle of Marchais, and he had awakened in Picardy, beneath the avenue which his fathers had planted. He blessed the Holy Virgin, and awakened his companions, whose astonishment was as great as his own.

The image of the Oriental Madonna was still in their hands; they built a handsome church to enshrine it, and the Moslem princess received baptism in the cathedral of Laon.

We may, without scruple, believe that this little statue of Mary came into France by more natural means; but what it is impossible to doubt is, that it was brought from the Holy Land by three lords of Eppes, knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

The manner of their transit who shall explain, save He alone. Who can tell how the angel of the Lord set Habakuk over the lion's den where Daniel was imprisoned, in the force of His Spirit (Daniel xv, 35), and how he presently set him again in his own place in Judea; or, how, when Philip and the eunuch were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord took away Philip, and the eunuch saw him no more; and he went on

his way rejoicing, but Philip was found at Azotus.—Acts viii, 36-40?

The most illustrious names of the monarchy figure in the list of pilgrims to Our Lady of Liesse. We read there those of the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Bourbon, of Prince Henry of Ligne, of Madame Henriette Frances of France, Queen of England, of the Princess of Longueville, Marshal D'Ancre, of Mademoiselle de Guise, the Count Egmont, of Louis Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI., of Charles VII., King Rene, Louis XI., Francis I., Henry II., Charles IX., Queen Mary of Medicis, Louis XIII., Anne of Austria, Louis XIV., etc. . . . Several of these great personages, not satisfied with leaving rich presents at the Shrine of Our Lady of Liesse, placed their statues there: that of Louis II. of Bourbon, Prince of Conde, was of gold.

Mary d'Arquin, then Grand Marchal of Poland, and subsequently Queen of that kingdom, went to the chapel of Our Lady in 1671, and made an offering to the Blessed Virgin of a child in silver, representing Alexander Sobieski, her son, with a golden chain enriched with diamonds, to testify that she devoted him to the Mother of God as her servant.

This sanctuary was pillaged, like the others, by the Huguenots; the Revolution came to glean what was left.

The chapel of Our Lady of Liesse still attracts, at the present day, a great concourse of pilgrims.

VESPER HYMN

Mother of God! as evening falls
 Upon the silent sea,
 And shadows veil the mountain walls
 We lift our souls to thee!
 From lurking perils of the night,
 The desert's hidden harms,
 From plagues that waste, from blows that smite
 Defend thy men-at-arms,

Mother of God! thy starry smile
Still bless us from above!
Keep pure our souls from passion's guile,
Our hearts from earthly love.
Still save each soul from guilt apart
As stainless as each sword;
'And guard undimmed in every heart
The image of our Lord!

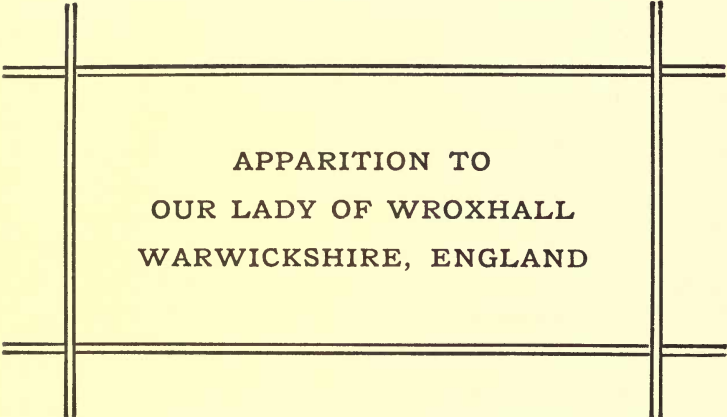
In desert march or battle's flame,
In fortress and in field,
Our war-cry is thy holy name,
Thy love our joy and shield.
And if we falter, let thy power
Thy stern avenger be,
And God forget us in that hour
We cease to think of thee.

Mother of God! the evening fades
On wave and hill and lea,
And in the twilight's deepening shades
We lift our souls to thee!
In passion's stress—the battle's strife,
The desert's lurking harms,
Maid-Mother of the Lord of Life
Protect thy men-at-arms!

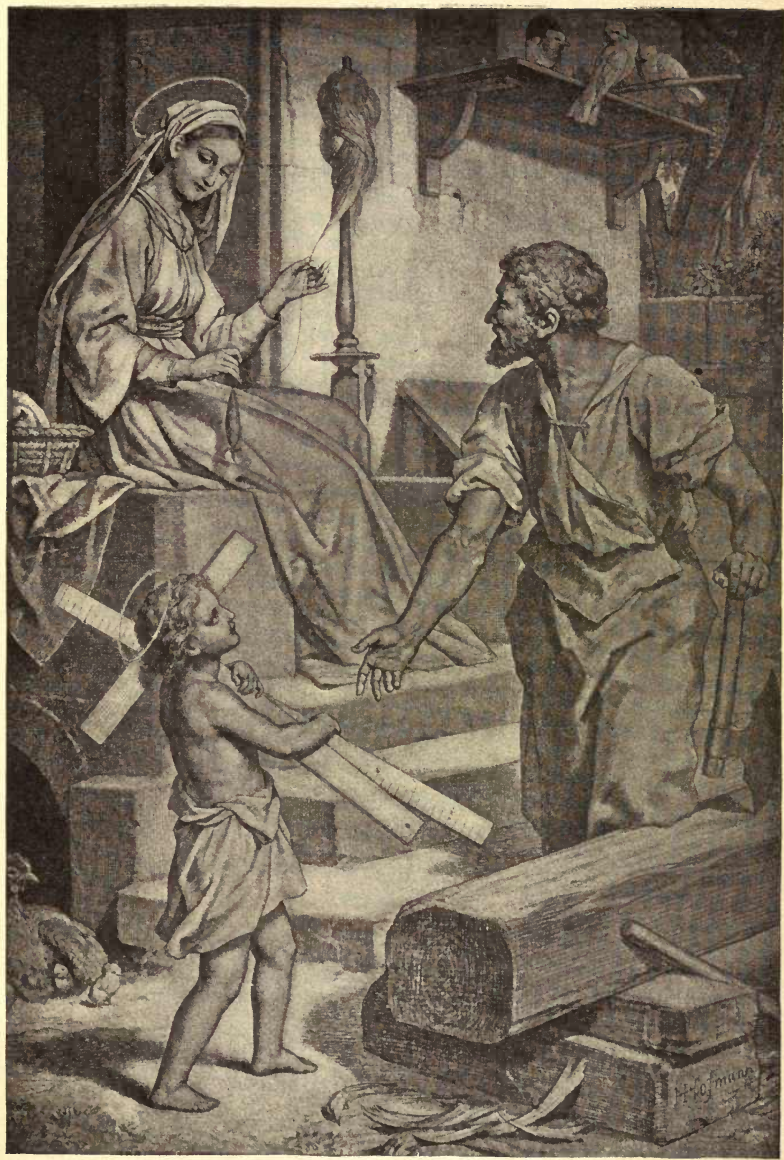
Col. John Hay, 1839.

"Guy of the Temple."





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APPARITION
OF
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1198

The peaceful name of Mary!
When day is at its close,
And weary hearts and eyelids
Are yearning for repose;
Sleep falls in dreams more holy,
Rest shows her form more fair,
Where the sweet name of Mary
Hath closed the evening prayer.

Sister M. A. Dominic.



SHORTLY after the Norman Conquest the lands of Wroxhall in Warwickshire were held by Richard, Lord of Hatton, whose son, Sir Hugh, was a man of great stature and valor, and took part in the first Crusade wherein "the Holy Land was conquered by Christian people out of heathen men's domination by sore wars." In this war Sir Hugh was taken prisoner and kept by the heathen people with great durance for seven years, till at last, weary of his tribulation he remembered that his parish church in England was dedicated to St. Leonard and, calling to mind the many miracles wrought by that holy confessor, he made his complaint full piteously to him, laying before him how in his youth he had ever great devotion to him, and on his feast had fed both poor and rich, and beseeching him to come to his aid now that he was a prisoner in the cause of God. In his sleep St. Leonard appeared to him clad in the habit of a black monk, and bade him rise and go home and found a place for nuns of St. Bennet's Order. And soon after he appeared to him a second time, not sleeping but waking, whereat the knight, joyful with weeping and spiritual gladness, vowed to fulfil the Saint's

behest; and suddenly found himself with his chains set down in Wroxhall Wood, at the east end of what was afterwards the chancel of the church, nearby his own manor. He did not at first know where he was, "and as it happened there came by one of his own shepherds, and, for the grisly sight of him the man was sore afraid, and charged him in God's name to tell him what he was." The knight, greatly comforted to hear the English speech, said he was truly a man and, asking where he was, wondered to find that he was on his own land. Then he inquired concerning his wife and children, and heard what alms and prayers were daily said for his release and that many vows had been offered to Our Lady and other Saints for him. Then heartily thanking God, Our Lady and St. Leonard, the knight, bade the man call the Lady and her children. She came to where he was and, on first seeing him, knew him not, "but feared for the grisly sight of him." But he drew out half a ring, and reminded her how, on their parting, they had broken that ring together, and each kept a part, and when the two parts were placed together again they exactly joined. The Lady then recognizing him to be her husband, swooned for joy; then they loosed him from his chains, and they all proceeded to the church, where, after giving thanks to God, Our Lady, and St. Leonard, Sir Hugh declared his vow and his purpose to fulfil it. Desiring to know from Almighty God where the church should be built, it is added, "that stones without men's hands touching them were pitched on the ground," and the altar stood on the spot where he was first discovered. The ring spoken of was still preserved among the relics at the time when the writer of this account was living, together with a part of Sir Hugh's chains, the rest having been put into the bells. The founder's two daughters, Edith and Cleopatra, were the first nuns in the convent, and "a lady from the house of Wilton" was the first Prioress.

To the foundation of the Lady chapel belonging to this church is attached a story no less miraculous than that which we have just related. Dame Alice Craft, one of the nuns, "poor of worldly goods, but rich in virtues," desired greatly that she

might live to see a chapel built here to Our Blessed Lady. "For that intent she oftentimes prayed; and one night there came a voice to her bidding her, in the name of God and Our Lady, to begin and build Our Lady's chapel." She thought it a dream, and took no heed of it, till the same charge was given to her a second time, and more sharply. Then she awoke, and fell weeping, not having any money to do it, and she informed her Prioress, who treated the matter as an idle story. But at last Our Blessed Lady appeared to Dame Alice, and blamed her so sharply for her negligence that in great fear she hastened to the Prioress and entreated her to believe the vision. The Prioress, somewhat moved by her words, asked her how much money she had, and she replied: "Fifteen pence." "Then," said the Prioress, "though it be little, Our Blessed Lady may full well increase it," and so she gave her leave to begin the work.

"Then Dame Alice gave herself to prayers, and besought Our Lady to make known where she should build it, and how large it should be. Then she was told by revelation to build it on the north side of the church, where she should find the site marked out. This was in harvest-time (between the feast of the Assumption and the Nativity); and early next morning she went to the place assigned to her, and there she found a certain space of ground covered with snow; and there the snow abode from four of the clock in the morning till noon. She was glad of this; had masons ready, and marked out the ground, and began the work. And every Saturday whilst it was being built, she would say her prayers in the alleys of the churchyard, and in the path she found, weekly, silver sufficient to pay her workmen and all that was required for expenses, and no more."

"This good lady, Dame Alice Craft," adds the narrator, "died the VII. calends of February, on the morrow after the conversion of St. Paul, and lies buried under a stone in the same chapel before the door leading into her quire. She was," he says, "a woman of great stature, as beseeming of her bones."

BRIGHT QUEEN OF HEAVEN

Bright Queen of Heaven, Virgin most fair,
 Mary most gentle, list to our pray'r,
 Mother protect us, aid to us bring,
 Sweetly enfold us 'neath sheltering wing.

Star of the Ocean, shedding soft light,
 Solace in sorrow, and rest 'mid the night;
 Send in our slumbers, peace from above,
 Shine on us ever, bright Star of Love.

Tho' night be lonely, why should we fear,
 While thy soft gleaming shineth so near;
 Leading us gently, 'mid darkling gloom
 Beckoning us onward, to our true home.

Soon may the morrow, of bright endless day,
 Chase the drear vision of dark night away.
 Waft our lone spirits to Heaven's bright shore,
 Where we may love thee, and rest e'er more.

Wm. Hayes.

There is a pretty legend told in connection with the Easter-lily, which, no doubt, has much to do with its association with purity of mind and devotional feeling. The lily, says tradition, was first a bright yellow, when it was known as the Persian rose. But the Blessed Virgin, passing by, stooped to pick one of its blooms, when instantly in her hands it changed to snowy white. Thus it became the flower especially appropriated to the Blessed Virgin, and the Angel of the Annunciation is always portrayed as bearing a stalk of three white lilies to present to the waiting Mary. In the pictures of the Madonna by the old masters there are usually three lilies on one stem, typifying either the Holy Trinity or the Annunciation or the Immaculate Conception and birth of the Saviour. In ecclesiastical architecture a pot of lilies over a doorway or window always represented the Blessed Virgin.

SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM
NORFOLK, ENGLAND

1200

Apostle of the English race,
Augustine, pray that by God's grace,
All those who visit Walsingham
May stand with palms before the Lamb.

C. Higgins, C. R. L.



LET us go together without staff or badge, modern pilgrims by the G. E. Railway, to the once renowned shrine, most famous and honored, in Catholic England. As the train carries us past the low lying marshes of Norfolk we enter in the northernmost part of the country, a pleasant land, well wooded and gracefully rounded.

To our right now appears an ancient mansion of bright red brick, with many a turret and many a pinnacle. It is of the close of the reign of Henry VII. and was in all the freshness of its beauty in the days of his successor. "The royal arms are over the gateway, supported by the greyhound and griffin, with the portcullis in the corners. There are bands of panels with various shields and heads; ogee canopies with crockets and finial; hollow mouldings filled with roses. There are many turrets, octagon and circular, and handsome chimney stacks ornamented with fleur-de-lis and roses, all in moulded brick." A dainty dwelling even for a king—built by Sir William Fermor—whose descendants kept the faith alive till our own day in a corner of Oxfordshire.

A little way further north, the lovely Chapel of the Slipper comes in sight, close to the line. Here it was that pilgrims took off their shoes to walk barefoot to the shrine. An exquisite

example it is of transition decorated—with a beautiful window over the west doorway and three niches, one at each side and the third in the gable. Two buttresses support the north and south angles of the façade, dying upwards into graceful pin-naled work. Thank God! this chapel—in old days a Benedictine cell—is once more in Benedictine hands. We owe this to the generosity of a charitable convert lady. A small priest's house is being built at its side, and soon again let us hope the Holy Sacrifice will be offered on its restored altar, and the light of the faith will shine out on the land, so long in the shadow of darkness! There is no Catholic church for some twenty-four miles to the east, west or south. But a short time back three married Catholic coast guardsmen, who were living with their Catholic wives and families in the God-forsaken town of Wells, four or five miles north of Walsingham by rail, were all lost on one day, and at one time, off the rough northern coast. Had a mission in Washington then been opened these poor men might have had the graces of the recently received Sacraments to aid them in their death struggles, and the priest would have been near to comfort their widows and little families when the bread winners were gone.

Little Walsingham! The heart throbs when the dream of a lifetime is realized and we reach what was once the Lourdes, the Loreto of England. The town is small, quaint, and of red brick, and in the days of faith was almost entirely composed of hostels for pilgrims. We skirt the black wall of the ancient enclosure, black for it is faced with flints, and stand before the great gateway, unchanged after so many centuries. A quaint figure in stone looks out upon you from a small *quatre-foil* window above. We enter by a wicket in the great door and the graceful arch, which once contained the east window of the church, alone rises up before us—a rainbow of ruin, the only remains standing—mute mourner over the fallen sanctuary.

The ground falls rapidly from the gateway, and we have to descend several feet to reach the foundations of the western end of the church. It was of great size, two hundred and forty feet long by seventy-eight in width. To our right are some re-

mains of the north walk of the cloister, and beyond it a portion of the refectory, three soaring arches in the southern wall; in the middle arch the stair that led to the reading pulpit, and the remains of the pulpit in the westernmost. To the left the north wall of the enclosure is standing and the Knight's Gate in its midst. Through the closed gates of this arch, in 1314, rode Sir Ralph Buttetort, armed *cap-a-pie*, horse and all, when his enemy was pursuing him to the death. He had called on Our Lady to help him in his sore need, and his prayer was heard. A brass at the gate kept the record of this miraculous favor till the Reformation. The road which led to it outside is still called the Knight's Road. The wall was a mile in circuit. The chapter house and parlors, with dormitory above, stood to the east of the cloister, while a great guest hall occupied the west. At the north side of the church stood the little wooden chapel of Our Lady, while over it and containing it had just been constructed when the crash came, a new and glorious stone chapel, some forty-eight feet by thirty. At a distance of two hundred feet from the east end of the church are two circular wells and a bathing place, all formerly covered with buildings, one of which, as will be seen, was a chapel of St. Lawrence. We have many to remember and much to pray for on this sacred spot! And when our devotions are done, let us go back over the centuries and recall as well as we can this celebrated sanctuary.

After the conquest there was living in Little Walsingham—there is a Great Walsingham, now the less, hard by—a noble widow lady called Richeld, a Norfolk surname. The Virgin Mother appeared to the pious dame and bade her build a chapel of the dimensions of the Holy House of Nazareth. The Holy House had not then been transported to Loreto, and the troubled state of the continent and the rule of the Saracens in the East made pilgrimage to it well-nigh impossible. The good lady obeyed the behests of her Heavenly Queen. It would seem to have been built of wood and thatched with straw. And when it had been made the good lady was in doubt as to which of two sites to choose, as both of them—we learn from a poem

of about the middle of the fifteenth century—had been marked by miracles. She was inclined to build it near to the wells, on the spot where in after years was a chapel of St. Lawrence. Richeld spent the night in prayer and, in the morning she found it had been already reared more than two hundred feet from the place she had thought of.

The exact place where the chapel stood is not positively certain. The site of the church and its surroundings has been turned into a pleasure garden, and one would need as bold an excavator as the Marquess of Bute to upturn the soil and solve the question. His Lordship has cleared away even his greenhouses to unearth the foundations of the Grey Friars' house and church in his grounds at Cardiff. The very massive foundations of a building were discovered in the course of some excavations to the north of the church, and connected with it, the dimensions of which and its distance from the wells correspond to those given us of what was known as the new work, the erection built over the old Nazareth chapel. If this be the Shrine, it would seem that not only was the exterior chapel raised some two feet and a half above the level of the adjoining church, but the holy sanctuary itself was also elevated a step above the floor of the chapel which contained it.

Her son, Sir Geoffrey de Faveraches, "Lord of Walsingham," on the day before he left for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, between 1146 and 1174, granted to God and Our Lady and to Edwy his *clerk, i. e.*, priest, the chapel his mother had built with the parish church hard by of All Saints, and certain portions of land, on the condition that it should be given into the charge of a religious order; the whole passed into the care of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, and Edwy is said to have been the first prior.

The sanctuary, with its statue of Our Lady, soon became widely known, and kings and nobles hastened to enrich it with gifts of gold and of broad lands. Among these the great historic names are recorded of William de Valence, brother to Henry III.; William Longespée, Earl of Salisbury; Randolph, Earl of Chester; Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, and

Richard, Duke of York, father of Edward IV., who held in succession the manor or estate around.

Erasmus, the scoffing Voltaire of the sixteenth century, gives us a detailed description, but a painful one, of the Shrine, just before its destruction. This cynical account of his pilgrimage from Cambridge to Walsingham, though published abroad, found its way to England and evidently served as the base for a series of inquisitorial questions which the visitors, sent by Thomas Cromwell, were ordered to put to the Canons. Among these questions was one as to Our Lady's milk. It seems certain that this was merely a conventional name for the chalk taken from a well-known cave at Bethlehem, not far from the Basilica of the Nativity, called the *Grotto of Milk*, or of *Our Lady*, with whom the place is connected by a tradition that she took refuge therein from the fury of Herod, and on the floor of which some of her milk escaped.

Probably the pilgrims carried away as a memorial some of this chalk, mixed with water, and possibly some may have mistaken the real meaning of the name. We find the relic was kept at the High Altar of this church.

Like the Holy House, its model, the little sanctuary had a narrow door on each side.* No light came from outside, but the interior was dazzlingly brilliant with the precious jewels, the gold and silver reflecting back the sheen of the many candles burning around Our Lady's Statue, which stood at the right-hand side of the altar.

The simple faithful looked upon the Milky Way as a heavenly sign-post showing the way to the English Shrine of Our Lady by the Sea. For, if Walsingham does not look out like Loreto on the broad waters, it is not further from the German Ocean than is its Italian prototype from the blue Adriatic. Thither came a long procession of England's Kings. On the eve of the Annunciation Henry III. was the first to visit it just before his unfortunate expedition into Gascony, which took place in the

*These doors at Loreto were only opened some centuries after to enable the crowds to pass through, just as the same need dictated their presence at Walsingham. Originally the Holy House had but one door.

May of 1242. The great church was then not begun. It soon grew to be a magnificent building, with two western towers as well as one in the center. A great bell, probably one of a peal, rang out the hours of prayer. And we find one of the priors working with his own hands at the magnificent high altar. Money poured in. We read of the offerings amounting to £3,000, in modern value, in a year, while the income was almost £4,500. Edward I. had a special reason to honor the Shrine. For, to the protection of Our Lady of Walsingham he attributed his escape from grievous peril. When a young man he had been playing at chess with a knight in a vaulted room, when suddenly and without any reason he got up and went away. As soon as he had left a great stone fell on the very spot where he had been sitting. He twice paid visits to the Shrine, first on January 8, 1282, before marching into Wales, and again on Candlemas day, in 1296, on the outbreak of the war with Baliol, King of Scotland. There, in the holy chapel, he bound himself and his successors, by vow, to a treaty of alliance with the Court of Flanders. In his footsteps followed his ill-fated son, Edward II., in 1315, in the midst of the troubles of his reign. Thither, too, came his cruel widow, Isabella, in 1332, let us hope a penitent, from her stately prison palace of Castle Acre in Norfolk. It is not far from the Shrine. Edward III. came here in 1361, on his return to England after the peace with France, which closed with glory for a time the long and hotly contested war. At about the same time he paid the expenses of John, Duke of Brittany, to make the pilgrimage. And the Duke of Anjou, his cousin, in the same year, one of the hostages, and the Scots' King, David Bruce, both obtained permission to come on pilgrimage to the Norfolk Shrine. Thither came, in 1427, another royal widow, Queen Joan of Navarre, after the death of her undutiful son, Henry V., and her release from captivity. The virtuous Henry VI., on his recovery from his mental affliction and just before the outbreak of the civil wars of the Roses, came to offer his thanks at Our Lady's feet. His supplanter, Edward IV., visited Walsingham with his fair wife, Elizabeth Woodville, in 1464, when he himself was to be

deposed and cast into prison. Henry VII. went thither on pilgrimage at Christmastide in 1487 and, after the defeat of the impostor, Lambert Simnel, at the battle of Stoke, sent his standard to the Shrine. We find that sovereign again at Walsingham in 1505, with his youthful son and heir, the future Henry VIII., then a fair-haired boy of fifteen, just affianced to the Spanish princess, Catherine of Aragon. Henry VII., in his will, left a costly image of himself, kneeling, of silver-gilt, as an *ex-voto* to the Shrine. He willed a like offering to the tomb of St. Thomas of Canterbury. How little he realized the fate which awaited both sanctuaries and his precious offerings at the hands of his unnatural son!

In the second year of his reign, 1511, whilst still in the radiance of his youth, the favorite and the hope of his people, Henry VIII. came on pilgrimage to Walsingham. It was in winter time, between the feasts of the Epiphany and the churching of his royal wife, a visit probably of thanksgiving for the birth of Henry, his first child, and he made his offering of £1, 3s, 4d, in the money of the day. The infant, however, only lived six weeks. How fatal to Mary's dowry was that child's death! There were three pilgrims' pathways which still exist, green roads, converging from the great centers upon Walsingham, from London, from Norwich, and from the north; and Henry seems to have ridden along one of these from his court to the splendid mansion, then just built at Barsham. Common report of the time was that Henry walked barefoot from the hall to the Shrine, and offered to Our Lady a precious necklace.

After the English victory over the Scots at Flodden Field, 1513, which had been won during the absence of Henry, who was then fighting in France, his gentle wife, Catherine, went to offer her thanks and to fulfil a vow at the holy chapel of Norfolk. In her will she directed that a man should make a pilgrimage at her expense to the Shrine and distribute one hundred nobles in charity on the road. Were her wishes carried out? She died in 1536, just at the time of the ruin!

Two more pilgrimages deserve mention. One was of the

great statesman, Cardinal Wolsey, in the August of 1517. His Eminence was suffering at the time and hoped to obtain health at the Shrine.

The other was that of the captain of one of His Majesty's ships, who, when in danger of shipwreck, called on Our Lady of Walsingham and vowed never to eat fish or flesh until he had been on pilgrimage to her. The Lord High Admiral, Sir Edward Howard, writes to King Henry VIII., in the April of 1513, informing him of the leave granted, and expressing surprise that the vessel, which had gone with full sail on a rock, had not been broken to pieces. The monarch himself paid annually the royal chaplain to sing Mass before Our Lady of Walsingham, for the souls of Edward I. and II., and he kept a wax candle burning before her statue. After the visit of Erasmus, in 1511, Henry presented stained glass to the *new work* which, as has been mentioned, had just been built over the Shrine.

But the fascinations of Anne Boleyn, the evil counsels of Thomas Cromwell, his lust of gold to satisfy his grosser pleasures and the greed of his hungry followers, his rending of the garment of Catholic unity, had turned the heart of the Tudor King into that of a sacrilegious robber and murderer. And, in the universal ruin, Walsingham met with no pity. Nay, more, to find some plea for his crime, he let loose on the religious house some of the vilest of men with orders to discover or invent grounds for its suppression. Shameless accusations were made by these hired slanderers against the victims, whose only offence was to stand between the loot and the covetous Ahab. Eight canons were said by these credible (?) witnesses to have confessed to disgraceful crimes. The very fact that the people of Walsingham rose in their defense, that fifteen of the canons, one, George Gysborroy, being the sub-prior of the house, were condemned as traitors, that five of these are said to have suffered the degrading and awful death then accorded by the English statutes, proves sufficiently how false the slanders against their morals—as there would not have been needed a fresh charge, nor would the people have stirred to

protect them. Two of the townsfolk were hung, drawn and quartered, no doubt as a warning, in great Yarmouth.

Sir Richard Southwell, while on his base work as burglar to Thomas Cromwell, complained that even while engaged in plundering the treasury, in July of 1536, from Saturday night to the Sunday following, the offerings of the faithful had amounted to £2, 13s, 4d, besides the votive wax candles, a sum of over £11, in the money of to-day. And we learn from a letter of one of the Vicar's General's creatures, a year and a half later, what means were taken to stamp out all veneration for the holy place and for the statue. A poor woman for recounting a miracle, which she declared had happened after the venerable statue of Our Lady had been removed to London, was punished by "no law but" at the ruffians' "discretion." She was put in the stocks in the early morning, on a market day, with a paper on her head bearing an inscription, "A reporter of false tales," and when at nine o'clock the market place was full, she was placed on a cart and carried about the town, staying where the crowd was thickest to be pelted by the *gamins*.

"How be it," the writer concludes, "I cannot but perceive, but the said image is not yet out of some of their heads."

The last keeper of the chapel and its treasures, a priest, Hugh Blyford, was fortunate enough to die in 1534, and to be buried in the chapel. How enviable his fate to depart in peace before the destruction! The spoilers seem to have left behind no account of the jewels, and plate, and precious vestments, and to have destroyed all records of the miracles and the history of the Shrine.

To any who know how the signatures were procured from the inmates of religious houses to the document acknowledging the King's supremacy, it is not surprising to hear that some twenty-one canons are said to have acknowledged Henry's newly claimed authority.

Richard Vowell, the last prior, surrendered the house to Henry VIII. Generally a pliable superior was put in office by the King's visitors *ad hoc*. Vowell received a pension of £100 a year for his betrayal.

The statue of Our Lady was sent up to London to be contumeliously burnt at Chelsea in 1539. Was that place chosen as a fresh insult to the memory of the martyred Chancellor, B. Thomas More, whose residence had been there?

Thomas Sydney, Governor of the Hospital,* is said by Spelman,† to have been commissioned by the people to buy the site of the ruined abbey for the town, and he bought it and kept it for himself. To this successful thief, the crown, in the reign of Edward VI., gave the Churches of All Saints and St. Peter's in Walsingham the great, and the Parish Church of Walsingham the less. Thomas Sydney, his son, married Barbara, daughter of the favorite minister of Elizabeth, the unscrupulous Sir Francis Walsingham‡—the Machiavelli of her Court and Cabinet, and thus rose to great wealth. Thomas the II. had by Barbara, two sons, Thomas the III. and Henry. The elder married the daughter of Sir Robert Southwell, the favorite of Henry VIII. She thus became aunt to Father Southwell, S.J., the poet and martyr. But their great matches did not shelter them from the curse against sacrilege. Both brothers died without heirs, and Henry III., whose pompous tomb is in the beautiful old parochial Church of Little Walsingham, left the property to his distant cousin, Robert Sydney, the Earl of Leicester. It afterwards passed to one of the Rookwoods—the well-known Catholic family.

Henry VIII., who varied his teaching with every whim, at his last end, in his will, says: "In the name of God, and of His glorious and Blessed Virgin, Our Lady, St. Mary, we do instantly require and desire the Blessed Virgin Mary, His Mother, with all the holy company of heaven, continually to pray for us and with us, while we live in this world, and in the time of passing out of it, that we may sooner attain everlasting life."

Between the Chapel of the Slipper and the priory, are the extensive ruins of the Convent of the Grey Friars. The Friary

*This was afterwards turned into a jail.

† *History of Sacrilege*. Reprint of 1846, p. 247.

‡He claimed descent from the de Walsinghams, who took their name from the place.

was founded by Lady Elizabeth de Burgh, Countess of Clare. The church was some one hundred and sixty-two feet long by ninety-six. Spelman tells us the ill fate of its sacrilegious owners, the first of whom was John Eyre, a great holder of church lands, who died childless.

The present owner of the manor and of the abbey is of a family which has given two members to the Society of Jesus, Christopher Warner, cousin of the martyr, Father Henry Walpole, and Sir John Warner, whose remarkable conversion and entry into the Society is given in the *Life of Lady Warner* by Father Scarisbrick.

It is worthy of George the First, when he wished to give a distinction to his mistress, to make her Countess of Walsingham. He raised her afterwards to the better-known title of Duchess of Kendal.

WRECK OF WALSINGHAM

In the wreck of Walsingham
Whom should I chose,
But the Queen of Walsingham
To be guide to my muse?
Then thou, Prince of Walsingham,
Grant me to frame
Bitter plaints to rue thy wrong,
Bitter woe for thy name.

Bitter was it, oh, to see
The silly sheep
Murdered by the ravening wolves,
While the shepherds did sleep.
Bitter was it, oh, to view
The sacred vine,
While the gardeners played all close,
Rooted up by the swine.

Bitter, bitter, oh, to behold
The grass to grow
Where the walls of Walsingham,
So stately did show.—

Such were the works of Walsingham,
While she did stand :
Such are the wrecks as now do show
Of that holy land.

Level, level with the ground
The towers do lie,
Which, with their golden glittering tops,
Pierced once to the sky.
Where were gates, no gates are now :
The ways unknown
Where the press of peers did pass,
While her fame far was blown.—
Owls do shriek, where the sweetest hymns
Lately were sung :
Toads and serpents hold their dens,
Where the Palmers did throng.

Weep, weep, O Walsingham,
Whose days are nights :
Blessings turned to blasphemies,
Holy deeds to despise ;
Sin is where Our Lady sate ;
Heaven turned is to Hell :
Satan sits where Our Lord did sway—
Walsingham, oh, farwell.

Rev. Oswald H. Blair, O. S. P.



SHRINE
OF
OUR LADY OF PITY
ILKESTON, ENGLAND

1204

Hail! unspotted, Heavenly Queen!
Who hast ever Virgin been,
Full of grace and charity,
God most blessed is with thee,
Blessed amongst women, pray
For us sinners every day.

Rt. Rev. E. C. Bagshaw.



It may surely be taken as a sign that God is turn-
the hearts of the fathers to the children, that is,
as Venerable Bede tells us, that He is “pouring
into the minds of the people the supernatural
knowledge of the ancient Saints,” when the “old desert places”
of the Church are being built again, and she is “raising up
the foundations of many generations,” and “repairing her
hedges” so that her “paths may lead to rest.” It may surely
be taken as a sign that God has not cut off His mercy for
ever, but that He “is turning our captivity,” when the shrines
of her ancient Saints are being visited once more in pilgrim-
age; and, above all, when the names of Our Lady’s old
English sanctuaries are beginning to sound again in the ears
of Englishmen—an earnest of the brighter days that are to
come, and of the better things that are to be hereafter. Once
more we can go to Tower Hill and kneel before Our
Lady of Grace, as our fathers knelt before Our Lady
of Barking. Our Lady of Willesden is building herself a
new shrine to replace the old one; not of material stones
alone, but of the living stones of faithful, loving hearts.
Our Lady of Walsingham, it is said, is to have her pilgrim-
age again, before the year is out, the first since the evil days

which saw her holy image burnt at Chelsea. An ancient oak image of Our Lady, which is thought to have been formerly venerated in the Cistercian Abbey of Hailes, Gloucestershire, has (so, at least, it is rumored) found its way, through the kindness of a benefactor, to the care of the sons of SS. Stephen Harding and Bernard, in Charnwood Forest. In like manner, thanks to a young and zealous priest, devotion to Our Lady of Dale has been rekindled in the mission church nearest to her ancient Shrine.

There are few ancient sanctuaries the early history of which is so well authenticated as that of Our Lady of Dale; for there is in the British Museum a quarto volume of about two hundred pages (E. Cott. MS. Vesp. E. 26), containing fragments of a thirteenth century copy of the Chronicle of Dale—perhaps the original—and a fifteenth century transcript of the whole chronicle. The author of the chronicle was Thomas de Muscam (Muschamp of Muskham, near Newark-upon-Trent), a Premonstratensian Canon of Dale. From his boyhood he had been dedicated to God's house and service, for he had taken, as he himself tells us, "in the midst of the flowers of boyhood and youth, the regular habit in this place from the third Abbot, John Grauncorth (1223-1253), a venerable Father, lovely in the eyes of God, and deserving of love from men." It was some four years after his entrance into the Abbey that he heard from the lips of its foundress, the Lady Maud, or Matilda, de Salicosa-Mara, the history of Dale, or Depedale, as it was then called.

Her story was briefly this: There had lived during her grandfather's lifetime, in St. Mary Street, Derby, a baker, of godly life, who, every Saturday—no doubt, in honor of Our Blessed Lady—distributed to the poor, according to his means, both food and clothing. Now it came to pass, that one autumn noon, as he rested from his labor, it seemed to him in a dream as if the Mother of God stood before him, and told him that his alms had gone up in remembrance before God. "But now," she added, "if thou wilt be perfect, leave all that thou hast, and go to Depedale, where thou shalt serve my Son and me in soli-

tude; and when thou shalt have finished thy course, thou shalt inherit the kingdom of love, joy, and eternal bliss, which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Then he awoke, and gave thanks to God and His Blessed Mother, and straightway went forth without saying a word to any man, yet not knowing whither he went, although in truth he had not far to go. From Derby he walked to the neighboring village of Stanley, where, hearing a woman telling a girl to take some calves to Depedale, he followed, and soon reached the secluded dale, which he was to be the means of henceforward dedicating to God and Our Lady. Here he scooped for himself out of the sandstone rock, "a very small dwelling, with an altar towards the south," in which he "served God day and night, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness." Before long, he was discovered by Ralph FitzGeremund, Lord of "half the vill of Ockbrook and Alevastoncum-Soke," the Lady Matilda's grandfather, who, while at the chase, had caught sight of the smoke of the hermit's fire, and who, although at first angered at the trespass, on hearing his tale, bestowed upon him the ground on which his hermitage stood, as well as the tithe of the mill of Burgh, now Borrowash.

De Muscam next relates, on the authority of one Humfrid, whom many then living remembered that, finding a spring of water, of which he had greatly stood in need, to the west of the cave, the hermit "made for himself," near it, "a cottage, and built an oratory to the honor of God and the Blessed Virgin." Then follows in the chronicle the story of the conversion of a famous robber-chief, who foresees the future greatness of Our Lady's dale. "Of a truth the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. Children shall be born, and shall grow up, and declare unto their children the wonderful works which the Lord will perform in this valley. For they shall come, as it hath been revealed unto me, from various nations to worship the Lord in this valley, and to serve Him until the end of time."

On the marriage of Ralph FitzGeremund's daughter, the Lady Margaret, with Serlo de Grendon, "Lord of Badely," the part of the valley containing Depedale was granted to the latter, and he, in his turn, assigned "Depedale, with all its appurte-

nances" and some sixty acres of land, to his godmother, or *gome*, who, either shortly before, or, as is more probable, after the holy hermit's death, built a chapel on the site of his oratory, in which her son Richard, who was a priest, might say Mass. About 1150, at the request of the "gome of the dale," Serlo de Grendon made a grant of Depedale to the Austin Canons of Calke, near Melbourne, who sent there a Prior with five Canons, amongst whom was the "gome's son." Owing, however, to poverty, and difficulties about forest rights, the foundation was not a lasting one; and accordingly, William de Grendon, Serlo's son, made over the Priory to a colony of Premonstratensian Canons from Topholm, in Lincolnshire, while to Depedale was added Stanley Park, a portion of land in the same valley, imparked, and privileged for the chase by royal grant. Notwithstanding this addition, the Priory still continued poor, and the Canons from Topholm were succeeded by a colony of the same Order, brought by William de Grendon from Welbeck, in Nottinghamshire; to which, however, as they also "possessed few things in the granary, and fewer still in the bakehouse and brewery," and came nigh "perishing with hunger and thirst in the deserts," they shortly afterwards returned.

Then it was that the cousin of William de Grendon, the Lady Matilda de Salicosa-Mara, daughter of William, son and heir of Ralph FitzGeremund, being childless, persuaded her father to make over to the Canons of Prémontré the village of Stanley, lately purchased by him, so that a house of that Order might be built in Stanley Park, and that "God the Most High, the retributor of good deeds, might grant," to her and her husband, Galfrid de Salicosa-Mara, "the blessing of wished-for progeny, and the bliss of life everlasting." Thus it came about that [1197-1204] William FitzRalph founded a new house for the Order of Prémontré "in his park of Stanley, immediately adjacent to that ancient place of Depedale," which had three times become desolate. Thus, too, at his uncle's request, William de Grendon, the patron of Depedale, bestowed upon the new foundation "the house of Depedale and all its appurtenances which were his to grant," on condition "that a priest

of the congregation should every day, in perpetuity, within the Chapel of Depedale (which they must keep in repair) celebrate Mass for his soul, and for the souls of his ancestors and successors, and for the souls of all those that are at rest in Christ; and that, further, upon the great table in the refectory there should be placed one prebend of conventual bread, beer, and companage, to be distributed to the poor." After this, as William FitzRalph was busied "beyond sea" (he was Seneschal of Normandy), "and on this side of it on the King's business," the Lady Matilda and her husband, as his executors, "led forth a convent" from Newhouse in Lincolnshire, under Walter de Senteney, "a man of the highest religion," who became first Abbot of the new foundation. A noble Abbey church was in due time built, which although at first officially called the Church of St. Mary *de parco Stanlei*, was soon, owing to the old memories, known only by the much-loved name of Our Lady of Dale. "These, O Dale," concludes the chronicle, "were thy living stones, thy chosen stones, the stones precious in the foundation of thy church; which stones were jointed with that mighty Corner-stone, Our Lord Jesus Christ." Through all these changes Our Lady had reigned over the holy dale. The hermit's oratory and, no doubt—although the title seems afterwards to have been changed—the little church which succeeded it, were dedicated to God under her invocation. So also was the great Abbey Church, in the north transept of which may still be traced the foundations of the parclose of "Our Lady of Pity." And here it may be asked whether the beautiful alabaster *Pietà*, found some years ago in the chancel of the neighboring church of Breadsall, may not possibly be traced back to Dale? If so, then, indeed, we have another sign that God, in His mercy, is "restoring that which is past." Be this as it may, we know that from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the sixteenth century, Our Lady of Dale was greatly honored in England.

Of Our Lady's Abbey all that is now standing is the great arch of the east window, although the foundations and lower courses of the walls and many fragments of the superstructure

have of late years been brought to light. For three hundred years William de Grendon's daily Mass for his own soul and for the souls of his ancestors, and for all who rest in Christ, has remained unsaid in the little church of the "gome of the daye." But the little church itself, one of the smallest in England (twenty-six feet long), the nave and chancel of which are thought to date back to her time, and the restored church-house, notwithstanding all the changes it has undergone, still speak to us of the hermit's oratory and cottage; while the old well, and the old cave scooped out of the sand-stone rock, in which he began his work for God and Our Lady, are with us unto this day. The inhabitants of the neighborhood have begun again to take a great interest in the history of their valley; and a carefully written little work, called *Dale and its Abbey*, by Mr. J. Ward, has met with quite a hearty welcome, not only among the learned, but also among the working men. And now it has been put into the heart of the young priest, already mentioned (Father McCarthy, of Ilkeston), to rekindle devotion to Our Lady of Dale. Not, indeed, on the same spot, but as near to it as could be under the circumstances, her Shrine was set up in the Church of Our Lady and St. Thomas of Hereford, at Ilkeston, on Candlemas Day, 1889, where, although necessarily in a poor and humble way, she is served with great and true devotion. Her Litany is said every day after Mass, and her Rosary and Litany every night of the year, and little children sing daily the Office of her Immaculate Conception. Seven lamps, when the offerings permit, burn before her image. There are, no doubt, many lovers of Mary who will be glad and ready to help the young priest, who, besides being engaged in this work of reparation, and his parish duty, is also devoting himself with a little band of young men to the sanctification of youth. Some there are, it may be hoped, who will make pilgrimages of devotion to Our Lady of Dale, or send intentions to be prayed for at her Shrine; others will be moved to make generous offerings in her honor; while many more will recommend the good work in their prayers to God for His dear Mother's sake. And what is now being done for Our Lady of Dale at Ilkeston, will, no

doubt, in God's good time, be done in the churches nearest to all the other ancient Shrines of the Virgin Mother; that so Our Lady of Abingdon and Caversham, of Doncaster and Lincoln, of Walsingham and Ipswich, may have her own again in the land which was once, and is even still, her dower. Thus "the Lord will give" again "His bounty, and our land shall give her fruit." "Wilt Thou be wrath with us for ever? Wilt Thou stretch forth Thy wrath from generation unto generation? O God, Thou shalt turn and quicken us, and Thy people shall rejoice in Thee. Show us, O Lord, Thy mercy, and grant us Thy salvation!"

The Sanctuary was much frequented by the devout clients of Mary, and we find that the King gave the Canons as much land as they could enliracle in a day with a plough drawn by deer, and this legend is represented on the windows of Morley Church, which were afterwards removed from Dale Abbey. It has been earnestly sought to build up a great centre of devotion to "Our Lady of Dale" to whom, since the Feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel, April 26th, 1888, a great revival of devotion has taken place. The devotion was inaugurated, with great solemnity, on February 2nd, 1889, by the Very Rev. Philip James McCarthy. Seven sermons were preached in the open air, and processions were made. The inauguration was preceded by a Novena, which God blessed in a wonderful manner by great graces, and since that time a continuous stream of "petitions" for graces has flowed in from all sides, even from the extreme South of Africa, from India and America. Letters of thanksgiving, or *ex-voto* offerings of gratitude are almost daily received.

On the Feast of SS. Philip and James, May 1, 1891, Mass was said for the first time since the so-called Reformation in the Hermit's Cave at Dale, by the Rev. Philip James McCarthy, surrounded by the Oblates of Our Lady of Good Counsel. And on Whit-Monday of the same year, by kind permission of Earl Stanhope, Pontifical Mass was celebrated—also for the first time since the change in religion—within the ruins of Dale Abbey, by the Lord Bishop of Nottingham, in

the presence of a large number of pilgrims from Nottingham and the surrounding parts, and even from London. The altar had been erected beneath the east window, the only part of the abbey left standing, so that the Bishop stood on the very spot on which the Premonstratensian Abbots had offered the Holy Sacrifice three hundred years before. After Mass the Bishop, clergy and people went in procession to the site of the ancient chapel of Our Lady of Pity, and there crowned the statue of Our Lady of Dale, while the choir sang the *Regina Cæli*. An impressive sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham, who, after having given the history of Deepdale and the Abbey of Stanley Park, better known as the Abbey of Dale, declared that it was fit and right that devotion to the Blessed Mother of God should be revived and perpetuated under the title of "Our Lady of Dale."

Mass is usually said, "Coram Sanctissimo," in honor of Our Lady of Dale, and the children recite the Rosary and sing the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception; many beautiful prayers from their young and fervent hearts ascend to her heavenly Throne, on behalf of all Benefactors and all Petitioners. Over 350 Masses a year are offered for all who contribute annually to the MAINTENANCE FUND, and their names are entered on the ROLL CALL of "Our Lady of Dale," which fund is entirely at the discretion of the founder, the Very Rev. P. J. McCarthy, for his work, or any other need, as on him rests the responsibility of the whole undertaking.

The Holy See has recognized and honored the invocation of "Our Lady of Dale," by granting a "privileged altar." Thus the Apostolic Blessing will accompany all future labors.

The V. Rev. F. McCarthy is desirous of founding the Oblates of our Lady of Good Counsel. They will devote themselves to the salvation of youth, and will form a Centre of Reparation, Thanksgiving and Perpetual Intercession for the Sanctification of Youth, and of special devotion to Our Lady among the young.

The late lamented Cardinal Manning (of blessed memory), Archbishop of Westminster, who, with his own hand, inscribed his name on the "Roll Call" of Our Lady of Dale, has granted 100 days' Indulgence to all who devoutly recite the *Regina Cæli* in her honor, and an Indulgence of 40 days has been granted by the Bishop of Nottingham for each "Hail Mary," said before the statue as well as for each "Hail Mary," together with "Our Lady of Dale, pray for us," but not necessarily before the statue.

Seven lamps burn constantly before the Holy Image, in honor of her Seven Sorrows, her Seven Joys on Earth, and her Seven Joys in Heaven. Lamps can be lighted for any person's Intention at 1s. for the week for each lamp.

OUR LADY OF PITY

She stands, the Lady of Pity,
Over the old church porch;
Outside the walls of the city
The sea creeps up to the church.

She is stained with the wind and weather,
No baby is at her breast;
Her crown is browner than leather,
Where swallows have made their nest.

Your Lady of marble is fairer,
Your lady of silver is fine,
But the Lady of Pity is dearer,
Stained with the rain and the brine.

So lonely she leans forever,
Her arms outstretched to take in
The city with woe and with fear,
The city with want and sin.

The old folks say and aver it,
Her hands were clasped on her heart,
Till the cry of a broken spirit
Brought them in blessing apart.

'Twas a young maid, wailing and crying
 In her chamber under the moon,
 With a hurt heart, hurt and undying,
 That must be hid at the noon.

Her cheeks grow grayer and grayer,
 Her hands are fevered and dry,
 Her lips would utter a prayer,
 They only fashion a cry.

She is hurt past human recover,
 With a mortal pain in her side;
 And she dare not think of her lover,—
 Her lover is with his bride.

She said: "I will out of the city,
 Where nought of comfort is found,
 And the dear, dear Lady of Pity
 Will give me stanch for my wound."

The wind is moaning and blowing
 The snow on her soft fair head;
 No light in the casement showing,
 The good townsfolk are in bed.

She steals through the streets of the city
 And out where the breakers roar,
 And the lonely Lady of Pity
 Is over the old church door.

She sobs a pitiful story
 To the lonely Lady of stone;
 The stars look down in their glory,
 The wind goes by with a moan.

The stars gaze down in their splendor
 What marvel now doth betide?
 The Lady of Pity, most tender,
 Has opened her arms out wide.

The heart that hath suffered and striven
 Is filled with a sudden peace:
 "Oh, 'tis the rapture of Heaven!"
 She cries in her pain's surcease.

In the early morning they found her,
Dead as a frozen bird,
And the snows had drifted around her,
Like the ermine cape of a lord.

Our Lady of Pity be praised!
She leaned from her place above,
Her arms outstretched and upraised,
As though in blessing and love.

See! yonder she is leaning forever,
Her kind arms stretched to take in
The city with woe and fever,
The city with shame and sin.

Catherine Tynan.

THREE PRAYERS

I.

Most Holy Virgin, I venerate thee with my whole heart, above all angels and saints in Paradise, as the Daughter of the Eternal Father; and I consecrate to thee my soul with all its powers.

Hail Mary, *etc.*

II.

Most Holy Virgin, I venerate thee with my whole heart, above all angels and saints in Paradise, as the Mother of the only-begotten Son; and I consecrate to thee my body with all its senses.

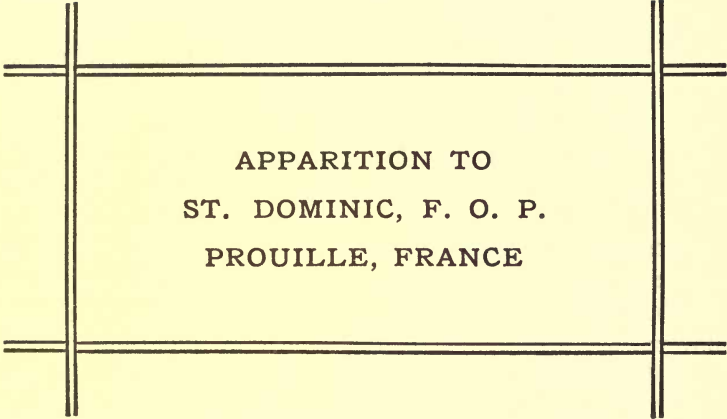
Hail Mary, *etc.*

III.

Most Holy Virgin, I venerate thee with my whole heart, above all angels and saints in Paradise, as the Spouse of the Holy Ghost; and I consecrate to thee my heart and all its affections, praying thee to obtain for me, from the ever-blessed Trinity, all that is necessary for my salvation.

Hail, Mary, *etc.*

[300 days. *Plenary once a month.*]



APPARITION TO
ST. DOMINIC, F. O. P.
PROUILLE, FRANCE

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APPARITION
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1208

He knelt, his lips apart, his heart aflame;
While Mary taught, the angels went and came.
"Take it," she said with love, "this Rosary."
Her God! her Son, she held upon her knee.
His hand He raised—the mystic chaplet blessed.
With rapture, Dominic, his joy expressed.

Sister M. Dominic, O. S. D.



It is of interest for English Catholics to know that St. Dominic was born in the year of St. Thomas of Canterbury's martyrdom, 1170. Once more, in the words of Tertullian, *Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum*, "The blood of Martyrs is the seed of Christians." He belonged to the princely family of Guzman, settled at Calaroga, a Spanish town near the Pyrenees.

The noble lady who held him during baptism saw on his forehead a star of light, noticed also by his biographers in after years. At the age of fourteen he entered the schools at Palencia. His life there was solitary and frugal. He ate sparingly, and for ten years did not drink wine.

Both his parents were dead when he was ordained priest at the age of twenty-four and, at the request of his Bishop, soon after joined the Chapter of Reformed Canons of Osma, his native diocese. Although youngest in age, he was named Subprior. "Then," says Blessed Jordan, "he stood among his brethren as a shining light, first in holiness, but in his own opinion last of all, shedding around him a life-giving perfume. One thing he asked often and earnestly of God;

it was that He would give him a true charity, a love that would make it easy for him to give up all for the salvation of men, being convinced that only then would he be a true member of Christ, when he should consecrate himself with all his powers to win souls after the example of the Saviour of the world, our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for our redemption." His aspiration even then was after a missionary life, "for," says Theodoric, "his love for perishing souls was a continual and painful wound in his heart, for God had given to him the gift of a perfect charity."

THE ALBIGENSES

In 1203 Dominic went with Diego, Bishop of Osma, into France. As they crossed the Pyrenees and entered the province of Languedoc, they were confronted with the ravages of the Albigensian heretics.

Dominic's heart yearned over the land. He had been reared in solitude. Yet at once, as by instinct, the zeal of an Apostle flashed out. With a tact equal to his charity, he converted the innkeeper who gave them shelter, on the first night of his arrival. Later he told a friend that this first success had suggested to his mind on the spot, the idea of an Order of Preachers.

The fellow travellers passed through Languedoc, and visited Rome. They turned homeward, re-entered Languedoc, and were on the point of leaving it when a mere accident, as we might call it, arrested their steps. Pope Innocent III. had instigated a movement against the aggression of the Albigenses. Success had been slight, and the Catholics were at the moment in conference at Montpellier, deliberating on the gloomy outlook. They heard of Diego and Dominic passing through, and invited their counsel. Diego spoke with burning words to the Fathers and magnates, and declared his intention of remaining in the land, preaching the poverty of Christ. He was hailed as a leader of the Catholic mission.

All went well. Dominic followed his Bishop as a simple preacher. His zeal and name soon filled the land. Surprising it was to see the student, the recluse, the man of prayer, showing forth all the fire, and still more the prudence and charity of a perfect apostle. His manifestation had come. It was as if a torrent from the quiet hills had found at length its outlet.

The Albigenses were amazed and angered by this new resistance. Their pride was checked by humble men; their imperious conquests trembled. They took up with fresh fury the arts of deception; but in vain. At Fanjeaux occurred a celebrated prodigy. A public thesis written by Dominic was put to the ordeal by fire. The document written in opposition by the Albigenses was cast into the flames and consumed. Dominic's was thrown out of the fire three times unscathed. This miracle was noised abroad and converted many. It is sculptured in marble on the Saint's tomb at Bologna.

A little town by the Pyrenees, thirty miles from Toulouse, was the first place to receive the impress of his religious rule. Here he provided for the education of Catholic girls by founding a small convent of nuns.

A sudden storm of war both tested and sheltered this refuge created by the zeal of the great preacher. Diego died, the Catholic mission collapsed, and hostilities broke out between the Catholics and the Albigenses.

"St. Dominic," says Blessed Humbert, "left almost alone, with a few companions who were bound to him by no vow, during ten years upheld the Catholic faith in different parts of Narbonne, especially at Carcassonne and Fanjeaux. He devoted himself entirely to the salvation of souls by the ministry of preaching, and he bore with a great heart a multitude of affronts, ignominies and sufferings for the Name of Jesus Christ."

"It was necessary," says the chronicler, "that he who loved God so much should love men dearly. As a youth he sold his books and other things, and he wished to sell himself as a slave to ransom a Christian from the Moors. Nor was he less illustrious in consoling unhappy men and alleviating their lot

than in teaching them the truth. For he desired nothing more ardently than to help them on the way to heaven. Thus he embraced in the widest charity all sorts of men, nobles and peasants, Jews and Pagans. He disputed with heretics, but nevertheless he admonished them cheerfully and mildly to embrace the Catholic faith. In fine, he was so moved with pity towards the afflicted that he ardently desired to save even those who were in hell, had it been possible.

To the Catholics he was all in all: they found in him their defence, their father, their guide. "The Catholics loved him," we are told; "liberal and hospitable, he shared what he had with the poor. He was very sparing to himself in food, but wished others to be supplied abundantly so far as their means allowed. I never knew a man so humble, or who held the world in greater contempt. He received abuse, curses, and reproaches not only patiently but with joy, as though they were precious gifts. No persecution troubled him; he went about serene and intrepid in the midst of danger, and never turned out of his way from fear. If on his journeys he was overcome by weariness, he would lie down by the roadside for a scanty rest. Never did I know a man so given to prayer, or who so abounded in tears. He was heard to cry out: 'O Lord, have mercy on this people. What will become of sinners?' The sins of others were a torment to him. He would pass sleepless nights weeping over sinners." Another says: "Into the wide embrace of his charity he received all men, and as he loved all, so was he beloved by all. He made it his business to rejoice with those that rejoiced, and to weep with those that wept, and wholly to pour himself out in pity for the afflicted, and love of his neighbor. All were moreover attracted by the fact that he never showed the least duplicity or pretence, in word or work, but always walked in the ways of simplicity."

His mission grew. Fervent companions came and clung to him. First of these was the dearly loved Blessed Bertrand, who was with him in all toils, and was called his living image. Another was Lawrence the Englishman, also called Blessed.

The capacity and energy of Dominic were not overlooked. He filled several important offices. Thrice he was offered, but refused, the episcopate.

THE ROSARY

This period of his life is bounded by two notable events, the murder of the Papal Legate, and the Battle of Muret. It was in 1208, while St. Dominic knelt in the little chapel of Notre Dame de la Prouille, and implored the great Mother of God to save the Church, that Our Blessed Lady appeared to him, gave him the Rosary, and bade him go forth and preach, and explain to the people how to say their prayers on the beads. In the Breviary Office for Rosary Sunday, it is declared that, "he was admonished by the Blessed Virgin to preach the Rosary to the people as a singular remedy against heresy and sin." The Popes Leo X., St. Pius V., Gregory XIII., Sixtus V., Clement VIII., Alexander VII., Innocent XI., Clement XI., Innocent XIII., Benedict XIII., Pius IX., have, with a singular consent and in a most formal manner, attributed the Rosary to St. Dominic. Pope Leo XIII. has crowned the tradition by the words in his Encyclical Letter, dated September 2nd, 1891: "The belief that to this form of prayer a special power has been accorded by the Queen of Heaven is justified, because by her instigation and under her patronage it was introduced by the holy Father Dominic, and it was spread in a time hostile to everything Catholic, much like our own, and as a powerful means of opposing the enemies of the faith effectually."

It is easy to trace the Rosary to Dominic's mind and practice. He was emphatically the Apostle of vocal prayer. His own personal devotion was an example of ejaculatory prayer, akin to the Rosary method. His favorite prayer was the Our Father, over each syllable of which he lingered, especially at Mass. Next he loved the Hail Mary, "for indeed," says Castiglio, "no name after that of our Lord was so welcome

to him as that sweet name of Mary, or so often on his lips." By the Rosary he renewed the love of Mary throughout the world. He never began an important work without invoking her aid, and he left it to his brethren to do the same. One of his biographers adds, in words closely connected with this subject: "There is a kind of prayer wherein the soul makes the body serve as an instrument of devotion, and this was often employed by the Blessed Dominic. The soul therein acts on the body, and the body reacts on the soul." The Rosary appears to be almost the spontaneous outcome of Dominic's interior spirit. The words of Pope Leo XIII. fitly prove its supernatural power: "The sect of the heretical Albigenses had found its way secretly and publicly into many Provinces. This detestable off-shoot of the Manicheans, whose numerous errors it revived, spread hypocrisy, murder, and a deadly hatred to the Church. Human help against these insidious, audacious people was hardly to be expected, but the Rosary sent by God came to our aid by the power of the Blessed Virgin, the glorious destroyer of all heresies."

THE BATTLE OF MURET

Count Raymund of Toulouse, the leader of the Albigenses, was among the smallest and meanest of the small and mean tyrants of the Middle Ages. His perjured banners sheltered hordes of lawless men, hired and fighting for pay and plunder. The words of Innocent III. fully bear out the vile character of Raymund and his followers: "Suffer not the Church to perish," he wrote to the kings of England and France, "in this unhappy country, but come to her assistance and combat valiantly against these heretics, who are worse than Saracens."

At the head of the Catholics was Count Simon de Montfort, father of the De Montfort who founded the English House of Commons. He was in all respects the opposite of Raymund. He was a brave man, truthful and religious, a worthy leader in the true cause, a fit heir to the chivalry which rescued the

Holy Sepulchre. Under these two leaders the war rolled on with varying success, till the battle of Muret placed on De Montfort's brow the coronet of victory in 1213.

Beleagured in the town of Muret, De Montfort, with only 800 horse, suddenly, by an extraordinary inspiration, threw himself upon the foe, 40,000 strong, and at one impetuous charge, scattered them like chaff before the wind, losing only eight men. The king of Aragon, Raymund's ally and kinsman, was slain, and the enemy wasted away like the hosts of Sennacherib. No wonder that this victory was considered to be nothing less than a miracle. De Montfort attributed the result to the prayers of the Rosary, and out of gratitude he built the first chapel in its honor at Muret.

It is pleasant and significant to remember the friendship of Dominic when we think of the influence of De Montfort's family in English history. The younger Simon may well have derived the principles of constitutional liberty, for which he fought and died at Evesham, from the broad and free mind of Dominic, in whose legislation they are so conspicuous.

THE SAINT'S DEATH

The Chapter over, Dominic visited the North of Italy, preaching. The shadow, or rather the halo of death was on his brow. His vigorous frame had bent under illness the previous year, and signs of the end were not wanting. Yet few if any of his brethren and friends realized that he was parting with them, that the wonderful life of incessant activity and austerity, was soon to close. "Having reached to perfect sanctity," says Theodoric, "our Blessed Father St. Dominic received the gift of prophecy from our Lord, who made known to him the hour of death. As he prayed one night, consumed with the desire of appearing before God, he saw a beautiful youth who said, "Come my beloved, and enter into joy." Before leaving Bologna, he had said to some friends, "You see me now in health, dear friends; know that before the Feast

of the Assumption, I shall have left this world and be with God."

Attacked by fever he returned to Bologna, preaching all the way from Venice, the last words uttered by his Apostolic voice. On arrival, he attended Matins, and then succumbed to the violence of the malady. "He consoled and exhorted the brethren," says Ventura, "with sweet words and a smile; and all the time he was ill, he never complained nor did he utter a groan, but was cheerful and joyous." At his own request, he was laid on a piece of sacking stretched along the ground. Having received the last Sacraments he said to those around him: "Dearest brethren, by the singular gift of God, perfect virginity has been preserved to me up to this hour: which, if you also guard it jealously, you will wonderfully prevail among the people by purity of life and the odor of a good name." Then he continued: "Go on fervently in the service of our Lord, and extend the Order now only beginning. To serve God you know is to reign, but we must serve Him with our whole heart. Be firm in a good life, be faithful to the Rule, and grow in virtue. Behold, my sons, what I give you as a heritage; have charity, guard humility, and find your treasure in voluntary poverty." A short time he was silent, and it is believed, that in those moments Our Lady appeared to him, and promised her perpetual protection to his Order. Ventura, his confessor, said to him: "Dear Father, you leave us desolate and afflicted; remember us before God." The Saint raised his failing hands and eyes and said: "Holy Father, as by Thy mercy I have always done Thy Will, and have kept those Thou didst give me, I commend them now to Thee. Keep them, preserve them." Then fixing on them his last loving glance, he uttered the memorable promise, never forgotten: "Do not weep, my children; I shall be of more help to you where I am going, than I have been in this life."

The cloud of death crept over that starry brow. It was noon, 6th August, 1221. He was fifty years of age. Suddenly and simply ended his career on earth.

The blow of so great a loss seemed at first to stun the brethren

ren. They stood for a long time silent, weeping. "They had reason to mourn," says Castiglio, "at the loss of their father, pastor, and friend, given them by God. He had been their refuge in trouble, their resource, ready ever to console, with words of counsel or compassion, those who had left all things for the love of God."

Cardinal Ugolino, the Saint's constant friend, came from Venice to conduct the obsequies, in presence of many Bishops and Prelates, and a great multitude of people.

Albert, Prior of the Carmelites, came forward in tears to embrace the body of his friend. As he turned away, his face shone with joy. "Dear Father," he said to the Prior of St. Nicholas, "rejoice with me. The Blessed Father has told me that we shall be re-united soon." And the event proved the words, for he died the same year. Dominic's first tomb was built of strong substance in the Church of St. Nicholas, "and there," says the chronicler, "was laid to rest this treasure more precious than gold, purer than silver, and nobler than all imaginable jewels."

Supernatural signs were not wanting of the Saint's beatitude. A cleric of Bologna, in a dream, saw the Blessed Father on a throne gloriously crowned, and said: "Are not you Brother Dominic lately dead?" "My son," replied the Saint, "I am not dead, for I have a good Master with whom I live." A brother of Santa Sabina seemed to see the road stretching from Bologna, and along it was walking Dominic between two men of venerable aspect, and he was crowned with a golden coronet and was dazzling with light. A sweet perfume emanated from the tomb. Miracles speedily occurred. Soon his place of burial was covered with grateful offerings.

The body was translated to a more fitting shrine under Blessed Jordan. Cardinal Ugolino was then Pope, by the title of Gregory IX. Not being able to attend the translation, he deputed the Archbishop of Ravenna in his place. Three hundred of the brethren assisted at the ceremony.

St. Dominic was canonized by Gregory IX. on the 13th July, 1234, at Rieti. With what feelings of veneration, added to a

friend's joy, the Pope performed the act, so fittingly reserved for him, may be gathered from his words to the Cardinals: "I have no more doubt of the sanctity of this man, than I have of that of St. Peter and St. Paul."

The body was again translated to a richer tomb in 1267. The present marble shrine was erected in 1469, by Nicholas Pisano, and is justly praised as the sculptor's masterpiece. "As you behold this tomb," says Père Lacordaire, "you feel that the artist was divinely guided to express the sanctity of him whose dust it covers."

St. Dominic left some writings, but they have perished. They comprised a Commentary on St. Paul and St. Matthew, a treatise on the Rosary and on the Holy Eucharist. His book tried by fire at Fanjeaux, is said to have been a treatise on the "Flesh of Christ," and to have contained a luminous defence of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, founded on the argument, "As the first Adam was made of virgin earth which had never been cursed, so was it fitting that the second Adam should be made in like manner."

THE MISSION OF THE ORDER

Thirteen canonized Saints adorn the Order of Preachers: St. Hyacinth, St. Peter Martyr, St. Raymund, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Antonius, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Lewis Bertrand, St. Pius V., St. John of Gorcum, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Agnes, St. Catherine of Ricci, St. Rose of Lima. Among the innumerable Blessed may be named Blessed Reginald, Blessed Albert the Great, Blessed Henry Suso.

The first and one of the greatest works in the Order's public mission was the foundation of the Scholastic Philosophy and Theology. St. Thomas was the instrument of this vast enterprise. In the words of Cardinal Newman: "It was the magnificent aim of the children of St. Dominic to form the whole matter of human knowledge into one harmonious system, to secure the alliance between religion and philosophy, and to

train men to the use of the gifts of nature in the sunlight of divine grace and revealed truth." It was the mission of Fra Angelico, the Dominican artist, to carry the purest lines of truth into manifestation before the eye.

These significations of its high and spiritual mind render just the title of the Friar Preachers to be the Order of Christian Genius. Its culture was moulded in that ancient profound form based on theology, which a Protestant author has noticed to have produced its refining effect in the best times of Constantinople.*

The Dominican Order is, in history, the great University Order. Its method of teaching stands out in contrast to the old monastic schools, which in some respects were simply nurseries, and in contrast also to the modern single College. It created or animated those institutions which dot mediæval Europe like gems of splendor.

No Order, formally as such, has been so closely identified with the government of the Church. This fact is in itself ample testimony to the wisdom, moderation, and equity of the Dominican character.

The missionary zeal of the Order is proved by the astonishing yet well-attested fact that in the first century of its existence its martyrs numbered over 12,000.

The Order has given four Popes to the Church: Innocent IV., Blessed Benedict XI., St. Pius V., Benedict XIII.

From the record of his life, even the cursory reader will gather the impression that St. Dominic was a man of conspicuous and eminent talent. He was probably one of the greatest orators that ever lived. The gifts of a lawgiver and of a statesman were also displayed to a high degree in the rise and organization of his Order.

St. Dominic is one of the celebrated figures in the story of the world. He is one of the great Saints in the Church of

*"When the Christian Religion became universal, it gradually directed the whole attention of the educated to theological questions. These studies certainly exercised a favorable influence on the general morality of mankind, and the tone of society was characterized by a purity of manners and a degree of charitable feeling which have probably never been surpassed." Quoted by Fr. Faber.

God. His life is a spiritual and intellectual landmark dividing ages.

Let us end these pages with the beautiful anthem of the Church, sung daily in Dominican churches throughout the world :

“O Light of the Church, Doctor of Truth, Rose of Patience, Ivory of Chastity, thou didst give the water of wisdom freely : Preacher of grace, join us to the Blessed.”

THE FEAST OF OUR LADY OF VICTORY

October 7, 1571, the battle of Lepanto was fought between the Christians and the Turks. Pius V. was Pope. For centuries before there was conflict between the Catholic powers of Europe and the followers of Mahomet, Turks, Saracens, etc., in which many brave men perished, and such glorious names as Godfrey de Bouillon and Tancred come down to our school children through the history of the Crusades. In the time of Pius V., the Catholic powers of Europe were quarrelling among themselves, and seemed not to realize the dangers from the invading Turks. The Papal soldiers, aided by Venice and Spain, sailed for the Ionian Sea, then up the Gulf of Corinth, and at Lepanto, a town in Greece, gave battle to the Turkish fleet. That is called the battle of the Cross and Crescent. When night approached, and the battle ceased, on the waving banners was the Sign of the Cross. The victory over the Turks attributed to the prayers of the Pope and people to the Blessed Virgin, and the Pope established the Feast of Our Lady of Victory, and Pope Gregory XIII. dedicated the first Sunday of October to Our Lady of the Rosary—Rosary Sunday—in commemoration of the Victory of Lepanto. What Pius IX. and Leo XIII. have done to perpetuate Rosary Month, can be seen in their prayers and letters to the faithful. Even now Christian Europe is in the same quarreling condition it was in three hundred years ago. Then the Turks were exterminating the Christians in Greece—now in Armenia. **If**

Pope Leo XIII. were fifty years younger, with his devotion to the Blessed Virgin and his ardent zeal for the Catholic faith, he would find some means to again turn back the persecutions of the Turks and Kurds.

OUR LADY AND THE ROSARY

Promises of Our Lady to those who devoutly recite the Rosary:

To those who recite my Psalter, I promise my special protection.

The Rosary will be a powerful weapon against the powers of hell; it will root out vices, destroy sin, and subjugate all heresies.

He who calls on me through the Rosary shall not perish.

Whatever you ask through the Rosary shall be granted.

Those who propagate my Rosary shall be helped by me in all their necessities.

Devotion to my Rosary is a great sign of predestination.

Whoever recites the Rosary, devoutly meditating on the holy mysteries, will not be cast down by troubles nor perish by an unprovided death, but if he is a sinner, he shall be converted; if he is virtuous, he shall increase in grace, and become worthy of eternal life.

Those who are truly devout in reciting my Rosary, shall not die without the Sacraments.

I will deliver from Purgatory in the space of a day, those devoted to my Rosary.

The true children of the Rosary shall enjoy a great glory in heaven.

E. DE M.

TO MARY, THE HELP OF CHRISTIANS

(From the Latin of His Holiness, Leo XIII.)

BY ALBERT REINHART, O. P.

O Virgin mighty, with thine aid, to sing
 Triumphant songs in lyric strain
 Delights me. Thou, full oft, didst bring
 Sweet, smiling Peace unto our train
 Of warring sires, France thou art witness! When
 Infernal powers, with cunning dire,
 Had laid most fearful snares,—alas, e'en then
 Thy pristine fame bedimmed with mire
 Of vice and error hopelessly o'errun;
 Thy people dying 'neath the blight;
 Thine erstwhile valor and thy faith that shone
 Resplendent, were extinguished quite.

But she was nigh—the Virgin. Lo! from Spain
 She called her knight, bedecked with grace,
 For worth revered, and gave the mystic chain
 Of Roses; spake in gentle phrase:
 "Behold the arms of French salvation, here!"
 And straight, where thick the foeman swarms
 The princely Dominic speeds, and by the sheer
 Resistless virtue of these arms,
 He bears from thence the victor's spoil and prize.
 The foeman slain, the ancestral faith
 In France, more strong, more fair than otherwise,
 Awakes new-born, from seeming death.

And other witnesses I call. Away
 In waves Ionian, see the isles,
 Whose story, even in this latest day,
 Embalmed in memory beguiles.
 Ships stand in long opposing lines, and aim
 To rush to fierce and savage fight;
 These bear for ensign Mary's heavenly name,
 And those, the Crescent's baleful sight.
 Hoarse sounds the trumpet's cry. A mighty rush—
 They meet—a horrid, deafening crash
 Resounds unceasing to the stars. A gush
 Of fiercely gleaming sea doth lash
 The rumbling sky. The frenzied chief's commands,
 This way and that, fly thick and fast.

More ships than one, the vastly deep demands,
With shattered sides and broken mast.
And bodies toss upon the roaring wave
That crimson grows with human blood.
Stood Fortune doubtful, nor to either gave
The palm. With equal hardihood
An equal fight was fought. And so they needs
Must meet again. The wily Turk,
Impetuous, the second onslaught leads.
Nor does the valiant Christian shirk.
But suddenly the Tartar quails with fear,
Nor knows the reason why. Despite
His greater number, he surrenders here
His fleet entire—Oh, wondrous sight!—
And yields to Christian judge his cause forlorn.
Then swells the victor's gladsome cheer,
And Mary's sweet and hallowed name is borne
On sounding shore, afar and near.

"A Miracle!" exclaims the nation's throng,
"Wrought by the gentle's Virgin's aid,—
The Virgin trusty and in warfare strong."
But loudest cry the Romans, for to these
Prophetic Pius did foretell,
With presage clear, this triumph on the seas,
This victory o'er the foeman fell.
And lo! to falling Europe comes new strength,
And firmer her religion stands.
A loitering posterity at length,*
Bestirs itself, and willing hands
It lends to build a tribute meet and grand.
Oh, may a temple, reared of stone
The purest dug from Parian soil, then stand
Upon the shores where Chivalry shone,
And there let her, the Queen and Virgin dwell,
And girt with roses, lay her potent spell
Upon the tumbling sea.

*Preparations are being made to erect at Patras, in Greece, a church in honor of the "Queen of the Rosary," and to commemorate the victory of Lepanto.

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