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# CARMELITE REVIEW,

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

## Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

PUBLISHED BY THE CARMELITE FATHERS OF NORTH AMERICA
WITH THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL APPROBATION.




VOL. II.

FALLS VIEW, ONTARIO,
1894.

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Carmelite Review.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, ONT., JANUARY, 1894. NO. 1.

## A New Year's Poem.

BY JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

I saw an old man when the day was done
Lay down his spade beside the chapel door,
Then kneel and bless himself, and one by one,
Repeat his thumb-worn Rosary o'er and o'er,

It was the eve before the glad new year,
The sun had set his last ray on the old ;
And as he prayed in silence, lo ! a tear
Drop'd from his eye-lid on the pavement cold.

I thought so like each bead came year by year,
The course of time, tho' changing still the same,
Decade on decade, lo ! the years appear,
Beginning and ending in the Saviour's name.

## On Saint Teresa's Footsteps.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

### CHAPTER I.—AVILA.

MORE than three centuries ago, a life was brought to a close on earth, to be continued in a brighter sphere, a life more wonderful than which there have been few, the life of that remarkable woman who stands forth in bold relief with the world's greatest heroines, St. Teresa of Jesus. It is now more than a year since I had the inestimable privilege of visiting Old Castile, renowned in history, as well as in the romantic tales of chivalry, but possessing a greater title to glory, in having given to the world the greatest daughter of Carmel's venerable family, and the fairest offshoot of its ancient trunk. From Burgos, travelling through Valladolid, Salamanca, Alba de Tormes, until I reached Avila, I found everywhere traces of the footsteps of that saintly woman which she has left imprinted upon the sands of time.

Accompany me in spirit, reader, and we shall cast a rapid glance at the places hallowed by St. Teresa's memory. Avila de los Caballeros, perched upon an eminence 3,496 ft. above the sea level, is one of the most picturesque towns in Spain. From the fine walks around its walls, the eye stretches over a beautiful expanse of country, undulating plains, mountains which in winter are snow-capped, and the silvery stream of the Adaja that flows beneath the walls. It was delightful to think that little more than three hundred years ago, the eyes of St. Teresa beheld the self-same landscape, the identical walls, in many instances the same houses I was beholding, and that the same ground was trodden by her venerable feet. But let us begin our journey in chronological sequence, following the life of the Saint. Enter the city by the Puerta del Puente, or the Gate of the Bridge. Notice that antique cross, it tells you of the antiquity of Avila and of its earliest Christian inhabitants. The origin of Avila or Abula is lost in the dim shadows of the morn of history. It is said to have been founded by Hercules in 1660. B.C. Several Roman remains are still to be found in the vicinity. The present city was rebuilt by Don Ramon, son-in-law of Alfonso VI., in the year 1088. Its granite walls, forty feet high and twelve feet thick, with eighty-six towers and ten gateways were begun in 1090, and to-day, after the lapse of so many centuries, they are nearly perfect. Pass through the ancient gate, turn slightly to the right, follow that narrow street, winding up the hill, beneath the southern wall, and you enter the street of Saint Teresa. The Church of the discalced Carmelite Friars stands before you. Ring at the door of the monastery and the friar will be pleased to send some one to accompany you. Enter the church. It stands upon the spot where the family of Teresa de Ahumade dwelt. To the right of the altar

you observe a door, pass through it. You stand within the very room where Teresa first beheld the light. Adjoining it is the appartment used by her father as an office and study. This is all, I regret to say, that is left of the original house. A little door in the room where the saint was born will admit you to a flight of stairs, descending which, you will find yourself in the small yard where, in childhood's days, the saint of Avila amused herself constructing hermitages with her brother Rodrigo.

Retracing your steps, descend again the narrow street, and reflect as you go that once that ground was trodden by Teresa and her little brother, as flying from their paternal home, they left the city to seek martyrdom in Africa, though they knew not where Africa lay, for instead of traveling towards the south, they took the road off Salamanca, leading to the north. Pass through the Puerta del Puente. St. Teresa and Rodrigo, no doubt, passed through it on that day of childhood's illusion. You are now facing the river Adaja, across it lies the bridge over which the two children passed, and, beyond it, the road to Salamanca winds its way over the plains. At a short distance from where you stand the would-be martyrs were intercepted by their uncle. St. Teresa was destined for a longer and a more painful martyrdom.

Turn now to the right and walk along outside of the southern walls, and you will reach the *Puerta de Santa Teresa*, which stands opposite the monastery of the Carmelite Friars. Continue your walk along the spacious promenade, called *El Rastro*. The large edifice to the left is the Bishop's palace. It was in St. Teresa's time the college of the Jesuits. There lived Father Balthasar Alvarez, the confessor of the saint, there too sojourned St. Francis de Borja, or Borgia. But there is another building still more worthy of your attention, it is the convent of the Augustinian nuns on your right. A year and a half of St. Teresa's girlhood were spent within its walls, and her memory is still green in its venerable cloisters. To-day these nuns no longer teach, as in St. Teresa's time, but they form a cloistered community, according to the decrees of the Council of Trent. The world owes much to the education which St. Teresa received in this asylum of virtue. Her heart had been gradually weaned from the love of heavenly things and the love of vanity was beginning to enter within it and monopolize her affections, but the religious atmosphere of the Augustinian convent stifled the first germs of worldliness, and a heroic soul was gained for God.

In her life, written by herself, she speaks thus of her sojourn in this house: "All the religious were glad to be in my company: for in this respect our Lord gave me the particular favor of always pleasing persons wherever I might be, and thus I was much beloved, and though at that time I was quite opposed to my becoming a nun, yet I was glad to see in that house so many good religious, of great purity, and devotion and recollection."

How many, many years have passed since these words were written! The soul of Teresa has long since winged its flight to a better world, but the venerable walls of the Augustinian convent stand there still to remind us in this nineteenth century of the existence upon earth of one of those souls of whom, alas! the earth possesses too few.

*(To be Continued.)*

## "Nearer to God."

Ursuline Academy,
Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Dec. 10, 1893.

DEAR FATHER:—Please insert the following in the REVIEW for January:

"The Annual retreat at the Ursuline Academy, Pittsburgh, conducted by Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt, O. C. C., was a great success. It opened on the 4th of December, and ended on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. It was well attended by past and present pupils who all enjoyed the instructions so earnestly delivered, and had the happiness at the end of the exercises of feeling that they had been drawn "Nearer to God," which the Rev. Father had said was the aim of the Retreat."

SR. ST. G.

BE charitable and humble in your thoughts as well as in your words.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

HE who walks in the holy presence of God will never commit sin, but will preserve his innocence and become a great saint.

# The Catechism

## OF MOUNT CARMEL,

[Under this heading each month I shall cheerfully answer all questions sent to me.—Fr. Anastasius J. Kreidt, O. C. C.]

### INTRODUCTION.

WE find the sweet name of Mary on the first page of the Gospel. We find it also on the first page of the history of the Christian Church. The mystery of the Incarnation begins with the veneration of the Blessed Virgin by an Archangel. The birth of the Church, according to the sublime teaching of the Fathers, takes place on Mount Calvary, when the heart of the Son of Man is pierced and sheds its last drop of blood in the presence of her, who with the dying words of her Son, as His most precious legacy to the Church, was constituted the Mother of His disciples.

We find her image in the Catacombs, we read her praises in the writings of the earliest Fathers of the Church, we pray to her in the most ancient liturgies, we sing her Magnificat with the martyrs of the Coliseum, and we listen with rapture to the eloquence of the holy bishops, who preach her panegyrics in the languages which we now call dead. Then, finally, in those ages, which are called so truly "Ages of Faith" the veneration of the Blessed Virgin culminates in two most Catholic devotions, the Scapular and the Rosary.

Both, as we know, were inspired by the Immaculate Queen of Heaven herself. To St. Dominic, the great founder of the Dominican order, she gave the Rosary, as the most powerful weapon to be used in his valiant warfare against heresy and sin—to St. Simon Stock, the sixth Latin General of the Carmelite Order, she gave the Scapular, as the livery of her special servants, and as a pledge of her powerful help and intercession in life and death.

And just as devotion to the Blessed Virgin was regarded by the first Christians as the sign of an orthodox member of the Church, so to-day the Scapular and the Rosary are the marks of the Catholic who is a true child of the Church in name and deed.

It is therefore a difficult matter to find anywhere a devout Catholic who does not practice these devotions so pleasing to the Son of Mary, and so profitable to the soul.

Beginning with the Holy Father down through all the ranks of the hierarchy from the Cardinal to the village curate, every ecclesiastic of the Church says his Rosary and wears his Scapular.

The whole Catholic Church recites the Rosary in union with the Sovereign Pontiff, at his warm invitation.

Millions of the Catholic laity, from the child that makes its first Communion to the old man on his death bed, receive the Scapular from the hands of zealous priests. There is not a missionary who has not this powerful weapon against sin and relapse in his equipment—there is not a community of religious men or women, which does not distribute this gift of Mary's love.

And yet, how many thousands there are who do not receive it, or having received it no longer wear it? How many more wear it, but know so little about it?

How many wearers of the Scapular could answer questions such as these: What does the Scapular mean? Why is it called the Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel? What are the conditions for wearing it? What are its privileges?

A brave and apostolic writer, Don Sarday Salvany has just published a work called "The Social Evil—its causes and its remedies." In this remarkable book he recognizes ignorance in religious questions and practices as the greatest evil in so-called Catholic countries. He attributes it to this want of religious knowledge, that scepticism and materialism are making such frightful inroads among people who were once the most fervent children of the Church.

If this be true with regard to Catholic countries, in which the traditions of the Saints are still strong; in which the full ceremonial of the Church passes before the eyes of her children; in which all Catholic devotions have become almost flesh and blood of the faithful, it cannot be less true of countries, in which Catholics are surrounded by a hostile atmosphere, where

Catholic education can be obtained only at the cost of great sacrifices, where pious practices and devotions can only be secondary in the fierce struggle to maintain the great gift of Faith itself.

That there should be a certain amount of ignorance concerning Catholic devotions, under such adverse circumstances, can hardly be wondered at. It seems almost a wonder that there is not more of it.

God, as St. Paul assures us, makes "all things work together unto good to them that love Him." It is His Spirit that forms religious orders and gives them their mission. Does it not seem providential, that now, when the Church of God has gained a strong foothold in this country, when her material prosperity seems to be more or less assured, when pastors and people can devote more time and attention to the interior development of Catholicism, that now the ancient Order of Mt. Carmel, whose members are honored by the title of Brothers of Our Lady by the Church, and to whose safe keeping the glorious Mother of God herself intrusted her precious gift of the Scapular, should find it in its power to aid in propagating its special devotion to Mary? Would we, and all those who are interested in our work, not be sadly lacking in our duty were we not to recognize this mission, and make use of all means at our limited command, in order to accomplish it?

The publication of the CARMELITE REVIEW, humble as it is, has afforded us the best means so far to make the Scapular known and appreciated by all children of Mary.

In the numbers of the past year learned and comprehensive articles have appeared on the subject. We intend, God willing, without interfering with these articles, without learned discussions on mooted points, without annotations and references, but in simple catechetical form, to place before our readers the sum and substance of all that the Order of Mount Carmel, which has been constituted guardian of this precious gift of Our Lady, knows and believes of the Scapular.

Since we adopt this form of questions and answers as being the most popular and knowing that it has proved most successful elsewhere, it will not be out of place for our readers to send us whatever questions may arise in their minds and have them embodied in the "Catechism."

FR. ANASTASIUS, O. C. C.

## "Mary, Help Me!"

St. Peter and Paul's Monastery,
Cumberland, Maryland,
Dec. 1, 1893.

*Editor Carmelite Review:*

DEAR FATHER:—Some time ago a man named Strong jumped from a coal train which was crashing through a trestle about 60 feet high. As he leaped he cried: "Mary! help me!" and he escaped without a hurt. He said he believed the Scapular saved him. This happened near Cumberland, and is true beyond the shadow of a doubt, and worthy of insertion in the REVIEW.

Yours in Christ.

FR. A. O. M. CAP.

## Enrolled in the Scapular.

NAMES for registration have been received at our Pittsburgh Monastery during the past month from St. John's Church, Pittsburgh: Retreat of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburgh, (South Side): St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, Ohio; St. Paul's Church, Northington, Iowa: All Hallows College, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Beech Grove, Ky.

Names have been received for registration at Monastery, Falls View, Ont., during the past month from Mainadieu, Cape Breton, N. S., St. Francis Church, Tillbury Centre, Ont., Cayuga, Ont., Ingersoll, Ont., St. Francis College, Antigonish, N. S., Binghamton, N. Y., Dixie, Ont., Maple Park, Illinois.

Names have been received at Englewood, New Jersey, for registration from New York City, South Orange, N. J., and Philadelphia, Pa.

GOODNESS will overcome evil, and kindness will break the hardest hearts. If the confidence of the worthless and dangerous could be won, it would be like the warmth of the sun breaking up a frost. Human sympathy, kind .care, personal service, patient goodwill are powers which never fail.—CARDINAL MANNING.

# THE "LAZY" MONKS.

IT is hardly possible to open a modern book or a newspaper of the day in which any reference is made to the Middle Ages, or to monastic institutions without finding a sneer at the "lazy monks," the "ignorant monks," or "monkish superstition," remarks an English writer in the New York *Catholic News*. These lies like the other great lies upon which the Protestant tradition rests, are woven into our every day life. We see them in the illustrations of our books, in the prints in shop windows, in the poetry of the best writers, and in the songs of the common people. The wells are poisoned. The atmosphere is so charged with falsehood in this matter that Catholics are often imperceptibly tinged with the prevalent view.

Truth is at the bottom of a well, is the oft-quoted expression of an ancient philosopher: but in regard to the monks and many other Catholic matters, truth has been purposely sunk fathoms below the surface, stones and rubbish have been deliberately piled upon it, in the hope that it would never rise again. The Protestant Lie on this matter has lived tenaciously, helped on its way by Law, by Literature, by Art, by the historian, by the poet and the ballad-singer. Yet, just as "murder will out," so too will Truth prevail in the long run. Truth in regard to the monks is slowly but surely gaining ground.

That the monks chose pleasant places for their monasteries is one of the charges brought against them. But, as Newman says, "they were not dreary sentimentalists to fall in love with purling brooks and nodding groves. Their poetry was the poetry of hard work and hard fare. They could plough and reap, they could hedge and ditch, they could drain: they could lop, they could carpenter, they could thatch, they could make hurdles for their huts: they could make a road, they could divert or secure the streamlet's bed, they could bridge a torrent. They found a swamp, a moor, a thicket, a rock: and they made an Eden in the wilderness: they destroyed snakes: they extirpated wild cats, wolves, boars, bears; they put to flight, or they converted rovers, outlaws, robbers."

All this is agreed to even by non-Catholic writers. "We owe the agricultural restoration of the great part of Europe to the monks," says the Protestant Hallam. To the "Lazy Monks!" be it remembered! "The monks were much the best husbandmen, and the only gardeners," says Forsyth. "None ever improved their lands and possessions more than the monks by building, cultivating, and other methods," so says Wharton. "Wherever they came," says Mr. Soame, "they converted the wilderness into a cultivated country, they pursued the breeding of cattle and agriculture, labored with their own hands, drained morasses, and cleared away forests." M. Guizot says: "They were the agriculturists of Europe: they cleared it on a large scale, associating agriculture with preaching."

All these testimonies could be strengthened indefinitely. There was no limit to the blessings conferred on the people by "these lazy, immoral monks." They copied the Bible and the best ancient literature. Their beautiful manuscripts remain even until now the treasures of Protestant museums, speaking witnesses for the monks, and eloquent accusers of the Protestant historians, glorious refutations of the Protestant Lie. Art and science were cradled and nurtured by these "ignorant monks." Music, painting, astronomy, every one of these owes a debt to the monks. Architecture—but why go on? Look at noble cathedrals now in the hands of the false teachers, of wolves in sheep's clothing, who defame the men that raised these poems in stone, wherein a mutilated gospel is preached, and from which the Altar and the Sacrifice have been banished. The spoilers have come in, and have lied in the face of heaven and before men in order to justify their infamy.

Writing the other day of the Matabele war, a London daily paper said that "modern civilization when dealing with savages could not wait for the slow methods of the Jesuits," referring of course to the great work of that glorious order among native races in Paraguay and elsewhere. No, the English civilize now-a-days with machine guns and whiskey. The "Christian" seeks out the native, not to bring him to a knowledge of God, but to steal a concession and float a company on the

strength of the theft. The slow, but humane and successful "monkish method" is not in vogue in this Protestant age. The difference between the methods of "modern civilization" and the methods of the monks is just the difference between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity.

I often wonder what could have been the result if our forefathers had been "civilized" by a chartered company, instead of being taught by Augustine and the monks of Iona and Lindisfarne. The conquests of the monks endure to-day despite the revolt of a great part of modern Europe against the rule of Christ's Church. Protestantism has done its worst to bring us back again to the days when force only ruled, and but for the spirit of Catholicity —which still exists, even where hardly discernable amidst much that is evil and barbarous—but for Catholicity Europe would be to-day as revolting to the true Christian as it was in the time of Nero.

But this is a digression. We hear much about the lands owned by monks and monasteries. Who are the owners of the land to-day? And are they kindly lords of the soil? Do the descendants of the men who despoiled the monks use their tenantry as well as the monks did? It was needful that the plunder should be justified, hence the ruffians who robbed the monks, or rather, who robbed the poor, for the monks were but the guardians of the poor—hence these robbers and receivers of stolen goods, who have been our law-makers and the rulers of the land, have fostered the traditional lie, that the monks were lazy, and idle, and superstitious.

Just as a hireling preacher, in a desecrated abbey raised by monks to the honor and glory of God, will go up into his pulpit, and taking his text from the Bible handed down to him by the monks, will thunder forth against the "ignorance and superstition" of these men, who perhaps, founded the college in which he was educated, so, too, will the defenders of the spoliation of the monks contribute out of their ill-gotten wealth the means wherewith to circulate lies against the Catholic Church, and poison the minds of the poor, whose heritage they now enjoy, against the monks, who were the guardians of the poor and the constant advocates and champions of their claim. And so the world goes on!

Can anyone deny that the monks were good landlords? Protestant writers are all agreed on the matter. Some of the abbots were in debt and could not pay the levies of the secular power, because they had "remitted the rents of many of their tenants." A pitiful tale, a bad season, always appealed to the kindly monk. There were no evictions, no rack rents, no demands for grants of public money, no squandering of income on the race course, or worse: no evasion of public duties. The land was for the support of the poor, and the monasteries fed the poor. Large sums were constantly handed to the king in time of war or stress. The monks did not lend to the State at five per cent. They did not throw the burdens properly their own upon the people at large, as the modern landlords have done. And yet the poor who have been despoiled join in denouncing the monks with the false teachers in the State Church, and the men who hold the plunder, and the State which bound the monk and hanged him for preaching the Gospel to the lowly and standing up for freedom of conscience and human liberty.

When we have tried our modern civilization for all it is worth, and when the State, and the State Church, and the municipality and the world of paid officialdom have all been found wanting, as they will be found wanting, then, perhaps, the monk and the nun, the Sister of Mercy and the Catholic priest—the men and women who freely give up all, riches and friends, home and ambition, to devote themselves to the service of mankind for the love of God—then the turn of these will come once more, and ruined abbey will be rebuilt and will again teem with its ministering monks, and matin bell and the vesper hymn will again be heard in many a quiet country place, and better still, in the crowded centres of busy life, where fester and rot, the savages and outcasts, the products of a civilization without religion, a civilization that despises "the lazy monks" and cannot wait for the "slow methods of the Jesuits," in its hurry to get ahead.

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WOULD we keep peace with our neighbor we must never remind him of his natural defects.—ST. PHILIP.

## Dr. Farrington's Letter.

I THINK we have reason to congratulate ourselves not only on account of the increase of devotion to Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel in lands where the holy Catholic Religion has taken deep roots, but, indeed, in every portion of the globe. What a consolation to our ever new but ancient Order and to all who love our glorious Queen of Carmel! In this "Isle of Saints" this devotion is closely identified with the Irish people. No one wishes to die without the blessed Brown Scapular. Even the poorest keep a blessed habit of Mount Carmel in which to be invested at death.

Not long ago a famous general in the British army, a good Catholic nobleman, (I need hardly say an Irishman) when dying said that none of his military uniform should be placed on him when dead. A cross in his hands and the habit of Mount Carmel on him, were all he wanted. "I have loved Jesus and Mary since I was a child: I always brought with me a crucifix and wore the Brown Scapular. I have been in many wars and battles, doing my duty like a true soldier, but never forgot my duty to Jesus and Mary. I am sure they brought me safe through many dangers." His wishes were attended to and the great soldier, Irishman and Catholic, was laid to rest in the habit of Mary of Carmel.

Not long since I was reading a letter of a Jesuit, Father Paul Cambone, from Madagascar, to the Central Council of the Propagation of the Faith at Lyons. Among the many things he mentions there is one on "The Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and the assaults of the Devil." It is a very interesting incident and worthy of note in your excellent REVIEW:

The devil, finding that he is losing ground and the dying escape him, revenges himself in endless ways. The most usual and the meanest consists in suggesting the abandonment of the Scapular of Our Lady. I will give two examples, one consoling, the other terrible:

"Mary, mother of our principal Catechists, John, was on her death bed. Suddenly she put her hand on her shoulder, and finding her Scapular of Carmel, cried out with difficulty: 'Take it off; take it off: it burns me: it is that which is making me sick and is killing me.' 'No, mother,' said her son John, 'it is the devil who is deceiving you: to drive him away I will say the Rosary for you.' The devotion being over, she persisted in her desire to remove the Scapular, which she said burned her painfully. Again they said the Rosary, and continued to say it for eight times before the demon was conquered. Suddenly her cries, sufferings and struggles ceased, she fell into a sort of ecstacy and cried 'Here is the Blessed Virgin coming for me, and seeing her Scapular she recognizes me as her child. Oh thanks, my children, for forcing me to keep it!' And the child of Our Lady of Mount Carmel expired.

"Alas! one of my christian children, Paul, did not meet such a soul in his family. This poor child fell ill. I visited him every day and was able to give him the last sacraments, which he received with great piety. On leaving him to attend others, I told his parents not to take away his Crucifix or Scapular. The last agony drew near. Suddenly Paul, almost exhausted, makes a last effort, and with feverish hand tries to seize and tear off the Crucifix and Scapular. But he fails. His lips move to ask the objects to be removed. His mother, a Pagan, hastens to take off the Crucifix and Scapular, and at the moment Paul expires. The rumor of his death spread through the country and filled the Christians with fear. At a meeting they asked me to procure for them strongly made Scapulars, and not to allow them to die among Pagans, but Christians, who would keep the Scapular on them."

These incidents show the wonderful power and greatness of the Scapular.

We are all pleased with the new design to appear on the cover of your REVIEW for 1894.

On behalf of all your Irish subscribers I send a New Year's greeting to yourself and all your American readers.

I remain, dear Father,
Yours in Carmel,
A. E. FARRINGTON, O. C. C.

Dublin, New Years, 1894.

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THE first degree of humility is cheerful and ready obedience.—ST. BENEDICT.

### Star of the Sea.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

The warrior sails the stormy main
From the north to the torrid zone,
And smiles as he steers his bark again
For lands to man unknown.
But there's a hope within the sailor's breast,
Howe'er uncouth he be,
The ocean itself is a haven of rest
When watched by the Star of the Sea.

Her light has shown thro' every age,
To guide poor sailors on,
Tho' seas may roar and tempests rage,
She pleads for every one.
While faith within our hearts shall dwell,
And our souls from sin are free,
Our prayers will rise with every swell
To Mary, the Star of the sea.

—STANLY.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

## FLOS CARMELI.

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

"SEE Naples and die," is a world-wide proverb, which, however, but too often for many a loving, sorrowful heart possesses a very different meaning from the one attached to it when it emanated from the brain of the author. True, the beauty of the loveliest spot in sunny Italy, one might well say, leaves little to be desired on this side of the grave, yet how many go thither without finding what they set out, with such bright hopes, to regain—health, strength, and a long life with those they love most dearly on earth. There is always a feeling of sympathy, strong indeed, and touching between those who have sought this land of promise hoping to strengthen the frail barrier between them and death. Even though they meet as strangers it soon becomes evident,—and in the month of March—the year being 1890—one of the greatest objects of this interest was a patient, a victim of consumption, whose days were surely numbered. Oh! how he clung to life for the sake of his only child. What a happy year they had spent together in the beautiful city of Naples, whilst yet the father was able to go about with his motherless girl! He was all in all to little Grace who had but a shadowy recollection of the mother whom God had called to Himself when she was but three years old, and, as yet, she was all unconscious of the great sorrow which before many weeks would darken her young life. Often they would come in their wanderings to some quaint old Gothic church, whose cool, dark interior would be a welcome contrast to the glare without, where Grace would never weary of rendering the meaning of the pictured legends on the stained glass windows to suit her childish fancy. There, too, she would look with loving glance at the picture or statue of the divine mother, and gaze with uncomprehending awe at the grand high altar before which, like a golden star, gleamed the light which paid silent adoration to our Lord. Sometimes the two would sit in the evening and take in the beauty of the scene spread out to view from the broad piazza of their villa—too happy to care for overmuch speech. The waters of the bay, dotted here and there by miniature sail boats, seemed full of radiant tints reflected from the silvery moon above, and the mountains in the distance had a grandeur and majesty all their own. But now "all was over," was the thought which would not be banished from Ernest Fenwick's mind, as he lay on his couch reflecting on the verdict which that day had taken all the brightness from his life.

"A beautiful day and a beautiful country," he had said, that very morning, as he awoke, and so much better did he feel that he thought he might soon return with Grace to a land which was as fair in his eyes and far more dear. But a sudden faintness overpowered him when he attempted to rise, and a violent hemorrhage threatened to cut the frail thread of his life at once. His faithful attendant hastily sent for the physician, and after some hours the invalid began to come slowly back to life. The doctor at first evaded his inquiries, but Mr. Fenwick insisted, with pitiful eagerness, upon knowing what prospects he *now* had of recovery, whereupon he was gently told that the early June roses would probably scatter their fragrance over his grave.

Requesting to be left to himself for awhile, he had faced the dread truth and fought out the battle alone,—and now that he recognized the inevitable—now that the first passionate agony was over, he longed, O! how greatly, for the presence of his

little Grace. Amongst the inmates of the villa where Fenwick had lodged since his arrival in Naples, was a Catholic lady, who had always taken the deepest interest in the child, and who, during this long sad day, had kept her with her, sometimes striving to inspire her with the hope that her darling father might soon be better, and again seeking to prepare her for what must come. Mrs. Stuart was a devout and faithful child of our holy church, and her prayers had been constantly poured forth at the shrine of our Blessed Lady that she would obtain the conversion of the poor invalid and watch over his child. Grace indeed had already learned to love the dear Mother whose statue she had so often seen in the church, and in the little oratory of her kind friend, where she often went. It was there that Mrs. Stuart spent the happiest hours of her life. The tiny apartment was formed by a large recess between two windows in her room, and shut off from view by a curtain of exquisite texture which fell in graceful folds to the polished floor. Within, on a marble bracket, was a beautiful statue of Mary, the Queen of Heaven, with her divine Babe in her arms, before which a lamp constantly burned. Small flower stands stood on each side of the bracket laden with lilies, and half open roses, and many other fair flowers which it was her delight to renew after they had offered their fresh beauty to Mary and parted with their fragrance in her honor. It was here that Mrs. Stuart was kneeling, after having at last beheld Grace fall into the deep sleep of utter exhaustion, when she was told that Mr. Fenwick had asked if she would come to his room. "I think he wishes to see you about the little signora—my poor master!" said the valet, as Mrs. Stuart hastened to comply with the wish.

When she reached his bedside she was startled to see the ravages which one brief day had made, and intuitively felt that she must not delay in introducing the subject which lay so very near her heart. With few but earnest words of sympathy she assured the sufferer that she would be glad to serve him in any way, and that any wish of his would be treated as a sacred bequest.

"Is it Grace whose future is disturbing you?" she asked. "The child is very dear to me, and I know she returns my affection." "You have divined it, my kind friend," he replied. "We are singularly alone in the world. A devotion, which I now see was somewhat selfish, has led me to keep her constantly with me, and you are almost the first who has broken down the barrier. But you always have reminded me of my mother, and the child was attracted to you from the very first."

"Then give her to me," she said. "My own dear son died a few years ago, and left a motherless little girl under my care, and Grace shall be equal with her in my heart." "How can I ever tell you how much—how very much you have relieved me! To-day I have gone through a struggle than which even death could not be more sharp or more bitter, but it is over now, and perhaps I can die content."

"O! not content, Ernest," she exclaimed, taking his hand in both of hers. "God forbid that I should constitute myself a judge as to your fitness for standing—alone—at the tribunal of Him before whose purity even the angels veil their eyes with their shining wings. But I cannot see you go unaided by the consolation which none but the Catholic Church can give at this supreme moment." And then, when a solemn hush seemed to pervade the house, and the outside world was still enthralled by the charm of a beautiful twilight, Mrs. Stuart gently dwelt upon the sweet story, "ever ancient but always new," of the love which had sent a God from His throne in heaven to a life of trials and sufferings for the sake of His children on earth of whom *he* was one. Much more was said until she, fearing to exhaust the invalid, and knowing that there was no *immediate* danger, inwardly placed the matter in the hands of "Our Lady of Mount Carmel," and remained silent for awhile. A life of strict integrity, generosity, and a kindly spirit which, ever loaded with alms the poor and the wretched, would surely win for this precious soul the priceless gift of faith! After some time Ernest said: "You do not, of course, know that my wife belonged to the Catholic Church." "Is it possible," she answered, "and the child?" "Grace was baptized, and still remembers fragments of the little prayers she learned to lisp at her mother's knee—but of that mother's faith she knows literally nothing." "And could you reconcile that ignorance with your

duty to the dead?" said Mrs. Stuart, with such a tone of reproof, and even indignation, that the invalid turned his eyes upon her as if to see whether this were indeed his gentle friend. "I cannot," he replied, "nor do I attempt to justify myself further than to say that I have always intended to send my child to a convent school, but the dread of parting with her has ever held me back. You cannot realize what her presence has been to me—do not think that any narrow-minded bigotry has influenced my course." "I know you too well for that," she replied, "but now our Lord in His munificent generosity holds forth to you the means of reparation. Perhaps the prayers of your wife in heaven have obtained for you this favor. Do not reject it lightly. But you have, perhaps, talked too much. Rest for a little while, and then I will bring Grace, who is most probably awake by this time, to bid her darling papa "good-night."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

It is, perhaps, because the halo surrounding St. Francis de Sales was the illumination of human frailties purified, that the heart of erring humanity clings so lovingly to his memory. No fault was too petty, no sin too heinous for his gentle consideration. A skillful spiritual chemist, he carefully analyzed every act, trivial or serious, with reference to its influence upon the human soul. With great tenderness, he made the sinner conscious of the exact condition of his soul, and then like a loving brother, he firmly grasped that sinner's hand, and with sweet words of encouragement and loving persuasion, he led the poor weary soul to the feet of God, and taught it how to stay there.

St. Vincent de Paul called him the most perfect imitation of our Saviour living among men, and Leigh Hunt, in one of his charming essays, says that like Fenelon, St. Francis de Sales was a sort of angel and gentleman.

Of him it may truthfully be said that he preached and practiced the gospel of love. He exhorted the people to be gentle in manner, gentle in speech, and gentle in prayer. "Be gentle—be affectionate" were the watchwords he gave to his penitents. St. Francis de Sales was no lover of the religious emotionist, neither could he tolerate the melancholy, over-scrupulous Christian, nor those who cultivated a bitterness of spirit, and romantically sighed for a happier land.

"I love independent, vigorous and sensible souls," he cries, "what are half dead souls good for?" He taught that God expects nothing extraordinary from His children that He asks nothing from us but that we serve Him with a strong and fervent gentleness.

He shows us that we need do no violence to our dispositions for which after all we are not accountable, in order to merit the name of saint. We, nineteenth century people, are apt to consider a saint a most uncomfortable individual, who stands apart from us, and rolls his eyes whenever we show symptoms of our humanity. Human frailties are not such insignificant factors in our make-up, after all. Properly directed, these propensities to do wrong, can accomplish much good. St. Francis de Sales made them his life study, and illustrated successfully how they could be used as a powerful means to our salvation. He was not like those stoics who professed such a profound indifference to the joyful and tender qualities of the heart. "Cultivate not only a solid love, but a gentle, meek love for those about you," he says, and again, "Live joyfully, how can you be sad, who possess the love of an indulgent and eternal Father?"

How honestly he says "I love these three little virtues: gentleness of heart, firmness of mind, and simplicity of life." And the more we meditate upon these three virtues, the more we too love them and grow to realize that they represent the germ of sanctification in every child of earth. In cultivating them we are simply living a pure, upright life, whose end will be eternal happiness, for, "how can a child perish who remains in the arms of a Father who is Almighty?"

Martha Murray.

Never preserve any feeling of coldness towards your neighbor, or the Heart of Jesus will feel the same towards you.—Blessed Margaret Mary.

# Shrines of Our Lady

Compiled for the Carmelite Review by the Rev. Ambrose F. Bruder, O. C. C.

## INTRODUCTORY.

IN the following and succeeding articles we shall make it our purpose to acquaint the readers of the Carmelite Review with the places of pilgrimage that have sprung up, particularly in so many parts of Europe, in honor of Our Blessed Lady, and which are only so many proofs of the high esteem which the Mother of our Saviour has enjoyed in all the ages of the Church.

Now, since these sacred shrines have to the devotion to our Blessed Lady the relation of effect to cause, it does not seem entirely out of place to first have something to say on devotion to Mary in general.

It goes without contradiction, that even in our own days, and in our own century, devotion to Mary has been steadily on the increase. To prove this, we need only refer to the numerous churches dedicated to Mary, to the fervor manifested by people of every condition in life in attending her devotions in the months of May and October, to the loving solicitude manifested in decorating and enriching her shrines and altars. Who can count the immense multitudes who wear, with childlike simplicity and faith, her medals? How many thousands consider themselves highly favored in being permitted to wear her livery, the Scapular, and thus to be enrolled among her devoted clients?

But, say our non-Catholic brethren, this is going too far—this is transgressing the proper bounds, in fact, is it not bestowing divine honors on Mary?

Is this really the case? With the single exception of the honor due to God, and which, indeed, no Catholic ever dreams of bestowing even upon Mary, must we not admit that every honor is deserved by her who is, as a matter of fact, God's own Mother?

Holy Mother Church has in this matter of devotion to Mary erected a barrier beyond which no Catholic would or could go. This barrier is that article of our holy faith which tells us that Mary is a creature, and not God, hence that she could not receive divine honors. Mary, then, is a creature, but an extraordinary and exceptional work of God.

From all eternity, God had determined that Mary should co-operate in the salvation of the fallen human race. To make possible this co-operation, did God create Mary, preserve her from even the smallest stain of sin, and replenish her with grace. The climax was reached when upon the announcement of the Divine Motherhood by the Archangel Gabriel, Mary gave utterance to that highly significant and effective word: "*Fiat!*" At that moment the Son of God became man, and Mary became His Mother.

*Mary is the Mother of God!* The heavenly messenger himself bestowed upon her this appellation, when he said: "The Holy, which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God."—(Luke i:35.)

The same was announced by the Holy Ghost Himself by the mouth of Elizabeth: "Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?"—(Luke i-43.)

Mary herself called Jesus her "Son."—(Luke ii-48.), and the Apostles delight in calling her "Mother of Jesus."—(John II, i-3; Acts i-14).

The Church has at all times styled her *Mother of God*; and when in the fifth century the impious Nestorius with his adherents would have denied her this title, the fathers assembled in the council of Ephesus, A. D. 431, condemned their doctrine, and pronounced an anathema over the enemies of Mary.

This dignity of Mother of God is the highest to which a mere creature could be raised. And who was it that thus elevated Mary? Who was it that bestowed upon her this unspeakable honor? Who else but God himself? If, as St. Paul tells us in his second Epistle to the Corinthians, "Not he who commendeth himself is approved, but whom God commendeth," (x:18) what esteem must not God have had for Mary, when He selected her from amongst all the daughters of Eve to become the Mother of His only begotten Son? This, I repeat, is the highest dignity to which any creature

ever was raised or ever will be raised. To elevate her thus highly, it required the arm of God. To endow her for this dignity it needed the power of the Most High God. Since the Blessed Trinity chose her to be the Mother of the Saviour, the Father endowed her with the perfections becoming her high dignity, the Son, the eternal Wisdom of God, was obliged to endow her with wisdom and sanctity, so as to establish a preparation between Mother and Son, and the Holy Ghost who overshadowed Mary must give her such treasures of grace as to make her worthy to bear the "Holy of Holies."

Indeed, the Archangel styled her "full of grace" at the moment of the Annunciation. Mary lived many years after that, and since she co-operated faithfully with the grace bestowed upon her, the perfection to which she attained must necessarily have been such as could never be comprehended, but only be admired, by us.

After this we can understand the expressions used by a St. Bonaventure, Epiphanius, Anselm, Thomas Aquinas, and so many other saints, in speaking of Mary.

And now, if Mary possesses such a dignity, if her perfection is so much above our comprehension, and if for this very reason Mary has been honored at all times by the Church, can *we* go too far in honoring Mary? What else could God have intended by raising her to this dignity, by endowing her with so many privileges and perfections?

TO BE CONTINUED.

## OBITUARY.

Rev. Thomas J. Feehan, one of the priests connected with the Church of Our Lady of the Scapular, of Mount Carmel, died on Tuesday, December 12, 1893, at the Carmel priory in East Twenty-ninth street, New York City. He was born in county Kilkenny, Ireland, forty-eight years ago. He entered the Carmelite Order in Rome in 1869, and was ordained a priest in the chief house of the Order, Sancta Maria in Transpontina. Thereafter he labored with the Carmelite brethren among the mining population in Wales until he was appointed assistant chaplain to the South Union workhouse in Dublin. Here he distinguished himself by the kindness and zeal with which he performed his trying duties among the poorest of the city.

When Archbishop Corrigan invited the Carmelite Fathers of Dublin to take charge of Bellevue Hospital and the surrounding parish, Father Feehan was one of those chosen to undertake the mission. His record for the last five years in the hospital and church has been one of untiring labor. At 3 o'clock Thursday morning, Nov. 30, he attended a sick call in Bellevue Hospital and caught cold. From the effects of this he died. The remains were taken into the church at 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, and the office for the dead was chanted by the Fathers at 8 o'clock.

The funeral was held on Dec. 14 from the Church of Our Lady of the Scapular of Mount Carmel, on East Twenty-eighth street. The solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Edward R. Stone, O.C.C., assisted by Rev. Michael B. Daly, O.C.C., as deacon, and Rev. Joseph P. Crowley, O.C.C., as sub-deacon. Among the other clergy present were Revs. Edward P. Southwell, O. C. C., Albert M. Murphy, O. C. C., Henry Young, John P. Chidwick, Andrew S. Brennan and A. J. Smits, O. C. C. The church was well filled with the members of the parish, by whom Father Feehan was highly respected. The interment was at Calvary Cemetery. The deceased was a cousin of Rev. Father Cyril Feehan, O. C. C., of Englewood, N. J., formerly of Niagara Falls.

The temptation to which you do not yield is the occasion of practicing virtue.—St. Francis.

When you are tempted have recourse to God immediately without reasoning with the temptation.

Our Lord, before giving great treasures and graces to his servants, sends them great trials and temptations, in order by these means to prove whether they can drink His chalice and help Him to carry His cross.—St. Teresa.

Conscience may be a very troublesome companion, it may seem to stand in the way of our interests, of our money-making, of our pleasure; but, be sure of this, every step taken in violation of it will have to be retrodden, if you are to have peace and the blessing of heaven.

## OUR ROMAN LETTER.

In company of Our Most Reverend Father General, I had the great pleasure to assist at the solemn opening of our new monastery at Nocera Umbra. It took place on the 5th of last November. The entire population took part in the ceremonies, which were conducted by the Bishop of the Diocese and a neighboring Bishop. The Ordinary celebrated the early mass, and gave Holy Communion to the large numbers of the faithful who had, at the invitation of our fathers, made this a day of general communion. The solemn High Mass, at which the Ordinary assisted, was rendered most impressive by the stately music accompanying it.

In the afternoon, after the solemn chanting of the Complines, the venerable Bishop of Piedimonte d'Alife, preached a most eloquent sermon, in which he congratulated the people of Nocera on the great proof of love which Mary had given them, in sending her own favorite sons to guide them to salvation. In the midst of the corruption of this century she had not forgotten the dangers surrounding a population so devoted to her. Their spiritual welfare was so near to her maternal heart, that she would place it in the hands of those who were most specially pledged to her service. The advent of the Carmelites among them was therefore a most convincing proof of God's kind providence, and therefore they should always look upon these fathers given to them by God and His Blessed Mother, with eyes of love and gratitude, as upon the only true and trustworthy benefactors of the people.

At the close, surrounded by the Reverend Canons of the Seminary, and by our religious community, he intoned the *Te Deum* and gave the solemn benediction.

The reception which our religious have met with on the part of the good citizens of Nocera augurs well for their future success among them.

Thus, our religious may rejoice, not only in the exquisite beauty of the locality and its health-giving climate, but also, and chiefly in the sympathy and affection of the population.

It required such a day of joy and jubilee to forget, for a while, the malignant and cruel persecution which all religious bodies are suffering at the hands of a sect, now in power, and unrelenting in its hatred against the Church of Christ and its ministers.

On our return to Rome we received another proof of the utter want of good faith on the part of our persecutors. In spite of the fact, that all the apartments occupied by our General were exempted by law from the general confiscation of monasteries, our Rev. General was notified that on the 2nd of January next all apartments occupied by him and his assistants at the monastery of Transpontina would have to be vacated—as they were needed for barracks. Thus, the front wing of our monastery, which was the only portion left to us of our large and spacious motherhouse, will also be occupied by the soldiers of our new government. A few rooms are to be left for the use of the parish priest and curates, as Sta Maria in Transpontina is one of the largest parishes in Rome, and the government can hardly close the parish churches as yet.

This is a sad blow for our community and our dear General. Thanks be to God, our new monastery will soon be in condition to accommodate us—and we hope to be able soon to open our International College.

The college will not be installed in the new monastery. We have fortunately been able to lease the second and third floors of the Palazzo dei Convertendi, situated in Piazza Scossa-Cavalli, not very far from our church. Our students will thus be enabled to continue the beautiful functions and ceremonies proper to our Carmelite Rite in our dear Mother-church at Transpontina.

You have read in the papers, no doubt, of the touching ceremony which took place at St. Peters on the 16th of November.

The Holy Father himself celebrated Mass in the Basilica of St. Peters for the pilgrims of Lombardy and Venice, who had come nearly 4,000 in number. Thousands of Romans and strangers assisted at the august spectacle. It is a sublime sight to witness the affection of so many thousands of faithful children for the Father of Christendom. In a thousand ways they tried to manifest it on that occasion. And yet, how many other thousands of so-called Christians refuse to acknowledge the gentle authority of Christ's Vicar.

When will the prophecy of Malachy come true: "Behold, I will send you Elias the prophet. He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers: lest I come, and strike the earth with anathema."—(Mal. iv-5.)

A. M. Ronci, O.C.C.

Dec. 24, 1893.

—THE—

# Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
*OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.*
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

Rev. Philip A. Best, O.C.C., Editor.

Vol. II. Falls View, January, 1894. No. 1.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our hearty thanks to our friends for the many kind greetings sent us during the holidays.

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Those contemplating becoming members of the Tertians of our Order should read the "Rules of the Third Order" in our next number.

***

If you want information about anything pertaining to the Scapular, write to us and your question will be answered in the "Catechism of Mt. Carmel."

***

Journalistic courtesy demands that credit be given to copied articles. Some have overlooked this fact when clipping from the Carmelite Review.

***

Circumstances which could not be prevented caused the late appearance of the present number of the Carmelite Review. We beg our readers to pardon the delay.

***

The pleasing information has reached us that the English firm who first brought to light the "Catholic Dictionary" has been requested by the American publishers to revise certain objectionable parts of the book. The article therein on the Brown Scapular will, we understand, undergo the much-needed corrections.

The attention of the reverend clergy is again called to the necessity of registering the names of all those invested in the Brown Scapular. An important circular on the subject appears elsewhere.

***

A few select advertisements appear in this issue. Our policy is to insert and recommend only what is reliable. We know all our advertisers, and can confidently recommend them to our readers.

***

Send to us for sample copies of our January number. You can do good work by circulating them among your friends. A few complete sets of Vol. I. still remain, and will be sent to those who apply now.

***

The new design on the cover of the Carmelite Review is a copy of a famous Spanish painting. We trust that improvements in the general get-up of this little journal will meet with the approval of our readers.

***

Upon entering its second year the Carmelite Review extends to all its readers, old and new, the sincerest wish that the new year may bring them God's best gifts, and the continued protection of Carmel's Queen.

***

We shall not stop sending the Review to those who cannot at present afford to renew their subscription, unless we are expressly told to do so. We hope to be remembered though, when better times appear.

***

Without increasing the present subscription price of this magazine we are nevertheless trying to improve it, and expenses increase accordingly. This should induce you to help us add to the number of our subscribers.

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The letter of the venerable Bishop of Buffalo on behalf of the suffering poor has the true ring of charity about it, and has borne fruit. The letter is a great contrast to that written lately by the one in the same "Queen City" who vainly strives to usurp episcopal honors.

The editor of the *Oak Leaf*, of Rochester, N. Y., lately remarked that the Paulist Fathers were "the lawful heirs of the honors and obligations of the monks." When did the monks die? may we ask. There are yet plenty of real live monks in the world, and the chances are that they are here to stay. They cannot be yet spared, reverend Father, since they are always needed.

* * *

A biography of the former editor of *Freeman's Journal*, Mr. McMaster, makes interesting reading. We hope soon to treat our readers to an extensive sketch of this well-known Catholic journalist. McMaster was a great devotee of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and showed his love for her and her Order by ably defending the privileges of the devotion of pious Catholics—the Brown Scapular. Mr. McMaster's daughter is a Carmelite nun. The article written for us is from the pen of one well able to treat the subject.

* * *

The most conspicuous building on the Canadian side of the river at Niagara Falls is described by a writer in the *Scholastic* as a brewery "run by water power." No breweries mar the beauty of the surroundings here, and the chances are none ever will, since the people of Ontario have spoken at the polls. But there are other buildings in view of the Cataract worthy of a visit, among them the monastery of Mt. Carmel, where every guest is always cordially welcomed.

* * *

Some of our esteemed exchanges have lately justly criticised some flimsy translations of prayers put into English for Catholics. The reverend and esteemed editor of the *Antigonish Casket* thinks that "who was crucified, *dead* and buried" in the Apostles' Creed is an incorrect rendering of the Latin words into the vernacular. We think he is right. Butler's Catechism sins on this point, and it is used exclusively in the Canadian provinces.

* * *

Over in Dayton, Ohio, last month, an address and presentation was made to Mr. Philip A. Kemper by the Catholic societies there, which owe so much to his zeal. Mr. Kemper may not be so well known, except by those who need a helping hand, but the pious work done unostentatiously by him is not restricted to time or place. He has been all along an ardent friend and generous benefactor of our Order. Those who admire him should show it in a substantial way. He deserves it.

* * *

The panacea for poor times is farm life. There is plenty of work in the agricultural districts. All things considered, the farmer is usually the happiest and most contented person. He is well fed, independent, and has time to look after his religious duties. The temptations of the city do not bother him. Pope Leo XIII., and all great statesmen who see the evils of the times and their remedies, think this way. The Catholic Congress at Chicago thought so too. An exodus to the country would be a great help to the overworked relief committees.

## EXCHANGES.

*Stimmen Vom Berge Karmel* starts the new year much improved.

*The Young Eagle* reflects credit on its able editors and contributors.

*The Acorn* is small but will grow big. Success to the young and clever editor.

The *Christmas Booklet*, issued by the Carmelites of Boston, is very unique and pretty.

*Chroniques du Carmel* commences its sixth year with assurances of good reading for 1894.

Write to the *Annals of our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, Watertown, N. Y., for the Xmas number. It is a beautiful edition. The proceeds go to a most worthy object.

Catholic journalists who are hard up for copy would confer a great boon on their readers by inserting a corner with selections from the *Sacred Heart Review*. That journal is an ideal one, and is a weekly library of things fresh and good.

There are many things which seem to us misfortunes, and which we call such, which we would consider graces if we understood the designs of God.

Heaven and earth shall sooner perish than Mary cease to succor him who has recourse to and confides in her.—Ven. L. de Blois.

## PETITIONS, ETC.

61 spiritual favors.
27 temporal favors.
Devotion to Our Lady.
For three insane persons.
Prayers are asked for a family.
Devotion to the Sacred Heart.
A sister in affliction asks prayers.
For the relief of the suffering souls.
Prayers asked for a particular intention.
Health of mind and body in seven cases.
Prayers requested for two persons dangerously ill.

Prayers are asked to obtain position for a nephew.

Prayers are asked for the conversion of two persons.

That three young persons may obtain good situations.

We ask prayers for George Gardill, who died at West End. Pa.

M. McN. asks prayers against a threatened loss of his sight.

M. T., Boston, begs prayers for a niece stricken with paralysis.

That four persons may have the grace to decide their vocations.

Our readers' prayers are asked for a person who suffers from a continual headache.

We recommend the soul of Mrs. Henry Mulligan, who died piously at Ottawa, Ont.

We recommend the soul of Mrs. L. J. O'Brien who died lately at Birmingham, Ala.

Prayers to St. Joseph for a special intention are asked by a Buffalo subscriber. —M. E. L.

We ask prayers for one of our benefactors, Peter Frayne, who died lately at St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Urgent favors are asked that a person may recover her right mind, or have the grace of a happy death.

We recommend the soul of one of our subscribers, Mrs. Mary T. Pursell, who died lately in Philadelphia.

Prayers are requested for the happy repose of the soul of Mrs. Wm. McMahon, who died at Welland, Ont., Christmas Eve., Dec. 24, 1893.

Prayers are asked for late Mrs. Veronica Kehres, our benefactor, who died at Findlay, Ohio. Also for Mrs. P. J. Fahey, who died at Pittsburgh.

An answer to prayers for health—better eyesight—strength—better memory —to be relieved from a constant pain in the head—a special intention.

J. S. Everton, Ont., wishes to recommend to the prayers of REVIEW readers the health of his soul, mind and body, he having been ailing for many years.

Miss Agnes Coleman, London Ont., died shortly after giving in her subscription to the Hospice Fund. She is recommended to the prayers of REVIEW readers.

M. W. wants the prayers of the pious readers for the repose of the soul of her brother-in-law, who died from injuries received from a fall whilst working in the church.

M. A. F., St. Mary's, Pa., requests prayers for the restoration of her sight, which is failing fast: likewise for her adopted daughter, the cessation of epileptic fits, to which she has been subject.

## ABOUT OURSELVES.

AMONG our exchanges none are more welcome than the *Carmelite Review*, published by the Carmelite Fathers in the interest of the Hospice at Niagara Falls. The December number contains a "List of Contents" of Vol. I, with the names of its contributors, among which are many familiar ones that serve to commend the little journal to its readers. We notice, and congratulate the managers upon a letter in this number from Monsignor Satolli confering a special blessing "upon this work and the persons interested in its publication."—*L.C.B.A. Journal.*

THE *Carmelite Review*, published in the interest of the Hospice to be erected at Niagara Falls, completes its first year with the current number. It is a bright little monthly as becomes the messenger of Our Lady of Carmel. There are regular contributions in its pages from first-class Catholic writers, and the editor's work is intelligently and carefully done. The announcement made in the present issue that the *Carmelite Review* will appear next month in a new and enlarged form without increase in the subscription price, speaks well for the past and augurs well for the future. The rate of subscription is $1.00 a year.—*Antigonish Casket.*

HE is pleasing to God who strives to please God.—St. BERNARD.

## CARMELITE CHRONICLE.

As soon as the weather admits, work will be resumed on the New Hospice at Falls View.

A retreat was given to the people of Stratford, Ont., by Rev. Father Kreidt during the holidays.

January 22nd, Feast of St. Anastasius, is the Names-Day of the Carmelite Priors at Niagara Falls and Englewood, N. J.

A ceremony of Reception and Profession was held at the Carmelite Seminary, New Baltimore, Pa., on Dec. 26th of last year.

One of the notable events during the present year will be the visit to this country of Very Rev. Aloysius Galli, Superior-General of all the Carmelites.

Mother Gabriel, of the Carmelite Convent, St. Louis, Mo., died on Sunday, Nov. 26th. She was known in the world as Miss Eleanore Boland.

The Shrine of Our Lady of Peace, at Falls View, has been visited by many devout worshipers who came to see the beautiful crib. Offerings to have lights burn in Our Lady's sanctuary still pour in.

Rev. Fr. Charles W. Currier, who has recently made a journey to Spain, will give a lecture, describing his travels, in aid of the Carmelite Convent in Roxbury, on Sunday evening, January 28, at Boston College Hall. The stereopticon will show many pictures of foreign lands, and remarkable people seen by Father Currier on his travels. Fr. Currier is a member of our Third Order.

"Stanly," the author of many poetic gems for the CARMELITE REVIEW and other journals, called at our monastery at Falls View on January 7th. The genial and clever poet was accompanied by Professor Rieger, the able and popular musical director at the Niagara University. A concert is to be given at Niagara Falls, N. Y., on the 30th of this month, when one of "Stanly's" best new songs will be one of the leading features.

Madame de Brignac has taken the veil in the Carmelite Monastery of Avignon. This lady is the last descendant of William de Nogaret, the Chancellor of Philip the beautiful, who, in obedience to a royal mandate, arrested Pope Boniface VIII., and dared to strike the venerable Pontiff on the face with his steel glove. The crime of her remote ancestor had always weighed upon Madame de Brignac, and when, after many sorrows, she found herself free to dispose of her life and her great wealth, she distributed the latter to the poor, and she has now devoted her life to the austerities of Carmel, so that the last of the Nogarets may end her days in expiation and penance.

An organ recital was given at St. Joseph's church, Stratford, Ont., on Jan. 2nd. During an intermission a lecture on "Church Music" was delivered by Rev. Father Anastasius J. Kreidt, Superior of Falls View Monastery. By way of comment a Canadian secular journal, the Stratford *Beacon*, remarks:

"Organ builders provide us with good instruments, and good organists are by no means rare; but a lecture, such as that delivered by Rev. Father Kreidt at the close of the first part of the programme, is an intellectual treat seldom enjoyed. Had we more such lecturers, Bach and his peers would be better understood. Although a foreigner, his (Fr Kreidt's) English denoted the scholar, the gentleman and the musician. Although we cannot go so far with Father Kreidt as to allow the ownership of all the most glorious music which has been composed on earth to the Roman Catholic church, we do most heartily agree with him in his strong commendations of the use to which Protestant churches put such compositions." * * * * "A large congregation attended to hear the music and see and listen to the well beloved Father Kreidt."

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BE careful that you say nothing to call forth praise for yourself or blame for your neighbor.—VEN. L. DE BLOIS.

THE nearer a religious confidence raises us to God, the closer His benificent mercy brings Him to us.—ST. BERNARD.

YOU must love your neighbor as yourself. If you have not courage to love him as yourself, you must at least not injure him, but rather do him good.

THE best perfection is to do ordinary things in a perfect manner. Constant fidelity in little things is a great and heroic virtue.—ST. BONAVENTURE.

KEEP a constant watch over your tongue, and when you are with others speak of important things only when you are asked.—ST. BONAVENTURE.

## The Catholicity of the Church

*For the Carmelite Review.*

ONE of the evidences of the Church's divinity, which the untravelled Catholic can hardly appreciate, is its catholicity. A religion that is everywhere, and that is the same everywhere, in whose profession and practice the most widely differing nations and races of the earth converge into one spiritual type, needs no apologist. This came home to me with fresh assurance some days ago. I was asked to attend the ceremony of unveiling a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which the Sisters of Mercy had had erected in the grounds surrounding their pretty convent here. It was the 8th of December, a most propitious day for such a ceremony. The weather, however, was not promising. In Ireland it is cause for congratulation if it is, and hardly a disappointment when it is not. At this season rain is recognized by the meteorological law, and nobody resents it.

At eleven o'clock the school-room of the convent was a scene of pious bustle and excitement. Some thirty little girls who had made their First Communion that morning were conspicuous in their typical white veils and garlands—rosy, roguish, blue-eyed little colleens, as careless and happy in their Catholic privileges as if there were no such scourge as Cromwell in their country's history, and generations of brave sires and grandsires had not toiled and sorrowed and died to secure them. While the children sang the complaisant shower ceased, and the sun burst out with redeeming radiance. Then the procession formed and filed into the gravel walks of the convent garden. It was a strange medley. The little white-veiled innocents went first, beautiful beyond all telling in their rural finery. Ribbons wrought into clumsy bows, old-fashioned frocks and strong shoes which distinguished the sweet-eyed country children, gave an unspeakable charm to their simplicity. Following them were the pupils of the convent, the little tots with pious envy in their faces, the older girls with the gravity of pious remembrance on theirs. Then came the boys and girls of the parish school, bareheaded, barefooted, some out at the elbows, but sturdy and hopeful branches of the Vine, everyone of them, and the harvest of centuries of persecution and resistance. The Litany was sung by the children, and the chorus of young, fresh voices out in the sunlight, in whose bright rays the rain-drops glittered like jewels on every branch and blade, was as sweet a tribute as was ever paid to the dear Mater Purissima. Arrived at the foot of the statue, the long line broke into groups. The little bareheaded children holding each other by the hand looked with reverent wonder at the priest standing in surplice and stole, with the sun-rays dancing on the gold fringes of his sacred livery. Beside him the singers stood, and behind them a line of nuns in the striking and pretty costume of the Mercy Order—the white cloaks and snowy gampes contrasting effectually with the flowing habits of black. When the veil had been removed from the statue and the Patroness of the convent stood revealed before her votaries the *Te Deum* burst from their smiling lips and filled the air with its jubilant melody. Its echoes fell upon the moss grown ruins of Buttevant Abbey, where six centuries ago Franciscan Friars sang in the self-same tongue the praises of the self-same Lord and of His Mother. Men die and temples moulder: war and pillage and the tyrants' laws break hearts and decimate nations, but the Word lives in its promised perpetuity, and all generations as they go and come call its sweet vessel "blessed."

The prayers said and the thanksgiving ended, the procession formed again and moved towards the chapel to the strains of the festal hymn, "Immaculate." Not meant for public worship, the choir and its precincts were taxed to hold that day's worshippers. But they were mostly the little ones that are privileged by gospel precedent to crowd about the Saviour: and so they did on this occasion, some of them so near that the taper-lights upon the altar danced on their solemn rosy faces. It was like a living transcript of the familiar picture—the children of the rich and the poor, the comely and the plain, clustered round the all-levelling knee of the Common Father. Before such sights the highest controversy stands mocked. What argument can come up in force to this, that today, as two thousand years ago, here, as in

distant continents as many and more miles asunder, this unique and uniform faith lives, grows and brings forth the identical same fruit? Kneeling before the chaste altar of this pretty chapel, and listening to the nuns' sweet singing, and looking now upon the children's faces and now through the clouds of familiar incense at the ubiquitous appointments of the Catholic sanctuary, I could fancy myself at home again, and was constrained to admit that by virtue of the unity and Catholicity of his faith the Catholic is never a stranger in any land where the sanctuary lamp is lighted, or the statue of Mary honored.

K. Madeleine Barry.

Buttevant, Co. Cork, Ireland.

## CARMELITE COLLEGES.

The readers of the Carmelite Review may wish to learn something of the educational work of the Carmelite Order in Ireland. For the past fifty years the Order has held a prominent place in the education of youth. In the year 1852 the Carmelite College of the Immaculate Conception was established in connection with the Convent in Knocktopher County, Kilkenny, which became celebrated, and was honored by an autograph letter of Pius IX, warmly approving of the undertaking, and benignly blessing the president and the pupils. Hundreds of priests at home and on foreign missions studied in this college. In 1853 the Carmelite Seminary was established in Jarvis street, Dublin, which was, after a few years, transferred to its present location, Dominick street, where it still flourishes. During some years this seminary had in daily attendance 200 pupils. The Carmelites established schools also in connection with their convents in Kildare, Moate and Kinsale. The most important of their educational establishments now is the Carmelite College, Terenure, County Dublin, which is the novitiate and house of studies for the Irish provinces of the Order as well. It was founded in 1860, and is situated in the southern suburbs of Dublin, three miles from the general post office. The college grounds cover 75 acres, well planted with choice trees and shrubs, and beautifully laid out. There is also a picturesque, shallow, artificial lake of fresh, flowing water, very favorable for skating in the winter. The original college was enlarged in 1876, and at present there is a much larger addition being built at a cost of £8,000, which will increase the accommodation for students, and give more facilities for teaching and studying. Pupils are prepared for all professions and mercantile pursuits, receiving a high course of English, mathematics, classics and modern language. In the intermediate examinations they have had a high average of passes, prizes, honors and exhibitions. Many of the students in past years have matriculated and passed through the Catholic and Royal Universities with distinction, and now fill honorable and prominent positions in the civil service, and in the literary, medical and other professions, as also in the clerical state at home and abroad. This college, since its establishment, has had pupils from most parts of the world—England, Scotland, the Continent of Europe, United States, Canada, Brazil and Africa. The principal professors are members of the Order who have taken honors and degrees in the Royal University. A few lay professors are engaged to teach vocal and instrumental music, and calisthenics. The extensive recreation grounds afford ample opportunity for athletic and healthy exercise. The dietry is exceptionally good. Religious training and instructions are specially attended to. The annual pension, paid in advance, is £30. There are few extras. The new wing, which will soon be completed, will afford accommodation for about 100 pupils. The President is the Very Reverend M. O'Rielly, O.C.C.

L.—O. C. C.

The sacrifice of our will is the best and most acceptable offering we can make to God.—St. Joseph of Cupertino.

Often those whom severity has failed to subjugate are led back to the path of virtue by an affectionate advice.—St. Gregory.

They are truly peaceful, who in all they suffer in this world for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, preserve peace of mind and heart.—St. Francis.

Do we give sufficient thanks for the most common and frequent favors of God—the rising of the sun, the recurrence of the seasons, the continuance of life, the enjoyment of health, protection from danger?

## Spirit of the Cure D'Ars.

### HIS CHARITY.

*Translated for the Carmelite Review.*

TO form an idea of what this divine virtue meant with the saintly Fr. Vianney, we must depict to ourselves a heart filled with a love for God the most ardent, the most active, the most unselfish, the strongest and, withal, the sweetest that, aided and intensified by grace, could take possession of any human heart. All the faculties of his soul; all the powers of his understanding; all the resources of his will bowed down before this all supreme and dominating sentiment. * * * The union spoken of by the golden mouthed Chrysostom was commenced for him, on earth. Jesus Christ alone was in his thoughts, in his affections, in his desires. Without his Saviour, even the society of the blessed spirits could not have rendered him happy. Jesus Christ constituted his life, his heaven, his present, his future, and the Holy Eucharist the only possible means of assuaging the sacred thirst which consumed him. * * * He could not refrain from thinking of Jesus—speaking to Jesus—longing to be near Jesus. It even seemed that, when expatiating upon this love of his soul, it was not words, but glowing sparks which issued from his lips. There was in his very utterance of the adorable name of Jesus—in his very manner of saying "Our Lord"—a something which could not fail to touch and impress his hearers most deeply. It was as though the casket of his ardent heart sent forth bright gems of its superabundance of love to his lips.

In his spiritual reading, the passages which dwelt longest in his memory, and which he most frequently quoted in his exhortations, were those in which the love of the saints for their divine Master was most forcibly expressed. He loved to linger on those words of our Lord to Saint Teresa: "I wait for the day of judgment to make manifest to all mankind the extent of thy love for Me." And again: "When men have lost all desire for Me, I will come and take refuge in Thy heart." * * * Never could Fr. Vianney utter those words without being affected almost to tears. * * * Another favorite passage of his was that one where Saint Catharine of Sienna thus illustrates her sentiments towards her divine spouse: "O! dearest Saviour, had I been the stony ground, the arid soil whereon Your holy cross was placed, how joyfully I would have received the blood which flowed from Your precious wounds." * * "O! Jesus!" would he frequently exclaim, "to know You is to love You." If we but knew how our Lord loves us we would die from very happiness. I cannot believe that there are hearts so hard as not to respond when they are the objects of such mighty love." * * * And again, "How beautiful is charity! It constantly flows from the heart of Jesus, as drops from that inexhaustible ocean of love. The sole happiness of our mortal pilgrimage. The only consolation in this valley of tears is to love God and to know that the dear God reciprocates that love a thousand fold." Fr. Vianney would frequently terminate an hour of social converse by the following or similar words: "To be loved by God, to be united to God, to live in the presence of God, to live for God: O! beautiful life * * * and beautiful death!"

S. X. B.

St. Mary's, Pa.

### TWO FAMOUS SCHOOLS.

THERE are two spots in the country as much famous in history as in the beauty of location. We mean Fort Lee, N. J., and Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh, Pa.). Both places are inseparably connected with the life of the great George Washington. At Fort Lee, on the beautiful Hudson, stands the famous institute of learning in charge of the School Sisters of Notre Dame. The method of educating and training, and the universal fame of the Sisters as teachers, alone recommends this academy to all parents who desire to give their daughters a thorough religious, physical and intellectual training.

Mt. Ste. Ursule Academy at Pittsburgh (Ft. Pitt) recommends itself. The history of the Ursulines goes far back into the centuries, but to-day the order is well able to meet all modern requirements. It unites a long experience with everything new and good adopted by present educators. Facts are better than words. Thousands at Chicago saw and admired the educational display from Ursuline schools.

Read the advertisements of these two schools elsewhere. We are well acquainted with both, and can heartily recommend them to parents.

## Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus.

"Oleum Effusum est Nomen tuum, Jesu."

*For the Carmelite Review.*

The city of the living God
Needs not our orb of light,
No eve-shades fall, that gentle moon
May tinge with silvery white.

It is illumined by the Lamb,
The "lamp" whose radiant flame
Is kindled by the mystic oil
Of His most holy name.

That loving Saviour came on earth
To live for us and die,
And for *this* God exalted Him.
And raised His throne on high,

And gave Him that triumphant Name
"Above all names," that now,
In heaven, on earth, and e'en in hell
All at its sound must bow.

Thy name indeed is "oil poured out."
It heals the wounds of sin,
And sheds its balmy sweetness where
Dark shades had entered in.

It is as "honey to the taste,
As music to the ear;" *
No sight, no sound, no joy of sense
Should be to us so dear.

Oh! shed its living light and love
Upon our heart's desire,
That to the vision of Thy face
We ever may aspire.

Yes; be to us, sweet Jesus, Lord!
In our last hour nigh,
And may Thy sweet and holy name
Be our last longing sigh.

And when the shades of death are round,
Oh! may the "lamp's" bright rays
Illume the trembling souls that loved
Thy holy name to praise.

And ever in the golden light
Of Thine eternal day,
May Jesus be our theme of love,
And praise and thanks for aye.

Enfant de Marie,
Saint Clare's Covent.
Dublin, Ireland.

* Saint Bernard.

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It is better to serve God than to govern the world.

In dangers, in perplexities, in doubt, think of Mary, call on Mary, let her name not leave thy lips, nor her image thy heart.

There are many who when they commit sin or receive injuries, revenge themselves on their enemies and even on their friends; they are wrong, because each one has his real enemy in his power, namely, his own self.—St. Francis.

## The Christian Countenance.

To the meekness of saintly men in ages of faith, belonged an outward expression of gentleness and benignity, which one cannot pass over in silence. "The saints," says the blessed Carmelite, John of the Cross, "have a certain air of dignity, majesty and sweetness which draws the veneration of the whole world to them." This is what struck me when I came first to Camaldoli, on the eve of the Exaltation of the holy Cross; for there I unwillingly was humbly waited upon by men who had in their looks and air the majesty of princes. To portray them on canvass would have required the pencil of another Andrew Sacctu. It is recorded of St. Bernard, that he had an admirably sweet and gracious look, which preceded rather from his spirit than his flesh. The portrait of William of Wyckham, in the college which he founded at Oxford, is singularly expressive of meekness, intelligence and sanctity. Indeed, on the monuments of these ages, we can seldom trace those countenances which now betray themselves in every direction, bearing looks "alien from heaven, with passions foul obscured."

The ancients seem to have had no models of this beauty of sanctity, notwithstanding their deep and lovely conception of grace, as in fact there was nothing in their philosophy to correspond with it. Cicero says, that in the countenance of the public orator there should be a modest expression mixed with acrimony.

There is not a passage in all the most admired writings of their philosophers, which was capable of inspiring the sense which was expressed in these mild looks of Christian holiness. These looks are all derived from the Christian mysteries. No one who had not beheld the initiated, could ever have conceived the countenance of that deacon in Domenichino's painting of the Communion of St. Jerome: that expression of deep, subdued, unaffected, unimpassioned piety, is exclusively to be found within the Catholic Church. At the first sight of that young priest who advances to the altar with joined palms and down-cast eyes, to sing Mass, there are many present who

cannot prevent their tears from bursting forth: it is a look of such profound humility and sweetness: such resignation and readiness to die for Christ: it is the countenance and air of a holy martyr: and remark here, that the least skilful artist in a Catholic country, can give an idea of this expression, and that the noblest genius among the moderns, in no instance, has ever succeeded.

"There have been many in this holy Order," says Father Elzeare l'Archer, "who have converted great sinners merely by means of their manner and outward appearance." Armed with a crucifix and the looks of an angel, Saint Francis Regis stopped a troop of heretical soldiers who were about to burst into a church.

The writers of the middle ages generally ascribe beauty to an internal excellence of the mind: thus Holinshed says of Henry VI: "His face was beautiful, in which was continually resident the bounty of mind, with which he was inwardly endowed." "Where is now that beauty of countenance?" asks St. Jerome, attending to a young friend lately dead, "where that dignity of person, which like a beautiful garment, clothed the beauty of the soul?"

A life at enmity with God seems of necessity to produce in the human countenance an expression of deformity, which is not found in any of His innocent creatures. The eye naturally turns aside in disgust from the face of the heartless libertine, the avaricious slave of wealth, the epicure, the unfeeling minister of laws, the haughty proud man, or the energumen of any of those political theories connected with impiety.

The countenance of the moderns is characteristic of their philosophy and of their manners,— cold, stiff, affected: it wears a tone of cunning and malice, of duplicity, curiosity and disdain. There is nothing in it playful, natural and benign: it is subject, like that of Julian, to immediate changes of gloom and laughter: and betrays the inward and almost ceaseless storm of passion.

The countenance of the middle ages is now chiefly to be found among the peasantry in Catholic countries,— the look of manly dignity, with innocent abandonment, the joyous and yet modest expression—the free and benign look which is never disconcerted by the presence of grandeur, and never clouded by the artifice of pride. All travellers remark the graceful dignity of the Tuscan peasant, the respectful sweetness of expression which belongs to the youth of Ireland. It was, no doubt, their consideration, which made the holy men of the ages of faith so indulgent and favorable to beauty. They would have reproached no one for being beautiful. In proof of which it might be sufficient to appeal to that passage of St. Ambrose, who evinces such a delicate sense of beauty and grace in describing the human body, a subject which draws similar remarks from holy writers. The ancient fathers predicted evil of Julian from observing the deformity of his countenance.—*From writings of Kenelm Digby.*

## Favors Received by the Hospice.

Father Kreidt acknowledges favors received from Miss K. R. D., New York City: Ven. Srs. St. J., Rutland, Vt.: Miss J. L., Portland, N. B.: Miss A. D., Hammett, Pa.: Ven. Sisters of St. D., Sinsinawa, Wis.: Ven. Br. J., Boston, Mass.: C. de la P. de M. Acton Vale, P. Q.: Dame G. Des R., Misconche, P. E. I.: Ven. Sr. M. A., San Francisco, Cal.: Rev. Soeurs de la Cong. de N. D., Misconche, P. E. I.: J. A. C., Thorold, Ont.: Mrs. S. W., Jr., St. Mary's, Pa.: Ven. Srs. of St. J. C., St. Louis, Mo.: Miss M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.: Miss M. McG., N. Y. City: Miss S. M., Smithville, Ont.: Miss M. C., Niagara Falls, Ont.: Miss H. E. B., Independence, Kas.: Miss A. F., Kentville, N. S.: T. C., Waterloo, Ills.: Ven. Srs. of Ch., Toronto, Ont.: A. J. B., Manaynnk, Pa.: Ven. Srs. G. L., Columbus, O.: Miss A. E., Deseronto, Ont.: R. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.: L. M. C., River Vale, N. J.: Miss M. C., Rochester, N. Y.: Mrs. H. G. D., Latrobe, Pa., and Miss H. E. M., Buffalo, N. Y.

When the tempest beats on your soul, and the wind of temptation agitates your heart: when the waves of pride, ambition, jealousy, anger, or sensual pleasure strive to engulf you in their treacherous depths, fly to the Blessed Virgin Mary, confidently invoke her, and then will come a calm, for the winds and the sea obey her.—St. Bernard.

## What We Owe the Catholic Church.

WE may all own and be grateful for the many benefits we enjoy through the religion and the religionists of the Middle Ages, says a well known English Protestant writer, Mr. John Sanders. To them we owe the most consumate of all architectural works, even in their present state—our cathedrals: and to them we may owe the knowledge how to restore these buildings to their pristine splendor, when not architecture only, but sculpture and painting also, lavished their wondrous skill upon the houses of God: we may also owe to them, if we will, the devoted hosts of worshipers, who ought to be constantly seen in them, rich and poor, nobles and laborers, indiscriminately mingled together, all touchingly acknowledging a common origin and end.

To them we owe the cultivation of the love of music among the people by familiarizing them with it through all the services, processions and festivals of the Church: and to them we owe a better state of feeling than that which has often allowed the musical performance of our cathedral choir to be mutilated on the paltriest ground.

We owe to them our drama, which sprang out of the early Church mysteries and it would not be amiss if we were to owe to them a somewhat loftier notion than at present prevails of the objects that theatrical representations should aim at.

To them do we owe the revival of learning, and in a great degree our grammar schools, and to them we may owe the multitudes of students that ought to be able to flock them, as of old, when Oxford University alone is said to have had its 30,000 scholars.

We owe to them many a noble work of charity that still here and there stud the country over, the relics merely of a scheme of benevolence, unrivaled for magnificence and completeness, and to them, again, we may owe the right principles of dealing with the poor—principles which can make a bad system to some extent good, but the absence of which must leave the best system worthless; in a word, we owe, or may owe to them, a sympathy with the poor that must exhibit itself in practical efforts for them.

Lastly, we owe to them an unending debt of gratitude for their services in the cause of literature and science. For ages who but the monks and friars were the literary and scientific laborers of England?—its poets, its historians, its botanists, its physicians, its educators? Where, but in the libraries of the monasteries, were the collections of the accumulated wisdom of ages to be found, each day beholding additions to the store, through the labors of the scribes of the Scriptorium. And when at last printing came to revolutionize the entire world of knowledge, who but the monks themselves of Westminster and St. Alban's was it that welcomed the new and glorious thing in the most cordial spirit providing at once for the art and its disciples a home. —*Sacred Heart Review.*

PREPARATIONS are already begun in Rome for celebrating the three-hundreth anniversary of the death of St. Philip Neri, which falls on May 25, 1895.

A STATUE of the Blessed Virgin, fifty feet high, is to be placed on top of a high mountain in the department of Aveyron, France, in a most commanding and picturesque situation.

THE White Fathers, in charge of the sanctuary of St. Anne, at Jerusalem, have recently made a search and have found what is thought to be certainly the tomb of the mother of the Blessed Virgin. The vault is empty, as the relics were removed by the Benedictine Fathers when they were driven out by the Mohammedan emperor, Saladin. The exact location of the tomb has been lost sight of since the year 1666.

THE love we conceive towards God we must bring forth in acts of charity towards our neighbor.—ST. CATHERINE OF SIENNA

ASSOCIATE with the humble, the devout and the virtuous: and treat of those things which may be to your edification.—THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

TRUE penance consists in regretting the faults of the past, and in firmly resolving to never again commit that which is so deplorable.—ST. BERNARD.

## WOMAN'S WORK IN ART.

One of the most suggestive papers read at the Catholic Congress of Chicago was Eliza Allen's Starr's on Woman's Work in Art. It, as we read it, appears to us without fault, so beautiful is the language and thought. She proves conclusively that Christianity has produced the highest form of art, for art is the expression of the beautiful, and nowhere may the artists gain a clearer view of beauty than in the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth. With a loving hand she traces the careers of women who have left honored names, and she describes the influence of the Virgin Mother on the creation of the imperishable works of Cimabue, Giotto, Raphael, etc. Here, indeed, we obtain a glimpse into the soul of true Catholic women. Strong and tender is her love for the Blessed Virgin, for she remembers that to Mary is woman indebted for the sacred dignity with which she is honored. Degraded once but now reverenced, a puppet once in the hands of man, but now one of the most powerful factors of all that conduces to the welfare of humanity. With brow illumined with the holy light of purity she goes forth to her mission, not to sink to the level of a clamorer for rights, but in the home or convent to uplift and ennoble and to sanctify those around her. And that is done every day by the gentle, Catholic women, of kind words and voice, whose best reward is the consciousness of duty performed. They strive to imitate the grandest woman that ever lived: and from the striving come all the qualities that give strength and beauty to the wife and mother.

Miss Starr says that there was not one artist during the middle ages, whether monk or nun or courtier, who did not invoke the patronage of Mary: nor is there a school or academy that furnishes ideals like those that Mary gives to the hearts of her faithful sons. She cannot do less for her faithful daughters.

In conclusion she advised women to put not their trust in academies or schools of technique but in the Mother of God.

Earnest words; and truthful, for such confidence has never been misplaced. She has quickened the imagination of artist and sculptor and opened out before them vistas of wonderous beauty and gave them power to portray them on canvas or marble. More than all she inspires her children to depict the painting which mankind admires, that of a pure, unselfish life. The others adorn the walls of *salon* or chapel, but this placed in the celestial mansions.—*Catholic Record.*

## MARRIAGE.

A young woman had a thousand times better never marry at all than marry a man who differs from her in religion. One or two isolated years of contentment in mixed marriages ought not to be held to disprove this rule. Further, a woman had better resolve to grow gracefully into old maidenhood than to carry a man whose chief recommendation is that he belongs to the superior sex.

Life is long, and the amount of rain that falls into it is generally out of proportion to the sunshine, and any human creature who wants to serve God cheerfully ought to secure the best means of getting all the sunshine he or she can. No theologian teaches — unless he be a Jansenist — that the best means of attaining Heaven is by making earth as wretched as possible. And sunshine in married life is not attained merely by the reception of the sacrament of Matrimony. We see that every day: the drunkard is not miraculously transformed after the marriage ceremony into a sane Christian. Marriage is a sacrament of the most holy vitality and strength, but no theologian has ever claimed that prudence — human prudence — is not necessary before receiving it.

It sounds like heresy to say this. It often sounds like heresy to put things in cold print which every man admits in private conversation: and, if he did not admit them, he would be justly known as a fool. A woman who marries a non-Catholic or a drunkard, who promises to reform, puts herself in danger of earthly hell-fire. She will probably convert or reform her husband, if she prays as long and earnestly as St. Augustine's mother prayed for him and his father:—but who can tell what St. Monica suffered during all those years?—M. F. Egan.

To mortify a passion, no matter how small, is a greater help in the spiritual life than many abstinences, fasts and disciplines.—St. Philip.

THIRD ORDER OF

# Mount Carmel.

By the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

## I.—PREFATORY REMARKS.

THERE are duties common to mankind which are incumbent upon every individual living in this world. Such duties are the necessary outcome of human nature itself. Other duties of a higher nature are placed upon the Christian, and still higher ones are imposed upon certain classes only. All these duties owe their existence to the will of God, who as Creator, Redeemer or Paraolete has disposed of all His creatures according to the plans of His infinite wisdom. People called by Him to be men simply have the duties of men, as they enjoy the correlative rights of men. People called by God to His Church naturally partake of the rights and duties resulting from church membership.

But even from among these latter God chooses some to express in their life the ideal of christian perfection by an unconditional offering of their persons to the exclusive service of Him who calls them. This body of chosen ones we call Religious or Regulars.

The essence of religious life consists in the entire abandonment of a person to God. But we must look at it in two ways. Whatever God created He created for His own glory, and the glory given to Him must be in keeping with the more or less perfect nature of the creature. The more elevated its nature, the more sublime and extended is the glory which it owes to God and is enabled to give Him. Hence, the religious state being the most perfect state on earth, the highest glory of God which man can give must be expected and found in this state. That this claim was not only recognized in theory, but fully satisfied in practice, we may easily convince ourselves of by even a cursory glance at the almost unlimited number of saints, doctors, martyrs, confessors, etc., which the religious orders in the course of time have produced. This is one way of looking at it.

Our divine Lord placed the law of the love of God and of fraternal charity upon the same level. He declared that the two laws formed but one and commanded His disciples to consider them as one, so that wherever we find the one we have a right to expect the other. This connection is not an arbitrary one, it is a necessary influx from the nature of love. We cannot love the Giver without loving what He loves, and by likewise loving it in the same way and to the same extent in which He loves. The command: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," therefore may be paraphrased thus: You shall love God and in Him and on His account whatever He loves. But He loves man. He loves each one as much as He loves you, and consequently you must love others as yourself. But as love manifests itself in the service rendered, so must your love of the neighbor prove itself by what you do in his behalf.

This service may be directed towards the soul or body, or both. To serve the soul is the second end of contemplative orders. To serve the body is the end of the active Orders, to serve both is the duty of that community which makes the practice of the spiritual and temporal works of mercy its object. As the soul is superior to the body, so works for the soul are of greater intrinsic value than works for the body. But there are grades, too, in work for souls. The noblest work for souls is intercession and vicarious penance, because by these we serve both God and man in the highest way possible. "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men," is the keynote of contemplative Orders, among which the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel stands pre-eminent.

Thus religious Orders are placed, as it were, between heaven and earth, between God and man They give glory to God by the personal sanctity of their members. They imitate, as far as it is possible on earth, the life of the Blessed in heaven, who, free from all temporal trammels and occupations, never cease to offer the incense of their adoration, praise and thanksgiving before the throne of the Lamb, and whose life is one continued act of the love of God. At the same time that they become a spectacle to men and angels they are placed

between divine justice and guilty mankind. They take up the cross and with Christ are fastened to the cross. Their prayers, penances, austerities and good works are offered on behalf of their neighbor. They pray for those who do not pray for themselves. They do penance for those who neglect caring for their souls. Their works pay the debt for others, and disarming the anger of God, they draw down mercy, even at the cost of their own life.

It is therefore not surprising to see that times of religious enthusiasm and great moral elevation are the times in which contemplative Orders obtain the largest number of members and saints, whilst periods of religious indifference bring to them stagnation and decline. At such times the Religious fill the breaches in the walls with their own person and thousands fall victims to the fury of the enemies of God, only to bring hereby salvation to their persecutors and renewed grace and prosperity to the Catholic body. Such was the case in the Holy Land, where the old Carmelites were amongst the first victims. Such was the case in the wars between the Tiara and the Imperial Crown. The so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century saw thousands of Carmelites falling under the axe of the executioner in England, Ireland, France Holland and Germany, and the atheistic ebullition of the French Revolution witnessed the beautiful spectacle when all the inmates of a Carmelite convent in Paris mounted the scaffold erected in the name of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality singing the *Salve Regina*, whilst one after the other of the singers was guillotined, the song only ending when the last head fell.

It is not surprising to find at all times laymen fired with the love of God and man who wish to join in the work of the Religious, although circumstances forbid their wearing a religious habit and living within monastery walls. Indeed, we see numbers aggregating themselves in this way to the different religious Orders, forming thus what is known as Third Orders in distinction from the friars of the First and the nuns of the Second Order.

It cannot be our intention to speak of the Third Order in general. We have here to do with the Third Order of Mount Carmel only.

The history and annals of our Order afford ample proof that the practice of laymen and women to imitate as far as possible the life of our religious is very old. Already in the Old Law the Essenians were but an offshoot of the sons of the prophets, always in close communion with them, and serving the same purpose, namely, by prayer and penance begging God to hasten the coming of the Immaculate Virgin whose footsteps the prophet Elias saw in his vision. The Essenians formed two bodies, one of which lived within the bosom of the family, the other, for a longer or shorter time, living as communities. The Essenians were among the first disciples of our Lord, and were amongst the first who braved the storm of persecution raised by the Synagogue against the Christians. Like the other Jews they were dispersed throughout the world, carrying with them their old traditions, which were elevated and perfected by the Christian Faith.

When the Carmelites spread, the number of persons attaching themselves by an imitation of their life in the world increased likewise, though the Third Order then existed by the authority of the Order only.

Pope Nicholas V., in the year 1452, and Sixtus IV., in 1474, by their Apostolic authority approved of the Third Order, granting to the members all the privileges and indulgences granted before (or to be granted hereafter) to the religious of both sexes of the chief Order. Sixtus IV., defending the Third Order against the attacks of its enemies, says: "We hereby forbid that anyone contradict it, and let no one be so audacious as to oppose himself to these, our presents, or rashly violate them. If anyone dare to do so let him know that he will incur the indignation of the omnipotent God, and of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul."

Our Third Order is composed of persons of either sex, who, being prevented by one or the other reasons from joining the chief Order, attach themselves to the Order of Mount Carmel by the simple vows of chastity (according to their state of life) and of obedience to the Prior General of the Chief Order, or to those taking his place, in regard to matters pertaining to the rule. Thus the Tertians form with the Chief Order one family under one head, partaking of the same spiritual favors and merits and serving the same ends, viz.: (1) to glorify

God by individual sanctity, (2) to specially honor the Blessed Virgin, and (3) to aid their neighbor by good example, intercessory prayer and vicarious penance.

In regard to the management of their temporal affairs the Brothers and Sisters of the Third Order are perfectly independent, and no superior has a right to interfere in it. They are also free in the choice of their state of life. A single person may get married, notwithstanding the vow of chastity, which is limited. A Tertian may become a secular priest or join any religious order. To belong to another Third Order at the same time, however, is forbidden.

The Superiors have the right to propose to the Tertians the Rule of the First Order, modified in such a way as different circumstances render it necessary, and as may be judged conducive to the spiritual welfare of the members.

Likewise, Superiors using their ordinary faculties, founded upon apostolic concessions, can delegate the power of receiving and professing members to other priests, both regular and secular, whenever they deem it expedient to do so. Such delegations do not ordinarily take place, however, except on account of great distance.

The rules of the Third Order, as we shall give them in the future numbers of The Carmelite Review, are a translation of the rules as published in 1869 by the then Vicar General of the Order, Father Savini. It is a re-publication of more ancient works, modified or altered as the change of time rendered necessary. Wherever a necessity exists we shall attach explanatory notes to the text, giving them in italics, so as to make it plain to anyone what belongs to the text and what is only comment.

Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C.

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How can we be proud in presence of the examples of lowliness and humiliations which our Lord gave us.—Cure d'Ars.

Let three things be constantly before your mind: What you were, what you are, and what you shall be.—St. Bernard,

We must not yield to discouragement in warring against our faults, even though we have to begin anew each morning: these faults bravely combated become occasions of merit for us.—Mgr. de Segur.

## HELPED ALONG.

*For the Carmelite Review:*

When Albert Alden had served the last day of his term in the Reformatory, he realized how much the place had been to him. It had screened him from unkind glances and cutting remarks. The officers were kind, and the warden had often found time for a quiet talk with the boy who always seemed so reserved and sad.

The boy's parents were in medium circumstances, and lived in a pretty little village on the Ohio. At sixteen years of age, Albert suggested that he ought to bear his share of the family expenses; and, after many efforts he succeeded in obtaining a clerkship in a large flour and feed store.

Affairs went on smoothly, until one day the proprietor put three hundred dollars into the safe, intending to bank the amount on his way to lunch.

Albert saw the money, counted it, and, in an evil moment, slipped it into his pocket. The theft was detected, and the boy sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

The reformatory was but a short distance from one of the largest cities in Western Pennsylvania, and as Albert wandered through its busy streets, his heart filled with bitter feeling. His nature was affectionate. He loved his father, and worshiped his mother. Thoughts of the home he had so suddenly disgraced brought tears to his eyes. He brushed them away, hastily. Touching cries for mother rose from his heart, but he closed his lips tightly, and, the sobs, he would not utter, formed in great lumps in his throat, almost suffocating him. "I must show mother that I *can* be trusted," he kept repeating over and over.

All that day, he tried to get work, but each attempt was a failure. He had no friends to speak for him, and could give no satisfactory account of himself.

Almost disheartened, he applied about five o'clock to the proprietor of a wholesale fruit store. After five minute's talk, he was almost certain the owner would engage him, and so, indeed, had the man intended. But, just as his mind was in the critical condition of coming to a decision, a familiar hand was laid upon Albert's shoulder.

"Hello! Served your term?"

Walter crimsoned.

"Served his term where?" asked the proprietor.

The boy's humiliation was a silent answer to the old merchant, and without waiting for a reply he asked:

"What was your offence?"

Albert hesitated. Then a red spot burning on each cheek, he bravely looked the man in the face, and said:

"I stole three hundred dollars from my employer."

"Well, we don't employ jail-birds here. Look some place else for your game."

Albert had fainted when the iron cuffs were snapped upon his wrists, and when these cruel words rang in his ears, he felt that same chilling feeling creep over him. He left the store, and after walking about an hour, heedless of everything, he found himself on the pleasant highway leading to the farther end of Squirrel Hill.

Just then a lady drove down a narrow lane, and coming face to face with her, Albert, on the spur of the moment, said:

"Have you any work for me?"

"Where did you come from?"

"From prison," he said, almost defiantly, as he turned to walk away. Was his sin to pursue him forever?

"You don't intend to go back again, do you?"

Miss Barton's voice was clear and sweet; inspiring, her friends said. Albert must have felt the magnetic tone, for he turned back, and a pitiful little smile crept from the corners of his mouth, as he answered:

"Not if I can help it."

Besides having an inspiring voice, Miss Barton possessed a deal of tact. She asked no questions. She appeared not to notice that some tears were being stealthily brushed away. Her quick womanly instinct told her that a heart so easily affected by a kind tone, needed sympathy. And so she reached out her hand, laid it on the boy's shoulder and said cordially:

"You're just the boy we need—jump in, and drive home with me."

Every day, Albert expected Miss Barton to ask why he had been in prison, and if he had no home to go to. But Miss Barton knew that some time Albert would tell her unasked, and so he did. It happened one day when Albert was training a refractory grape-vine, and Miss Barton, strolling by, stopped to talk with him. When they returned to the house together, about an hour later, Albert thought of angels in disguise every time he looked at his friend. Her strong sympathy had already aroused all his manliness, and the determination to rise above the position his sin had forced him to occupy, grew deeper and firmer.

Meanwhile Miss Barton studied the boy carefully. She sent him to the bank, gave him money to pay her bills, talked over her business affairs with him, and in many ways helped him to test his moral strength. She corresponded regularly with Mrs. Alden, and they both agreed that Albert should be allowed to "bide his time" in going home.

About six months after his arrival at Squirrel Hill, Miss Barton sent Albert to transact some business with her lawyer, who lived at a day's journey from her home.

"I'd like to stop on my way back to see mother, Miss Barton," said Albert, when leaving, and that lady answered pleasantly:

"Do so, Albert."

When Albert did enter the familiar little home parlor with his mother, who had gone to the door to meet him, he found Miss Barton talking with the children. She had gone down to prepare Mrs. Alden for the joyful return. When she started soon after to take her train, Albert said:

"Mother wants me to stay."

"And Albert wants you to stay, too," laughed Miss Barton: "so I think you ought."

And so it was settled. Mrs. Alden was not an emotional woman, but in saying good-bye to her guest, she threw her arms around Miss Barton's neck and sobbed:

"God bless you! You have saved my boy!"

"No," said Miss Barton, as she gently stroked Mrs. Alden's hair, and then pressed a warm, loving kiss upon the trembling lips, "His mother did that. I only helped him along."

MARTHA MURRAY.

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GUARD against discouragement as the greatest sin you could commit. Nothing is a greater injury to the soul or a greater insult to God than distrust of the Divine goodness.—MGR. D'ORLEANS DE LAMOTE.

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## SHADOWS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

The joyous strains of Christmas tide
Gave place to minor chords,
When Simeon's song re-echoing wide,
Pierced sharp as keen-edged swords,

The tender heart of her, whose eyes,
Saw as in vision dread
The years to come in anguish rise,
Like storm clouds o'er her head.

'Twas ever thus—the coming cross,
Casts shadows long and dark,
The years are reckoned but by loss
Which leaves its heavy mark,

O'er shores of wreck, and souls made mute,
By sorrow's broken strings;
Alas! for those who touch the lute
While mem'ry sadly sings.

The past! how much its caverns hold
Of joys that fled full fast;
Of hopes and fears long since grown cold.
Of dreams which could not last.

And now as Lenten shades again
Fall softly on our souls,
That past comes up with all its pain,
The wave of sorrow rolls,

O'er hearts grown cold, and weak, and lone,
'Mid life's o'er crowded ways.
"Alone, in crowds," they sadly moan,
"Oh! for departed days."

Blest sorrow, if it lead to peace
E'en after many days,
Dear shadows, if the sunshine cease,
To lure to folly's ways,

The light will follow darkness drear,
The cross stands in the west,
Oh! climb the hill top without fear,
Beneath its shadow rest.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1894. M. C.

To suffer for the love of God is a signal favor of which man in himself is unworthy: but he does not understand this, for he thanks God for prosperity, and does not remember that adversity would be much greater grace.—ST. JOSEPH OF CUPERTINO.

## On Saint Teresa's Footsteps.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

CONTINUED.

LEAVING the monastery of the Augustinian nuns on the right, turn towards the town, cross the *Mercado Grande*, and a narrow street will conduct you to the *Puerto del Peso*, a gate which will admit you through the walls into the limits of the old city. You are now beside the venerable cathedral of Avila, which itself forms a portion of the massive walls. Enter within its sacred precincts. Ah! reflect, pious soul, this very ground was once trodden by the youthful Teresa, here her heart sent forth its prayers in the morning of its life to the throne above. There, too, before a statue that is still preserved in a separate chapel of the cathedral, Teresa, on the death of her to whom she owed her life, chose the Blessed Virgin as her mother. The cathedral of Avila, dedicated to the Holy Saviour, goes back to the year 1091, but its general features are of the 12th and 13th centuries. On the greatest portion of this solemn interior the eyes of St. Teresa once rested. Even the *Retablo* of the high altar existed in her day, for it dates from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. While its pictures, works of Santa Cruz, Pedro Burnegnette and Juan d' Borgona, were painted in 1508, before St. Teresa was born. The stalls in the choir were constructed while the saint was living in the monastery of the Incarnation at Avila, and, on her visits to the cathedral, at that epoch the nuns were not cloistered, she no doubt gazed with the admiration of her poetical soul upon the costly masterpieces of sculpture that were being formed beneath the artist's chisel.

Proceeding again through the *Puerto del Peso*, direct your steps towards the terrace, outside of the northern walls. Do you behold that large, though antique structure across the plains. Thither we direct our steps, it is the monastery *de la Incarnation*. Within its walls, Saint Teresa spent that portion of her life which preceded her work of the Reform. You are now walking upon the road which the maiden of Avila took, when, unknown to her father, she bade farewell to the world, to enter the monastery of Carmelite nuns. Reaching the monastery, you will not fail to notice a well, from which the water is drawn by means of horses. This no doubt suggested to Saint Teresa a well-known similitude in one of her works, taken from the various means of watering a garden: the drawing of water with horses is one of the means referred to. The monastery of the Incarnation is still occupied by nuns of the same order as those who inhabited it when Saint Teresa applied for the reception of the habit. They belong to the Order of Mount Carmel, but they never embraced the Reform of Saint Teresa. In the days of the Saint they were not cloistered, but to-day they observe the enclosure. Although the Saint considered a monastery of women without enclosure to be most dangerous on account of the liberty allowed the religious, she nevertheless speaks highly of her own. We cite her words: "What I say does not refer to my monastery, for therein are so many who truly and with great perfection serve our Lord. * * * And this monastery is not one of those which are most relaxed, for every kind of good discipline is observed in it." *

Thirty years of Saint Teresa's life were spent in this convent, and here she pronounced her vows on Nov. 3, 1534. Enter through the gate of the monastery, you will find yourself in the court-yard around which are the out-buildings, the house of the chaplain and those of the servants. Imagine nothing gorgeous nor splendid, not even artistic or tasteful, for everything breathes the utmost simplicity, though firmness and solidity characterize the entire edifice. On the right, a low doorway will admit you into the monastery itself. Ascend the flight of stairs on your left and you will find yourself in a small parlor. The mother prioress will converse with you through the grating, and show you many objects that the monastery still possesses which were connected with its illustrious inmate, Teresa de Ahumada. O glorious monastery of the Incarnation! Hidden away midst the hills of Castile, in the obscure town of Avila, thou art one of the favored spots upon earth, for in thee dwelt one of God's most privileged souls. This very parlor, reader, is sacred to her memory. How many a time did it not behold her at the grating, where her soul still clung to the earth: how often did it not hear her voice! Here it was that she conversed with the illustrious Jesuit, that master in the spiritual life, Father Balthasar Alvarez: here also took place her interview with that other son of St. Ignaitus, St. Francis Borgia.

If you look through the grating, your eyes will fall upon a spot rendered sacred by one of the many visions of the Saint's life. You behold that corridor before you? About midway a staircase begins. At its foot St. Teresa once beheld an infant who inquired for her name. It was after the Saint had begun her Reform, and when she had been called back to the monastery of the Incarnation to govern it as prioress. Her answer to the infant was: "I am Teresa of Jesus." "And I," replied the child, "am Jesus of Teresa."

There is another parlor, still more interesting. It is situated on the lower floor. There it was that the saint once conversed with St. John of the Cross, when both were wrapped in ecstacy.

And where is Saint Teresa's cell? You may see the spot where it stood, reader, if you follow me to the church. This is the old church of the monastery, but it has undergone a change. The chapel in the rear did not exist in St. Teresa's time. The space it occupied lay then within the convent. In the centre stood her cell, where so many years of her life were spent. The spot is marked by that large square slab. Here the Saint of Avila suffered, struggled, prayed and finally, conquered.

Among the many relics of St. Teresa in the city of Avila, the convent of the Incarnation is to me the most interesting, for it has undergone the least change, and it is, more than any other, as it was during the life-time of the Saint.

CHAS. W. CURRIER.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* St. Teresa's autobiography.—Chap. VIII.

# The Catechism

## OF MOUNT CARMEL,

[BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.]

### CHAPTER FIRST- THE NAME.

QUESTION. What is Mount Carmel?

A. Mount Carmel is the name of a mountain in the Holy Land. It forms a promontory, extending into the Mediterranean sea, and is situated on the western shore of Palestine, south of the Bay of Acre, about twenty miles from Nazareth. It is frequently mentioned in Holy Writ and praised for its beauty and fertility.

Q. Who are the religious of Mount Carmel and why are they so called?

A. The religious of Mount Carmel are the members of the religious Order of Mount Carmel, and are so called because this holy Order was founded on Mount Carmel by the great prophet of God, Elias, who dwelt on this mountain.

In the Vatican Basilica at Rome, by order of the Pope, statues of the holy founders of religious orders have been placed on both sides of the nave. The first place to the right of the high altar, is occupied by a beautiful marble statue of St. Elias, as being the first founder of a religious order.

Q. Why is the Blessed Virgin called Our Lady of Mount Carmel?

A. Because the followers of Elias on Mount Carmel were the first to erect a chapel in honor of Our Lady on their holy mount, and were the first to invoke her and venerate her as their heavenly Mother and Patroness. The Roman Breviary, mentioning this fact (in the 4th lesson of the matins on the 16th of July) also states, that the hermits of Mount Carmel had enjoyed the special friendship of the Blessed Virgin, who visited them and held holy conversations with them.

Thus the title of Our Lady of Mount Carmel originated. In the same way we give the Blessed Virgin the title of Our Lady of Loretto, Our Lady of Lourdes, Our Lady of Guadalupe, etc., from these different shrines where she is venerated in a special manner, and gives unusual proofs of her powerful protection.

Q. The devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel must, therefore, be very ancient?

A. Yes; some of the early fathers of the church, in commenting upon the little cloud, which St. Elias saw rising from the sea, say that the great prophet recognized in it a symbol of the coming mother of Christ, and that he and his disciples, long before her birth, venerated the Immaculate Virgin who was to be the mother of the Messiah.

The visits of the Blessed Virgin from Nazareth, which is near the grottoes and caves of Mount Carmel, inspired these good hermits with still greater devotion towards her, and they were the first to build a church in her honor. The devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, is therefore, the most ancient of all the devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Q. What name was given to the inhabitants of Mount Carmel on account of their devotion to the Blessed Virgin?

A. They were called by the faithful, the Brothers of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. When the Order was transplanted to Europe, at the time of the first Crusades, this title was recognized by the Popes and special indulgences granted to those who gave this title to the Carmelites.

Q. Did the Blessed Virgin herself ever give any signal proof that she considered the Carmelites as her brothers and special servants?

A. Yes: she not only showed her love for them by her visits to Mount Carmel during her life, but she has given innumerable proofs of the singular affection she has for her Order, as we shall see in the course of these chapters.

Q. But does it not seem too great an honor even for saints to be called Brothers of the Blessed Virgin?

A. This honorable title was given to the Carmelites from the earliest times and was approved by the Holy See. But the Blessed Virgin herself in a most wonderful manner confirmed it on one occasion, when it was disputed by the enemies of the Order.

It happened in England, in the city of Chester, in the year 1317. The Carmelites had erected a monastery in the city and were generally known by their customary name as Brothers of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.

This glorious title, however, offended some

of the citizens, who began to murmur against the religious, and to accuse them of presumption in arrogating to themselves a name of which they could not but be unworthy.

A strange thing happened then. Several of the more bitter enemies of the Order died suddenly, and most of the others were stricken down by various diseases. The town seemed to be under a scourge from heaven. The governor of the city, the Abbot of St. Bamburge, grew alarmed and ordered a public procession to be held in order to appease God's wrath. The Carmelites were requested to assist in the solemn procession. They gladly acceded to the request, and during the procession, as they passed a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which was held in great veneration, they all bowed their heads and saluted the Blessed Virgin, saying "Ave Maria."

The statue, in presence of all the population, bowed its head in return, and elevating the hands and extending the fingers, pointed to the Carmelite Friars, saying in a loud voice, "These are my brothers." These words were uttered three times in succession.

The miracle, as may easily be supposed, caused a great sensation, especially as the dread scourge of sickness disappeared as suddenly as it had come. The whole affair was thoroughly investigated by Rome, and several Popes have recognized the occurrence and ratified the favor, thus publicly shown the Carmelites by their gracious Advocate and Queen. One of the Popes granted fifty days indulgence, for all times, to those who give the Order, or any individual member thereof, this glorious title. The indulgence is gained each time the title is given.

## Word-Picture of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

*Translated for the Carmelite Review.*

The recurrence of the Lenten season has suggested the translation of the following description of our divine Saviour's personal appearance. It has come down to us through "the corridors of time," having been sent to the Roman Senate by Publius Lentulus, Governor of Judea, when the renown of Christ's ministry was becoming widespread, and His miracles exciting universal comment. It portrays Him as He appeared *before* that week which we will ere long commemorate, when the Jews cried out "Away with this man, give us Barabbas," *before* "He looked for one that would grieve together with Him, and there was none, for one that would comfort Him, but He found none." It portrays Him as He walked forth *before* it was said of Him, "Behold we have seen Him, having neither beauty or comeliness; there is no sightliness in Him; He hath borne our sins, and suffered for us and He was wounded for our misgivings, and by His bruises we are healed."

* * * * *

What a subject for Lenten meditation is contained in the transformation wrought by the sufferings of "Holy week" in the beautiful face of our Lord.

* * * * *

"There is now in Judea a person of the most exalted virtue who is called Jesus Christ. The Jews believe him to be a prophet, but his adherents, to whom he is an object of unbounded veneration and love, adore him as one who has sprung from the immortal gods. His lighest touch or simplest word can scatter the pestilential breath of the most loathsome malady, and at his call the silent dead walk forth in health and life upon the earth.

In appearance he is of a type but seldom seen, tall, perfectly formed and of a dignity at once attractive and impressive, his superiority evincing itself as he moves along.

His hair is of a most beautiful color, flowing gracefully upon his shoulders and parted above his noble brow, after the fashion of the Nazarene. His forehead is high, his cheeks show the faintest tinge of color, his nose and mouth are perfect. His beard is full and in color corresponds to those waving locks which often imprison the sunlight as he walks. His eyes are brilliant, but although lovely in form and color they seem even to hold the shadow of coming sorrow in their unfathomable depth.

He rebukes with a majesty which few can withstand, and when he exhorts it is with a sweetness which none can hear unmoved. His every word and act are marked by a refinement exceeding great, and characterized by a gravity which becomes him well. Never has he been seen to laugh, seldom to smile but often to weep, withal he is gentle, unassuming and wisdom itself. Truly by his remarkable beauty and divine perfections does this man—Jesus Christ—rank far above all other children of men."

St. Marys, Pa. S. X. B.

# FLOS CARMELI.

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

CONTINUED.

MARCH faded into April, and still the fervent prayers seemed to be unanswered, but the faith of Mrs. Stuart never faltered, for she knew well that Mary, "the tenderest hearted Virgin," would obtain her petition at last. It was a lovely morning. Flowers in graceful profusion met the eye on every side, the deep blue of the skies was varied here and there by snowy clouds, the bright waves of the bay carried snatches of a boating song from some far-off happy mariners, and the luxuriant foliage of many a tree cast an inviting shade far around. And it was this day that Ernest Fenwick selected to reveal his decision to his over-joyed friend who lost no time in calling upon Fr. Francis at the monastery, and telling him that her petition was granted. Ernest had left the arrangement to her, subservient to the convenience of the zealous father, and the work of instruction began. He seemed so much better that little Grace was sure her papa would get well, and even Mrs. Stuart began to cherish a faint hope to that effect. "Do not delude yourself," he said, on one occasion, to the latter. "It is only the fitful flaming up of the taper before its light is lost in darkness. But it will not be darkness for me. Fr. Francis has just told me that on the feast of St. Simon Stock (May 16th, he tells me,) he will baptize me conditionally, and receive me as a child of the holy Catholic Church. And I am to make my first Holy Communion, too." "God grant that it may not be your last," said Mrs. Stuart. "You have made me glad indeed." "And Fr. Francis will invest me with the Scapular," he continued. "He explained it most beautifully to me. Give me the box, darling," he said to Grace, who retained her place by his pillow, holding a dainty casket in her hand. At his request the lady opened it. "These were amongst the little treasures left by my wife," he said. "One of her old teachers sent them to her as a souvenir on our wedding day. She told me then, smilingly, that they should be my first 'scapulars,' but I scarcely thought of them until today."

"When I am dead, my kind friend, and these still remain upon me, I would like them to be placed so as to be visible to all as a tribute to my conversion to the faith. And this Rosary is for you, Grace. It was your dear mother's, and our good friend will teach you its use." Mrs. Stuart, seeing that he was exhausted, replaced the scapulars in the box.

They were of that kind, in the making of which nuns love to occupy their leisure hours. Beautiful in design and execution. Grace held fast the Rosary, which was of amber beads with golden cross, so her kind friend left the room, bidding the little girl watch over her papa while he slept. And thus the days passed on.

Sometimes, of course, Ernest would be too weak for any effort, then all attempt at instruction would be abandoned, and he would lie quiet and happy while Mrs. Stuart and Grace recited the Rosary, looking towards the pretty little oratory which Grace had fashioned in his room, and longing for the hour when he would indeed belong to the "household of the faith." Fr. Francis told Mrs. Stuart that he had seldom met one who had received with so unquestioning a faith not only all the doctrines of our holy religion, but all the beautiful devotions which, like fragrant flowers, have sprung up hither and thither to adorn the vast garden of the church. "With the Scapular," he said to me yesterday, "our Mother draws poor careless wanderers like I was, to a place of safety, with her Rosary she chains them there, and with the holy League she leads them to that surest refuge, her holy Son's most Sacred Heart. And as for his charity, Madame, it has no limits. Daily he insists upon my taking an alms to distribute among the poor." At last the happy day dawned, and Ernest Fenwick realized the desire of his heart. O! how that heart went up to God with simple childlike thoughts of love, and what grateful thoughts, too, centered about the QUEEN OF CARMEL, to whose intercession he attributed the priceless blessing he now enjoyed! * * * "My kind friend," said he a few days afterwards, "do not think

me unreasonable, but a longing has taken possession of me to such an extent that I cannot banish it. I cannot endure the thought of my little Grace leaving me lying in the cemetery here. I know it is only fancy, but it seems that if she could often kneel by my grave, and twine her offering of flowers around the cross, death would be robbed of more than half its pangs. O! kindest of friends, I want to die *at home!*" Mrs. Stuart was startled at first, but the pleading eyes of him, who was now indeed her son, since, at his baptism, she had become his sponsor, went to her heart, and she promised that if the physician thought the project might be considered, and Fr. Francis could obtain permission to accompany them, the arrangements would be made without delay.

And everything happened according to their wishes. With a sigh for the old world and a smile for the new, our party took their places in the cabin, and the stately vessel sailed out on its course across the broad Atlantic, bearing the wanderers home. The morning, tinted with rose color, and flecked with golden light, would find Grace by her father's side, and the evening, with the brilliant moon and glittering stars reflecting their brightness in the ocean, found her scarcely ready to bid him good night. The two enjoyed the voyage thoroughly, and Mrs. Stuart would say to Fr. Francis, "Could it be that he would stay with them yet a little while?" But the priest bade her entertain no such fallacious hope. He frequently talked to Grace, and tried to accustom the child to the thought that her father must soon leave her for a better home, and so the time passed, and land was almost in sight.

One morning the valet hastily summoned Mrs. Stuart, who bade him go at once for Fr. Francis, and then told the maid to waken Grace gently, and hold her in readiness to come to her dying father. And whilst the sun rose over the great city, shedding its beams over the happy and the wretched, over many a spacious church, gilding here a grand altar with its graceful tabernacle, and there a tiny chapel with its simple ornaments, whilst hundreds and thousands of devout worshippers hastened to mass (for it was the Feast of the Sacred Heart) and offered up their prayer "for all who are in their agony," one favored child of Mary who had found consolations without end in the Communion of Saints, exchanged hope for glad fruition, faith for sight, and prayer for praise, in the kingdom of everlasting bliss.

* * * * *

Overlooking the beautiful waters of a noble river, whose verdant banks sloped upward with such a gradual, even ascent, that one might almost think nature had rested for a while and sent art to fill her place, stood the picturesque old house which Mrs. Stuart called her home. On leaving the shore, however, and mounting the hill beyond, it became evident that the assistance of art could not by any possibility be imagined in the wild luxuriance of the scenery which greeted the eye. A road led to the house, but the approach to it was somewhat difficult to find, so dense was the miniature forest which arose on either side. At the rear of the house a narrow and rather rugged road terminated in some barren looking hills, in the depths of which some mining operations had been inaugurated at one time in the hope of enriching those who projected them, but they had long since been given up. The openings left by the workmen still remained, and the appearance presented at this point was rather unprepossessing. Immediately round the house, however, the beauty of the lawns and tastefully arranged flower beds was such that one would never weary of the view. Wide porches with inviting seats called upon the weary to rest, and a tempting hammock swung gently to the breeze. It was here that Mrs. Stuart brought the little girl whose grief at her father's death had been so excessive that for some time she refused all attempts at consolation and her friends thought it best to leave her to herself for awhile.

They laid her father to rest in a lonely little graveyard, where the purple wisteria vine twined about the dark firs and forest trees, and daisies lovingly covered the silent ones who slept beneath.—where the passion flower clung round the foot of the large cross in the center, and weeping willows shaded the graves. Here, too, in accordance with Ernest's desire, were brought the remains of his young wife. United at last in faith as well as in love, they rested in holy ground, which was to the little orphan girl, henceforth, the dearest spot in

the world. Father Francis then left them to remain in one of the houses of his order until recalled by his own prior, whilst the valet, with a substantial mark of appreciation for his faithful services sailed, half sorrowfully, half in gladness, over the ocean to his native land.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## OBITUARY.

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

The prayers of our readers are requested for the repose of the souls of: Caspar Straub, who died at New Baltimore, Penn., on Jan. 8th, 1894; Miss Kate Reynolds, who died at Carthage, N. Y., Dec. 14th, 1893; Mrs. James Bergin, who died at Colgan, Ont., on our Lady's day—Saturday, Dec. 30th, 1893; Richard Hartigan, who died suddenly at Suspension Bridge, N.Y.; Miss Julia Marren, one of our subscribers, who died Jan. 14th at Clifton, Ont. May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace. Amen.

WITH the exception of God, nothing is solid.—CURE D'ARS.

HE who patiently bears trials for God's sake will soon arrive at great perfection.

TO secure the love of God it is enough to have a sincere desire to acquire it.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

BEWARE of the snares of the enemy. The best weapons against him are self-denial, humility and patience.—ST. PHILIP.

HE who fears God must also fear the world, and he who fears the world need never fear that he has lost the fear of God. —FATHER FABER.

THE true servants of Mary must combine the seemingly opposite virtues of perfect meekness and undaunted courage.—ST. BONFILIUS.

NO virtue surpasses love, not even faith, nor yet hope. Jesus Christ Himself brought it with Himself from heaven, and there is nothing which the Evil Spirit dreads so much amongst Christians as mutual charity. —ST. PHILIP.

## THIRD ORDER OF Mount Carmel.

By the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

### Rules and Statutes for the Tertians of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

#### CHAPTER I.

*Of the Persons Who Have the Power to Receive Others into the Third Order, and of the Necessary Qualifications of the Postulants.*

IN accordance with the ancient and primitive use of our holy Order, the Most Rev. General, the Provincials in their provinces, the Priors in their respective convents and everyone in his district can, by themselves or through others whom they have commissioned, receive into the Third Order of Mount Carmel persons of both sexes—ecclesiastics and laymen, virgins and widows, and also married persons. It should be said, however, that the Priors and their delegates should not use this faculty without having previously given notice of it to their Provincial or General.

Before any superior or delegate receives an applicant into the Third Order he should inform himself diligently if the persons asking to be admitted have the requisite qualities, to wit: (1) If they are of good and honest manners and are moved only by a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, since by taking the habit they consecrate themselves to her as her special children; (2) if they have not been received before and professed in some other Third Order; (3) if they be of sufficiently mature age and so regular in their deportment as to give prudent hope of perseverance in their good resolution; (4) if they profess the true Catholic faith and obedience to the holy Church; (5) if they have sufficient means for a respectable living. Lastly, married women must be told that they will not be admitted without the consent of

their husbands and the approval of their confessors.

Hence, (as the statutes which are an explanation of the rule enjoin), according to the advice of St. Paul, those whose office it is to receive persons into the Third Order should only keep in sight the good character of the persons and everything that is holy, modest, honorable, amiable, praiseworthy and virtuous. They should therefore inform themselves principally about their manners, deportment and way of living; whether they are humble and meek, whether they preserve peace with all men or form and keep up enmities; whether they are fickle, curious, of a rash and violent temper; whether they are overburdened with debts; whether they are involved in lawsuits; for these quarrels do not only disturb the internal peace, but also give occasion to complaints, murmurs and slanders. Finally, whether they are of a respectable family and not tainted by any evil reputation.

The Tertians should well keep in mind that the profession of the Catholic faith being an essential quality of their state, they ought not to be satisfied to profess it with their mouths only, but show it also by their works and good behavior. They should not be ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ, or to be followers of Mary, the ever Blessed Virgin. They should for the love of truth humbly bear with the railleries, slights and jests which they may encounter; for as the martyrs would rather suffer the greatest torments than renounce the christian name, so likewise the Tertians must rather suffer joyfully jest and contempt than to blush or dissemble to be followers of the Cross of Christ, and they should always highly esteem humility, modesty and christian simplicity as men not wishing to please man, but God alone and the most Blessed Virgin.

They may comfort themselves by the consoling words of our Lord: "If the world hate you, know ye that it hated me before you. If you had been of the world the world would love its own, but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted me they will also persecute you."—John xv, 18.

And indeed the world, or rather worldly persons, cannot bear virtuous men, they being a reproach to their evil lives. If the above words of Jesus Christ, and so many others which might be quoted, could make saints triumph over all the obstacles opposing themselves to their pious designs, they should likewise encourage the Tertians to endure patiently all the insults which the worldly shall offer to them, and not on that account grow remiss in the observance of the rules and statutes of the Order.

1. As said above, the superiors of the Carmelite Order have the power to delegate others not of their number to clothe candidates with the habit of the Third Order. This provision is made in order to bring the Third Order within reach of everyone desiring to join it. But as in this case it is a matter not only of investment, like with the Scapular, but also of direction, such a delegation will be granted on the part of the Order only, if too great a distance prevents the postulant from personally appearing in the monastery, and some guarantee is given that the priest commissioned to receive such persons into the Third Order is willing to instruct them in their respective duties and watch over the observance of the rule, for it is better not to promise than not to keep the promise made. Such delegation should be asked of the Provincial of the Order.

2. None can belong to two Third Orders at the same time, since "no one can serve two masters." This prohibition refers, however, only to those professed, as novices are at liberty to leave the Third Order to which they belonged and enter another one.

3. Strictly speaking, the age of 15, in which a novice may be received into any religious community, would be considered sufficiently mature. But considering the circumstances under which most of the Tertians have to live in the world without the uninterrupted vigilance of a master of novices in a monastery, and exposed as they are to so many temptations and allurements, the age of 18 or 20 is to be taken as the limit, below which no one ought to go, unless the circumstances are quite exceptional, viz., if a whole family wishes to join the Third Order at once.

Steadiness of character and a true, deep, unobstrusive piety recommend the appli-

cant. Converts to holy faith should only be received a few years after their conversion.

4. The sufficient means for a respectable living, which the rule does not suppose to mean wealth or even any kind of property, but a source of honest revenue, enabling the person to live respectably according to his social position. Wages earned by honest work are all that is necessary. The idea of respectability as defined by the Catholic church is altogether different from what we Americans understand by it. As long as a man or woman is able by work, commerce, property, etc., to gain all that is necessary to house, feed and clothe themselves without running into debt or becoming a burden to their neighbors they are respectable, and as the church does not acknowledge differences of race, nation, color or wealth, all such persons can be received.

5. Concerning married women it is advisable that they acquaint their husbands *in detail* with all the different duties of a Tertian before they join, so as to preclude future quarrels and unpleasantness on the score of ignorance.

## CHAPTER II.

### *On the Reception of Members.*

According to the power granted by Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV. the superiors and directors can receive duly qualified persons without the consent of the respective Brotherhood or Sisterhood; yet, generally speaking, it will be praiseworthy and advantageous to propose the postulants to the respective councils and to leave the choice to be made by secret suffrage, so that no persons under a canonical impediment can be admitted. The superior or director should not, however, propose any person if on reasonable grounds he supposes that the majority of the Brotherhood is against him.

The statutes regarding this chapter declare that the person to be received should dispose himself for reception by prayers, fasting and other convenient exercises of piety, but principally by a general confession, yielding, however, in all this to the judgment of the confessor. On the day of the reception of the habit the postulant should, if possible, receive the Blessed Sacrament.

After the reception into the Third Order the novices partake of all the indulgences which have been and shall be granted in future to our Order, as it is stated in the Bull of Sixtus IV. Moreover they partake of all the spiritual privileges, fruits and good works which are performed night and day by the religious of the First and Second Order and the Tertians all over the world, so that they may be assured of the powerful assistance of so many virtuous persons, to whom they are united by profession and intention.

Each one of the novices should, during the year of his novitiate, present himself once a month to the Father Director to exercise the virtue of obedience, and to be instructed in his duties. In like manner, everyone of the sisters should present herself to the mother directress or prioress.

The superior or director, according to the dictates of prudence, can extend the novitiate to two or three years, or even more for persons too young to be of sufficiently mature judgment, and also in regard to other persons of ripe age if they are not sufficiently advanced in virtue.

1. "Where there is a number of Tertians a preliminary vote should always be taken, as even general suspicion or antipathy, no matter how little founded, will mar the harmony and prevent others from joining the Third Order.

2. "The participation in so many spiritual favors from the very day of the reception ought to be an inducement for many to join the Third Order.

3. "The rule repeatedly speaks of the 'Superior *or* Director.' The Superior is a Carmelite appointed by the Provincial to take charge of the Third Order in a given place. The Director is a priest not of the Order who was delegated according to the first chapter of the rule. He takes the place of the Superior in places where there is no Superior, but not where there is one. Hence the duty of presenting himself once a month in the latter case cannot be discharged by approaching the confessor, who has only to do with the soul, but everything belonging to the Third Order is in the hands of the Superior, and he alone can grant permissions, dispensations, etc.

4. "If the novitiate be extended beyond the year, the duty of appearing monthly before the Superior in order to render an account of one-self and to receive instruction is also extended to the day of profession."

PIUS R. MAYER, O.C.C.

# St. Elias and the Carmelites.

BY REV. A. E. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

THE Order of Mount Carmel—so runs the venerable tradition of Carmel—was founded by Elias the Prophet. This wonderful man, one of the greatest heroes the world has ever seen, was born in some part of Galaad, called at that time Thisbe: whether from this place he was called Elias the Thesbite, or not, is a controverted question of Biblical interpretation.

Beyond this slight indication, nothing more is known of his life before the commencement of his great mission as a Prophet of God. We can picture a Moses floating on the Nile, a Samuel sleeping near the aged Heli, "in the temple of the Lord, where the ark was," or a David, "ruddy and beautiful to behold," watching the flock of his father Jesse in the pastures of Bethlehem: but we have no trace of the Thesbite from a lesser point to a greater: about his parentage the Scriptures are silent.

Elias comes before us surrounded with the glory of an extraordinary mission, fulfilled with great fidelity under peculiar difficulties and dangers. At this time Achab, the son of Amri, was king of the ten tribes which went collectively by the name of Israel. Achab's character is summed up with great conciseness in the following words: "Achab did more to provoke the Lord the God of Israel, than all the kings of Israel that were before him." Elias suddenly appears before the king. Behold the gaunt form of that solitary man, fresh from the stern gorges of Galaad: his dark locks hanging in massive clusters over his shoulders, a leathern girdle encircling his spare loins, and his only armour a cape of rough sheep-skin for a defence against the elements, and perhaps a simple mountain staff in his hands. How weak to military eye, and yet how strong he really is with an invisible might. Quickly he crosses the path of Achab, quickly he begins his mission. He pronounces these startling words: "As the Lord liveth, the God of Israel, in whose sight I stand, there shall not be dew or rain three years, but according to the words of my mouth."

This interview with Achab, King of Israel, commences the important detail of his public life. The enormous crimes of that wicked monarch and his people had so provoked the wrath of heaven, that God determined to afflict them with great calamity. But as the mercy of the Almighty, while he thus punishes, is to amend and reclaim the sinner, He chose to make the mode of its infliction an occasion of instruction to them that they might see their folly, and forsake their sins. To show the king that all his idols were but vanity, and to convince him that no power on earth or in heaven could stand before the Creator of all things: or with success resist even His chosen messenger, this judgment was left in the hands of Elias, who, in the name of the eternal God, declared that neither dew nor rain should fall upon the land for the three following years, but at his word. Having pronounced this solemn denunciation for the aggravated crimes of the king and his wicked people, the Prophet Elias suddenly retired, and left Achab, discomposed and angry, to think over the miseries into which the nation, through his own folly, was soon to be plunged.

The king, whose dark and gloomy mind was tortured by the signs of a bad conscience, and agitated by the phantoms which a sanguinary superstition placed continually before it, exhibits an affecting picture of the restlessness and misery attendant upon guilt. Constrained to listen to the Prophet's threatening, and by the force of truth compelled to believe it, forlorn misgivings seized upon his soul, when he ventured to look for relief to the gods whom he had dared to worship in the days of his pride and prosperity. Conscious that his false gods could not avert the evil, he sullenly retired to murmur curses on Elias, and to devise such plans of vengence, as might repress in future his obtrusive zeal.

In the meantime the holy Prophet, far from being left to the resentment of this wicked king, became the special charge of that protecting Providence which kindly watches over those who are engaged in the performance of the will of heaven. But, as to rush into danger without necessity is presumption, he was admonished by the Spirit of the Lord to fly from the impending storm of the king's anger, and to seek concealment for a time in a solitary place. The solitude to which he was directed was in a

valley, near a brook called Carith, a short distance from the river Jordan, where he was miraculously sustained by the wonderful appointment of that wise and gracious Being whose peculiar messenger and servant he was. That human treachery might not betray him to the malice of his enemies, the Lord commissioned other creatures to supply his wants. The ravens, guided in their flight by *Him* who can avail Himself of any instrument for the accomplishment of His holy designs, brought every night and morning, bread and meat for the support of the secluded Prophet of the Lord, by which, with water from the brook, he was sustained for a considerable time. Dependent upon what, to human forsight, could not but be deemed precarious sustenance, Elias did not venture to remove from the seclusion to which God had sent him, till he received renewed directions from the same divine authority. But the effects of his denunciation soon began to operate upon the guilty land. The ground was parched with drought; the springs, no longer fed by the descending rains, flowed not in their accustomed courses from the mountains; and the brooks of water failed. Carith, which had administered to the refreshment of the Prophet, became dry. He, therefore, was commanded to arise and travel to Sarephta, a place upon the sea coast, between Tyre and Sidon, where the same Divine Providence that sustained him hitherto would still continue to supply his wants. Ever obedient to the earliest intimations of the will of heaven, he soon arrived at the appointed place; and at the entrance of the city, observed a poor dejected widow, busy employed in gathering sticks to kindle a fire. Oppressed with heat and weariness, he spoke to her, and asked the slenderest boon to hospitality, a little water to allay his thirst. But, she no sooner turned to gratify this small request than her humanity was put to a severe trial; for the Prophet, faint and hungry, entreated her to bring him, at the same time, a little bread. This drew from the afflicted widow a disclosure of her trying situation. The famine, which the drought had caused, pressed so hard upon her poverty that she was now reduced to extreme want; death, the last refuge of the miserable, must quickly put an end to her sorrows; and now anticipating that event, she was about to dress her last supply of food. A little meal and a small remnant of a cruse of oil were her sole resource for the support of life; and to prepare this slender pittance she had been employed, as he had found her, in collecting a few sticks of fuel, that herself and her son might eat of it, and then submissively await the will of heaven.

Having listened to her tale of sorrow, the Prophet told her to dismiss her fears, and to put her trust and confidence in Almighty God, and to suffer her own wants to yield for a short interval, to the more pressing claims of one exhausted by a long and tiresome journey, by making first a little cake for him, and then preparing for herself and orphan child. This she might do with cheerfulness and safety, for in the name of that Almighty Being, whose judgment rested on the nation, he assured her, that the quantity of meal should not be lessened, nor the oil diminished, until the day that He would send rain upon the earth. Believing in God, and receiving in His name the holy Prophet whom His providence had guided to her humble dwelling, she readily complied with his request. The holy and venerable man became an inmate of her family, and brought with him the blessing and the peace of God. They daily witnessed the miraculous fulfilment of the word which he had spoken: for though the slender stock was constantly resorted to, it neither failed nor lessened while the scarcity continued to prevail.

Thus living on the bounty of the Father of the poor, and favored with the friendship and society of His holy Prophet, the poor widow perhaps cherished a hope that the bitterness of all her sorrow was past. But frequently recurring seasons of adversity will ever, in this state of trial, furnish new occasions for the exercise of faith and resignation, even to the faithful servants of God. Such in the present instance was the case. This poor woman was again plunged into deep affliction by the sickness of her only son, which terminated speedily in death. With a heart oppressed with anguish for the loss she had sustained, and sorrow rendered still more poignant by the fear that this bereavement was the consequence of some forgotten, some unpardoned sin, she came, with her dead child, into the presence of St. Elias, and expostulated with him as the instrument employed to bring upon her this calamity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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# Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
*OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.*
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, FEBRUARY, 1894. NO. 2.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHAT has become of all the good resolutions made on the first of January?

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WAX candles alone are blessed on Candlemas. So-called "patent wax candles," now sold, receive no blessing. The faithful should remember this, and moreover ought to be generous in donating candles to their churches. Two wax candles at least should be in every Catholic house.

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A FEATURE of this number of the REVIEW appears under the caption of "An Ideal Friendship." The intensely interesting correspondence which passed between the two artist friends is worth perusing, and we feel very grateful to the friend who sent it to this magazine.

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THE engraving on the cover of this magazine seems self-explanatory. However, for the benefit of one who asks, and all future inquirers, we beg to say that the figure to the left represents St. Simon Stock receiving the Scapular from the Blessed Virgin, and the figure kneeling to the right represents St. Teresa.

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THE Ritual of Holy Church contains many admirable formulas for blessings which bring benediction to those who receive them with faith and reverence. Among the particular blessings there is one which all pious Catholics should avail themselves of on February 3rd, namely, the blessing of throats on the Feast of Saint Blase.

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"I CAN'T fast," will be a familiar expression as soon as Lent appears. It is a poor excuse in too many cases. Granted that you cannot fast, remember there is another way of covering over a multitude of sins, namely, by alms-giving. Many a poor family depends on the charity of others during these hard times, when figures place the total number of the unemployed in the country at three-quarters of a million!

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ONE of our exchanges commenting on the fact that nine hundred converts were confirmed by the Bishop of Cleveland during the recent tour of his diocese, justly remarked that it "tells the story of that silent procession Romeward which is gradually, but with certainty, changing the religious face of the country. The ultimate conversion of America can only be delayed by the failure of Catholics to fully comprehend the nature of their terrible responsibility."

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ON the anniversary of the Coronation of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, February 19th, it is ordered, according to the Roman correspondents, that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass be offered up by all priests throughout the world in thanksgiving to God at the close of the jubilee of the Holy Father. It seems but just, too, that all the faithful unite their prayers and offer up Holy Communion on the same day in thanksgiving to God in giving to His Church so glorious a Pontiff as Leo XIII.

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SOME of the comic papers and writers have been lately taken to task for their unbecoming treatment of the Church. But what shall we say of Catholic publishers who admit into their columns the sayings of humorists who irreverently treat sacred things? Bill Nye's letters may be very funny and entertaining, but no one can admire the blasphemous remarks he made in one of his last letters concerning the holy Cross and the Sacred hill of Calvary. It is not very edifying to see such a letter in a prominent

Catholic weekly. But such was the case. It is true the "boiler-plate" men had read and corrected the proofs, but the editor himself should also look through such articles before inserting them.

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"The habit does not make the monk," is an old saying. It is no less true that the mere assuming of the name of a Religious by an impostor does not make him a monk. Catholic instinct usually protects the faithful from being so easily deceived. One instance, however, just brought to our notice, shows that in an unsuspected moment people are imposed on. We, therefore, warn all our friends to receive no one as the representative of the Carmelite Review, or of the Monastery of Mt. Carmel, unless that person is known to them, or can show a properly signed recommendation from one of the Carmelite Fathers.

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An organized movement to prevent the sale of sensational papers and harmful books on railroad trains and news stands is none too timely. Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland are to take an active part in it and doubtless much good will be done. We think that heads of Catholic families should likewise start a movement among themselves to rid Catholic homes of books and papers dangerous to their children. Parents have been often enough urged to subscribe to a Catholic paper. We know of one Catholic who at length subscribed, but did not dare to leave it exposed for fear of his anti-Catholic customers seeing it in his possession.

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A Protestant clergyman, Dr. Boynton, writing in the *Congregationalist*, pays this tribute to the Rosary of Our Blessed Lady:

The Rosary is one of those aids to devotion which for nearly or quite one thousand years have been relied on by them as helps to their devotion. The beads strung by tens, and counted to mark so many repetitions of the *Ave*, could hardly fail among the truly devout to lift the thoughts up to at least the "blessed among women" and to the cause of her peculiar honor in relation to the Son of God.

These remarks of Dr. Boynton ought to bring a blush to the face of the luke-warm Catholic who does not count the beads among his devotions, if he has any.

That we make a right use of God's gifts is the intention for which the members of the Sacred Heart League are asked to pray during the month. One of God's choicest gifts in the spiritual order is surely His mother's care over us. We Catholics can never be too grateful for this grace, and still what little use we make of it. One of many ways in which Mary helps us is undoubtedly by means of the holy Scapular. We love the Scapular, we wear it and would not part with it. But do we thank God for it? We shall never appreciate this precious gift of Mary's until we see our Queen in heaven. Finally, what is more important, do we make proper use of this gift? Do we make ourselves worthy of our mother's protection?

## EXCHANGES.

We welcome the *Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland, to our sanctum. It is a splendid specimen of a Catholic weekly.

Among the Catholic weeklies which deserve a wide circulation is that excellent journal, the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati.

The *Catholic Reading Circle Review* is a welcome visitor. The magazine is a worthy representative of the Catholic Summer School and, moreover, a journal of which every Catholic may well feel proud.

## Enrolled in the Scapular.

Names have been received for registration in the Scapular Confraternity at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Mainadieu, C. B. N. S., St. Basil's Church, Toronto, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Toronto, Ont.

Suffice it to say, that after the grace of God flowing to us through the channel of prayer and the Sacraments, I know no greater solace to the soul than the soothing words of a good book. Indeed, is not the good book a visible grace?—*Brother Azarias.*

Humility is the most formidable weapon we can employ against the devil, since, never having practiced it, he neither knows how to wield it, nor how to parry its blows.—St. Vincent de Paul.

# Shrines of Our Lady

Written for the Carmelite Review by the Rev. Ambrose F. Bruder, O. C. C.

CONTINUED.

MARY is not only Mother of God, she is also *our* Mother. We Catholics speak so constantly of Mary as *our Mother*, that it almost seems as if it were impossible, for us to bestow upon her any other appellation. And we are justified in doing so. For, as Mother of Our Saviour, Mary is likewise Mother of all the children of this Saviour. If, as Holy Scripture says, Sarah, the wife of Abraham, bore all the children of Israel, because she was the mother of Isaac, from whom all the Israelites were descended, then with equal right can we say that Mary bore with Jesus all Christians.

Mary is the Mother of all the living, and with more justice is this name applied to her than it is to Eve. Mary conceived the life of our soul, which is Jesus, and in Him and through Him has communicated the same to all His spiritual descendants. Hence St. Ambrose applies to her the words of the Canticle of Canticles vii. 2: for though she bore in her most pure womb but one grain of wheat, *i. e.*, Jesus, yet He is called a "heap of wheat," since in this one grain all the elect, whose mother Mary was to become, is contained.

Mary is *our Mother*, for by her love she contributed effectually to our spiritual regeneration, indeed, in the most awful anguish did she help to restore to us the lost life of grace. It was on Calvary, at the foot of the cross, that we, in fact, became the children of Mary. Let us briefly, with the eyes of our soul, view the scene of Calvary. On the cross we behold Jesus, with arms outstretched, in the throes of death. Beneath the cross we see Mary with the disciple St. John. "Woman, behold thy Son." "Son, behold thy Mother." John xix, 25, 26, 27.

The deed was accomplished. We had a particular claim on Mary.

We cannot object to the term "woman," used by our Lord in addressing His Mother. It conceals a great mystery. We must bear in mind that Jesus spoke here as God, as Saviour of the world: He spoke not only to His Mother, but to the entire human race. All the world was to know that the hour had come when the sentence was to go into effect which God had pronounced in Paradise against the originator of all our misery. "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." Gen. iii. 15.

All the world should know that this woman stood by His side at the cross to crush the serpent's head in union with Him, to deliver us from eternal death, and communicate to us life everlasting. All the world should know that this woman was to be the mother of all the living, the Eve of the New Covenant.

Evidently our Lord did not, by these words, mean to establish relations between Mary and John only. He, Himself after His resurrection, could have taken care of His Mother. He needed not to place a guardian over her in the person of St. John. For this reason His words must have a higher signification. Now, the only signification they could have is the one given by all commentators, a meaning approved by reason, *i. e.*, John represented the Church, founded by Christ, purified and strengthened by the Precious Blood. With the words: "Behold, thy Son," the Saviour handed over to Mary all the children of His Church, Mary became our Mother, we became her children.

And should we not honor and love this, our Mother, beyond expression? Can we go too far in our gratitude, veneration and love towards this Mother, who gave us life in unspeakable anguish, through whom God would become Brother and Father?

What holy Tobias spoke to his son, God says with far more reason to each of us:

"Thou shalt honor thy Mother all the days of her life, for thou must be mindful what and how great perils she suffered for thee." Job iv, 3.

Of course I need not dwell on the love that Mary bears towards us, nor on the benefits resulting to us as a consequence of her maternal love. It was only my intention to lay down a few of the most urgent

reasons, and that as briefly as possible, why we Catholics bestow such great honor upon Mary. And it is not so much for Catholics either, as rather for others, that we must give reasons for this faith that is in us. The good Catholic need not inquire into the reasons why he honors and loves Mary, and why he frequently has recourse to her. This love for Mary is an innate one, he drank it with his mother's milk, with his love for Jesus, his Saviour, love for Mary is inseparably linked. The names of Jesus and Mary are the first that he learns from his mother: the first prayers are the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary:" we learn of a Father in heaven, and so we cannot possibly imagine that heaven could be without a mother. How often as little children did we not listen to our mother telling us of our heavenly mother. Thus the love and veneration for Mary increases with our growth: her picture we find beside the cross: in our churches we have our altars erected by the Blessed Virgin. In this way our veneration for Mary becomes a second nature: we *feel* that the Mother of Our Saviour is our Mother also, that she belongs to us and we to her. Indeed, this innate love for Mary has its foundation in the true faith: it is one of those fruits which true faith produces: and since Our Lord has willed that only true believers, true disciples be children of His Mother, it follows that it is impossible for those separated from the true church to have love for, or show honor to Mary. As long as they remain in this condition they cannot have a true affection for Mary, this belongs to the members of the Body of Christ. See the language such people use when speaking of Mary. I may say, *never* do they call her *Mother:* Virgin is the most honorable title they know of. For most of them, Mary is nothing but an ordinary woman. It is true, many of our erring brethren have a high regard for Mary, but no love. For this reason non-Catholics cannot understand our words and actions when referring to Mary, they cannot comprehend that the honor which we pay Mary is peculiar and infinitely below that which we render to God, but, I may almost say, infinitely above that which we give to other saints.

They endeavor to excuse this want of affection for Mary by referring to the Gospels in which so little is related of her. But they forget that in these few words lie hidden a world of mysteries. Not being enlightened by the light from above they cannot fathom the deep meaning of the Gospel words that concern Mary. As a rule, pride goes with error. Pride, however, will never comprehend humility, hence the quiet, humble, unostentatious life of Mary is not understood. In her life Mary only imitated Jesus. He led a retired, hidden life: He practiced humility: it was from Him that Mary learned the great lesson, "He humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross." Philip ii, 8.

Mary calls herself the handmaid of God. "He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid." Luke i, 48. The likeness might be continued to infinity. Enough, however, has been said to show why we love Mary as our Mother. Enough has been said to show why we give to the Blessed Virgin such a high position in the Church of God, for she is Mother of God and also our Mother.

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He who is master of himself is master of the world.

Good example in words is an efficacious and living exhortation.—St. Bernard.

It is of little importance which road you travel provided it leads to charity.—Ven. L. de Blois.

Above all, see that your soul is not let to famish while your body is abundantly nourished.—Ven. L. de Blois.

He who cheerfully endures contempt and is happy under crosses and afflictions, partakes of the humility and sufferings of our Lord.—St. Mechtilde.

Our great aim should be to obtain some conquest over ourselves each day, and thus increase in spiritual strength and perfection.—St. Francis de Sales.

If man knew the value of crosses and afflictions, he would regard them as gifts of God, and of such an importance as to be greatly desired.—St. Gregory.

Never yield to discouragement. When you fall, as will often happen, cry to God as a child who has fallen cries to his mother. —Mgr. D'Orleans de Lamote.

# BROTHER ANGELUS.

"Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay."—*Byron.*

THE life of another hero of Carmel during the penal days may interest the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW. I refer to the venerable Brother Angelus of St. Joseph (George Halley) of our Order. He was born in England of good Catholic parents and received his education from a Carmelite priest. He joined the Order in 1640, being in his eighteenth year. He received the Carmelite habit on May 15—Feast of St. Angelus.—in the same year, and made his Profession in 1642. He was sent to one of our monasteries in Drogheda in order to pursue his studies.

In 1642 nearly every Catholic was driven from Drogheda by the Puritans. Brother Angelus and a few residents remained concealed in the town for some time. The intrepid friar was found and thrown into prison. He was tempted to deny the true Faith, but firmly resisted his tempters. He was consequently persecuted. Insult and injury were heaped upon him. Bread and water formed his diet. The ministers of Satan persevered in their efforts to shake his constancy. Fra Angelus then determined to remain silent. The continued and only expression which escaped his lips was :—"The law of the Lord is immaculate, but the ways of unbelievers are vile." He observed the Rule of his Order as well as he could, and daily begged God to give him the grace to persevere. He offered to God the sacrifice of his life and exhorted his fellow prisoners to constancy. The dauntless friar was tempted in vain and was released from prison. He started out to join his brethren and en route to his monastery stopped at Slane. Whilst there the place was attacked by the Puritans under the leadership of Lord Moore. Angelus was made a captive. After he had piously received Holy Communion he made an offering of his life to God, and also exhorted the nuns of the place to persevere in their vows and if necessary to defend them by martyrdom. He prudently awaited the manifestation of the Divine will, avoided rashly exposing himself, and endeavored to escape his enemies. Moore was a bitter and relentless enemy of the Catholics, a tyrant as cruel as Nero. This wretch told Angelus that no mercy would be shown him, especially as he was an Englishman, a papist and a monk, and although he had escaped prison he would not escape his hands. One way was left open for him to escape, and that was to abandon the faith and embrace Protestantism. To this Angelus replied that he had not left his country to abandon the faith which he had imbibed with his mother's milk, and that he would not barter his soul for life or liberty. Wretched Moore renewed his promises but to no purpose, then after consulting with his officers he pronounced sentence of death against the Carmelite. Angelus asked as a favor that his execution would not be prolonged beyond that day, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the patron of his Order. The Puritan told him that his execution would take place there and then and gave orders to three of his soldiers to shoot him. Bro. Angelus commenced singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. A minister of the heretics interrupted him and asked him to adopt their belief, but Angelus said to him, "get behind me Satan," and falling on his knees and raising his heart to God he awaited death. The soldiers fired thrice upon him, but he remained unhurt by the bullets; whereupon the ruffian Moore commanded a soldier to dispatch him with a sword. The nuns, who were with him witnessed his death, and related all the circumstances to the Carmelites. The body was buried privately and after a short time was transferred to the church and was interred with the sacred rites of Christian burial.

The late respected Father Calhanan, O. D. C., was most indefatigable in bringing to light the particulars of the death of some of the Martyrs of Carmel in Ireland during the penal days. He is my authority for the above sketch of this servant of God.

A. E. FARRINGTON, O. C. C.

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HAVE no affection for another greater than that which belongs to God.—VEN. L. DE BLOIS.

THE enemies of the truth should be overcome by the practice of humility, patience, and all other virtues.—ST. DOMINIC.

# ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

TWO years ago the Order of Mount Carmel throughout the world celebrated the Tercentenary of St. John of the Cross.

This great Carmelite Saint in his intimate intercourse with our dear Lord had often expressed his desire to remain unknown during his life and after his death. But God thought fit to reward the confidence of the faithful in the intercession of our Saint by innumerable graces and favors, not only during the time, when they were induced by the unusual festivities in his honor, to pray to him, but ever since. The following fact is related in the January number of the *Chroniques du Carmel*, a monthly published by the Dicalced Carmelite Fathers of Belgium. It happened at Bruges, where there is a Carmelite church and monastery.

About a year ago, Marie V., an inhabitant of Bruges, on a Sunday afternoon, took a walk out into the country. Returning, at the gates of the city she was attacked by two drunken ruffians, and it was only by a desperate struggle she escaped their hands.

In a state of fright, amounting to a panic, she ran towards her home, which she reached in a most pitiable state. The fright brought on a disease, which baffled the skill of the physician. The prescribed remedies had no effect. Her physical prostration occasioned a corresponding mental depression. Unable to attend to her ordinary occupations, she gave way to fits of melancholy and sadness. To make matters worse, a new and more dreaded affliction made its appearance in the shape of a cancerous tumor, which began to grow near the region of the heart. Hardly noticeable in the beginning, the swelling grew so rapidly that at the end of a week it had attained the size of an egg. We may imagine the sufferings of the unfortunate patient. Even by keeping the tumor in place by bandages, she scarcely could stand on her feet. An operation, which had been judged necessary by the attending physicians, had no further result, than at the cost of intense sufferings, to relieve her for a few days. At the end of a week the tumor reappeared more painful than at first, and the physicians declared that a new operation was so indispensable that, if she would not submit to it, she would have but a week, or at most, two weeks to live. The gangrene would by that time, inevitably reach the heart. The poor sufferer, however, would not listen to this medical advice: "I have suffered so much the first time," she said, "that I cannot summon up courage enough for another operation. I would rather die."

It was then that the nurse attending her had a pious inspiration. "Very well," she said, "since you obstinately refuse all earthly help, let us place our hopes on heaven. To-morrow it was the Wednesday before the feast of St. John of the Cross, we will begin a novena together." The Carmelite Fathers were just celebrating the Octave of the Saint in their Church, and on the preceding Sunday the preacher had from the pulpit exhorted his hearers to have recourse to St. John with the utmost confidence. Our patient fervently placed a medal of St. John of the Cross around her neck, and began the novena. It began on Wednesday, the 2nd of November, and was to close on the Thursday of the following week, the 30th of the month. But she was not to wait so long for the favor, for—on the third day of the novena, during the night after the feast of St. John, the cancerous tumor disappeared *radically and completely, without leaving a trace*. More than that, the skin over the flesh which had been cut into, and which was forcibly kept open, had closed up entirely, leaving only a slight scar. At the same time the disease, which had been brought on by fright in the first instance, also disappeared without leaving any evil effects after it. This was proved by evident and unequivocal signs.

On awakening, therefore, on Saturday, the 25th of November, and rising from her bed, Marie V., so highly favored by heaven, could hardly believe her eyes, but finally, realizing her wonderful recovery, in an outburst of joyful gratitude she threw herself upon her knees, and thanked her heavenly benefactor with all the ardor of which her heart was capable.

The doctor, who attended her, and who is a man of faith as well as a man of age and science, examined her most minutely at three successive times, and each time he

acknowledged that he stood before an inexplicable, supernatural fact. "It is a wonder," he repeated. "It is miraculous. I cannot call it anything else. The evil has disappeared, root and all!"

May this authentic fact, related simply but faithfully, excite in all hearts a greater affection for our glorious saint, and a boundless confidence in the merits of this great friend of God.

## How to be Polite to the Blessed Virgin.

"It is nine years ago," a priest relates in the last number of the *Chroniques du Carmel*, "when I was called to a sick child, a pious little girl, who was dying."

"My child," I said, "you are suffering very much."

"No, not so much, but," she added, beginning to sob, "I am so afraid of death."

"Of death? Why, don't you know what death is?"

"No."

"Death is the quickest way to heaven: it is the little gate through which you must pass to enter heaven, and once you have passed that gate, the Blessed Virgin herself comes to meet her children."

"Oh, then, I want to die. But tell me what must I do to salute her, to talk with her and to be *polite* with her?"

To meet this angelic simplicity I drew upon my imagination and pictured to her a little scene—her entrance into heaven and a little dialogue between my little sick one and the Blessed Virgin. Absolute confidence in Mary was, of course, the leading feature of the dialogue, as I wished to reassure the dear child.

"That's it: I understood," she answered. "Entering heaven, I'll say first of all that I want to speak to the Blessed Virgin. If they tell me that she is too busy just then I'll say that I have time to wait, and as soon as she comes I'll throw my arms around her neck and embrace her, and I'll tell her I am her daughter."

"Yes, that will do perfectly. So you see you need not have any fear, and you will see what a dear mother Mary is."

I then left, happy in having been able to quiet her fears.

The 13th of April, in the evening, she had me called again.

"Father," she said, "you have forgotten to give me the Scapular. If I should go without it the Blessed Virgin would not be satisfied, I am sure."

I gave her the Scapular. I still see before me the serenity, the admirable calm pictured on her countenance as she said: "Oh, I am so happy! Now I have nothing to do but to die. By-the-by, when shall I leave? To-morrow?"

"No," I answered, smiling, "not to-morrow: wait till the 16th."

I said 16th without any particular reason, simply to gratify her.

On Saturday, the 16th of April, at seven o'clock in the morning, I again went to see her, but my little saint had left for heaven that morning at four o'clock. Judge of my feelings!

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Desire and good will are two invisible cords which God has attached to the soul. —St. Mechtilde.

The Lord will crown you with an eternal reward if you imitate the most Blessed Virgin in her purity and humility.—St. Alexius.

Do not shrink, my son, from obeying the call of grace, be faithful and persevere generously in your holy resolutions.— St. Bonfilius.

He who would share with Me in the glory of the victory, must model his life to resemble Mine.—Saying of Our Lord to St. Gertrude.

The best of all prayers is that in which we ask that God's holy will may be accomplished both in ourselves and in others.— Ven. L. de Blois.

If we fulfil the greatest of commandments, that of charity, we follow Jesus Christ, put on the new man and obtain life everlasting.—St. Philip.

Religious life is a school in which we must learn two things: to govern one's passions and to imitate the virtuous examples of others.— St. Amadeus.

All that man does, whether for good or evil, he does because it pleases him. You ought not to take offence, therefore, if your neighbor injures you, but rather pity his fault.—Blessed Egidius of Assisi.

## THE JUSTICE OF GOD.

With the intention of building a new exchange great alterations were recently made in the Convent of St. Francis, in the city of Oporto, in Portugal. These alterations were under the direction of an official who enjoyed a very high reputation in the city.

It was deemed necessary to open a door of communication between the new edifice and the adjoining church, which had been previously profaned by making it a storehouse for the reception of various kinds of merchandise. To do this it was necessary to destroy the altar which still remained and on which was a remarkable and valuable picture of the Blessed Virgin.

The workmen who were influenced by family traditions and had been, from childhood, accustomed to venerate this picture of the Virgin: who had many a time seen their mothers, wives and sisters kneel before it in their afflictions and sufferings and pour forth the sorrows of their souls and ask of God, through the intercession of His Virgin Mother, to relieve their distress, resisted any injury to the picture which they so much venerated. The magistrate reproached them with what he called their superstition, took an axe in his own hands from one of the workmen and, with the first blow he struck the picture in the breast, but at the same instant he let the axe fall and fell back uttering a piercing cry and covering his eyes with his hands, found that he was perfectly blind and remained so until the hour of his death. The altar was not destroyed: public worship is now held in the church which was originally a magnificent structure, and the injury done the picture of the Virgin is still plainly visible.

This occurence has wonderfully increased the devotion of the people of Oporto, and in the family circles, the event is spoken of in the usual conversations that arise, so that gradually, but imperceptibly, it has exerted a powerful influence in educating the minds of the children and in teaching them to reflect on the mysterious ways of Divine Providence.—*Le Monde.*

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Lead such a life and seek such peace as to make thyself worthy of peace everlasting.

## BENEVOLENCE.

"Let us do all we can in our day and generation in the cause of humanity. Every man has a mission from God to help his fellow being. Though we may differ in faith, thank God there is one platform on which we stand united and that is the platform of charity and benevolence. We cannot, indeed, like our Divine Master, give sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf and speech to the dumb and strength to the paralyzed limb, but we can work miracles of grace and mercy by relieving the distress of our suffering brethren. And never do we approach nearer to our Heavenly Father than when we alleviate the sorrows of others. Never do we perform an act more God-like than when we bring sunshine to hearts that are dark and desolate. Never are we more like to God than when we cause the flowers of joy and gladness to bloom in souls that were dry and barren. 'Religion,' says the Apostle, 'pure and undefiled before God and the Father is this — to visit the fatherless and the widow in their tribulation, and to keep one-self unspotted from this world.' Or to borrow the words of the Pagan Cicero: 'Homines ad deos nulla re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando.' 'There is no way by which man can approach nearer to the Gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow creatures.'"—Cardinal Gibbons.

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Books, journals, tracts, sermons, are all good in their place: but, for the conversion of unbelievers and sinners, prayer and example are better.—Dr. Brownson.

Perform all your actions in union with the pure intention and perfect love with which our Lord did things for the glory of God and the salvation of the world.—St. Bernard.

How many courtiers there are who go into the presence of a king a hundred times, not to speak to him or listen to him, but merely to be seen by him, and to show by this assiduity that they are his servants. When, then, you come into the presence of our Lord speak to Him if you can: if you cannot, remain and show yourself to Him, and do not be anxious to do any more.—St. Francis de Sales.

## THE CHURCH LOVES THE LIGHT.

One would suppose, judging by the remarks made in anti-Catholic literature, says the *Catholic Telegraph*, that the Church was some dark, mysterious secret, underground society, as little known as hypnotism, as little understood as electricity, as dangerous as nitro-glycerine, and as black and weird as the caves of the ocean: and that it wanted to keep in the shade, to hide its doctrines, to conceal its presence, to muffle its voice and to be taken for what it is not. Whereas the truth is that the Church longs with a great desire to be known, to be known intimately, to be known by all persons, to have its dogmas, its history, its claims, its operations, its spiritual life fully understood by all men, to have its record proclaimed from the housetops. Its churches are open daily, its worship is made publicly, its tenets are preached to whoever will listen to them, its priests welcome visitors inquiring about its tenets and willingly instruct them, its doctrinal books are printed by the hundred, and it loses no opportunity to be seen and heard by all men. It has nothing to cover up, nothing to keep back from any investigator. It is persuaded that it is the truth that makes men free, the truth that illumines the intellect, the truth that leads to salvation. The Catholic Church loves the light. It asks to be investigated. The more that persons make a complete study of it, the more converts will it make, the more souls will it save!

## A REMARKABLE CASE.

The following is taken from that usually reliable journal, the *Buffalo Courier*, of January 28th, last:

"A remarkable case of conversion is reported from Wilmington, N. C. Pasco Hodges, of that place, having been a life-long scoffer at sacred things, sickened, became unconscious, and dissolution seemed imminent. While his kinsfolk and friends were assembled at his bedside, he suddenly sat up in bed, and taking his wife's hand, said that he had passed the portals of death, and that her concern for his eternal welfare had brought him back again to life. Then to the startled group of atheistical friends about him, he said, solemnly: 'There's a heaven: there is a hell. I have seen both.' He described the glories of the one and the torments of the other, and having ordered his atheistical books burned, and confessed his recantation, he called for a priest, who baptized him, and administered the sacraments, whereupon he speedily lapsed into unconsciousness and died."

## CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

"A love of distinctively Catholic literature should be taught in our schools. Here is a matter which is too much neglected. You will observe when in the company of our bright young people of either sex, who are home from college and academy, how they delight to converse on the books they are reading or have read. Dickens, Thackeray, and unfortunately Bulwer, they are familiar with or busily reading their pages. They love to talk of them and their literary excellencies. Sterling Catholic books, of which there are very many, they seem ignorant of. Catholic papers and magazines do not interest them so much as the secular papers and popular monthlies. Their education has been neglected here in this respect. They have not been made familiar with Catholic literature, hence their lack of interest in it."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Let us use every endeavor that the Blessed Virgin may reign in all hearts, that she may be honored and loved as our admirable Protectress.

Sincerity is the best vindication. Nothing is more easy than to speak the truth, for the soul becomes wearied with sustaining falsehood.—St. Gregory.

Happy is that faithful and prudent man, who in his every fault does not hesitate to chastise himself interiorly by hearty contrition, and exteriorly by a good confession and works of satisfaction.—St. Francis.

Regard not the appearance of the things you are to do, but Him who commands them, and who, when He pleases, can accomplish His glory and our perfection through the most imperfect and trifling things.—St. Francis de Sales.

# AN IDEAL FRIENDSHIP.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

ARTISTS have from time immemorial been aided and much encouraged by the sympathy of their friends. Unconsciously the faces and expressions of those they have loved, gleamed through the colors on the canvas, while the support of those in harmony with art, has done more than the world realizes toward the production of the master-pieces. The following letters cast a side-light upon the character of Frederick Overbeck, the man who has done so much for modern Catholic art. They came into the hands of the writer in their English form through the kindness of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, who placed them at the disposal of an Alumnæ association, and now are published for the benefit of your readers. The letters passed between Emilie Linder and Overbeck, and reveal a beauty of soul that fills us with admiration. Emilie Linder was the daughter of a rich merchant of Basle, who had devoted herself to the study of art under Schlotthauer, at Munich. In the fall of 1829 she went to Rome for two years, there becoming filled with sincere admiration for Overbeck and his work. Miss Linder was a woman of wealth, possessing rare taste and culture, and she used a part of her fortune for objects of art and works of charity. Miss Linder desired to give Overbeck an order for a picture, but fearing that he would overwork himself, she sought the advice of his artist friend, Cornelius. With his aid she succeeded in purchasing several of the artist's drawings, which gave the money necessary to take Overbeck to Germany. The ten drawings were designated:

1.—Lot protected by two angels.
2.—Daughter of Jairus.
3.—Death of Leonardo.
4.—The Manna.
5.—Christ in the Temple.
6.—Finding of Moses.
7.—Elias on Mount Horeb.
8.—The Ave Maria.
9.—Miracle of Christ feeding the Multitude.
10.—Madonna and Child.

Miss Linder, whose generosity was ever on the alert, wished to have lithographs made from Overbeck's drawings, that the public might become better acquainted with his work. When writing to Overbeck she asked his consent, expressing her desire also of purchasing one of his oil paintings. With her characteristic modesty she left the choice of the picture to the artist. From Rome Overbeck responded with much pleasure to her generous design. In reference to the oil paintings he wrote: "Years may pass before I may be able to begin something new," for he was already overburdened with orders. But he was pleased to place before her decision a picture begun some time previously, from pure love of the subject. The design would represent the death of St. Joseph, and the artist suggested that Miss Linder should see the drawing then in the possession of Schlotthauer. Overbeck speaks of the proposed canvas, which he designates as three feet in height by two feet four inches in width, promising that it would be ready in a short time, and placing the price at one hundred Louis d'or. Miss Linder was at first disappointed. She feared that St. Joseph would not appeal to her, with her Protestant tendencies, as would some other Biblical scene. But the sight of the little drawing won her completely, for her fancy proved different from the fact. In her letter to the artist Miss Linder says of the drawing: "I kept it a long time in my hand, to look at again and again, so I can say with pleasure that I accept your proposal." In Rome she had seen the lovely little drawing with which Overbeck had enriched the album of Franklin von Haxthausen, representing the boy Jesus in his father's workshop. With commendable good taste, our art lover desired a similar drawing for her album, and revealed her wish in a letter. Overbeck answered: "I could not spend my first hour of leisure more agreeably than by granting your wish, and sending you a little drawing for your album: but a promise is a debt, and how much debts oppress I know only too well, therefore, do not let me promise, but assure you, that with you I wish to fulfil your modest request."

In February, 1833, Fraulein Linder sent to Overbeck thirty-eight Louis d'or, as a first payment for the painting of the death of St. Joseph. Later she sent by Cornelius a second payment of twenty Louis d'or.

OVERBECK TO FRAULEIN LINDER.

ROME, June 1st, 1833.

I was indeed surprised at the message you sent me by Cornelius. At first I thought there must be a misunderstanding, and feared that my last letter had been lost. But Cornelius insisted that the money you sent me by him was a second payment, and I accept the friendly gift. May it be some gratification to you, that without knowing it, you were a tool of God's Providence. I was nearly left without money, as a payment I had counted upon did not arrive. Your money arrived in the right hour, not only to meet my wants, but also to save my weak faith from a great trial. O praise Him with us, my dear friend, the great Giver who remembers our little needs, who at the same time gives temporal and eternal gifts. O when will we learn to understand such love! When shall this heavenly fire which He kindled Himself when He appeared on earth among us, rise to a flame in my heart, instead of glimmering in sparks! I must close these lines and tell you that I was not as considerate of you as you have been of me, for I have hardly worked at your picture, but hope you will have patience with me.

In a letter of the 8th of December, 1834, in which he gives his reasons why the oil painting, although considerably advanced, is not yet finished, he refers to the subject for her album:

"For a long time I carried it in my soul: it represents the Christ-child, who waters the flowers in the little garden of his paternal house. He who came down upon earth to water the great garden of His heavenly Father with His blood. To remind the Christian of the flowers in his own heart, and never to forget that their growth is a gift of His grace from above. To awaken desire after the source of grace the great love of God opens to us in the Holy Sacrament. This is the picture I have in my soul, and if God gives me success in bringing it to paper as it stands in my mind, I hope it may become a little spark for the soul that seeks God. How much more would I like to tell you, not many things, but all in reference to the one and only thing that is necessary, but where shall I begin and where stop? I would be thankful with all my heart could I make you acquainted with the life of some of the saints. What a world would it open before you, surely you would see what great treasures those lose that persist in a separation from the Catholic Church."

Although Miss Linder had a great desire to possess the painting, she never mentioned it to Overbeck. She had words only of encouragement for him, and sent the rest of his payment before the picture was finished. In the same letter, dated Munich, March 3rd, 1835, she acknowledges her religious opinions. She writes:

"In your last letter, my dear friend, you touch a very important point. Your expressions touched me, for I am fully convinced that they come from a heart that loves its Saviour above all: therefore I feel it my duty to be frank with you; even where, according to your convictions, you have to disapprove my views. For years I liked to hear about our Saviour and His teachings, and I am not afraid to confess that I have thanked the Lord for leading me among Catholic friends, for through them a new and richer life was opened to me. I have thanked the Lord that I was saved from many a prejudice that so many Protestants have against Catholics, and that Catholicity appears to me in a grand and beautiful light, and I refresh myself on all the good I meet with truly hearty joy. Although I confess openly that should I become a Catholic, I would not be one with a sincere soul, for many things in Catholicism repulse me. According to my innermost conviction it would be a denial of the spirit of God, should I not recognize that also in our religion we have part in rich graces. And if this be so, as I feel it, I can think that it was his intention and guidance that I should be born and educated in this faith. O God! how far am I yet from all I could do in my own faith (creed), and how much is there left to be done. I believe, as far as I know myself that I do not close my heart to divine inspirations: if our dear Saviour should want me to serve Him in another faith, He would make me feel it in my soul, and I should not resist. In reference to Clemens Bretano, I must add, that I do not misapprehend that I owe him many thanks, for he has been a severe judge to me, and told me openly what people don't generally tell aloud: I grew fond of him, for under all his wit is hidden a rich and warm heart; but if I knew Catholicism

only through him and from no other side, it would never have attracted me, but I might have thought of a Reformation, if there had not been one already. I hope you won't misunderstand me, and that you feel I don't want to belittle our friend. I only mean that where our salvation is at stake, we can't accept beautiful poetical wreaths instead of the bread of life."

In his answer, March 15th, 1835, Overbeck again refers to her religious convictions.

"I would like to write not only letters but books for my friends and brethren who are separated from the Mother-Church. I praised God that you took my words so harmlessly and openly and answered them in a spirit of love and humility. I feel deeply that I have reason to learn from you, instead of trying to teach you. But one thing I cannot refrain from calling out to you and all others: Behold, dear brethren, the treasure I have found, O come and drink with me from the rich well of salvation. I would like to urge you in your present position, to which God led you, and not without a cause, to get thoroughly acquainted with that, against which you protest. The name Protestant expresses the duty of making one's self sure, if one protests with or without cause, and, to use the words of your last letter can you call it a denial (abnegation) of the holy spirit of God, to come back to the old original Church from which your forefathers separated? No one denies that the Protestants have kept many essential teachings of the Church: and where these find good soil, why should they not under the sunshine and rain of Divine grace, produce good fruits, the better the soil, the better the fruit. And so we hope that many a Protestant, who uses well the ground intrusted to him, will gain his salvation, while many a lazy Catholic, who in the abundance of means for his salvation, works not, and loses his salvation. Oh that all could see in the Church on earth the true spiritual mother! The true Church is the paternal home where all eat the Lamb, and, outside of which, it is not allowed to kill and eat the Lamb. It is the one temple in which God wants to be adored in one union, one creed, one love and one hope. It is the one altar where we can offer our sacrifices, and it is not permitted to erect another, and, lastly, the Church is the bride who in unison with the Holy Ghost says: Come Lord Jesus Christ."

E. LINDER TO OVERBECK.

MUNICH, August 27, 1835.

Again I have to thank you with all my heart for your kind letter. Could I not recognize that he is a true friend who takes such an interest in the salvation of my soul? I would like to answer you more thoroughly than I can do to-day. This week I am going to take a trip to the Rhine and Holland, and my thoughts are occupied with the preparations. During the summer I had many visitors and could not think thoroughly enough about this important point. Your advice "to get thoroughly acquainted with that against which one protests" is very excellent, and I will follow it. Often it is the case (and especially so in this instance), that one does not study enough one's own opinion of faith in opposition to another, and therefore knows not the foundation of the building. Until now the belief in the redemption through Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was to me the one and only thing, the Alpha and Omega, the necessary, unshaken foundation of faith. This is sufficient you will also tell me. But I mean that if one is thoroughly penetrated by this faith, so that it has become a necessity of life, one does not need anything else. You, however, will tell me that in order to obtain this strong faith, one must look around for the necessary means; and therein we differ: that is, I believe with my brethren in the faith that Christ has given all, and all that is essential was left to us by Christ and His apostles: on the other hand, what belongs to the later development of the Church may be human and temporal: to make a distinction is difficult, and can lead to errors, therefore, we should stand by the pure and simple foundation of faith. All these things I cannot put before you in the right way as I have so often heard done by very excellent men. But you yourself understand, for there surely was a time with you when things appeared in a different light, and you will understand me. I don't mean to say that we should remain inactive, certainly not, every one shall do his share according to his strength, because God will recognize the good will. It has always been my desire to look about, as far

as my feeble strength would permit, but I am sorry to say that I have always been too superficial. If God gives me His grace and strength, I will do better in the future. It seems to me that I feel in my soul the strong desire to belong to God and to serve Him, but I am afraid of delusion of the senses. Where the holiest is at stake we must use great caution, for the devil interweaves phantoms of exterior beauty and sanctity in order to lead us away from the truth, when we just think it in our reach.

OVERBECK TO FRAULEIN LINDER.

ROME, December 21, 1835.

Strange enough, you are afraid of deception where you can be truly undeceived! Only the Church comes down to us from the Apostles and has the promise that the spirit of truth will remain with her until the end of time. Therefore, the Apostle himself calls her the foundation of truth; according to that, deception is found everywhere away from this Church, and your great fear of deception is in itself the greatest deception. The real centre of difference is that, relying upon the rock of this Church, we are sure of unerring teaching. But take away this rock foundation of the Church, and the whole divine revelation will fall. Perhaps you will say: according to that, one must agree to everything that happens in the Church, every disorder, every abuse? That is far from the truth! Who would not desire to see the Church represented in the greatest purity, and what could please God better than to prevent disorder and abuse? But do not let us confound that, which is only too much exposed to degeneration and may well need reform, namely, the administration of the Divine teachings by sinful men, with that, which can never degenerate, the Divine teaching itself. For the Church has the promise from God himself to be proof againt all degeneracy. The Confessors of this teaching can only work out their salvation when they become living members of the great Divine body, whose head is Jesus Christ. If the shepherds and teachers, the bishops and popes have given offence, woe to them, for the higher they were placed in order to give a good example, and guide the others, the greater was their responsibility. We have to remember the words of our Lord: "On the seat of Moses are seated learned men and Pharisees, what they tell you to do, do it, but be not guided by their works." Let us look then to the sound members of this great body and leave the dead and failures to the just judgment of God. In the fourth century, St. Augustine tells this to the Donatists and, had Luther followed this truly evangelical principle, I need not write this letter to you to-day, for we should be one undivided family. I cannot send this letter without adding a request. If it is your real intention to see clearly in this important matter, please take this letter to a Catholic theologian and have him answer all your questions and doubts. May God give such strength to these lines that you cannot resist my request.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## An Apostrophe to Niagara.

This is Jehova's fullest organ strain!
I hear the liquid music rolling, breaking
From the gigantic pipes—the great refrain
Bursts on my ravished ear, high thoughts awaking.

The low sub-base, uprising from the deep,
Swells the great pæan as it rolls supernal—
Anon, I hear, at one majestic sweep
The diapason of the keys eternal!

Standing beneath Niagara's angry flood—
The thundering cataract above me bounding—
I hear the echo, "Man, there is a God!"
From the great arches of the gorge resounding!

Behold, O man! nor shrink aghast in fear!
Survey the vortex boiling deep before thee!
The hand that oped the liquid gateway here
Hath set the beauteous Bow of promise o'er thee

Here in the hollow of that Mighty Hand,
Which holds the basin of the tidal ocean,
Let not the jarring of the spray-washed strand
Disturb the orisons of pure devotion.

Roll on, Niagara! great River King!
Beneath thy sceptre all earth's rulers, mortal,
Bow reverently; and bards shall ever sing
The matchless grandeur of thy peerless portal!

I hear, Niagara, in this grand strain,
His voice, who speaks in flood, in flame and thunder—
Forever may'st thou, singing, roll and reign—
Earth's grand sublime, supreme, supernal wonder.

E. PALMER.

To conquer our own will is the greatest sacrifice we can make to God.—ST. AMADEUS.

THERE is nothing in life which exercises a more blessed influence on death than the prominence of a holy, loving fear in our intercourse with God. Past fear is the smoothest pillow on which the head of the dying can repose.—FATHER FABER.

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## EASTER MORN.

The dawn is breaking! lo the light
Of rosy morn falls on the hill
Where stern, relentless, plain in sight,
The naked cross is standing still.

The morning's glory clothes the stone,
Whose massive form hath rolled away,
And left the angel all alone
To guard the tomb on Easter day.

His pierced hands aglow with light,
Are resting now—where? angels tell!
On Mary's head, oh! what a sight!—
This Mother whom He loved so well,

First at His feet, then on His breast,
Is clasped in silent-wrapt embrace;
Her heart at last has found its rest,
Her eyes are feasting on His face.

The ways of sorrow's bitter tread—
Transfigured now, like Eden seem;
He is risen! all of Calv'ry's dread
Is lost amid the lights which gleam.

From out His wounds those orbs of light
Which shine in beauty like His face,
Can heaven itself have ought more bright?
Ah! No—those wounds illume the place.

"My peace!" how sweet the words do fall
From lips that erst were mute and still.
One word alike He speaks to all,
Sweet Peace! the burden of His will.

—MATILDA CUMMINGS.

March, 1894.

## FLOS CARMELI.

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

CONTINUED.

MRS. STUART'S grandchild, "dear daughter Dorothy," as she was frequently called, was some years older than Grace, having passed the fifteenth milestone in the journey of life. A narrow escape from drowning on the river in the vicinity, when she had been out in a pleasure boat with her father, had inspired her with such a dread of vessels, both small and large, that Mrs. Stuart found it would be cruel to insist on her accompanying her across the sea, and so she was left as a boarder instead of a day pupil, which so far she had been, with the sisters of St. Joseph whose convent was not very far away. She was a brown-eyed maiden whose loving nature and winning, unselfish ways soon found an entrance to every heart. Like the saintly ELIAS, those who lived in this isolated region felt nearer to God when dwelling in *high places*: not more than a dozen Catholic families formed the circle, and the completion of a little chapel was the crowning of the hopes they had entertained for years. It was a small gothic edifice, surmounted by a glittering cross, which caught the first rays of the morning sun, whilst over its elaborately carved door was a window of richly stained glass. The exterior was a fitting introduction to the beauty within. An elegant marble altar, before which hung the "lamp of the sanctuary" whose steady light burned day and night before the tabernacle,—silver candlesticks—and altar cloths, edged with the finest of lace—slender vases, and fragrant flowers—all united to adorn the temple of God and "the place where His glory dwelleth." Statues of the Divine Mother and her chaste spouse, St. Joseph, were there, that of the Sacred Heart stood on a pedestal within the altar rail, and the altar piece depicted the Blessed Virgin presenting the scapular to St. Simon Stock, for the chapel was dedicated to MARY, and placed under the special patronage of "Our Lady of Mount Carmel." It was the delight of Dorothy to bring flowers to this beloved shrine, and one day a happy thought came to her as she and Grace were coming home from school. They were already greatly attached to each other. The older girl was of an extremely lively nature and impetuous disposition, the leader of many a madcap

expedition at school, but the darling of her companions and a great favorite with her teachers, who recognized in the ardent child a soul specially marked by divine grace. The newly made orphan could not have found a more appropriate associate. Her naturally rather melancholy disposition had been fostered by such constant companionship with her invalid father, and Dorothy was the very one to lead her to dwell upon something else than her grief.

"Grace," said she, "you never forget to gather flowers and take them to your father's grave, which is perfectly right and lovely in you, my dear little one. But you have never yet thought of taking any to the chapel. You know how very good the Blessed Virgin has been to you, and it would be only right for you to do something in return. Grandmamma allows us to gather as many as we wish from certain parts of the garden, and she would be glad to see you take them for the altar." "O! Dorothy, indeed I am sorry, sometimes I never thought of it, and sometimes I thought only the large girls could have anything to do with the altar. Now you will never have to remind me again. I am to make my first confession in October, did you hear that?" "Yes, Sister Imelda told me so," replied Dorothy. "you will not have very long to wait," and as she spoke they reached the little gate by which they always went into the garden, and in a few minutes were eagerly relating to Mrs. Stuart the various incidents of the day which was now drawing to a close.

The radiant loveliness of the September days merged into the maturer beauties of October, and Grace thinks that her papa was indeed right in saying that no other country could surpass our beloved land. She was faithful to her resolution, and whilst she never failed to take fresh flowers to her father's grave she gathered the fairest blossoms for the altar of Mary. The October forests were gorgeous with the trees decked in robes of scarlet and yellow, as those giants of the woodland reared their proud heads to the cloudless sky, and the song of the birds seemed to have forgotten its merry note and taken a deeper cadence in harmony with the solemn grandeur of the scene.

Mrs. Stuart with Dorothy and Grace sat one evening by the first fire of the season, which we all know has a peculiar charm of its own. The room was very large and seemed to combine the uses of various apartments in itself. For instance, there was an open upright piano in one corner, a book case with its wealth of literature in another, a pretty writing desk was placed by one window, and a stand laden with flowers at another. The centre of the room was occupied by the table, which they had just left after having partaken of the evening meal. When the service had been removed Grace dwelt upon the great event of the day, for she had made her first confession. "And we were invested with the Scapular too." Then producing another pair she said, "Sister Imelda gave us each an extra pair: she said that we might possibly meet with some one to whom, thereby, we might be of the greatest use. There were only three of us, and so she called us her three theological virtues. We drew then. Evelyn drew faith, Margery, hope, and charity came to me." "And now you can practice it" cried Dorothy, as she glanced out of the window, having heard a step on the graveled walk, and descried an applicant for aid coming up to the house. It was along this end of the place that the road described before wound, and the abandoned mines were an occasional resort of tramps who knew Mrs. Stuart's charitable nature, and that she was never known to refuse them a meal. Knowing that the maids were not within hearing the lady answered the knock, and directing the man who presented himself where to go, she with the two girls went and ministered to his wants. He was pale and hollow eyed, and shivered in the cool autumnal night, whilst he eagerly swallowed the food provided with no ungenerous hand. A warm coat and shoes were given him, and then, with no manifestation of thanks he arose and proceeded on his way. Another half hour passed, and Mrs. Stuart, who was intent upon her book, did not observe that Grace suddenly left the room and came back with a smile upon her face. "O! grandma!" she said, "I gave the poor man those Scapulars, and he looked more pleasant, he really did. He was sitting at the foot of the old maple, but then he got up and said he must go on." Sweet confiding faith and trust of childhood.

Mrs. Stuart was somewhat alarmed, their one man (house) servant had been sent on an errand, and the men who were engaged about the house went home at night. But surely the Blessed Virgin would watch over

them, and for the present she would not even give the little "Charity" a warning word, merely saying "that was a kind act my dear. God will bless you for it," she bade Dorothy light the lamp before the statue, and be in readiness to begin the recitation of the Rosary.

It may be imagined that the wayfarer was astonished at the sudden apparition of a child flying towards him, each hand holding something as if for him. "Here is a pair of Scapulars" she said, actually throwing them over his neck. "wear them and the Blessed Virgin will not forget you, and here is something else, it is my very own. As you are so poor you can sell it, but I must go." The "something" was a gold locket, and the child's only motive in not telling that she had given it was a desire to be commended solely by "our Father who seeth in secret for the charitable act." After Grace was lost to view the man slowly arose, and with noiseless footstep gained the wide porch, and shrinking into the shadow looked for some minutes into the cheerful room. His glance lingered near the sideboard with its array of silver, then wandered towards Dorothy who was just lighting the lamp. When they began the Rosary he remembered the same devotion in a little cottage by the blue Alsatian mountains, but the sight seemed to have little effect. "A woman, a girl and a child," he muttered. "It would soon be over. But they fed and warmed me! Bah! what matters that? Luigi and Nicholas would laugh at me for a soft hearted fool—and still that angel child—no, no, I *cannot*, and now to tell them that they need not come." He turned away and walked swiftly towards the abandoned excavations, whence two ill looking men sprang out and eagerly asked what he had accomplished, and what time they might go for the spoil.

During his hurried walk thoughts of his ill-spent life assailed the man, what had it brought him but husks. "If it were not too late to mend" he muttered, and just then the voices of his wicked comrades sounded harshly upon his ear. "*Nothing* shall be done in that house" he said defiantly, whereupon a bitter altercation followed, during which his half formed resolution of repentance was brought to light. They scoffed at this, and laughed at the Scapular, which in the strange tumult of his thoughts he had left, as the little girl had placed it. "It is our Lady's badge," he exclaimed, "and wicked wretch though I be you shall not ridicule it whilst I am here." "We will not give up to you" said the older of the men with a fearful oath, "you were to lead us to the prize, go on, or you will suffer for this before very long." The man was more than a match for the other two, but in the struggle which followed, as he tried to prevent them going to the house, a knife suddenly flashed in the moonlight, a man wounded unto death fell to the ground, and two villains sped away from the fearful scene. Half an hour later Fr. Francis, who had come unexpectedly to gratify the little congregation by celebrating Mass for them on the next day, the feast of St. TERESA, was horrified to find a man dying by the roadside. He was still conscious, and need we say that the good priest completed the work which the little apostle had begun under the auspices of Mary, the refuge of sinners? When he told his friends in the morning, and dwelt upon the strange fact of the deceased having an unworn Scapular in full view, Grace burst into tears and said, "O! It was the poor man who was here last night. I gave it to him, and the Blessed Virgin must have sent you there before he died to prepare him for death."

And often in after years, when our little heroines had left their beautiful home, they would relate this wonderful instance of MARY's goodness towards those who wear her livery of the brown Scapular, to youthful listeners as guileless as was Grace herself when she took it to the man who had murder in his heart. In the little convent of St. Joseph there is a thoughtful earnest Sister Aimee whom we can surely recognize as Grace, whilst, advancing rapidly in the science of the saints under the rigid rule of the Carmelite nuns, the ardent Dorothy answers to the name of Sister Mary Magdalene de Pazzi.

Mrs. Stuart is taking council with Father Francis as to whether she will arrange her elegant home for a hospital, or bestow it upon some religious and beneficial association, and the decision will no doubt be satisfactory to all.

But they will never know from what a terrible fate they were all saved that night through the interposition of Mary, Our Lady, and Queen of Carmel, through the powerful protection of her, who is presented for our veneration by one of her most devoted sons, under the beautiful title of Flos Carmeli.

THE END.

## A Martyred Lay-Brother.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."
—*Shakespeare.*

On the Feast of the Annunciation, A.D. 1645, another lay-brother of our Order was consigned to the gallows. His name was Brother Peter of the Mother of God. I send a short account of his life. The sketch may interest your readers.

His death occurred in Dublin, of which he was a native, in 1643. He was first a servant to the Calced Carmelite missionaries. After a time, in consequence of his goodness, he became a lay-brother. The attempt made by the Catholic army to gain possession of Dublin, being unsuccessful, the fury of the bigoted inhabitants of the city burst forth in revenge and retaliation against the Catholic inhabitants thereof. The members of the Religious Orders, always objects of the hatred of the heretics, were now especially sought for, on suspicion of being concerned in the insurrection. Several were put in prison and others were put to death. During these events the Carmelites were driven from their convent, which was changed into a theatre. Many left the city, others remained to give what help they could to the Catholics. Brother Peter remained. He escaped his pursuers till March, when he was taken and cast into prison with many others. Here, owing to the tortures he underwent, he became ill. The Catholics were very anxious for his release, but this only accelerated his death. The heretics, thinking him to be some one of importance, adjudged him guilty of the awful crime of being a monk, and one who should be consequently exterminated. Brother Peter was condemned to be hanged and word was sent to him to that effect. He was to be executed on the 25th of March. The good monk, who was sick at the time, received the news with great joy, and congratulating the Mother of God on the great dignity to which he was to be raised on her feast, asked her intercession, and raising himself from his bed said, "From the cross, and not from the bed, I must go to heaven."

But presently he was overwhelmed and convulsed with the fear of death, as if the Almighty, who is the strength of the weak, withdrew His arm for an instant, thus to show his servant how indispensable is His help to weak mortals in the hour of trial. Brother Peter, prostrate in the agony of his soul before God, confessed his utter helplessness, and implored the divine assistance. He did not pray in vain. His fellow captives besought him to return to bed, thinking the heretics might abandon his execution, at least for a time. Their advice was made use of by God for the perfecting of His work. The Almighty now poured an abundance of fortifying grace into the soul of His servant, and gave new and marvellous speech to his tongue. "Why, my friends, do you counsel me such a thing? Encourage me rather, weak and cowardly man as I am: urge me to the combat and pray to God for me that He may bring me forth victorious from the prison of this rebellious flesh. I must die for Jesus Christ: I must die now lest perhaps the delaying of death should imperil the victory. He will give the victory: He will anoint the soldier, and I, in the feebleness of my heart, will confess to His name, to whom victory is due." Having thus addressed them, they recited together the Rosary and Litany.

He now possessed tranquility of soul, made frequent acts of virtue and made a voluntary oblation of his life to God. With cheerful countenance he met the band of satellites that came to conduct him to the scaffold. He was too weak to walk, and leaned on their arms for support to the place of execution. A Protestant minister accompanied him and interrupted him in prayers by telling him to invoke Christ, and not the Blessed Virgin, who, he said, hears not prayers. He besought him to abjure Popish superstitions, and thus open to himself a way of glory. "I have been reared in the Roman Catholic faith," he said, "which is the only true faith: in it I am resolved to die; cease your silly talk about the Mother of God. I agree with all Catholics and will ever differ from you and yours." The minister spun out a number of texts of scripture, after the usual fashion of heretics, only to be interrupted by Brother Peter, who told him he did not know what he was saying, but he believed he was counselling heresy.

The remaining portion of this martyr's life is so interesting, that I will leave it till your next issue, as I do not like to curtail it, as I should do, having taken up too much of your valuable space already.

A. E. Farrington, O.C.C.

# St. Elias and the Carmelites.

BY REV. A. E. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

CONTINUED.

SYMPATHIZING with the grief of one whose kind hospitality had tended to alleviate his own afflictions, and pained to see the stroke of judgment enter the abode, where he would fain have witnessed nothing but prosperity, the holy Prophet of the Lord took from the afflicted widow the body of her son, and, carrying him into an upper chamber, laid him upon the bed where he himself used to repose. Well did St. Elias understand the efficacy of fervent prayer to, and intercession with, Almighty God: and on this interesting occasion he employed it so successfully, as to obtain from Him who hearkens to the prayer of the faithful and the humble, a restoration of the soul that had departed from the child, to animate again the lifeless clay. The ear of God was open to the supplication of His servant: life and health re-vivified the pallid countenance: and the exulting Prophet raised from the couch the object of his faith and intercession, and descended with him to his mother, who received this unexpected boon of mercy with the liveliest joy and heartfelt thanksgiving.

The trial, though acutely painful during its continuance, was in the end productive of results the most important to the poor widow. It led her to closer self-examination, and thus discovered to her more of what was in her heart: while it afforded a most glorious demonstration of the power of the Almighty in the resurrection of her son, and such an attestation of His presence with His servant, as assured her, that the words he uttered were the dictates of the Spirit of unerring truth.

As the forbearance of the Lord is ever slow to punish, so His mercy tempers all His chastisements, and graciously proportions the correction to the strength of those whom He designs not to destroy, but to reform. The land of Israel had endured the scourge of famine (a visitation which its sins had brought upon it) for upwards of three years: and was reduced in consequence to the most painful state of suffering, when the Almighty intimated to Elias that He intended to withdraw the judgment, and to refresh the parched and barren land with rain. The king and his infatuated people, during this long calamity, had sufficient proof that it was in vain to worship idols that could yield them no assistance: and that it was alike perverse and foolish to provoke a Being who could thus control the powers of nature, and at his pleasure cut off those supplies which were essential for the comfort and support of life. But they were yet to be prepared more fully for an humble and effectual return to Him, to whom they owed allegiance, and whose name they had dishonored by their foul revolt.

The Prophet Elias, who had been the minister of God in the infliction of this judgment, was now commanded to come forth from his retirement, to go and meet King Achab, and to prepare still further to assert the claims of the offended Majesty of heaven.

In Samaria, the city where the kings of Israel had fixed their government, the miseries consequent upon the famine were severely felt. Paleness and sorrow were pictured on every countenance: while many daily pined away with hunger, through the want of the productions of the earth. The innocent cattle, grievously sharing in the general suffering, stood in the parched-up pastures, suffering for want of grass and water to sustain their feeble and exhausted frames. King Achab, wicked as he was, could not behold the wretchedness by which he was surrounded, without feeling sensibly this distress. Anxious to mitigate in some way the evil, and preserve, if possible, the lives of useful animals, he formed the resolution of personally inspecting the country, and to examine whether in the mountainous and marshy districts any springs or streams might yet be found, or whether the secluded and once fertile valleys might not still afford some scanty verdure for the sustenance of domestic animals. With this determination, he associated with himself the steward of his household, whose name was Abdias: a man whose piety, humanity and zeal for God, bore testimony that the light of truth was not entirely quenched, even in an atmosphere so dark and troubled as that which surrounded King Achab's court.

In order that no portion of the land might be left unexplored, the king divided it into two districts: one he committed to his faithful servant, and the other he resolved to search himself. They commenced their journey, taking opposite directions; nor had they travelled far, when Abdias, to his great surprise met with St. Elias, whom he recognized immediately, and, filled with reverence towards the holy Prophet, the minister by whom the judgment of the Lord had been executed, he paid respect to him in the most humble manner, by falling prostrate at his feet. Scarcely able to give credit to his senses, that it was really Elias, whom his master had been so long seeking for in vain, alarm was added to amazement, when the Prophet bade him go and give intelligence to Achab, that he had found the man whom he so anxiously desired to see. Well knowing how intensely the flame of wrath burned in the breast of the king against Elias, on whom he falsely charged the miseries which his people suffered, and not supposing that the Prophet Elias would expose himself to its effects, he dreaded lest the disappointed malice of his wicked master should wreck itself on him, who having given him such important information, should afterwards permit the object of the king's hatred to elude his grasp. He therefore earnestly expostulated with Elias, not to bring into so imminent a peril, a man who, from his youth, had feared the Lord, and had exposed himself to hazard by affording succour to the persecuted Prophets of the Lord, when through the hatred of their enemies they were condemned to suffer death. The saint listened patiently to this remonstrance, and then at once removed the fears of Abdias by assuring him that he would certainly disclose himself to Achab on that same day.

Achab had been forced to bear the stroke of chastisement, by which his soul had been perplexed and irritated, but his heart remained unchanged, and pride disposed him rather to impute the cause of his distress to others, than with a contrite and humble heart to acknowledge that it originated with himself. Full of these angry and unhallowed feelings, he surveyed the holy Prophet with a dark and wicked countenance: and in the bitterness of wrath exclaimed: "Art though he that troublest Israel?" Armed with the dignity of conscious virtue, Elias calmly and intrepidly repelled the charge: and clothed with the authority of God's ambassador, retorted on the impious and apostate king. He, as the minister of heaven, had merely been the instrument of vengeance: while the idolatries of Achab and his wicked family were the true source of all the miseries into which the country had been plunged. But that the point might be decided, whether he had charged the king and all his people falsely with rebellion, and had pronounced a merely natural calamity to be a visitation of Divine displeasure,—that it might now be ascertained beyond controversy, whether the idols of the Gentiles had just claims to worship, or whether there was any God but the God of Israel,—he asked that all the rulers of the people might be summoned, with the numerous priests and false prophets who belonged to the idolatrous court of Achab and Jezabel: and he, standing alone, the servant of the Most High, would make a test, by which the claims of the contending parties to truth and justice might be made known.

Constrained by a superior influence, the king assented to the proposition of Elias. Mount Carmel, near the coast, was the place selected by the Prophet as most favorable for this purpose, and thither, obedient to the mandate of their sovereign, the votaries of his false worship came. The sun, adored under the name of Baal, was the deity to whom this impious king of Israel was most zealously devoted; and the number of false prophets drawn together on this great occasion was not fewer than four hundred and fifty men. Four hundred more dependent on the bounty of the queen, who led the worship of her favorite idol—Astaroth—or the Moon, the female divinity of the Phœnicians, who practised their wicked rites in the deep shades of consecrated groves,—these, with associates of inferior orders formed the vast train of interested supporters of idolatry. To the people, whom the royal summons had assembled, and on whom the Prophet looked with pity, as the infatuated victims of the crimes and vices of the court, he zealously addressed a warm expostulation on the guilt and folly of that indecision which had disgraced them for so long a time. Their hesitating conduct was both dishonorable to God and disgraceful to themselves; and so the wiser plan would be to bring the question to an issue, and ascertain to whom to give a preference, than to worship God or Baal with an undivided heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# The Catechism

## OF MOUNT CARMEL,

[BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.]

### CHAPTER II.

*The Patronage of the Blessed Virgin.*

Q. Who is the special protector and patroness of the Order of Mt. Carmel?

A. The Blessed Virgin Mary.

Q. Has the Blessed Virgin ever given any proof that she considers the Carmelite Order as being under her special care?

A. Yes; she not only, as we have seen, calls the Carmelites her brothers, but she has given the most wonderful proofs that she loves the Order with uncommon affection, and is anxious for its welfare.

Q. Give us an example?

A. It was at the express command of the Blessed Virgin that the Rule of the Order was confirmed by the Pope, and the Order recognized as the Order of the Blessed Virgin.

Q. When did that happen?

A. It happened in the year 1216. St. Cyril, of Constantinople, was General of the Order at the time, and the Carmelites were on the point of coming to Europe. In 1215, the Lateran Council had passed decrees that no order should be tolerated unless its rules were approved by the Holy See. The rule of the Order of Mt. Carmel, written by St. Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, had not as yet been sanctioned by the Holy Father. The enemies of the Order raised a persecution against the Carmelites under this pretext, and tried to hinder Pope Honorius III from approving and confirming the Carmelite Rule, and even went so far as to demand its entire abolition. The Pope, in order to settle the question, committed the matter to two ecclesiastics of his Court, who were to examine the claims of the Order and report to him. Now it so happened that both were hostile to the Order. When they saw that they could show no valid reasons against the demands of the Order, they took recourse to procrastination, and thus delayed, as far as was in their power, the action of the Holy See. The Blessed Virgin, Queen of Heaven, appeared to Pope Honorius one night, accompanied by angels, and with severe majesty addressed him in these words: "The Order of Mt. Carmel and its members are under my care and protection. Let it be known to thee that it is my will that thou givest no hearing to the importunities of its enemies, on the contrary, I desire that thou favor this Order, confirming immediately its title, and approving its rule. It is not to be contradicted what I command, nor should there be delay in what I am resolved to promote." Then, to prove that the apparition was indeed a heavenly one, she told him, "that the two councillors, who maliciously had tried to injure the good of her Order, should in punishment both die miserably that very night.

Q. Did the events prove the truth of the vision?

A. Yes: the Holy Father, on awakening out of sleep, found that the two courtiers had died suddenly during the night, as the Blessed Virgin had foretold. He therefore, at once sent for the Carmelites, assembled the Cardinals, and related the wonderful vision. He warmly praised the holy Order, which enjoyed the special love and protection of the ever-blessed Mother of God. He issued several bulls confirming the title of the Order of the Blessed Virgin of Mt. Carmel and its rules, and enriched the Order with many privileges. In order to perpetuate the memory of this miraculous apparition of the Blessed Virgin, the solemn feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel was instituted, and the 16th day of July dedicated to its celebration.

Q. Did any other Popes testify to this special patronage of the Blessed Virgin?

A. Pope Gregory XIII, in his bull, *Ut Laudes*, says: "The Holy Order of the Blessed Virgin of Mt. Carmel was brought forth by that most glorious Virgin, and she has endowed it with her own name." Pope Urban VI grants an indulgence in the following words: "To all the faithful who give to the Order itself—or to the brothers of the same Order the title and name of Order—or Brothers of the most Blessed Virgin of Mt. Carmel—provided they are in the state of grace, we hereby and for all times grant an indulgence of three years and as many quarantines." *

Sixtus IV, Julius II, and many other Popes use similar expressions.

Q. Is it proper then to call the Blessed Virgin the Mother of Mt. Carmel?

A. Certainly, the Holy See setting us the example. Our Lord Himself called the Order of Mt. Carmel the Order of His Mother. Father Joseph Fernandez, a Spanish Jesuit, narrates: that Our Lord one day appearing to St. Teresa, cheered her with these words: "Console thyself, for thou shalt see the *Order of My Mother* greatly increase during thy lifetime." All the great saints of the Order continually invoked the Blessed Virgin as "Mother and Glory of Carmel," "*Mater et Decus Carmeli*," as it is still done every day in all Carmelite communities, with the approval of the Holy See.

* Note.—In the first chapter, it was erroneously stated that only fifty days of indulgence were granted to those who call the *Order of the Blessed Virgin of Mt. Carmel* by its glorious title. The indulgence is one of three years and three quarantines, as stated in the above Chapter II.

## A MODEL ACADEMY.

Parents desirous of giving their daughters a thorough education at reasonable rates should not fail to consult the advertisement of Loretto Abbey, which appears elsewhere in this number. The course of education given in this well-known institution is a thorough one. Nothing pertaining to the moral, intellectual or physical training of the pupils is overlooked. Such an institution deserves a much wider recognition. The Carmelite Review takes great pleasure in recommending the school of Loretto Abbey at Toronto to parents and guardians throughout the United States and Canada.

Catholics should be proud of their religion. It is the faith that gave strength to the martyrs in the midst of their sufferings; the faith that kept its myriad of virgins undefiled; the faith that has civilized the world; the faith that has uplifted mankind, abolished slavery, established peace, promoted progress, extended education, interested the fine arts and tried to make earth the ante-chamber to heaven. And the best way to be proud of it is to practice it.—Catholic Youth.

## Venerable Joanna of Toulouse

On the last day of March, 1286, there died in France the Venerable Joanna of Toulouse, whom the Carmelites are about to ask the Holy See to declare blessed. But little is known of her life. She was born in the town whose name she bears, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. She was, it is said, related to the renowned family of the Count of Toulouse. In her young days she had a great love for prayer, and despised worldly things. When the Carmelite nuns were established in Toulouse she was anxious to join them. Her wish was fulfilled. She received the holy habit of the Order from St. Simon Stock himself. Her love for holy purity and devotion to our Lord's Passion was so great, that in the picture handed down to us this venerable servant of God is represented holding a lily in one hand and a crucifix in the other. Her death was most precious in the sight of the Lord. She died on March 31, 1286. She was buried in the Carmelite Church in Toulouse. Many miracles were wrought through her intercession. In 1471, Bernard de Rosier, Archbishop of Toulouse, ordered the relics of Venerable Joanna to be moved and placed in the choir chapel. An inscription over her tomb reads: "In this chapel is the body of the holy Sister Joanna." She was honored in this chapel up to the time of the Revolution. When the church was destroyed, the remains of the venerable Carmelite were transferred to the Cathedral of St Stephen, where they now rest. During the past century the faithful have obtained many favors from God through the intercession of His servant Joanna. It is to be regretted that the details of her life are so few. She was born and lived during these terrible days when southern France was overrun by the Albigensies. When the cause of her beatification is taken up a very interesting biography will, we hope, appear of the holy Carmelite Sister.

Desire nothing, ask nothing, refuse nothing; this practice contains all perfection.—St. Francis de Sales.

# The Catholic Dictionary and The Brown Scapular.

By Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J.

IT has always been our desire to avoid domestic controversy in the *Mouth*. Against those without we are ever ready to take up our weapons, and, albeit in friendly form as far as may be, to drive back the enemies of the church. But we have no desire to enter on any of the disputes respecting most points of canon law and ecclesiastical history, moral or dogmatic theology, which stir up interminable strife. The time and efforts of the combatants, the energies which might have been employed with advantage against heretics and unbelievers, have often ere now been wasted on fruitless wrangling, to which at last the Holy See itself has had again and again to put an end by imposing silence on the disputants. Even where the disputed point is one of real importance, involving weighty issues, it is outside the province of a Catholic magazine intended for general circulation to be a partisan in a contest, which may be necessary, but is always to be regretted. But there are exceptions to every rule. There are occasions when we are compelled, however reluctantly, to attack those to whom we desire to show all honor and respect. There are subjects on which we cannot keep silent, even though we are forced to assail writers to whom in other respects the Catholic body owes on many grounds a debt of gratitude, and who have done good to the Catholic cause. Slowly and unwillingly we enter on the task, slowly and unwillingly in so far as it is always painful to say a word against those whom we recognize as friends, those whose loyalty cannot be questioned, and whose learning and ability give weight to their words. But yet not slowly and unwillingly, when we forget the personal qualities of those whom we assail, and look to the question on which they have laid themselves open to attack. Not slowly or unwillingly when the privileges of one of the greatest of the religious orders of the church are impugned, and the veracity of its members called in question. Not slowly or unwillingly when a slur is cast upon a devotion dear to Catholic hearts, a devotion, which an ever widening experience proves to have been under God's mercy, the means of saving innumerable souls. Not slowly or unwillingly when the point involved affects, either directly or indirectly, the honor due to the Holy Mother of God. *Amici auctores, magis amica Maria.* The title of our article will explain the reasons we give for our mingled reluctance and anxiety to write it. The *Catholic Dictionary* supplies a want long felt among all English-speaking Catholics. Its articles are in general full of solid information and prudent discretion. They display a wide knowledge of history and canon law, and for the most part a sound theological temper. They put before the world information on Catholic matters which was scarcely attainable before by ordinary English readers. The articles are written, generally speaking, in an impartial judicious spirit which no one can fail to admire. The authors of the work are men highly esteemed, and justly esteemed, for their literary ability and historical knowledge. But there is one article in the book which sadly disfigures the volume in which it is found. The article on the Brown Scapular is one which we read with pain and with dismay. We should not like to say that it deserves any theological note of censure, but certainly if we read it alone and apart from the rest, we should cast aside the volume as the work of a "weak-kneed Catholic,"—weak-kneed not only as regards his practical devotion and loyalty to what the church approves, but feeble in the extreme in his power of historical criticism. Nay, it is more than this, it is inaccurate and unfair; it makes statements at variance with truth: it displays an ignorance of the facts of the case: it is careless and in-exact throughout: it is based on the condemned writings of a disloyal and bitter enemy of the Holy See. There seems to be (we do not say there is) in the mind of the writer a secret dislike to, and suspicion of, the Scapular as an encouragement to popular superstition, and this even while he coldly praises it and admits that no Catholic can doubt its piety and utility. He seeks to rob it of that quasi-sacramental character, which invests it with such a practical value in the eyes of the faithful, and treats it only as a visible mark of devotion to Mary, a sign that the wearer in-

tends to "live a Christian life, and so by living in Jesus Christ to prove himself worthy to have Mary for his Mother." But it is no longer a gift from Mary's own hands giving him, who carries it, a *claim* to her protection: it is no longer supernatural in its origin. The promise that one who wears it faithfully, and dies with it upon him, will not be allowed to fall into the flames of hell, is pooh-poohed as a bit of superstition or at least unreliable under the light of modern criticism. The further promise of escape from Purgatory on the Saturday after death, under certain conditions, which are not difficult to fulfil, is dismissed as a clumsy forgery. There is no sufficient evidence that Our Lady appeared to St. Simon Stock at all: there is no reason for thinking that she made any promise to him respecting it. There is no proof that the Scapular dates from him. The only contemporary life of the Saint cannot be found. If it exists, the story of the apparition seems to have been interpolated. The Sabbatine Bull of John the Twenty-Second is a forgery: that of Alexander the Fifth is another forgery to cover the former. The Carmelites are at the bottom of it all. They have simply thrown dust in the eyes of the faithful. They refused to show this precious life to the Jesuit who asked to see it. They forged, invented, interpolated recklessly and without scruple, for the glorification of their Order, and succeeded at last in imposing on the Catholic world and obtaining the general acceptance of the story of the Brown Scapular and of the extraordinary privileges that it carries with it. All this is not stated plainly and explicitly as we have put it, but it is the legitimate and necessary influence from the assertions contained in the article. If no other reason led us to refute the statements made, our love and veneration for the great Carmelite Order would be more than a sufficient motive. We cannot sit quietly by and see them insulted in such fashion as this. But we have a further motive for writing, one which we know every Carmelite in the world would wish to see preferred even to the honor of his own illustrious and venerable Order. Any attack on the Scapular is an indirect attack on the power and privileges of the Holy Mother of God. Under plea of applying to a popular superstition the laws of enlightened criticism, one of the most faithful sources of devotion to Mary is impugned. It thus becomes the bounden duty of every Catholic to protest against the appearance in a Catholic Dictionary of an article anti-Catholic in spirit, and to re-assert in unmistakeable terms the honor due to the most holy Scapular, which the whole Christian world regards as the personal gift of Mary to her children, carrying with it privileges almost miraculous to those who wear it as a pledge of their devotion to her. If we are rather late in the field, it is because it is only recently that our attention has been called to the article on the Scapular and that we have discovered the tainted sources from which its argument is derived. We shall not attempt to quote in full the article which we are impugning. We shall merely give the more objectionable passages contained in it. The *Catholic Dictionary* is on the shelves of most educated Catholics, who can verify for themselves the accuracy of our quotations and the absence of any sort of garbling or misconstruction of its words. It first repeats "the story told" of the origin of the Scapular, of the appearance of Our Lady to Saint Simon Stock, and of her promise made to him that "no one dying in this Scapular shall suffer eternal misery." The Sabbatine Bull of John the Twenty-Second, the vision that was its occasion, is next mentioned, and the two apparitions are then discussed separately. We shall confine ourselves at present to the former of these questions, postponing to a further article the celebrated Sabbatine Bull. What we have to decide is whether there is sufficient evidence to justify or compel our acceptance of the story of the apparition of our Blessed Lady to the English Carmelite in the thirteenth century, and to give us full confidence in the assurance made to him that the Scapular that she placed in his hands should ensure the salvation of all who are wearing it at the moment of their death. Now, the devotion to the Brown Scapular turns in great measure on the reality of this apparition. If it cannot be depended upon to save its wearer from hell, then it sails under false colors among Catholics. If it cannot be shown that such a promise was really made, if there is ground for supposing that the whole thing is an invention and a pious fraud, the Brown Scapular ceases to merit

the implicit confidence it receives from the faithful.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[NOTE.—Very probably a new and revised edition of the Catholic Dictionary will soon appear. The excellent defence of the Brown Scapular, by Father Clarke, is worthy of re-publication now, since many copies of the last edition of the book has been widely circulated in this country.—ED. C. R.]

## PROTECTED BY THE SCAPULAR.

DURING the late war between the Spaniards and Riffians at Melilla, on the northern coast of Africa, there was an incident which has just been recorded, that adds another to the long list which proves that the Holy Scapular is truly "a safeguard in danger." A captain in one of the regiments, named Porras, was struck on the breast by one of the enemy's bullets. He was thought to be mortally wounded, but to the amazement of his fellow soldiers, he escaped unhurt, since the deadly missive had struck the Scapular he wore, leaving the image thereon of Our Lady of Carmel intact and uninjured. The other soldiers were very much moved thereby, and a large number of Scapulars were at once distributed throughout the regiment.

## KIND WORDS.

AMONG the many encouraging letters from our readers we quote from that of a prominent attorney in Ohio, who says:—"I cannot refrain from saying that the new dress of the REVIEW is a great improvement upon the old, and the contents of the same, a generous treat for the small sum it costs per year."

## EXCHANGES..

THE high standard of excellence presented in the first number of the *Niagara Rainbow* leaves that pretty journal outside the range of criticism. The pupils of Loretto have endeavored to issue an ideal college paper, and in the first number the fair editors have been more than successful. That the *Rainbow* may meet with the patronage which it deserves, is the wish of the CARMELITE REVIEW.

## Shadows of the Cross.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

Standing by th · lowly manger,
Gazing on thine own sweet child,
What are these dark shadows stealing
O'er thy spirits Mother mild?

Dost thou see the shady olives
And the gleam of moonlight fair,
Trembling round the kneeling Saviour
In His agony of prayer?

Does the form of infant beauty,
In its quiet peaceful rest,
Seem as clothed with crimson raiment
Like the grape in vintage pressed?

Are the leafless branches weaving
In the silent midnight air,
Emblems of thy thorny circlet
Twining with thy Jesus' hair?

And the sighing of the night wind
As it sweeps the snowy sward,
Does it whisper words of pleading
Murmured by thy dying Lord?

Clasp Him in thine arms, sweet Mother!
While His creatures round Him sleep,
Vigil, neath the star-lit heavens,
In the cave at midnight keep.

Like the calm consoling Angel
Speak to Him in words of love,
Strength will come, to thee, sweet Mother
From the Father's heart above,

And around these Passion emblems,
Which His lowly crib entwine,
Rays of golden Easter glory,
Will with hopeful gladness shine.

Teach us, O thou patient Mother!
Thus to brighten all our shade,
With the hope of coming gladness,
In "the day the Lord has made."

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

WHEN Jesus is present nothing seems difficult; but when Jesus is absent everything is hard.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

POVERTY is a blessing which contains in itself all the blessings of the world, for it is supremely rich and powerful.—ST. TERESA.

OUR divine Master desires that we accept generously, after His example, the little sacrifices of our daily life.—M. FOUQUE DUPARC.

ONE of the greatest joys of the soul in eternity will be to contemplate the greatness of God in the variety of rewards which He dispenses to His saints—ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

—THE—

# Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
*OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.*
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, MARCH, 1894. NO. 3.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THIRTEEN Tertiaries of the Order of Mt. Carmel are commemorated as "venerable" during this month.

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Two Plenary Indulgences can be gained on March 25th, one on account of the Feast of Easter, and the other on account of the transferred Feast of the Annunciation.

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ON the 3rd of March it will be just five hundred and sixty seven years since the holy See confirmed the famous Sabbatine Indulgence, granted to the Order of Mt. Carmel.

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IF the contemplation of the Five Wounds of our Lord moves us not to compunction during the days of penance, there yet appeal to us the Seven Sorrows of a tender Mother.

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AN article on the "Catholic Dictionary and the Brown Scapular," by Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., appears in this number. Its appearance at present is very opportune. It is published by request and cannot fail to be interesting to our readers.

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THE Feast of St. Joseph will not be celebrated on March 19th, this year, which falls in Holy Week. It will be kept on April 4th. The Patronage of St. Joseph will be held on the 15th of the same month, so we shall have two feasts of our holy patron during April.

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OUR esteemed contemporary the *Ave Maria* struck the right note when it called a halt to the "Multiplicity of Devotions." The time-honored devotions of the Catholic people, the Brown Scapular and the Rosary, have been made less prominent than they deserve to be by the propagation of almost endless kinds of devotions.

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THE first thing the critical reader expects in a school paper is that the articles therein be the work of the pupils themselves. In addition to this, if the matter is select, edifying, and instructive, and the mechanical get-up of the magazine faultless, you have an ideal students' paper. These journalistic qualities are found in the *Leaflets from Loretto.*

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"IF asked what, as the result of my experience, is the greatest pleasure in life, I should say it consists in *doing good to others*," was the sum of the philosophy of the late George Washington Childs, as expressed in his biography. May these few words, full of thought and so true, almost hot from the lips of the great philanthropist strike deep root into the hearts of those who adore at the altar of the important pronoun "I," and devotionally pass over that question in the book of Genesis which asks:—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

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THE Council of Nice decided in the year 325 that Easter should be celebrated *on the Sunday following the full moon which happens on or near March 21st.*—According to this, Easter can occur as early as March 22nd. The feast is never later than April, 25th. In 1913 Easter Sunday will be on March 23rd, and in 1940 on March 24th. This year, as in 1883, Easter occurs on March 25th. This day, when, as elsewhere sings our poet, "all of Calv'ry's dread is lost amid the lights which gleam," is likewise our Lady's day the feast of the Annunciation. "When our Lord's day falls in our Lady's lap, then England will meet with a great mishap," is an old saying. Will it be verified this year. Grave signs are not wanting.

It may not be amiss during these days of Passiontide, to warn our readers against the many spurious prayers in honor of Our Lord's Passion, which have found a wide circulation. Such prayers have been sent to us and our opinion has been asked as to their orthodoxy. Our advice is to consign such prayers to the fire if they have no approval of any bishop appended to them. Peddlers of devotional articles should receive a wide berth when they present themselves to the devout faithful. They deserve no ill-earned coin or hospitality.

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An event of note mentioned in late Roman letters in some of our exchanges, was the celebration of Holy Mass according to the different rites at Rome on the Feast of Epiphany. We might add to the insufficient report of the correspondents, the fact that the Carmelite rite had likewise its turn on that memorable day. We shall have occasion in a future number of the Review to show in what our liturgy differs from the Roman rubrics. An encyclical letter of the Holy Father will probably be made public this month. In it the Pope will endeavor to facilitate a union of the eastern schismatics with the mother church, and will doubtless urge that the Greek rite be retained, so we can soon hope to see an addition to the Epiphany services in the Eternal City.

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Many a sermon will be preached again this year exhorting luke-warm Catholics to perform their Easter duty, nevertheless, many will neglect this serious obligation. It may be the "last chance" for a great number. The Easter peace and joy which the Carmelite Review wishes to its many friends can only be purchased by a sincere confession, fervent purpose of amendment, and a devout reception of the Holy Sacrament of the Encharist. Will any of our readers neglect this solemn duty? We hope and pray that there will be none. On Easter Tuesday Papal Benediction will be given in all Carmelite churches. It is to be regretted that so few of the faithful avail themselves of this great spiritual favor granted to them by the Holy See through our fathers. May this year prove an exception by an increased attendance at church, on March 27th, next.

## PETITIONS.

Prayers are asked for a son for years addicted to intemperance.

Mrs. E. M. R., in sore distress, wants the prayers of the readers for a satisfactory termination.

Prayers are asked for repose of soul of Susan Jamison, who died on February 1st, at Frederic, Md.

Prayers are asked by M. C., of Dunkirk, N. Y., for a recovery of health, and a restored memory.

Prayers are asked for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Catherine Glendenning—for the conversion of a husband—and for a father who neglects church.

Prayers are asked for a boy suffering from catarrh: a deaf sister; for a boy's success in studies: for a girl's success in studies: to keep two children in good health: for a husband, to keep him from dangers and accidents.

A Tertian asks prayers for: Employment for a person in need: conversion of several persons: better practice of religion: recovery of health: for person in danger of losing a hand: for person afflicted with continual headaches.

## A GRATEFUL LETTER.

*Dear Rererend Father:*

I must write you a few lines to let you know how happy I am since I last wrote to you. My brother, who has neglected his duty for eight years, has made the mission and gone to Holy Communion. I gave him the Scapular you kindly sent me for him some time ago, and soon after his conversion was wrought.

Very respectfully.

M. S.

At Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., have been received Scapular names from the Franciscan Residence, Joliet, Ill.

We should follow no other path but that of Jesus Christ, even though we be at the pinnacle of contemplation: for we walk with safety in this road. The Lord is the source of all blessings. He will instruct us if we study His life; it is the best model we can propose to ourselves.—St. Teresa.

THIRD ORDER OF

# Mount Carmel.

By the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

## Rules and Statutes for the Tertians of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

### CHAPTER III.

*On the Profession.*

THE novitiate, which is to last at least a year, drawing to a close, those Tertians who are judged worthy to be admitted to profession should prepare themselves for the same in the eleventh month of their novitiate by making spiritual exercises for not less than three days in the best manner possible, according to the direction of their spiritual father, and by receiving the holy sacraments of Penance and Eucharist. They shall promise in writing, into the hands of the superior or director, the simple vows of chastity according to their state and condition, and of obedience according to the rule of the Third Order, until death.

They shall leave the document of their profession in the hand of the superior or director, having signed it with their own hands, or marked it with a cross in case they cannot write. The director shall take care to have it registered in the book kept for that purpose, and besides, to have it signed by two of the oldest members of the Third Order living in the place, marking down the year, month and day.

After the brothers and sisters have made their profession they shall have an active voice in all the assemblies, that is, they can cast their votes; being professed three years, they shall have a passive voice, that is, they can be elected to all the offices and emoluments of the Third Order.

The superior or director may receive the professions of the Tertians before the termination of the novitiate if there is danger of death, so as to make them partakers of the indulgences granted to the professed brothers and sisters, but under condition that in case of recovery they are bound to repeat the vows with the due formalities.

If through divine vocation some of the brothers and sisters should enter a religious order, the director shall communicate it to the whole fraternity in order that all may praise the Lord for such a singular grace and pray for their perseverance.

1. The year of the novitiate is to be counted by the day of the calendar, and not by the feast, for instance, Easter Sunday, 1894, falls upon the 25th of March, whilst in 1893 it fell upon April 2nd. Hence any person received on April 2nd, 1893, could not be professed before April 2nd, 1894. Nay, more, even the hour decides the validity or invalidity of the profession. If the habit was received and the novitiate commenced on April 2nd, 1893, at 2 p. m., a profession made on April 2nd, 1894, at 9 a. m., is invalid. It is therefore necessary to mark down even the hour of reception.

2. No one shall be admitted to profession simply because the novitiate has expired. If the year of the novitiate showed fickleness of character, habitual sloth or any passion which sooner or later may bring disgrace upon the Third Order, the novice should be at once told that he, or she, will not be admitted. In less important failings the novitiate may be extended, or some other means taken to compel a thorough reform before the vows are made.

3. Both reception and profession should always take place in the presence of all the members of the Third Order, and not secretly.

4. We shall have occasion later on to speak of the active and passive vote.

5. As the members rank according to seniority in the Third Order, those who make their vows on their supposed death-bed, and afterwards renew them, are to be classed by their renewal, not by the day on which they anticipated the vows.

### CHAPTER IV.

*On the Subjection to the Order and on Obedience.*

The Tertians shall be subject to the direction and correction of the Superior in things regarding the rules and statutes and their own salvation, without infringing upon the rights of the parish church: to

attend the services should be their great care, that thus having chosen a more perfect life they may also give good example to others. They should therefore be always eager to assist at the sacred instructions given in their own parish church and in the churches of the Order, unless legitimately excused. Regarding the confessor, there is no necessity that he belong to the Order, but they can freely confess their sins to any approved confessor who may further their spiritual advancement.

Above all, they should appreciate highly and in truth practice obedience, which Jesus Christ loves so dearly that for its sake He came down from heaven to earth, taking it for a spouse at His birth and wishing to have it for an inseparable companion until His death on the cross. They should pay due respect to the superior and director, as also to the prioress; they shall obey them humbly, beholding in the superior, director or confessor Jesus Christ Himself, and in the prioress the Blessed Virgin, so that hearing them they should imagine they hear Jesus Christ or the Blessed Virgin.

They should never of their own will undertake anything, however good, nor prefer to holy obedience anything, however good it may appear, for obedience is their vocation and an obedient person does not sin, is not judged and cannot be reproved. St. Teresa wisely says that though the superiors may err in commanding, the subjects never deceive themselves in obeying.

Obedience in general is a virtue necessary to all Christians in order to obtain life eternal: it is especially necessary to persons professing a spiritual life and bound by vow or promise, as the Tertians are, having pledged their obedience as a certain means for obtaining Christian perfection, To avoid all scruples of conscience the Tertians must know to whom and in what they have to obey, and what kind of sin they commit if they fail in obedience.

In the formula of profession they promise obedience to God, the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel and the most reverend General of the Carmelite Order. They promise obedience to God (as well as chastity) because a vow is an act of religion due to God alone: they promise to the Blessed Virgin as the special mother and patroness of the whole Order: they promise to the most reverend General of the Order in order to form but one family under the same head, and thus partake of the spiritual advantages accruing to the family of Carmel.

In virtue therefore of such a promise all the Tertians are obliged to obey, with humility, the superiors of the Order, and especially to those appointed to the government of the Third Order, *i. e.*, the father Director. They have to obey in all the things concerning their salvation and perfection according to the rules and statutes, but not in matters of temporal possession, over which the superiors have no power whatever.

They have also to obey their confessor, who, as said before, need not necessarily belong to the Order: hence they shall inform him of their duties enjoined by rule and show him the Rule, so that he may be enabled to direct their soul in conformity with the requirements of the same.

The different rules do not bind under sin, but the Tertians sin against the vow of obedience when they disobey through contempt of the rule, as also, when the superior commands them "in virtue of holy obedience, in the name of the Holy Ghost," or makes use of a similar expression. If he commands in writing, the command binds under mortal sin.

1. The essence of obedience consists in the submission of judgment and will. The vow of obedience is therefore a solemn pledge to be guided by the rules and special directions of the superior in all things that fall under the scope of the vow. But obedience fails to be a virtue unless it is truly internal, blind, punctual and cheerful. The mere outward compliance with a command would not be virtue. We bind ourselves always to act as if the order received had originated within our own intellect and heart, and this not to please the superior, but God.

2. In doubt whether an order falls within our vow, the decision stands with the superior, who must be supposed able to judge, and to be conscientious in using his authority. At all events, it is safer and more profitable to the soul to obey, even if the doubt would favor the subject, since no one is fit to act as judge in his own case.

3. The subject-matter of the vow is so clearly indicated in the different chapters of the rule that it is not necessary here to

go into detail. All that bears upon the soul, and consequently may lead us to sin or virtue, is comprised within the vow, whilst questions of property, employment, relation to members of the family, choice of a state of life, etc., is foreign to it. In case the director is consulted in such matters, his answer will be an advice, not a command.

4. If the director is not at the same time the confessor, the jurisdiction of the latter is purely one in conscience, whilst the director alone has the external government of the Third Order and the right to enforce the rule, to admonish, reprimand and punish. Let an example illustrate this principle: The confessor allowed his penitent to receive holy communion, whilst at the same time the director for one or the other reason forbids the same person to receive. Who is to be obeyed? *The director.* The permission of the *confessor* only means that on his side, that is in conscience, there is no objection, whilst the director using his power of correction imposes abstention. The confessor only gives a permission, the director gives a command, against which the permission will not prevail.

PIUS R. MAYER, O.C.C.

## Miraculous Infant of Prague.

A BEAUTIFUL and touching ceremony took place at the Carmelite convent in Boston lately. It was the consecration of about 200 children to the Infant Jesus under the title of the Miraculous Infant of Prague.

"Devotion to the Holy Infancy has ever been the devotion of the greatest saints," says a writer in the Boston *Pilot*.

"The love of Carmel for the Infant Jesus is exceptional in its constancy and fervor, and is traditional in the order. St. Teresa always carried with her on her Foundations a statue of His Infant Majesty, and He is the Presider at the ceremonies of the taking of the habit and profession, and is honored especially in the novitiate. In many monasteries the twenty-fifth day of each month is dedicated to His honor by special prayers and devotions. Many venerable Carmelites have been chosen by Our Lord to develop and promulgate this devotion throughout the entire church, as for example the Venerable Sister Margaret of the Blessed Sacrament, a Carmelite, who died in the odor of sanctity at Beaune, France, in 1648, and whose entire life was passed in contemplation of the mysteries of the Holy Infancy. She was the instrument raised up by God for the establishment of an Archconfraternity of the Infant Jesus, the end of which was to pay homage to our Lord Jesus Christ in the first twelve years of His life, that the young might be drawn to the practice and imitation of the virtues of the Holy Childhood, and thus renew in the world the innocence and simplicity of the Kingdom of God, which the malice and duplicity of the world aims to destroy.

"Surely at this age, and in our own country, we have no less need of the attractive graces of the Holy Child than in France in the seventeenth century. It is for this reason, and urged by this necessity, the Carmelites of Boston have determined to pay special homage to the Infant King. With great care and trouble they procured in Europe, through the kindness of a friend, an exact representation of the miraculous Infant of Prague. They also obtained a number of medals and pictures which had touched the miraculous image and which were distributed on the day of the consecration. May they be the means of drawing many graces and blessings upon the homes of those present at the ceremony and spreading the love of the Holy Child! Among the practices recommended for the consecrated children we find the following in the 'History of the Infant of Prague': First, the children should endeavor to ratify by their sweet and amiable conduct, and by the frequentation of the Sacraments according to their age, the sentiments expressed in their Act of Consecration. Second, morning and evening they should ask the blessing of the Infant Jesus by this prayer: 'Holy Infant Jesus, bless us,' which is engraved upon their medal of consecration, which they should faithfully wear. Third, if possible, they should recite daily the "Little Chaplet," which may be obtained at Carmel, with the instructions for saying it. Fourth, it would be well to have in the house a statue of the Divine Infant, that the little ones might be reminded to renew their offering from time to time, and especially on the 25th of each month, when they should be encouraged to burn a light or place a few flowers before His shrine. We would urge upon parents the necessity of cultivating in the hearts of their children the love of the dear Infant God, and the practice of the childlike virtues of obedience, humility and simplicity, and we conclude with the words of the Chronicler of Carmel, 'Happy a thousand times happy, are the children placed under the protection of the Infant Jesus.'"

IT won't do any good to paint the pump if there is poison in the water.

# Shrines of Our Lady

Written for the Carmelite Review by the Rev. Ambrose F. Bruder, O. C. C.

CONTINUED

TRUE devotion to Mary is the source of the choicest blessings that the divine goodness showers upon us. Through her we obtain those graces and benefits which her divine Son acquired for us through His bitter passion and death, and which are so necessary to attain eternal salvation. Let me repeat, Mary is not the origin, but the channel through which God's graces and favors flow upon mankind. Hence it is, that the saints had for Mary such a true, sincere, yes, let me say it, really wonderful love and veneration.

Mary herself entered into the most intimate relations with her devotees, appearing to them during their life, and being at their side when they breathed forth their souls into the hands of their Creator, conducting their souls before the judgment seat of her Son.

The apparitions with which our Blessed Lady favored so many saints are facts which cannot be gainsaid. The saints did not desire or pray for such favors, at least not as a rule; they considered themselves unworthy of such a grace, and when they were thus favored, they disclosed these heavenly manifestations only upon being enjoined to do so by obedience, and never did they by these communications try to reflect glory upon themselves, but gave all honor and glory to God alone, at the same time keeping in view the salvation of souls.

It is, however, precisely this deep humility, this childlike obedience, the zeal for the honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls, that afford us the strongest reasons for our belief in these heavenly apparitions.

It may be asked, however, are Catholics obliged to believe these apparitions of our Blessed Lady, under pain of sin?

I answer, decidedly *no*, even though they may have been approved of by the Holy See. But before going further, let me state that the question is answered as it is put, namely, as to the obligation of believing under sin. We are not obliged to credit them, always providing we be not wanting in due respect to authority, if our want of faith be not a contempt for lawful authority.

Apparitions, manifestations, visions, etc., are not articles of faith; every Catholic is allowed to examine them, and if the motives of credibility are strong enough, to credit them, or otherwise to respect them, if he cannot be convinced. This much for strict obligation. As a rule, however, we find that Catholics do not easily discredit heavenly apparitions and manifestations, especially after the Holy See has once signified its approval, for it is with us in these things as it is in matters of faith and morals, and we make use of the same expression that was used in the days of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine: *Roma locuta, causa finita.* We think that there is no occasion for further dispute, when a question has once been examined and decided by Rome. The same arguments hold good with regard to the miracles wrought at the Shrines of our Lady.

As long as the Church exists, miracles have always been wrought in her bosom. We have as proofs for this assertion the express promise of Jesus Christ, which is strengthened by the history of the Church from the days of the Apostles to our own times. Miracles are proofs of divine power, love and goodness: they are wrought either to prove the faith, or to strengthen one in it, or also as a reward of confidence in God. They are wrought either immediately by God, or immediately in the name of God, through the prayer and intercession of His saints.

We know of miracles wrought at the tombs of the Apostles, we know of miraculous happenings at the Shrines of our Lady. The holiest and most learned men bear witness to these facts.

However, the Catholic need not accept as indubitably miraculous every unusual occurrence at the Shrines of our Lady: at the same time he is very cautious in denying their supernatural character. We Catholics ought always to judge with humility and prudence: in our scrutiny we keep before

us the honor and glory of God and the greater good of souls. We never doubt that our Lord, who at the intercession of His Mother, wrought His first miracle, should at the earnest entreaty of this same Mother continue to succor the oppressed and afflicted. Mary can do this, her power with God testifies to this, she actually did do so, and to prove this we have thousands of testimonies.

With justice, therefore, are such places where Mary manifests her power and love, called shrines, sanctuaries of *grace*, not as if *grace* could be obtained *only* in such places, but because He who is the author of grace especially delights in enriching His children with this priceless treasure at places where His own Mother is particularly honored.

Thus we know that God who is omnipresent, manifests His power, goodness and love in certain places more so than in others: we know from the Old Testament that He granted the Israelites most of His favors in the temple, or where the Ark of the Covenant happened to be for the time. Thus we know that Our Lord wrought miracles at places where He found most faith, that His gifts of grace are, as it were, attached to certain visible signs. We read that the shadow of Peter cured the infirm—Acts v. 15: those possessed by the evil spirit were delivered by being touched by some garment belonging to Paul—Acts xix. 12.

Now, as in those cases, so it is with pictures of the Blessed Virgin, so it is with her shrines and sanctuaries, they are only the means which God uses to communicate His graces to such as ask Him with faith and confidence, relying on the intercession of Mary, and it is to glorify His Son's Mother, and to reward the faith of her clients, that God so frequently manifests His power in Mary's shrines.

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Always give good example—teach virtue by word and action. Example is more eloquent than any discourse—Blessed Henry Suso.

There is nothing of which apostolic men have more need than interior recollection, in order not to endanger their own salvation whilst seeking that of others.—St. Ignatius.

# OUR LADY IN CANADA.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

CATHOLIC Canada has been ever the country of Mary. The early missionary chronicles contain innumerable instances of sublime devotion to the Mother of God, even on the part of the newly converted Huron, Iroquois or Algonquin. The Scapular and the Rosary became to these wild children of the forest emblems of sweetness and of light. Men and women formed themselves into confraternities and strove to merit by their conduct, no less than by the fervor of their prayers, the favor of the Queen of Heaven. Mission after mission was placed under the sacred invocation of Our Lady, or commemorated some mystery of her life. Rivers bore that holy name into the hearts of wild forests, lakes proclaimed it in mountainous stillnesses. Trapper and voyageur joined with missionary and neophyte in singing canticles in praise of her whom all generations cease not to call blessed.

Champlain, the founder of Quebec, celebrated his conquests over the English by the erection of a church to Our Lady of Victory. Maisonneuve, and in founding upon the St Lawrence his City of Mary, delayed not to proclaim himself her knight. The defence of this latter settlement against the Iroquois was carried on by a band of men called "The militia of Mary," seventy in number, in honor of the years of that Holy Mother's life. Many of them died gloriously, for it was their vow to accept no quarter, and the places they left vacant were instantly filled by the flower of Canadian manhood.

Mary, then, was the inspiration alike of the martyr missionary and the scarcely less heroic soldier patriot, pioneer and neophyte.

In our own day devotion to Mary is still paramount. Up through the wilds of the Northwest, Oblate and Jesuit have borne her name triumphantly, and affixed it to solitary spots in the depths of wildernesses. It has been brought into the rude life of the shanty-men, and has sounded above the shrill whistle of the engine, bugle call as that is of material civilization.

In Toronto Our Lady of Lourdes has her temple, whilst at Niagara Falls stands the Sanctuary of our Lady of Peace and Our Lady of Carmel. Montreal is still, however, emphatically the City of Mary. She has her "Notre Dame de Bonsecours," rebuilt upon the site of the first stone church on the Island of Montreal. Upon the altar is the miraculous statue, with its ships and hearts, the ex-votos of faith and gratitude. And she has her superb Notre Dame, occupying the chief square in the centre of the commercial activity for which the city is growing famous, to which a new and costly chapel, exquisitely decorated, has been recently added. Within Notre Dame is the Shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, and there is also a beautiful marble statue, sent thither by his Holiness, before which one may gain an indulgence, by the recital of three Hail Marys.

The Gesu, church of the soft and neutral tints, the Shrine of the Sacred Heart for the Dominion of Canada, has its "Lady of Liesse." This statue, of which the wonderful story has grown familiar, was brought thither from France, as a most precious favor to Canadians. Long ago, two young crusaders, praying in their Saracen prison, received from heaven a statue of Our Lady, and by her aid were miraculously transported to their own country. The history of the church built upon the spot, and of the pilgrims who thronged thither are truly marvellous. At last it was destroyed by fire, but the head of the statue, which was preserved, is now in the Gesu, and the present statue contains also the ashes of the first.

The Gesu has been newly enriched by a statue of Our Lady of Deliverance, placed upon the altar of the Holy Souls. Its significance is obvious.

The Jesuits' new church in Rachel street is called the "Immaculate Conception," and one of the most flourishing and important of Montreal's parishes is under the patronage of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Our Lady of Lourdes has her own shrine, a fitting one, frescoed by the foremost of French Canadian artists, M. Bourassa. In a niche above the altar stands the figure of the Blessed Mother, with the light so arranged as to let a glory fall around her, the effect being enhanced by a half drawn curtain of crimson.

At St. James, Our Lady of the Rosary is resplendent with stars, her foot upon the serpent's head, and this invocation brings to mind the splendid edifice which once stood upon the side of Mt. Royal, but which was recently consumed by fire. The Church of the Rosary promised to rank with the finest ecclesiastical structures upon the continent. It was also devoted to the work of reparation. It was built by the Congregation de Notre Dame, an Order expressly founded, with the foundation of the city, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. There, upon the Feast of the Rosary, was the image of the Queen of the Rosary carried in procession through the noble halls and corridors of the Mother-house of the Congregation, now, sad to say, a heap of ashes. But, in fact, the devotion to Our Lady assumes almost every form. In May, services are held every evening at all the parish churches, notably, perhaps, St. Patrick's, where the altar of Mary, resplendent with lights and tapers, is surrounded by a fervent multitude, whilst the congregation unite in singing familiar hymns to the "Mother of our Saviour blest."

So the pious tradition is carried on. The present, busy with its material interests, unites with the past, occupied as it was with more stirring events. The old figures, standing out from the pages of history are singing the self same song, though their voices sound dim to the ears, which those of to-day have caught up and re-echoed, and its burden is praise to Mary, the Mother of God.

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Although we should address everyone in terms dictated by politeness, we should not praise those present, unless we consider it proper to engage them to persevere in a good work, or to encourage timid souls.—St. Vincent de Paul.

Do not be out of heart at the ever-present consciousness of the weakness of your moral nature. It is well known, and better understood, and more closely scanned, by Him to whose perfection you are intimately united. Our weakness and our faults are left to abide in us that we learn the perfection of hating what God abhors.—Cardinal Manning.

## St. Joseph's Cult in the Carmelite Order.

FROM the dawn of the Christian era, devotion to the glorious St. Joseph has been cherished and practiced in the venerable Order of Mt. Carmel. The tradition is, that this great saint, with Jesus and Mary, often visited the holy solitaries who dwelt for ages on this famed mountain of Palestine, the cradle of the Order, and whence the religious—Brethren of Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel—derive their name of *Carmelites*. This tradition is very probable, as the Blessed Virgin owned possessions in Sephoris and Carmel, inherited from her mother, St. Ann; besides, Nazareth is only a short distance from the historic grotto of the prophet Elias, patriarch of the Carmelite Order and founder of Monasticism.

The children of the holy prophet were familiar with the exalted destiny of Mary and Joseph: one of their number, St. Senior, predicted the birth of the Immaculate Virgin—seventy-seven years before it took place. St. John the Baptist, precursor of the Messiah, who was clothed in the spirit and power of Elias, as declared by Our Divine Lord, lived in the vicinity of Mt. Carmel, and it is recorded that the first fruits of his preaching were the sons of the prophet Elias on Mt. Carmel, whom he led to Jesus Christ.

Father Valenzuella, a Barnabite, in his life of "St. Joseph," says, that at the betrothal of St. Joseph to Our Lady, when his rod blossomed, and all those of the other aspirants remained dry, one in particular, named Agabe, filled with grief and disappointment, broke his rod, and refusing to give his hand to any other Hebrew maiden save Mary, the fair virgin daughter of Joachim and Ann, retired to a lonely grotto on Mt. Carmel, where among the disciples of Elias he arrived at great sanctity, and built a chapel in honor of the Most Holy Virgin Mary. This incident is beautifully portrayed in Raphael's celebrated painting of the Espousals of Our Lady and St. Joseph.

Thus was sown in the very heart of Carmel the blessed seed that for centuries has thrived, and wafts its fragrance over the vast parterre of the Bride of the Lamb. The "Star of the Evening" would then rise radiently beside the "Star of the Morning"—Mary the peerless one—the brightness of both would beam upon our enraptured gaze: both henceforth radiate over the agitated sea of this world! Mary and Joseph would again be united on earth by a more glorious link as they now are on the heights of Heaven. * * *

As Mary, Joseph shall have his temples, his altars and his feasts. Like her, divers religious congregations shall be dedicated to him and placed under his beneficent protection. The year will recall *his month*, the week *his day*, pious practices in his honor will be as varied as numerous. We shall behold erected under his patronage, as to Mary, archconfraternities, associations, guilds, etc., without counting the Christian families of which he will be the publicly acknowledged protector and father.

And more, God's oracle on earth, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the immortal Pius IX, cries out to the ends of the earth: "Go to Joseph! Go to Joseph!"

He has placed the Church under the mantle of his patronage by a special feast, and in the great council of the Vatican, on the day of the Immaculate Conception of his most holy spouse (1870) declared him universal protector with raised privileges of that same Holy Church, that he might guard and shelter the mystical body of Christ from the new Herods of these later days!

But, "Joseph is a growing son," and this prophetic benediction, pronounced upon the ancient Joseph, we may hope to see realized in the second and more glorious Joseph, of whom the first was a type, until our eyes are dazzled by the aureole of his greatness and the splendor of his prerogatives. Centuries ago it was predicted that, towards the end of the world, God will draw aside the veil that has screened the marvels of the sanctuary of Joseph's soul and pure heart. The Holy Ghost will breathe its inspirations into the hearts of the faithful, urging them to exalt and proclaim the glory of St. Joseph, spouse of Mary and guardian of Jesus.

His feasts will then be celebrated with befitting *eclat*, in the calendar of the saints his name will be sung, and throughout the spiritual domain of St. Peter none will be more exalted than he, for neither power nor goodness are wanting in St. Joseph; being near to Jesus, Lord of the Kingdom of Heaven, and next to Mary, Queen and Mother, he shares in the infinite good of the one, and the quasi-power of the other.

# AN IDEAL FRIENDSHIP.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

CONTINUED.

E. LINDER TO OVERBECK.

ROME, May 9th, 1836.



F I spoke in my last letter of a possible deception, you must not overlook, that the standpoint which we take is such, that this trouble should not surprise you. You know that we are taught from our childhood to look upon Catholicism as a scaffolding which is interwoven with a great deal of man's work: and you certainly know too, that Catholics themselves represent their religion so that this or that appears one-sided. You added to your last letter a request which was hard and easy to fulfil: the request to go to a Catholic theologian and to have him answer my doubts. This is hard for me, inasmuch as I am not yet far enough advanced to give definite points to the discussion: it is a general feeling against that which in childhood has been represented to me as dangerous, and for which feeling I cannot find words to express myself. On the other hand, it was easy, as I know very excellent theologians, and enjoy talking with them on these subjects. I gave your letter to Professor Mohler, who told me later that he read it with tears in his eyes. Mohler is a very excellent man, and he gave me permission to come and see him whenever I wanted, and to place before him all my doubts. In reference to this, I am very lucky here at Munich: there are several priests in whom I have great confidence. O, do not weary in prayer for me, that God may guide and lead me to true knowledge, not the knowledge of the world, but to that wisdom the source from which flows life eternal. Do not neglect to send me from time to time a word of encouragement.

OVERBECK TO FRAULEIN LINDER.

ROME, Nov. 6th, 1836.

The more my obligations to you increase, the harder my conscience would accuse me, should I neglect the duty of love concerning the salvation of your soul. * * * A great deal I would like to add, but I will only request that you make the best use of the acquaintance of those Catholic men you met at Munich: for it is to the priests, as the successors of the Apostles, that our Lord has intrusted the net in order to fish men. My best prayer accompanies you. Do not forget to do the same for me. * * *

FRAULEIN LINDER TO OVERBECK.

MUNICH, November 28, 1838.

According to the request of many artists, I have decided to send your picture of the dying St Joseph to the Art exhibition. All I have heard about it has been most favorable: many persons were edified, amongst others, Schubert Professor of Philosophy told me that he was touched to tears. I suppose you have heard that the painter Althorn—(landscape painter, born at Hanover, 1796. In 1827-31 he lived in Italy. His wife died in 1841, and is buried in the duomo of Assisi. He himself died at Rome, 1857)—and his wife joined your church. What, probably, you don't know, is that I gave him some of your letters, which helped considerably to his decision, whilst they have not yet worked a clear and firm conviction in the one to whom they were addressed. But the ways of God are inscrutable. May everywhere His holy will be done.

OVERBECK TO FRAULEIN LINDER.

ROME, December 29th, 1838.

Certainly I rejoice over the good that through the grace of God is done in the dear fatherland, but I would prove ungrateful should I forget or ignore that which the same spirit does here. Virgins that accept no love other than that of the Divine bridegroom of their souls. We find among both sexes those who joyfully renounced riches and comforts in order to follow their Master: good shepherds, who without rest night or day, follow the sheep to bring them back to the good pastures of the Lord. Perhaps you had the same experience in Rome that so many, especially Protestants have had, that the treasures of the Church in Rome have remained hidden to you. That you saw only the dark side, which, of course, gives us cause to sigh. But, whoever sees, as I have, all these pious souls, and becomes acquainted with them, will surely tell you that one can learn a great deal in Rome, and that one does not feel tempted to change his dwelling-place.

EMILIE LINDER TO OVERBECK.

MUNICH, February 12th, 1839.

What you told me about the spiritual life of Rome made my soul rejoice: I never have doubted that such people lived in Rome, even without knowing the particulars. But you must own that these people remain unknown to strangers and travelers. The sensual and profane one meets in Rome, the centre of Christianity, makes itself keenly felt, and of much consequence. And many a thing, that grieved me when there, I heard not from strangers, but from the natives themselves. However, experience teaches us that the most perfect and the worst are found side by side, as the old adage says: "Next door to the Church of God the devil builds his chapel." Should I return to Rome I would like to become acquainted with the holier and deeper side, and that through you; it would be more important for me than all the galleries and art treasures, and would serve more to my salvation. May God's holy will be done!

P. S.—I come to ask you another favor, my dear friend, and you will surely grant it. Some days ago I heard that the brother-in-law of a very dear friend of mine (one of those virgins who left everything to devote herself to the sick and suffering) had died. Words of consolation are not of much use, but I am sure it would be a great relief and consolation to my friend if she knew that some masses were said for him in Rome. (His name was Hans von Bostel: he was a very earnest Catholic). Would you do this for me? I enclose you some money. I wish too you would have some masses said for the dear old Koch. I could not show him during his lifetime that I was his friend, so I would like to remember him in his death.

OVERBECK TO FRAULEIN LINDER.

Rome, June 26th, 1839.

I have to refer to your two last letters only with a few words about the masses for the souls in Purgatory. I did as you desired, and that with great joy. It is impossible that the good you did to these poor souls should not come back to you through the grace of God. I was so glad to hear that the painter Ahlborn had entered the fold of Christ's children. You write that he and his wife entered *my church*, because you have not yet learned that the Catholic Church, as such, is no one's church, but, in bringing the sheep one by one back to the fold, the promise is fulfilled that there will be one fold and one shepherd. May this knowledge soon be given to you, and may you participate in all the graces that this good shepherd gives. Most fervently I pray for this to our Divine Lord.

OVERBECK TO FRAULEIN LINDER.

ROME, Dec. 3rd, 1839.

I cannot tell you with what joy and pleasure I read in your letter that Professor Klee has become your teacher and guide. Why should you ignore in that a divine guidance? Or is your decision still uncertain after having been thoroughly instructed? We build upon the power of truth, which you cannot resist, and trust your honest good-will not to oppose it. If your instruction does not convince you, you are in no way bound to accept a teaching which you have not found true.

(The famous theologian Henry Klee died in July 1840, while her former instructor, Mohler, had died two years before.)

The continual exhortation of the painter in Rome had done some good. Shortly after Clemens Brentano died. Fraulein Linder followed his advice, and asked for instruction by a theologian who had been recommended to her by Cardinal Diepenbrock. This was the director of the priest's seminary at Munich, Dr. Fr. A. Dirnberger, whose acquaintance she had made at Regensburg. He was a thoroughly learned man, and later became Bishop of Eichstadt.

EMILIE LINDER TO OVERBECK.

REGENSBURG, Dec. 1st, 1843.

This time I bring joyous news. I know the interest you have taken in me, and I know that I can bring joy to your heart when I tell you I have become a member of the Catholic Church. God be praised! You told me so often to be instructed: you so often reminded me of the necessity thereof, but the time had not arrived. In the beginning of this year I met a priest who just came to Munich. He was a worthy man, and I had great confidence in him. Our conversations became more earnest, and his visits more frequent. Everything

came about in such a way that I had to tell myself that these were the quiet ways of Divine Providence. This lasted, with the exception of the vacation, until now. I had a great many combats with myself, until at last I could say decisively that I wished to enter the Church. Then everything became easier, and I desired to receive the sacraments as soon as possible. The day after the 4th of December I was confirmed, and entered the new Church-year as a true child of the Church, with joy and interior peace.

May God give me His grace that I may become more and more a true child of the Church, to His great honor and my own sanctification. I am visiting now a very dear friend, where I can live quietly and be undisturbed. If you see Ahlborn, tell him this news. God be with you.

Your devoted friend,

E. Linder.

We cannot close this chapter without adding a few words which the worthy Abbot Haneberg spoke over the open grave of Emilie Linder in the year 1867:

"The earnest dignity, purity of her whole being, as well as her active mind for religion and benevolence, inspired all those who came in contact with her with the greatest and sincerest admiration. One often thought that intercourse with these men (the most excellent German artists and learned men) had been the cause of her joining the Catholic Church. But she did it through the inner free conviction of her heart. With all her great kindness, she possessed so much independence and firmness of character, that no persuasion, not even that of her most clever friend, could have brought her to another course than that which she considered the way of truth and grace, which Jesus has opened to us."

## Why They Neglect the Easter Duty.

Why is this? Have you ever questioned yourself, you who have not complied with this law of love made for your own interest.? Why? In many cases from the most shameful indifference. Not indeed, from any positive and wilful desire to be at enmity with God, but because your heart and its desires are too much taken up with the folly and charms of your every-day life. Your heart is wrapped up in so many things that are indifferent in themselves. That really is why some people do not make their Easter duty. Then there are others—timid, weak, fearful souls—wavering between God and the devil, between the loftier aspirations of their souls and the lower cravings of nature, anxious and troubled souls, who want to set themselves right, but have not the courage of their convictions to take the step. Confession means so much to them. Shall they be forgiven, shall they persevere, shall they have the strength to fulfil all that the Easter duty involves? These are the questions that agitate their souls, and deprive them of the peace they honestly would wish to enjoy. To such we say: In the name of God take the step—do your duty, trust in God for the rest.

But there is still another set. O! may God soften their hearts, for their hearts are as hard as stone. Souls of men and women hardened by sin, corrupted by vice, which nothing but the extraordinary grace of God can soften or make whole.

For such the Easter duty means a great deal. It means the cutting loose from sin and from all that leads to sin, from all its occasions. Ah! that's the rub. If they could only be at peace with God, and at the same time not at enmity with the devil; if they could only kiss Christ, and yet embrace Judas; if they could only be fair without, and yet be corrupt within. But it cannot be.

It has simply come to this: the men and women who neglect to fulfil this commandment of the Church, whether through fear or timidity, or through a love for sin and its occasions, must stand before God as whited sepulchres, barren trees fit only for the fire.

It is absolutely necessary, either for our own advancement or the salvation of others, to follow in all things the beautiful light of faith.—St. Vincent de Paul.

If you wish to revenge yourself on your enemy, mortify your body, and bring it into subjection to the spirit, for it is a rebellious slave.—St. Francis of Assisi.

Never think you have attained the purity of heart which you owe to God, until your will is freely and joyfully resigned to His holy will in all things, even in the most repugnant.—St. Francis de Sales.

## POWER OF PRAYER.

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

—*Tennyson.*

In our last number there appeared a short article clipped from the Buffalo *Courier* headed "A Remarkable Case." We made no comments on the same. However, since going to press we have made inquiries, and the editor is pleased to be able to present below an extract from a letter sent to us by the wife of the person referred to:

"Wilmington, N. C., Feb. 2, 1894.

Dear Father—His (my husband's) death was a very happy one. He was sick only two weeks with la grippe. In his past life he did not believe there was a heaven or a hell, although he believed in some Supreme Being who rules the earth. But he was after all a man who had a good heart. * * * * * In Sunday School *I learned a prayer to the Blessed Virgin which I have never forgotten, and when in any trouble I always had great confidence in the Blessed Virgin Mary.* When my husband was taken sick I went on my knees and asked her to hear my prayer and change my husband's belief.

One day during his illness my husband called me to him and told me he could not live any longer. I at once sent for a priest. He came; my husband was surprised but glad to see him. I told the priest that he (my husband) was not a Catholic, but had always said he liked Catholic people, and would like himself to become a Catholic. Before he died the priest baptized him, gave him Holy Communion and anointed him. He lived three days after this. He was fully conscious until death. He told me that after being baptized, he felt as if a thousand pounds had been lifted from his heart. Just a week before his illness he had read a book belonging to infidels. When on his death-bed, he called me and told me to burn that *accursed book*, and warned me never to look at it. 'This book,' said he, 'is the cause of many a poor man and woman going to hell blindfolded.' I took the book and burned it as he told me. When night came, my husband became very low. I sent for the doctor and the priest. The chances were for the worst. The doctor felt his pulse and heart, and told me that the end was near at hand. I tried to get my husband to speak, and did all I could, but he was helpless. Then I knelt down at his side, and offered a prayer to our Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary to receive him, and to let his soul be at rest. The doctor took me out of the room and told me not to disturb him. I was outside of the door crying in the hall, when the priest ran to me, and told me to come at once. I went to my husband. He had arisen in bed. He looked at me and said: 'I have been dead three days, and *I have seen heaven and hell.*' The doctor told him to describe hell, and he said it was a 'horrible place of darkness.' He repeated this twice. Then the doctor asked him to tell what heaven was like. He said it was 'a beautiful place of light, and the angels were so beautiful that I cannot describe them.' He said, 'Our Saviour was waiting for him, and had allowed him to tell us all, and to prepare himself to go with Him.' He then kissed me 'good-bye,' and asked me 'not to call him back.' He said, he disliked leaving me, 'but Our Saviour was waiting for him.' He then prayed to our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. He said his prayers had saved him. He was sensible to the last. He then lay back in bed. He looked at me with a very strange look. I asked him to make a sign with his eyes if he was happy and going to heaven. He then closed his eyes and opened them again in a few minutes. He was gone forever. May his soul rest in peace!

Yours truly,

Mrs. Pasco Hodges."

## THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL.

I have seen a sunny garden
With its tenants sweet and fair,
And in childhood sip'd the nectar
From the honeysuckle there;
And the cosy little shelter,
Where the birds delight in song;
In all their little universe,
They never thought of wrong.

I have seen the lonely garden
When the wintry winds had blown,
With cruel, blighting bitterness,
Till the singers had all flown;
How the flowerets quickly faded
When the storm-fiend came to dwell,
And destroyed the sweetest treasures
E'er fed from Heaven's well.

So we each possess a garden,
Flowing o'er with gifts untold,
Precious soul of man, immortal,
His destinies will hold.
Should he let the demon enter
Ah, sad indeed his fate:
How in vain he pleads repentance
When alas! it is too late.

—*Stanly.*

One of the very best means of obtaining humility is sincere and frequent confession. —St. Philip Neri.

If you are in an abyss of weakness, relapses and misery, go frequently to the Heart of Jesus.—Blessed Margaret Mary.

# Carmelite Review.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, ONT., APRIL, 1894. NO. 4




**VERY REV. ALOYSIUS MARIA GALLI,**

Prior-General of the Order of Carmelites.

# CARMELITE GENERALS.

RELIGIOUS Orders might be aptly compared to a well disciplined army under the command of a general, who in his turn owes obedience to a commander-in-chief. There are several such armies in the Catholic Church. United in essentials, they have their own peculiar mode of warfare in the great and endless fight for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Soldiers of every nation, they are strongly united, and ever until death, ready to obey him to whom they have sworn allegiance for God's sake. 'Tis true, a few deserters may appear on rare occasions, but recruits are never wanting. As one after another goes before the Lord of Armies to receive an imperishable badge of glory, the deserted ranks are speedily filled with valiant volunteers. The individuality of each combatant is lost when he enlists, and the vast army acts as one man under the generalship of a head-superior, who in turn is accountable to his chief superior—the Sovereign Pontiff. In an army, the whole body is again subdivided into regiments under its colonels, and these again under its captains into companies. So with an Order. It is divided into what are called Provinces, under a superior—the Father Provincial. Each province is again made up of different communities, or priories, each of which has its prior, or superior, who again can appoint subordinate officers. We speak at present only of the Order of Mt. Carmel and its past and present generals, under whose leadership are united to a man, the members of its vast army be they in far off India, at the Antipodes, in the Canadas, in the bustling American metropolis, or on the Western prairies.

Very Rev. Aloysius Maria Galli, whose portrait appears on page 77, is the present Prior-General of the Order. He was elected at the General Chapter of the Order in Rome on October 17, 1889, by the votes of the representatives of the Order from all parts of the globe. The United States and Canada were represented by Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C., Provincial of the Province of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Our Reverend Father-General was born at Poggio, in Umbria, Italy, on March 28, 1842, his 52nd birthday occurring on the 28th of last month. He is hence in his prime, and can hope to see many active days devoted to the services of the Order. Father Galli received the holy habit of the Order on June 12, 1859. The residence of the General is the beautiful convent of St. Maria Transpontina, in close proximity to the Vatican. The Italian Government has taken possession of nearly all of this monastery, and uses it as a barracks. There now is a chance of our Mother house being located elsewhere in the Eternal City.

Personally, our Very Reverend Father-General abundantly enjoys nature's gifts. He has a magnificent physique and robust constitution. His duties are naturally onerous, having the care of the whole Order on his shoulders. To lighten his burdens he has an assistant, who also acts as the secretary for English-speaking Carmelites. Father-General's devotion to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and the welfare of her Order, knows no bounds. He is a man of great erudition, which was recognized by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., who appointed him a Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Although strongly attached to the traditions of his venerable Order, our Father-General is in touch with the needs of times and circumstances. He has visited most of our European monasteries, and in a very short time he is expected to visit the houses of the Order in this country.

Looking through the long list of predecessors of our present Father-General, we come to St. Berthold, the first general of the Carmelites. The Christian princes after having made themselves masters of the Holy Land under the command of Godfrey of Bologne, in the year 1099, St. Berthold, a native of France, and doctor of Paris, accompanied the army thither, for the purpose of visiting the holy places, and fixed his abode in Mt. Carmel among the hermits, who in the year 1141 assembled to hold their first Chapter, Aimericus, then patriarch of Antioch and the Pope's legate, was by the unanimous consent of all, chosen to preside over this meeting, in which St. Berthold was elected first general of the Latins or Europeans. Verner, a Carthusian, speaking of Aimericus, in his Chronicles of the Church, in the year 1141, says: "The

Order of Carmelites was revived and reformed by Aimericus, Patriarch of Antioch and Pope's Legate; and their first General was Brother Berthold, a holy man." From that time, all the hermits of Mount Carmel, Syria, and Palestine, have been subject to, and under the obedience of a prelate. This election of general was two thousand and sixty-seven years after our patriarch, St. Elias, instituted the Order of Mt. Carmel, and seventy years before the institute of the order of St. Dominic and St. Francis; and the reason why the Carmelite order has not the precedence of the others, is not, because it is said not to have been instituted and approved previous; on the contrary it was approved by Pope Stephen V. in the year 816, by Leo IV. 847, Sergius III. 907, John X. 913, John XI. 931, Sergius IV. 1009, Alexander III. 1180, and Innocent IV. 1199; but the reason why it has not the priority, or precedence, is, that the orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis were confirmed by a bull from the Pope in the year 1224, and the order of Carmel not for two years after, in 1226. St. Berthold was general of the entire order for the period of forty-six years; he died in the year 1187, aged 115, after having given the habit to many, and founded several convents.

St. Brocard, a native of Jerusalem, was unanimously chosen to succeed St. Berthold in the government of the order in the year 1118; he received into the order S. Cyril of Constantinople, and St. Angelus of Jerusalem, who foretold the stigmas of St. Francis, and the persecution of St. Dominic by the Albigenses; they in like manner prophesied to him the martyrdom which he afterwards suffered in the year 1220; he also invested with the holy habit St. Angela, daughter of the king of Bohemia, and prioress of the convent of St. Sepulchre in Jerusalem, the venerable Eusebius the Syrian, Jerom and Jeremy of Palestine, and Rodolph Fresbuno, who was in the first Provincial of England, whither he accompanied the Father General. In fine, he received into the order many others who rose to the dignity of Archbishops and Patriarchs. In the year 1205, he received from the patriarch, St. Albert, (who was then in Tholomada, where he retired from Jerusalem, which was at that time under the yoke of Saladin from the year 1187,) the Rules, an abridgment of those which were given him by John Silvan, of Jerusalem, as is testified by *Waldensis*, in these words: "The Order of Carmelites first obtained the Rules from John the Carmelite and Patriarch of Jerusalem, written in Greek, which were abridged by St. Albert, who was also patriarch of said place, and are the same now used and observed by the order, confirmed by Popes Honorius III. in the year 1226, by Gregory IX. and Innocent IV."

St. Cyril of Constantinople, a man of profound erudition, was elected general in 1221. About this time the Order began to suffer great diminution, occasioned by the Saracens, who were then laying waste the country of Palestine, which circumstances obliged them to seek an asylum in Europe, where in a short time more than thirty convents were founded. St. Cyril died in the year 1224.

Fr. Berthold, of Lombardy, was chosen to succeed him. In the same year he obtained from Pope Honorius, the confirmation of the Rules and office of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, and appointed St. Simon Stock, Vicar General of the European convents. This holy man died in 1231, being seven years General.

St. Alan, a man of great sanctity, and a native of England, was elected General in 1231. He held a general Chapter in Mount Carmel in the year 1237, at which permission was given to the religious to travel into Europe. He came to England in the year 1240, appointing in his absence the venerable brother Hilarion, Vicar of the convents of Syria and Palestine; and in the year 1245, he convened the first general Chapter in Europe, at Ailsford, where he resigned the office of General to St. Simon Stock, and retired to his convent of Colonia, where he died in 1247, after having founded many convents.

Fr. Philip, O.C.C.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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One of the greatest heroes of life is the man who has the nerve to get up early in the morning.

The more the man who builds on the sand invests in his house the worse it will be for him.

Contrition is our hope for the past, our watchword for the present, our safeguard for the untried future.

# On Saint Teresa's Footsteps.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

CONTINUED.

WRITING of the Monastery of the Incarnation, Saint Teresa says: "Though in that house in which I then lived there were many servants of God, and God was served therein, yet because it was very poor, the nuns left it very often, and went to other places where, however, we could serve God in all honor and observances of religion. The Rule also was kept, not in its original exactness, but according to the custom of the whole Order, authorized by the Bull of Mitigation. There were other inconveniences also. We had too many comforts as it seemed to me; for the house was large and pleasant. But this inconvenience of going out, though it was, and that took most advantage of it, was a very grievous one for me; for many persons, to whom my superiors could not say no, were glad to have me with them."

Gradually the idea gained upon her of bringing her order back to its primitive austerity. Difficulties innumerable arose before her, but she triumphed over them all, and the result was the foundation of the Monastery of St. Joseph in Avila, the oldest convent of Discalced Carmelite Nuns in the world.

Among the friends who supported her at this gravest period of her life, the name of the Dominican, Father Pedro Hanez, stands prominent. Some years ago I wrote of Father Hanez: "His services were of the highest order, and they ought never to be forgotten by the daughters of St. Teresa, among whom the name of Father Pedro Hanez deserves to be held in veneration as long as the Order of Carmel exists."*

It may be interesting to you, reader, to pay a visit to the venerable Monastery of the Dominicans near Avila. To reach it, return to the town from the Convent of the Incarnation, cross it outside the walls, and take the straight road leading south, it will bring you to the Monastery of St. Thomas. This religious house was founded in 1482, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and here lies buried their only son, Prince Juan, who died in Salamanca in 1497, at the age of 19. Within the transept railing, beneath an exquisitely sculptured monument of white marble, repose the mortal remains of the last male descendant of the ancient royal houses of Castile and Arragon, and, consequently of the early Visigothic kings of the Peninsular. With the death of Prince John, the house of Austria succeeded to the throne of Spain. On her visits to this Church, the Saint of Avila must have frequently breathed a prayer for the soul of the youthful scion of the two illustrious houses of her country.

It was, no doubt, in this church, that the vision took place of which she speaks in the thirty-third chapter of her life, in which she beheld the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph clothing her with a garment of dazzling whiteness.

The convent of St. Joseph was established in 1561, with the aid of a virtuous lady of the family name of Guyoman, and with that of Juana de Ahumada, a sister of the Saint, whose tomb we shall, hereafter see, at Alba de Tormes. Although I have followed an order more in accordance with the life of St. Teresa, the convent of St. Joseph was the first place I visited in Avila connected with her memory. It was still early when I reached the city among the hills, and the keen morning air sent a chill through my frame as I stepped out of the train. After a brief visit to the Cathedral, I went in quest of an American lady from Boston, who is now a resident of Avila, and for whom I had a letter of introduction. The lady is well acquainted with the Discalced Carmelite Nuns, and she kindly sent her servant to accompany me to the convent. I had wished to have an interview with the prioress, but an established custom prevented the fulfillment of this desire, for Discalced Carmelite Nuns in Spain do not go to the parlor on their communion days, and this happening to be one, I was deprived of the pleasure of speaking to the successor of St. Teresa. However, I saw all of the convent and church that an outsider is permitted to see.

Returning from the Monastery of Santa Tomas, on reaching the city, bear slightly to

* *The Rosary*, August 1892, p. 291.

the right, and you are at the venerable convent of Las Carmelitas Descalzas, called also *el convento de las Madres*, the convent of the Mothers. The venerable building stands there now, more than three hundred years, and within its garden there is a nut tree said to have been planted by Saint Teresa herself. Some of its fruits were given to me as relics by the Sister to whom I spoke through the "turn." There are two churches attached to this convent: one, the original chapel built by St. Teresa, and the other a more spacious church that was erected after the death of the Saint. It was through the grating of the former that the Saint of Avila frequently received Holy Communion. There, as Yepez relates, she was rapt in ecstacy when receiving Holy Communion from the hands of the Bishop, Don Alvarez de Mendoza. In the larger church lies buried Lorenzo de Capeda, brother of Saint Teresa. Although more than three hundred years passed since the convent of St. Joseph was founded, its fervor seems not to have diminished, and the recollection of their saintly Mother keeps alive in the hearts of her daughters the flame of religious perfection. In this house Saint Teresa spent five years, before she founded a second monastery.

Like so many other interesting cities in Spain, Avila is quite neglected by tourists, although it is one of the most picturesque towns of the Peninsula. I spent within its walls a most pleasant day, one that shall not soon fade from memory's eye, and when many more exciting scenes shall be buried in the grave of oblivion, that day shall still stand forth in bold relief, and vivid outlines formed by that potent faculty of the soul that we call memory. I see it still, oh! so clearly, bathing in the mild rays of a fair Castilian sun, and as the shades of evening lead it onward to the night, I see in fancy's eye the grand old cathedral, with its monuments and tombs, the sturdy walls that have stood the test of ages, the silent streets, the *plazas*, the picturesque groups of loiterers, but, above all, the convent of the Discalced Carmelite friars of the Incarnation, and the monastery of St. Joseph. Many things I shall forget, but Avila de los Caballeros, shall not soon be forgotten.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FIDELITY, filial piety, chastity and uprightness diffuse fragrance through a hundred generations.—CONFUCIUS.

# The Catechism
## OF MOUNT CARMEL,

BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

### CHAPTER III.
*The Mother of Mount Carmel.*

Q. How did the Blessed Virgin show herself to be the Mother of the Carmelite Order?

A. In many ways: (1) by calling saints to the Order, and forming them into sanctity, as worthy children of such a mother. (2) By procuring for the Order all that was necessary for its life and existence, as we have seen in the foregoing chapter. (3) By clothing her children with her own hands in the sacred livery of the Scapular. (4) By protecting them against all evil during life and after death. No mother could do more for her children than the Mother of God does continually for her children of Carmel.

Q. What saints were called to the Order of Mount Carmel by the Blessed Mother of God?

A. Nearly every saint of the Order was called to it in a special manner by the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel.

Q. Can you mention a few of them?

A. Of those who are canonized and beatified we have authenticated records, approved and ratified by the Church. I shall therefore confine myself to some of these.

The fifth lesson in the matins of the feast of St. Cyril of Constantinople, on the 6th of March, states that this great saint was admonished by the Blessed Virgin to leave Constantinople and to proceed to Mount Carmel, there to join her Order. St. Cyril, after having distributed all his possessions among the poor, took sail for the shores of Syria, and having arrived at Mount Carmel joined the Religious, whom he found there, took the habit of the Blessed Virgin — and making himself most pleasing to God by his fasts, prayers and charitable works, was deemed worthy of divine revelations.

Q. How was St. Angelus called to the Order?

A. St. Angelus was born in Jerusalem of noble parents, who had been converted from Judaism by a vision of the Blessed Virgin. The Mother of God appeared to them and exhorting them to abjure the perfidy of the Hebrews and to be baptized, promising them that as a reward of their faith they would have two holy sons. She mentioned their names — Angelus and John. The two brothers became Carmelites, and St. Angelus was canonized.

Q. How did Blessed Francus, the great penitent of Sienna, receive his call to the Order.

A. The Carmelite Breviary, in the lesson of his feast, on the 17th of December, states that the Blessed Virgin appeared to Francus, and showing him the Carmelite habit, exhorted him to wear this dress by joining the Order of Mount Carmel. Francus applied to the Prior of the monastery of Sienna for admission, which was granted, and on the day of his reception, an angel brought the habit, with which he was invested.

Q. Were not St. Albert of Sicily and St. Andrew Corsini favored in a similar manner?

A. Yes; both were destined for the Order by the Blessed Virgin herself.

The parents of St. Albert, Benedict de Abbate and Joanna, after having been married for twenty-six years without offspring, made a vow to the Blessed Virgin that if their prayers were granted, and they should obtain a son, they would dedicate him to her service in the monastery of Mount Carmel at Drepani. Their prayers were heard, and before the birth of our saint his mother in a dream beheld a vision indicative of her son's future sanctity.

St. Andrew Corsini, of the old noble family of the Corsini, was also a child of prayer. He, too, had been vowed to the Order of the Blessed Virgin. His mother, before his birth, dreamed that she gave birth to a wolf, which upon entering the church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, was changed into a lamb. St. Andrew, who in his youth was inclined to take part in the follies and vices of the young noblemen of his time, upon hearing of this consecration to the Blessed Virgin, went to the Carmelite church and before the statue of Our Lady determined to change his life and become a member of the Order of Carmel. He entered the monastery of Florence and became one of the most illustrious saints of the Order.

Q. Why did St. Simon Stock become a Carmelite?

A. When St. Simon applied to Blessed Alanus, who was the Prior of monastery at Aylisford, in Kentshire, to be received into the order, he told the monks that fifteen years before they came to England, while he was leading a life of a hermit in the hollow trunk of a tree, the Blessed Virgin had foretold their coming. She furthermore ordered him to join her Brothers as soon as they would be established in England. This great servant of Mary obeyed her maternal command, and as a reward for his fidelity, received from her own blessed hands many years afterwards, the great gift of the Scapular.

St. Avertanus of Limoges was advised to join the Order by an angel. On the day on which he received the habit, immediately after the ceremony, he fell into a ecstacy, which lasted for several hours, and in which the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by angels, appeared to him and assured him of her special love and protection.

St. Teresa, as is well known, had frequent proofs of the love of the Blessed Virgin for her Order. In her book of "Foundations" she ascribes the vocation and sanctity of Father Jerome Gratiano and St. John of the Cross to the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel.

It is impossible to mention all the instances in which holy persons were clearly and unmistakably called to her Order by Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The instances given above from the lives of our more prominent saints are sufficient to prove that Our dear Lady is the true mother of Mount Carmel.

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ANY of our readers desirous of obtaining medals of St. Albert, the patron of those in physical distress, should send their orders to the Carmelite Monastery, 134 Barrack street, New Orleans, La. We shall say more about these medals in our May number.

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IN the work of salvation, we must employ against the enemy the weapons with which he strives to destroy us.—ST. IGNATIUS.

THIRD ORDER OF

# Mount Carmel.

By the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

## Rules and Statutes for the Tertians of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

### CHAPTER V.

*On Chastity.*

THE vow of chastity, as understood in the Rule, binds according to the state of the person making the vow. Hence a single person is bound by it to virginal chastity, a married person to conjugal chastity, and a widow to continency. The Rule, however, does not hinder anyone from changing the state of life. This refers to both brothers and sisters of the Third Order. This vow, as is known to all, elevates and increases the merit of virtue, as its violation on the other side by thought or deed renders the sinner guilty of the twofold sin of incontinency and sacrilege. If it should ever happen that a Tertian were convicted of such a sin, he should be at once expelled. This expulsion frees him from the obligation of the Rule and of the simple vows, as the latter are made according to this Rule.

In case, however, that anyone has added to the ordinary vow according to the Rule, his own special and voluntary vow never to change the state of life, this obligation, being above and therefore independent of the vow of the Third Order, would still remain in force after the expulsion, since the intention was to bind the person until death.

It is clear, that like all the faithful, the Tertians are free to make such a vow, and it is a praiseworthy thing, recommendable, but not commanded, yet the superiors or directors should be very reserved in recommending, allowing and receiving such vows, especially in regard to girls or young widows, in order that they may not in the course of time regret their vow and give scandal to the whole Order.

Whatever way the vow has been made, in order to guard and observe chastity as it becomes persons honored with the title of brothers and sisters of the Blessed Virgin, it is necessary never to say or do anything which does not breathe the sweet odor of chastity. They should close their eyes to vanities and their ears to unbecoming jests and merriments. They should guard their tongues against words too free, vain or ambiguous, in a word they should sweetly restrain their senses according to the advice of the Holy Ghost: "Guard thy heart with all watchfulness, because life issueth out from it."—Prov. iv, 23.

In order to preserve intact the beautiful lily of holy purity, it is moreover necessary to mortify the body by penance. However, this is to be done reasonably and discreetly, subject to the judgment of the confessor or director.

*1. All that is forbidden or commanded by the sixth and ninth commandments of God is the subject matter of the vow of chastity. If, therefore, made by a single person, it amounts to a vow of perfect chastity as long as such person remains single. The same holds good in case of a widow as long as she is a widow. But as the Rule says, the vow does not forbid a change of life, and hence in case of marriage will not interfere with the legitimate rights of marriage, but continue to bind in every other point.*

*2. If a Tertian wishes to bind himself in this matter beyond the tenor of the vow of the Third Order, due regard must be had to the distinction between the vow of virginity and chastity, as the former only binds to remain unmarried, and is consequently broken only by marriage, whilst the latter comprises all the thoughts, words and deeds contrary to purity, rendering such sins sacrileges.*

*3. No perpetual vow should be allowed to young people. The ground covered by the vow according to the Rule is sufficient to lead a holy life and serve God in purity. People of mature age may make vows of virginity, or continued widowhood, after having consulted their confessor and obtained his consent.*

*4. Words and jests which would pass as proper enough in a man of the world may be scandalous in the mouth of a Tertian, whether invented by him or only repeated. Therefore all the Tertians ought to be very careful never*

*to choose for their conversation topics bordering upon this forbidden ground, otherwise they give scandal.*

## CHAPTER VI.

### *Of the Form of the Habits of the Third Order and on Dressing in General.*

The habit to be worn by the Tertians day and night consists of a Scapular of serge or woolen cloth of darkish brown color inclining to black, composed of two parts of one foot in length and nine inches in width, without ornaments or embroidery; the two parts of which for the brothers should be united like the Scapular of the Religious of the First Order, and for the sisters by means of white or colored ribbons. It must always be worn under the clothes, but not necessarily to the body. Nevertheless, if this habit would prove inconvenient during night or in time of sickness, or for other just motives, they can make use of the small Scapular instead. The leather belt, which is blessed and put on as a sign of chastity when the profession is made, should be worn during the day at least, and under the dress.

The Tertians are exhorted to honor the religious habit as a sign of their consecration to God and of their adoption as children of the most Blessed Virgin.

In regard to other garments the Tertians should dress according to their state and condition, avoiding anything conspicuous, and the sisters in particular should dress modestly. Notwithstanding this, the Rule requires that the Tertians in death should wear the entire habit. Those who have the means are advised to get a habit made in time and to request their relatives to dress them in it after death.

The sisters, moreover, should know that without creating excitement they can with ease conform themselves to the spirit of the Rule, by wearing, especially in the cold season, woolen dresses conforming in color, if not in cut to the habit.

If a brother takes the habit and makes his profession it is customary to bless and and invest him with a long habit of linen in lieu of the regular cassock, as also a cloak of white material on the shoulders in place of the mantle. Where there are a number of brothers they are allowed to wear these habits in processions and other public functions as a badge of the Order.

A sister taking the habit and making her profession has blessed and imposed on her shoulders the mantle of the Order and a white veil over her head.

*1. The complete habit of a brother consists of a brown cassock, leather belt, Scapular, white cloak and a rosary attached to the belt. To this is added for sisters a linen cap and white veil. We shall give the ceremonies and prayers of investment later on.*

*2. The larger Scapular, of which the VI. chapter of the Rule speaks, is generally worn as a night-Scapular, whilst during the day the Tertians content themselves with the small Scapular, worn by members of the confraternity. It may, however, be worn constantly, and should constantly remind the wearer of his election as a child of Mary of Mount Carmel and his corresponding duties. Thus even the habit becomes a weapon and a safeguard. The belt is worn according to the words of our Lord: "Let your loins be girt," and symbolises chastity. Many wear it at night as well as during the day.*

*3. The shroud, put upon the dead, is meant for the brown habit. But the different cut of the garment and supposed embellishments have changed the habit so as to make it unrecognizable. The Tertians should be careful to be clothed not only after, but in death with the habit made according to the Rule.*

*4. As to the ordinary street and working clothes, the social position of the Tertians has to be considered and no fashion is forbidden, if it does not violate modesty. Yet Tertians filled with the spirit of the Order and seriously determined to serve God and His blessed Mother will not ape every new fashion and bedeck themselves with loud colors and glittering tinsel. The exterior of a person indicates the interior. Where there is levity and frivolity in dress there is probably also levity of heart; on the other side, the heart's contempt of the world manifests itself also in a contempt for all the foolery the world is pleased to designate fashion. Simplicity and modesty ought to shape the dress.*

## CHAPTER VII.

### *Of the Interior Habits of Virtue and of Spiritual Weapons.*

Whilst the Tertians ought not to attach too much importance to the exterior dress and ornaments of the body, they should use every means to acquire the interior habits

of virtue, which are the ornaments of the soul.

They shall principally vest themselves with the sweetness, modesty and humility of Jesus Christ and give evidence of these virtues also in their exterior actions.

They should carefully avoid giving scandal by word or deed, and if any member offend his neighbor by injurious words, behave immodestly in public or in any other way give scandal or bad example, and after repeated admonitions should not amend, the superior or director shall erase his name in order that the Third Order be not disgraced by them.

If, on the contrary, the Tertians are unjustly offended, they should remember the example of Jesus Christ, who did good to His persecutors and bestows continual blessings on all, though they offend Him more or less.

The sisters in particular should esteem and cultivate modesty in dress and conversation and should not give way to an excess of curiosity, which seeks to know and see everything new in town or country.

They shall carefully watch the life of their domestics and set them a good example in their own actions. They should be present at the christian doctrine and devote themselves to the service of God, say their morning and evening prayers and offer up to God all their actions. Especially should they foster a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin and perform all the work of christian piety with fervor and diligence.

The Holy Ghost teaches us the truth, "that the life of man on earth is a continual warfare"—Job vii., 1; "that all those who wish to live piously in Jesus Christ will suffer persecution"—Tim. vii., 12; "that the devil, our adversary, goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour" —I Peter, v., 8. Hence the Tertians being pledged to this spiritual warfare must be solicitous to arm themselves strongly against such a powerful enemy.

In six ways principally does our adversary endeavor to overcome our miserable humanity:

1. He seeks, by mischievous, importune and indecent thoughts, to oppress our hearts.

2. He tries to turn the affections of the human heart from God to the vain appearances of the world.

3. He strives to render our faith barren through want of good works.

4. He tempts us to presumption on our own strength.

5. He does all in his power that the sword of the Holy Ghost,] which is the divine word, remain useless in the scabbard.

6. He endeavors to render our actions worthless by turning them from the right intention.

To overcome that infernal monster the Rule enjoins arming ourselves with the virtue of chastity, thus to draw upon us the favor of the God, who wished to be born of an immaculate virgin.

Not to give place in the heart to irregular and impure thoughts, the Rule commands that the heart be strengthened by chaste thoughts and directed to the joys of paradise, for the gospel says: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God"—Matt. v, 8. To prevent the heart from giving its love to objects not deserving it the Rule binds our Tertians to frequent acts of the love of God and the neighbor, so that in answer to the question of our Lord, if they love Him, they may reply with St. Peter: "Thou knowest, Lord, that I love Thee"—John xxi, 15. In order that their faith may not be unfruitful for want of good works their works shall constantly correspond to their faith according to the words of St. James: "Brethren, be ye doers of the word of God and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves."—James i, 22.

That in this spiritual combat no one may rely on his own strength the rule commands all to place their hopes in the aid of our most generous God.

To triumph over all temptations the Rule wishes that all shall not only attentively and assiduously hear the word of God, but also keep it in their hearts and use it in their familiar discourses.

In order finally that the works of the Tertians be not unprofitable the Rule commands every thing to be done in the name of God and for His glory. Nor should we ask for any other reward except the one asked for by the angelical St. Thomas: "I ask not for any other reward but Thee, O Lord."

Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

# The Mound Builders and Copper Workers.

BY VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

"The western hemisphere is only now beginning to be historical, yet it proves to have been the theatre of human life and of many revolutions of nations to centuries reaching back towards an antiquity as vague as that which lies behind Europe's historic dawn."—*Wilson's Prehistoric Man.*

ON June 10th, 1887, Mr. David Boyle, the Canadian Archaeologist, opened on the shores of Lake Erie, near the present town of Port Colborne, an *Ossuary* or Indian burial mound. A number of skeletons were exposed and fragraments of pottery, clay and stone pipes, flint arrow heads, stone axes, gouges and beads of Wampun were found among the bones. For more than two hundred years these relics of a once brave and populus nation, lay hidden in this huge grave, whose silent eloquence, stronger than words, told the melancholy story of a vanished people. In a hundred more years, in all probability, all save a few imperishable stone tomahawks, that the earth contains of the great nation of Attiwindarons will have entirely disappeared, returning to its parent dust. Archaeologists and students of prehistoric times almost unanimously agree that before the occupation of this continent by the American Indian another race of men more populous and civilized possessed the land. The great mounds of the Mississippi Valley, Indiana, Northern Ohio and Wisconsin, the carved pipes, the copper and iron weapons, and delicately wrought ornaments found in these mounds, the fortifications constructed on geometric lines indicating a knowledge of mensuration and engineering, point to an order of civilization much in advance of that of the Indian of history. These mounds and fortifications tell us that long prior to the obliterated forests and the Indians who roamed through them, there existed another people gifted with many of the characteristics belonging to nations of civilized tendencies. "Before the Indian hunter wandered there or the great river valleys were overshadowed with their ancient forests, nations dwelt in those valleys practising arts and rites which involve many germs of civilization." (Wilson's Prehistoric Man, page 259.) This ancient people constructed levees to hold in check and utilize the waters of the Wabash and Mississippi for the purposes of agriculture and irrigation. The number of mounds left by them surpasses belief. More than ten thousand tumuli and a thousand enclosures have been found in the State of Ohio alone.

After a careful study of these works it is impossible to resist the conviction that the builders possessed considerable knowledge of the science of defence. Their number and magnitude, the regular lines on which they were constructed lead up to the conclusion that the builders were a very numerous and powerful people.

The great mound of Cahokia, a truncated pyramid between East St. Louis and Alton, is ninety feet in height, while its squared sides are seven hundred and five feet respectively. On the south side of this mound was a terrace one hundred and fifty by three hundred feet, approached by a graded way. Its flattened summit was two hundred by four hundred and fifty feet, and in its construction marvellous ingenuity must have been used. This mound could not have been built without a knowledge of the regular scales of measurement and instruments for determining the angles, squares and circles. Furthermore, if the tablet that was found in a mound in Iowa be genuine, and many good authorities claim it to be so, then the Mound Builders must have possessed an alphabet or held intercourse with a poeple who did.* They also, it would appear, possessed an accurate system of weights, for from the arms of a skeleton found in one of their tumuli, were taken bracelets of copper of uniform size weighing precisely four ounces. Again take their defensive earthworks, the most extensive of which is probably that at Fort Hill, Ohio. This stronghold is on the summit of a hill five hundred feet above the bed of the river which flows by its sloping defences. The wall measures more than a

*North American of Antiquity — page 38.

mile and a half in length and encloses an area of forty-eight acres in extent, covered a few years ago with gigantic trees. One of them measured twenty-one feet and another twenth-three feet in circumference.

Lyell in his "Travels in North America" writes that eight hundred concentric circles were counted in one of the trees near this mound, and he is of the opinion that more than a thousand years have passed away since these works were constructed.

The authors of the "Ancient Mounds of the Mississippi Valley," who, acting under instructions of the United States Government, made very accurate and elaborate surveys, tell us that the earthworks of this prehistoric people are not only accurate squares and perfect circles, but are, in many cases, of corresponding dimensions, each square being 1,080 feet a side and the diameter of each of the larger and smaller circles a fraction over 1,700 and 800 feet. They add that this correspondence could not be the result of an accident, but goes to prove that these ancient people possessed a standard of measurement, means of determining angles, instruments and a knowledge of their use. The most advanced Indian tribes since the discovery of America showed no such intellectual development as that possessed by these people.

"The most skilful engineer of our own day," writes the author of 'Prehistoric Man,' "would find it difficult without the aid of instruments to lay down an accurate square on the scale of some of those described, enclosing an area four-fifths of a mile in circumference." Circles of moderate dimensions might indeed be constructed, so long as it was possible to describe them by a radius, but with such works measuring five thousand four hundred feet or upwards of a mile in circumference, these ancient geometricians must have had instruments and minute means of measuring arcs, for it seems impossible to conceive of the accurate construction of figures on such a scale, otherwise than by finding the angle by its area, from station to station, through the whole course of their delineation. It is no less obvious from the correspondence in area and relative proportions of so many of the regular enclosures, that the Mound Builders possessed a recognized standard of measurement, and that some peculiar significance, possibly of an astronomical origin, was attached to figures of certain forms and dimensions. That they possessed a crude knowledge of military engineering is evident from the remains of their fortifications, walls and ditches. How, for example, shall we account for the existence of their graded ways like unto that at Piketown, Ohio? Here an avenue has been excavated leading up to a considerable height, terrace after terrace and having a length of eighty feet and a width of two hundred and fifteen. From the earth taken from this approach, high embankments were constructed on each side of the ascent, which a few years ago were covered with trees of an enormous size. Further on earthworks were thrown up which, in their construction, point to a knowledge of defensive engineering.

Clark's Work on the North Fork of Point Creek in the Scioto Valley embraces in its main defences, and uniform rectangular outworks, an area of one hundred and twenty-seven acres. Here the bed of the river was changed to allow the builders freedom to carry out the original design and to admit of the completed circuit of the walls. When in 1842, excavations were made in these works, valuable remains of ancient art were brought to light, including fragments of carved ivory, many pieces of sculptured, coiled serpents chiseled out of stone and overlaid with sheet mica and copper. Mr. Squires remarks that the amount of labor expended in the construction of this work was immense. The embankment measures three miles in length, and a careful computation shows that including mounds, not less than three million cubic feet of earth were used in its construction.

On the Little Miami River, Ohio, is a work having a circuit of four or five miles, an embankment twenty feet high and an enclosed area that would give protection to sixty thousand men. The great mound of Mianusburg is sixty-eight feet high and eight hundred and fifty-two feet in circumference, while the Grave Creek Mound of Virginia is seventy feet high and would require a chain one thousand feet to girdle its base.

"We have seen mounds," writes the American Topagrapher Flint, "which would require the labor of a thousand men employed on our canals with all their mechanical aids and the improved implements of their labor for months."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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# Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
*OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,*
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, April, 1894. No. 4.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

A FEW bound copies of volume I of this magazine can be had by writing to us.

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WE want some respectable Catholic lady to travel as the representative of the CARMELITE REVIEW. A very reasonable salary will be paid.

***

IN sending cancelled postage stamps to us be sure to write your name and address on a slip of paper and enclose the same in the parcel sent. Otherwise we do not know whom to credit for the favor received.

***

THE month of April is specially set apart for devotion to the Holy Face of our Lord. It is a means given us to make reparation to God for all the blasphemies and insults offered to Him. Let us practice this devotion.

***

"THE life of James A. McMaster, Esq.," late editor of *Freeman's Journal*, will appear in our next number. This interesting and only complete biography of the great journalist has been compiled from many sources, after a year's patient labor, under the editorship of the Reverend Mark S. Gross, brother of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Oregon. Father Gross gratefully acknowledges having received much valuable aid in the work from the well-known Catholic author, Rev. M. Mueller, C. SS. R. The life will be published for the first time in the CARMELITE REVIEW.

THE moral status of society cannot be improved by the wholesale methods proposed by journalists or statesmen. The true remedy can only be found in the venerable Church of God, whose experience of centuries enables her to act quietly, effectively and systematically.

***

THERE is no color line in the Catholic church. Our colored brother — "God's image in ebony," — is anxiously looked after by holy Church. All that is being done for the Afro-American deserves our charitable and substantial sympathy. The work done at Rye, N.Y., is a practical one. *St. Benedict's Home Journal* published at the institution there should be a welcome visitor in every Catholic home.

***

IT is a healthy sign to see so many charitable Catholics throughout the United States and Canada interesting themselves in Father Dougherty's home at Mount Loretto, Staten Island. Those who help along the *Homeless Child* are laying up for themselves imperishable treasures in heaven. The good St. Joseph will not forget such generous benefactors.

***

THE confessor of St. Teresa, the Venerable John of Avila will probably be declared Blessed this month. This saintly Spanish priest was born in Andalusia in the year 1500. Forty long years of his life were dedicated to missionary work. He has left to posterity some books on the spiritual life which show forth the piety and holiness of the author.

***

ADVANCE sheets of the Catholic population statistics, appearing later in some church directories, were graciously forwarded by the publishers to most of the Catholic journals. Some of the editors were enthusiastic over the great progress of the Church, while others took a more gloomy view, still harping on "our lost millions." Taking a middle course between these optimistic and pessimistic comments, it is our opinion, that, although we regret, alas! the loss of many souls from the true fold, the figures are exaggerated. On the other hand we think that the Catholic population exceeds the annual steretoyped grand-total of the directory.

An interesting series of papers on some of the burning questions of the day will soon appear in this magazine. By way of dialogue the writer will review from a theological standpoint such subjects as "Taxation," "Labor and Capital," "Sabbath Observance," "Public Schools," "Church Union," "Marriage," "Temperance and Prohibition," etc.

***

The Apostolic Union of secular priests is gaining strength in this country. "Union is strength," reverend brethren of the clergy! Love and respect for the priestly vocation will be augmented, more souls will be saved, and personal sanctity more easily attained. The members of the Union participate in all the good works of the religious Orders, including the Order of Mount Carmel.

***

The fact of a Religious in Chicago offering up her life on behalf of a pest-stricken patient was heroic. This incident was made prominent by the papers, but there are many such cases which do not appear in print. The priest, monk or nun who would not gladly lay down his or her life for duty's sake would be a rarity. This is the best argument against anti-Catholic fanatics. "By their fruits you shall know them."

***

The learned and eloquent Father Harris, of St. Catharines, author of "Early Missions in Western Canada," has, at our request, prepared a series of interesting articles for the Carmelite Review. In the present number the very reverend Dean treats of "The Mound Builders and Copper Workers." This will be followed by a paper on the Indian tribes who formerly possessed the lands in the vicinity of Niagara Falls, in which are included the grounds on which now stand the foundations of the Hospice. Such an interesting subject treated by so able a writer will be an intellectual treat for our readers.

***

"Englishmen have long since learnt to look back with shame on the part they played with Joan of Arc" is the sentiment lately expressed by the London *Times*. An open confession is good for the soul, and herein is verified the old gospel adage that "He that humbles himself shall be exalted, and he that exalteth himself shall be humbled." The fact of holy Church raising the heroic Maid of Orleans to the altar and calling on all nations to call her "Blessed" is a thousand times more valuable in our eyes than all the titles or decorations which have been, or ever will be, conferred by the proudest monarchs.

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The old Shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Niagara Falls is to be spared from destruction. This historic old edifice will, we hope, for many years cast its shadow on the towering walls of the adjoining Hospice, and many a pious pilgrim will seek peace and comfort at the feet of Our Lady's statue. The venerable Archbishop of Toronto, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, has a great devotion to Our Lady, and His Grace is anxious to see the pretty little sanctuary undergo the much needed renovation.

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We are the grateful recipients of "*Sursum Corda*" the organ of St. Gabriel's Confraternity. There are many Catholic young women in the country who could put their leisure moments to good account by associating themselves with this admirable society whose object is to put light and sunshine into lonesome hearts. The members are, as it were, angels of consolation to those who know not the solace of a friend. Mrs. Mary A. Spellissy, the energetic secretary is willing to give any information about the confraternity. Her address is 3814 Spruce st., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Letters from Jerusalem give touching particulars of the arrival of the Legate from the Holy See and of the Eucharistic Congress. His Eminence Cardinal Langenieux made his entry into Jerusalem surrounded by over 500 priests and 32 Bishops, among whom were 18 Oriental Bishops, Mussulmans, schismatic and heretics, who witnessed the cortege. The sympathy shown was universal, and everything inspires hope that the Eucharistic Congress will contribute powerfully to the so much desired union between the East and the West. His Holiness Leo XIII gave a truly providential impetus to this movement, and we form the ardent hope that this great Pontiff will assist at its triumph.

"I AM not a member of the A.P.A.," appears conspiciously in the advertisements of some merchants at Niagara Falls. Is it a sign of hard times and that money, even if it is from Catholics, is needed? We hardly think so. The reason is mostly because respectable Protestants consider it no honor to be associated with such unchristian organizations. "Apaism" may discriminate against fellow-citizens on the score of Catholicism, but Catholics are taught not to unjustly boycott their neighbor in business, be he a follower of Luther, Knox or Wesley.

* * *

THE present anti-Catholic agitation need not disturb us. The Church thrives on persecution and every new struggle adds another laurel to her brow. At such times our separated brethren come nearer to the light, and Catholics become more fervent. How consoling to us is the divine promise left to the Church that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her." Still, we have a duty to perform. Listen to the timely remarks recently made by the venerable Archbishop of Toronto. Said His Grace:—"It is the duty of all Catholics, among other things, to pray for the Church and clergy, as the Church is passing through a storm of persecution brought on by a body of fanatics whose spirit is nothing less than that of the demon, because it could emanate from no other source. But be not discouraged, because the Church that has conquered empires by her endurance and her patience will very easily conquer this hell-born society that has sprung up in our midst, and which seeks to interfere with the rights of Catholic citizens."

## CONVERSION OF AN OFFICER.

AN aged officer, whose age reached far into the nineties, became an out and out skeptic and lost the faith by reading the works of the infidel Voltaire. He became suddenly ill, says the *Chroniques Belgique*. All his friends persuaded him to receive the holy sacraments. But in vain. A priest sent him a Scapular, enclosing a note saying, "you will do me a great favor by wearing this." The old officer did as requested. The Mother of God showed her power and maternal love. The officer devoutedly confessed his sins, received holy Communion and until the end persevered in his devotion to our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

## SPRING-TIDE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

NATURE and the soul are kindred spirits, beating in unison, heart with heart, each knowing its winter, and each its longing for the return of the spring. Who has not felt this yearning, and known the joy of the glad greeting. "Arise," my love, for winter is now past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers have appeared in our land." It would seem as if the germ of immortality were an abiding growth in the soul (that "plentiful field which the Lord hath blessed") brooking but ill the days of darkness and their barren wastes, and making the spirit to leap as "a young hart upon the mountains" at the approach of the fair young spring, glad type in itself of the undying life of the soul. And now as the shades of Calvary give place to the perfect day of the Resurrection a new life is awakened within us: a fresh ardor is enkindled by the sweet warm breath of nature arising from her winter's sleep, and stepping forth in all her original beauty to greet the Lord of Life, Conqueror of death and the tomb. Passion-tide has its drawing—the cross lures many to its foot: seeking in peace and finding it, even in bitterness they there abide. But the whole world at large, the sinner and the saint alike may look with eyes of radiant hope upon the glad Sun of Justice illumining the world on this "day which the Lord hath made." Hope, the blossom of happiness, springs up anew in the soul at this gracious time, when "the brook has become a great river, and the river come near to the sea," "when the clouds being full, pour out rain upon the earth," and the mercy of God covers it as with a mantle. Fitting it is that Easter and the spring are the glad harbingers of happy days in store. Exultingly do all things sing the canticle of hope in the risen Lord, and the fullness of His promise to make all things new. With a fresh beauty are all things invested at this glad Easter time as though the shadow of the glorified body of the Lord had fallen anew upon the earth, and the eyes of faith read in all this the one word Resurrexit! and therefore Peace, "till the day break and the shadows retire," and the voice of melody be eternal.

N. Y. City. DOLORES.

## THE GREY FRIAR.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

Oh! say, have you seen this friar grey,
Like a sombre shadow, pass this way?
A round dark hat on his shaven head,
A thick veil over his features spread,
Through which pierced eyes that were full of faith.
Yet white like those of the skeleton death.
Solemn he strode this bleak highway—
Oh! say, have you seen this friar grey?

Around his loins was a belt whose fold
Circled a robe that was sere and old,
While the Rosary beads from the cincture swung
Just as if each of them had a tongue
Murmuring *Aves:* and he too prayed
With his dumb lips turned to the skies o'erhead,
As he glided along at the dawn of day—
Oh! say, have you seen this friar grey?

Oh! say, have you seen this friar grey?
He walketh the path of the righteous—yea
Barefooted he crossed wide wastes of snow
Full oft in the night, with the Host aglow
Close locked to his breast, for the shriven soul
That hath borne the cross and hath reached the goal—
True to his mission of mercy alway
Is the hero-heart of this friar grey.

Good sir, I have seen him—your friar grey:
He has gone to the churchyard in whose clay
He buries the dead at the dawn of day.

# ST. JOSEPH.

### "Ite ad Joseph."

FROM THE FRENCH OF ABBE BELET.

Translated for the CARMELITE REVIEW.

WHEN we think of the blessed citizens of heaven, the saints of God, the first reflection which arises in the mind is that they are crowned with sanctity and radiant with glory, the degree and grandeur of which we cannot picture to ourselves. Our first impulse is to render unto them the veneration which, as glorified servants of God, they merit from all faithful children of the church. But there is one saint who merits our honor and veneration in a special degree, one who shines forth with a luster far brighter than that which surrounds his holy associates, one whose place in the heavenly mansions is a celestial throne by the side of Jesus and many whom He so dearly loved and faithfully guarded upon earth.

This dear saint it is whose feast the universal church lovingly celebrates (this year) during the present month. However great may be our devotion to the various saints of God, however unbounded our confidence in their intercession before His throne, we should "go to Joseph" in preference to all the rest, we should have recourse to *him* with the sweet assurance that he will obtain our request. How could it be otherwise when he is so near the source of all power and grace?

One of the saints has expressed herself in the most forcible manner in regard to the efficacy of his intercession. St. Teresa declares that she *never* asked anything from St. Joseph which she failed to receive. This we may attribute to the great *confidence* with which she presented her petitions. Let us imitate her example and "go to Joseph" with an assurance that we will be heard.

It should not be a subject for wonder that St. Teresa possessed so ardent a confidence in the power of St. Joseph to help her. What is far more astonishing is that in every Catholic breast should be wanting the same perfect confidence in the nursing Father to the Son of God. What were the motives which inspired St. Teresa with the firm conviction that she would be heard? They are the very same which should animate the faithful children of the Holy Catholic Church!

We invoke the assistance of the saints because they, having already "entered into the joy of the Lord," behold God face to face, and are forever united to Him. Our confidence is increased in proportion to the motives we have for believing that God has glorified them beyond the other blessed citizens of heaven, in accordance with the vocation to which they were called whilst upon earth.

Our confidence augments also through the consideration of the merits which, aided by divine grace, they have acquired during their earthly pilgrimage, and is forcibly renewed when the saints to whom we offer up our petitions are those whom God has designated as intercessors for the faithful in a special necessity or in some favored land.

Now, in regard to the glorification accorded to the dear saint whom we love to honor during this month with additional honor, could we gaze into the glorious vista

of paradise we would behold him, with many, by the side of Jesus Himself! This elevation proves the intimate nature of the union between God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and St. Joseph. How could the Eternal Father refuse to hear the prayer of him whom He selected to be His representative upon earth? How could the divine Son be unmindful of the petition of him to whom, as His foster father, He was submissive whilst upon earth? How could the Holy Spirit be deaf to the requests of one so honored by Him as to be made the guardian and spouse of MARY, who was worthy to become the mother of God?

Let St. Joseph but express the least desire and Mary will unite her prayers with his before the throne of her divine Son. And that Son will accede to their requests. I have said that our confidence in the intercession of the saints increases in proportion to the merits they have acquired before God, in their service to Him, whilst they lived upon earth. The merits of all the other saints were not to be compared to that of St. Joseph, his entire life having been wholly consecrated to Jesus and Mary, each one of his works, his sufferings and labor, his aspirations assumed a value, the greatness of which it is not given us to conceive.

We do not know all the good accomplished by the blessed citizens of heaven as they trod the rugged path which led to bliss, and it is not advisable to place one above the other, nor to pronounce upon their place in their celestial abode, but that does not apply to St. Joseph. In speaking of him we may most unequivocally place him far above all the rest!

That he was perfectly just we are assured by the words of Holy Scripture. He was a mirror of perfection, a mirror upon whose shining surface not the faintest blemish could be discerned. The Blessed Trinity, the Triune God, would regard him with love, and graciously listen to his petitions.

Our confidence in the intercessions of the saints becomes greater in proportion to the wonderful acts recorded of them in the story of their lives. Who, amongst all the saints, could present the record of St. Joseph? He had for his mission at Nazareth the guardianship of the whole world, for he protected the Master and Creator of the world to whom nothing is impossible.

In all temptations, then, let us go to St. Joseph, in every necessity let us seek his powerful aid, in every spiritual and temporal ill let us invoke him, but always with a child-like confidence that he will obtain our request. And all the more since he is now the "patron of the universal church" will he help us at the hour of death, that we may have the happiness, like him, of dying, not physically indeed, but spiritually in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

S. X. B.

# Shrines of our Lady

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by the Rev. Ambrose F. Bruder, O. C. C.

CONTINUED.

THE origin of pilgrimages dates back to antiquity. Moses commanded the Israelites to go three times a year to the place chosen by God, there to celebrate the Feast of the Lord. Deut. xvi, 16. After the building of the temple, Jerusalem became the goal of these annual pilgrimages. We know that Jesus made this journey in company with His Mother and Saint Joseph. Even strangers journeyed thither, so we read of a certain eunuch of Queen Candace, who was afterwards baptized by the Apostle St. Philip. In the days when the Judges ruled over Israel, the pious couple, Eleana and Anna, went to pray to the Lord at Silo, and the fruit of this prayer was the Judge and Prophet, Samuel.

After the descent of the Holy Ghost, the Apostles, following the behests of their Master, went forth to preach the Gospel to all nations. Christianity spread rapidly. Ere long, however, the persecutions began. The blood of the holy martyrs flowed in streams. Their places of worship were destroyed. But even in the midst of persecution, at the risk of their lives, the Christians were found going to the Catacombs, there to celebrate the sacred mysteries, and to pray at the tombs of their martyred brethren, especially at those of the Apostles.

When liberty had been restored to the Church upon the accession of Constantine the Great to the Imperial throne of Rome, when magnificent basilicas were erected by this emperor and his mother, St. Helena, at Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, and other spots sanctified by the presence of our Lord, or His Mother, we find that numberless Christians at once journeyed to these shrines there to pray and bewail their sins.

Next to the places sanctified by the birth, life, sufferings and death of our Saviour, none enjoyed greater celebrity than did the shrines of our Lady. Around her churches,

altars, and images, did the faithful throng, so confident did they feel of finding relief in spiritual and temporal necessities through her powerful intercession. We find images of the Blessed Virgin in the catacombs, some crude, others having more claim to artistic consideration, but all going to show the place held by Mary in the esteem of the early Christians. In those early days there were already spots that were dedicated to Mary in a more particular manner. Pope St. Calixtus I. had a chapel erected to her in one of the most populous districts of Rome, called "Maria Transpontina," on the farther side of the Tiber, A. D. 224. When the temples of Pagan Rome were destroyed, magnificent churches of our Lady took their places. It may be affirmed with truth that nowhere is the Blessed Virgin more deeply venerated than in sunny Italy, where she is only spoken of as the "Madonna."

When the Germanic nations overturned the huge fabric of the Roman Empire, when in the flush of their success they looked upon themselves as superior beings to whom all the world owed homage, they yet learned to bend their knees before the image of the Blessed Virgin, and honored her as their mistress.

Now, as prayers were heard and miracles wrought at the tombs of the martyrs, so the same must be affirmed of these shrines of our Lady. Hence, we can safely maintain that this manner of venerating Mary is as ancient as the Church itself. The beginnings were small, as were those of the Church, but in the course of centuries it grew to be an immense tree, extending its branches to all parts of the earth. The Church has at all times approved of this peculiar manner of honoring Mary, being well aware that it satisfied a necessity of the human heart. How often do not the cares and anxieties of life weigh heavily upon us, and we seem to sink beneath their burden. We seek for a change, but whither shall we go? The rich of this earth go to foreign lands, and after spending much time and much money, they return with perhaps a greater sense of their misery than before. The case is quite different with true Christians, especially with those whose means are limited. Their only consolation is found in their religion; hence, they only seek help in places where faith, as it were, speaks to them; they go to places where they know that God was pleased to manifest His goodness in granting petitions, and where they hope for a like boon.

We feel the weight of our sins; we know that this weight will be lightened if we confess penitently; we know that every priest has the power to thus help us. But perhaps we have reason for seeking another to minister to our wants, we go to one of those shrines where Mary is venerated, and find what we seek.

We find many who have lost the use of some limb; others who suffer from incurable diseases. After having in vain tried human means we bethink ourselves that Mary is called "Health of the Sick"; we go to her and place our case in her hands, and how many have returned cured of all their ailments?

Pilgrimages, however, not only satisfy a want of our nature, they are likewise an open profession of our faith. This really needs no proof, it is self-evident. Now, whatever has been said in the last number of this Review, regarding devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the manner of honoring her, of the position occupied by her in the Church of God, of the power of her intercession, is nothing else but what the saints have said of our heavenly Mother, and as such it ought to be regarded. It was my intention to be enabled to say to you: Behold! how highly the saints honored Mary; how they loved and venerated her; imitate them, walk in their footsteps, and you shall not go astray; you shall participate in the same favors that were showered so abundantly by our Mother upon these her faithful children. We must bear in mind that true progress in virtue can only be made if we be true clients of Mary. In virtue of our Christian vocation we are bound to strive after Christian perfection, but this we can achieve only by the help of Mary, it is one of her privileges as "Queen of Saints" to lend us a helping hand on our way to heaven. Yes, indeed, the saints became such only through Mary. She brought them to Jesus, she united them with Him who is the way, the truth, and the life. Her heart was for them the entrance to the heart of Jesus. It is through her that we also shall dwell in the Heart of Jesus. Mary will teach us the greatness of that love which prompted the Son of God to descend into her most pure womb, to suffer and to die for us. Mary will teach us to perfectly comprehend the mystery of the Cross, beside which she stood to give testimony to the Divinity of the precious blood shed thereon. In short, take away Mary, and we have no reason to look for salvation. Without Mary we would have no saints, because we would not have Christ, the Saviour, who gives us power to become children of God. Without Mary we will never become saints, and the gates of heaven will be closed against us forever.

# TRUE CULTURE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S appeal for light has been echoed from point to peak throughout the civilized world. John Henry Newman's prayer for the light to lead him on, for the way was dark and he was far from home, has become a part of our common thought. The universal acceptance of that sentiment which underlies the words of men like these, men who stand intellectually head and shoulders above their fellows, and who are thus enabled to see further than their contemporaries see, is a general acknowledgment which convinces us that the cry for light comes from the heart of the human race. When John Henry Newman found the light he gloriously proclaimed that fact by the testimony of his life. We unfortunately have grown into the careless habit of following some blind leader thereby neglecting the truth that is ours, and recalling the words of St. John, "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." Not in the world of morals only do we lose the best, but in the realm of beauty as well, for beauty and right doing are inseparable. In the Christian ideal we find the highest type of culture, but most of us ignore the possible man or woman within ourselves, our individuality, but content ourselves with the fleeting fashions of the day. America is a rapid country, and the twentieth is a century of haste: to counteract the restless atmosphere about us, let us strive after that repose of mind and soul which characterized the saints. Great men and women do not waste their energies, should they do so they would not be able to attain the object of their desires. Life to them is earnest and serious, their pleasures are derived from simple enjoyments, from intellectual recreations. Why cannot we follow in their footsteps, and find our happiness in the rest that is theirs? Can any of us read of the charming home life that Mrs. Craven depicts for us in a "Sister's Story" and not sigh for a reflection of its simplicity amid our unquiet American society? Half a century ago there was in France a group of gentle people who were the result of generations of faith and culture. Patriotism and Christianity had become a part of their very bone and sinew and they were ready for brave deeds. Through the letters and chronicles of these men and women we are brought into an ideal society. The ideal is ours, cannot we carve it out of our daily lives? The sculptor patiently moulds the soft and yielding clay beneath his fingers, chipping and clipping the mass until perfect proportion is reached. Christanity keeps our lives in the pliable condition of the artist's clay, cannot we chip off the foolish fashions and smooth away the bad taste? We need only the ideal that guides the sculptor's hand, and the energy that lifts the arm. If we cultivate a sense of the suitable, and of simplicity it will open a new world to us and make life doubly worth the living. Can we recall Eugenie de Guerin as she spread the linen on the grass to bleach, without paying a tribute to the girl who made that act most gracious by her refinement? This high type of womanhood is not limited to race or country, to position or color, but is as various as Christianity, for it is but the result of Catholic principles coloring the soul. Our Lady of Mount Carmel is the first ideal, this admirable type but her reflection in the human soul. The autobiography of Mary Howitt, which was given to the English public a few years ago, presents the life of a noble woman, who nourished in her soul the ideal, until her latter days were crowned by her entrance into the great Catholic family. To a life of quaker simplicity, she brought rare good sense and brightness and she won for herself a place by the side of our charming people. Mankind is divided into classes and types, which are reproduced from generation unto generation. One's ambition gives the keynote to one's character, and thus to one's future. The emulation of the men and women who have so attracted us, was toward the light, their ambitions all were high. They belonged to the nobility of individual worth, a royalty that is accepted by all republics. Alphonse de Lamertine was of this group, his confidences reveal a boyhood's home, that to the Philistine would appear contemptible, but to the artist would suggest all that is most charming. The vision is most touching of

his dearly beloved mother in the path "where she used to walk at sunset, telling over the beads that fixed her thoughts on God, while her heart and eyes were fixed on her children." Montelambert and Lacordaire were of this company, and with the latter as an instructor arose Frederick Ozanam, the founder of the society of St. Vincent Paul. Xavier and Joseph de Maistre, Madame de la Ferronnays with her family and Russian daughter-in-law Alexandrine, Lady Fullerton, and Emily Linder with the artist Overbeck and his contemporaries were all at home there. Kathleen O'Meara, the lamented Brother Azarias, Father Isaac Hecker and James Alphonse McMaster belonged there, and in a special manner link our present life to those, who have gone before us. The type is ours, the age is ours: shall we longer pay allegiance to Dame Fashion, who so quickly leaves us, when the possibility of a nobler life is ours? A life of beauty and simplicity, of fashions and manners that are for all time.

Let us appreciate the fact that money is not the test of good taste, that the best picture is not the brightest one, and that goodness and true refinement go ever through the world hand in hand.

Buffalo, N. Y. JOSEPHINE LEWIS.

## PETITIONS.

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

Miss M. A. D. requests payers for resignation and for the preservation of her mind's health.

A young lady convert, who made a novena to Our Lady of Mount Carmel to ascertain her vocation, hereby according to promise, renders thanks to Our Lady for having favorably answered her petition and rendered possible her entrance in a religious community.

Our readers are asked to pray for the following intentions: A temporal and spiritual favor; restoration to health; prayers to St. Joseph for a reader's intention; for a family; for a brother abdicted to intemperance; for several who neglect their Easter duty; conversion of a husband; for a father who is a bad Catholic; help in several wants.

A Tertian asks prayers in the REVIEW for the conversion of a son who does not go to church any more; another Tertian asks that her son may be prayed for, who is negligent about his religious duties; another Tertian asks prayers to get rid of scrupulosity; another Tertian returns thanks for prayers heard.

## OBITUARY.

Prayers are asked for the late Denis Joseph McGrath.

The charitable prayers of our readers are asked for the repose of the souls of two of our benefactors and subscribers, Mr. and Mrs. Mary A. Kearns, who died at Detroit.

Prayers are asked for repose of the souls of: Peter Koabel who died Feb. 23rd; Michael Delaney who died at Paterson, N. J.; Daniel Drohen; Edward Pollard, one of our subscribers; Mrs. Maurice Neagle; Otto C. Germann, son of Mrs. Agatha Germann of Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. Mother Teresa Josephine Mary of the Sacred Heart, professed of the Carmel of Arignon, foundress and first prioress of the Carmelite Nuns, founded at the base of Mount Carmel at Syna, died Jan. 10th, 1894, aged 48 years, 29 having been spent in religion. She died fortified by the last sacrament of the Holy Church. Her obsequies were performed by ten Carmelite Fathers. The remains of the venerated Mother were interred in the crypt of the Monastery. R. I. P.

## To a Carmelite Nun, on Her Holy Profession Day.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

Thy angel, child, did smile on thee,
When to the world thou breathed farewell,
And kindly whispered, "Come with me,
Where sister-spirits love to dwell."

How peaceful is this sacred spot,
Where no intruder breaks thy rest!
Those aching cares are now forgot,
Whose pangs once tore thy anxious breast.

The little birds in Carmel's shade,
Unite their voices with thy prayer;
Proclaiming through the wood and glade,
How happy they who linger there!

And in thy poor and humble cell,
Undecked with aught of worldly pride;
Angels unseen around thee dwell,
To shield from harm Christ's favored bride.

Hope welcomes thee with cheering voice,
Chasing away each anxious sigh;
And bids thy pensive mind rejoice,
At visions of futurity.

While bent in holy prayer each day,
The circling years to thee will seem,
As swift they rise and glide away,
But like sweet childhood's blissful dream.

Nor yet thy friends dost thou forget,
Though distant far, midst toil and care:
But sheltered in thy safe retreat,
Thou breath'st for them a sainted prayer.

In Carmel's shade then keep thy rest,
Till on glad wings thou soar above:
To join the spirits of the blest,
Mid raptures of celestial love.

M

## A Temple of Learning.

FROM nearly every view-point at Niagara Falls the visitor's gaze is attracted by a lordly pile standing gracefully on the cliffs overlooking the great cataract. It is Loretto Academy, the fame of which has spread from ocean to ocean. As a school it ranks among the first. The healthfulness of the climate in the vicinity is proverbial. The academy is easy of access, Falls View station of the Michigan Central railroad being near the entrance. The course of education is of the highest grade. All available means are made use of to form the cultured christian lady. Write to the Ladies of Loretto, for a copy of the *Niagara Rainbow* published by them, which will give you all information, and do not overlook the advertisement of the academy appearing elsewhere in this magazine.

# What Came of an April Shower.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.



T was a lovely day in April, and all nature rejoiced that the long dreary winter had at last, although with various fierce and angry blasts, given place to weather which left nothing to be desired.

The little city with its grand old trees, pretty lawns and picturesque dwellings, over which the dark green ivy hung in graceful profusion was indeed a goodly sight, and the deep azure of the sky which formed its canopy was absolutely without a cloud. But, without a moment's warning the scene was changed; a warm south wind swept over the place, dark clouds chased each other with a speed which fashioned them into one fantastic shape after another like a dissolving view, and finally came a typical April shower. It was a quiet street and comparitively few pedestrians were abroad at the time of the shower. Those who were fortunate enough to have umbrellas opened them with evident satisfaction, whilst others, braving the rain, hastened to their several destinations. There was one exception, however, for upon the portico of the nearest dwelling a young girl had hurriedly sought shelter, and stood with ill concealed impatience alternately looking at the sky and consulting her little watch as to the hour. Seventeen sunny years had passed over her head, and left upon her the impression of the brightness which we always associate with that blithe and gladsome period of life. Waving brown locks, and laughing eyes of scarcely lighter hue, a nose which, being too retruse to suit her girlish fancy, gave her as much cause for sorrow as did Amy's in Miss Alcott's "Little Women," and pouting lips made up as pleasant a picture as one would care to see. Add to it the freshest of dainty spring toilettes, and the reader will obtain a very good idea of Miss Kitty Clarendon, as she stood there, herself the personification of an April day. A little later there came down the street a lady, who, despite her last season's raiment, and carefully preserved attire, walked along with an undefinable air of doing the locality and surroundings a favor by selecting them for her promenade. She was evidently rapidly ascending the thirties and looked fully her age, which the baptismal record would have whispered was thirty-four. This perhaps was in consequence of a recent illness and the various inconvenient circumstances inseparable from an inpecunious condition, for a favored child of fortune Eleanor Southwell most certainly was *not*. She was rather tall, and the paleness of her fine intellectual face was brought out more vividly by the intensely black hair which waved above her brow, whilst the troubled look in her dark eyes betokened that all was not well within her heart.

She glanced at the occupant of the portico as she passed, went on a few steps, hesitated and finally coming back, went up and addressed her: "If you are going my way," said she, "and will accept the shelter of my umbrella, I will be glad to offer it, for the rain does not seem inclined to cease." "I will be more than glad to accept," said Kitty, with alacrity, "and thank you ever so much for thinking of me. I am on my way to the station, but perhaps you are not going so far." "My way lies beyond that," replied Eleanor, and the two proceeded silently on.

But it was not in Kitty's nature to remain quiet for any length of time, and she soon had imparted various items of information to her companion. "I was to spend a few days with a friend of mine in the city, and this afternoon we went out to make some calls: but on passing the post office we enquired for letters and I found one from mamma telling me positively not to come home until I was sent for. So, knowing something must be the matter I would not even go back to change my dress, hoping to be in time for the 3.10."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE words of the Holy Scripture are full of sweet consolation to the chaste, prudent and humble spirit.—VEN. DE BLOIS, O.S.B.

GOD has preserved you so far: only keep yourself faithful to the law of His providence, and He will assist you at all times, and where you cannot walk He will carry you.

# St. Elias and the Carmelites.

BY REV. A. E. TARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

CONTINUED.

A WAVERING mind is equally an object of commiseration or disgust. Offensive as its veering and unsettled notions are to God, they are no less painful and distracting to itself. Conscience, that interior monitor and certain and severe reprover, embitters the false pleasures which the world may offer: and the pure solid joys of piety are of too noble and refined a nature to occupy a worldly and unstable mind. Convinced by this inward monitor, which seconded the strong remonstrance of the holy Prophet, not one among the guilty Israelites stood forth to offer either vindication or reply. Breaking the general silence, the sainted Elias came forward as the champion of the Lord, and offered to decide the contest between them and Baal, although above four hundred of the pagan priests were present, and he alone remained the only prophet of the Lord. The test which he proposed afforded every possible advantage to the worshippers of Baal. They were to choose two bullocks, one for themselves to offer up in sacrifice to their god: the other for St. Elias, to be by him presented to God, the Creator of heaven and earth. But to these sacrifices no fire was to be brought either by him or them. Here the appeal to the decision of the controversy should be made to heaven. The god who honored the devotions of his worshippers, and as a token that their offering was accepted, should send down fire from heaven to kindle and consume the victim.—he, who should thus answer the appeal made to him, should be acknowledged as the true and only god.

The wisdom and justice of this proposal of St. Elias appeared evident to all. It was at once agreed to: and that it might be executed speedily, he urged the priests of Baal to prepare their sacrifice without delay. As they were many, he gave them the advantage of the first appeal to their deity: nor could they have desired a test more favorable to the powers which they supposed him to possess. Enshrined in their imaginations as the ruler of the element of fire, had Baal been so in reality, he could have easily declared himself by the appointed sign. But all was disappointment and vexation to the poor deluded followers of this imaginary being. They prepared their sacrifice, they offered their petitions, they performed their rites, they frequently and loudly called upon the name of Baal, but there was no response: no voice vouchsafed to grant them a reply: to move Baal, they chastised themselves, they lacerated their bodies, danced round and leaped over his altar with a diabolical frenzy, and exhibited contortions such as demons only could delight in or inspire.

Having from morning till noon employed themselves in this degrading and unavailing labor, at length the Prophet Elias urged them, by sarcasm and irony, to use still more exertion, and to cry still louder, in order to awaken their sleeping deity, or to recall his notice to the wants of his faithful votaries. With reiterated earnestness, they recommenced their barbarous ceremonies, which still continuing ineffectual, Elias, at the time of offering up the evening sacrifice, commanded all the people to draw near to him. The ruins of an altar, dedicated to Almighty God, still remained on Mount Carmel: this was re-built, he prepared his sacrifice, and laid it on the altar with some wood, then having formed a trench around it, and to prevent the most remote idea of deception, he ordered water to be plentifully poured upon the victim. This was done three times, until the water, flowing from the altar, filled the trench around it: a wise precaution, rendered necessary by the artifices of the heathen priests, who frequently imposed false miracles on the people, and therefore would willingly have imputed to the Prophet of the Lord the frauds so often practised by themselves.

With the confidence, the fervor, the simplicity of one accustomed to hold intercourse with heaven, Elias then approached the altar, and addressed his supplications to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Israel. Zealous with zeal for the glory of God, he entreated Him in humble prayer, on this occasion, to assert the honor of His Eternal Majesty, to vindicate His faithful servant, and convince and convert the people by the display of His omnipotence, in answering by the appointed sign. No

long-protracted and painful rites were now necessary. In an instant flames of fire descended from heaven, consumed the sacrifice, with the wood, the stones, of which the altar was constructed, and licked up the water that flowed around it in the trench. Awed by a miracle so manifest, the people fell upon their faces amazed, confounded, terrified, and with a loud voice exclaimed, "The Lord He is God! The Lord He is God!"

The controversy being thus decided, the priests of Baal, who had artfully seduced the people into all the crimes and horrors of idolatry, were sentenced by Elias to be put to death. The law of God pronounced this punishment on such offenders; and Achab, under present circumstances, did not attempt to shield them from their fate. "Elias brought them down to the torrent Cison, and killed them," and not one escaped.

This great change in the public feeling was followed speedily by the removal of the judgment with which the nation had been visited. "Elias said to Achab: Go up, eat, and drink: for there is a sound of abundance of rain. Achab went up to eat and drink, and Elias went up to the top of Carmel,....and he said to his servant: Go up, and look towards the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said: There is nothing. And again he said to him: Return seven times. And at the seventh time: Behold a little cloud arose out of the sea like a man's foot....And behold the heavens grew dark, with clouds, and wind, and there fell a great rain. And Achab getting up went away to Jezrahel: and the hand of the Lord was upon Elias, and he girded up his loins and ran before Achab, till he came to Jezrahel.

This little cloud, which the prophet saw rise from the sea, he knew also signified the glorious Immaculate Virgin Mary, who was to spring forth out of the infected and bitter sea of our corrupt nature, without any corruption; and like an auspicious cloud, being overshadowed by the virtue of the Most High, was to water this barren world with the heavenly rain of the expected Messias. There and then, as it is believed, by the express command of Almighty God, he instituted the Order of Mount Carmel, which was to be specially dedicated to the honor of this Sacred Virgin. Many holy Fathers, as SS. Athanasius, Jerome, Augustin, and others assert that Elias was the author of the monastic state.

A course of sin renders the mind so dark and obdurate, that good impressions, though made with difficulty, are soon easily effaced. This was now the case with Achab, the unhappy and degraded king of Israel. On his return from Mount Carmel, he related to his impious wife, the contest of St. Elias with the priests of Baal; the victory of the Prophet and his subsequent infliction of the penalty of death on the transgressors of God's law. Exasperated at the great dishonor done to the idol Baal, and at the punishment endured by the promoters of his worship, the impious queen dispatched a messenger to Elias, in which, with solemn imprecations on herself, she vowed, that before that time to-morrow to inflict on him the evil he had brought upon her priests. Although a witness to the miracle which had attested their delusion and hypocrisy, and accessory by his non-resistance to the fate of these idolaters, yet Achab did not control the infuriated Jezabel, when she thus denounced the Prophet of the Lord. Timid and selfish in his spirit, he had neither grace nor virtue to uphold the truth, nor courage in the hour of danger to defend his own associates in iniquity.

Knowing well the temper of this degraded woman, St. Elias judged it better to retire from the impending storm. Firm as he was, and zealous for God and his country, yet his spirit, under this renewed affliction, sunk into temporary discouragement. Quitting the land of Israel, he travelled towards the south of Canaan, under the dominion of the king of Juda; but there, thinking that the eye of merciless revenge would soon discover him, he thought it better not to remain. Not wishing to involve another in the danger with which he himself was threatened, he left his servant, and retired alone into the wilderness; where, weary and dejected, he availed himself of solitude to give expression to the grief, which, in a moment of despondency, appeared to weaken his spirit, and to relax the steadfast temper of his soul. A wish to die, apparently proceeding rather from impatience of the ills of life than from a view to the enjoyment of the blissful vision of the Deity, escaped the persecuted Prophet as he sat beneath a juniper tree, whose shade protected him from the oppressive heat of the mid-day sun. The best and most learned men are but imperfect judges of the wisdom of unerring Providence. This trial under which the great Prophet Elias sunk with more than usual depression, was in the end divinely over-ruled for more than common benefit, and was made the interesting means of introducing him to new proofs of eternal goodness, from which resulted a more intimate and hallowed fellowship with Almighty God.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# The Catholic Dictionary and the Brown Scapular.

BY REV. R. F. CLARKE, S. J

CONTINUED.

IT is true that the wearing of the Brown Scapular still gives a share in certain privileges attached to the Order of Mount Carmel, but if the chief of all these privileges turns out to be a fraud perpetrated by the Carmelites themselves, we can scarcely expect that much reliance will be placed upon the efficacy of the rest. It becomes a symbol of devotion without anything tangible and trustworthy attaching to it, except a vague and undefined impression, that the wearer is in some sort of way under Our Lady's protection. To place an absolute reliance on it, to cherish it with loving and undoubting confidence in its efficacy, to regard it as a pledge of our perseverence, the mark whereby Our Lady will recognize us as having a certain claim to her all-powerful intercession at the hour of death, becomes a silly superstition. It may even generate a false presumption, and encourage the sinner in false hopes and most dangerous expectations of a help from Mary that she has never promised to give. The sinner may persuade himself that he is safe of his salvation, if only he wears to the last this magical Scapular, and thus put off repentance until too late, on the ground that his Scapular will prevent his falling into the fires of hell. The general tendency of the article we are discussing is to crush, or at least to discountenance, this "idol" of confidence in the Brown Scapular. It would have us throw to the winds the idea that we may rest assured of the salvation of those who die with the Scapular around their necks. It allows the piety and utility of the institution, and that is a visible token that the wearer owns himself one of our Lady's children, but the words of Bossuet to this effect are quoted, in which he takes care to add that Mary will be our Mother "if we live in our Lord Jesus Christ"—a pious sentiment, the truth of which is undeniable, but in which we read between the lines that Scapular, or no Scapular, Mary will not answer for the safety of the sinner. Benedict the Fourteenth, is also quoted as admitting that too many abuse these symbols, or badges, by a misplaced confidence in them. Now, it is perfectly true that such an abuse of the Brown Scapular is theoretically possible, and in the controversy with heretics various Catholic writers are careful to point out that unless in the heart of the dying sinner there is present the love of God and contrition for sin, nothing in the world can save his soul. If a Catholic continues in a state of sin up to the moment when the soul leaves his body, to hell he must go. Scapular or no Scapular. If he has not made that act of submission to God and aversion from sin, which is the condition of eternal salvation, the Scapular will not act as a charm. Nay, the very graces it carries with it would only increase his damnation by reason of his greater guilt in rejecting them. We must be very explicit on this point, else we should justly lay ourselves open to the charge of what would really be a most degrading and demoralizing superstition. To suppose that aught can avail to deliver from hell save love to God and faith in Jesus Christ, would be a most abominable and damnable doctrine. We must not allow any mistake as to this. But this is not the point at issue. The question is not whether a Catholic wearing the Scapular and dying in sin would lose his soul. Every one must admit that he would. The real question is, whether a Catholic, who wears the Scapular up to the moment of death, does die in a state of sin. This is the real meaning of our Lady's promise—that every one who dies with this Scapular upon him, shall previously obtain from God the grace of contrition: that his devotion to the Holy Mother of God, evidenced in his wearing of her badge and livery, shall earn for him such good dispositions at the hour of his death, that in virtue of them, through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, he shall be received into the Kingdom of Heaven. It may be objected that this too is a demoralizing doctrine, that it encourages men to sin, because, forsooth, by wearing the Scapular, they can ensure their conversion before their death. They can indulge in every possible vice, and yet need not fear, since saving grace can be obtained, and Heaven can be purchased by the very simple device of putting on a little bit of

brown stuff in honor of the Mother of God before they die. We answer to this, that it is equally demoralizing to teach the sinner that every one who makes a genuine act of contrition at the last moments of his life, will certainly enjoy the eternal bliss of Heaven, whatever may have been the abominations of his past life. Yet every Catholic knows full well that this is true. How is it that this is not an encouragement to sin? For the simple reason that Catholics know that a just God watches over us, and that he who abuses the mercy of God to continue in sin, will in the end fail of obtaining that necessary contrition. If a man trusts to a death-bed, repentance will probably never take place. The sinner will be struck down of a sudden. He will have no time for repentance, or delirium or insensibility will creep over him before the arrival of a priest—or it may be that he will in punishment of his presumption, have lost the power of making an act of contrition at all—or even if he make one, some subsequent temptation will overcome him, and the devil will regain his victim before the last moment comes. Now it is just the same with any one who should abuse the privilege of the Scapular. If God has granted this privilege to Mary, He will not allow His Holy Mother to be insulted by her Scapular being made an excuse for sin. To trust presumptuously to it is no less dangerous than to trust presumptuously to a death-bed repentance. The Scapular, in which the sinner trusts, will somehow disappear. The strings will break and he will lose it, and will not take the trouble to provide himself with another. Very often he will himself tear it off under the influence of an evil conscience and a heart hardened against God. Somehow or other, when the hour of death arrives, it will be gone. The vanished Scapular will be, through his own fault, the just punishment of continuance in sin. As a matter of fact, we do not believe that there is any practical danger of Catholics having any undue confidence in the efficacy of the Scapular. We certainly have never encountered an instance. The tendency is quite the other way. One of the strongest practical arguments in favor of the privilege attaching to it, is that a continuance in sin almost always carries with it the voluntary or involuntary abandonment of the Scapular. We could quote instances without number which have come under our own experience. Often a Catholic who intends to commit mortal sin, will deliberately take off his Scapular. Bad he may be, but not so bad as to insult the Holy Mother of God by wearing her uniform while he is outraging her Divine Son. More often the indifference to holy things, which is one of the effects of sin, will make him careless, and one day he will forget or neglect to resume it after it has been taken off. Somehow or other, and many of my readers will confirm the truth of what I am saying from their own knowledge, the abandonment of the Scapular is one of the most certain signs which accompany willful persistency in wrong doing, and a determinate resistence to the grace of God. All this does not prove that we *must* believe in the efficacy of the Scapular: it only proves that we *may* believe in it with the most implicit confidence, without laying ourselves open to the charge of superstition or encouraging a dangerous abuse. But it proves more than this, it proves that there is a certain connection between the presence of grace in the soul and the wearing of the Scapular, and between the loss of grace and the loss of the Scapular. This at least points to the further conclusion that he who wears it to the end will either retain or recover the grace of God before he die: and this again confirms the fact of the apparition and of the promise made, which we shall now proceed to establish on sufficient and more than sufficient evidence. But first of all we must do the disagreeable work of demolition. We cannot reconstruct till we have cleared the ground of the rubbish accumulated by the *Catholic Dictionary*, which dismisses the positive evidence in favor of the apparition as follows:

As to the fact of the apparition to Simon Stock, it is accepted by Benedict the Fourteenth, Papebroch and Alban Butler, on the faith of a "Life" of the Saint by Swaynton, who was his secretary, and wrote the story of the apparition at his dictation. A fragment of this "Life" was produced from the archives at Bordeaux, and printed by one of the Carmelites, *viz.*, Cheronensis. We may observe that the Carmelites refused a sight of this "Life" to Papebroch. (See Bollandist. Acta S. S., Maii, tom. iii.) This paragraph is quite inaccurate (to say the least), both in its facts and in its insinuations.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Carmelite Review.

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JAMES A. McMASTER.

## The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

# JAMES A. McMASTER,

*Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.*

Edited by REV. MARK S. GROSS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

*DEDICATION.*

*To the Catholic Church in the United States, the young and vigorous church whose faith James A. McMaster embraced with all the ardor of his soul, whose cause he led in journalism for a period of forty years, without fear of the world, supporting the soundest principles in the range of Catholic dogma and morals; upholding the burning questions of his day: advocating the Papal Infallibility, the liberty of the Pope and the Papal Temporal Power: the parochial school system and religious freedom in the land; supporting with unrivalled pen every movement for the welfare of Country and Catholic society; and at the same time, in private life, displaying the virtues of a model Catholic husband and father—this life of James A. McMaster is affectionately dedicated.*

## PREFACE.

AMERICA was the home of James A. McMaster. He had no other country. After his God and his religion his country was the dearest object of his life. He loved it as dearly as man could love it. There is not on the face of this earth a more honest or more ardent admirer of our country than he was. There is not a heart throbbing at this hour in the bosom of man that pulsates towards our glorious Republic with greater love and affection than did the heart of J. A. McMaster. It was this love that made his heart bleed when he called to mind that his country was overshadowed with the darkness of heresy, its society political and religious not under the benign influence of that ancient Catholic Church, alone the mother of a thorough christian civilization; that this nineteenth century failed, in our land especially, to see that divine Truth, as taught by the church, could alone be the safeguard of the liberties of America.

In his estimation, however, the nineteenth century was the best that the world ever saw—the most advanced in material progress and the natural sciences, an age that by its wonders of telegraphy, of steam power, of electricity and of the telephone, had brought the most distant nations within the civilizing influences of commerce and society, annihilating, it would seem, time, space and distance: an age of the education of the masses of the people by the printing press, an age of unsurpassed invention that has unlocked many of the secrets of nature and deciphered the ancient writings on stone of the times and history of nations buried in the tomb thousands of years; an age blessed with the most benign influences of christianity, of the abolition of slavery, of political and religious liberty: an age when Catholic society was never so pure, nor the masses ever so generally instructed in their faith, nor the clergy ever more loyal, self-sacrificing and devoted.

Hence he was no pessimist, nor did he take his stand against the nineteenth century with the calamity-howlers or the prophets of woe.

Yet this same nineteenth century has its dark sides, much of evil to correct in the field of letters, in point of literature: much of evil to repair—in social life by the strengthening and protection of the bond of marriage and by a more general diffusion of individual charity: much of evil to repair—in making education for our children more christian and society less scandalizing in its modes of fashion and amusement.

For all this improvement no power in the hands of religion is so efficient and far reaching as the press. And no service more beneficial to man, or more pleasing to God, can a gifted and courageous journalist render than his endeavor to make the press the hand-maid of religion for the spread of truth and the blessings of a christian civilization.

Such a journalist was Jas. A. McMaster.

Now, we cannot expect the people to set earnestly about stemming the torrent of the evils in the land, unless they are well enlightened as to the sources from which they flow. This McMaster has heroically done for forty years. He displayed heroism in his conversion, and in defending the Catholic faith: heroism in suffering and contending for Catholic schools and Christian education: heroism in defending religious liberty, and in upholding the constitution of the United States and the rights which every citizen should enjoy under that constitution: heroism in sacrificing what

was most near and dear to him. His was a great soul, possessed of the finest feeling and endowed with a most resolute will. He was indulgent, yet rigorous, exacting, yet liberal, prodigal when God's glory was concerned, yet sparing to a degree of parsimony where charity well-directed would permit the lessening of individual comfort. He had very many trials in life. But the certain calm of one who "knew in whom he trusted" reigned over his whole career, and diffused itself in such serene tranquillity around his death-bed that, as St. Bernard says of St. Malachy's departure, no one could know which was the repose that stole over God's servant, that of sweet sleep or that of the grave.

Now that our journalist is dead, a spirit of greater justice will be evinced in estimating his true place among the Catholics of America. In the history of the United States Mr. McMaster will ever hold a prominent place. His name, doubtless, will live when many who bore high political, ecclesiastical and financial titles are forgotten.

"His dome-like brow and towering form," says the *Catholic Union and Times*, Buffalo, Feb. 22, 1887 "his aggressive personality through many militant years; the chivalry with which he championed every cause he had espoused; his splendid courage in days that tried men's souls; his varied learning and fiery zeal in behalf of the Church; the bitterness of his rebuke, the fierceness of his invective, and the heartiness of his applause; his valor as a man, his humility as a Christian; but, above all, the tenderness of his great loving heart, had long made the dead Nestor of the American Catholic press a man of conspicuous mark, and given him a commanding influence through varied and far-reaching channels."

Such will the following chapters reveal the life of James A. McMaster to have been a life instructive and edifying for every class of society.

As to the defects of the work we hope that the sincerity of our good intent, and the desire of spiritually and temporally benefiting society in general, will be a sufficient reason for an indulgent criticism from our generous and considerate fellow citizens of the United States.

We will conclude with the candid statement that the Reverend Father M. Mueller, C. S. S. R., (confessor of the late James A. McMaster) has by his long and patient labors supplied us with most of the material to edit this life of our distinguished American Catholic Journalist.

## CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF JAMES A. MCMASTER.—HIS CHILDHOOD AND EARLY MANHOOD.—HIS SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS, HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND SEMINARY.—HIS VENERATION FOR THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—HIS CONVERSION TO CATHOLICITY, 1845.—HE IS DISCARDED BY HIS FAMILY AND WORLDLY FRIENDS.

James A. McMaster was born on April 1, 1820, at Duanesburg, Schenectady County, New York. He was the youngest of seven children, John Crawford, Erasmus D., Algernon Sydney, Joanetta Helen and Rebekah. He himself was called after his two grandfathers, Benjamin Brown, James MacMaster. He was baptised in his infancy according to the Presbyterian rite. His father was an eminent Presbyterian minister, who traced his descent from the stern Scottish Covenanters. The Rev. Gilbert McMaster was a scholar of the highest order, a believer in the Edinburgh traditions of the immense value of classical learning. At about the age of four his father and mother having occasion to go to the City of New York, the latter promised him that on her return a few days later she would bring him something if he knew by heart our Lord's "Sermon on the Mount." He accomplished his task in that short space of time, much to her satisfaction. He often spoke of the long talks he would have with his mother, of the elevation of mind, the purity of heart, the sweetness and gentleness of character which she possessed. She used to tell him he was indeed his father's Benjamin in more than name, that his brothers had never dared to take the liberties he took with him. And yet the tender, sensitive heart of James A. McMaster yearned for the outward manifestation of the affection which his father felt for him, but of which his grave and stern exterior gave no sign.

He would say to his own children, when pouring out his soul to them in loving words: "My father never caressed me, and his nearest approach to familiarity was when he called me 'my son.' At other times he used my full name, Benjamin Brown James. Oh! how I used to wish he would say, 'my dear son!'" And yet his sister Helen wrote to him after his father's death

that he had broken his heart, relating to him at the same time that they had found in his private journal under date of April 1, 1820: "To-day was born to me a son, the child of my old age," followed by a most beautiful consecration of him to God, beseeching the Almighty that above all things he might be holy.

James McMaster's character was deeply tinged with melancholy even as a little child, owing to the sternness of the Presbyterian creed. He was so impressed by the doctrine of predestination—misinterpreted by many of this sect—that on one occasion, about the age of six, he left his sisters and little companions with whom he was playing and running into an adjoining room threw himself on the bed and cried bitterly. On being pressed to make known the cause of his grief, he told them he was thinking of the time when they would all be happy together in heaven, and he would be lost forever. On his fifth birthday his father presented him with a Latin grammar, and at the age of eight he began the study of Greek. When he was ten years old he was making earnest studies in both these languages, under the direction of his father and with the assistance of his sister Helen, then fifteen, who, in addition to the above, was studying French, Hebrew and Sanscrit.

Several years later James A. McMaster's youthful heart was stirred with the ambition to rival Herschel, whose fame was spread abroad at that time. He accordingly plunged deeply into astronomy, but soon turned from it in disgust. It was not in keeping with his nature and the yearning of his soul for truth. A science founded on supposition could not satisfy him. His motto for the *Freeman's Journal* in after years, "*Veritas liberabit vos!*—The truth will make you free," was but the echo of his whole life. He was as a captive bound in fetters, until he concentrated the whole force of his great mind and heart on the attainment of the knowledge of Him who not only contains within Him all truth, but is Himself the eternal and unchangeable truth.

The following incident shows the extensive knowledge he possessed of the Sacred Scriptures. When somewhere about the age of twelve he boasted one day to his sister Helen, in boylike fashion, that there was not a passage worth quoting in the whole of Shakespeare's works that he could not tell her the place where it belonged, the Act and Scene: and that he could open the volume with his eyes shut and put his finger on the page. She reproved him energetically, saying: "It is a shame that it is not the Bible you know so well." But he rejoined: "There is not a passage in the Bible from cover to cover that you can quote to me that I cannot tell you whence, what book and chapter, it is taken." She accordingly put him to the test, and he came off victorious. Later on he read Scott's Waverley novels by the page, (as he called it) that is, without pausing for reflection, and yet he never forgot them. He could also recite from memory page after page of poetry after one reading.

He excelled in playing chess and riding horseback, but cared little for the other sports of youth. He was a hard student, and for some time previous to his entrance into Union College in his seventeenth year employed frequently eighteen hours a day in study.

The strength of his character at that period is shown by the following: He sometimes regretted that he had never been "a boy." He studied Latin and Greek when other children were learning the alphabet. At the age of ten he had begun to read Xenophon in the original. And, when he entered Union College he was more fitted to teach than to study. Among the students of the college there was one who, in order to pay for his own education, taught a country school in the neighborhood. He fell sick and was very much distressed, fearing the loss of his position. James McMaster, touched with pity, supplied his place for several weeks until his recovery. The school was composed of big burly farmers' sons, many of them over twenty years of age. Hearing of the change they did not appreciate having this "fine youngster" (McMaster who was very nice in his dress at that period) coming to lord it over them. They accordingly planned among themselves that several of the strongest of them would flog him and then put him out of the window. By some means the new teacher became aware of the plot. On entering the school-room the first morning, he quietly walked up to the teacher's desk, laid his revolver upon it and began: "I hear there is a plot among you

to flog me and then put me out of the window. The first one who moves from his seat I will shoot." The youths felt they had a master to deal with and he found them quite manageable during his stay. He gave another proof of his courage and charity about this time in nursing for three weeks a young man attacked with black smallpox, from whom those about him had fled in horror of the frightful disease.

On leaving Union, young McMaster entered Columbia College, in order to study law. Here he formed that close and intimate friendship with Arthur Carey which was one of the great joys as well as one of the great sorrows of his life—a great joy because of their mutual love for and sympathy with each other: a great sorrow because they had suffered and struggled together in search of the true Church, which McMaster alone had the happiness of finding.

The *Freeman* of Jan. 8th, 1887, is mistaken in speaking of Arthur Carey as a convert to our holy faith. He may have influenced McMaster in becoming an Episcopalian. But whatever caused him to take the step, it is certain that he became a member of that sect somewhere about that time and was baptized in old Trinity Church, New York City, by Bishop Onderdonk. He used to say it was probable that his baptism in infancy was valid, but he was quite certain of the last one. A christening was given in his honor by one of his friends, but he was so wet with the water flowing off his head that he had first to go to his room and change his clothes.

After his baptism in the Episcopal church he gave up the pursuit of law and entered the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in New York City. He forsook the bar. His characteristic love of the truth made him reject a profession that might tempt him to assert as facts when he would know such to be contrary to his convictions. The following incident brought about this change. He had taken a case somewhere in a country town in New Jersey. While pleading the cause of his client he became fully persuaded that guilt lay on his side. However, he won his case. But "riding homewards on horseback, a mile and a half, with the moonlight shining down upon him, he felt strangely awed by the thought of the presence of his God and Creator, to Whom he had told a lie." He accordingly determined to study for the ministry. McMaster had been captivated with the beautiful prayers and outward forms of the Episcopalian service, so grateful to his ardent nature and so unlike the cold stern creed of his forefathers. But the peace and joy he felt were but transient, and soon the old yearnings and struggles for the truth were once more renewed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## MAY BELLS.

By Matilda Cummings.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

LOVE that's true repeateth ever,
One refrain 'tis its to tell;
Loving so, it tireth never,
Ringing changes on its bell.

Variations on the old air,
Dearer as the years do pass;
Sweet vibrations falling nowhere,
Save on "time's unerring glass."

Thus the May-time cometh ever,
Making new the gladsome earth;
Wakening ties which nought can sever,
Proving love's undying worth.

For the May belongs to Mary,
Her's the month of birds and flowr's;
Her's the gardens where no fairy
With her wand roams through the bowr's.

But a Queen, and she our Mother,
Queen of nature, queen of song;
Virgin fairest, like none other,
Hymn we praises all day long.

Carmel's heights ring out their joy bells
Valleys low repeat the chime;
Hill or dale but one sweet song tells
Love the burden of each rhyme.

Like the beauty ancient ever
As that beauty ever new,
So our love, as tho' a lever,
Bears upon it all we do.

Welcome then, sweet month of beauty,
Full of fragrance, rich in bloom!
Ours to greet thee, sweetest duty,
Bright disperser of all gloom.

Mary, gentlest Mother hear us,
Queen and mother of fair love!
Turn thine eyes of mercy towards us,
Be their light our guide above.

The enemies of the truth should be overcome by the practice of humility, patience, and all other virtues.—St. Dominic.

The Lord will crown with an eternal reward if you imitate the most Blessed Virgin in her purity and humility.—St. Alexius.

Do not shrink, my son, from obeying the call of grace, be faithful and persevere generously in your holy resolutions.—St. Bonfilius.

Religious life is a school in which we must learn two things: to govern one's passions and to imitate the virtuous examples of others.—St. Amadeus.

# What Came of an April Shower.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.

CONTINUED.

"MY friend *had* to be home at a certain time, so I came alone—and then that shower came up, and I did not want to spoil my gown," she added, glancing with pardonable pride at her pretty dress. "I should think not, indeed," said Miss Southwell. "but what will your mamma say?" "O! mamma knows me pretty well," said the girl. "It is grandmama that I will dread to meet. You, I suppose, are going home?" "No," replied Eleanor, sadly, "I have no home." "No home," cried Kitty. "but, of course, you mean you board?" "I mean precisely that I have no home, and no further claim on the little room where, for the last ten months, I have sojourned. It was simply impossible for me to procure the amount of rent due, so yesterday the final decision was rendered that I must leave to-day." "O! how unfeeling," said Kitty. "What a cruel man your landlord must be, positively heartless, in fact."

"It was not a man, but a woman, and she was neither cruel nor heartless, and she will always be remembered most kindly by me. She had three little children dependent upon her alone for support. She was good to me during a tedious illness, and insisted on my taking another week, although she had a persevering applicant for the room. But what can the poor woman do?" By this time they had reached the station, and Kitty begged her newly made friend to remain in the waiting room with her awhile. "My train has gone, and it will be so dreadfully lonesome with no one to talk to until the next."

Miss Southwell, who did not easily "take fancies," was very much attracted towards this bright-faced little girl, and as another half hour would make no difference in her "arrangements," after some hesitation, she consented. "But you surely have friends," went on Kitty, "or have you *no* place where you can make a nice visit for awhile, you know. You have *some* place to stay to-night, haven't you?" "I am certainly rather isolated in the matter of friends. My mother and I came from England but two years ago. It was at the suggestion of her brother, an uncle whom I had never seen, and who died suddenly before we arrived in New York. My mother did not long survive him, and with the assistance of my aunt, I gathered a number of pupils in music, sufficient to keep 'the wolf from the door,' but in these days of musical culture, more than a 'pretty talent' in the divine art is essential, and the last of my rapidly diminishing class came after the illness I told you of, to say that she was going to the conservatory. I do not often talk so much of myself, but your sympathy has loosened my generally reticent tongue. As to my destination for 'a few days only,' it will be the convent, which looks out from its shelter of tall trees on the hill beyond. "Not the 'Little Sisters,'" cried Kitty. "O! pray do not go there, at least to stay. The poor old creatures. Well, of course, they cannot help looking so old and odd. You are too young to be with them." "I do not mean the 'Little Sisters,'" said Eleanor, with a thrill of despondency at what the unknown future might hold for her in its mysterious depths. For at seventeen had she not been as gay and happy, and worn as dainty costumes as this girl, who listened with such interest to her words: "My mother's death was a bitter sorrow, and for many months it was hard to be resigned." "You are a Catholic," said Kitty quickly. "I am," said Eleanor, "but how did you know?" "O! I can always tell. And you wear the Scapular, and belong to the League, and all that sort of thing, I am afraid." Kitty was about to add, but the flush which rose to her companion's pale cheek, and the ominous sparkle of her eye impelled her to add quickly: "But now you are always resigned." "I most certainly wear the Scapular of Our Lady, and belong to the Holy League, and I am not as resigned as I should be, but often rebel, as for instance, when the door of my room was closed, and I gave up the key. But, remembering that my virtue for this month was 'resignation to the divine will,' I am now in a much better frame of mind. You are wondering why I left my uncle's wife. She left *me*.

"After the conventional year of mourning had expired, she married again, and went to England. But what do you know of our two most highly prized devotions, since I think you do not belong to the 'household of the faith?' Were you a pupil at some convent school?" "O! I often heard of them from a friend, the dearest friend I ever had in the world. Their place was next to ours. We live ten miles from the city. She was sent to that very convent you pointed out to me, and ended by becoming a Catholic. I begged to go with her, but grandmamma is so very much opposed to your religion that she interfered when I might perhaps have won papa's consent."

"And is your friend near you still?" asked Eleanor.

"Ah no. She was two years older than I, and different in every way. It was very sad. Her parents told her to choose between them and her new faith, between poverty and the same happy home she had always enjoyed, between their love and the society of strangers. And she did not hesitate a moment. She was engaged to be married, but wrote, releasing her affianced. And what do you think? He accepted it without a word. Of course he had heard what would follow her baptism, and now she has become a nun herself." "Do not call it sad," said Eleanor, who possessed the enthusiasm of some noble martyred ancestor. "It was glorious! Happy girl—to exchange unfeeling earthly parents for our tender mother, the Church, transitory wealth for joys which will never end; an ignoble lover for a kingly spouse, who will fill her heart with celestial bliss and recompense her sacrifice a thousand fold."

"Her sacrifice was voluntary," was Eleanor's inward comment, "but mine—so like—was with no choice of my own. And yet thou wilt not forget, O! Lord that I offered it up for thee!"

Kitty had looked in wonder as Eleanor's voice died away: the subject was evidently beyond her comprehension, and there was silence for a while, as the young girl revolved a possible plan in her mind.

Eleanor, as she came down from the heights, could not help thinking that a little earthly treasure would be very acceptable, and wondering if the note to the Mother Superior which Fr. Wilfred had given her would be successful, or add another disappointment to her long list. The shower had ceased, the blue sky was lovely with fleecy white clouds, the ivy glistened, verdant and bright beneath the shining rain drops, the purple violets looked up with humid eyes from the dewy fragrant grass.

Kitty thought the silence sufficiently long. "As I said, my grandmamma was utterly opposed to my going to a convent school, and never ceased congratulating herself on the event after the course taken by my friend. We, that is, mamma and I, and even papa, are not bigoted, but she is extremely so. There is a poor little church about half a mile from our house. Grandmamma says that none but the lower classes belong to the Catholic church."

"Your grandmamma was never more decidedly mistaken," said Eleanor, with her loftiest air. "O! so papa tells her; he says there are as well educated people amongst the Catholics as you can find in any church."

"We are exceedingly indebted I am sure! He has probably heard of Newman, Manning, our own Dr. Brownson, and Fr. Hecker, not to speak of all the gifted ones cradled in the lap of our mother church, who certainly can aspire to be called *educated*."

"Papa did not imply anything depreciating Catholics," said Kitty, quick to perceive the sarcastic intonation. "And mamma is very good, though we really do not know much about your church. The wagon of the 'Little Sisters' passes our house, and she always sends something out. Their house is not *very* far from us. And papa is kind, too. Here is my card," continued she, "you may have heard the name." "I have," said Eleanor, "and always in terms of praise. You may be proud of it, and of your father, in an age when truth and honor are somewhat rare."

For this, poor Eleanor's experience of men had not been the most satisfactory. A false friend betrayed the trust reposed in him by her dying father, and speculated with the fortune he had promised to guard, and a recreant suitor withdrew, unwilling to wed a portionless bride. But now the station began to fill up, and Kitty hastened to the window to secure her ticket. Returning to Miss Southwell, she said, en-

treatingly: "Come home with me. *Do* come. See! I have two tickets, and to-morrow you can go to the convent if you insist." "But your mother, what would she think?" said Eleanor, utterly astonished at the proposition. "And your grandmama!" "O! mamma would think I had done perfectly right. She is the dearest little mother—O! I hope nothing is wrong at home!

"Grandmama might be a difficulty, it is true, but you will not be obliged to say at once that you are a Catholic, will you?" "Not precisely," said Eleanor, with a smile. "Well, this is only Monday. Friday is quite far off. She will be sure to discover you then! But only come." Eleanor hesitated. Her belief in the ruling of Divine Providence was unusually strong. Fr. Wilfred himself had been doubtful whether his intercession with the mother to avail herself of Eleanor's ability as a linguist in the academy would be successful. They might be amply supplied with teachers.

At all events *one* day's delay could not be dangerous. So the consent was given, to Kitty's delight. On the way she chatted on, telling of her little sister and twin brothers, her dear old home, her parents, and the grandmother, who was evidently quite a power in the house. "Of course we love her dearly, but she thinks mamma spoils us all. But we are almost home. We will have quite a walk, for we, at least I, am not expected, but it is so lovely after the rain."

Eleanor was rather silent. Was the answer to the novena concluded that very morning, coming in this unexpected way? But now they are walking up the broad avenue of trees, and finally the door was opened, and Kitty, as she rushed into her mother's arms, found that something was wrong indeed. The little sister, the household pet, was stricken down with diphtheria in its most malignant form. The children's nurse had ignominiously fled, the little twins were holding high revelry, evidently enjoying their freedom from supervision, and, to crown all, grandmama, in attempting to capture them, had fallen over some of their belongings, which were profusely strewn about, and was lying on the lounge until someone could investigate the extent of the injury she had sustained.

Eleanor, seeing that she was suffering intensely, quietly went, after acknowledging her introduction to Mrs. Clarendon, to the lounge. She removed her wraps at Kitty's bidding, and then gently cut away the slipper and stocking from the rapidly swelling ankle, asking Kitty for hot water, etc., (not to be tedious) she made the patient feel infinitely better, but the doctor pronounced it a serious sprain, and the old dame who had fallen in love with the quiet ways and "faculty" of this unexpected guest, begged that she might have as much of her attention as she could. Kitty showed "what was in her" by taking the twins to a distant part of the house, so that they happily escaped the terrible malady.

The Clarendons were much interested in Eleanor's history, as she told it upon a fitting opportunity, and on the next Sunday when she calmly informed her patient that she must leave her to attend Mass in "the poor little church beyond," grandmama did nothing more than gasp out a faint exclamation of dismay. To be brief, she endeared herself to them all, and when they were all together in the cozy library—all well and light-hearted—Mrs. Clarendon broached the important subject, and begged Eleanor to remain as governess, companion, valued friend, or "any way at all." Eleanor having a decided preference for a fully defined position, thankfully selected that of governess, in which office she was duly installed.

She insisted, however, that Mrs. Clarendon should confer with Fr. Wilfred as to her general eligibility, and Kitty said "if this were to be a case of *references exchanged*, then they must supply satisfactory ones for her." At which all laughed, for when a great peril has been escaped, or a sorrow averted, it is easy to laugh even at a very mild witticism.

* * * * *

Three years have passed since the day of the April shower, and great changes have taken place.

It is the eve of Kitty's wedding day, and one of her most highly prized gifts is a Rosary from Miss Southwell. Nay, more, the ceremony is to take place in the previously mentioned *poor little church*, now transformed through the liberality of her generous father.

The entire Clarendon family, excepting, alas! grandmama, "wear the Scapular and belong to the League and all that." As for Eleanor, she seems to have parted with several years, so much better and happier does she look. And grandmama has been heard to thus answer a friend who made some inquiry regarding her:

"A most superior woman, my dear; my daughter was fortunate in securing her for governess to the children.

"She is of an excellent English Catholic family, too, and one of her ancestors, a Jesuit, gave up his life for his faith. After all, there is something grand in giving up one's very life for a principle, and right or wrong, such a man is entitled to our respect, admiration and even love."

S. X. B.

St. Mary's, Pa.

## MOTHER OF GOD.

BY HENRY COYLE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

I.

Mother of God! at thy dear name
Our hearts with rapture thrill;
Thy love for us dispels all gloom,
And hope our bosoms fill;
In all our dangers be thou near,
Wherever we may roam,
And when death comes, lead thou the way
To our eternal home.

II.

Salve Regina—Mother of God,
To whom so much we owe,
A heart too warm with faith and love
Can we on thee bestow?
It is through thee that sinners may
Have all their sins forgiven;
It is through thee that we are made
Rich heirs of grace in heaven.

III.

Mother of God! O may it be
Our chief delight on earth
To reverence thy blessed name,
To chant thy praise and worth.
No plea of thine to Christ thy Son
Shall be by Him denied;
O, pray for us! in death's dark hour,
Be thou the Star to guide.

THERE is nothing in life which exercises a more blessed influence on death than the prominence of a holy, loving fear in our intercourse with God. Past fear is the smoothest pillow on which the head of the dying can repose.—FATHER FABER.

## On Saint Teresa's Footsteps.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

CONTINUED.

BEFORE the Saint of Avila exchanged this life for a better one beyond the tomb, she had the happiness of beholding the reform of her order extend throughout Spain. Seventeen convents of discalced Carmelite nuns had been founded by her, and a number of monasteries of Friars of the Reformed Rule had been established. It was not in my power to visit all the Carmelite convents formed by Saint Teresa, but I had the satisfaction of crossing the threshold of several. At Valladolid, once the capital of Spain, before Charles V. transferred his residence to Madrid, and now a city in a state of decadence, I was the guest of the Scotch college. In company with several of its students, young Scotchmen, I sought and found the Teresian convent. It had the honor of being one of those established by the Saint. The original building still exists. Here, as in Avila, there is a tree planted by St. Teresa herself, a living relic of which the mother gave me several twigs which I brought home to our sisters in Baltimore and Boston. The Mother Prioress graciously came to the parlor and conversed with us for some time. We knelt in the venerable church of the convent, and thought of those distant days, when the blessed feet of our holy Mother trod the very same ground on which we were standing.

At Burgos, after visiting the venerable cathedral, the stone of which was laid by St. Ferdinand, King of Castile and Leon, and the town hall, where the remains of the Cid repose, I crossed the Arlanzon, and walking along the well shaded Paseo de la Isla, arrived at the Carmelite convent. Like all convents of the Carmelite nuns I have seen, it is unpretending and poor in its appearance. This was the last establishment of St. Teresa, and, as one of the nuns remarked, her Benjamin. The sun of her life was nearing the horizon and its last

rays illuminated a world she was soon to leave, when she bade farewell to her daughters at Burgos, to see them no more in this vale of tears. She set out on her return to Avila via Alba de Tormes, where she was to have an interview with the Duchess of Alba, but Avila she was never to see again, for at Alba she ended her mortal career.

How could I leave Spain without visiting Alba? And yet it is no easy task to reach it for one who is pressed for time and anxious to arrive at Madrid. Alba lies far from the railroad in an out of the way district. To arrive at it, it was necessary to go to Salamanca. But Salamanca, the glorious, wisdom-loving Salamanca, the Alma Mater of so many illustrious men, the once proud Salamanca, is now hardly more than a provincial town. Only one train a day could take me to it, one train leaving Valladolid about nine at night. Then it was necessary to change cars at Medina del Campo at midnight and wait about three hours for the train bound for Portugal which passes Salamanca. These were considerable inconveniences for one worn out with travelling, but "where there is a will there is a way"; and I determined to brave all difficulties in order to follow on the track of Saint Teresa.

Dark shades of night wrapped Medina del Campo in their somber folds, when I stepped out of the cars at its railway station. Gladly would I have seen this historic place, but it was not possible. At the old castle of Medina, Ferdinand and Isabella were hearing Mass when they received the joyful news of the capture of Alhama, an event that precipitated the war of Granada. In the same royal residence, Isabel the Catholic, Spain's most illustrious sovereign, expired, and here, after her death, her unfortunate daughter, Joanna, the mother of Charles V, held her court. Surely Medina del Campo was worth a visit from the lover of Spanish history, for its name is intimately connected with the life of St. Teresa and with that of St. John of the Cross. So frequently does its name occur in the life of these saints, that years ago it was to my imagination one of the most familiar cities of Spain, and yet I was not given time to see Medina del Campo, for I had to hurry onward.

About three in the morning I boarded the train for Salamanca, and, with the break of day, I had reached the station which is at a considerable distance from the town. On my way to the college of Noble Irishmen, of which the Rev. Dr. John Cowan is rector, I passed a silent abode of St. Teresa's daughters. This, too, is one of her foundations. How often did not our holy Mother enter within the gates of this renowned Salamanca? Her eyes once rested on some of the very buildings which I then beheld, on that venerable old cathedral, built in 1102 by Count Ramon, brother of Pope Calixtus II, on the new cathedral, begun in 1513, two years before her birth, on the university buildings, and on yonder venerable church of San Esteban which stands still proudly upon the banks of the Tormes, as it stood in the days when Christopher Columbus sojourned in the Dominican convent attached to it, the guest of his friend and protector, Diego de Deza, an illustrious son of St. Dominic. But, alas! Salamanca is only a ghost of its former self, and its glory seems to have departed forever.

Beyond the venerable bridge across the river Tormes, some of the arches of which date from the days of the Romans, a road stretches before you, ascending and descending over the undulating Castilian plain. It is a historic road. Near the village of Arapiles it passes the scene of the famous battle of Salamanca, where, in 1812, Wellington defeated the French under Marmont. But there is something which still more recommends this road to your interest, it was frequently trodden by St. Teresa, for it leads to Alba de Tormes, twelve miles from Salamanca. In my next paper, reader, I will ask you to accompany me over this venerable road to the spot where St. Teresa died.

TO BE CONTINUED.

He who is master of himself, is master of the world.

Lead such a life and seek such peace as to make thyself worthy of peace everlasting.

Let us use every endeavor that the Blessed Virgin may reign in all hearts, that she may be honored and loved as the admirable Protectress.

Our philosophy is of little avail if we cannot make application of it for ourselves, as well as for others.

# Shrines of our Lady

Written for the Carmelite Review by the Rev. Ambrose F. Bruder, O. C. C.

## NAZARETH.

ST. LUKE tells us in his Gospel, I. 26, that the home of the Blessed Virgin was at Nazareth, a small town of Galilee. Mary lived there in the strictest seclusion when the Archangel Gabriel brought her the heavenly message, explained the stupendous miracle of the Incarnation of the Son of God, and announced to her that of her was to be born He that was the expectation of all the nations.

Upon their return from the flight into Egypt, Mary lived with Jesus and Saint Joseph at her house in Nazareth: and here the Holy Family dwelt until Jesus began His public life. The small house of Nazareth was therefore the quiet witness of the childhood of Jesus, the Incarnate Son of God, of His virtues, of His self-denials, of His labors, of His prayers, of the holy conversations held with Mary, His Blessed Mother, and with Joseph, His foster-father. It was in this small, apparently insignificant house, that took place, unknown to the world, those unspeakable mysteries of poverty, humility, obedience and love, that were later on to become the foundations of the Gospel of Christianity. Every stone of this insignificant building was blessed and sanctified by the heavenly fragrance breathed forth by Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

What wonder, that the Apostles and first Christians felt and manifested for this sacred habitation the greatest veneration, what more natural than that they should guard it, prevent its desecration, and pay frequent visits to this holy spot sanctified by the presence of God Himself. That this was really the case, is proved by history, and the same is beautifully expressed by St. Jerome in one of his letters to Eustochia: "From the time of the Ascension of Christ, the Lord, into heaven, did the Apostles dedicate this house of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in which she had been saluted by the heavenly messenger, in which was conceived Christ the Lord, which witnessed the stupendous miracles of the hidden life of Jesus." Since then, countless multitudes from all corners of the globe have thronged to Nazareth, to visit and venerate this sacred Shrine of Mary.

The Holy Empress, St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor, made a pilgrimage to Nazareth, where she had erected at her own expense the magnificent Church of the Annunciation. In the midst of this church stood the house of the Holy Family. Even to-day is shown the grotto in which Mary received the salutation of the Archangel Gabriel. A stairway leads to the subterranean grotto, which had been chiselled in quadrangular shape, and erected into a chapel. Not far from the grand marble altar are two pillars erected on the spot where Mary knelt in prayer when she was saluted by the Archangel. We need not be surprised to hear that this happened in a grotto, for the dwellings in Nazareth were built on the hill-sides, in which were many natural grottoes. These mountain grottoes were used as dwelling places, and one of them served as a home for the Holy Family.

As long as the Holy Land remained under Christian domination, pilgrims from all parts of the earth wended their way to this holy Shrine of Mary. When, however, Palestine had fallen into infidel power, especially after the Seljukean Turks had permanently acquired the mastery in those blessed regions, these pilgrimages, on account of the terrible vexations to which the pious pilgrims were exposed, became few and far between.

TO BE CONTINUED IN JULY.

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WHEN friendship is consecrated by religion, it is, like charity, deathless.

A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.

I PITY those who, knowing the Mother of God to be a true title, yet compromise by their silence the honor of her who bears it and act as if her rightful place in the kingdom of her Son were a matter of very small consequence.—FATHER EDMUND, C. P.

—THE—

# Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
*OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,*
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

Rev. Philip A. Best, O.C.C., Editor.

Vol. II. Falls View, May, 1894. No. 5.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Many indulgences can be gained by those who attend May devotions.

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The Queen of May never allows her servants to surpass her in generosity.

***

Perform at least *something* extra in honor of the Blessed Virgin during this month. It will pay you.

***

The Provincial chapter of the Carmelites of the United States and Canada will open at New Baltimore, Pa., on the 20th of this month.

***

A summary of the contents of the first and succeeding chapters of Mr. McMaster's biography appears among our advertisements.

***

One of the fathers of the London Oratory promises the readers of our Review a future contribution which is sure to be interesting.

***

It saddens the heart of every pastor if there is only one black sheep in his flock which refuses to eat of the Bread of Life during the time prescribed by Holy Church.

***

Let us arouse ourselves to renewed devotion to our dear Mother during this her beautiful month. Mary is most generous to those who honor her. Offer up your pious exercises during May for some careless soul who neglects to make his, or her, Easter duty.

***

The continuation of the two excellent articles on "The Brown Scapular and the Catholic Dictionary" and "St. Elias and the Carmelites" will appear in our June number.

***

The time for performing the paschal duty ceases on the 20th of this month, Trinity Sunday. Let us ask Our Blessed Lady to lessen the number of those who neglect so important an obligation.

***

We may now pray to the "Apostle of Andalusia" Juan d'Avila Diego, St. Teresa's confessor. The ceremony of his Beatification took place on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph last month.

***

There is a formula in our liturgy for the Blessing of Palms on the Feast of St. Angelus the Carmelite martyr (May 5). The favors wrought by God through the prayers of this saint are very numerous.

***

Three hundred and twenty-three persons were confirmed in the Carmelite church, New York City, last month, by Archbishop Corrigan. Sixty of those who received the Holy Sacrament were converts.

***

The difference between a "Monk" and "Friar" was lately very clearly explained by the *Providence Visitor*. However, Mr. Lathrop's excellent journal failed to include the Carmelites among the list of mendicants. In England and Ireland our fathers and brothers have for centuries been known as the "White Friars."

***

The medals of our Lady of Mount Carmel and the great Carmelite Saint Albert are about ready. Until now it has been difficult to fully satisfy the demands of our Lady's clients desirous of obtaining one of these pretty mementos of their Patroness. Feeley & Co., of Providence, are now engaged in the making of the medals, which can be had by writing to the Carmelite Monastery, 134 Barrack St., New Orleans, La.

When will Catholic parents see the dreadful responsibility they incur by allowing into their homes those disreputable penny papers which so unblushingly give the details of filth brought to light in the court room?

***

A priest in Missouri, Reverend Father Holwick, has classified and annotated a calendar which shows that there is not a day in the year on which the Blessed Virgin is not somewhere publicly invoked under one of her numberless titles.

***

A Provincial Chapter of the Carmelites of North America will be convened at the Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., on May 25. We beg the prayers of our readers that all which will be deliberated on and resolved by our fathers at this general assembly may be for the further good of Our Lady's Order on this continent.

***

A precious relic in the shape of a small portion of stone from the Grotto of St. Elias on Mt. Carmel will be placed in the corner-stone of the new Hospice at Niagara Falls. The relic was sent here by the reverend Prior of our Monastery on Mt. Carmel, and it will seal the bond of union between our brethren in the Holy Land and those in the New World.

***

A correspondent is informed by the *Sacred Heart Review* that he may learn about the different Catholic religious orders by consulting the "Catholic Dictionary." The "Dictionary" may give the enquirer all the information asked, but it should be known that the articles in the same book on the Brown Scapular and things pertaining to the Carmelites are most unreliable.

***

It is very appropriate that the first installment of Mr. McMaster's life should make its appearance in our Lady's month. Devotion to the holy Mother of God was very conspicuous in the great Catholic journalist, as the succeeding chapters of his biography will show. To the Reverend Editor of Mr. McMaster's life, and to all who have enabled us to give it publicity, we offer grateful thanks. We especially thank the Hon. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, who sent us the excellent portrait appearing on the first page.

Miss Elizabeth Magner, of Suspension Bridge, N. Y., is authorized by us to receive subscriptions to the Carmelite Review and any donations to the Hospice Building-fund. We recommend her to the kindness of our many friends throughout the country.

***

The reverend Editor of the Rochester *Oak Leaf* recently pertinently remarked:

"They our Protestant neighbors say that the Catholics desire to possess America. It is true. Catholics desire that every human being in America, as well as in every other part of the world, should be converted to the true faith. It is not desired by Catholics that Protestants should take a single step toward Catholicity that their educated consciences do not tell them to take. In this sense the Catholics desire to own not only America, but the whole world."

This puts the case in a nutshell. It "oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

## A Morning Offering to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

*Translated from the Dutch by a Carmelite Brother*

O! Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God, my dear Mother and great Queen, behold prostrate before thy throne an ungrateful child, whom thou ever lovest, though unworthy of such love, because I offended thy Divine Son by so many and grievous sins, but thou, because thou lovest me, didst intercede for me, and didst not let me die in the state of sin, but obtained mercy for me from thy dear Son. O! Mother, behold a poor and weak child! I have nothing to offer thee worthy of thee, but what I can give I offer thee this day. I offer thee my body, sanctified by Holy Communion: I offer thee my eyes, that henceforth they may see nothing but thee, and thy Divine Son, I offer thee my ears that they may always hear the word of God. I offer thee my tongue, that it may always pronounce lovingly thine and thy Divine Son's name. I offer thee my hands, that they henceforth may only perform acts of love and virtue. I offer thee my feet, that they may never trod the path of vice. I offer thee my soul with its desires and longings. I offer thee my entire self, and promise thee love and fidelity, and to keep my promise, I offer thee my heart. Place it by that of thy Divine Son's and grant me thy blessing. I place myself this day entirely under thy maternal protection. There I wish to live, there I wish to die, and when my last hour shall have arrived, I will praise thy and thy Divine Son's name, if not with the tongue at least with the heart, saying: Live Jesus! Live Mary! Live Jesus! Live Mary! Amen.

# The Mound Builders and Copper Workers.

BY VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

CONTINUED.

WE have more than once hesitated in view of one of these prodigious mounds, whether it were not really a natural hill. But they are uniformly so placed, in reference to the adjacent country, and their conformation is so unique and similar that no eye hesitates long in referring them to the class of artificial erections.

To this day there are traces of military fortifications left by this ancient people through Central New York, Northern Ohio, and extending into Indiana to the banks of the Wabash. This pre-historic race made *adobe*, or sun-dried brick, mixed with rushes. They wrought in copper, silver and lead, and there are evidences that they even understood the smelting of iron. Copper axes, bosses for ornaments, spear heads, bracelets and rings, with strange characters marked upon them, have been recovered from their mounds.

At Marietta, Ohio, on the Muskingum River, a mound was opened in 1869, and, among other articles uncovered, were large circular ornaments for a sword belt, composed of copper, overlaid with a thick plating of silver. Two or three pieces of copper tubing were also found filled with iron rust and copper rivets, or nails.

Mr. Squiers says: "These articles have been critically examined, and it is beyond doubt that the copper bosses were absolutely *plated*, not simply *overlaid* with silver. Between the copper and the silver exists a connection such as, it seems to me, could only be produced by heat, and if it is admitted that these are genuine relics of the Mound Builders, it must, at the same time, be admitted that they possessed the difficult art of plating one metal upon another. There is but one alternative, viz: That they had occasional and constant intercourse with a people advanced in the arts, from whom these articles were obtained. Again, if Dr. Hildreth is not mistaken, *oxydized iron* or steel was also discovered in connection with the above remains, from which also follows the extraordinary conclusion that the Mound Builders were acquainted with the use of iron, the conclusion being, of course, subject to the improbable alternative already mentioned."

From these mounds have been taken squares of matting delicately woven, pieces of double and twisted fibre cloth, mouthpieces and stops for wind instruments, and quaintly and curiously wrought lovers' flutes,* reminding one of Bryants' lines, etc., etc.

"Till twilight came and lovers walked and wooed
In a forgotten language; and old tunes
From instruments of unremembered forms
Gave the soft winds a voice."

They plated stone with copper, possessed various mechanical contrivances, were acquainted with the lathe, knew the use of the mould, and excelled in carving.

There is a conflict of opinion among writers on these ancient people as to how far this forgotten race penetrated westward. Mr. Fontaine wrote that the Mound Builders never inhabited either the New England States nor the State of New York. Mr. Squiers who, for a long time held the opposite opinion, acknowledges that the force of evidence compelled him to alter his conviction, that traces of the Mound Builders were evident in the lands of Western New York. Mr. Squiers says: "In full view of the facts I am driven to a conclusion little anticipated, when I started upon my trip of exploration, that the earthworks of Western New York were erected by the Iroquois or other western neighbors, and do not possess an antiquity going very far back of the discovery of the country."

Sir Daniel Wilson agrees with Mr. Squiers and he writes: "These large earthworks and mounds, essentially dissimilar from the slight structures of the modern Indian, appear to stretch from the upper waters of the Ohio to the westward of Lake Erie, and thence along Lake Michigan nearly to the copper regions of Lake Superior."

De Witt Clinton, in his "Memoir on the Antiquity of the Western Part of New York," holds the opposite opinion. He writes: "Previous to the occupation of this country by the progenitors of the

* The "flute" is used principally by the young man whose fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. *A. C. Fletcher, on "Omaha Indian Songs," p. 425.*

present race of Indians, it was inhabited by a race of men much more populous and much further advanced in civilization. I have seen several of their fortifications in the western part of this state. There is a large one in the town of Onondaga, one in Pompeii, and one in Malens: in a word, they are scattered all over the country." From the Niagara River to the Genesee there is a line of these fortifications, and a considerable number of burial mounds, of whose history the Iroquois had no knowledge. Eleven miles east of the present village of Lewiston, on a farm formerly occupied by John Gould, was found a huge *ossuary* and the remains of an ancient fortification, called by the Tuscarora Indians *Kienka*. Nearly in the middle of this fort was a burial mound. When the earth was removed, flags of sandstone were uncovered, and beneath them was a huge pit filled with human bones of both sexes and of all ages. In the position of the skeletons, there were none of the signs of ordinary Indian burial. Remains of earthenware, pieces of copper, and instruments of rude workmanship were ploughed up within the area. The ancient works at Fonthill, in Western New York, discovered forty years ago, show a knowledge of defence upon the part of the Builders, surpassing that possessed by the American Indian. The skeletons found within the fortified enclosure were those of a race of men *one-third larger* than the Iroquois or Huron. The giant forest trees that grew upon these works were over five hundred years old, and there were traces that another growth existed before them."

In 1856, Dr. Reynolds, of Brockville, found at the head of the Galops Rapids, on the River St. Lawrence, about fifteen feet below the surface, twenty skeletons. "Some of the skeletons," he wrote, "were of gigantic proportion. The lower jaw of one is sufficiently large to surround the corresponding bone of an adult of our generation."

About one and a half miles west of Shelby, in Orleans county, N. Y., is a mound from which were taken skeletons of a giant size, pieces of pottery and earthenware covered with patterns in relief, wrought with great skill. "This was doubtless a spot," writes the Honorable S. M. Burroughs, "where a great battle had been fought. Were not these people a branch of the Aztecs?"

In the year 1809, in one of these ancient fortifications, on the middle branch of Buffalo Creek, three and a half miles from the village of Aurora, was ploughed up a copper plate twelve inches broad and sixteen inches long. Upon it were engraved characters extending its whole length, which have not yet been deciphered. That its mysterious import will ever be known is scarcely to be expected. The language of the race, and the race itself, is unknown. Like the Palenque hieroglyphics, or those on the walls of the Temple of Philo, at the first cataract of the Nile, it has defied the ingenuity of scholars, and awaits the birth of an American Champollion or a Grotefeud to unveil its secrets.

In 1847, prospectors of the Minnesota Mining company, discovered an abandoned mine in which were found ladders, masses of broken rock, tools and implements, proving that the mine had been opened and worked by a race of men who knew the value of copper for decorative, ornamental and other purposes.

The American Indian before the coming of the French knew nothing of copper, iron, or any other metal than stone. These ancient copper workers had opened mines for over a hundred miles along the southern shore of Lake Superior and L'Isle Royalee centuries before the Algonquin was driven northward. "At a locality," writes Sir Daniel Wilson, "lying to the east of Keweena Point, in the rich iron district of Marquette, in what appears to have been the ancient bed of the River Carp, and about ten feet above the present level of the channel, various implements and weapons of copper were found. Large trees grow on this deposit also, and the evidences of antiquity seemed not less obvious than in that of Ontonagon. The relics included knives, spear or lance heads, and arrow heads, some of which were ornamented with silver. One of the knives made, with its handle, out of a single piece of copper, measured altogether about seven inches long, of which the blade was nearly two-thirds of the entire length, and of oval shape."

The great Ontonagon block of pure copper found in the Minnesota mine, near Ontonagon River, and now in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, weighs over six

tons, and showed when found numerous marks of the tools of these ancient people. The miners had sunk a trench twenty-six feet deep, detached the copper block from its *matrix*, and raised it on to a platform eight feet high, which was preserved by the water in which it was standing. The miners' tools and implements which were found near its mouth seemed to imply that the miners left the diggings in confusion, and pointed to a sudden attack or a devastating pestilence like that which nearly exterminated the New England Indians before the landing of the Pilgrims. If these people were not of a gigantic size, endowed with a corresponding strength, how was it possible for them to lift this enormous mass of copper unto its cradle without machinery? Again, what use did they make of the great quantity of copper taken from the storm-beaten and castillated shores of Lake Superior? They left behind them adzes similar in shape to our own, with bevelled edges, tempered drills, and gravures of copper, the use of which was not even known to the Algonquin.

This mysterious race has left no other records behind it, than those found in their mines, fortifications and mounds, and as to what manner of people they were, or where they came from, historians are unable to agree.

"Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden been;
And later times things more unknown shall show.
Why then should witless man so much misween
That nothing is but that which he hath seen?"

—Faerie Queen.

Caleb Atiwater in his *Archæologia Americana* is of the opinion that they were of Asiatic origin, but admits that this is only a supposition and Morgan (Peab. Rept. XII P. 552) holds that they cannot be classed with any known Indian stock. It would appear that this ancient people never crossed into or dwelt on the Niagara Peninsula, for no traces of them have ever been discovered in any part of the land. The Attiwindarons of the Huron, Iroquois stock, or a kindred tribe, were in all probability the first and only race of men that ever occupied the Peninsula before the advent of the European, and save a few flint arrow heads and stone axes recovered at times from their burial mounds, there remains nothing to remind us that even they ever lived. From Niagara to Detroit there is not a stream or river bearing their name, and all that is left of their language are the words preserved in Brebeuf's dictionary. Fifty years after their destruction by the Iroquois, over their corn fields and clearings, over their very graves there sprang up a luxuriant growth of vine and wood, and timber, that obliterated all traces of the slaughtered nation. The earth alone in kindness preserves their memory, and to the student of archæology, occasionally delivers up the relics which for two hundred and fifty years it has sacredly preserved from decay. Longfellow, in his embodiment of the Algonquin legends, represents Hiawatha lamenting the decay and death of all things, and that great men and their achievements perish and are forgotten.

"Great men die and are forgotten.
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them;
Do not reach the generations
That as yet unborn are waiting
In the great mysterious darkness
Of the speechless day that shall be."

And so the Attiwindarons, the wind-dried and sun-scorched hunters of the Peninsula, await the speechless Day of Judgment when all things shall be made known.

THE END.

# A HEART WON.

BY MARTHA MURRAY.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

I

MR. GRANGER left his country, not exactly for "his country's good," although he had been mixed up in an exciting government investigation; but the climate having such extremes of heat and cold, Mr. Granger often found himself quite used up, so he decided to migrate to a land where he could enjoy a more even temperature of climate and politics.

Coming to the United States, and drifting to B—— he soon succeeded in making his presence felt both in legal and social circles.

Years ago, Mr. Granger decided that a conscience was an undesirable possession, especially for a lawyer, so he often made it a point to act and talk as if he had none.

Not that he was dishonest, by any means. He simply had advanced ideas on the duties one owes to oneself. And the self personated by him was always well taken care of, and had been decidedly comfortable until Mr. Granger commenced visiting at the home of Mr. Brinker, an elderly client of his.

It was a large comfortable homestead where Mr. Brinker and his lovely, silver-haired wife were peacefully passing their reclining years. All their children had married and made homes for themselves. Often, particularly in summer, the old house would re-echo with the merry shouts of romping boys and girls, and Grandfather and Grandmother Brinker would grow young again, just from sheer force of example. "Dear, how good it seems to have them with us!" Mrs. Brinker would often say, and grandfather invariably answered, "Yes! God bless them!"

"But if they only wouldn't make so much noise!" Mr. Granger added testily one day, whereupon Mr. Brinker laughed merrily, and his wife with the familiarity of an old friend, tapping Mr. Granger on the cheek, said slyly:

"My dear old bachelor, I'm afraid you're getting fussy."

Mr. Granger was just thirty-eight, and derived great satisfaction from the fact that he was still heart whole and fancy-free. He rather gloried in the title of old bachelor, but the idea of being called a *fussy* old bachelor took his breath away. It's a hard thing to face the truth, if it happens to be uncomplimentary, and Mr. Granger tugged at his mustache, and wondered if it could be that he—but here his examination was cut short by an introduction to a young woman who had just run over, as she expressed it, to have a chat.

Whether it was owing to the fact that Lucy Arnold gave considerable attention to Mr. and Mrs. Brinker, and very little to Mr. Granger, or because she had interrupted that gentleman's solution of a personal technicality, Mr. Granger, at any rate, took a positive dislike to her. Still, in spite of himself, he could not keep from laughing at some of her bright remarks, sparkling, as they did, with contagious witticisms. And he saw, too, that those same witticisms displayed a strong undercurrent of wholesome common sense.

The dislike must have been mutual, for when she rose to go and Mr. Granger (not because he wanted to, but because he felt he ought) asked permission to accompany her, Miss Arnold replied coolly that it was quite unnecessary. But Mrs. Brinker overruled Lucy's objections and saw them leave together. They talked on indifferent subjects easily enough until they reached P avenue, when Lucy, with an exclamation of delight, pointed to a beautiful new church, which, bathed in the glorious moonlight, seemed in truth a very sermon in stone.

"Yes, it is a fine edifice, but you and I, Miss Arnold, will live to see the day when it and its kind will be useless. That is, for their present purposes."

"What can you mean, Mr. Granger?"

"Oh," said he lazily, as if already tired of the subject, "ours will soon become a nation where active religion will be a dead letter, so to speak."

"And you feel no responsibility for such a result?" she asked.

"Not at all. And you?"

"Yes, a terrible responsibility, and the one who does not is a miserable coward!"

Mr. Granger fairly gasped. Could he have heard aright? He looked indignantly at Miss Arnold, but his eyes fell before the severity and grandeur flashing in hers. They walked on. Neither spoke. In a few minutes they reached Lucy's home. With a cold "thank you" she entered the house and closed the door.

Mr. Granger went direct to his boarding house, lit his pipe, threw himself into a chair and puffed away until he succeeded in raising a deal of smoke. As his tobacco burned out, his anger cooled down too. He stood up and looked at himself in the mirror.

"A *fussy old bachelor* and a *miserable coward* in one evening! I call that tough. How she looked through me! Talk about search lights, well, I saw them tonight!"

II.

The next evening, as usual, Mr. Granger strolled over to Mr. Brinker's. He was still piqued at Miss Arnold's remark, and therefore felt annoyed at finding that young woman merrily laughing with her old friends. At sight of him her face assumed

a serious expression, and Mr. Granger flattered himself that she was embarrassed. But Miss Arnold was never less embarrassed in her life. With a quick, graceful movement, peculiarly her own, she arose from her chair, and looked Mr. Granger square in the face, saying:

"I was rude last night. Please forgive me!"

Mr. Granger was unprepared for this straightforwardness. He looked keenly at the eager young face: but, before he could answer, she continued:

"Of course, I meant just exactly what I said. But I should have been more gentle."

Here was a new phase of her character. Mr. Granger began to feel uncomfortable, and he, who had intended to be so calm and dignified, said hesitatingly:

"I'm sure that I deserved it," and then he turned to Mr. Brinker and began to talk hurriedly about affairs in Brazil.

After this, a better understanding grew up between Miss Arnold and Mr. Granger. He got into the habit of talking law with her. One day they were discussing the *pros* and *cons* of an intricate case then agitating the court, and Mr. Granger, who had often wondered at her keenness, said:

"Miss Arnold, you have a surprising power of analyzing the motives that prompt a person's action. How did you acquire it?"

"By studying myself, I suppose."

The idea seemed to amuse Mr. Granger. "You don't mean to say that you have gone deeply into that subject?" he laughingly asked. "Girls of your age are not apt to."

"That depends," answered Miss Arnold, then she added seriously:

"Mr. Granger, people who believe in the Sacrament of Confession must study themselves earnestly, else, how could they make a good confession?"

She had replied to Mr. Granger's question by putting to him another, yet, she did not seem to expect an answer, and none was given. Mr. Granger always felt uneasy when Lucy's mood assumed this character. She seemed so perfectly unconscious of herself, and that this man of the world fancied her truthful eyes looked straight into his heart, where he was conscious there was much he would not like her to see. Her religion seemed so much a part of herself, and Mr. Granger began to feel how empty of such ennobling sensations his own life was. The following Sunday evening, Mr. Granger surprised Miss Arnold by asking permission to accompany her to church. He told himself that he was anxious to study his friend in a new role, that he had seen her in various moods, and wished to notice the effect of prayer upon her.

They took seats in the middle aisle. To a remark of his, Lucy had answered so quietly, "don't talk," he made no further attempt at conversation, but gave his attention to the people rapidly filling the large church. Soft rolling tones floated from the organ, and into the sanctuary filed the long procession of altar boys, followed by the scholastics in somber soutanes, over which gleamed their snowy white surplices, and lastly came the priest, who, followed by his attendants, passed to the place reserved for him, and intoned the opening prayer of the beautiful evening office of the church. As the choir finished chanting the vespers, a deep, musical voice in impressive tones uttered these words: "And all nations shall call her blessed."

Mr. Granger started. He had not noticed the preacher of the evening entering the pulpit, and turning to the direction from which the voice came, he saw, standing with folded arms, a man no longer young, but whose erect bearing, and calm, open countenance, betokened a vigor that bade defiance to age.

This Oblate of Mary Immaculate, filled with an overwhelming love for his subject, spoke eloquently of the divine mission of Mary, our Immaculate Mother and of the loveliness and grandeur of her womanly character.

Mr. Granger was intensely interested. The subject was comparatively new to him. He had misty recollections of having read in his Bible of this holy woman, but never, until now, had she been brought thus prominently to his notice. As he listened his soul seemed to expand, and a nobler aim in living struggled to assert itself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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MRS. M. McDONALD, of Toronto, is authorized to transact business for the CARMELITE REVIEW.

# CARMELITE GENERALS.

CONTINUED.

ST. BROCARD, a native of Jerusalem, was unanimously chosen to succeed St. Berthold in the government of the Order in the year 1118; he received into the Order St. Cyril of Constantinople, and St. Angelus of Jerusalem, who foretold the stigmas of St. Francis, and the persecution of St. Dominic by the Albigenses; in like manner was prophesied to him the martyrdom which he afterwards suffered in the year 1220; he also invested with the holy habit St. Angela, daughter of the king of Bohemia, and prioress of the Convent of St. Sepulchre in Jerusalem, the venerable Eusebius the Syrian, Jerom, and Jeremy of Palestine, and Rodolph Fresbuno, who was the first Provincial of England, whither he accompanied the Father General Alan. In fine, he received into the Order many others who rose to the dignity of Archbishops and Patriarchs. In the year 1205, he received from the Patriarch, St. Albert, (who was then in Tholomed, where he retired from Jerusalem, which was at that time under the yoke of Saladin from the year 1187,) the rules, and abridgement of those which were given him by John Silvan, of Jerusalem, as is testified by *Waldensis* in these words: "The Order of Carmelites first obtained the Rules from John the Carmelite and Patriarch of Jerusalem, written in Greek, which was abridged by St. Albert, who was also patriarch of said place, and are the same now used and observed by the Order, confirmed by Popes Honorius III. in the year 1226, by Gregory IX. and Innocent IV."

St. Cyril of Constantinople, a man of profound erudition, was elected General in the year 1221. About this time the Order began to suffer great diminution, occasioned by the Saracens, who were then laying waste the country of Palestine, which circumstance obliged them to seek an asylum in Europe, where in a short time more than thirty convents were founded. St. Cyril died in the year 1224.

Fr. Berthold of Lombardy was chosen to succeed him in the same year. He obtained from Pope Honorius the confirmation of the Rules and Office of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, and appointed St. Simon Stock Vicar-General of the European convents. This holy man died in 1231, being seven years General.

St. Alan, a man of great sanctity, and a native of England, was elected General in 1231. He held a general chapter on Mount Carmel in the year 1237, at which permission was given to the religious to travel into Europe. He came to England in the year 1240, appointing in his absence the venerable brother Hilarion, Vicar of the convents of Syria and Palestine; and in the year 1245 he convened the first general Chapter in Europe at Ailsford, where he resigned the office of General to St. Simon Stock, and retired to his convent of Cologne, where he died in 1247, after having founded many convents.

St. Simon Stock, also an Englishman, after leading a penitential life for many years, received the Carmelite habit in the convent of Albania. He was unanimously elected at the general chapter of Ailsford, in the place of Alan, who resigned his office and withdrew to his convent. St. Simon obtained from Pope Innocent IV. the confirmation and mitigation of the Rule, that is, the title of mendicants, and leave to found convents, and live in populous towns; in the year 1251 he received the Scapular from the Blessed Virgin, and died in Bordeaux in the year 1265, and in his 100th year. A part of his relics at present reposes in the Carmelite church in London.

The Venerable Brother Nicholas, native of Toulouse, was Prior of Mount Carmel when St. Louis, king of France, visited that holy place, and was Vicar-General of the convents of the Holy Land when elected General at the chapter of Toulouse 1265; he resigned in 1270, retiring to the desert, where he died in 1272.

Fr. Rodolph, a native of Germany, was elected General at the chapter held at Paris, in 1270.

Fr. Peter Emilian, a native of France, was elected General in the chapter of Bordeaux, 1273. He received St. Francis of Siena, who died 1291; the same year terminated the existence of the Carmelites in Syria and Palestine, being obliged by the Saracens, (who martyred more than forty thousand of them) to relinquish the four remaining convents, Tyre, Tripoli, Tholomede and Mount Carmel, and retire to

Cyprus, where they had six religious houses. This province, which flourished for so many years notwithstanding the persecution of the Turks, and which contained more than seventy convents, was at length annihilated by the infidels and enemies of religion, and nothing but the title now remains to remind us of its former splendor, and one Carmelite convent, founded on Mount Carmel in the year 1269; it has, however, the glory of sending to their creator more than ninety thousand Carmelites, who suffered martyrdom during the three persecutions. Peter Emilian, the General, died in the year 1294, after having the pleasure of seeing his brethren restored to their white cloaks, and at the same time, the mortification of witnessing the total destruction of the eastern convents and expulsion of the Carmelites from the Holy Land.

Fr. Raymond was elected General at the chapter of Bordeaux in the year 1294.

Gerard of Bologne was elected General at the chapter of Bruges; he died in the year 1342.

Guido of Perpignan was elected General in the chapter of Bordeaux in the year 1318, and died in the year 1342.

Fr. Alerius, child of the convent of Toulouse, was elected General at the chapter of Montpellier, in 1321; he obtained from Pope John XXII. the Privilege, or Sabbatine Bull, in the year 1422. For this singular favor granted by the Blessed Virgin, it was decreed, in the general chapter of Barcelona, held in the year 1324, to recite, in honor of her, the "Hail Holy Queen!" or "Salve Regina," at the end of every Mass, and also at the conclusion of all the canonical hours. Alerius resigned his office in 1350, and in two years after departed this life.

Fr. Peter of Cecis, or Casa, was elected General at the chapter of Valenciennes in 1330; and died in the year 1348.

Fr. Raymond de Grasse, was made General in the year 1342; he died in the year 1357.

Fr. John Ballister was elected General at the chapter of Bourdeaux in the year 1358, and died 1374.

Fr. Bernard Olerio, was elected General in the chapter of Puy, in the year 1375; his election was confirmed in 1379. He was deposed in 1380, by Pope Urban VI.

Fr. Michael Anguieno, was elected General in the year 1381, and died in the year 1400.

Fr. John Raud, born at Milan, was elected General in the chapter of Brescia, 1387, and died at Milan, in the year 1404, he was General of the order sixteen years.

Fr. Mathew of Bologne, was elected General in 1405, and died in 1412.

Fr. John Gross, native of France, was General in the year 1411. The Chapter of that year decreed to give to the Generals the title of *Reverendissimus*, "Right Reverend."

Fr. Bartholomew Roqualio., was elected General in the year 1430, and died in 1438.

Fr. John Faci, of Avignon, was elected in the year 1434. He obtained a mitigation of the 7th, 12th, and 13th Chapters of our Rule; he established concord and good will among the four mendicant Orders in the year 1435; in eight years after he erected the congregation of Mantua, and in 1450 was consecrated Bishop of Regio in France, where he died in the year 1464.

Blessed John Soreth, was elected General in the year 1451; he founded many convents, and died when he was twenty years General, after having published Breviaries and a new edition of the Rules of the Order. The American Carmelites follow the Reformed Rule of Bl. J. Soreth.

Fr. Christopher Martignon, was elected in the year 1472; he died in 1481.

Fr. Poncius Renaud, was elected in 1483; and died in the year 1502.

Fr. Peter Therasse, was elected in the year 1505; he died at the end of the year 1511.

Bl. Baptista was elected General; he died at Mantua, after being three years General, and in the 68th of his age; his body was found entire and free from corruption in the year 1675. He was famed as a poet.

Fr. Bernard Landucius, of Sienna, was elected General in the year 1517; he died in the year 1523.

Fr. Nicholas, was elected General in the year 1524. This General gave the habit to St. Teresa, and was Confessor to Clement VII., from whom he obtained a Bull, confirming the Sabbatine Privilege; he had the grief to witness the loss of five provinces, caused by the heresies of those times; he died at Florence in the year 1592, in the 82nd of his age, being 38 years general.

Fr. John Baptist the Red, was elected General in 1564; he was favorable to St. Teresa, permitting her to follow and observe the primitive rule, which had been mitigated by Pope Innocent IV., and established convents of discalceated, with the condition of being subject to the calceated General.

Fr. Philip, O. C. C.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THIRD ORDER OF

# Mount Carmel.

By the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

## Rules and Statutes for the Tertians of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

### CHAPTER VIII.

*Of Their Dwelling-Places and of the Flight From the World.*

The Rule in this chapter forbids familiar conversation and intimacy, as far as possible, with worldly persons, and much more the rambling about town or country, the visiting of theatres, balls and profane festivities or entertainments, and the sisters particularly are exhorted to love retirement and solitude. Hence they should endeavor to regard their own house, or room, as the guardian of their innocence and as the proper place to converse with God and receive his graces. Visits of charity or of courtesy among the sisters and of other persons are not forbidden. They are also permitted to be present at honest and sober recreations taking place between neighbors and relatives so as to cherish christian friendship. In the same way they are allowed to attend the wedding feasts of their relatives and friends, supposing always, that nothing be done against honesty and modesty.

In case the Tertians have to undertake a journey or be absent from home for some time, they shall beg the blessing of their superior or director and try to return home at an early hour, and gather there, like eager bees, the sweet honey of their devotions.

*1. The 12th chapter of the Rule enjoins silence as far as compatible with one's state of life. But frequent visits, or visitors, keep the mind in a state of constant turmoil and distraction, preventing hereby the desired progress in perfection. Therefore, let there be as few and as short visits as possible.*

*2. Theatres nowadays are cesspools of corruption, and but very few plays are put on the stage that can be considered proper according to the Catholic ideal of modesty and morality. Balls are mostly remarkable for their full dress, so called, presumably, because the dress lacks nothing but fullness. Both theatres and balls (as dancing in general) are unfit for Tertians. The case may happen that families of public officers are in a way bound to be present on such occasions; for these necessity has no rule. They may attend under the necessary precautions.*

*3. Entertainments gotten up by a church, or a church society, under the direction of the clergy, are open to the Tertians, as all the elements of danger are wanting there. Hence they may also assist in preparing or managing them if asked to do so.*

### CHAPTER IX.

*Of the Divine Office and Other Prayers.*

One of the chief obligations of the Tertians is the daily recital of the office, that is, all who are able to read must daily recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. Priests satisfy the obligation by the recitation of the canonical hours. Those unable to read have to say instead: 25 Our Fathers and Hail Marys for the Matins, 7 Our Fathers and Hail Marys for Lauds, and the same each for Prime, Tierce, Sext and None, 15 for Vespers and 7 for Complin. After each hour there is to be added a "Glory be to the Father, etc." On Sundays and holidays the number of Our Fathers for Matins should be doubled.

It would be praiseworthy and according to the spirit of the Rule to recite the office at certain hours in imitation of the clergy, to wit: Matins and Lauds the foregoing evening or early in the morning, Prime, Tierce, Sext and None before noon, and the Vespers and Complin in the afternoon or evening. But when the ordinary or extraordinary occupations will not allow of a disposition of the day according to their pleasure, the Tertians need not fear on that account, nor grieve if sometimes they have to recite the whole office at once.

They should recite their prayers not only with the lips, but with their heart, that they may not merit the reproof addressed by the prophet Josiah to the Jews and applied by Christ to the Pharisees: "These people honor me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."—Math. xv, 8.

In order to occupy their mind with holy thoughts they should offer to God the seven parts of the office as a thanksgiving for the

seven principal benefits, namely: Of creation, preservation, redemption, baptism and vocation to the true faith, justification and gratuitous remission of sins, the priceless gift of the holy Eucharist and the grace of so many holy communions, and of the vocation to the Third Order, so easy a way of obtaining salvation.

They should also during the recitation remember the seven principal mysteries of the passion of Our Lord in the following way:

At Matins—His prayer in the garden, His bloody sweat and His capture by His enemies.

At Lauds—The outrages, derision, scorn and abuse during the night of His capture.

At Prime—The false accusation before the high priests and their condemnation of Him.

At Tierce—The crowning with thorns and mockery in the purple cloak.

At Sext—His condemnation to death by Pilate.

At the None—His way to Mount Calvary, carrying the cross.

At Vespers—His crucifixion, second agony and death.

At Complin—The taking down from the cross and burial.

In each of these mysteries they should ask for an happy death in union with His own death.

In a similar manner they may call to their minds, especially on Saturdays and her feast days, the seven joys of the Blessed Virgin:

At Matins—Intend to honor the mystery of the Annunciation, considering the joy experienced in being elevated to the dignity of Mother of God.

At Lauds—To honor the joy which she felt when visiting St. Elizabeth and in ecstasy pronounced that divine canticle, "Magnificat."

At Prime—Her joy in bringing forth the Divine Son without pain and without violating her virginity.

At Tierce—Her joy when the Infant Jesus was adored by the Magi.

At Sext—Her joy in finding Jesus in the temple, after seeking Him three days.

At None—Her joy in seeing Jesus raised from death to immortal life.

At Vespers—Her joy in seeing Jesus ascending to heaven.

At Complin—Her glorious passage from this world into heaven, where by the Most Holy Trinity she was crowned Queen of the Saints and Blessed, and seated at the right hand of Jesus.

Finally, during the days consecrated in a special way to the passion and death of Our Lord should be remembered the seven principal sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, with the intention of partaking in her sorrows and asking her to make anew an offering of them to her Divine Son for the remission of our sins.

Three times a year there must be said the *Ternary* for the departed souls in purgatory, and in each Ternary on three different days the Tertians pray for the departed of the Order, including the Tertians, relatives, friends and benefactors, and for all that are buried in Carmelite churches or cloisters, as it is practiced in the Order.

The first Ternary is said in the month of January, or between the Octave of Epiphany and Ash Wednesday, the second between Low Sunday and Ascension day, the third in October. Those able to read should recite on the first day of each Ternary the Vespers and the first nocturn with Lauds of the Office for the dead, on the second day the Vespers, second nocturn and Lauds, on the third day the Vespers, third nocturn and Lauds

Those that are unable to read should recite on each day of each Ternary five mysteries of the Rosary, saying the "Requiem aeternam" instead of the "Gloria Patri." etc.

On the 15th of November, or, in case it falls on a Sunday, on the day following, is All Souls Day of the Carmelite Order and the suffrages are offered up for all the departed of the Order, including the departed Tertians. On this day all that are able to read must recite the whole office of the dead, and those unable to read have to say the 15 decades of the Rosary, each to be concluded with a "Requiem aternam." On the same day, or if this is not possible, on some day during the octave, they shall receive holy communion for these departed members.

As it is very advantageous for every christian and to a certain extent necessary to devote some time to mental prayer (meditation) it is much more so to persons particularly consecrated to the divine service and in pursuit of perfection. Hence the Rule enjoins on every Tertian the duty of devoting to mental prayer at least half an hour, especially in the morning when the mind is more at rest and disengaged

from other thoughts. Nor can they be excused on the plea of domestic occupations, for even whilst at work our mind can be occupied by some holy thoughts and derive great benefit from it.

All the members able to read and having some leisure hours at their disposal are also exhorted to read some spiritual book, for certainly both meditation and spiritual reading have to be considered as daily food for the soul, so that it may not languish in devotion, but rather wax strong and be prepared to gain in every spiritual combat. This, however, ought to be done upon the advice of the confessor, who according to the conditions of the penitent will point out to him the best means of practicing such exercises without interfering in their other duties.

Before they sit down at table to take their meals they shall say the benediction, or if they do not know the words, say, instead, one Pater, Ave and Gloria, etc. The same is to be done after meals for thanksgiving.

*1. The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin is to be said in Latin. This need not prevent any one from joining the Third Order, as the difficulty is more apparent than real, and after a short practice it will not require too much time. The whole office is to be said within the 24 hours of the natural day, that is between midnight and midnight. Matins and Lauds may be said the evening before.*

*2. Those not able to read have according to the Rule to say daily 82 Our Fathers and Hail Marys, to which 25 are added on Sundays and holidays of obligation.*

*3. The chief intention is always that of the church, to which, however, our own intention may be joined. As to the attention required it is sufficient to those who do not understand Latin to see that they pronounce every word properly, after having lifted their heart to God in the beginning. The different pious reflections mentioned above are of course not of obligation.*

*4. The "Ternaries" are said together on certain days, but in private recitation any three days within the limits assigned in the rule can be chosen.*

*5. It is not the place here to go into detailed instructions how to make a meditation or use spiritual reading to advantage. This must be left to the instruction of the Director or confessor. But these practices cannot be recommended too highly. To meditate whilst engaged in manual labor requires great practice and the initial difficulties should not deter anyone from continuing it. Illiterate or dull persons should not be asked to meditate, but make spiritual reading instead.*

*6. It is to be lamented that the pious Catholic custom of saying Grace at table is discontinued in so many families. The Tertians ought to keep it up, or introduce it again in their own homes. The oftener the heart is gratefully lifted to God from Whom all blessings flow, the more abundantly will these blessings be.*

PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

# The Catechism

## OF MOUNT CARMEL,

BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

### CHAPTER IV.

*The Great Gift of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.*

Q. In what way did the Blessed Virgin clothe her children of Carmel?

A. By the precious gift of the holy Scapular.

Q. When did the Blessed Virgin give the Brown Scapular to the Carmelites?

A. On the 16th of July, 1251, when she appeared to the General of the Carmelite Order, St. Simon Stock, while he was at prayer in the oratory of the Carmelite Priory at Cambridge, in England.

Q. Are the particulars of the vision known?

A. Yes. Saint Simon himself at once communicated the great favor he had received to his community, and by letter informed the other monasteries in England and elsewhere of the vision.

The report was written by Father Swayngton, the confessor, private secretary and constant companion of the Saint, on the same day that the vision occurred. The original report, in the handwriting of Father Swayngton, dated Cambridge, on the day after the feast of "Divisio Apostolorum," (16 July, 1251), according to Pope Benedict XIV., (de festis Sanctorum. Vol. 2. Chap. 76.) was kept in the archives of the monastery at Bordeaux, and was published at the occasion of some controversy on this subject. Father John Cheron, Prior of the Convent, had it copied and printed in his book, Vindiciae Scapularis, (p 165, etc.)

Here is the report of Father Swayngton in full:

"Our venerable Father Simon, although advanced in years, and feeble on account of the great austerity of his life, frequently passes his nights in prayer, deeply afflicted in his heart by the many trials and persecutions to which his brethren are subjected. Now, it happened one day in prayer, that he was filled with heavenly consolation. He allowed the whole community to share

therein, by assembling us all, and addressing us in these words:

Dearest Brethren:—Praised be God, who abandons not those, who place their confidence in Him, and who hath not despised the supplications of His servants.

Praised be the most Blessed Virgin, the Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who, remembering former days, and seeing all the trials which have surrounded us on all sides, since "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution," addresses to you to-day, through me, words of consolation which, I am sure, you will receive in the joy of the Holy Ghost.

I pray the same spirit of truth to guide my tongue, that I may speak in a worthy manner, and announce with utmost fidelity the work of God, and the favors accorded by Heaven.

For, when I, who am but dust and ashes, was pouring forth my soul in the presence of the Lord, beseeching, with the most fervent confidence, Our Blessed Lady that, since she had deigned to honor us with the glorious title of Brothers of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, she might now, show herself our Mother and Protectress, that she might deliver us from our tribulations, that she might, by granting us some visible sign of her favor, cause those who now persecute us, to honor and respect us: whilst I was repeating with fervent aspirations the prayer: Beauty of Carmel, Virgin flower forever in bloom, bright ornament of Heaven! Thou Virgin, Mother of a Man God: Mother of meekness, be thou propitious to thy dear Children of Carmel, Star of the Sea: behold—the Queen of Angels, surrounded by a great company of blessed spirits, appeared to me, holding in her hands the Scapular of the Order. Speaking to me, she said: Receive, my dear son, this Scapular of thy Order, as the distinctive sign of my confraternity, and the mark of the privilege which I have obtained for thee and the children of Carmel. It is a sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, and a special pledge of peace and protection till the end of time. Whosoever dies wearing this shall be preserved from eternal flames.*

The glorious presence of the Blessed Virgin filled me with exuberant joy, but my weakness and misery not being able to bear the splendor of her majesty, she departed from me, asking me to send a deputation to Pope Innocent, the Vicar of her Son, as he would not hesitate to remedy our troubles.

My brethren! Preserve these words in your hearts, and strive by good works to make sure your calling. Be watchful in gratitude for such great mercy, and pray without ceasing that the word which was spoken to me, may be fulfilled in honor of the most Blessed Trinity, God the Father, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost; and in honor of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary.

This promise our venerable Father Simon also communicated to his brethren in distant parts by means of a consoling letter, which I, altogether unworthy, wrote at the dictation of this man of God, that they, too, might be consoled in their sadness, and by prayer and perseverance in good works might give thanks to God.

Cambridge—on the day following the feast of Divisio Apostolorum—the 17th day before the Calends of August (16 July), 1251."

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* Note.—The words of the Blessed Virgin, as reported by Father Swayngton, are quoted thus by William of Coventry, in the "Scutum Carmelitarum," which appeared in the year 1348, also by P. Jean le Gros in "De Sanctis Ord. Carm." 1412.

The same words are found in an old manuscript of the Vatican Library numbered 3813.

Father John Paleonydorus (died 1507) in his book, De Antiquitate, etc., (3 book; ch. 7) quotes the words as they are generally found in the manuals of the Scapular. "Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, a covenant of peace and eternal alliance."

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"A great novel is a gift of God: but the average novel is generally a gift of the devil."—*Dr. Maurice F. Egan.*

If we fulfill the greatest of commandments, that of charity, we follow Jesus Christ, put on the new man and obtain life everlasting.—*St. Philip.*

Socrates, when asked of what country he was a native, answered: "I am a native of the universe." "As I am Antoninus," said the emperor, "Rome is my city and my country; but as I am a man, the world." In this age of progress and intelligence, let us indulge no silly prejudices for or against any country or foreigners.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

Carmelite Review.

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## O, SACRED HEART!

*For the Carmelite Review.*

"O, Sacred Heart of Jesus! Thou lovest! Thou art not loved! Would that Thou wer't loved."

O, Sacred Heart! O, Sacred Heart!
What love is like to thine?
It blends with human tenderness,
A spirit pure, divine!

O, Sacred Heart! O, Sacred Heart!
Thou art not loved, and still
The mystic lance is wounding Thee,
Our coldness makes Thee thrill.

Would Thou were loved, O, Sacred Heart!
Would that each prayer of mine,
Might kindle in the coldest hearts,
Bright flames of love divine!

O, Sacred Heart! O, Sacred Heart!
May we be all Thine own,
In life and death eternally,
Around the great white throne,

To gaze forever on Thy bliss,
And perfect love attain,
To praise Thy precious Blood, O, Lamb.
Who for our life was't slain.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

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HOW MANY thousands of homes there are from which God withholds his avenging hand, and to which he shows mercy on account of some righteous mother! How many brothers who have been raised to a life of grace by the intercession of a pious sister! How many women are in their family circles, angels of expiation, who by their prayers and mortifications are atoning for the sins of fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers!—CARDINAL GIBBONS.

FAITH at most but makes a hero, but love makes a saint: faith can but put us above the world, love brings us under God's throne; faith can but make us sober, but love makes us happy.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

## The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

# JAMES A. McMASTER,

*Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.*

Edited by REV. MARK S. GROSS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

### CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF JAMES A. MCMASTER.—HIS CHILDHOOD AND EARLY MANHOOD.—HIS SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS, HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND SEMINARY.—HIS VENERATION FOR THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—HIS CONVERSION TO CATHOLICITY, 1845.—HE IS DISCARDED BY HIS FAMILY AND WORLDLY FRIENDS.

CONTINUED.

SOME essays which McMaster wrote and delivered at this period will best portray his frame of mind. They were four in number. The first on "the Blessed Virgin as Mother of God," was written in the summer of 1842. Here it is:

"'Blessed is the womb that bore thee, and the paps that thou hast sucked. And he said, yea, rather,' or as it should read, 'yea, indeed, blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.'"

"Blessed is the womb which bore thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked: yea indeed, blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.

That portion of revealed truth which I propose to consider for a few minutes only, *is the blessedness ascribed in the text to Mary, the ever Virgin and Blessed Mother of God.* "Blessed is the womb that bore thee and the paps that thou hast sucked, yea, blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.

1. (a) "Many were the promises that God vouchsafed to His saints of old. In the seed of Abraham were all the nations of the

earth to be blessed, and David's son should build a temple for the Lord of Glory. But when the angel stood before Mary, he was about to utter that, which was not only to mankind the greatest promise that earth ever heard; but was to the Blessed Virgin herself an assurance of an exaltation such as the heart of man never conceived. 'Hail, thou highly favored, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women.' The holy Gabriel recognized in the Virgin, who stood abashed in the presence, one shortly to be advanced above his own seat in the heavens, and with joy and heavenly humility he says, 'Fear not Mary, for *thou* hast found favor with God. And behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shall call His name JESUS. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His Father David, and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end.' (b) What had this humble handmaid to say to so astounding a declaration? Let us listen to her voice of virgin modesty, and strive to learn from it somewhat of those characteristics that procured for her this title of blessedness. She does not disbelieve Him, nor does she shrink from the promise set before her, but strong in her purity of heart and person, she asked, 'how shall this be, for I know not man?' She plainly intimates that no such alliance was anticipated by her. Nay it is going too far, to suppose, that moved by an unconscious presentiment, that the Lord had chosen her for a habitation to Himself. She had already devoted herself to a life of perpetual virginity. All those passages of scripture, which *seem* to have an opposite meaning, may, most naturally, be understood in accordance with this idea. It was not long the teaching of the church, and I know not on what authority, or for what sufficient reason men in very late times are found, who strive to raise objection to its reception. But, I say, she is neither unbelieving nor irreverently inquisitive. She proposed the difficulty of her state of life, but when he tells her of the power of the Highest though she may not understand the mystery, she submits her will to the pure and holy God. 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done unto me according to thy word.' (c) In the instant of that submission at least, we believe that she was lifted above the condition of sinful flesh. That as the Virgin Mary by bringing into this world the Prince of Life, remedied the death that had been introduced by Eve, so, by obedience and trust she obtained in herself that perfect holiness, which by rebellion and curiosity the other had lost. (d) Along with the gift of holiness she would obtain the knowledge of the Highest, and then she would understand what she uttered shortly after by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. 'That all generations henceforth should call her *blessed*.' This she declared, no doubt, from an express assurance and promise of the Holy Ghost. He foreknowing that the church was about to be set up on earth, which was to last through all generations, foreknew also, that in that church, both love and obedience would move her soul to pay that reverence and to utter those praises that in fact have been heard in the courts of the Christian Temple. And just so far as the reverence has been refused, and those inspired praises sought to be hushed, * so far has a deliberate attempt been made to prove God a liar, and His words nothing worth.

2. "We may thus have seen, even from so short a rehearsal of the history of the Annunciation, that it is nothing strange, that in our text or elsewhere, the Virgin Mother of God is alluded to by her Divine Son as a pattern of holiness and acceptableness with God. The woman who made the exclamation on which these remarks are built, in waiting on the ministry of the Lord, seems to have been impressed by the Holy Spirit, with a conviction of the divine character of Him she was bearing. And farther reflecting on the ineffable intimacy, as well of nature as of intercourse that must exist between Him, and her whom He should rightly call His mother, exclaimed in sudden ecstacy of astonishment, 'blessed is the womb that bore *thee* and the paps that thou hast sucked,' and the Blessed Lord assents to her words with a very strong affirmative, rendered usually in scripture by yea verily, † or yea doubtless. ‡ But immediately in the remainder of the sentence He shows that her high exaltation is not the result of caprice, nor of accident, (if I have not been irreverent in the use of such terms when supposed of the events of God's providence,) but that the Virgin Mother obtained it by her surpassing gifts of trust and obedience. Very similar to this is His covert allusion to the life of holy obedience in His Blessed Mother, which we find on the occasion of her coming to Him with some of His kinsmen, when he was surrounded by the crowd. When one told Him of it, it seems to have broken off His discourse but as He was going He says to those around Him, 'my Mother and my brethren are these which hear the will of God, and do it.' At once the interest encouragement to those who would attempt to keep His commandments and the highest eulogy on her who in her holy retirement could thus be alluded to, as perfectly accomplishing such obedience. It is then in filial obedience, that all those gifts and graces centre which procured for her, or rather which fitted her for obtaining the blessedness of being the Mother of God.

3. "The nature of that blessedness is a deep and interesting, perhaps dangerously

*The Magnificat is left out of the American Episcopal Prayer Book.
†Rom. X. 8.
‡Philip III. 8.

interesting, subject of christian contemplation. If it be blessed to be the instrument of even a common good, what is her blessedness through whom salvation was brought to a ruined world, through whom and in whose substance that union was effected, which by allying God to us in the human nature, exalted that nature and us in it to a participation in the glories of the divine nature? Whose substance furnished the connecting link between the unclean and the clean? between sinful flesh and sinless God? thus giving an earnest that at last the whole ransomed humanity shall be exalted to super-angelic glory. And then the blessedness that her own soul received immediately from Him. Hers was an intercourse with Him, which mortal beside her could never have. She cherished Him as a mother but adored Him as a handmaid. She nourished Him at the breast, yet revered Him as God. She labored in poverty to give Him bread as her child, yet saw Him as the Living Bread, the Saviour of the world. He dwelt with her in her lowly tent, but she knew that He filled heaven and earth. Was He a man merely? No, for His conception was divine. Was He God only? How then could she see Him as flesh of her flesh, and bone of her bone? 'Great is the mystery of godliness.' And great above all saints is her honor, who was a second paradise prepared for Him the second Adam, 'to feed in and to gather lilies.' Alone of mortals she could say, 'my beloved is mine and I am His, and He feedeth among the lilies'—those plants of righteousness which the Lord had placed in her, the garden that He made so lovely for Himself.

"We might carry this subject on to deeper and more minute details, but it is a good and important warning, that we should in reference to the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, follow the example of scripture, which mentioned her not, save as connected with Christ's presence; nor then allows us to see that which would be of most thrilling interest, but only, as it seems, to catch occasional glimpses of her when under constraint, from the presence of the multitudes. Once only do we know of her approaching Him in public with anything like the familiarity that we must believe to have existed between them, and then at the marriage of Cana, though He complies with her request, and in the compliance commences His miracles, He yet checks her conduct, as if saying, that should she at all continue this way of address, so much did she know of Him, that she would unwittingly betray to the gaze of the rude world, mysteries that had been confided to her, only for the satisfaction of her own soul and will, and obediently does the mother seem to have profited by the admonition of her Son: for from that hour her lips seem only to have been unsealed in private, at least they are the last words recorded of her, by the holy evangelists. After that it was other lips that told the Lord: 'His mother *stood without desiring* to speak with Him.' Indeed so entire was the reserve that many have supposed that Christ, the perfect exemplar of domestic as well as of public virtues, was indifferent to or neglectful of His mother. And so it still continued, even till that fearful day of His crucifixion. When at the foot of the cross, 'as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so she opened not her mouth.' Next to Him that hung upon the cross, might she of all others say in that hour of desolation, 'Behold and see all ye that pass by the way, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow,' yet in further exemplification of that same mind and spirit which was common to her with her Lord, and if her life of self denial had fitted her for even this, not when all was over did she strive, nor cry, nor did any hear her voice in the street.

"'Good is the will of the Lord.' Obedience was the law of her life and from it she learned to trust God always. 'And blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord.'

"Two important remarks may be drawn from what has been said:

"A life of poverty and self denial is a great religious privilege. 'God hath chosen the poor of this world.' It is a mistake to place it as a state merely compatible with high religious character. To him that would attain in this life to *perfection*, it is an indispensible requisite. It obtained for St. Mary, that her womb should bear, that her breast should nourish, and her hands supply the earthly wants of the Lord of Glory. I farther remark that the nearest united to God and holiest of every age live and die unknown save by their God. St. Mary was far greater, and far better than any of the human race beside. We have seen the *quietness* of *her* character. Such await the great reward of the unseen world. There St. Mary sits in the glory of her Lord. There we shall see her if we follow her good example unto the end, where we shall 'glorify God' in her, free, at once from the false reproach and the real danger of ascribing that glory to herself. In hope thereof let us join with her in that old song of the church, and say, 'my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, for He hath regarded the low estate of his handmaid, for behold from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is His name.

"'And His mercy is on them that fear Him, from generation to generation.

"'He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imaginations of their heart.

"'He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

"'He hath filled the hungry with good

things, and the rich He hath sent empty away.

"'He hath received His servant Israel, in remembrance of His mercy.

"'As He spake to Abraham and to his seed forever.'"

Although McMaster longed to believe what his reason forced him to accept as truth, "the pride of his heart witheld him from praying to the Virgin."

The *second* and *third* of these essays were entitled "On Justification" and "The Test of Christian Acceptance," the latter under date of June 5th, 1843. The *fourth* was on "The witnesses of the Resurrection of the Lord." At the end of this essay are found these words: "The plan of this essay is not completed. It was my intention to have carried it out by a second part, bringing to view the evidence desirable from the subsequent history of the Catholic Church—the success of the Truth and the perpetuity of miraculous powers. But my heart fails me—I leave it as it is. If ever I attain to being a member of that church, then I shall delight in what now I see but darkly. 'Oh, Lord, how long!' Till then I am done with writing. Aug., 1844."

In July, 1845, he added the following:

"*Sic dum in via scripsi, sed nunc cognitio perfecta venit, et delectatur, in pacis abundantia, cor meum et spiritus meus.*"

"Thus have I written in a way, but now perfect knowledge comes, and my heart and spirit rejoice in an abundance of peace."

On the corner were found these words:

"These essays were written and read as the date implies, during my course in the Protestant Episcopal Seminary. What they contain might be said much more clearly and better now, but perhaps you will keep them and read them as expressions which truth obliged me to utter at the sacrifice of every earthly interest and feeling." There is no indication as to whom they were given. But they fell once more into the hands of McMaster, and were found among his private letters and papers after his death.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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The true wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, and that he is loved and blessed by.

# A HEART WON.

BY MARTHA MURRAY.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

CONCLUSION

FOLLOWING the sermon, came the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and Mr. Granger was filled with awe. He saw old and young, rich and poor kneeling in prayer, and on every face was shining a look of holy peace. He asked himself what this service was that filled this people with such joy. He looked at Miss Arnold, but she seemed unconscious of his presence. Her head was inclined slightly forward, and her eyes riveted upon the Sacred Host exposed upon the altar. Could those eyes, filled with holy light, be the same that flashed so indignantly at him the first time he met her? An expectant look upon her face made him turn to the altar. The priest was ascending the steps. The organ's sweet voice trembled into a silence that floated down and wrapped itself about the kneeling worshippers. Holding aloft the precious Body and Blood of Jesus, the priest faced the people, and as with one impulse, every head was bowed. Then the jubilant tones of the *Laudate* rang out into the stillness, and the services were ended.

III.

After a short lull in the conversation on their way home, Mr. Granger said suddenly:

"You remind me very much of *her*."

"And who pray may this unknown "her" be?" asked Miss Arnold lightly.

"Your Blessed Virgin."

"Oh, Mr. Granger!" Lucy began, but he went on as if not hearing her.

"Yes, the more I think of it, the more I realize the resemblance. You are kind, so was she. You are gentle, loving, pure-minded, and forgiving. She was all these."

"Yes, and more, infinitely more!" Lucy cried: "I do try to be like her, but oh, Mr. Granger, you have no idea how often and miserably I fail!"

"In trying the victory is half gained," he said gently, and then laughed. "How odd to hear *me* preaching!"

They both fell to thinking after this, and

declining an invitation to enter, Mr. Granger left Lucy at the door, and wandered past the church again. He had not thought of entering, and continuing his way down the avenue, he sauntered into the park crowded at this hour with all sorts and conditions of men and women. Wishing to be alone, he walked to the upper part, where he found a vacant bench and sat down. He looked out upon the waters. Saw the ever beautiful and swiftly rolling Niagara leap from the protecting arms of Lake Erie and rush headlong to its doom.

His own spirit seemed to feel a kinship with the restless river. A strange unmanageable sensation stirred his soul. It was a wrestle between the good and bad in his nature, and he seemed, somehow, to have gotten outside himself, and become simply a spectator of the struggle. Clear rang out the bugle call at the Fort, just back of him. The echoes softly returned the sound.

"It is my call to duty. I must see him," said Mr. Granger. He sprang to his feet, and soon had rung the bell of the parochial residence.

"I wish to see the gentleman who preached this evening," he said. Then noticing that it was the priest himself who had answered the bell, he said, half apologetically:

"I do not profess your religion. Your services to-night disturbed me to such an extent, I'd like to talk it over with you."

The priest showed no surprise. His manner was courteous, and extremely gentle, as he extended his hand, and said pleasantly:

"I was just going into the church to make a visit. Come in and say your night prayers, and we'll have a talk afterwards."

Night prayers and Mr. Granger scarcely knew each other, and he laughingly remarked as much to his companion, who seemed not to hear, but led the way through the sacristy into the church.

The moon, shining through the richly stained windows, barely relieved the darkness, and made great shadows of the church furniture, which at first gave Mr. Granger an uneasy feeling. The two men made their way to the high altar, and there, both kneeling outside the railing, the priest repeated the Lord's Prayer.

The sanctuary lamps burning softly through its deep red shade, sent tiny flashes of light upon the glistening marble of the altar. That sweet and indefinable atmosphere by which the Real Presence makes itself felt, filled him with a holy calm, and bowing his head into his hands, Mr. Granger prayed as he had not done in years, and still as he rose from his knees, something seemed to be wanting. His face had dissatisfaction in its expression.

"Look," said the priest. And the full moon, until now overclouded, coming out in all her glory, wrapped in her mellow light the great mission crucifix. It brought out the figure of that dying Christ with startling distinctness. The weary head falling to one side, and the partly opened parched lips brought a wave of pity surging into Mr. Granger's soul.

"Christ crucified!" softly spoke the priest. Oh, saving words!

The man of law, of wealth and fame turned to the man of God, rich in his poverty, and in a voice filled with holy humanity, he said, simply as a child:

"Father, guide me to Him."

## OUR LADY OF PEACE.

By John A Lanigan, M. D.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

I saw the Empress of the Skies
In vision bright before me rise,
Soaring high above;
The crescent moon beneath her feet,
Her outstretched arms, her face so sweet,
Filled my soul with love.

Around her brow a crown of stars,
Brighter than Mercury e'en or Mars,
Shining from pole to pole;
And as I viewed her face the while,
The benediction of the smile
Lighted up my soul.

I felt her presence, mighty spell!
That words inadequately tell,
But feeling must reveal;
And, oh! such joys within me moved,
As when the faces we have loved,
Back to our memories steal.

And, soft, beyond the moon's pale light,
I heard the voices of the night
Rising higher and higher;
Chanting an anthem near and far,
"Peace to the souls that troubled are,"
Thus sang the angel choir.

Down on the evening air 'twas borne,
Softly it came as came the morn,
And when I sadly rose,
The voice still echoed in mine ear,
Peace! Peace! To the troubled cheer!
In heaven is repose.

# The Attiwindarons — A Forgotten People.

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

A warrior race, but they are gone,
With their old forests, wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their rivers slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves;
Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
Ah, let us spare, at least, their graves.

—BRYANT.

AT the time that the Jesuit Fathers had established thir missions among the Hurons, in 1626, the desolation of forests stretching from their frontier town to the Niagara River and beyond, was occupied by one of the most powerful and ferocious tribes of the great Canadian wilderness. To their Indian countrymen at a distance the members of this tribe were known as the Attiwindarons, but from the fact that in the continuous wars between the Iroquois and Hurons they took no part, they were called by the French Neutrals.

As they roamed the forests which covered the land now tilled by us, and were those with whom are associated all the Indian legends and romances woven into the history of Niagara Falls and River, they will ever have a melancholy interest for the immediate dwellers on both sides of the mighty cataract. The historians of our country and of the Indian tribes have only incidentally noticed them. Champlain and Sagard refer to them as a people in their time unvisited by any white man. Father de la Roche Dallion in 1626 fearlessly plunged into their gloomy forests and passed a trying winter with the tribe, leaving an interesting description of their habits and morals. In 1640 Fathers Brebeuf and Chaumonot,—the one to perish nine years after in the fires of the Mohawk, and the other to outlive all his companions on the mission—also spent a winter among them enduring suffering and disappointment so great as to almost stagger faith.* Father Brebeuf on his return to the shores of Lake Huron wrote a graphic description of the people, including a valuable narrative of his experience among them. Brebeuf also wrote the only dictionary of the Neutral language ever compiled.

Chaumonot drew a map of the country which seems to have been lost. This map no doubt was the model for Sanson's chart of 1656 and Ducreux's latin map of 1660. On Sanson's map the Neutral towns are marked as St. Francis (N. E. of Sarnia), St. Michael (east of Sandwich), St. Joseph (county of Kent), and N. D. des Anges (near Brantford). Only Chaumonot or Brebeuf could have named and sited these towns, which proves that Sanson and Ducreux copied Chaumonot's map.

This tribe was of the parent stock of the Huron-Iroquois, speaking a Huron dialect and wedded to many of their superstitions and customs. In summer the men went naked. They tattooed their bodies with powdered charcoal and vermilion and painted on their faces images of beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes. In winter they clothed themselves with skins of bears and other animals, wore moccasins of curried hide, often ornamented with porcupine quills wrought into various shapes and forms. The women were decently clothed except that in summer they went with bare breasts and naked arms, wearing necklaces of wampum and bead-worked ornaments. The Neutrals lived in bark cabins with a fire in the centre and an opening in the roof for the smoke to escape; one or two deer or bear skins sewed together served for a door. Here every night during the winter months the whole family, almost stifled with smoke, huddled together suffering at times the pinchings of hunger and the alternations of heat and cold.

They possessed a rude knowledge of surgery and utilized herbs, sassafras roots and barks of certain trees for medicinal purposes. If in the depths of the forest a Neutral broke his leg or arm, splints of softest material were at once improvised. Straight branches of uniform length and thickness were cut. These were lined with down-like moss or soft material gathered from a neighboring marsh. If the accident occurred in winter, cedar or hemlock shavings interlaid with fine twigs were used for padding, and, if near a marsh or cedar swail, wild hay was

* For a more extended notice of the Neutrals and the visit of Brebeuf and Chaumonot see the writer's "History of the Early Missions of Western Canada."

gathered and a cushion made for the wounded limb. Withes of willow osier or young birch bound the splints to the limb. The patient was then placed upon a stretcher of four young saplings, interwoven with cordings of basswood, and borne to his lodge. Here the splints were taken off, the bone examined and re-set by some member skilled in bone setting, and the patient made as comfortable as circumstances permitted. Fractured bones soon united for the recuperative power of the Neutrals, like that of cognate tribes was remarkable. The reparative powers of the Neutral when injured was only equalled by the stoicism with which he bore the agony of pain, and the torture of their rude surgery. They amputated limbs with stone knives, checking the hemorrhages with heated stones, as was the custom of European surgeons in the days of Ambrose Pare. Abscesses were cut into with pointed flints. They were also familiar with the use of warm fomentations and in every clan of the nation were some venerable men or women who possessed a knowledge of medicated decotions and of the potency of the extracts of certain herbs found in the forests. If one of the tribe suffered from fever or from the effects of long exposure to cold, a steam bath was readily improvised. A small tent thrown up for the purpose, was tightly closed, the patient placed in the centre, a fire built a short distance from him and stones heated. On these stones water was poured, till the confined air was saturated with vapor. Any degree of heat or moisture was obtained, till the powerful sudatory produced copious sweatings. They were also familiar with the use of emetics and laxatives, astringents and emolients. The so-called medicine man who practiced incantations, and was supposed to be in familiar intercourse with the *Okies* was only called in when natural remedies failed.

In times of peace the men occupied themselves chiefly with hunting and fishing. All the menial labor of the village, the hoeing and planting of corn, in a word all servile and outdoor work was woman's allotted portion. For a warrior to put his hand to any kind of work was demeaning, and to assist the women in their daily labors a degradation. The Neutrals were physically the finest class of Indians on the American continent, tall, straight and well built, remarkable for their endurance and activity, and free from deformity. They had no knowledge of God as we understand the word, but recognized supernatural beings known as Manitous or Okies to which they offered propitiatory sacrifices. They held sorcerers and witches in detestation, and when a sorcerer was accused of practicing his malign art any member of the tribe was free to kill him. They put great faith in dreams, for they believed that their tutelary Manitou took this method of giving directions and warnings to them. As a result they were slaves to superstition and given over to the grossest and most revolting form of spiritual debasement. They were a brave and courageous people endowed with extraordinary powers of endurance, and gifted with a discernment of the senses almost incredible. They held eloquence in high repute and frequently chose as their chief the man who was most endowed with oratorical gifts. Nowhere were the laws of hospitality more honored. A stranger was always welcome, the place of honor in the wigwam allotted him, and while he remained under their roof he was regarded as one of the family. A singular custom obtained among the Neutrals from time immemorial, mention of which we do not find among any of the other tribes. When one of their number died the corpse, if that of a man, was dressed in his best clothes, his face painted and the body exposed at the door of the wigwam. Around him were placed his weapons, his totem drawn upon his naked breast, his medicine bag suspended from his neck and the distinctive symbols which he bore during life attached to his jerkin. After three days the body was brought into the wigwam and there retained for weeks or months, till the odor of putrefaction became unbearable. His wife and daughters, while the body remained in the cabin blackened their faces and gave themselves over to grief and lamentation, uttering cries and groans and weeping incessantly. When at length compelled to bury the body they bore it sorrowfully to the grave, placed a tobacco pipe in the mouth and laid his war club and bow and arrow by his side. They then closed the grave and covered it with large stones to protect the remains from profanation by wild beasts.

The Neutrals were inveterate gamesters. They played with a kind of dice, and so completely were they the victims of gambling that the game frequently lasted for whole days and nights amid hideous noise and clamor, the joyful shouts of the winners, and the imprecations of the losers.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Something About the Life and Spirit of St. Philip Neri.

*(Written for the Carmelite Review by a Father of the London Oratory.)*

## CHAPTER I.

*The Life of St. Philip.*

THE course of the sixteenth century brought many afflictions upon the church. Luther, Calvin, and Henry VIII. were leading and driving the people of Germany, France and England to spiritual ruin and perdition. Italy was devastated by a wicked war, remorselessly prolonged beyond all reason. Rome herself, the eternal city, was sacked and pillaged, abandoned to the wild passions of Lutheran and Spanish soldiers, more brutal and savage than the barbarians who centuries before worked the same deeds and committed the same outrages. Sad, indeed, must have been the Spouse of Christ, "bewailing her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not." There was no alleviation, no compensation, all seemed simply waste and ruin and a loss of souls; nearly half the century passed before new nations were found to take the place of the fallen. Was the church forgotten by the Lord? Was she visited with the punishment of God? Was the Spouse of Christ become sterile, never more to be named "the joyful mother of children?" So it seemed. But, Christ consoled her.

Anna, wife of Elcana, year after year went to the temple, but only to weep, too sad to partake in the feast of their sacrifice, too humble to disregard the taunts of the fruitful Phennena, who mocked at her sterility. But at last her husband, who tenderly loved her, spoke those beautiful words: "Anna, why weepest thou? and why dost thou not eat? and why dost thou afflict thy heart? Am I not better to thee than ten children." In this sixteenth century the church was, like Anna in her sadness, and to console her, her heavenly Spouse may be said to have spoken like Elcana, "Am I not better to thee than ten children?" may be said to have been the speech of the Divine Spouse to His church, when He gave her, in this period of trouble and sorrow, not children but Himself—that is a saint who should copy Him, imitate Him, and all-unconscious, be most like Him. Human prudence would have looked for help and comfort from abroad, would have thought that distant countries, new nations would bring recruits, whose fresh fervor would restore her joy. Not so. The joy of the church comes principally from within. From her bosom, from the secret hiding places, where life and holiness and zeal are ever strong and at work, comes forth the saint, the prophet, to guide, to save, to judge God's people. And thus came Saint Philip to the church, more consoling, more reviving to her than distant nations would have been. Nations were indeed being gathered, but her heart had to be strengthened and prepared with hope and joy, in order that she might discharge her maternal office, and bring up children to God in holiness and peace, children who would call her blessed for the loving care she gave them.

His becoming a saint was then a matter of consequence and importance to others as well as to Philip himself. That he was like our Lord is no after-thought of Father Faber, though it is he who has insisted on the likeness: the resemblance was decreed; for to him was appointed a work, a mission in the church; his mission was to console and comfort her, as the presence, and sight, and words of Jesus would have consoled her: and so the likeness must indeed be faithful, when he comes to be an apostle in the city of the apostles, a saint sent to saints. Hence it is that the very study of S. Philip's life is so sanctifying, that his looks, words, gestures are so full of significance, that we can never detect any single unsupernatural action of his throughout his long years, unless it be that one childish one in boyhood of hurting his sister with a little shove through excess of pious zeal.

Philip was born on the eve of S. Mary Magdalen, July 21, 1515. He spent his blameless boyhood in Florence with his parents and two sisters. At the age of seventeen he quitted his father's roof, and went to live with an uncle at St. Germano. This wealthy merchant had asked for Philip, that he might live with him as his adopted son and heir. But Philip heard the call to a higher state of life, and after two years

left his second home. He brought away his baptismal innocence, to be the unquenched light and gladness of a long life. He went to Rome, an unnoticed youth, and spent the next eleven years in prolonged prayer, in detachment from earthly cares, in hiddenness with God. The hidden life of Jesus was the source of the sanctity of Philip during his own first thirty years: the solitude of the desert was represented by the darkness and silence of the catacombs, where Philip received that pentecostal baptism of the Holy Ghost, which lasted as a daily miracle for fifty years.

For the next five or six years, our saint, driven from his retirement by the Holy Spirit, went to and fro in Rome doing good, winning souls to holiness of life by sweet and attractive ways, by pleasant and playful speeches, preaching in church, though still a layman, and founding in 1548 the confraternity of pilgrims and convalescents. Three years later in 1551 he was compelled through obedience to receive Holy Orders, and to hear confessions: and so he was at last fully committed to that ministry of sermons and sacraments which made permanent that revival of devotion in the centre of Christendom. His zeal for souls would have led him with chosen disciples to the Indies, there to continue the missionary work of Saint Francis Xavier, but through him of whom the Master said: "*Sic eum volo manere*," he learned that it was not God's will. The holy Cistertian Ghettini told him: "My dear S. John appeared to me and bade me tell you that your India is to be Rome." He stayed where he was, and earned the glorious title of "the Apostle of Rome." From the first days of his priesthood, if not indeed before, disciples flocked to him, surrendering themselves more and more to his sway. Prayer, the daily word of God, frequentation of the sacraments were the practices to which he lovingly trained high and low, rich and poor, prelate and artizan, men of every rank, condition, profession and attainments. It became at last, after trials and opposition, desirable and necessary to provide for the stability of the work, and so, in 1575, Pope Gregory XIII erected and established in the church Santa Maria in Vallicella the Congregation of the Oratory. It was only some twelve years later, when he was seventy, that Philip obeyed the Pope's express command, and took up his own quarters at the Vallicella. He loved his rooms at St. Girolamo, because he had suffered much opposition whilst there, and he disliked going to the Vallicella, probably, because his position as founder and superior would become more prominent and conspicuous. He lived on there another twelve years, the wonder, the pride, the friend and guide of Rome from the Pope and Cardinals down to the lowliest of the laity. By his own sons and subjects he was loved with a personal love that has seldom if ever been equalled. See how the Blessed Giovenale Ancina describes Philip at this time: "He is a beautiful old man, and white as ermine: his flesh is soft and exquisitely pure, so that, if he holds his hand against the light, it seems transparent as alabaster." On the feast of Corpus Christi he said his last mass, singing the *Gloria in Excelsis* in an access of heavenly joy, he heard confessions during the day and at evening: he received his friends and penitents, cardinals and others with exquisite tenderness, bidding them farewell in a meaning manner: he retired to rest as usual, and after a time the Father Antonio, who slept in a room beneath the saint's, so as to be at hand, ran up and found Philip exhausted with an attack of hemorrhage, seated on the edge of his bed and dying. The community was hastily summoned and soon was kneeling round the saint, while Baronius made the commendation of the departing soul. Philip remained motionless, with his eyes closed, and would in his simplicity and humility have passed away without another sign. Baronius saw this and appealed to him entreatingly: "Father, father, are you then leaving us thus without a word? We implore you, give us at least your blessing." Philip opened his eyes, raised them to heaven, then looked around, gently smiled, bent his head, lifted his hand as if to give the blessing he had asked and obtained for them, and then he took one long last breath, and fell asleep in the Lord.

The distinctive and characteristic virtues and graces of a saint are those which are most instructive and also interesting to his clients. It may be well, therefore, to say something of Philip's prayer, something of his trust in God, something of his love of the Blessed Sacrament, and his devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# The Catechism

## OF MOUNT CARMEL,

BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

### CHAPTER V.

*Origin of the Confraternity of the Scapular.*

Ques. How did the confraternity of the Scapular originate?

Ans. After the vision of St. Simon Stock became generally known, Catholics in great numbers asked to be invested with the Scapular, in order to gain the great privileges promised by the Blessed Virgin.

The Church approved this devotion of the Scapular, and authorized the Carmelites to invest with it all who desired it.

Q. Can the Church approve of devotions based upon private revelations made to saints?

A. Undoubtedly she can. And she has done so frequently.

Q. Give a few instances?

A. The Catholic devotion of the Rosary rests upon an apparition of the Blessed Virgin to St. Dominic.

The great devotion of the present age to the Sacred Heart is founded upon an apparition of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque.

The famous pilgrimage of Our Lady of Lourdes, is entirely owing to several apparitions of Our Lady to a French peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous.

Q. How can we know, that such a vision is authentic?

A. Every Catholic must believe, that a devotion approved by the Church is pleasing to God, and conducive to the welfare of souls. When, therefore, the Church approves of the Scapular, implicitly the vision upon which it rests is held by her to be the work of God. St. James says: Every best gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, coming down from the Father of lights. (Chap. I, 17.) In approving the Scapular, the Church acknowledges it to be a blessed gift.

Q. State the reasons, why you believe in the vision of St. Simon Stock?

A. The principal reasons are the following:

(1.) St. Simon Stock was a great saint, a model of Christian and monastic virtues. The Church has canonized him, and ordained that an office be recited by the clergy, and a Mass celebrated in his honor every year, on the 16th of May. His great virtues has won for him the esteem of the whole Carmelite Order, and he was at the time of the vision, the General Superior of all the Carmelites.

Such a man loves the truth, and is ready to lay down his life for it. His account, therefore, of the vision, is true.

(2.) Father Swaynton, his secretary and confessor, who wrote the report of the vision, at the dictation of the saint, was also a religious of genuine piety and great learning. He was a doctor of theology and professor at the University of Oxford, and later on, of Bordeaux, where he died in 1262.

(3.) Thousands of miracles have happened, and many are occurring daily through the Scapular. God alone can work a miracle, and God is Truth itself. When God, therefore, works a miracle at the intercession of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, it is evident, that the Scapular devotion is pleasing to Him. This would be impossible, if the vision of St. Simon Stock were not of heavenly origin.

(4.) The vision was declared authentic and the devotion of the Scapular approved after thorough investigation by many learned men.

The professors of the University of Salamanca in Spain, (1569) of Paris, (1648) of Coimbra in Portugal, of Bologna in Italy, and of Cambridge in England, gave decisions in its favor.

Bishops and archbishops, during the lifetime of our saint, published the vision in pastoral letters to their flocks, exhorting them to become members of the confraternity.

The highest courts of the Church, the Sacred Congregations of Rites, and of the Holy Office, approved it.

Finally, the Popes acknowledged the authenticity of the vision. Sixtus V instituted the Feast of the Scapular with its Mass and Office for the Carmelite Order. Paul V approved the lessons of the Roman breviary, giving an account of the vision, and Benedict XIII made the feast an universal one for the whole Catholic world.

Pope Benedict XIV, who is considered to have been the greatest theologian, that ever occupied the chair of St. Peter, examined the whole matter most critically, and says: Visionem quidem veram credimus, veramque ab omnibus habendam. "We believe the vision to be true, and to be held as true by everybody." (De Festis) part 2. n. 76.)

(5.) Pope Innocent IV, who governed the Church from 1243 to 1254, at the time of the vision, (1251) after examining into it, granted an indulgence to all, who would become members of the confraternity. Many additional indulgences have been granted since by other Popes, which could not and would not have been the case, had they not believed in the vision of St. Simon Stock.

(6.) For the last 600 years and more, millions of all classes of Catholics, popes, bishops, priests, emperors, kings, princes, men of science, and the common people have worn the Scapular in honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. It is impossible that the whole Church, for so many centuries, should have been mistaken in its belief.

(7.) The Scapular has so frequently been instrumental in the conversion of sinners and the means of obtaining other graces that its supernatural origin must be inferred.

Q. Could not the vision have been a hallucination, or even a false vision caused by evil spirits?

A. No, both these suppositions are absurd. It could not have been a hallucination, for then it would be practically a mere human invention, a superstition and a fraud. God could not allow His Holy Church to encourage a superstitious practice.

Nor would the "father of lies," the devil, who hates the woman that crushed his head, have tried to spread love and devotion to the Blessed Virgin, as the Scapular undoubtedly does.

The vision of St. Simon Stock and the consequent belief in the Scapular, although not an article of faith, are so evident to every pious Catholic, that the reasons mentioned are not necessary for us, but it is well to know them, in order to meet any objections made by bad Christians or infidels.

## ST. OTTO.

Suabia was the birthplace of this saint. He was the offspring of noble, pious, but poor parents. In order not to be a burden to his family he left his fatherland and went to Poland, where he pursued his early studies. His profound learning made him a welcome guest among the higher classes. The nobility always asked his advice when about to move in important matters. He was invited to reside at the court of the German King Henry IV, where Otto lived a very saintly life. The King had great regard for the saint, and twice tried to make him accept a bishopric. Otto refused to accept this new honor. He was finally forced to accept episcopal honors and appointed bishop of Bamberg. Otto repaired to Rome and tried to persuade the Pope not to force the new dignity upon him. The Holy Father received him kindly and could not but admire the piety and humility of Otto. The Pope himself consecrated him bishop. The saint now lived up strictly to all that is required of the one who wears the mitre. He was very abstemious. He never satisfied his hunger. His usual food was black bread. "Our income comes from the alms of the faithful and we have no right to incur too much expense," was a saying much used by the holy bishop. His charity towards the poor, the churches and monasteries knew no bounds. He founded fifteen convents. He visited all the sick persons in the city in order to supply their spiritual and corporal wants. In the year 1124 he went on a missionary tour through Pomerania. When he had converted nearly the whole of that country he returned to his See in Bamberg. Throughout Germany he was called the Apostle of Pomerania, and during his life time was looked upon as a saint. He gave back his soul to God on the last day of June, 1159. His body reposes in the Church of St. Michael in Bamberg.

P. A. B.

Can you see Jesus poor in his cradle, destitute during life, naked on the cross, and then desire your own ease.—St. Dominic.

Every good work should be done with the view of begging the mercy of God on our sins, or on the sins of others.—St. Joseph of Cuperino.

—THE—

# Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
*OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,*
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, June, 1894. NO. 6.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR Monastery at New Baltimore, Pa., celebrates its Patron-feast on the 24th of June—the Nativity of St. John the Baptist.

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ANY of our readers changing their residence during the summer months will greatly oblige us by letting us know their new address.

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OUR friends often request us to make public thanks for the favors they have received through our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. Elsewhere a request of this kind proves the assertion.

***

THE REVIEW is still sent to subscribers who are in arrears. We had hoped that our generous friends would remit as soon as they could spare the money, and when we needed it. We need it now.

***

AN abridged and popular edition of the life of the holy Carmelite nun, Sister St. Pierre, has made its appearance. A notice of the life of Sister St. Pierre will appear in another number of the REVIEW.

***

WE learned from the May *Rosary* that the feast of Blessed Grignon de Montfort occurred on the 23rd of last month. What a consolation to be able to pray to this friend and servant of Mary who has taught us the secret of *true* devotion to the holy Mother of God!

THE Carmelites have a large field of labor in far-off India. Some of our fathers there have been raised to the episcopacy. The Archbishop of Verapoly, a Carmelite in Malabar, has lately celebrated his silver jubilee. We have just received a copy of an address presented to His Grace by the clergy of his arch-diocese.

***

HONEST men are not wanting among our separate brethren. A firm at Niagara Falls, N. Y., has now a standing offer of one thousand dollars to be paid to a charitable institution if it can be proved that the firm, or any of its employees, belongs to a well-known un-christian organization lately brought into so much undeserved prominence.

***

THERE is a noticeable agitation in some places among those who are desirous of taxing church property. If such a proposition becomes a law Catholics will be the first to obey, but what blessing can we expect from such an enactment? Temples of worship (at least Catholic ones) are dedicated to God and are His. Why should any municipality levy a tax on edifices built by the hard-earned dollars of the poor?

***

NO wearer of the Scapular should fail to make the Novena in preparation for the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The novena commences on July 7th. A useful little book containing all the prayers of the novena and much more valuable information can be had by sending twelve cents in United States stamps to Carmelite Monastery, 134 Barrack street, New Orleans, La.

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IN the good old days during the ages of faith—when brotherly love taught by the Church filled the hearts and regulated the dealings of man with man—unseemly struggles between capital and labor were unknown. In those days the poor and indigent always found monastery doors open wide, and there were no large armies of unemployed clamoring for food or work. Men of greed have changed the order of things, they will reap what they have sown. A remedy for the evil is more to be found in the Sermon on the Mount, than in the speeches of legislators.

That humble Spanish priest, John of Avila, while in life little thought that his relics and portrait would be venerated on bended knee by a great Pope—Leo XIII. Such was the case, however, and proves that God exalts the humble. How consoling to see so many of St. Teresa's countrymen going to Rome to show their homage to St. Peter's successor. The pious Spaniard remains loyal to his faith, because he is devout to Mary.

***

Cures wrought by God through His saints are not things of the past. A zealous and esteemed priest in one of the Western States writes to tell us that he is almost certain of two cures wrought through the intercession of St. Albert, the Carmelite Thaumaturgus. The persons healed had used water blessed with relics of the saint. St. Albert is not less powerful in asking favors for us now that he is in heaven.

***

A well meaning person wrote to a Unitarian paper asking if prayer should be abolished, and rather hoping that it may not be. "If one knew his address, says the *Sacred Heart Review*, it would be a kindness to assure him that there is no danger at present, no matter how his paper decides the question." The large number of petitions and thanksgivings sent to the Carmelite Review by the clients of our Lady is a sure proof of the efficacy of prayer.

***

Anything tending to make children conscientious Catholics and good citizens—anything which teaches them to control their tongues and temper, and which encourages them to read good sound books—is well deserving of encouragement. The League of Little Defenders of the Holy Name now flourishing in Boston brings about these desirable effects. The League should be established in every parish throughout the country since so much depends upon the rising generation.

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Under such great leaders as Cardinal Vaughan England is slowly but surely drifting back to the faith of her forefathers. This is consoling, and to none more so than to us Carmelites. There is a treasured and well-founded tradition concerning the identical Scapular given to St. Simon Stock by the Blessed Virgin. One Kilierno Ablondel, an English merchant and a convert, has certified in writing that the holy Scapular is preserved by a noble English family, and that it will again be given to the Carmelites as soon as England once more becomes the "Isle of Saints."

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Among the feasts transferred from May to June is that of St. Philip Neri, and something about that great servant of Mary, whose three hundreth anniversary is to be celebrated next year, will certainly be of interest. No one is more able and more entitled to speak of his own father than one of St. Philip's own spiritual children. Hence we have pleasure this month in giving our readers an opportunity of reading something written for them by an Oratorian Father who is content to modestly remain in obscurity under the revered title of "A Father of the Oratory."

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The combination of pleasure with moral and intellectual improvement will be an attractive feature of the Catholic Summer School soon to be held at Plattsburgh. The program this year outlines a rare treat for those lucky enough to be present during the session. It is to be regretted that we have not more such summer schools situated at convenient distances. There are many teachers whose means forbid them the pleasure of attending a school so far away, and there are others whose small salary goes towards the support of a fatherless or motherless family. Why should not the interest of these be consulted?

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The end of this month ushers in the summer holidays. What are our boys and girls going to do during those days? Have lots of fun of course. May they enjoy themselves too, is our wish. But a word of caution to parents. Do not let your children imagine that vacation time means wholesale freedom from study. During the holiday season is often undone all that teachers have been trying hard to do for ten months. Make your sons and daughters study a little at least *every* day. Remember too, that when children throw aside their school books they often include their prayer books.

"There is a suspicious air of provincialism in the criticisms of our Canadian brethren," recently remarked one of our esteemed exchanges. Perhaps 'tis true of some publications issued north of the frontier, but it cannot be applied to the majority. An American writer not long ago remarked that Canadians were the most cosmopolitan of any people. They stand between two nations, representing old and new ideas, and are thus well qualified to act as impartial critics. As far as we are concerned we are not restrained by any international boundary line. The Review finds its friends all over the continent, and is helping a cause which Cardinal Gibbons (in a letter to us) hopes will be a benefit to the whole Western Hemisphere.

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"Love begets love." In truth can this be said of the love of the Sacred Heart. How many hearts have not won by the grand devotion of the League? Only when in heaven shall we know the countless number of souls again put on the right road or snatched from perdition. What a consolation if during our life-time by means of this devotion we can save but one soul! Now that we celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the League, let us reanimate our fervor in honoring the Sacred Heart. It is hard to excuse anyone from joining the League—at least from performing the requirements of the first Degree, by daily saying these few but efficacious words of the Morning Offering:

"O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart."

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An event of no small importance was the triennial Chapter of the Carmelites of the United States and Canada which met at New Baltimore on the 25th of last month. Under our Lady's motherly care and solicitude the Order has progressed in strength and unity beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. During the last Provincialate, and the Commissariate preceding it, much has been done to put the Order in America on a solid working foundation. A flourishing Seminary and Novitiate has been commenced and completed, the erection of a magnificent church has been started at Pittsburgh, and last, but not least, the long contemplated Hospice is in course of erection at Niagara Falls. Besides this, during this short time the Order has greatly increased in membership, and added materially to its sacerdotal ranks. Much more remains to be done. This last Chapter will be a new impetus for future labor in the garden of Carmel. Under the auspices of our Queen, we shall now be better able to carry out our mission to increase the glory of our Mother and to spread devotion to the sign of Mary's Confraternity and pledge of her love—the Brown Scapular. Everything of interest to our readers concerning the Chapter will appear in our next number.

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Silver medals of our Lady of Mt. Carmel and St. Albert can be had for fifteen cents each, or two for twenty-five cents. They can be had at $1.50 per dozen less if ordered in larger quantities. The Litany (on paper) is sent postpaid at 40 cents per dozen. Those preferring the same on heavier paper with a picture of St. Albert can obtain it by sending ten cents, or $1 per dozen. There is also a small picture of St. Albert and a sketch of his life sold at five cents. For any of the above mentioned articles address Carmelite Sisters, 134 Barrack St., New Orleans, La.

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Let us not speak either good or evil of ourselves. To speak evil of ourselves sometimes serves to nourish pride.

Be gentle as doves, bless those who curse you, never murmur, never let labors or troubles take away your peace of mind.

If life sometimes affords you gladness, you should use it in such a manner as not to lose sight of the terrible judgment which is to follow.—St. Grégory.

The more pious souls mortify themselves, the more does God vivify and fill them with His spirit: the more they fly from the cross, the more unworthy they become of heavenly consolations.—St. Dominic.

If we would follow our Lord and Saviour, we must die entirely to ourselves: for it is by self-denial and bearing sufferings patiently, that we shall attain eternal happiness.—St. Angela Merici.

THIRD ORDER OF

# Mount Carmel.

By the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

## Rules and Statutes for the Tertians of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

### CHAPTER X.

*On Frequenting the Sacraments and Hearing Mass.*

AS the frequent reception of the Holy Sacrament of Penance and Eucharist is a very powerful aid to arrive at the perfection to which the Tertians ought to aspire, they should ordinarily approach them once a month, but more particularly on the principal feasts of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and the saints of the Order. This, however, is not a matter of absolute obligation, but of devotion, and always remains subject to the will of the director or confessor, to whom alone it belongs to judge of their fitness to receive Holy Communion more or less frequently.

The Rule also requires that the Tertians hear Mass every day with the greatest devotion, unless just causes excuse them, in which case they may avail themselves at the time of Mass to observe silence, make their meditation or recite the Office.

*This Rule was written at a time when monthly communion was looked upon as a sign of extraordinary piety. Hence we have to interpret this chapter less according to the letter than according to the spirit. The present practice is that the Tertians receive three times a week, on days appointed by the director or confessor. There may be good reasons independent of the judgment of the confessor to rest contented with one Holy Communion a week, but this ought to be insisted on. If one weekly confession will not enable a Tertian to receive safely more than once, one communion only ought to be allowed.*

*Sick members of the Third Order may likewise receive once a week if the confessor sees fit to bring them Holy Communion. If, however, the manifold obligations of a priest do not render this feasible, the Tertians ought not to complain, but try to gain as much as possible by making frequent spiritual communions instead of the sacramental one.*

*Concerning the hearing of Mass daily, due consideration should be given to the station in life and occupation of the members, and where there is any sound reason excusing attendance, allowance must be made, else a mere privilege becomes a burdensome duty and instead of advancing the person in perfection will rather retard it, or render it impossible. The same is to be said in regard to spending the time of Mass and keeping silence. Circumstances alter cases, and God does not want a forced service; He loveth a cheerful giver, but we give only cheerfully what we can give without too great personal annoyance.*

### CHAPTER XI.

*Of Abstinence and Fasting.*

Besides the observance of the fast and abstinence commanded by the church, the Tertians should *abstain* from fleshmeat on every Wednesday and Saturday throughout the year, unless Christmas falls on those days. But as many of the Tertians, not being their own masters, have to be subject to their families or employers, and in order not to give occasion for contention, they can get these abstinences commuted into other pious works by their director or confessor.

The Tertians are to *fast* during Advent, or at least during the novena before Christmas, also on all Fridays of the year, except the one in Easter week, or if the feast of Christmas is on Friday: likewise on all Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays from the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross until Easter Sunday. Moreover they shall fast on all vigils of the principal feasts of the Blessed Virgin, including the feast of Mount Carmel, the vigil of Corpus Christi, of St. Elias, on the day of St. Mark the Evangelist, and on the three days before Ascension Thursday.

These fasts enjoined by the Rule are not binding as rigorously as those of the church and, having just reasons for not observing them, the Tertians may have them changed into other works of piety by their confessor or director, and they commit no sin if without contempt of Rule they occasionally fail in observing them.

*1. All the fast days are at the same time days of abstinence. Hence Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays are fast and abstinence days from September the 14th until Easter following, but days of abstinence only from Easter till September 14th.*

*2. For breakfast and evening collation on fast days of the Order one half may be added to the quantity allowed on church fast.*

*3. Though undoubtedly many a valid reason may exist for asking a commutation, those Tertians whose position enables them to observe the fast should not and cannot ask to be exempted. The fear of fasting so prevalent now is only a hallucination; instead of breaking the system down, fasting helps to build it up, and besides, gluttony and impurity are twin sisters, do away with the one and you can get rid of the other. The same moderation as in eating ought to be observed in drinking, and particularly in the use of intoxicants.*

## CHAPTER XII.

*Of Silence and of the Good Use of Time.*

Though it is not an easy thing for persons living in the world to observe silence during certain fixed hours, as is the rule in religious communities, yet the Tertians should endeavor to observe silence at least from the time of their examination of conscience in the evening till after morning prayers of the day following. They also ought to make an intention to observe it during the hour of Mass and their Office, as it was said in Chapter X.

At other times they should accustom themselves to speak little. The Holy Ghost admonishes us: "In the multitude of words sin shall not be wanting." Prov. x. 19. It is, however, not accounted as speaking, as St. Austin explains, when one says what needs to be said, though it require many words. It is also said that "he who has no guard over his speech shall meet with evils." Ps. xiii, 3: and again, "He that uses many words hurts his own soul," Eccl. xx. 8: and Jesus Christ says in the Gospel: "Of every idle word that men shall speak, of the same shall they render an account on the day of judgment." Math. xii. 36.

It is, therefore, safer to always speak little and to speak only when duty or civility require it, but even then we ought to consider carefully what we say. A celebrated author says: "He that is a friend of silence shall never regret to have kept it, for as the mouth is the door of the soul it should never be opened except reason requires it, and then with circumspection and great guard lest death enter through it."

It behooves Christians in general, and much more, persons aiming at perfection, like the Tertians, to speak frequently of God and His perfections, but with due reverence.

Speaking of our neighbor, we ought to have at heart his honor, and to cover and excuse his faults. Still more, we ought to avoid immodest and indecent conversation, and also refrain from speaking in church, particularly during divine service, for, besides showing hereby a want of the respect due to the house of God, scandal and bad example are thus given to other persons present.

The Tertians are admonished to keep constantly before their mind the advice of St. Francis of Sales: "Speak little and well, little and sweetly, little and simply, little and charitably, little and humbly."

Just as it is very profitable and even necessary to be cautious in speaking, so it is not less advantageous and necessary to make good use of the time. Hence the rule enjoins on those professing it to occupy themselves in some honest work and labor, so that the common enemy, finding them always occupied, may not by way of idleness tempt them and take possession of their souls. Any work is honest, that is done in order to provide for our own necessities, to aid our neighbor, or to promote piety and religion, but is is not honest if it serves only as an incentive to vanity and irregular passions.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*On Peace and Concord.*

As mutual love towards one another, according to the declaration of our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, is the characteristic mark of the christian, the Tertians professing obedience not only to the commandments, but also the counsels of God, should highly appreciate fraternal charity between themselves and their domestics, as well as with all men, imitating hereby the first chris-

tians. Hence, above all, they should practice this virtue by bearing with each other's faults, according to the admonition of the Apostle: "Bear ye one another's burden and thus you will fulfill the law of Christ." Gal. vi, 2. Therefore, if anyone offends against charity, he that has given the offence should, without delay, satisfy the offended person, and the other on his part must accept the reparation.

Secondly, all should be disposed and resolved to pardon the injuries received from others, and to love their enemies with their whole heart, as the Lord Himself commands. They must beware not to relate to any person what was spoken or done against them in their absence, saying, for instance, "this or that one has thus spoken or acted against you, for we know that God hates and detests him who sows discord between brothers."—Prov. vi, 19.

They must equally beware of entertaining rash thoughts against anyone, for as St. Francis of Sales says: "An action can have one hundred different sides, and the charitable will always consider the fairest side."

They should finally seek to maintain and foster peace in their families, so that the God of peace may dwell amongst them.

Anyone knowing of dissensions between Tertians, should as soon as possible inform the superior or director, that he by his prudence and wisdom may re-establish peace and harmony.

*There is not a more abused word in the vocabulary than love or charity. They are often used for the express purpose of covering up uncharitableness. Christian charity, like God's own love for us, must be enlightened and strong. It has to promote the real welfare of our neighbor and defend him against real evil. Real charity consists in saving his soul, real evil in bringing it into danger. Hence, hiding his faults from those, that have a right to know them and the duty to correct them, is the very opposite of charity, no matter under what specious pretexts we try to hide our hypocrisy and cowardice. Even if we know that by acting according to this plain duty we shall offend our former friend and disrupt the friendship, we are not excused from the discharge of our duty. Therefore, the command to keep peace does not mean peace at any price, nor is concord to be maintained at any expense. The very action that seems to break this concord is charity, the reverse would be uncharitableness.*

*Strict obedience to the Rule laid down in Chapter XII will powerfully help us in observing Chapter XIII. The more we engage in some honorable work and bridle our tongue, the less danger we incur of sinning against charity.*

Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

# The Catholic Dictionary and the Brown Scapular.

BY REV. R. F. CLARKE, S. J.

CONTINUED.

THE apparition is not accepted by Benedict the Fourteenth on the faith of a "Life" of the Saint by Swaynton. If the reader will refer to the passage where Benedict the Fourteenth discusses the question, he will find that there is no mention of a "Life" by Swaynton at all. His words are as follows: "We believe the vision to be true, and think that it ought to be held as true by all men. For it is accurately reported by Suvanington (sic), who was the friend and secretary of B. Simon, and says that he received it from his own lips." "This vision, I, unworthy as I am, wrote at the dictation of the man of God." The written account of it was formerly hidden away in the archives at Bordeaux. From this obscurity it was extracted when these controversies were at their height, and was printed by Father John Cheron, Prior of the House of Bordeaux, in his *Vindiciae Scapularis*, page 157 seq.

(1). There is not a single word about a "Life" of the Saint. Benedict the Fourteenth simply speaks of an account of the apparition taken down by his secretary, and kept in the Carmelite archives. The "Life" which is brought forward as the basis of the story, in order that it may be discredited, and through it devotion to the Scapular, is a pure fiction. It was either invented by the enemies of the Carmelites, or arose out of a misapprehension respecting the nature of Swaynton's document, which was simply a written testimony to the truth of the vision, discovered in the archives of Bordeaux, and printed by Father John Cheron (not Cheronensis, as the *Dictionary* calls him) in his *Vindiciae Scapularis*.

(2). There is no sort of foundation for the statement that "the Carmelites refused to show this 'Life' to Papebroch." It seems that Father Papebroch was asked to

(1.) Cf. Benedict the Fourteenth, de Festis B. M. V. ii. C. vi. p. 269.

insert in the *Acta Sanctorum* a Life of St. Simon Stock by Father Roland, who was Prior of the Carmelite Monastery at Valenciennes, but refused to accept it because the Carmelites objected to the notes and animadversions, which would have been inserted by one, whom they, rightly or wrongly, already regarded as inclined to look unfavorably on the antiquity and privileges of their Order. He seems, moreover, to have been possessed with the same idea about the existence, somewhere or other, of a "Life" (or at least a certain Acta) written by Swaynton, and this impression confirmed his unwillingness to accept without dispute the Life by Roland, which was written a century and more after the Saint's death. But in the *Acta Sanctorum*, to which the writer in the *Catholic Dictionary* refers, there is not a word about the alleged "refusal," or anything that admits of any such interpretation.

(3). The writer then proceeds to further disparagement of the alleged apparition. To understand the force of Launoy's argument regarding this passage in the "Life," (if it be authentic,) as an interpolation, we must remember that the miracle is represented as gaining immediate notoriety. These are Swaynton's pseudo—Swaynton's words: "The story running through England and beyond it, many cities offered us places in which to live, and many nobles begged to be affiliated to this holy Order that they might share in its graces, desiring to die in the holy habit." If so, the silence of Carmelite authors for more than a century after is remarkable. Simon Stock died in 1250. Robotus, Provincial in Catalonia, (about 1340), in his ten books "On the Institution and Remarkable Deeds of the Carmelites," ignores it. So does Cheronensis in two books specially designed to glorify the Order, ("Speculum Historiæ" and Speculum Ordinis Carmeli"), and so do three other authors of similar books quoted by Launoy. Strangest of all, Waldensis, a Carmelite, an Englishman, and writing in England, ("De Sacramentalis"), tries hard to prove the religious habit a sacramental, and speaks particularly of the Carmelite habit and the form in which it is given. Nothing could have been more to the point than Swaynton's story, but he never alludes to it. The vision is mentioned, apparently for the first time, so far as is known for certain, by Grossus, a Carmelite of Toulouse, in his "Vindarium" (1389), then by Paleonidoru ("Antiq. Ord. Carm.," vi. 8. apud Launoy), published in 1495. It is right to add, however, that the Carmelites claimed the support of an anonymous MS. in the Vatican, said to have been written early in the fourteenth century. Before we discuss in detail the plausible insinuations of this paragraph, we should like to say a word about M. Launoy, the author whom the writer has taken for authority and source of information. In the earlier part of the article which we shall deal with hereafter, he speaks of M. Launoy's dissertation as one of "wonderful learning." Having enlisted the reader's sympathies and invested him with all the weight that we duly attach to a man so remarkable, he quite forgets to tell us that M. Launoy was one of the bitter adversaries of the Holy See and of the religious orders, who unhappily sprung up in considerable numbers under the baneful influence of Gallicanism. We have no right to brand him as an actual heretic, but he was at least a most disloyal Catholic, the opponent of authority, the sympathizer with false doctrine, who made his object to vilify and defame the Religious orders, to assail their privileges, to pour out his venom upon them on every possible occasion.

(4). If M. Launoy was a man of "wonderful learning," he was also a man

(2.) Father Daniel, in his *Speculum Carmelitarum*, where he gives an elaborate account of the various lives of the Saint, that have been written, makes no mention whatever of any "Life" of St. Simon Stock by Swaynton, but simply of the story of the Scapular being given to the Saint from Heaven. (Historia de Scapulari coelitus ei dato.) At the same time a careless reader might easily mistake the drift of the passage, and this is the probable origin of the misapprehension.

(3.) Cf. *Acta Sanctorum*, Maii, Parisii. p. 750.

(4.) The following is a choice specimen of the language used by M. Launoy of the members of the Religious Orders. Speaking of the work of Father Raynaud, S. J., he says: "I and others have read his book and re-read it, but we find in it nothing at all except abuse borrowed from taverns and houses of ill-repute (*quaesita ex tabernis et prostibulis maledicta*) and wondrous lies (*portenta mendicorum*) which not even the devil, the parent of all calumniators, would belch forth, since he would be afraid to show himself so openly and stupidly in his own character." (*De vera causa successus St. Brunonis in eremum Pref. p. 15.*

of wonderful malice, and full of a wonderful hatred of the Holy See. Is this the man who is to be taken as our guide in a matter like this? Is this half-hearted Catholic, this enemy of Rome, this quarrelsome mischief-maker, this friend of heretics, to be quoted with unqualified approval in a matter which concerns the privileges of one of the most venerable of those Religious Orders that he hated? Is this unhappy Gallican to be spoken of with admiration on a subject in which he at least indirectly impugns the dignity and privilege of the Holy Mother of God?

But this is not all. There is a further consideration which makes us scarcely able to believe that a Catholic Dictionary should take as the basis of one of its articles the "wonderful learning" of M. Launoy. The very work which is thus quoted and praised is actually one condemned by the church, one which has been, in company with M. Launoy's other productions, on the Index of Prohibited books for the last two hundred years! It seems to us a scandalous thing that one whose writings the church has solemnly declared unfit for perusal, should be accepted as an authority respecting a devotion dear to every Catholic heart, and which was a source of unceasing honor to God's Holy Mother all over the Catholic world. A work which lies under the church's ban, which, unless special permission has been obtained, no Catholic can read without sin wherever the Index is promulgated, is brought forward as a standard authority and recommended to Catholics as justifying the rejection of our Lady's gift to her faithful children of Mount Carmel! M. Launoy's character, and the condemnation of his work, are quite sufficient to render his arguments not only suspicious, but valueless, and we should be quite justified in passing them over in silence. But we are dealing with the *Catholic Dictionary*, not with the Jansenist writer, and we will therefore examine these arguments in themselves. We should be quite justified in passing them over on another ground. In opposition to the positive testimony of existing documents, M. Launoy relies upon the feeble and negative argument derived from the silence of certain writers who, in his opinion, ought to have at least *mentioned* the Scapular. This method of argumentation is a favorite one with the sceptic who is bent on destruction. We are all familiar with it in the mouths of our anti-Catholics.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# THE EMERALD ISLE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first,
The daring primose and the violet darkly blue.

IN this fertile land a regular rotation of the flowers of spring make their appearance, more especially within the limits of the Easter cycle. The snow-drop dawns upon us in February, the primrose and violet in March, and the cowslip in April. Flowers may be said to be almost the first objects that attract the poetic attention of the child, as, in fact, they are Nature's music and Nature's own sparkling jewelry. In the present day the cultivation of flowers has been in Ireland brought to considerable perfection so that a widely spread interest in these superlative effects of creative skill prevails, not merely among the proprietors of extensive gardens, but among the proprietors and inhabitants of houses in our large cities and towns. The gorgeous decorations of thousands of altars of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and the myriad and countless saints of Ireland have given an impetus to this in our time.

By common consent, from remote antiquity flowers have received a large amount of poetic homage. Homer, Virgil Shakespeare, Milton, Blessed John of Mantua the Carmelite, and the rest of the tuneful choir, have each been foremost in the expression of sympathy and admiration. A spray cannot tremble in the breeze, a leaf cannot rustle to the ground, a wave of fragrance cannot exhale from the humble violet, or a daisy unfold its crimson colors to the orient ray of the morning light, without putting in motion the cords of Apollo's lyre. The cowslip, "rich in vegetable gold," has been simply immortalized in the verses of the bard of Avon. The snow-drop so marvellously elegant in structure salutes us as the earliest harbinger of approaching warmth and brightness, and mounts up into unpretending magnificence, heedless of all obstacles or interference. Blended with the various tints of the glittering crocus, the snow-drops form an appropriate coronet arranged with which the sylphs of the wood

may welcome the springs. Rosemary, this year, as March was mild, displayed its tiny tendrils. Its name denotes the parentage of the flower as born of May, our dear Lady's beautiful month. It mantles the rocks of southern climes with a profusion of gray blossoms refulgent like diamonds with showers of dew. The poet says that its mystic virtues can "minister to the mind's disease," and being the plant of memory's "deep rooted sorrow," and the ornament of the sepulchre, is enshrined in medicine and funereal ceremonies. The violet "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes," is an especially favorite flower with the votaries of Mount Parnassus, and during this season decks the altar of Saint Joseph and the shrine of the Sacred Face. The bard of Avon says, "to throw perfume of the violet were wasteful." The lovely primrose is the harbinger of departed winter and "tells us tales about the spring." It is an especial favorite of infancy, while the form, color and odor of the flower, more especialy when bestowed with snow-drop and crocus, present a cluster of charms touchingly suggestive of the bashfulness of childhood, which delights to hide itself in the leafy shelters of dingle and dell.

Last, but not least, is the daisy. This winning flower, "in pastures everywhere," requires no special conditions of soil or situations. It is ubiquitous. Chaucer crowns the daisy as the "eye of day," and Milton describes its velvet dress in the words, "meadows trim with daisies pied." In all these beauties of nature we can learn many things, especially that of the omnipotence of the creative power of God. "Blessed be His name." Everything looks really charming in dear old Ireland. The weather is beautiful and all nature seems aglow. The devotion to our Lady during the month of May here was very grand and was carried out with great pomp and splendor.

In my next I will give you an account of one of the places we attend, namely the South Dublin Union, the largest institution, perhaps, in the world for the poor. The average number is 3,000 worthy Catholics. In the past ten years we had 250,000 communions, 60,000 received the last sacraments and there were 10,000 deaths. A. E. Farrington, O.C.C.

Dublin, June 1st, 1894.

## THE SACRED HEART.

The heart of man is the seat and organ of all his sentiments. All the affections which can act upon this organ may be reduced to two principal ones—love and sorrow. Hence it is that sadness, listlessness and fear, the feeling of outrages and affronts, are to a sensitive heart pains more real and often more insupportable than the greatest bodily suffering. The Sacred Heart of Jesus is the most loving and therefore the most afflicted of all hearts, and in whatever situation or circumstances of Its life we consider It, we shall find in It all that is most pure in love, united to that which is most bitter and painful in sorrow. Hence flow, as from their source, two sorts of homage due to this Divine Heart, the one a homage of love, the other a homage of passion; so that to adore the Heart of Jesus loving and offer to It a just tribute of love and gratitude, and to adore the Heart of Jesus suffering, and to compassionate Its pains, and to lessen and repair them, are the two points of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

## EDUCATE BY EXAMPLE.

Do you ask what will educate your son? Your example will educate him: your conversation with your friends: the business he sees you transact: the likings and dislikings he sees you express—these will educate him. The society you live in will educate him, your rank, your station in life, your home, your table, will educate him. It is not in your power to withdraw from him the continual influence of these things, except you were to withdraw yourself from them also. Education goes on at any instant of time: you can neither stop it or turn its course. What these have a tendency to make your child, that he will be.

The address of Anderson & Logan, merchant tailors of Niagara Falls, Ontario, through an error, was made to read "Niagara Falls, N. Y.," among the advertisements in the last number of the Review. We take pleasure in recommending this old and reliable firm to our readers. In filling orders for the clergy they always give satisfaction.

# CARMELITE GENERALS.

CONCLUSION.

FR. JOHN BAPTIST CAFARDO, of Sienna, was elected General in the year 1580, and died in the year 1592.

Fr. John Stephen Chizzola was elected in 1593, when a total separation was effected between the calced and discalced Carmelites. He died in 1597.

Fr. Henry Silicio was elected in the year 1598; he obtained a Bull from the Pope to recite and place in the Missal and Breviary of the Jerusalem rite, twenty saints of the order, besides those of St. Elias and Eliseus: he built or enlarged forty-four convents in sixteen years, and died in 1612.

Fr. Sebastian Fanton was elected in the year 1613; he died in the year 1623.

Fr. Gregory Canales was elected General in 1625. He obtained from Pope Urban VIII. in the year 1629, the canonization of St. Andrew Corsini, the beatification of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, both children of the Carmelite convent of Florence. He published the constitutions of the order, and died in 1631.

Fr. Theodore Estracius was appointed General in the year 1622. He compiled the constitutions for the Reformed or Recollet Convents, and a Treatise for the Tertians of Carmel. He died in 1642.

Fr. Albert Mazario was appointed General and lived for one year after his election, dying in 1643.

Fr. Leo Bonifilio was two years General: he died in 1647.

Fr. Anthony Philipen was elected in the year 1648, and died in 1656.

Fr. Maurius Venturino was elected in 1656; and died in the year 1676.

Fr. Jerom Ari was elected in 1660; he died in 1667.

Fr. Mathew Orland, a Sicilian, was elected General in the year 1666; he died in 1695, the 85th year of his age.

Fr. Francis Escanapieco, a Roman, was made General in the year 1674; he died in 1676, in the 50th year of his age.

Fr. Emilius Jacomeli, a native of Medisina, elected General in the year 1676; he lived only three years and a half, and died in 1680.

Fr. Ferdinand Tartaglia was elected General in the year 1680, in the chapter celebrated in Rome, in which were confirmed the conditions and compacts respecting the union of the two Castiles, and the acts of the Provincial Chapters of 1659, 1663, 1675, 1678, and which approved of the constitutions compiled by Mother Mary of Angel of the Sacrament for the convent which she founded. He also determined that the Order should in future recite the Office of the Dead for the deceased brethren: that the Offices of St. Lewis of France and St. Charles Borromeo, who was protector of the Order, should be *Duplex Majus*. Many other things were determined on in that chapter. The Father General Tartaglia, died in Cantania, in the year 1682.—

Fr. Angel Monsignani was elected in the room of Tartaglia, 1682. He was five years General, and died in his own convent of Forli, aged 69.

Fr. Paul of St. Ignatius, a Piedmontese, was elected General in 1686, and died in the year 1704.

Fr. John Feijoo was elected General in 1692. He wore his hat in the presence of the king, as was then the custom with the other Generals of the mendicant orders, and the grandees of Spain. In 1702 he was made bishop of Cadez, where he died in the year 1706.

Fr. Charles Philiberto was elected General in 1698; he died in Rome, 1722.

Fr. Angel Cambolas, of Toulouse, was elected General in 1704, and died in the year 1716.

Fr. Peter Thomas Sanchez was elected in the year 1719, and died in 1720.

Fr. Charles Cornacculi was elected in 1716 and died in 1737.

Fr. Gaspar Pizzolanti, a Sicilian, was elected in 1722: he obtained from Pope Benedict XIII leave to erect the statue of St. Elias in the Church of St. Peter at Rome, as founder and patriarch of the Carmelite Order. He lived to be very old.

Fr. Anthony Joseph Amabilis, native of France, being proculator General, was elected at a general chapter of Ferrara in 1728: he died bishop of Dini, in France, in the year 1741.

Fr. Lewis Benzoni, of Milan, provincial of Lombardy, was elected General in the place of Amabilis, who resigned at the chapter of Rome, convened at the request

of the Vicar General, Brother Albert Cabina, in the year 1731: he published new Breviaries prohibiting the old. He died a bishop.

Fr. Nicholas Marco Richuti, of Apulia, was elected at Rome in 1738. He resigned through indisposition of health, and retired to his convent of Grosalia, where he died in 1747.

Fr. Adolphus Lahi, an Italian and consultor to Cardinal Lambertinus (afterwards Benedict XIV) was two years Vicar General in consequence of the resignation of Richuti, and he was twelve years General, having been confirmed in the chapter of Bologne, 1750. He died in Forli, his own country, in the year 1758.

Fr. Joachim Maria Pontalti, a native of Venice, was elected General in the chapter of Cesena in the year 1756; was bishop of Tarense in Dalmatia, retaining the office of General until the ensuing chapter, which was held in Venice, 1762.

Fr. Mariano Ventimiglia, a Nepolitan, was assistant General of Italy, when elected General in the chapter of Venice, 1762, and died in the year 1768.

Fr. Josephus Albert Himenes was created General in June, 1768, and confirmed in his office on the 13th of June, 1775: he died in 1780, after being five years in the government of the order. He was succeeded by—

Fr. Andrew Andrass, who was elected in December, 1780.

Fr. John Tussano appointed in the year 1788.

Fr. Peter Thomas de Lugo was appointed the 6th of November, 1790, by a brief from Pope Pius VI.

Fr. Rocco Melchior succeeded Peter Thomas, being appointed by Pope Pius VI on the 7th of June, 1794.

Fr. John Onesti was made Vicar General in December, 1801.

Fr. John Baptist Commandini was appointed Vicar General in March, 1804, and was succeeded by—

Fr. Timothy Maria Ascensi, who was General of the Order in the year 1807, and continued until the usual time expired. He was consultor to his Holiness Pope Leo XII previous to his being elevated to the chair of St. Peter, and was made Bishop of Rieti by the same Pontiff.

Fr. Joseph Bartoli succeeded Brother Ascensi as Vicar General in the year 1814, who continued until the year 1819. He since died in Transpontina, in the year 1823.

Fr. Aloyius Faro was appointed by Pope Pius VII and continued until Pentecost, 1825.

Fr. Luigi Scalabrini succeeded as Pro-Vicar General in the place of Fr. Faro.

Fr. Hieronymus Priori held office from 1854 to 1860. During his term the Breviaries and liturgical books of the Order were revised and reissued.

Fr. Angelus Savini, as vicar, ruled the destiny of the Order from 1860 until the election of Fr. Aloysius Galli in 1889. He died soon after the appointment of his present successor. During the reign of Fr. Savini the order was permanently established in America. Its present flourishing condition here owes much to the zeal of the late saintly Father General.

These, then, are the Generals of our Order in regular succession from St. Berthold down to the present revered and beloved Father General, Aloysius Galli, whom may God direct in the good government of our holy Order for His honor and glory and of the Blessed Queen of Carmel.

P. A. B.

## The Little Apostle of the Sacred Heart.

A CHILD sent in an intention every month for a blasphemer, says the *Australian Messenger*. At the end of June she wrote: "I recommend him again to your prayers; but he is almost converted." After this introduction, she relates that one of her father's friends, whom she was in the habit of seeing every day, could scarcely speak three words without letting out a big oath. The little apostle of the Sacred Heart wanted to convert this sinner. She said to herself: "I will convert my sinner. I am sure he is a bigger one than those Father B—— has." After the third month the visitor swore but seldom. One morning the child went straight to him and said: "Do you know, sir, why you do not swear now?" "Oh, I have lost the habit of it, I suppose." "Ah, well, I can tell you the true reason. It is because I have had you prayed for in the Intentions of the Sacred Heart." "That's right, my child," said the old man, much moved; "Keep on so doing." The result was that the habit was completely cured.

# Shrines of Our Lady

Written for the Carmelite Review by the Rev. Ambrose F. Bruder, O. C. C.

## NAZARETH.

CONTINUED.



T was the degradation to which christian pilgrims were subjected that in a great measure brought about the Crusades. The Holy Land fell into the power of the Crusaders, and pilgrimages to the holy shrines, amongst others to Nazareth, were freely resumed. We read of many knights, princes and kings who considered themselves happy in being able to pay homage to Mary in the home of her ancestors. The last christian prince of whom we know, that thus visited Nazareth, was St. Louis IX, king of France, in A. D. 1251. Soon after this Palestine again fell into the hands of the Moslems, who under the leadership of the famous Saladin reconquered all the countries until then in possession of the christian princes. Persecution and oppression took the place of tolerance, and in places where formerly were heard the prayers and chants of the faithful, were now heard the blasphemies of the infidels.

Suddenly, the Holy House of Nazareth had disappeared. God would not permit that the house which had witnessed the greatest miracles of His love should be exposed to the profanation of unbelievers. He commanded His holy angels to remove the sacred shrine, and bring it to a spot where that honor which was its due would be rendered to it.

It happened on the 10th of May, A. D. 1291, Nicholas the IV being Supreme Pontiff, that some laborers going after their usual avocations noticed on the shores of the Adriatic a strange building which had not been seen there before. People from the neighborhood flocked around to view it: they noticed its strange architecture, entirely different from what was in vogue in their own country. When they found courage to force an entrance, they found that the interior had evidently been used as a chapel, the proofs for this supposition being the altar, statues, candelabras and other paraphernalia usually found in a place of pilgrimage, and as the people were still gazing at the whole apparation in amazing wonder, Bishop Alexander, of a neighboring town, made his appearance. It was a well known fact that for several years he had been confined to his room suffering from an incurable disease, hence the astonishment when his people beheld him sound and safe in their midst. Then he told them of the desire he had always nourished to visit if possible the holy house of Nazareth, of how in his agony Mary appeared to him, telling him that that holy shrine was now in his own country, and that to enable him to bear testimony to the fact, she would restore him to perfect health, which accordingly happened.

Well, to be concise, commissioners were sent to the Holy Land to make investigation with the result that the house, so miraculously found on the shores of the Adriatic in Dalmatia, was declared to be truly the house of the Holy Family of Nazareth, which had been transported by angels from its ancient resting place, evidently to escape the desecration which would likely have been its sad lot in Nazareth.

The Holy House remained in this spot for upwards of three years, when it suddenly disappeared. It was again transported by the angels of God across the Adriatic to beautiful Italy, and after several vicissitudes it finally found a resting place in the spot where it has been venerated now for well nigh six centuries, and has since been called the Holy House of Loretto. We may well imagine what innumerable pilgrims have wended their way to this holy shrine, where Mary the Mother of God, would be venerated in the habitation made sacred by the indwelling of the Son of God Himself. This was the shrine of Mary, especially dear to the heart of the saintly Pope Pius the IX of blessed memory. The numerous favors granted to the clients of Mary at this her holy shrine simply go to prove what Holy Mother Church has ever affirmed, *i. e.*, that Mary is all powerful in her intercession before the throne of God.

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In the spiritual life all is wanting to him who believes that nothing is needed.—St. Bernard.

# Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

## INTRODUCTORY.



RITING in lead pencil," says Mme. Swetchine, "is like talking in a low voice," and so with twilight talks. The dear hour 'twixt day and dark, hallowed as it is by many memories of the days of yore; the time for softened eyes and tender thoughts; the quiet time when the dim eyes of age gaze vacantly into the glowing firelight, or peer searchingly into the gathering gloom without; the time when a chaplet of memories twines itself around the heart, and the precious chaplet of the Rosary slips through the fingers, consecrating the twilight hour to our dear Lady of Peace, our guiding star to the perfect day of eternity, when the sweetness of earth's twilights will lapse into the delights of paradise. Youth knows no twilight. The garish light of day, the high noon, the broad sunlight—in these does it revel; and the attractions of the firelight, or the soft pensive shadows which usher in the evening, find no lovers in the ardent, impetuous natures in whom the wine of youth is sparkling brightly, and whose eyes seek only the glories of the god of day in his noon-tide splendor. But when the years, like the seasons, wane somewhat from their meridian brightness, when life, great oculist of men, has removed from our eyes the mirage which lent such a double glory to the things of sense, when the *looming* has disappeared and the world in the thinness of its truth has taught us "what a fatal gift of heaven it is to have a sensitive soul," then the twilight, with its peaceful reveries—if such a thing there be, in these days of rapid transit in thought as in all things else—holds much that is restful and inviting, and in times like ours when the land is made more than desolate, because of the wastes in mind and soul unwatered by the rain of thought, the twilight hour may be as an oasis in the day, and the sparks, which Eugenie de Guerin calls the flowers of the chimney, may bear with them flashes of light for thinking minds and willing hearts. As we grow older, we feel the more, that "heaven is around and above us, so close that our heads wear its near glories like a crown"; and when we recall the attractions which the lake and the mountain and the sea shore had for our blessed Lord in the days when He walked among men, we may take sweet comfort to ourselves in the thought that, though He says "they who seek me early shall find me." He may not, in the indulgence of His mercy, disdain the hour when the day is far spent. Did He not suffer Himself to be constrained to go in with the disciples who walked with Him to Emmaus? So may it be with us; and the thought will hallow our twilight talks, and make us feel that He is near, an almost visible presence, bringing a benediction to the gloaming, filling it with sweetness and with peace. And now that June, in its wealth of beauty, has come again to delight us with its long, perfect days, what sweeter pictures can we frame for the eyes of our soul than the garden scene in sunny France, when 'neath the nut tree the Sacred Heart appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary. Let us kneel in spirit under that blessed shade and listen wistfully to the words falling from those lips, sweeter than honey and the honey comb, and let the promises of the Sacred Heart be the food for June's twilight thoughts, and the memory of that tender Heart, which expected reproach and looked for one that would comfort Him, will fill the purple-shadowed hour with the spirit of reparation, and the yearning that "Thy kingdom come."

MATILDA CUMMINGS.

New York City, June, 1894.

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SEEK the company of the good. Have intercourse with persons of a strictly pure life.—ST. ANSELM.

ROSES grow on briars, say the wise men of the world. Yes; but as the very different spirit of piety would say, it is a truer truth that briars bloom with roses. If roses have thorns; thorns have roses.—FATHER FABER.

Carmelite Review.

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# LEO PP. XIII.

### FOR A PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE.

IN order that the devotion and piety of the faithful towards the Most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel may increase more and more, whence flow the richest and most wholesome fruits for their soul, We, acceding to the request of Our beloved son, Aloysius Maria Galli, General of the Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, of the Old Observance, have decided to enrich the Carmelite churches with a singular privilege. Wherefore, confiding in the mercy of Almighty God and the authority of His Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, We grant to all and each of the faithful of both sexes who, being truly penitent and having received the Sacraments of Penance and of Holy Communion, shall devoutly visit any of the churches or public chapels, in any place wheresoever, of the Friars or Sisters of the whole Carmelite Order, both Calced and Discalced, in any year on the 16th of July on which the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is kept, from the First Vespers until sunset of that day, and shall address pious prayers to God for the peace of Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of sinners, and the exaltation of Our Holy Mother the church—to these We mercifully grant in the Lord, as often as they shall do so, a Plenary Indulgence, and remission of their sins, which they may also apply to the souls of the faithful who have departed this life in charity with God, notwithstanding Our, and the Apostolic Chancery's rule of not granting Indulgences *ad instar*, and other Apostolic constitutions and orders, and whatever else there might be to the contrary. And the present shall be valid for all future times. And We will that the same faith which would be exhibited to the original letter, were it shown, shall also be bestowed upon copies, printed or otherwise, of the same, provided they be signed by a public notary and sealed with the seal of a person constituted in ecclesiastical dignity.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, under the Ring of the Fisherman, on the 16th of May, 1892, of our Pontificate the fifteenth year.

[L. S.]

S. CARD VANNUTELLI.

## The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

# JAMES A. McMASTER,

*Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.*

Edited by REV. MARK S. GROSS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

## CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF JAMES A. MCMASTER.—HIS CHILDHOOD AND EARLY MANHOOD.—HIS SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS, HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND SEMINARY.—HIS VENERATION FOR THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—HIS CONVERSION TO CATHOLICITY, 1845.—HE IS DISCARDED BY HIS FAMILY AND WORLDLY FRIENDS.

CONTINUED.

IT could be easily foreseen that a Protestant who could write so beautifully of the Holy Mother of God, would ere long become a Catholic. And, indeed, McMaster soon discovered in the Episcopalian church a certain spirit which displeased him very much. He criticised it in the following words, which precede his little treatise on the blessedness of the Holy Mother of God.

"It was a rule of the Church in the days when she was 'lusty and strong,' and her 'children were about her,' when her sons married her, even as a young man marrieth a maid, and her God rejoiced over her as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride. In those days, I say, it was the custom of the Church when any error of doctrine was rife, to direct against it the whole drift of her teaching, and when any truth was likely to be lost sight of, to enforce it day by day till its importance was acknowledged. I know the policy of the present day is different: when any truth has become unpalatable,we refrain from it,lest through dislike its enemies should be driven from the Church of God, or rather should desert ourselves personally, and thus it was prophesied. 'When thou wast young,' said our Lord to him who was the type of the Church on earth, 'thou didst gird thyself and walkest whither thou wouldst. But when thou shalt be old, another shall bind thee whither thou wouldst not.' And the looseness with which distinctive truth is taught, is a note, that that other, even the lawless anti-Christ is shortly to be revealed. For we see, almost on every hand, truth asserted with diffidence, in proportion to the violence and obstinacy with which error opposes itself.

"But, that God may avert from *us* that day of His wrath, and give peace in our time, or else give us grace to witness a good profession; let us receive with all readiness of mind, the whole of His sacred truths as revealed in the Book of Life and taught in the Holy Church."

In these words, McMaster has revealed his great love for truth.

"Indeed, our intellect," says St. Thomas, "is formed for truth and cannot help thinking according to truth. The intellect is not a faculty or power which is, in itself, free, as the will is. Wheresoever it sees the truth it cannot help embracing it. It is not free to accept or reject it, except when ignorance puts the mind in such a state as to render it unable to see the truth. Whenever the mind sees the truth, it is forced to accept it. When the mind does not see the truth it is inactive—it does nothing. If, in this case, it asserts one proposition rather than another, such assertion is merely an act of the will, and not an act of the intellect. For instance, if I am asked whether the moon is inhabited, I can assert that it is, merely because I choose to do so. But I am not compelled to make this assertion by any evidence, for I do not *know*. But if I am asked, to how much two and two amount, I cannot choose my answer, I am forced to say 'four.' The intellect, then, is bound to acknowledge the truth when it sees the truth. But the will may deny it. The intellect of any man cannot help acknowledging the existence of God, and of the first principles of right and wrong. But a perverse will may deny these truths."

Of all things that are good for men, truth is, without doubt, the greatest good.

"Truth is the good thing for the intellect. As the eye was made to receive light, and the ear to receive sounds, and the hand to do all kinds of work, so the intellect was made to see and embrace the truth, to unite itself with the truth, and to find its repose in truth alone.

"Truth is a good thing for the heart. The heart is bound to love something. Now, when the intellect does not show it a true, honest object of love, the heart is sure to soil itself in a sordid love.

"Truth is the good thing for society. If truth does not guide its steps, society must fall into misery, and setting itself against

the divine laws of the universe, will speedily be brought to utter ruin.

"Truth is the good thing for men. They cannot attain their ultimate end—they cannot reach eternal goodness, except by means of the truth. So necessary is truth for men that the Son of God came down from heaven to teach them the truth.

"Truth, then, is above all good things: it is a greater good than wealth and honors: it is above life and death, above men and angels. God is the only fountain of truth: truth alone leads to Him, as it comes from Him who is Truth itself."

If this be true of most men, it is especially true of McMaster. His mind was eminently formed for truth. He always entertained a special love for truth, and he embraced it wherever he found it. He abhorred the least falsehood, especially religious errors, and condemned and rejected them wherever he discovered them. His love for truth was indeed one of his principal characteristics. "McMaster," said Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, "was one of the truest men I ever knew." He always adhered to truth, no matter what the consequences might be.

But it was not only a certain perverse spirit that McMaster discovered in the Anglican Church, he also soon discovered many errors. He was told that their creed was the Apostles' creed. But he perceived that, in principles, they are far from it.

"They said he professed to believe *in one Church*, which has unfortunately become half a dozen; *in unity*, which ceased to exist long ago for want of a centre: *in authority*, which nobody needs obey, because it has lost the power to teach: *in God's presence with the Church*, which does not keep her from stupid errors: *in a divine constitution*, which needs to be periodically reformed; *in a mission to teach all nations*, while she is unable to teach even herself: *in saints*, to whom Anglicans would be objects of horror and aversion: and *in sanctity* of truths which their own sect has always defiled. What foolish belief. Even an untutored Indian Chief, by the aid of his rude common-sense, and the mere intuition of natural truth, does not fail to see the folly of Protestant belief, and confounds it before those Protestant missionaries who come to convert his tribe to Protestantism. Elder Alexander Campbell, in a lecture before the American Christian Missionary Association, relates the following: Sectarian missionaries had gone among the Indians to disseminate religious sentiments. A council was called, and the missionaries explained the object of their visit. 'Is not all the religion of a white man in a book?' quoth a chief. 'Yes,' replied the missionaries. 'Do not all white men read the book?' continued the chief. Another affirmative response. 'Do they all agree upon what it says?' inquired the chief, categorically. There was a dead silence for some moments. At last one of the missionaries replied: 'Not exactly: they differ upon some doctrinal points.' 'Go, then, white man,' said the chief, 'call a council, and when the white men all agree, then come and teach the red men!' How the absurdity of Protestantism is so easily perceived and confounded even by the rude child of the forest! Hence it is that the famous convert and *American Reviewer* says: What Protestants call their religion is only a disguised secularism which is amply provided for by the secular press, the instincts of nature, and the anti-Catholic sentiment of the country.' —(*Brownson's Review, January, 1873.*)

As an Episcopalian, McMaster was full of Catholic leaning. Driving past an Episcopal church one day, in company with his friends, Walworth and Wadhams, McMaster exclaimed: "What are you taking your hat off to, Wadhams? To that old meeting-house? There is nothing inside of that but a communion table, where the vestrymen put their hats. Wait till you come to a real church, with a real altar and sacrifice."

The company were on a visit to an Episcopal minister, and at the door of his church McMaster, continued: "There are four sacraments administered in this church, if any at all," "Baptism, the Lord's Supper and Confirmation," rejoined Wadhams, "but where is the fourth?"

"Why," replied McMaster, "Penance." "Do you see that chair inside the railing? That's where Minister Weaton sat when I made my confession to him. It was something new to him, and he didn't want to do it, but I insisted upon it: and didn't I frighten the life out of him."

All three afterwards became Catholics.

Being convinced that Episcopalianism is a false religion, he left the Episcopal seminary probably in fall of 1844, and gave up his time almost exclusively to the study of the writings of that great doctor of the church, St. Thomas.

It is, without doubt, the will of God, that "all men should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth." (I. Tim. ii. 4.): but it is also the will of God that, in order to come to this knowledge, men must seek it with a sincere and upright heart, and this sincerity of heart must show itself in their earnest desire to know the

truth: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled." Hence they must labor diligently to find out the truth, using every means in their power for that purpose.

No man was ever in greater earnest and more sincere in seeking the truth than was McMaster. Soon he found himself convinced that only the Roman Catholic church is the true church of Christ, and that she alone possessed the power to forgive sins. He one day told Archbishop Corrigan that, even before he submitted to the claims of the church, he went to a priest, demanding the right of making confession and receiving absolution. "But at that time," said he, "I had not as yet received the gift of divine Catholic faith."

"Reason, it is true," says the Roman Catechism, "and the senses are competent to ascertain the existence of the church, that is, of a society of men devoted and consecrated to Jesus Christ; nor does faith seem necessary in order to understand a truth which is acknowledged by Jews and Turks, but it is from the light of faith only, not from the deductions of reason, that the mind can comprehend the mysteries which are contained in the Church of God. As, therefore, this article, as well as the others, is placed above the reach, and defies the strength of the human understanding, most justly do we confess, that human reason cannot arrive at a knowledge of the origin, privileges and dignity of the Church; these we can contemplate only with the eyes of faith."

"An effect," says St. Thomas, "is never greater than its cause, nor any act more efficacious than the active power which produces it, wherefore the enjoyment of eternal beatitude is not within the power of our natural faculties. So, man, left to his own powers, can only produce acts conformable to his nature and existence, such as to acquire art and science, to labor in any employment, and to enjoy private and social happiness, but he can never come to God and possess Him without supernatural assistance. It is useless to adjust the strings of a harp or lyre: they remain silent until they are put in motion by the hand of a musician. A vessel is rigged out with its masts, cables, and sails, and ready for sailing, but wants a fair breeze to launch it into the deep. In like manner, people, to be saved, need the powerful hand of God to direct their course to everlasting happiness, to assist and to enlighten them in their pilgrimage; they need the light of the true faith to believe the Roman Catholic church and all she teaches in the name and by the power of Jesus Christ. This is a supernatural gift which no one can have of himself: it is the free gift of God: 'For by grace you are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, for it is the gift of God.'" (Eph. ii. 8.)

TO BE CONTINUED.

## TO OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

O beautiful flow'ret of Carmel!
O fruitful and clustering vine!
Round the hearts of its favored children,
Thy mystical tendrils entwine.

O thou who with golden splendor,
Dost light up the Heavens above,
As Virgin, unspotted in fairness,
And Mother, most tender in love.

How peerless that singular beauty
Of purity never defiled!
How ardent that love for thy children,
That reigns in thy Heart, Mother mild!

Oh! shed o'er the Carmelites' pathway,
That heavenly fragrance of thine,
Refresh them with fruits of thy sweetness,
Thou beautiful, mystical vine!

May beams of starry splendor
Illumine their onward way;
May they see thee, O Virgin and Mother
In the bliss of thy cloudless day.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

## Upon Seeing a Little Girl Making Her First Communion.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

As fair as the angels, in garments of white,
A form at the altar rail kneels.
Aye kneels to her God, and alone to his sight
The love in her heart she reveals.
She dreams of the joy her Saviour will bring
To her soul still untarnished by sin,
And fears as she hears the chancel bell ring,
Her soul is unworthy within.

Oh would that my soul was as pure as thine own,
Fair handmaid of God—ever fair,
What years of repentance, my life would atone
If I could but kneel with you there.
Yet Hope is the angel who sheds o'er my way
Reflections of love from His face;
A promise I make to my Saviour to-day—
To keep in the pathway of grace.

—STANLY.

ALWAYS act on principle—never on feeling.

LET us always and everywhere cling to our Faith and believe humbly and firmly all that it teaches.

# The Attiwindarons — A Forgotten People.

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

CONTINUED.

ONE predominant and ruling passion was common to the great Neutral Nation, and indeed it might be said to all the tribes of North America. The Neutral was an inveterate gambler, shamelessly licentious, and devoted to the chase, but when he once took to the war trail all other emotions and feelings became absorbed in the devouring craving for blood. Each member, when able to bear arms, became a warrior, and was privileged to assist at the meetings of the tribe and exercise his right to vote and to be heard in debate. In 1638 the Neutrals declared war on the Mascoutins, or Nation of Fire, a numerous people of Algonquin stock, speaking the same language as the Foxes and Sacs. They dwelt on the southern shore of Lake Michigan, and fortified many of their towns with strong palisades. Before issuing declarations of war, the Neutrals assembled in council and were harangued by their chiefs. After several had spoken, the tribal orator arose and thus addressed the braves: "The bones of our slain brethren are bleaching on the ground. They cry to us for vengeance, and the cry must be answered. Paint yourselves with the deepest colors: take up your terror-inspiring arms: let your war songs and our demands for vengeance gladden the shades of our departed warriors, and cause our foes to tremble. On then! take captive our enemies, and fight as long as wood grows or water runs. Let the sun and the stars leave the firmament before we quit the field of battle 'till the victory be gained!"

A chief experienced in stratagems of war and distinguished for former exploits, was then chosen to command the expedition. That night the warriors assembled in a body, entered upon the scalp dance with movements and gestures suggestive of the coming battle. The neighboring woods re-echoed with their war cries. A white dog was sacrificed to propitiate the demon of slaughter, the inferior chiefs delivered vaunting discourses, dwelt upon the deeds of their ancestors, and their own past and prospective exploits. In the meantime the leader of the band retired to his wigwam, and entered upon a fast of two or three days to propitiate the military guardian of the tribe, and invoke assistance in the campaign he was about to enter upon. It would be an interesting, and perhaps an instructive study, to trace the origin of fasting among the American Indians. From the mouth of the Mississippi to the coast of Labrador, fasting was regarded as a religious rite among all the tribes, and was ineradicably associated in their minds with propitiation. Among the Hurons and the Algonquins, the custom of fasting twelve and fourteen days before entering upon a hazardous expedition, was not rare. The American Indian regarded it as a sacred rite, and believed that the Superior powers were more pleased with this self-inflicted punishment than even with human sacrifices.

When the Neutral chief had finished his fast, he issued from his wigwam, chanted his ominous war song, gathered his braves around him, and struck the trail leading to the land of the Mascoutins. While the path lay through their own country, no order was maintained, the warriors being free to scatter during the day in quest of game, returning to the appointed rendezvous as night approached. Once they crossed into the enemy's country, an extraordinary change took place. They advanced with caution, spoke in bated breath, and took note of every feature of the country. They scanned the water-courses, noticed the elevation of the land, marked every tree, so that in case of defeat they could turn their observation to advantage. Their sense of vision was so developed that they would note marks of a trail of man or animal which would escape the observation of the keenest trapper. To conceal all traces of their march, the warriors, when necessary, would move in single file, so that to the ordinary observer it would appear as if only one or a few men had passed by the way. They so timed their journey as to reach the neighborhood of the enemy's camp when night had already closed in upon it. In this particular instance, however, the Mascoutins had received notice of

their coming, and their fortified village was prepared for the attack. After a siege of ten days, the Neutrals captured the town, and indiscriminately slaughtered men, women and children. They took eight hundred prisoners, whom they dragged back with them to the Neutral villages to be reserved for the torture. "Last summer," writes Father Lalemant, "two thousand warriors of the Neutral Nation attacked a town of the Nation of Fire, well fortified and defended by nine hundred warriors. After a siege of ten days they stormed the palisades, killed many, and took eight hundred prisoners, men, women and children. After burning seventy of the best warriors, they put out the eyes of the old men, cut away their lips, and then left them to drag out a miserable existence."—(*Relations des Hurons 1644.*)

The woeful fate which awaited the Mascoutins was only too familiar to them from the treatment they themselves had measured out to their Neutral captives in other days. Runners were already sent in advance to notify the Attiwindarons of the success of the campaign, and the number of prisoners the warriors were bringing back with them. When the conquering braves reached their own village, the women, with the old men and children, rushed out to meet them with cries of welcome and rejoicing. The unfortunate prisoners were then portioned out among the Neutral cantons, and the scenes of horror which for days and nights were witnessed, baffle description. After running the gauntlet, when the prisoners were mercilessly pounded and beaten, they were tied to posts and their torture began. Hot irons were applied to their quivering bodies, the flesh torn in shreds from their limbs, insulting epithets of cowardice and paltroonery the meanwhile heaped upon them. In many instances the torture was prolonged for days, until, at length, the unfortunate prisoners sank from sheer exhaustion, or had their heads split open with the murderous tomahawk. It seems inconceivable, that men could endure such atrocious torture and continued pain without giving expression to a suffering moan or shriek of despair. Yet, we are assured that the victims, either from pride of spirit, or more probably the hope of the glory that would be theirs when they met their friends in the other world, sustained their awful torture without a groan. Nay, more! from the midst of the burning brands, they taunted the Neutrals with being cowards, upbraided them with their inability to inflict pain on brave men, and challenged them to multiply their tortures, and see how bravely a Mascoutin could die. Five hundred of the Mascoutins were burned alive, and the remaining two hundred adopted into the tribe to fill the places left vacant by the warriors slaughtered in the war. The Mascoutins were literally wiped out, but their death was soon to be avenged, for the Iroquois were preparing to turn the first sod of the huge grave that was soon to close in forever, over the doomed Neutral Nation,

After the dispersion of the Hurons of the Georgian Bay region by the Cayugas and Mohawks, a fugitive band of that ill-fated nation fled for shelter to the Neutrals, and received a hospitable welcome. They were allowed to take up their dwellings in the Neutral cantons, hunt in their forests, fish and trap in their streams, and invited to become one people with them.

The Iroquois, for a long time, had been waiting for a pretext to declare war upon the Neutrals, and the hospitality extended to the Hurons was regarded as a sufficient provocation to excite the anger of the Five Nations. In 1650, the Senecas and Mohawks took the war trail and entered the Neutral territory, twelve hundred strong. They stormed two of their frontier towns, one of which contained a population of 1,600 souls, captured a great number of prisoners, and slaughtered the old people and children. The Neutral warriors retaliated, killing two hundred of the enemy, and putting fifty captives to the torture.

When the Iroquois learned of the death of their braves, they threw fifteen hundred men into the Neutral country, stormed one of their fortified towns, having a population of 2,000 souls, and made it a slaughter house. In rapid succession they captured village after village, butchered the inhabitants, and re-crossed the Niagara River with troops of prisoners reserved for the fire. This campaign led to the ruin of the Neutral Nation.

The barriers which they builded from the soil,
To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced and
heaped with corpses.

The other towns took fright and scattered in all directions. They fled into the woods, and thousands of them perished from starvation and exposure.

Father Paul Raguenan, the Superior of the Jesuits, wrote in 1651: "The Iroquois, contrary to our expectations, have not given us (the French) much trouble this year. They turned their arms against the Neutrals, and sent most of their fighting men to the Neutral country. They were everywhere victorious, capturing two of the enemy's frontier towns, in one of which there were sixteen hundred men. The first village was taken towards the end of August, and the second early in spring. The slaughter of the old people and children, who were too weak to accompany the Iroquois to their own country, was frightful. The number of prisoners, principally young women, whom they saved for their villages, was very great." The destruction was complete, and led to the ruin of the Neutral Nation. The inland and remote towns were struck with panic. People fled from their villages, and whole families left the country, preferring the horrors of retreat and exile to the rage and cruelty of their ruthless conquerors. The unfortunate fugitives were devoured with famine, and separating, wandered through the forests, through marshes, and along the banks of distant streams in search of anything that would stay the devouring pangs of hunger.

So perished the great Neutral Nation, the fierce and weather tanned Attiwindarons who dwelt amid forests that once covered the territory now known as the Niagara Peninsula. If they were a savage —and in war a cruel race of men—it must not be forgotten, when judging them, that they were the creatures of circumstances and of an adverse environment. The Neutral had his affections, and the image of God was not completely destroyed in him. He could not escape the influence of customs, of prejudices founded on his own imperfect knowledge, and controlled by the imperfect knowledge of others. He had a soul and could not help meditating. False or true, his thoughts would impress a direction on his tendencies. He was the slave of superstition. Custom ruled him remorselessly. Suffering, when it does not excite sympathy, excites the ferocity of man, and as ferocity in a nation of savage warriors is deemed a virtue, the Neutral could not be other than cruel and bloodthirsty to his enemies.

A remarkable instance of savage fierceness is given in Kohl's Kitchi Gami: "Once we Ojibbeways set out against the Sioux. We were one hundred. One of ours, a courageous man, a man of the right stamp, impatient for distinction, separated from the others, and crept onward into the enemy's country. The man discovered a party of the foe, two men, two women and three children. He crawled round them like a wolf, he crept up to them like a snake, he fell upon them like lightning, cut down the two men and scalped them. The screaming women and children he seized by the arm, and threw them as prisoners to his friends, who had hastened up at his war yell; and this lightning, this snake, this wolf, this man, my friends, that was—I. I have spoken!"

Nor should we marvel that a chain of superstitious practices held them in hopeless slavery. We must remember that they were wholly unaccustomed to trace effects to causes except in the most superficial manner. Somewhere in Perrot's *Les Moeurs de Sauvages*, it is recorded that when the Ottawas wished to bring about the death or calamity of a neighbor, they made a small image of wood representing their victim, and pierced holes with a needle in the region of the head or heart. If the victim really died, they boasted that it was their spells which killed him. A similar process was supposed to cure the sick. They made a dummy stuffed with straw to represent the evil spirit which tormented the sick man. They then carried the figure into the lodge of the patient, and shot arrows into it till it was reduced to tatters. If we reflect for a moment, we will discover that even among ourselves there still lingers much of what even the American savage would regard as childish and absurd. That tying a mutton bone to the bed post, or carrying a chestnut in the pocket, or wearing an iron ring on the third finger of the left hand, should cure a man of rheumatism, is a belief which displays the most lofty disregard for cause and effect. That a

child's caul should save a sailor from shipwreck; that a sight of a piebald horse should influence the order of events: that setting off on a journey on Friday, spilling salt by accident, or thirteen sitting down at a table should be unlucky: that amulets, "lucky" stones and horse shoes over the door should bring good fortune, and many other superstitions of a like kind which exist among us prove that civilization and education have not entirely destroyed the childish superstitions of the past. That we live in an age of Christian civilization is a blessing which we owe to our Divine Redeemer, and if mercy, tenderness and compassion be our inheritance, we have reason to be thankful to the "Orient Sun of Justice," who two thousand years ago brought to man the message of peace and good will.

THE END.

## FLOS CARMELI.

By Marcella A. Fitzgerald.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

"Most Holy Virgin!" hearken to our pleading
"Beauty of Carmel," upon thee we call,
Lift up thy hands for us in interceding
To Him who died to save us from sin's thrall.

Around our path we mark the storm clouds gather,
Closer and closer draws their pall of gloom,
Avert from us the just wrath of our Father,
Thou loveliest "Virgin flower for aye in bloom."

"Bright ornament of Heaven!" O Purest! Fairest!
Thrice glorious Queen of Angels and of Saints,
Crowned with celestial Jewels brightest, rarest,
'Mid scenes whose splendor the Apostle paints.

"Thou Virgin Mother of a Man God!" hear us
Our ceaseless prayers rise to thy throne above
In the dread hour of death deign to be near us
Our only hope, "Mother of holy love."

"Mother of mercy and of meekness," teach us
The deep humility that fills thy heart,
Bid the sweet message of thy mercy reach us
And strengthening graces to our souls impart.

"Mother honored above all Mothers," craving
With humble lips thy all embracing care,
For Carmel's children who are daily braving
Earth's toils, and dangers that all men may share.

In thy propitious love, and the protection
Thy blessed badge on thy loved ones bestows,
We cry to thee with filial affection,
Queen of our Carmel! Heaven's mystic Rose!

He who always walks in the presence of God, will never commit sin, but will preserve his innocence and become a great saint.

# CARMEL AND LOURDES.

TRANSLATED FOR THE REVIEW BY S. X. BLAKELY.

It would be impossible to find a more appropriate title for the beautiful sermon delivered by Monsignor Besson, Bishop of Nimes, on the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, July 16 of the preceding year. The occasion which elicited this fervent outpouring was the celebration of the silver jubilee of our Lady of Lourdes. It had never before been our privilege to hear enunciated with such a mingling of poetic fervor and thrilling eloquence the mystic chain which the devout soul loves to contemplate as it winds round those two lovely devotions and draws the two shrines together in a union that nothing can sever.

Let us add for the edification of our readers that the able prelate has, by his elevated position as well as by the splendor of his discourse, given a new lustre to all the traditions of the Order. And the surroundings amid which we had the happiness of hearing His Eminence speak, the solemnity of the occasion, the grandeur of the ceremonies, the brilliant array of princes of our holy Church, the ecclesiastical dignitaries who rejoiced to be present there, all justifies us in saying that rarely has the Queen of Carmel received so magnificent an homage.

We will now give the sermon in all its wondrous beauty, confident that it will be read with unabated interest by all:

The glory of Libanus is given to it, the beauty of Carmel and Saron.—Isa. xxxv, 2.

"*Your Eminence, Messeigneurs.*—In the midst of the vast multitude assembled before me I will continue the exercises of this holy *Triduum* by borrowing from the office of this day the words in which the holy Scriptures salute Mary, our Queen and our Mother, under the title of our Lady of Mount Carmel. Could love devise a more beautiful feast upon which to celebrate the silver jubilee of our Lady of Lourdes?

"Behold the new Carmel where Mary has deigned to appear. Rejoice on the day upon which Bernadette looked for the last time on the Virgin Mother in all her radiant loveliness. Listen whilst I draw to-

gether and present in the most intimate union to you all, in a transport of gratitude, all the traditions, all the eulogies of the East and the West. The ages pass one after another down the stream of time, God changes from one quarter of the world to another the scene of his mercies, but the designs of an ever adorable Providence remain the same. In the Old Testament as well as in the new our wonder at the magnificence, the efficacy of the favor is only equalled by our amazement at the weakness of the instrument employed. It is always the weak chosen by our Lord to confound the strong. It is God who instructs man, who consoles him, who saves him in spite of nature through a miracle of love.

" ' *But the foolish things of the world God hath chosen, that He may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong.*'—*I Cor., i, 27.*

" Sin reigned in Israel, and the priests of Baal, who by their evil words had perverted the people, drew down upon themselves the vengeance of an angry God. To Elias—a true prophet—was given the two-fold mission to punish and to console. He spoke to the elements in tones of command, as a sovereign would, they bowed before his word. He closed the clouds of heaven and for three years the desolate earth was left without refreshing rain, without even the dew to moisten the grass as it withered beneath the burning sun. Then came from on high the fire, called thence by his prayers, blazing upon the altar of sacrifice. The victims were miraculously consumed, the lying priests confounded and put to death, and the salvation of Israel was at hand.

" Finally Elias, ascending Mount Carmel seven times, heard from afar the presage of the rain which the Lord would soon send to refresh his fainting people. He gazed upon the horizon and there detected the token of the coming mercy, the sign that pardon was nigh. And verily the vapors appearing, the clouds were formed, rain fell upon the parched earth. God's mercy was gloriously manifested, Israel was saved!

" What was this cloud, this vapor which arose from the sea and ascended even unto the mountain of Carmel? It was the image of Mary, say all the interpreters, the prefigurement of her Immaculate Conception. As the vapor rises in the midst of the waters without retaining either their weight or their bitterness, so Mary, though coming from a race borne down under a heavy burden of sin, and corrupted thereby, was '*all fair*,' and not the faintest blemish marred the whiteness of her soul. Behold the mystery into which the prophet Elias was permitted to penetrate. Eliseus, his disciple, was also allowed to glance into its depths, and the prophetic order thus established on Mount Carmel perpetuates itself in the Old Testament in thus saluting so far in advance the Virgin 'blessed among women,' whose inimitable purity had been revealed in so luminous and wonderful a way. Thus was Carmel blessed and predestined. Thus it became from the very first days of the new covenant a retreat most dear to Mary, a solitude where St. John the Baptist and the other Apostles loved to enter. Thus was indicated the very place where the first temple was dedicated to Mary, and where in all its pristine fervor is preserved the prophetic tradition of her Immaculate Conception.

" Carmel is the cradle of the religious life. There lived and prayed the earliest hermits. The holy mountain gave its name to them and the most ancient ecclesiastical annals refer to them as the brothers of the divine mother, as her devoted sons. Martyrdom has decimated the sons of Carmel, the Musselman has loaded them with chains and persecuted them with fierce hatred, but the Crusaders opened their prison doors and set them free. The Carmelites will no more perish than will the flowers which bloom upon those mountain heights so dear to the Mother of God. The Western shores will know you as well as the ancient Orient.

" Yes! my dear fathers, you will flourish in Europe even as do those trees which the Crusaders have transplanted thither, and which are the ornaments of our gardens. England, Spain and France offer you the choice of their soil. St. Louis calls you, the Holy Father protects you, you have the assurance of the Queen of Carmel herself. 'It is the will of my divine Son, and mine also, that the religion of Carmel be not a light for Palestine and Syria alone. Its brilliant rays must illumine the entire world.' Thus spoke the Mother of God to St. Cyril. Thus did she raise up and inspire the advocates and defenders of her Immaculate Conception.

" I have mentioned England. There it was

that St. Simon Stock in spite of trials and opposition of every kind passed long hours in prayer, sighing and imploring Mary to strengthen his Order by some signal mark of her protection and love. The sweet persuasive words thus came from his fervent heart and trembled on his lips:

"'Beauty of Carmel, Virgin flower forever in bloom, bright ornament of heaven, Star of the Sea! Be propitious to thy dear children of Carmel and vouchsafe to grant some special favors to them,' Thus he prayed all through the night. The dawn found him still repeating the beautiful invocation, but O! what a glorious dawn, what a wondrous recompense, what a heavenly vision! Mary appeared in the midst of angels. She held in her hands the Scapular of the Order. She placed it upon the venerable man and uttered these words: 'It is a privilege for thee and for all the Carmelites. Receive the Scapular of thy Order, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire: behold the sign of salvation.'

"This was not sufficient for the glory of Carmel. A great Pontiff beheld, on the very night before his election, the Mother of God in the habit of Mount Carmel. This was Pope John XXII. He heard her say that all who wore the Scapular would be entitled to her powerful aid to be released from the fire of Purgatory.

"Let us not see in all this idle visions nor perverted facilities to escape penance. Do not declare that heaven is no longer the prize of virtue, the reward of a holy life. Do not say that to reach its golden glories the slender cord of the Scapular is, alone, enough to draw you there. Do not say that the flames of Purgatory can now be braved since this blessed token will open its firey gates! Where are the sinners who persevere in their evil ways with the Scapular of Mount Carmel next their heart?

"Either their pride will blush to wear it and they will disdainfully cast it aside, or humility will triumph and they will wear it with confidence and hope.

"Take the Scapular, and if you have courage to retain it you will soon acquire sentiments of faith, of penitence, of charity. You will practice those virtues which preserve us from hell, abridge the sufferings of Purgatory and open for us the portals of heaven.

"I have cited Spain, a nation grand through the firmness of its faith, profound through its learning, active in its voyages, famous for its discoveries, and after many political vicissitudes always worthy to be called 'CATHOLIC.' How dear it is to Mary! How great in the annals of Carmel! St. Teresa is its glory: What more can be said? She has regenerated Carmel in its mortification and penance. She has enabled the people of these latter ages to taste in the delights of retreat and prayer the discipline of the most rigorous virtue united to transports of zeal the most ardent, the most pure. She is an honor to her sex, to her Order, to her nation, to humanity. O! flower of Carmel, be blessed! No, the Pyrenees which separate us from your cradle as well as from your grave cannot keep from us the heavenly fragrance which exhales from them to a nation which venerates and loves the dear saint. O! Teresa, in pronouncing your praises may we beg for France a portion of your merits, and recommend to your intercession our loved land.

"Through you it is that the rule of Carmel is kept up, through you it flourishes, through you it is inspired to perform constant miracles of mortification and love.

"I speak in the very face of a monastery where this rule is honored and blessed. But the sisters who observe it do not hear me, and their eulogium can be pronounced without fear of calling up the blush of undesired praise to their cheek.

"But why was this convent established here? Wherefore this basilica, scarcely completed when the erection of another becomes necessary? Wherefore? Because we are at Lourdes, and Lourdes has, in our age, become, as it were, another Carmel. We frequently inveigh against France, what will be the end? And, occupied now with the nation's shortcomings, now with their merited punishments, we are too forgetful of the ways in which our divine Lord sends relief and consolation. What mysterious and supernatural grandeur! What beauty and what glory! Is it not palpable that here can be applied those words of holy writ: 'The glory of Libanus is given to it, the beauty of Carmel and Saron.' Listen! Behold! Have we in aught to-day to envy the Orient, England and Spain? The prophetic visions of Elias, the favors with which Mary overwhelmed St. Simon Stock in her gift of the Scapular, the fervor of St. Teresa—all those munificent spiritual treasures are reproduced here, under another name, but always with the same character. Ever the same grandeur in the Conception, ever the same littleness in the instrument! Always the power of God and the nothingness of man! '*But the foolish things of the world God hath chosen that he may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that he may confound the strong.*"

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.

# Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

"God who is rich in mercy."

LET us take the words of St. Paul to the Ephesians as the subject of July's Talks. Surely the riches of His Mercy brings to us at once the thought of the Precious Blood. Many daring things have been said of this glorious price of our salvation, but none in which the faint heart, sick of the world, of sin and of self, can find more comfort than in the bold security with which the great General St. Ignatius declares in his Spiritual Exercises: "When you present at the divine judgment seat this price of your ransom, the Precious Blood—you are therefore paying more than you really owe." Who among us has not at times been terrified at the thought of the great unknown eternity? Who has not dreaded the solemn hour which will usher us into the presence of Him whom we love, oh! so tenderly, but whom we also fear so deeply, since in His hands are the issues of life and death.

Then, like the calm that fell on the troubled waters, at the sound of His "Peace! be still," so over our affrighted souls flow the waves of the Precious Blood, its crimson stream effacing the handwriting on the wall which so haunts us, and bearing us in safety to the desired haven. Let us dwell long and seriously on the words which have been re-echoing through the centuries since the days of St. Paul: "God who is rich in mercy." Our God, our very own. Therefore *His* riches are ours, since "of His fulness we have all received." Why art thou sad, oh! my soul, and why dost thou disquiet me? From how many anxious hearts does not the plaint arise, in words heard only in the suffering and silence of their inner consciousness, unfollowed by the sweet, "Hope in God, for I will still give praise to Him who is the salvation of my countenance and my God." May and June were as the blossoms of hope, to our needy souls; now comes July, the fruition of promise—the month of the Precious Blood. Oh! how little we know the graces that are fast closing in around us because of this laver of healing which is flowing in such copious streams from those dear founts in the *hands* and *feet* and *side* of Him who was crowned on the day of His espousals. Let us press our lips to those Sacred wounds of our own making, and be comforted in the meditations of the twilight hour, that in His own royal way he will make them our refuge. They will be our "hollow places in the wall," where we may hide ourselves, safe from even the shadow of distrust. And now we must needs close with our dear Lady of Mt. Carmel, who, in a singularly fitting way, is honored this month. Is she not the treasure house of the riches of His mercy? And we to whom she left her girdle with the very keys of the royal treasury, why we may enter at will, and enrich ourselves with the trophies of the Precious Blood. Wearing her livery, delighting in our claim to be her subjects, taking sweet liberties with her as her children, *what* may we not ask, and what not hope to gain? Her love for us, "strong as a diamond," more tender than a mother's, will be the unfailing solace of life's darkest hours, and in the twilight which will be the trysting place for the lovers of Carmel and its Queen, we will fain believe that her dear eyes will shine through the shadows, and happy tears will well up at thought of her, who is "our life, our sweetness, and our hope."

MATILDA CUMMINGS.

New York City, July, 1894.

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A PURE soul is like a fine pearl. As long as it is hidden in the shell, at the bottom of the sea, no one thinks of admiring it. But if you bring it into the sunshine this pearl will shine and attract all eyes. Thus the pure soul, which is hidden from the eyes of the world, will one day shine before the angels in the sunshine of eternity.—VEN. CURE D'ARS.

O MY God! how beautiful; how lovely is this cross! We make every effort to obtain the wood, and we exalt it on the Mount of Calvary. Happy are those who love it and bear it. It will be exalted in heaven.—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

—THE—
# Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
*OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,*
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, July, 1894. NO. 7.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

LET us frequently invoke our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel during this month.

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THE seventh of this month will be the day on which to commence the novena in preparation for the Scapular feast.

***

THE celebration of the Scapular-feast at Falls View will commence at about 10 a. m. on July 16, and will be immediately followed by the ceremonies of the laying of the corner-stone.

***

NO ONE should fail to visit our churches on the Solemn Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, on which day His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., has granted a Plenary Indulgence for every visit made.

***

MONDAY, July the sixteenth next, is the date fixed by our Niagara Falls Monastery for the celebration of the Scapular-feast and the laying of the corner-stone of the new Hospice of Mount Carmel.

***

BY a decree of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., of August 31, 1892, the Feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel *may* be celebrated on the Sunday succeeding the feast itself. In this case all the indulgences mentioned in the letter of the Pope, appearing on the first page of the REVIEW, can be gained on the day *only* on which the feast is solemnized. In all our churches, except at Falls View, the feast will be held on Sunday, July 22.

WHAT better day on which to be enrolled in the Brown Scapular than the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel? If you have not received this badge and sign of Mary's confraternity, be invested with it now.

***

INVITATIONS to be present at the celebration to be held at Falls View on our Lady's great feast have been sent to all the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the country. A large and representative gathering is expected.

***

THE first half of the year has had its sad side. God's scourging hand has been surely manifest. Our Lady of the Scapular has been often sought to ask God to spare His people. She is all-powerful with her Son. Let us invoke her now.

***

THIRTY years ago last month the first Carmelite foundation was made in America. The pioneer Carmelites were Rev. Fathers Xavier Huber, and Cyril Knoll. The former has gone to his reward, and the latter still lives, hale and hearty, and much venerated by his brethren.

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THE universal church calls upon all the faithful to honor our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel on July the 16th next. None will more solemnly and enthusiastically strive to obey holy church and honor our blessed Queen than the children of Carmel throughout the world.

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BEFORE the end of the holidays parents will be considering where to send their daughters for the next school term. We know of many excellent schools, and from among them take pleasure in recommending the Ursuline Academy in East Pittsburgh, Pa., which will re-open under new and most efficient management.

***

FOR the benefit of our Buffalo friends, who intend to be present at Falls View on July 16, we beg to state that the Michigan Central train which arrives at Falls View at 7.54 every morning (except Sundays), leaves the New York Central station in Buffalo at 7.05 a. m. The same train leaves Falls View for Buffalo in the evening at 7.41 p. m.

Some people would be ashamed to show their travelling companions the kind of literature they bring with them to their midsummer resorts. Why not read entertaining Catholic magazines which are not wanting? *The Rosary*, *Ave Maria*, and *Donahoe's*, make a choice selection. And there are others.

***

One of the successful events occurring this month will be the Catholic Summer School. Much praise is due the management, especially to the hard working Secretary, Mr. Warren E. Mosher, "whose name," justly observes one of our exchanges, "is a synonym for broad and active service in the cause of education."

***

The Carmelite Fathers at Niagara Falls extend a most cordial invitation to all the benefactors of the Hospice and readers of the Carmelite Review, to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Hospice on July 16. Ample preparation will be made to entertain our guests during the day and supply them with refreshments.

***

The Venerable Archbishop of Toronto, Dr. Walsh, has graciously consented to officiate at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Hospice at Niagara Falls this month. His Grace takes an extreme interest in the work, and is justly proud to see another addition to the many ecclesiastical monuments in his flourishing archdiocese.

***

A touching example of simple, but genuine, Catholic faith, has been lately brought to our notice. A pious couple who had the ill-luck to see their first two children born prematurely, promised our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel that if their next child lived long enough to receive holy Baptism, they would donate to the shrine of our Lady of Peace at Falls View, as a thanks-offering, a quantity of wax candles proportionate to the weight of the infant. Our Blessed Mother heard the prayer. Mother and child lately came to fulfil the promise. Fifteen pounds of wax candles were left at our Lady's shrine.

***

Magnificent were the ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone of Holy Trinity Church, in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Trinity Sunday last. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, over 5,000 persons took part in the imposing ceremonies. The Right Reverend Bishop Richard Phelan, accompanied by over seventy priests, officiated. The orators of the day were the Reverend Pius R. Mayer, Provincial of the Carmelites, who spoke in German, and the Reverend Father John Murphy, Superior of Holy Ghost College, who delivered a beautiful discourse in English. The corner-stone will preserve for future ages souvenirs of the parish, and, among other documents, some copies of the Carmelite Review. The new church will, *Deo volente*, be dedicated next year. It will be in charge of the Carmelite Fathers.

***

An important event in the annals of the Brothers and Sisters of the Order of our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel in North America occurred last month. We refer to the Provincial Chapter of the American and Canadian Province of the Most Pure Heart of Mary which was held at our seminary of New Baltimore in the picturesque Alleghanies. The main business transacted by the assembled fathers was the election of a new provincial-superior, of local superiors and officers, and the enactment of laws which will be conducive to the good of the order in America. Until now every governing office has been subject to appointments made by our reverend Father-General in Rome. At this last chapter the Superiors and officers were elected by the votes of the representatives of our different monasteries. The acts of the chapter will be sent to Rome for ratification. The next Provincial Chapter will be held, *Deo Volente*, three years hence at Niagara Falls. The elections at the last chapter referred to resulted as follows: Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C., was elected Provincial-Prior: Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt, O. C. C., Assistant to the Province: Rev. Otto Wiedemann, Guardian of the Province and vicar in the absence of the Provincial-Prior. Those elected to accompany the Provincial-Prior to the General Chapter in Rome, are Rev. Fathers Theodore McDonald, O. C. C., and Anastasius Smits, O. C. C.: Procurator of the Province, Rev. Ambrose Bruder, O. C. C.: Definitors

(or council of the Province). Rev. Fathers Otto Wiedemann, Anastasius Smits, Cyril Kehoe, and Ambrose Bruder: Prior-Superior and Procurator at Scipio, Kansas: Rev. Anselm Duell, O. C. C.: Pastor, Rev. Cyril Knoll, O. C. C., Leavenworth, Kansas: Rev. Leo van den Heuvel, Prior-Vicar, Pittsburgh, Pa.: Rev. Louis Guenther, O. C. C., Prior: Rev. Ambrose Bruder, O. C. C., Pastor and Procurator, Englewood, N. J.: Rev. Anastasius Smits, O. C. C., Prior: Rev. Theodore McDonald, Pastor: Rev. Ignatius McDonald, Procurator: Rev. Anastasius Kreidt, O.C.C., Prior Falls View, Ont.: Rev. Paul Ryan, O. C. C., Pastor and Procurator: New Baltimore, Pa.: Rev. Cyril Kehoe, Prior: Rev. Dionysius Best, Procurator and Pastor.

## Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

*Translated for the Review*

BY S. X. B.

CONFLAGRATIONS.

BESIDES the many instances of conversions obtained through virtue of the Scapular, and that too where the cases were, to all appearance, so desperate as to afford but little hope, and frequently when life seemed ebbing away, in no way has the maternal solicitude of our tender Mother been more strikingly displayed, than in the protection from danger by fire. Many places, not only in France, but in other countries, have experienced this remarkable fact, as will be proved by a few cases selected from amongst a thousand.

FIRE AT PERIQUEX.

In 1636 a terrible conflagration occurred in that place, and, despite the most heroic efforts, the destruction of the city seemed inevitable. When human aid proved of no avail, when the flames in lurid grandeur mounted like pillars of fire towards the clouds, some one suggested that a Scapular should be cast into their midst.

Scarcely was this accomplished when the fire was extinguished through the power of our Lady's badge. This wonderful proof of Mary's love for the Scapular was officially entered upon the records of the city.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# The Catechism

## OF MOUNT CARMEL,

BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

### CHAPTER VI.

*The Sabbatine Privilege.*

Ques. What do you mean by the Sabbatine Indulgences?

Ans. By the Sabbatine Indulgences is meant that the Blessed Virgin has promised to free her servants from purgatory on the first Saturday after their death. This privilege is confirmed by the words of the Blessed Virgin made to Pope John XXII:

"They that out of devotion shall enter into my confraternity, and after their death they go to purgatory, I, that am the Mother of Mercy, will descend the first opportunity after their decease, and by my prayers and intercessions, will help them hence, and conduct them to the holy mountain of celestial glory." The truth of this promise of privilege cannot now reasonably be called in doubt, seeing it has oftentimes been approved by Popes, admitted by good Catholics, and examined and authorized by the most famous universities, colleges and schools of Christendom, viz.: By the university of Cambridge in England, in the year 1754: by that of Bologna in Italy, in the year 1600; and lastly, by that of Salamanca in Spain. It was published first by John XXII and that by express command from heaven, as he himself declares in his bull, which is called Sabbatine, and thus begins: Sacratissimo uti culmine. Given at Avignon, the 3rd of March, 1322. Alexander I confirmed this brief of John XXII in the year 1409, and also many other chief Popes after him as Clement VII. Pius V in his bull Superna Dispensatione, given in the year 1556. Gregory XIII in his bull at Ut Laude, in the year 1579, and the congregation of the Inquisition at Rome, under Pius V after a long and accurate examination of this privilege, and the apparition made to John XXII confirming it, published the following decree confirmative and decisive: "It is permitted to the Carmelite Fathers to preach, that chris-

tian people may believe in the help of the souls of the brothers and sisters of the most Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, to wit, that the Blessed Virgin in her continual intercessions, and by her pious sufferings, merits, and special protection, will help the souls of the brothers and sisters departed in charity, especially on the first Saturday after their decease, supposing, that during their lifetime they wore the habit of the Blessed Virgin, and in their state observed chastity, and said the little office of the Blessed Virgin, or if they could not read, observed the fasts of the church, and abstained from flesh on Wednesdays and Saturdays."

Finally, this doctrine is inserted in the lessons approved by the church, for the feast of the Solemn Commemoration of the Blessed Virgin Mary, celebrated by the Order of Carmelites, on the 16th of July, where we read these words: "Not only in this world our Blessed Lady has bestowed many privileges on this Order, so acceptable to her, but also in the other world, does she favor those that are enrolled in the society of the Scapular, for whilst they are purged by the fire of purgatory, she comforts them with maternal affection, and by her prayers speedily brings them into the celestial country, as is piously believed." The excellency and greatness of this privilege will easily appear, if we consider how terrible the torments of purgatory are. According to St. Gregory, St. Augustine, St. Bernard and others, they are not any way to be compared to the pains of this life, nor to those that the holy martyrs did endure, and St. Thomas says, that they do exceed the pain which Jesus Christ suffered in his holy passion, which notwithstanding, were the most cruel and bitter that ever any creature endured in this life: over and above, they are not torments for an hour or a day, as those of this world: but they may, and do last twenty, thirty, or a hundred years: from these fearful torments the wearers of the holy Scapular are exempted, if they die invested with the holy habit, and in the state of grace.

Lest any one should think that our Blessed Lady promised more than she can perform, when she granted this or any other favor to her sacred order and confraternity, it will not be superfluous to explain briefly what authority she has, and how she is able to assist us, either in this world, or in the future. We must understand that Jesus Christ has an immense and absolute power over all things, both in heaven and on earth, as He Himself said to His apostles: "All power is given to me both in heaven and upon earth"—He is absolute Lord, and has the key of death, of hell, and purgatory. Apoc. 1. No pure creature has this prerogative—it is a jurisdiction reserved to Him only: insomuch that "neither the Father doth judge any, but hath given all judgment to His Son." John 4. Nevertheless, though all this be true, it is Catholic doctrine that the most sacred Virgin Mary, by particular authority, granted to her as Mother of Jesus Christ, can do much in all things, where mercy doth contend with justice.

Wherefore, St. Anselm says: "There is no doubt but the Blessed Virgin Mary, by maternal right is with Christ Queen of heaven and earth."

Hence we may infer, how the Blessed Virgin can free the souls, of her devout clients out of purgatory, and fulfil her other promises made to the brothers and sisters of the holy Confraternity; to wit, by a power communicated to her from her Son. For she being really Mother of Christ, there is in all propriety due to her a certain power; or as others say, a dominion over all things, as well spiritual as temporal, to which the authority of her Son doth extend itself. So that she had by natural right of maternity, a power which she may use as often as she shall think good. Relying therefore, on this participated power, and on the efficaciousness of her merits, and intercession, she promises the devotees of her holy habit to free them from temporal pains of purgatory, and from many dangers and calamities of this life, as well spiritual as temporal.

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It is alway better to preserve silence, unless your conversation be edifying.

Habitual grace is a supernatural quality, divinely infused into the soul which renders it instantly the friend of God. This grace is given and augmented by the sacraments, and is also kept and increased by good works.—St. Basil.

# On Saint Teresa's Footsteps.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

## ALBA DE TORMES.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

CONCLUDED.

WHEN I arrived at the little town of Alba de Tormes it was noon, which, with its white stone houses and flat roofs, reminded me strongly of some Oriental settlement, such as the imagination pictures to itself in the sandy deserts of Arabia. Ascending the hill, up which St. Teresa was carried four hundred years ago, to descend it never more, I arrived at the venerable convent, where her mortal remains repose. To the right stands the Monastery of the Discalced Carmelite Friars, and thither I first directed my steps. The sub-prior kindly volunteered to conduct me to the church. As the door opened, a peculiar perfume, that I had never observed in any sacred building, was wafted towards me on the embalmed air. It struck me as singular, but I attached no importance to it, until the following day in Avila, I was informed that this odor is frequently observed in connection with the relics of Saint Teresa. A Jesuit Father in Madrid told me, that when he was a young man, being an architect, he had occasion to enter the convent at Alba. He too was struck by the fragrant odor, and observing a vase filled with flowers upon the window-sill, he concluded that the strange perfume proceeded thence, but, on examining the flowers, he perceived them to be artificial. He was afterwards, like myself, informed concerning the preternatural nature of the phenomenon. The Roman breviary (October 15) mentions the fact that the body of the saint is surrounded by an odoriferous fluid. This is not the only standing marvel in the Church at Alba de Tormes, for the body of the saint has been preserved to the present day. But what is still more wonderful, is that at a recent period, thorns have begun to grow out of her heart, a phenomenon from which no natural explanation can be given. Some of these are several inches long, while others are just beginning to appear. On this, I am not speaking from hearsay, for I had the marvel immediately under my own eyes.

As you enter this silent dwelling of prayer, you will notice on your left the spot where stood the cell occupied by the saint in her last illness. The one in which she expired is on a level with the floor of the church. You may observe it through a large grating, but not enter it, as it lies within the enclosure. A life-sized figure represents the corpse of St. Teresa, lying upon its bed of death. It was on the 20th of September, 1582 that St. Teresa arrived at Alba for the last time, and, after spending some hours in conversation with the Duchess, she retired to her convent. Ten days later, she took to her bed to arise no more. The Duchess of Alba paid her daily visits and the saint's companion, the Venerable Ann of St. Bartholomew, remained with her to the end. This sister afterwards went over to France with Blessed Ann of Jesus and the Carmelite Nuns. As there were no Carmelite Fathers of the Reformed Rule of St. Teresa then in that country, the celebrated Cardinal de Berulle became their Superior, and even after the Discalced Carmelite Fathers had obtained a foothold in France, it was decreed by Rome, that the Sisters, with the exception of a few of their convents, should remain subject to the diocesan authorities. The attachment of Blessed Ann of Jesus and the Venerable Ann of St. Bartholomew, for the Order was such, that, wishing to be subject to its jurisdiction, they obtained permission to pass over to Belgium. Their spirit has revived there, for though most of the French convents, among others, those of Tours and Rheims, and their offshoots, like that of Hochelaga near Montreal, have few relations with the superiors of the Order, those of Belgium and their affiliations in the United States, look up to the Fathers for direction, although they are, at the same time, under the jurisdiction of the Bishops. The Spanish convents are all, I believe, subject to the Order. I had the pleasure of visiting the Carmelite convent of Brussels, where Blessed Ann of Jesus is buried, and it was my privilege of twice seeing that of Antwerp, in which the sacred remains of Venerable Ann of St. Bartholomew repose.

Pardon me, reader, this digression from my subject. We shall now return to St.

Teresa. Being asked by Father Anthony of Jesus, her confessor, whether she did not desire to be buried in her own Convent of Avila, she answered: "Have I anything mine in this world? Will they not afford me here a little earth?" On October 4th, 1582, she calmly expired, holding the crucifix in her hands. She had reached her sixty-seventh year. Her body was interred at Alba, but three years later, by a decree of the provincial chapter, it was removed to Avila. The Duke protested against this removal, and obtained a decree from Rome, that it should be restored to his town. This decree was executed in 1585, and the precious body of St. Teresa, in an incorrupt condition, has ever since remained at Alba, though it has been sadly mutilated by misplaced devotion.

Before you leave the grating that affords you a view of the death-chamber of St. Teresa, observe the large tomb near it. It contains the body of her sister, Juana de Ahumada, and the latter's husband, Juan de Ovalle. Now, walk up the aisle. On your left, you will notice a large niche. There reposed the body of the saint, until the present magnificent shrine was constructed, after the honors of the altar had been decreed to her. The latter is a rich urn or casket, raised high above the altar, and, by its very position, seeming to remind us, that the "death of His saints is precious in the sight of the Lord."

On the left of the sanctuary, is preserved the silver reliquary, which contains the heart of the saint. It is distinctly visible through the glass, with the thorns growing out of it, and the large, deep wound in it. Thus has been preserved from the corruption of the grave that heart that loved so ardently, and so heroically, Jesus Christ, the spouse of the Virginal Soul. May the example of St. Teresa strengthen us to walk at least from a distance "in her footsteps," that we may one day be united with her in the land that knows no death.

THE END.

An excellent practice by which to make great and rapid progress in piety, is to begin by consecrating oneself to Mary.—St. Eloi.

God does us great honor when he is pleased that we should tread the same road which was trodden by his only begotten Son.—St. Paul of the Cross.

## KIND WORDS.

The life of McMaster should largely increase the subscription list of The Review. The Life alone is worth more than the yearly subscription price.—*Catholic Sentinel*, Portland Oregon.

Among the magazines that we know, this (The Carmelite Review) has made the most rapid strides in all that evidences success. April issue is fourth number, second volume, how different in make-up, etc., from its sister issue one year ago. We congratulate The Review.—*Salve Regina*, New Orleans, La.

The biography of the "dead Nestor of the American Catholic press," whose forceful and fearless pen was never wielded in an ignoble cause, promises to be of exceptional interest. It is being prepared specially for The Review by the Rev. Mark S. Gross, and is to be divided into fifteen chapters. The Review is improving with every number.—*The Casket*, Antigonishe, Nova Scotia.

The Carmelite Review for May contains the opening chapter of Father Mark Gross' biography of James A. McMaster. The enterprise of The Review in securing this important and interesting composition is in keeping with the admirable spirit which distinguishes the vigorous editorial management of this excellent periodical. We are certain that many of our readers will be anxious to peruse the "Life of James A. McMaster" as it is unfolded in the coming numbers of The Review. We advise them to send at once one dollar, the price of a year's subscription, to The Carmelite Review.—*Catholic Universe*, Cleveland, Ohio.

## EXCHANGES.

*The Reading Circle Review* deserves the hearty suport of all Catholics. The *Review* is doing a noble work on behalf of education.

Back numbers of the Carmelite Review, printed in Spanish, can be had by writing to Senor Director de la *Revista Carmelitana* Calle de la Universidad No. 35-37 Barcelona, Spain.

*Donahoe's Magazine* ranks high among the popular monthlies. The artistic get-up and entertaining reading matter recommend this excellent magazine to all in search of what is the best.

The busiest reader finds time to peruse the refreshing pages of *The Rosary*. This excellent periodical becomes better and better every month. If you read *The Rosary* once you will always read it. Fathers and mothers, who can afford the low subscription price, and do not introduce it into their families, do an injustice to their children. See the advertisement elsewhere in this magazine.

THIRD ORDER OF

# Mount Carmel.

By the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

## Rules and Statutes for the Tertians of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

### CHAPTER XIV.

*Of the Conference and Meetings.*

AT least once a month, on a feast day appointed by the Father Director, the Tertians shall meet in the church or chapel selected for the purpose to assist in a body at the holy sacrifice of the mass and to receive holy communion, and then a short sermon concerning their obligations shall be preached by the Director. If these meetings cannot be held in the morning another hour of the day is to be appointed and it would be praiseworthy to recite, if convenient, or chant the little office of the Blessed Virgin, especially on her feasts.

The meeting of the sisters shall take place at a place or hour different from that of the brothers. Anyone being legitimately prevented from attending the meeting shall notify the father Director, who in every meeting shall read the list of the members. Anyone absent three times without sufficient excuse shall be admonished by the Director, who in case of pride and contumacy may erase the name of such member from the roll of the Third Order.

In these meetings, besides the moral sermons, some prayers shall be said, as indicated below, some penance imposed for faults committed, some virtue practised, some saint selected as the special patron of the coming month, and a particular intention of prayer proposed.

Likewise the names of the departed Tertians shall be announced, in order that the suffrages for their souls may be offered up, and the particular feasts of the church and the Order occurring during the month be published.

The names of candidates for reception and of novices for profession are to be proposed in the meeting and the choice made by secret ballot, as also the day for recognition or profession announced.

As the Third Order has neither a regular income nor endowments, every member in the meeting shall make a voluntary offering, as each one's devotion shall suggest and his circumstances permit. These offerings shall be accurately marked in the book kept for the purpose by the procurator and shall be used for the purchase of wax candles, the support of sick and indigent Tertians, and other necessary expenses. From them shall be taken the alms for the nine masses said for the Ternaries, and another mass in November for all the departed members.

On Easter Sunday, the feast of the Scapular and Christmas, or on the days following these feasts, it is customary to give the general absolution to the Tertians; therefore the Director will take care to notify the Tertians in the preceeding meetings, so that they may receive the holy sacraments on these days and be present for the absolution.

Where the monthly devotion and procession of the Confraternity is held the Tertians shall endeavor to take part, and this the more as Paul V granted a plenary indulgence to the partakers.

*As both the propagation and intrinsic progress of the Third Order depend largely on the monthly meetings and conferences, the director should do his best to render them practical by making them instructive. Attendance at every meeting should be insisted on. Those who do not make it a rule to attend, but stay away without a reasonable excuse, ought to be expelled as black sheep. Such an expulsion frees them from all obligations resultant from their vows. In the same manner the director ought to be unsparing in reprehending members for faults against the rule committed publicly. The severer the discipline the more advantageous to the members.*

*The general absolution is given to all assembled, those absent do not gain it.*

### CHAPTER XV.

*Of the Government and the Officers of the Third Order.*

Although the Tertians do not live in community, nor are, strictly speaking, religious, yet their mode of life being regulated by

certain rules in imitation of the religious life was called "Order" by the Sovereign Pontiff.

Now in order to inculcate the observance of the rule and prevent the introduction of abuses and disorders the rule enjoins that a religious priest be appointed the Director of the Third Order by the provincial. If a secular priest is delegated to receive persons into the Third Order he at the same time is appointed director of the persons received, and he is bound to comply with his office as explained below.

In case the number of Tertians is sufficiently large the director shall cause four assistants, called Discreets, to be elected by secret ballot in a particular meeting, and they shall continue in office for three years. Also with the previous consent of the provincial and upon the advice of the discreets, he shall appoint a Tertian brother superior over the others, who shall be called Superior, and one of the sisters as prioress, both for the term of three years.

Moreover another one of the Sisters, with the previous consent of the Prioress and the discreets, shall be appointed Subprioress and shall ordinarily be Mistress of novices.

We shall now in distinct paragraphs speak of the duties of these officers.

*§ I. Of the Director.*

It is the duty of the director to receive the brothers and sisters into the Third Order, to watch over all and each in particular, so that they live virtuously: to preside over the meetings: to hold once a month the conference and spiritual exhortation: to encourage the Tertians in the practice of virtue and works of mercy: to visit the sick members, to comfort the afflicted, to correct the faults, and to dispense with the rule when necessary.

He is exhorted to be cautious in receiving of professing members. He shall do everything in his power to try their spirit and vocation for no other end than the greater glory of God and the progress of their souls in virtue.

He shall be assiduous in holding the monthly meetings, conferences and exhortations, or shall procure a substitute capable of holding them. If sometimes the exhortation is not convenient he should at least read a spiritual book or some chapter of this rule, explaining and inculcating it.

He shall not at once accept rumors or reports about the faults of some member, but inform himself prudently of the truth of the report. When he has to correct faults already public he should temper the severity of the correction with the honey of charity, nor enjoin too severe penances, which would aggravate rather than heal the sore.

*§ II. Of the Discreets.*

As the brothers and sisters of the Third Order meet separately, having nothing in common, it is the duty of the discreets of either side to advise the director of any necessary arrangements regarding the welfare of the respective community or one of its members. In the deliberations they shall give their opinion with modest reserve, abstaining from offensive remarks, quarrels or obstinacy, otherwise the director shall enjoin silence on them. The transactions in the council must be kept secret. When the Third Order is established in a place the first to make their profession shall act as discreets for the Brothers or Sisters until the director shall judge it expedient to have others elected. Whilst holding the office, the discreets take the precedence before the other members in the meetings.

*§ III. Of the Subprior for the Brothers and the Prioress for the Sisters.*

The respective duty of the subprior and the prioress is to give good example in the practice of virtue and the observance of the rule. They have the first place in the meetings and the first voice in the councils. They shall watch over the preservation of peace, to assist the director in clothing the candidates in the habit, comfort the afflicted, reprimand with charity the faults, notify the director of cases of disobedience and visit the sick members. They shall also notify the other members, to assist the sick and be present when the last sacraments are given to them.

Their office ordinarily lasts three years, but may be extended if the director or the greater part of the council deem it expedient.

*§ IV. of the Subprioress or Mistress of Novices.*

It is the right of the subprioress to hold the second place in the meetings and to have the second voice in the councils, although she be not one of the discreets. In the absence of the prioress she shall take her place: she shall explain the rule to candidates of her sex and introduce them to

the director in order to have them examined as to their vocation. She leads the novices to the altar on the day of reception or profession and she is to ground them well in the exact observance of the rule, the spirit of prayer and mortification, and a true and sincere devotion for the Blessed Virgin. It is also her duty to speak frequently to the novices, explaining the rule. In answering scruples or doubts, however, she should refer them to the confessor or director. She shall ground the novices in humility, especially towards the director, the prioress and the other sisters, and persuade them to show efficient charity toward the sick, to hear attentively the word of God, to pray well and walk in the presence of God at all places, and to be constant in these practices.

Especially on feast days the novices may meet at her house for instruction, whilst she herself should seek instruction about the best manner of training novices from the director or prioress.

### § V. *of Other Offices, Especially Among the Sisters.*

The director with the advice of the council shall appoint a *procuratress* who holds office for three years and whose duty it is to receive the voluntary contributions and defray the necessary expenses as for adorning the chapel, masses or the support of sick members. Of these she shall keep an exact account and give an account at least once a year in the presence of the director, the discreets and the prioress. She is not allowed to make any extraordinary expense without the previous permission of the director and the prioress.

Besides these two or more sisters shall in case of necessity be elected by the Director and the council, one for sacristan, the other for infirmarian.

The *Sacristan* is to keep the chapel clean, to preserve and keep in order the sacred vestments and ornaments, to distribute the candles for the procession and gather them again after, to adorn the altar for receptions, professions, meetings, processions, and also the feasts of the Saints of the Order, if the director think it fit to celebrate them solemnly. She is also to notify the sisters of the time of meetings or other functions.

The duty of the *Infirmarian* is, to frequently visit the sick sisters, comfort them in their illness, and announce to the Director and the members the hour, in which the holy viaticum will be administered, in order, that as many as possible may be present, carrying lighted tapers.

### § VI. *of the Council.*

The council, mentioned before, is composed of the discreets and the prioress and subprioress. (If these offices are occupied, otherwise two of the older sisters take their place.)

All these shall humbly accept the office entrusted to them and endeavour to discharge their duties punctually and faithfully.

### § VII. *of the Book or Register.*

The Father Director shall keep a book, in which he records or causes to be recorded all the acts and resolutions of the different councils, such as receptions, professions, elections, changes of officers and other things pertaining to the Third Order.

In a second book, the cash book, he shall in consequence of the report made by the depositarian or procuratress record the credit or debit balance of the community, and both books shall be laid before the Provincial at the time of his visitation.

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*What is said of the sisters, applies equally to the brothers, if they are in sufficient number, to represent a community. As long as the number of Tertians is not equal to at least three or four times the number of officers, mentioned above, the director ought to remain the only officer and discharge the combined duties, as far as they are administrative. Nothing prevents the appointment of sacristans and infirmarians from the beginning.*

PIUS R. MAYER, O. C.C.

## BLESSED MARY.

BY HENRY COYLE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

I.

O Blessed Mary, look on me
And hearken to my earnest plea;
Be near in sorrow's gloomy hour
When clouds arise and tempests lower.

II.

In thee a heart oppressed with care
May find a refuge in despair;
This truth can soothe the throbbing heart,
And joy in sorrow's hour impart.

III.

Thou art my star, my hope and stay,
To guide me through life's thorny way;
Thy love can dry the mourner's tear
When robbed of every comfort here.

IV.

Relieve the pining spirits' grief,
And give the surcharged heart relief;
Send thou a message from above
To all in trouble, "God is Love!"

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ONE grace wins another grace, and one vice engenders another vice.

WE shall never regret, either in this life or in the next, any single kind action we may have rendered, or kind word we may have spoken, for the love of the Heart of Jesus.

# Something About the Life and Spirit of St. Philip Neri.

*(Written for the Carmelite Review by a Father of the London Oratory.)*

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

*St. Philip's Prayer.*

"PERNOCTABAT in oratione"—"He spent the nights in prayer."—Even in the days of His ministry no toil, no fatigue, could keep our blessed Lord from communing with His Father in heaven. And because of the incessant occupations of the day, night was passed in prayer. What, then, must have been the prayer of Jesus during the Hidden Life? Philip imitated his Divine Master in this practice, till the age of thirty, in the most hidden manner, he prayed unceasingly, day and night. Never was there in Rome a sight like Philip stealing away for days to the darkness of the Catacombs, watching whole nights in the deserted porches of unfrequented churches, kneeling motionless for hours at neglected shrines of the Madonna. He had recourse to prayer in all simplicity for everything, even for finding things he had lost: and we know he used to say he could get anything from God, if he only had time to pray. We know how those who prayed with him caught fervor from him, so that a whole hour seemed but a few short minutes of intense delight. We remember his description of himself, when the doctors insisted that he should not apply his mind to prayer during a period of sickness—"Antonio, I feel like a beast!" His disciples were men he had drawn together that, like the early Christians, they might persevere in prayer and hearing daily sermons, sermons which were the fruit of prayer rather than study. His prayer is commemorated in the title of his Congregation of the Oratory. It is only by prayer that his children can hope to be, in any sense, to any degree, in the least like their Father.

*St. Philip's Trust in God.*

Philip committed himself completely, from youth to the end of his life, to the providence of God. His utter trust in God was the secret of his lightheartedness. He renounced inheritance, left relatives and country, to live in apostolic poverty and dependence upon his Father in heaven. We cannot find a single act throughout his whole life which has the look of solicitude. Whether he has no money for books, no candle light, no means to keep up his abundant alms—whether funds fail for the building Chiesa Nuova, or the Pope thinks of suppressing the Congregation—it is all one, not a shadow passes over the peaceful calm of his unshackled soul. He trusted God with a confidence that would not be confounded, that was ready to prove itself by pulling down what had been built and beginning something larger. He was fearless, noble, disinterested, loftily detached from earthly things, without a care to cast on God, because his trust made care impossible.

*St. Philip's Love of the Blessed Sacrament.*

The devotion of Philip to the Most Holy Sacrament was a leading feature of his supernatural life. Even while a young layman he was allowed to preach at Quarant Ore, as though his evident and acknowledged love of Jesus in this Mystery of Faith and of Love entitled him to be heard even in so divine a presence. When made priest he had extraordinary sweetness in all that concerned holy Mass. He had to distract himself, instead of recollecting himself like others, in order to be able to attend to the words and ceremonies and to keep his spirit from escaping into rapturous ecstacies of love. It ended at last in a permission from the Pope to say mass in his private oratory, indulging his devotion as he chose. And so the hours would pass, while he, raised from the ground, hovered above the Sacred Species, as a bee or bird will poise above a flower sipping its honied nectar. Never was there a saint who so delighted in the Blessed Sacrament, who chose the largest and thickest hosts, that the Presence within him might be more prolonged, who could not take the chalice from his lips, and even bit with his teeth into the metal so irresistibly sweet was the Redeemer's Precious Blood. He spread the devotion through the length and breadth of Rome, he revived the spirit of the early Christians in this as well as in devotion to the Spoken Word, and he restored the frequentation of

the Sacraments. In this more than in any other practice did he win for himself the title of Apostle of Rome. Whenever he was too ill to celebrate mass he would not be pacified until he had received "his Love." On the day of his death he was able to say Mass, and the day was the Feast of Corpus Christi.

*St. Philip's Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.*

One of the most tender and refining influences—nay, *the* tenderest feelings of a man's heart is the love he has for his mother. He cannot talk much of it: it seems profanity to be explicit in his professions, but woe betide those who offend that holy and natural feeling by slighting her whom he holds most dear. Now, in the church of God, in the family of Christ, Mary occupies the position of mother. One and all, saint and sinner, while feeling most deeply love and devotion to her, yet shrink from parading what is so sacred and tender. But, let our religious feelings be shocked, as is too often the case in heretical lands, "where scornful men have coldly said, thy love was leading me from God," (Hymn to Our Lady, Faber), we throw off our reserve, and our zeal and indignation make us eagerly profess how dear to us is her honor, how sweet her name. In a Catholic country, where devotion to Mary grows spontaneously, even a saint would be almost "silent in his love," so superfluous would protestations appear. We need not look for any very emphatic declarations of devotion to Mary on St. Philip's part: yet it was his life, his sweetness: he ceaselessly urged it on others as a point on which he was speaking from experience. His manner of life was open to all, his very door remained unshut, and it soon became well understood, from things that happened, from words he spoke when he thought none were within hearing, that he had an exceptional and peculiar devotion to the Madonna.

He was a priest, and this alone would have enkindled such a feeling had it not already possessed him. Priests cannot help having an especial and tender devotion to Mary. Their hands handle the Word of Life, the Word made flesh in her virginal womb—to her they are indebted for their Jesus. Then, too, their life of celibacy leads them away from home and keeps society from them. Rarely can a priest have his mother all to himself, as, if he could, he would; and therefore he turns in the solitude of his single life to the blessed amongst women, and pours out his affections and love before the Mother of that Lord whose faithful servant he means and tries to be—before her who at the foot of the cross undertook to be always and everywhere his Mother too. And so, the priest can be—alone, yet not sad,—detached from relatives, yet not morose—without wife, yet honoring all good women and chiefly Mary in them all. Thus the priesthood of Philip deepened his devotion to Mary, and as director and confessor he was constrained to let it appear. No Dominican, yet he had the rosary ever in his hand, so that his portrait is recognized by his beads and staff. He used two favorite ejaculations, and taught his children to make a chaplet of them, repeating them as he himself did, on the beads: 1. "Virgin Mary, mother of God, pray to Jesus for me"—sometimes, "pray to Jesus thy Son for me a sinner." 2. "Virgin and mother."

He was delighted because the church given to him for his congregation was dedicated to Mary. He ordered, when it was rebuilt, that at all the altars a mystery of the Saviour should be painted, and that in each Our Lady was to be represented.—Therefore the fathers decided when it came to his canonization, and the erection of his altar, that the altar-piece should be one which showed the Madonna appearing to St. Philip.

The year before he died Philip was extremely ill: the doctors and attendants all thought he would soon expire and had drawn the curtains round his bed. They waited on in the room for the end. Suddenly they heard his voice, strong and clear, ring out: "He who desires aught else than God deceives himself utterly. He who loves anything but God errs miserably." And then: "Ah, most holy Madonna, my beautiful Madonna, my blessed Madonna!" The bed trembled with his vehemence. The medical men ran and drew its curtains, and all beheld Philip raised in the air—with open arms he seemed to be lovingly embracing some one invisible to others. He continued: "No, I am not worthy! Who am I, my dear Madonna, that thou shouldst come to see me! Oh, Virgin, most beautiful and most pure, I do not deserve a grace so great! And why art thou come to me, the least and lowest of thy servants? Who am I? Oh, holiest virgin! Oh, Mother of God! Oh, thou blessed amongst women!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

# The Catholic Dictionary and the Brown Scapular.

BY REV. R. F. CLARKE, S. J.

CONTINUED.

IF St. Peter was Bishop of Rome, how is it that he is not mentioned in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans? If Our Lady was conceived without sin, how is it that so important an exception to the general law is omitted by the Apostle when declaring the universality of original sin? This style of argument is the more mischievous, because in many cases it can only be refuted by an hypothesis, and such a refutation sounds like a confession of weakness. If an author, whose works are not in our hands, is cited as omitting certain facts which he ought to have mentioned if he had known them, we are driven to suggest *possible* reasons, why he may have omitted them. We may be absolutely certain of the truth of the facts, but we are at a disadvantage when we urge a *supposed* reason for his silence, which may or may not have been the true reason. The sceptic knows this, and this sort of appeal to ignorance often serves him as an effective method of destructive criticism. Happily, however, we are able to refute M. Launoy far more satisfactorily than by such considerations as these. Of the three authors adduced by the writer in the *Catholic Dictionary*, we are able to give a good account of two, while the third is the distorted offspring of M. Launoy's ignorance or carelessness, cited more carelessly still by the *Catholic Dictionary*. We will take first of all the one whose silence carries the greatest weight with the assailants of the story respecting the supernatural origin of the Scapular, Thomas Waldensis. The Carmelites of other countries (such is the argument of Launoy) might perhaps been ignorant of the wonder that had taken place in England: but even if their silence can be explained, the omission of any mention of the Vision in the works of Thomas Waldensis, the Englishman who is defending the sacramental or quasi-sacramental character of the religious habit against the blasphemies of the Wickliffites, is quite conclusive. It is impossible that he should not have known of this wondrous vision, or that knowing it, he should have neglected so triumphant an argument in his favor. Here the writer in the *Catholic Dictionary* follows blindly in the steps of the "wonderful learning" of its Gallican authority and his condemned works. The answer to this is a very simple one. So far from this story being suitable to the work of Thomas of Walden, nothing would have been more inopportune than its introduction into a controversial work such as he was engaged upon. He was battling with heretics, the bitter enemies of the Religious Orders and religion in general. To drag in the account of this supernatural vision would have been most imprudent. It would have been a veritable casting of pearls before swine. It would only have provoked his enemies to fresh blasphemies against all things sacred, and especially against the Holy Mother of God. What should we say of a Catholic writer who should adduce some of the most wonderful miracles adduced by St. Alphonsus in the "Glories of Mary," by way of refuting the objections of Protestants to Catholic devotion to Our Lady? When we are engaged in combating those who deny the essentials of our holy religion, we meet them on their own ground, by facts which they cannot deny, by arguments within their comprehension: we do not bring forward untimely those extraordinary favors, which God in His mercy sometimes vouchsafes to His saints. Thomas Netter, of Walden, like a wise man, kept his own counsel, and shrank from exposing to the obloquy of the blasphemer the token of love that the Order of Carmel has received from the Holy Mother of God.

We next come to Father Philip Ribot, (or Riboti) Provincial of Catalonia. For a long time we sought in vain for the treatise referred to, but at length, through the courtesy of the Carmelite Fathers, we have had an opportunity of consulting it. We will give a brief account of its contents, and leave our readers to judge whether the silence of its author respecting the apparition to St. Simon Stock is any sort of argument against the reality of the vision. Father Ribot's book is simply a digest of the writings of four celebrated writers, who preceded him: John, Bishop of Jerusalem, in the fifth century: St. Cyril, of Constantinople, (A. D. 1170), Gulielmus de Sanvico,

(or Sanuco), who lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, and Libertus de Beka, who lived at the beginning of the fourteenth. Of these, de Sanvico wrote on the multiplication of the Order in the East, and the subsequent destruction of the monasteries there, and De Beka, (or Debeke) treated of the Carmelite Rule. Ribot's work has nothing original in it. It is a mere compilation. It treats of the institution of the Order, of its gradual advance, of its history in Palestine, of its transference to Europe, of its Rule, of the proper shape and meaning of the habit, of the official privileges derived from various Popes. But there is not a word in it of what we may call the devotional side of the Carmelite Rule, of Carmelite confraternities, any more than in the writers from which it is derived. St. Simon Stock is, as far as we have seen, nowhere mentioned in its pages. It is simply a dry record of historical facts or discussion of the various laws and customs pertaining to the Order. To have dragged in the apparition would have been as much out of place in Ribot's work (5) as in that of Thomas of Walden.

(1.) Our third author, whose silence is conclusive against the Scapular, is Joannes Chimelensis, who, we suppose, is to be identified with the Joannes Chimetensis of M. Launoy. But who was Joannes Chimetensis? We are sorry to disparage the "wonderful learning" of M. Launoy, but after many inquiries we are driven to the conclusion that the writer whom he calls Joannes Chimelensis, is none other but Joannes de Ciminetho, who lived in 1335, and belonged to the convent at Metz, and therefore bore the name of *Metensis*. M. Launoy apparently muddles up the two names. The *Catholic Dictionary*, as usual, follows him blindly, except that it introduces the additional inaccuracy of changing his name to Chimelensis. Now, when we turn to the account of the work of this Joannes de Ciminetho in the *Speculum Carmelitanum*, we find that it is a brief history of the Order, and seems to be a mere repetition in another form of the facts given by Ribot and other early Carmelite writers. The editor of the *Speculum* gives as his reason for not inserting it, that all that is contained in it has been given already by the authors. Hence there is no more reason why John of Metz should tell the story than Philip of Catalonia, or any other of those who wrote the history of the Carmelite Order, or the account of its official privileges. (6.)

It seems that Launoy never could have seen the work, much less the writer in the *Catholic Dictionary*. Yet the latter does not hesitate to discredit an author whose work is clearly unknown to him. Chimelensis—the imaginary Chimelensis—was the author of "two books specially designed to glorify the Order." We must protest against the groundless insinuation against the good Carmelite, which we read between the lines. If the motive attributed to a writer is "to glorify the Order" to which he belongs, the grounds of our confidence in him are cut away from under our feet. It implies to such an one the interests of truth are secondary to the glorification of the body of which he is a member. It implies that if the story about which he is silent had not been utterly unknown in his day, he would have thrust it, *perfas et nefas*, into his book. We now come to the positive evidence in favor of the apparition, evidence which establishes its authenticity by proof so irrefragable, that nothing but ignorance or a determined theological bias could fail to be convinced by them. (1.) The document in which Swaynton wrote at the dictation of St. Simon Stock was, as we have seen, preserved in the archives of the Carmelites at Bordeaux, and printed for the first time by Father John Cheron, when the controversy arose which the enemies of the Carmelites stirred up against the Scapular. Father Cheron was Prior of the Convent, and though we have no particulars of his life, yet the fact of his election by his religious brethren to this important office, is sufficient proof of the high esteem in which he was held. Our adversaries would have us believe that this document never existed at all. They would have us accept the utterly improbable, the ludicrous, hypothesis, that a distinguished man, high in his office in his order, or one of his fellows, forged this manuscript narrative, and that it has been accepted from that day to this by the Christian world, has been quoted over and over again, approved by Popes, sanctioned by Roman congregations, spread abroad among the faithful by written documents, and by continual sermons and exhortations, although all the while it was a fraud and imposture.

(5) Ribots work is i serted in the Speculum Carmelitanum of Father Daniel, pars i. p. 229.

(6) Spec. Carm., pars 2, p. 206 N. 885. The work of Joannes de Ciminetho was printed at Venice in the *Speculum Magnum Ordinis Carmelitani*, fol. 50 seq.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, ONT., AUGUST, 1894. NO. 8

## Father Hennepin at the Falls of Niagara.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.

FAR down the woodland the evening sun was sinking
And the joyous waves kept blinking as if dazzled by his light
Till, at last, as if forever, he kissed the golden river
And resigned his holy mansion to the mistress of the night.

Whilst with waves of great commotion, greater than the ocean,
Thundered down the roaring water to the dread abyss below
And with weary step and slowly like pilgrim pure though lowly
Came an old man to the river and his hair was white as snow.

The night grew fast around him, o'er the plain its garb descended
Till its mystic stillness blended with the waters flowing on,
And alone above the thunder of that great immortal wonder
Like a star within the heavens stood God's annointed one.

Down on the green sward kneeling this aged priest uplifted
His voice, as gently drifted his grey locks to the breeze:
And there as shades grew denser, like perfume from a censer
Arose the grand "Te Deum" among the startled trees.

Above the thunder of waters he sang that ancient anthem
And down along the river its echo seemed to glide:
As if some unseen spirits in passing by had listened
And caught the sweet strains falling and bore them in the tide.

And he said: "O, mighty waters! in your course unto the ocean,
Let a hymn of true devotion ever o'er your waves resound.
To the great God dwelling yonder, in whose eyes ye are no wonder,
But whose mighty presence ever can in your breast be found."

'Tis two hundred years and over since beside this roaring water
Stood that hoary old Religious with cross and book in hand:
Now 'tis filled with strangers sad and joyous-hearted,
But the name of him departed seems forgotten in the land.

## The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

# JAMES A. McMASTER,

*Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.*

Edited by REV. MARK S. GROSS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

## CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF JAMES A. MCMASTER.—HIS CHILDHOOD AND EARLY MANHOOD.—HIS SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS, HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND SEMINARY.—HIS VENERATION FOR THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—HIS CONVERSION TO CATHOLICITY. 1845.—HE IS DISCARDED BY HIS FAMILY AND WORLDLY FRIENDS.

CONTINUED.

ST. Thomas Aquinas says: "The final beatitude of man consists in the beatific vision of God. As this end of man is far above the strength of human nature, it was necessary that God should teach him how to obtain everlasting beatitude. So God has revealed certain supernatural truths, which are above the human understanding, to lead him to the beatitude of heaven. To acquire the knowledge of these truths, he must learn them from God, through those to whom God has communicated them, and whom he has commissioned to teach them infallibly, in his name. Then it is necessary that he who learns these truths from God through his infallible teacher, should give his firm assent to them. The cause which induces man to give his assent to these supernatural truths may be twofold: it may be exterior, such as a miracle which a person sees, or some one who tries by his words to persuade a person to believe. Neither of these two causes is sufficient to create faith: for of those who see one and the same miracle, and of those who hear the same sermon on faith, there are some who believe and others do not believe. Hence it is necessary to assign another interior cause which induces a person to assent to the truths of faith. The Pelagians (heretics) taught that the free-will of man is this interior cause which induces him to believe, and that on this account the beginning of faith is of man himself, in as much as he is ready to believe divine truths, but that the perfection of faith is from God, who proposes the truths which must be believed. But this is false, for by giving his assent to the truths of faith man is raised above his natural condition, and therefore the cause that raises man above his natural state must be supernatural, moving man interiorly to believe, and this interior supernatural cause is God. Hence the assent to the truths of faith, which is the principal act of faith, must be attributed to God who, by his grace, interiorly moves man to believe the truths of faith. Although the act of believing consists in the will, yet it is necessary that the will of man should be prepared by the grace of God, in order to be raised to those things which are above human nature." (22. q. ii., art. 3., and q. vi., art. 1.) "It is, therefore, necessary that God should enlighten the intellect and move the will of man to believe the true religion when it is preached to him."

No man, therefore, has the natural ability to come into the Church, any more than he has the natural ability to save himself after he has come in. All before and all after is the work of God. We can do nothing of ourselves alone—make not even the first motion without His grace inciting and assisting us. Of no use would have been his Church—it would have been a mere mockery, or a splendid failure—if he had not provided for our entrance as well as for our salvation afterwards.

But God *has* provided for our entrance. He gives sufficient grace to all men. The grace of prayer is given freely, gratuitously, unto every one. All receive the ability to ask: all, then, can ask; and if they do ask, as sure as God cannot lie, they shall receive the grace to seek; and if they seek, the same divine veracity is pledged that they shall find; and if they find, they may knock; and if they knock, it shall be opened to them. God has said it. Christ is in the Church: he is out of it. In it and out of it he is one and the same, and operates ever *ad unitatem* (towards unity). He is out of the Church to draw all men into the Church: all have, then, if they will, the assistance of the Infinite God to come in, and if they do not come in, it is their own fault. God withholds nothing necessary. He gives to all, by his grace, everything requisite, and in superabundance. Indeed, God will never refuse to bestow this gift of faith upon those who seek the truth with a sincere heart, use their best endeavors to find it, and sincerely pray for it with confidence and perseverance. Witness Clovis, the heathen king of the Franks. When he, together with his whole army, was in the greatest danger of being defeated by the Alemanni, he prayed as follows:

"Jesus Christ, thou of whom Clotilde (the king's Christian wife) has often told me that thou art the Son of the living God, and that thou givest aid to the hard-pressed, and victory to those who trust in thee: I humbly crave thy powerful assistance. If thou grantest me the victory over my enemies I will believe in thee, and be baptized in thy name: for I have called upon my gods in vain. They must be im-

potent, as they cannot help those who serve them. Now I invoke thee, desiring to believe in thee: do, then, deliver me from the hands of my adversaries!"

No sooner had he uttered this prayer than the Alemanni were panic-stricken, took to flight, and soon after, seeing their king slain, sued for peace. Thereupon Clovis blended both nations, the Franks and the Alemanni, together, returned home, and became a Christian.

Witness F. Thayer, an Anglican minister. When as yet in great doubt and uncertainty about the truth of his religion, he began to pray as follows:

"God of all goodness, almighty and eternal Father of mercies, and Saviour of mankind! I implore thee, by thy sovereign goodness, to enlighten my mind, and to touch my heart, that, by means of true faith, hope, and charity, I may live and die in the true religion of Jesus Christ. I confidently believe that, as there is but one God, there can be but one faith, one religion, one only path to salvation; and that every other path opposed thereto can lead but to perdition. This path, O my God! I anxiously seek after, that I may follow it, and be saved. Therefore I protest, before thy divine majesty, and I swear by all thy divine attributes, that I will follow the religion which thou shalt reveal to me as the true one, and will abandon, at whatever cost, that wherein I shall have discovered errors and falsehood. I confess that I do not deserve this favor for the greatness of my sins, for which I am truly penitent, seeing they offend a God who is so good, so holy, and so worthy of love: but what I deserve not, I hope to obtain from thine infinite mercy; and I beseech thee to grant it unto me through the merits of that precious blood which was shed for us sinners by thine only Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth, etc. Amen."

God was not slow to hear so sincere and fervent a prayer, and Thayer became a Catholic.

Witness also James A. McMaster. Although leading, apparently, a gay life in the fashionable society of New York at that period, he practiced great austerities and corporal penances, in hopes of subduing by this means the pride of his heart. About this time the movement towards Catholicity in England was making itself felt even in this country. McMaster urged by his own yearning for the true Faith, wrote to Cardinal, then Dr. Newman, on the subject of his own doubts and fears, etc. He received a very kind letter in return, and desiring to confer with him still further on this question so dear to him, yet shrinking from imposing on the time of so busy and celebrated a man, who, besides, was his senior by many years, asked if there were not some younger hand that could convey his thoughts. In this way a most interesting correspondence was started between Dalgairnes and McMaster. Some of the former's letters are still preserved. He urged McMaster not to delay to "go over to Rome," as he called it, saying, that if he viewed matters as he did, he could no longer hesitate.

Although McMaster was fully convinced of the truth, yet his proud heart still rebelled. He had long before said to himself: "Either the Messiah is yet to come and the Jews are right: or He has come and the Catholic Church is right."

How often in after years he bitterly bewailed, that it was his "miserable pride that had kept him without, so long." "I used to say," he would add, "that if God Almighty had not cared enough about me to put me in His Church, why should I go through all it would cost me to get there?" Confession was no stumbling block, as he was accustomed to go since his entrance into Episcopalianism. The most difficult mountain he had to climb was that beautiful and fertile mount that had held within her, Him, whom the Heaven of heavens cannot contain. He could not *pray to the Virgin*. And yet his longing to do so increased as the days went by and he became more and more familiar with the praises that had been written in her honor. The following is his own account of the moment when grace touched his heart and Mary became to him his Queen and Mother forever. He was reading a Treatise of the great St. Ephrem, so devoted a servant of our Blessed Lady. His whole soul was stirred by its wonderful beauty as he read, growing each moment more intense, until he cried out to her: "Oh, if I could only pray to you!" A cold sweat covered him from head to foot, his whole frame shook with emotion. He said, "I will." He knelt and prayed to her. From that moment he never had a doubt. He had found his Mother, and ever afterwards he styled himself "Blessed Lady's bad boy."

He placed himself immediately under the care of the Rev. Gabriel Rumpler, C. S. S. R., (then Rector of the Convent in 3rd street, New York, attached to the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer,) for instructions in the Catholic faith. He was en-

chanted with the simplicity and abruptness with which this good Father received him, "If you are sure you are in earnest I will instruct you, but if you are not, you had better stay as you are, for you would be worse damned as a bad Catholic."

Now that McMaster had, at length, overcome all obstacles, (that is, all that had swayed him in the conquest of his own heart, his ardent impulsive nature was impatient of the happy moment which would admit him to the one true fold.

Fr. Rumpler gave him at first the small catechism. He returned with it the next morning, assuring him that he knew it from cover to cover. But the good Father (perhaps to try him) only shook his head and said: "What you learn so fast, you forget just so fast," and insisted on his studying it longer.

McMaster was received into the church on the eve of Corpus Christi, which fell that year, 1845, on the 8th of June. He could not have the happiness of being even conditionally baptised, but judging from his own expressions with regard to himself at that time, his soul must have been well cleansed by his hearty sorrow for the sins of his whole life, of which he of course made a general confession.

"While he was kneeling at the altar, candle in hand, piously reading his profession of faith to Father Rumpler, he accidentally set fire to Father Tschenhens' hair, one of the fathers who assisted at the ceremony. Walking together afterwards in the little garden of the convent, Father Rumpler said to him: 'Mr. McMaster, you begin well, setting fire to a priest.' 'Oh,' answered he, 'if I don't set fire to something more than that, it will be a pity.'"—*Catholic World, Feb., 1891.*

He received his first communion the next day. The certificate of his reception into the church and of his first communion were found among his private papers.

McMaster took in Confirmation the name Alphonsus, and dropped the "a" in "Mac," thinking McMaster more Catholic. Hence he was known as Jas. A. McMaster.

In the midst of his great spiritual joy, his poor heart had much to suffer. A most touching interview—of which unfortunately there appears no written record—occurred at this time between himself and his father. On becoming an Episcopalian, McMaster had been cut off by his family. They regarded him with much sorrow as an outcast, who had deserted the faith which they firmly believed to be the only true one. But now that he had become a papist, the poor father's heart smote him, lest his harsh treatment of his son, had led him into what he held to be the worst of all creeds. He feared at the same time that his son was somewhat demented in taking such a step. Accordingly, in spite of his age and infirmities, he undertook the then tedious journey to New York City, seeking for this son who was lost to him. The night before meeting him he spent at the house of a friend, and McMaster learned afterwards, that they had overheard him through the long silent hours, groaning and murmuring to himself, "Oh, my son! My son!" On approaching his son the next day the father was much moved, and said to him: "*My poor boy*, come home with me!" "Father," replied young McMaster, "you believe I am crazy." Then followed a long interview, during the course of which, young McMaster declared in loving words, that he owed his present happiness to him, his father, who had taught him from his earliest years to seek after truth and justice and holiness. This was their last meeting on earth. Letters passed between them. His father's were written in a dignified and elevated style, penetrated with a deep religious spirit. He sighed over his poor "erring boy"—bitterly reproached him that he was the sorrow of his old age—that all he had ever desired for him was that he might be holy.

Of the difficulties which McMaster had to overcome in becoming a Catholic, he says in his editorial of March 1, 1879:

"Thirty-four years ago, from the 8th of June coming, by the free grace of God, I became a Catholic. I had, two months before, the regard and companionship of many that were of the most cultivated and charming of the quiet old New Yorkers of that time. The promises of those, too honorable to break them, and too well established not to have been able fully to complete them, were offered me, if I would give up my purpose of becoming a Catholic, and pursue the profession of the law, for which I had made my studies. Partly by an inherited disregard of wealth as a condition of happiness, but, mostly, by the grace of our Lord, procured, I think, by prayers of some that knew of me, though I knew not them, I became a Catholic, in

1845, and was outlawed by every one of these old friends once so pleasant to me."

Mr. P. F. Harper, of New York, an intimate friend of McMaster, writes in a letter: "Mr. McMaster never told me the story of his conversion, but occasionally referred to the hardships it brought upon him, mentioning among other things that he had been compelled to pass the night in an empty truck in the streets."

No doubt, such trials are hard, but not so hard as those of the martyrs of the first three centuries. To become a Catholic in those days was to lose the affections of friends, comfortable homes, all temporal goods, all prospect in business, and life itself at last under the greatest torments. But, by the grace of God, the martyrs underwent all these trials and felt consoled by the words of our Lord: "He that shall lose his life for my sake, shall find it." (Matt. xvi, 25.) In like manner, all true converts, like McMaster, will set aside earthly considerations, too human, when question of gaining life everlasting. To all the objections of his Protestant friends, Mr. McMaster answered like General Thomas F. Carpenter when he became a Catholic.

"The general, when about to become a Catholic, made known his intention to a friend. The friend, of course, was surprised. He instanced the fearful results consequent upon a proceeding so unpopular, the loss of professional practice, the alienation of friends, the scoffs of the crowd, etc. 'All such blessings,' replied General Carpenter, 'I can dispense with, all such insults I can despise, but I cannot afford to lose my immortal soul.' The General spoke thus, because he knew and firmly believed what Jesus Christ has solemnly declared, to wit: 'He who loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me' (Matt. x, 37): and as to the loss of temporal gain, he has answered: 'What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?" (Mark. viii. 36.)—N. Y. *Freeman's Journal, Sept. 2, 1854.*

"In joining the Catholic Church, McMaster and many other converts have rendered invalid the plea of ignorance or inability. Those who have not come can as well come as those who have come; and their guilt in not coming is aggravated by their knowledge of the fact that some of their own number have come: for they are no longer in ignorance. (St. Aug., lib. 1. de Bapt. contr. Donat. cap. v.; St. John Chrys. in Epist. ad Rom. xxvi.) The fault is their own. They stay away because they do not will to come. 'Ye will not come to me that you may have life, because your deeds are evil.'

"All may have the church for their mother, if they choose. Christ is in the church, but he is also out of the church. In the church he is operating by His grace to save those who enter; out of her He operates also by His grace, or is ready to operate, in the hearts of all men, to supply the will and the ability to come in. If they come not at His call, on their own heads lies the blame. They have no excuse, not the least shadow of an excuse. The reason why they come not can be only that they do not choose to come, that they resist His grace, and scorn His invitations, and will not yield to His inspirations. No nice theological distinctions, no scholastic subtlety, no latitudinarian ingenuity, can relieve them of the blame, or make it not true that they could have come, had they been so disposed. If, then, they stay away, and are lost, it is they who have destroyed themselves.

"No; let us love our countrymen too much to be ingenious in inventing excuses for them, to strain the faith in their behalf till it is nearly ready to snap. Let us, from a deep and tender charity, which, when need is, have the nerve to be terribly severe, thunder, or, if we are no Boanerges, breathe in soft but thrilling accents, in their ears, in their souls, in their consciences, those awful truths which they will know too late at the day of judgment. We must labor to convict them of sin, to show them their folly and madness, to convince them that they are dead in trespasses and sins, and condemned already, and that they can be restored to life, and freed from condemnation by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is dispensed through the church, and the church only."—*O. A. Brownson.*

END OF CHAPTER I.

## FLOS CARMELI.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

I fain would sing a quaint new song
Thy loving heart to greet,
I fain would call all flow'rets fair,
And lay them at thy feet.

And of the precious Virgin—gold
And shining jewels rare,
Would form a royal diadem
To grace thy forehead fair.

But, ah! the heart-strings seem unstrung
And faint the music now,
I cannot place a golden crown
Upon thy queenly brow.

The fairest flowers fade too soon—
What shall the offerings be,
From this poor exiled child of earth,
O purest heart to thee?

I'll offer all the burning love
Of Jesus' heart for thine,
And in that golden censer place
The little spark of mine.

And these, O Heart Immaculate,
Shall be my gifts to thee,
Oh! pray thy Sweetest Son to grant
His love and thine to me.

—ENFANT DE MAREI.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

# A VALIANT PRIEST.

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

..... He went forth
Strengthened to suffer—gifted to subdue
The might of human passion—to pass on
Quietly to the sacrifice of all
The lofty hopes of manhood, and to turn
The high ambition written on his brow
From the first dream of power and human fame.
—*Whittier.*

ON the 19th of June, 1625, Fathers Charles Lallemant, Enemond Masse, and John Brebeuf, members of the great Jesuit Order, arrived at Quebec ready to devote themselves to the conversion and elevation of the roving hordes that filled the forests of New France, now the Dominion of Canada. Just one year before, members of this extraordinary society had reached the confines of Thibet and the sources of the Ganges. The three priests were now about to establish a mission which was destined to carry the cross from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi and the Hudson Bay. With them came Father de la Roche Dallion, a distinguished priest, a member of the Franciscan Order, whose missionaries for ten years labored among the Hurons of the Northern region, and followed the shiftless and roving Montagnais to the headwaters of the Saguenay and along the Northern banks of the St. Lawrence. It was a member of this venerable order who, in 1615, greeted Champlain on the shores of Lake Huron.

When the Jesuit priests arrived at Quebec, they were hospitably received by the Franciscan priests, who tendered them the freedom of their monastery and sheltered them for the two years they remained at Quebec awaiting a dwelling-place of their own. "At this epoch," writes Charlesvoix, "there was in all Canada but a solitary fort at Quebec, surrounded with a few wretched buildings and bark cabins, two or three huts on the Island of Montreal, a like number at Tadoussac, and a few trading posts along the lower St. Lawrence. At Three Rivers they were beginning to form a settlement."

In the spring of 1626, Father Dallion, accompanied by the Jesuits, Brebeuf and de la Noue, left Quebec with a Huron flotilla, whose canoes were headed for the Huron hunting grounds in Northern forests. The trees on either side of the St. Lawrence were budding into verdant foliage, cakes of ice were still floating on the waters, and the startled deer gazed upon the voyageurs in awe and wonderment. On the afternoon of the 14th of April, they entered the dark waters of the Ottawa. The eternal silence of the wilds around them, the rank and luxuriant growth of vine and timber, the giant trees that lined the river on either side amazed the priests, while the desolation of forests that lay in endless stretches around them excited their wonder and admiration. As the canoes moved into the upper waters of the Ottawa, the river opened at times into spacious lakes fringed with the primeval forests, and sown with picturesque islands that floated on their placid surface. They portaged the Rideau Rapids, and reaching Le Chaudiere, lingered for a time to allow their swarthy companions to offer to the tutelary Manitou of the cataract the propitiatory gifts of tobacco and tobacco smoke. The priests witnessed this idolatrous act with horror but, powerless to intervene, they observed a discreet silence, "praying to the only and true God," as Father Brebeuf wrote, "to enlighten the minds of these poor savages." At length they reached the waters of the Matawan, crossed the last of the thirty-five portages and relaunched their canoes on the calm bosom of Lake Nipissing. Coasting its Southern shores they entered French River, whose pleasant current bore them to the great Lake of the Hurons, or *Karegrondi*, as it was called by their Indian companions. Skirting its Western shore line they sailed on, and after a weary voyage of seven hundred miles, the Huron flotilla paddled into Matchedash Bay, where, after a few hours, the canoes were beached and the journey was ended.

The priests, after a short rest, began their heroic labors. From the eighteen towns having a population of 30,000 or 40,000 souls, they selected two in which to open their missions. At *Ihonouatiria*, Fathers Brebeuf and de La Noue began the Mission of St. Joseph, while Father Dallion went to *Caragoucha*, on the Western coast of the Huron peninsula, where he opened the Mission of St. Gabriel. Here he built a

bark chapel, in which, every morning, clothed in simple vestments, he offered up the Holy Sacrifice on an altar decorated with vines and wild flowers. Joseph de la Roche Dallion was a man of extraordinary force of character "as distinguished," wrote Champlain, "for his noble birth and talents as he was remarkable for his humility and piety, who abandoned the honors and glory of the world for the humiliation and poverty of a religious life." Of the aristocratic family of the Du Ludes, society tendered him a courteous welcome, the army and the professions were open to him, wealth, with its corresponding advantages, too, were his when he startled his friends, shocked society, and grieved his family by declaring his intention of becoming a member of the Order of St. Francis, a religious association of bare-footed beggars. The ranks of the secular clergy offered him the probabilities of a mitre, and the hope of a Cardinal's hat. His family's wealth and position in the state, his father's influence at court, his own talents, and the prestige of an aristocratic name, all bespoke for him promotion in the church. His friends in vain pleaded with him to associate himself with the secular priesthood, and when they learned that he was not only inflexible in his resolution to join the Franciscans, but had asked to be sent into the frozen wilds of Canada, they thought him beside himself. He left France in the full flush of his ripening manhood, and, for the love of perishing souls, entered upon the thorny path that in all probability would lead him to a martyr's grave. He remained at *Caragoucha* for some months, when he received a letter from Father Le Caron, the Superior of the Recollects at Quebec, to set out for the great Neutral Tribe or Attiwindarons, whose tribal lands lay between the Hurons and the Iroquois. In obedience to this request, he left Huronia Oct. 18th, 1626, accompanied by two companions, and for six days followed the trail that led to the Neutral villages. In a letter which he wrote to a friend in France, he gives a history of his experience and valuable information touching the Neutral Nation. "Though far away," he writes: "It is still permitted to visit our friends by missives which render the absent present. Our Indians were amazed at it, seeing us often write to our Fathers at a distance, and that by our letters they learn our ideas, and what the Indians had done at our residence. After having made some stay in our Canada convent, and communicated with our Fathers and the Jesuit Fathers, I was compelled by a religious affection to visit the sedentary nations, whom we call Hurons, and with me the Rev. Fathers Brebeuf and de Noue, Jesuits. Having arrived there with all the hardships that any one may imagine, by reason of the wretched way, "sometime afterwards I received a letter from our Reverend Father, Joseph le Caron, by which he encouraged me to pass on to a nation we call Neutral, of which the interpreter told wonders. 'Encouraged, then, by so good a Father, and the grand account given me of these people, I started for their country, setting out from the Hurons with this design October 18th, 1626, with men called Grenole and Lavalee, Frenchmen by birth. Passing the Petun Nation, I made acquaintance and friendship with an Indian chief, who is in great credit, who promised to guide me to the Neutral Nations, and supply Indians to carry our baggage and what little provisions we had; for to think to live in these countries as mendicants is self-deceit: these people giving only as far as you oblige them, so that you must often make long stages, and often spend many nights with no shelter but the stars. He fulfilled what he had promised to our satisfaction, and we slept only five nights in the woods, and on the sixth day arrived at the first village, where we were well received, thanks to our Lord, and then at four other villages, which envied each other in bringing us food.—some venison, others squashes, neinthaony, and the best they had.

"All were astonished to see me dressed as I was, and to see that I desired nothing of theirs, except that I invited them (by signs) to lift their eyes to heaven, make the sign of the cross, and receive the faith of Jesus Christ. What filled them with wonder was to see me retire at certain hours in the day to pray to God and attend to my spiritual affairs, for they had never seen religious, except towards the Petuneux and Hurons, their neighbors. At last we arrived at the sixth village,* where I had been ad-

*Gilmary Shea, in an article which he wrote for the "Narrative and critical History of Canada," Vol. iv, is of the opinion that he took up his residence in one of the villages on the Eastern bank of the Niagara River.

vised to remain. I called a council. Remark by the way, if you please, they call every assembly a council. They hold them as often as it pleases the chiefs. They sit on the ground, in a cabin, or the open field, in profound (very strict) silence, while the chief harangues, and they are inviolable observers of what has once been concluded and resolved.

"There I told them, as well as I could, that I came on behalf of the French to contract alliance and friendship with them, and to invite them to come to trade. I also begged them to allow me to remain in their country to instruct them in the law of our God, which is the only means of going to Heaven. They accepted all my offers, and showed me that they were very agreeable. Being much consoled at this, I made them a present of what little I had, as little knives and other trifles,. and which they esteemed highly. For in this country nothing is done with the Indians without making them some kind of a present. In return they adopted me, as they say—that is to say, they declared me a citizen and child of the country, and gave me in trust —mark of great affection—to Souharissen, who was my father and host; for according to age, they are accustomed to call us cousin, brother, son, uncle, or nephew. This man is the chief of the greatest credit and authority that has ever been in all these nations: for he is not only chief of this village, but of all those of his nation, composed of twenty-eight towns, cities and villages, made like those in the Huron country, and also of several little hamlets of seven or eight cabins, built in various parts convenient for fishing, hunting or agriculture. It is unexampled in the other nations to have so absolute a chief. He acquired this honor and power by his courage, and by having been repeatedly at war with seventeen nations, which are their enemies, and taken heads or brought in prisoners from them all. Those who are so valiant are much esteemed among them, and although they have only the club, bow and arrow, yet they are, nevertheless, very adroit and warlike with these arms.

"After all this cordial welcome our Frenchmen returned, and I remained, the happiest man in the world, hoping to do something there to advance God's glory, or at least to discover the means (which would be no small thing, and to discover the mouth of the river of the Hiroquois (Niagara), in order to bring them to trade). I did my best to learn their manners and way of living. During my stay I visited them in their cabins to know and instruct them. I found them tractable enough, and I often made the little children, who are very bright, naked and dishevelled, make the sign of the cross. I remarked that in all the country I met no humpback, one-eyed, or deformed person.

"During three months I had every reason in the world to be satisfied with my people: but the Hurons, having discovered that I talked of leading them to trade, spread in all the villages where we passed very bad reports about me: that I was a great magician: that I had tainted the air of their country and poisoned many: that if they did not kill me soon, that I would set fire to their villages and kill all their children. In fine, I was, as they said, a great atatanite—that is their word to mean him who performs sorceries, whom they hold in great horror. And now, by the way, that there are a great many sorcerers, who pretend to heal diseases by mummeries and other fancies. In a word, the Hurons told them so much evil of us, to prevent their going to trade: that the French were unapproachably rude, sad, melancholy people, who live only on snakes and poison: that we eat thunder, which they imagine to be an unparalleled chimera, relating a thousand strange stories about it: that we all had a tail like animals; that the women had only one nipple in the centre of the breast: that they bare five or six children at a time: adding a thousand other absurdities to make us hated by them, and prevent their trading with us, so that they might have the trade with these nations themselves exclusively, which is very profitable to them. In fact, these good people, who are very easily to persuade, grew very suspicious of me. As soon as any one fell sick, they came to ask me whether it was not true that I had poisoned him, and that they would surely kill me if I did not cure him. I had great difficulty in excusing and defending myself. At last ten men of the last village, called Onaroronon, one day's journey from the Iroquois, their relatives, and friends, coming to trade at our village, came to visit me, and invited me to come and see them

in their village. I promised to do so without fail, when the snow ceased, (melted), and to give them all some little presents, with which they seemed satisfied. Thereupon they left the cabin where I was living, always concealing their evil designs against me. Seeing that it was growing late, they came back after me, and abruptly began a quarrel without provocation. One knocked me down with a blow of his fist; another took an axe and tried to split my head. God averted his hand; the blow fell on a bar near me. I also received much other ill-treatment; but that is what we came to seek in this country. Becoming somewhat appeased, they vented their wrath on what little goods were left us: they took our writing-desk, blanket, breviary, and bag, which contained some knives, needles, awls, and other small objects of the kind. And having thus stripped me, they went off all that night, full of joy at their exploit. On arriving at the village and examining the spoil, touched, perhaps, by repentance coming from the Most High, they sent me back our breviary, compass, desk, blanket and bag—empty, however. When they arrived in my village, called Ounontisaston, there were only women there. The men had gone to hunt stags. On their return they declared they were much grieved at the misfortune that had befallen me, after which no more was said about it.

"The report at once spread to the Hurons that I had been killed. On this the good Fathers Brebeuf and de Noue, who remained there, sent Grenole to me at once to learn the truth, with orders to bring me back if I was still alive. The letter they wrote me also invited me to do so. I did not wish to gainsay them, as this was their advice, and that of all the Frenchmen, who feared more misfortune than profit by my death. I accordingly returned to the Huron country, where I now am, all admiring the divine effects of Heaven. The country of this Neutral Nation is incomparably larger, more beautiful, and better than any other of all these countries. There is an incredible number of stags, great abundance of moose or elk, beaver, wild cats, and black squirrels larger than the French: a great quanity of wild geese, turkeys, cranes, and other animals, which are there all winter, which is not long and rigorous as in Canada. No snow had fallen by the 22nd of November, and it never was over two feet deep, and began to melt on the 26th of January. On the 8th of March there was none at all in the open places, though there was a little indeed still left in the woods. A stay there is quite recreating and convenient: the rivers furnish much excellent fish; the earth gives good grain, more than is needed. They have squashes, beans, and other vegetables in abundance, and very good oil, which they call Atouronton, so that I have no hesitation in saying that we should settle there rather than elsewhere. Undoubtedly with a longer stay there would be hope of advancing God's glory, which should be more sought after than anything else, and their conversion to the faith is more to be hoped for than that of the Hurons. Their real business is hunting and war. Out of that they are very lazy, and you see them, like beggars in France, when they have their fill, lying on their belly in the sun. Their life, like that of the Hurons, is very impure, and their manners and customs are quite the same. Their language is different, however, yet they understand each other, as the Algonquins and Montagnais do. I am,

"The most humble servant in our Lord,

"Joseph De La Roche Dallion."

"Dated at Tonachin (Toanchain),
Huron Village, this 18th July, 1627."

If he saw the Falls, he would have been the first white man that ever gazed upon the great cataract. Father Dallion* remained but a short time among the Hurons after his return. Being summoned to Quebec, he left Ossossane in the fall of 1627, and never again returned to the country.

* Very little is known of Father Joseph de la Roche Dallion. He is mentioned in the Relation of 1641, p. 74. In Pierre Margry, vol. I, p. 4, I find the following extract: "One of our Fathers was the first to visit the Neutral Nation, a tribe occupying a large extent of country, and hitherto comparatively unknown. One of the Jesuit Fathers (Brebeuf), who was dwelling among the Hurons, having heard that his life was in danger, sent two Frenchmen to bring him back." In "Les Voyages de Champlain," Canadian Ed. Book 2nd, chap. I, 1625, he is first mentioned as having come over from France in the same ship with Sieur de Caen, that he was an exemplary priest, connected with the family of the Count Du Lude, and that he abandoned all worldly honors and temporal benefits for things spiritual. He arrived at Quebec, June 19th, 1625. He is again mentioned in "Les Voyages de Champlain" as having accompanied the Jesuit Fathers, De Noue and Brebeuf, to the Huron country. He is referred to again, and for the last time, by Champlain in 1629. Champlain was at Quebec and short of provisions, in fact the colony was threatened with famine. He says: "I called on Father Joseph de la Roche, a very good Religious, to know if I could obtain provisions from the Fathers, if they had any to spare." He replied, "So far as he was concerned, he was ready to give every assistance, that he would at once see Father Joseph Le Caron and speak to him about it." He left Quebec with two other Recollects to return to France, Sept. 9th, 1629. In Noiseux "Liste Chronologique," the date of his death is given, July 16th, 1656.

THIRD ORDER OF

# Mount Carmel.

By the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

## Rules and Statutes for the Tertians of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

### CHAPTER XVI.

*Of the Charity Towards Sisters and the Departed.*

WHEN any one of the Tertians shall fall seriously sick, the director, the prioress and the other members shall at once be notified that they may prove their charity by relieving her by visits, prayers and in case of necessity also material support.

When the viaticum is given to a sick member the Tertians shall assist as far as possible, and then by turn remain with the sick, comforting her by prayers and pious conversation. After death the sister shall be dressed in a long dark habit, cotton belt, Scapular and white veil, as was said in Chapter VI., and the Tertians shall be either present at the funeral or at least continuously offer up suffrages for the soul of the departed.

On the day of burial or the weeks' mind all shall receive holy communion in favor of the departed. Those that can read shall moreover recite the entire office for the dead, those unable to read reciting instead the same number of "Our Fathers and Hail Marys," as on feast days, adding instead of the "Glory be to the Father" the "Eternal rest, etc."

The same obligation is to be discharged when they are notified of the death of a Tertian sister in another place within the same province. The sisters in this shall remember that what they do for others shall also be done for themselves.

The same charity shall be shown and the same duties rendered to each other by the Tertian brothers. Of the Ternary suffrages mention was made in Chapter IX.

*What you have done to the least of my brethren, you have done to me, says our Lord. The most far reaching and important charity is towards the dying and dead. As members of the one mystical body of Christ, and still more closely allied by the bonds of confraternity within the Third Order, the obligation of assisting suffering members in any way possible is certainly a sacred one, and the Tertians who should show themselves negligent or unwilling to discharge these duties ought to be severely disciplined by the director. Social distinctions are often used as an excuse, as if any Catholic could possibly demean himself by associating with the sick poor. Our Lord associated with them by preference, and His example should be the standard of the conduct of those who professedly wish to render their lives similar to His. Hence no allowance should be made for foolish pride and class distinctions in this case.*

### CHAPTER XVII.

*On the Obligation and Dispensation of This Rule and of the Works of Supererogation.*

This rule does not bind its professors under any sin, not even venial, except in those things which are enjoined by divine or ecclesiastical law. Nevertheless all shall endeavor to faithfully observe it for the pure love of God, and thus gain great merit for their souls and a well founded hope of a future plentiful retribution.

When the Tertians fail against the rule through negligence or forgetfulness they shall humbly submit to the reprimand and penance enjoined on them by the director or confessor.

If parts of the rule should prove to be too hard and difficult for some individual member, and a just and reasonable cause exists for dispensation, the director, and in matters of less importance also the confessor, can dispense or commute the duty into other works of piety; and the persons thus dispensed need not grieve over their inability to observe the rule punctually and entirely, since the rule allows these dispensations, and unwillingness to accept them in case of necessity would prove that they prefer their selfwill to obedience.

If finally the Tertians, inspired by the Lord, would like to add some work of piety or mortification, having, however, pre-

viously obtained the permission of the director or confessor, God will reward them. But let them always use discretion, which is the moderator of all virtue.

*Though the rule does not bind under sin, it yet binds under punishment, because God has a right to demand extraordinary service from those, who offered themselves voluntarily to a life of perfection. We ought to remember the fate of the servant, who buried the talent entrusted to him, and was condemned, because he had no gain to show. Every punishment has to be undergone either in life or in purgatory, and hence it would be foolish to hide the faults from the director, to escape punishment. It would be only delayed, not escaped, and therefore Tertians having their duty and their spiritual progress at heart, will be perfectly candid and even glad to be punished in this life so as to escape the severer punishment inflicted by divine justice.*

*Works of supererogation should but rarely be allowed and with great circumspection, and never to new comers.*

*Epilogue.*

It must be clear to every observant reader of the rules of the Third Order, that whilst the rules do not contain any obligations nor demand mortification beyond the compass of any person living in the world, they yet are an admirable imitation of religious convent life. Thus they are, we are sure, a welcome substitute for the many whom the grace of God attracts extraordinarily, and who through sickness, poverty or similar impediments are prevented from joining a religious community. Half a loaf is better than no bread, says a proverb, that applies also in this case. Let no one hastily enroll himself in the Third Order, but when after mature reflection he thinks himself called, he should not consult flesh and blood, but determinedly don the garb of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, and under her cloak boldly fight his battles. A child of Mary will not perish. How much less a volunteer soldier of Mary. May God and his Blessed Mother call many, many to the rank and file of the Third Order.

To satisfy the curiosity of the reader, we append the formula of the vows taken in the Third Order. It is this:

"I. N. N. make my profession and promise obedience and chastity to Almighty God, the ever Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, and to the Right Reverend Prior General of the whole order of the same Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, and to his successors, according to the rule of the Third Order, until death."

THE END.

## SONNET OF ST. ELIAS.

I.

CARMEL.

Over the land three years hath hung a pall
Though glares the sunshine on the wearied eyes
For God hath closed the fountains of the skies
"Nor dew nor rain upon the earth shall fall."
On Baal for help in vain his prophets call
There by Jehovah's thrice-drenched sacrifice
A rugged, skin-girt, man with fervour cries
To God, who snatched his race from Egypt's thrall.
Answering his prayer, bright flaming tongues descend
Lapping the altar, proving Jehovah's power;
Then looms a little cloud: then falls a shower:
And then wild torrents the blue barriers rend.
And all the people, prostrate on the sward,
Exclaim "it is Jehovah—Israel's Lord."

II.

HOREB.

Far in the desert, 'neath the white-flecked broom,
A pilgrim, fleeing from the guilty queen,
Despairing cries: "Lord, but on Thee I lean,
Speak Thou, to my soul, my vanished fathers' doom."
He sleeps, and lo! an angel's touch his gloom
Dispels, and nurtures him. With changed mien,
He journeys to the mount where God was seen
Of Moses. Silent above, the grey peaks loom:
When hark! a mighty storm rolls madly by:
And then by fearful shock, the mount is rent:
And then a lurid flame illumines the sky:
Yet not in wind, or shock, or flame's portent,
Is God. But list! with still, small, whispering voice,
God calls His prophet: now doth his soul rejoice.

III.

GILEAD.

They stand beside the storied Jordan's flow,
Elias and he, who, called from the tillage field,
The vision of his Master will not yield
Till on his countenance the mystic glow
Doth shine. The Prophet's cloak, with gentle blow,
Falls, smiting the waters current, when, as if congealed,
It stands. They pass. Then suddenly revealed,
While speak they of the coming parting, lo!
Engirt by flame, a chariot heavenward flies,
Jehovah's seer is rapt up to his home.
"O father, Israel's chariot," Elisha cries
As, gazing on the wind-rent azure dome,
He grasps the fallen cloak, and stands apart
The Master's spirit pulsing in his heart.

—P. J. DILLON, D. D., Ph. D. in *New World.*

THE way to do a thing is just to do it.

—THE—
# Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
*OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,*
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, Aug., 1894. No. 8.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE is one thing in which we cannot sin by excess. We cannot love God too much. St. Teresa died of love. Our Saviour died for love of us. "The only measure in loving God," says St. Bernard, "is to love Him without measure."

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WE celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary on the 26th of this month. We hope all our friends will remember that the American Province of the Carmelite Order is dedicated to the Most Pure Heart of Mary. We wish to be as near and dear as possible to that Motherly heart, which alone of all human hearts has the right to love even her God with the natural affection of a mother.

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WE are indebted to the kindness of our no less gifted than amiable neighbor, Dean Harris, for the deeply interesting article appearing in this number under the heading "A Valiant Priest." It is the history of the first priest that ever visited this section of our country, and preached the first mission to the Neutral Indians, who inhabited the territory now occupied by our Monastery and Hospice.

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THE house of our Irish Carmelite Fathers in New York has sustained another loss in the death of Father J. Whitley, who died on the vigil of the feast of Mount Carmel. This is the second case of death among these self-sacrificing men since their foundation, only a few years ago. It is a consoling coincidence that the departed should have been called to his reward on the very eve of the great feast of Our Mother. We ask all our friends for a kind remembrance of our deceased brother.

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THE *Ave Maria* in its last number contained a very interesting account of the famous English singer, Mr. Santley. He is a convert, having been received into the church some fourteen years ago by the Passionist Fathers at Highgate, London. Although he no longer appears upon the stage, he makes use of his wonderful talent for the honor and glory of God and our Blessed Mother by singing *gratis* in the Catholic churches in London. The writer in the *Ave Maria* says further: "Mr. Santley is a good friend to the Passionist Fathers, and also to Our Lady's special servants, the Carmelite Fathers. On great festivals of the Blessed Virgin he is frequently present in the choir of their church; and while the procession of monks in their white cloaks, carrying the statue, passes down the aisle, his voice rises to heaven singing the praises of Heaven's Queen—*flos et decor Carmeli.*

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THE feast of the Assumption! The triumph of Our Lady, the crowning work of the creation, the redemption and the sanctification of mankind. To-day is crowned in heaven the masterpiece of God's creation, the most perfect being that ever proceeded from the hands of the Creator, the most fully redeemed of our sinful race, the Immaculate Mother of the Redeemer, the most fully sanctified, the spouse of the Holy Ghost, full of grace. And the crowning of all the virtues of the Sacred Heart in her who was the humble handmaid of the Lord. Humility, the virtue of the Incarnate Son of God, the God of Bethlehem, of Gethsemane, of Calvary, of the Tabernacle, is the most beautiful diadem in Mary's crown. And to-day, in the midst of her triumph, she, the Queen of heaven and earth, is still the humblest of all the saints around the "White Throne." How can we miss the lesson? Is the Assumption not the clearest revelation of God's tastes, of His character? If we will captivate the heart of the Son of Mary we must be lowly and resigned to our own unworthiness, and we cannot afford to be anything but mild and gentle with others.

On May 22nd last, Sister Veronica, of the Holy Face, a member of the Carmelite Convent, of New Orleans, passed away. On July 5th, Sister Veronica, of the Five Wounds, died at the Carmelite Convent, St. Louis, after a short illness. We recommend their souls to all our readers. We hear that a third sister of this name is very ill at the Carmelite Convent at Baltimore. These dear souls will not forget their friends on earth, when they shall see that Holy Face in Heaven, whose image was left in the hands of their holy patroness as a sign of our Lord's love.

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St. Albert, whose feast we celebrate on the 7th of August, is daily gaining new clients among our readers. We have received so many applications for the water, blessed with his holy relics, and so many letters of thanksgiving in return, that we feel confident that his great gift of miracles is still in operation, and that God intends him to be honored more and more every day by all the friends of Carmel. The Carmelite Nuns of New Orleans, Boston, Baltimore and St. Louis can provide all persons residing in these cities with St. Albert's water. We are ready to attend to all applications for the same, and are anxious to have our great saint honored as he deserves.

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From the sermon on the Mount to His last words on the Cross, our dear Lord spoke with such divine wisdom that even His enemies said: "Never did man speak like this man." But the most loving, most pathetic of all His discourses is the last one to His disciples after His last supper. It is the revelation of His heart. It concludes with a most sublime prayer for unity and love among His disciples. Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, has spoken many a word of wisdom to our proud and ignorant age, many a warm word of christian love to our cold, egotistic century. But he reveals his heart fully in the tender, pathetic message which he has lately given to the world as his testament. He pleads and prays in unison with the Sacred Heart for unity and love among all those who have heard of Christ, and for whom His Precious Blood was shed. There is hope for the future of our race, when this wise and aged Pontiff, of whom even his enemies declare: "Never did Pope speak like this Pope," does not hesitate to lay bare his great heart to an indifferent and sceptical age.

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The first general battle between the A. P. A. and all right-minded citizens has been fought and won in Ontario. The elections for the Provincial House took place on Tuesday, June 26. The Conservative party, under the leadership of W. R. Meredith, took open sides with the P. P. A. (as they are called in Canada) against the Liberal Government, which, under the leadership of the Hon. Mr. Mowat, vigorously repudiated the P. P. A. Some time ago a P. P. A. representative, Mr. McCallum, introduced a bill aimed at the separate school system, which would have been the ruin of our Catholic schools, had it been passed. It amounted to a virtual abolition of all that makes the Catholic schools Catholic. It would have expelled the nuns from our schools and it would have excluded all Catholic school books, imposing a fine on the use of Catholic books in the school. The bill did not pass, but the programme was upheld by W. R. Meredith and his party. But the days of bigotry and narrow-minded prejudice are over in Canada. The religious cry has lost its strength. The election gave a good majority for the Liberal party, and of the P. P. A. candidates only two were elected. It is to be hoped that the Catholics and honest Protestants of the United States, when occasion offers, will give the A. P. A. the same severe lesson which has been administered to the bigoted parent society in Canada.

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An intrepid champion of the faith who has but lately joined the army of Catholic confessors, and who is still somewhat of a free lance—we mean the editor of the *Globe Review*—said something in a late article on Parochial Schools which deserves the attention of all Catholic parents. He attributes the superiority of the parochial schools, among other things, to the supernatural influence which the daily attendance at mass must exercise upon the Catholic child. We regret that this is not the case in every parochial school, for we know of many in which daily attendance at the august sacrifice is not considered necessary in the training of the child. And we regret

still more that during these happy days of vacation so few Catholic children, who could easily continue this holy exercise, care to do so or are urged to do so by their parents. Parents are not free of their obligations towards their children when they send them to a Catholic school—much less are they dispensed from their sacred obligations when the teachers and sisters of our schools cease taking part of their burden from their hands. In vacation time parents must be more than ordinarily watchful over their children. They are obliged under sin not only to give them the good example of attending mass at least on Sundays and holidays of obligation, but they must know that their children are there too. If they insisted on sending their children to mass every day, where it is possible, they would continue the good done in the school. Then they are obliged to insist upon daily prayers. Blessed the family in which father and mother unite with their children in family prayer. And then, finally, they must guard their children against substituting for the good company they had at their Catholic schools the bad companions of the streets and by-ways. There is no vacation in vigilance for a good christian parent.

## The Corner Stone of the Hospice.

The feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel on Monday, the 16th of July, was celebrated at the Carmelite Monastery of Niagara Falls with unusual solemnity. His Grace, the Most Rev John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, on that day blessed and laid the corner-stone of the "Hospice." Early in the morning visitors and pilgrims began to arrive from Buffalo, Rochester, Lockport, Niagara Falls, St. Catharines, Hamilton, and all surrounding places. Hundreds came fasting, and received the Sacraments in the pilgrimage church. At 10 a. m. the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, Provincial of the Order in America, sang the Solemn High Mass, with two other Carmelite Fathers as deacon and sub-deacon. His Grace, the Archbishop, assisted at Mass in his pontificial garments, attended by the Very Rev. Vicar-General J. J. McCann, and the Very Rev. President of Niagara University, P. V. Kavanagh. The choir of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, of Rochester, N. Y., had volunteered its services, and had sent eight of its best singers to sing the Mass and other liturgical songs. They sang a Mass composed by Prof. Seibold, under his own personal direction. After Mass, His Grace addressed the large congregation, which had filled the Church to overflowing, in warm and fervent words. After congratulating the large gathering of the faithful from all parts of the country upon their devotion to the Blessed Virgin and interest in the works of the "Hospice," he feelingly spoke of his predecessor, the late Archbishop J. J. Lynch. He said that this work of the Hospice was but a realization of a sublime idea of his predecessor. As the Church loves to seek the most beautiful spots of nature to worship God—so Archbishop Lynch, a man no less governed by intentions of science than by inspirations of faith, was prompted by this spirit of the Church to establish great religious institutions on both sides of the grand river. Thus he had founded on the American side a great seat of learning, of which Niagara University was the embodiment in stone—then here, on the spot where the voice of the Lord is upon the waters, he had established the beautiful Convent of Loretto, and now, this great assembly of clergy and laity had gathered from far and near to witness the beginning of the realization of his last idea — the erection of a house of retreat, a haven of peace and rest for the pilgrim to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace. He had entrusted the care of this institution to the keeping of a religious community of men, who belonged to the most ancient order of the church, and were men of prayer and devoted to the veneration of the Mother of God. In conclusion, His Grace exhorted his hearers to continue to manifest their interest in the work of the Fathers in the same generous and liberal Catholic spirit which they had shown so faithfully since the beginning of the work, even in the midst of distressing times. He then imparted the Papal Blessing to the people, according to the privilege granted the Order of Mount Carmel. Then the clergy and people in procession accompanied His Grace to the site of the new building. Many of our friends who had not yet seen the work thus far accomplished were surprised at the massive masonry and size of the foundations, and the beauty of the stone and ma-

terial used in their construction. The corner stone, most artistically sculptured, a gift from a Protestant friend, was then blessed by His Grace and placed in position. The ceremonies concluded with a beautiful sermon by Father Raphael Fuhr, a Franciscan Father, who had come from his college at Quincy, Ill., to preach at this occasion. We shall give the sermon in full in the September number of the REVIEW, as we could not find space in the present number.

## AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

It does a Catholic heart good to see the manly and courageous stand that many of our leading periodicals are taking in face of the evils of our present day.

*Donahoe's Magazine* for July opens with an article on the blessings of the A. P. A. The writer deserves the highest commendation for the courageous reproof he administers to some of our so-called Catholic politicians. He says they are a curse instead of a blessing to us. If, as Brownson continually asserted in his writings, the American Republic can only save its very existence by a liberal infusion of Catholic christianity into its politics, it is surely not by such Catholic politicians as we see at work now that the country will be saved. The writer hopes for great blessings from the A. P. A. movement in the States. His hopes are fully warranted, for they have already been realized to a great extent in Canada. The loyalty which Catholics everywhere manifested to each other was so pronounced that the defeated party now accuses the *crystallized vote* of the Catholic church as the cause of its political downfall.

German Americans fully realize the fact that the classic language of the "fatherland" will sooner or later have to be sacrificed to the need of a uniform language in America. And this language must of necessity be the English. At the same time, however, many acquisitions of their glorious past may be saved and treasured as a valuable inheritance for their American-born children. To accomplish this in some measure a very promising venture has been made lately in Chicago to publish a German paper in English dress. *The Review* is a sixteen page monthly. Catholic and fearless in its tone, and full of good things. Germans are proverbial for their thoroughness in literary persuits. We hope that *The Review* will stick to its colors and give us all that is best in German thought and solidity. The citizen of the coming great American nation must be the composite product of all past civilizations, and cannot afford to leave out of his composition a goodly share of German culture.

# The Catechism
## OF MOUNT CARMEL,

BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

### CHAPTER VII.

*Obligations.*

Ques. What must a person do to become a member of the Confraternity of the Scapular?

Ans. In order to become a member of the confraternity of Mount Carmel, and to be entitled to all the indulgences and privileges attached to the Scapular it is necessary:

1. To be invested with the Scapular by a priest who has the necessary faculties.

2. To *wear* the Scapular constantly, day and night, especially at the hour of death.

3. To have one's name *registered* in a book kept for that purpose in a Carmelite convent or monastery, or in churches, where the confraternity is canonicaly established.

To gain the various indulgences all the conditions prescribed in each case must be fulfilled.

The three obligations mentioned above give the wearer of the Scapular a right:

1. To share in all the good works of the Carmelite Order,

2. To gain all Indulgences granted to the Order and the Confraternity.

3. To the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, to obtain the grace to lead a good life and especially the grace of a happy death. As we have proved in foregoing chapters, she promises that all those who die wearing the Scapular shall be preserved from the eternal fires of hell.

These privileges are attached to the mere wearing of the Scapular, after having been invested and inscribed in the register.

Q. What is required to gain the Sabbatine privilege?

A. Besides the three conditions mentioned above, it is also necessary:

1. To lead a chaste life, according to one's state.

2. For those who can read, to say the small office of the Blessed Virgin every day.

3. For those who cannot read, to abstain from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

excepting Christmas day whenever it happens to fall on one of these days of the week.

Q. Does a change of one's state of life effect this privilege?

A. No, the obligation to lead a chaste life is the same obligation which is laid upon all Christians by God's commandments. Whatever is no breach of a commandment, in other words, a sin against chastity will not interfere with the Sabbatine privilege.

Q. Are priests and members of religious orders, who say the office of the church, obliged to recite the small office also in order to gain this privilege?

A. No, the recital of the breviary is sufficient to gain the Sabbatine privilege. It is, however, advisable that this intention be made. (S. Cong. Indulg. 18 Aug., 1868.)

Q. Is it allowed to say the small office in any language?

A. If possible, the Latin language should be used. (S. Cong. Indulg. 18 Aug., 1868.)

Q. But what is to be done when either the saying of the little office or the abstinence on Wednesdays and Saturdays is impossible?

A. In that case any priest who is authorized to do so may commute the obligation. As a rule this commutation consists in substituting some other prayers—commonly called "Scapular prayers."

Q. Many persons recite seven Our Fathers and seven Hail Marys every day for the Scapular. Are these prayers essential?

A. No, there are no prayers required for the Scapular beyond what has already been mentioned. The seven Our Fathers and the seven Hail Marys are an indulgenced prayer (40 days each time) in honor of the seven joys of the Blessed Virgin, and a priest having faculties may substitute them in commutation for the small office or the abstinence required for the Sabbatine privilege. But he may choose any other prayer as well.

Q. Is it a sin to miss your Scapular prayers?

A. Of course not. There is no obligation whatever binding upon the conscience to say them. They are simply a necessary condition to obtain a privilege which will not be gained otherwise.

Q. What reasons are sufficient to ask for a commutation of the little office or the abstinence?

A. Any reasonable cause, such as sickness, dependence on others, serious inconvenience, etc. The Congregation of Indulgences (18 Sept., 1862) declares that children and sick people may be members of the confraternity and gain all the privileges by making use of this right of obtaining a commutation of the obligations mentioned.

Q. Thus to gain the first privilege, the grace of a happy death and preservation from hell, no special prayers are required?

A. No prayers are prescribed, except for the second privilege, to be delivered from purgatory the first Saturday after death, but it is clear that in any case the Scapular must be worn as an act of devotion to Our Lady.

To summarize:—If you wish to be preserved from an unhappy death get the Scapular from an authorized priest, who will see to it that your name is registered, and then wear it always, and if you die wearing it the Blessed Virgin will keep her promise. If you wish to be delivered from purgatory on the first Saturday after death you must furthermore have led a chaste life and *either* say the little office of the Blessed Virgin every day, *or* abstain from flesh meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays; *or* have this obligation changed to some other prayers by an authorized priest.

## It's Our Only Chance Now.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY MRS. J SADLIER.

IT was late in the fall and navigation was near its close in our Northern waters. A storm was gathering dark and heavy over one of the many bays extending into the noble coast-line of the great St. Lawrence, far down towards the gulf of the same name. Few sails were to be seen on the angry waste of waters, and those were all close-reefed and lying-to in anxious preparation for the coming tempest. The sea birds flew hither and thither in wild excitement, their shrill, discordant cries mingling in strange chorus with the mournful howling of the storm that was already bursting on the desolate shore.

A crowd of men were gathered together on the sandy beach, as near to the foaming line of breakers as safety would permit, watching with eager eyes the motions of a small boat which was struggling in the teeth of the hurricane, trying hard to keep clear of the breakers and the treacherous shoals that lay under their seething foam. Nearer and nearer came the frail craft, apparently regardless of the warning cries of the men on the beach, but in reality hearing them not at all in the roaring of the sea and the shrieking of the wind. Many of the anxious spectators were fishermen, and all were life-long dwellers by that storm-swept bay, so often the scene of shipwreck and disaster.

All the other ships within sight were succeeding in keeping off shore: this one alone seemed unable to make headway against the fierce gale or avoid the terrible breakers.

"My God, mates," cried one of the men on shore, "don't you see it's the Lucy Ann, Steve Brown's pilot boat! Can nothing be done to save her?" "What could be done?" was the sorrowful answer: "you know well there's ne'er a boat about here could put out in a sea like that. There's only one can help her now."

Meanwhile the doomed little vessel went swifter and swifter on her awful course, driven by the mighty force of the wind. Soon she dashed right into the outer line of the breakers and struck with a loud crash on the sandy shoal. A cry of mortal terror went up from her despairing crew, echoed no less fearfully from the helpless watchers on the shore, who began at once, nevertheless, to prepare long coils of rope to cast into the sea in the hope of saving some, at least, of the crew, when the vessel went to pieces, which must be the affair of only a few minutes under the awful presence of wind and sea.

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On board the Lucy Ann all was terror and confusion. Blank despair had taken the place of the desperate efforts of a little while before. Of the five men who formed the crew only one, the youngest of them all, turned his thoughts to the Supreme Helper: and he prayed with all his heart, for the fear of death was on every soul, stout and brave as they were in ordinary vicissitudes. For some time they had hoped that the crowd of men they saw on the beach—alas, how far off it seemed—might be able to help them. All too soon they perceived that nothing was to be expected from that quarter. The boat was fast aground: sea and sky were alike pitiless.

> "And oh! too strong for human hand,
> The tempest gathered o'er her."

where she lay helpless among the cruel breakers.

Then outspoke John Heffernan, the young seaman before referred to, and his voice rang clear through the storm: "Kneel down all of you and pray, if you never prayed before: it's our only chance now! Kneel down, I say! Don't you see the boat is going to pieces?"

And taking out his Scapular, which had a badge of the Sacred Heart attached to it, the young man called aloud on Mary, Star of the Sea, and her divine Son to save him—to save all. "Oh! why don't you pray, captain?" he cried with wild energy: "all of you: there's still time: soon it will be too late."

"It is too late now, my boy," said Steve Brown, the captain, in a voice hoarse with agony and dispair, "It's too late to begin now." * So thought all the others if they did not say it, and in dogged determination they waited for the end, some scoffing to the last at the brave fellow, who, holding his Scapular and badge aloft continued in fervent supplication to the Merciful Heart of Jesus and His Compassionate Mother, others were sunk in the deadly stupor of despair.

The Lucy Ann pilot boat soon went to pieces and her crew disappeared one by one from the straining eyes on shore. A few hours later, when the storm had subsided sufficiently to venture near the wreck, a cry of joy went up from the fishermen who had put out in a boat to see if any of the sailors might have escaped. Clinging to a floating spar they found young Heffernan alive and well though much exhausted, his Scapular and badge still on the breast of his blue jacket where he had fastened them when washed into the sea. When asked for his companions he told them that all were lost. "They wouldn't pray," he said, "and they are all gone—gone! And if I'm saved," he added, "it's because of my Scapular and badge and the prayers I kept saying to the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel! Thanks and praises to them for ever more!" A fervent "Amen" rose in chorus from the lad's rescuers, all fervent Catholics.

* The words the man actually made use of were too blasphemous and ruffianly to be repeated here. They were told me in an awe-struck voice by a native of that place.

## The Late Father Patrick Laurence O'Toole, O. C. C.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

Take him all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.
*Shakespeare.*

THERE have been some men in the world's history—and they are necessarily few—who, by their deaths have deprived mankind of the power to do justice to their merits, in those particular spheres of excellence in which they had been pre-eminent. When the "immortal" Raphael for the last time laid down his palette, still moist with the brilliant colors which he had spread upon his unfinished masterpiece, destined to be exposed to admiration above his bier, he left none behind him who could worthily depict and transmit to us his beautiful lineaments: so that posterity has had to seek in his own paintings, among the guards at the sepulchre, or the youthful disciples in an ancient school, some figure which may be considered as representing himself.

When his mighty rival, Michel Angelo, cast down that massive chisel which no one after him was worthy or able to wield, none survived him who could venture to repeat in marble the rugged grandeur of his countenance: but we imagine that we can trace in the head of some unfinished satyr, or in the sublime countenance of his Moses, the natural or the idealized type from which he drew his stern and noble inspirations.

No less can it be said that when the pen dropped from the hand of the author of that "*Magnum Opus*," the "Clan O'Toole and other Leinster Septs," when the last mortal illness mastered the strength of even his genius, we were left powerless to describe in writing his noble and unrivalled characteristics. In this great work can only be traced the true record of his genius, his mind, his religion and his patriotism.

But in fact, considering that the character of a man is like that which he describes as "compounded of many simples extracted from many objects," we naturally seek for those qualities which enter into his composition: we look for them in his own pages: we endeavor to cull from every part of his works such attributions of great and noble qualities to his characters, and unite them so as to form what we believe is his truest portrait. In truth, we may say, that few authors have so completely reflected themselves in their works as did the late Father O'Toole. For, as artists will tell us that every great master more or less reproduced in his works characteristics to be found in himself, this is far more true of the author of the "Clan O'Toole," whose genius, whose mind, whose heart, and whose entire soul live and breathe in every page and in every line of this wonderful historical masterpiece, the work of over twenty years of his life.

With loving hand he traced out the deeds of heroes, kings, princes and saints of his noble and royal lineage. Though an humble friar, he could trace back in an unbroken series, his descent from warriors, who defied the power of England, to kings that sat on the throne of Tara, to princes who fought at Clontarf, and to Con of the hundred battles. St. Laurence O'Toole was his great favorite, and justly so, for not only was he a great saint, but he was a noble character and great patriot.

Those that would know this great priest, should read his immortal work, this will show what he was. He died full of years and grace, and is now, I am sure, with his patron in heaven. He is a loss to his order, and country. R. I. P.

A. E. Farrington.

### Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

*Translated for the Review*
BY S. X. B.

CONTINUED.

FIRE AT ST. AULAYE.

IN 1656 a mission was given at St. Aulaye, a city of Saintonge. Towards 10 o'clock one evening a house was discovered to be in flames, and each moment added new fuel to their fury. One of the missioners remembering that twenty years before a similar fire had raged at Periqueux, and could not be subdued until a Scapular was cast into the flames, resolved to invoke the aid of our Lady of Mount

Carmel. He called to him a youth whose faith and piety could not fail to be pleasing to the Queen of Heaven. "Jalage," said the priest, "take your Scapular, cast it into the fire, and we will see that it will be extinguished through our Lady's power as evinced in her badge." The young man obeyed, and such was his faith in the efficacy of the holy Scapular that, as he rushed through the crowd which parted hastily to give space to the flying figure, he kept crying aloud with all his strength: "Pray to the Blessed Virgin, I am going to extinguish the fire," and he threw his Scapular into the blazing pile. At that very instant the astonished spectators beheld a whirlwind of fire rise up in the immense brazier to the height of fifteen feet, then slowly, slowly fall, and finally die away. Next day the Scapular was found amid the debris, perfectly intact and uninjured, though the pungent odor of smoke remained upon it.

This miracle was so public and so evident that the Protestants who had witnessed it whispered amongst themselves, "It is wonderful! Incredible! The young man must be a sorcerer." What deplorable blindness! Like the pharisees of old they preferred to attribute to the devil the work of our Lord rather than recognize the power of Mary. They dared to blaspheme, whilst the Catholics could not sufficiently admire the efficacy of the Scapular or exalt the goodness of the Queen of Carmel.

So far the missioners who witnessed the miracle. They narrated it to Fr. Lejeune, and it is to be found in the *Speculum Carmelitarum* of Fr. Daniel, as well as in the writings of Fr. Lejeune.

AT AGEN.

In the year 1727 a great fire threatened to bring ruin and desolation to the city. All human aid proving powerless, the board of aldermen had recourse to the Carmelite fathers. The latter yielded to the entreaties of the frightened people, and willingly went to the rescue. The solemn tolling of the great bell called upon all to join the procession. Then from out the portals of the church came the disciples of St. Elias, two by two, with the Crucifix borne at their head; round the sacred emblem was twined the Scapular, and from their lips ascended to Mary the solemn chant of her beautiful litany. Arrived at the scene of destruction they cast the Scapular into the torrid mass. The violence of the flames abated at once, and before long the fire was over.

The Scapular was found next day in the very spot where it had been thrown, without the least sign of the conflagration upon it. The procession which takes place annually at Agen, in thanksgiving for this signal favor is ample proof of the great miracle.

And, let it be reiterated again and again: the above are not the only instances of Mary's protecting care over those who seek refuge in the holy Scapular. They are not the only examples of its perfect preservation in the midst of devouring flames. One of the most remarkable cases is the following: It occurred in 1719. A terrible fire broke out in the little hamlet of Ballon, a part of the diocese of Metz, near Arnaville. In the consternation consequent upon the calamity, when earthly aid seemed vain, some one, full of confidence in Mary's power to help, suddenly thought of throwing the Scapular in the flames. What could more readily arrest their fury? And scarcely had it been done than the desired object was gained. The fire sank lower, thus affording all to see the Scapular suspended from a beam in the burning house selected for the trial. It remained for half an hour in the fire, wholly uninjured, and after the miraculous extinguishing of the entire conflagration, the brown badge was still visible upon the same beam, untouched and unharmed to show what the Blessed Virgin will do for her faithful clients.

The Bishop of Metz, Mgr. Henri Charles de Cambout, after having thoroughly tested the validity of this miracle, had the whole account officially drawn up and published over his own signature. He ordered that a copy be sent to all the religious houses in the kingdom, and that an annual procession followed by the solemn chanting of the Te Deum, in gratitude for the favor, should henceforth be most scrupulously observed.

The above is taken from a little work by the Abbe de Sambucy, "Devotion to the Holy Scapular," highly recommended by Mgr. de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

THE happy harvest time is upon us. The days of the garnered grain and the vintage song, when nature is as it were in an abandon of delight, the outcome of the fulness of the earth, teeming as it is with the wealth of the summer's promise.

The crimson twilight of these August days holds in itself a beauty like none other. The day lingers so long, and its sunset throws the rosy robe of parting with a winsome grace over the shadowy hour, whose beauty brings the thought of Eden and its "happy walks and shades."

Midway, now comes the gracious feast of the fast fleeing summer. Lady Day in harvest, when our hearts know but one thought and that a *Sursum Corda*, which carries us beyond time and space, even to the very feet of the crowned Queen of Angels and of men. What a multitude of sweet comforting thoughts for the twilight hour may we not find in those fifteen long years of waiting—those many waxing, waning moons from the ascension to the assumption. Surely, if final test of fidelity were needed, 'twas found in that exile of love, which constrained her to dwell so long in the valley, when her eyes were strained to the heights whence He, her well-beloved one, had ascended to the Father. Can we not picture her, again a childless mother, yearning as only she could for the sight of His face, in all its glorified beauty, bearing sweet resemblance to her own virginal features, and yet the very face of God? But the day dawned at last when the weary years of waiting merged into the eternal years; when the glad song of heaven's triumph broke upon her ears and the Magnificat saw its fulfillment. "He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid." Ah! here is the secret of the assumption. The lowliness of many was the irresistible charm which drew the Son of God to become man of her, and that same humility was the stepping stone to the mountain of Carmel, nigh to the city of God, where she, "coming up from the desert flowing with delights," leans now forever upon her beloved.

Oh! with fresh hope and lighter hearts let us raise our eyes to her, gracious advocate as she is. We too are exiles: are we not kindred with her? Let us remind her of the days of desire and of longing which she spent upon earth before the assumption. Let us unite with them as so many acts of love and yearning for union with our Blessed Lord, who comes to us in Holy Communion as the strength of our exile. Times there are when we could not bear it, in all its weary monotony, were it not for Him who makes us renew our youth like the eagles, because of His indwelling with us in the sweet sacrament of His love.

Courage, then, let us say to our souls, as we meditate on this glorious mystery of Our Lady's assumption. Let us picture her to our eyes standing on the crescent of the silver moon which comes up with such a bewitching beauty in the twilight of our August days. Let us seek for her in the evening star. Sweet reminder of her to the eyes and the heart which whispers:

"Mary, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me."

Queen of the Stars is she to us this month, so let the twilight be full of the thought of her and its petition be for a lowly spirit like unto hers. Yes, let us love the lowly places of God's Providence. "The gentleness of His shadow," says the beloved St. Francis de Sales, "is more salutary than the brightness of the sun." "Very low and very little," he goes on to say, in that winsome way of his which has caused the whole world to fall in love with him. On the 21st of this month we honor his dear daughter, St. Jane de Chantal, the foundress of the Visitation Nuns, of whom Fr. Faber wrote: "Of all the manifestations of the spirit of holiness none seem so fitted to ourselves as the sweet and gentle spirit of the Visitation." Of the Holy Mother de Chantal her venerated father, St. Francis, wrote: "Pressed by her desire of God she has left all with a strength and prudence not common in her frail sex." So will she teach us the lowly spirit of her daughters, who "walk simply the true way, which is very safe and very pleasing to God." Happy the cities and blessed the towns that have in their midst the uplifted hands and the repairing hearts of the daughters of the Visitation. Because of them and their silent pleadings will the Lord be very patient with the world.

# CARMEL AND LOURDES.

TRANSLATED FOR THE REVIEW BY S. N. BLAKELY.

CONTINUED.

II.

MARY Immaculate appeared to the prophet upon the lofty heights of Carmel, raising herself from the midst of the waves under the image of a light cloud. But at Lourdes the cloud assumes color, it is transfigured. Mary is arrayed in light and splendor, she speaks, she reveals her name, she designates herself, she says, "*I am the Immaculate Conception.*" O! sacred mountain of the Orient! great though thy glory, thou hast beheld but the shadow of what here to-day we possess in reality.

Thou hast foretold the mystery, and here the mystery is revealed in its certainty, in its grandeur. What Elias beheld "through a glass darkly" Bernadette saw and beheld: "*I am the Immaculate Conception.*" It is no longer Elias armed with fire and sword, exterminating sinners and making all Israel tremble. It is Bernadette Soubirous, a child of the Pyrenees, a poor peasant, obscure, and treated as a foolish visionary. In her we behold the perfect personification of weakness and insignificance: "*The weak things of the world.*"

No! I cannot sufficiently sing the praises of *this power of the weak*. After choosing a persecuted monk as the recipient of her wonderful gift—the Scapular. After selecting an exiled pontiff for her recital of the graces attached to its wearing, behold Mary's choice falls upon an instrument more feeble still. Bernadette here opens the miraculous fountain, and transforms these rocks, unknown before, into a Carmel as celebrated as the holy mount of old.

Their renown will be sung from shore to shore, and the story of their marvels told in every language of the world, while the world exists. For the last twenty-five years pilgrims from every quarter of the globe have flocked hither, and will continue to do so forevermore. I will not dilate upon the seventeen apparitions which succeeded each other from February 11 to April 7, 1858, nor recall the violent wind which heralded the marvel. I need not remind you of the lady, all resplendent in glory, who appeared to Bernadette, and enchained her motionless and fascinated—in an ecstacy, oblivious to all that was passing around. You all know the story of the clear crystal waters, unknown until then, which, at Mary's word, gushed forth, and of our dear Mother's order to impart it to priests and to have a church built on the spot for the many who would come from near and far.

What a chain of prodigies! We are amazed—we listen, we admire. Ecclesiastical authority looks on and waits. They must do so. But at each apparition of the Virgin their confidence increases, and Mary takes witnesses as if to prove that she communicates with her servant. Alone, it is true, Bernadette is ravished in ecstacy. Alone, Bernadette sees and hears Mary, but the people see the child, and it is enough.

They look upon the pale, radiant face, they see that she is insensible to pain, for the flame of a taper held in her hand touches, without burning the tender flesh. The mysterious grotto becomes a shrine. Bernadette solicits and obtains graces and favors for many. Miracle! Mercy! The whole country has but one voice, and that rises up in enthusiastic praise of our dear Lady of Lourdes. And yet I am wrong. Against her were arrayed all the powers of this world. They came, they were indignant—they essayed to prevent the apparitions, and to put an end to the miracles. They closed the grotto and forbade entrance to the mysterious fountain. The police watched, the process began. They arraigned those who published the wonders of Lourdes as guilty of disseminating false statements. God was prohibited from consoling man, and Bernadette prevented from seeing his Divine Mother. O fools! They barred out all ingress to the grotto, nailing strong planks before it, with the vain dream that they could bar out the light from on high. As well might they have placed sentinels on the mountain's summit to prevent the sun in its splendor from rising to illumine the world. As foolish, nay, even more so, are those men of our day who strike out the name of God from the text books, never seeing that they cannot banish it from the Book of the Heavens, never thinking that the stars proclaim it, and that, too, far better than the language of mankind.

Well! Bernadette exiled from the grotto will still behold Mary, and this eighteenth, this final apparition of Our Lady, will be the protestation of heaven against the vain powers of earth and—of hell. It was the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, the evening of July 16. The child yields to the mysterious attraction which calls her. She goes, followed by three companions. She descends the shore opposite the cave, kneels before the grotto, and the ecstacy begins. The grotto, the torrent, the shores, all have vanished. Bernadette sees Mary, nothing but Mary—Mary with her white robe, her veil, her blue girdle, the halo, her benign look, and her smiles, whose sweetness whispered of heaven. Her companions saw that she was in an ecstacy, and rejoiced. Her pale face was illumined with celestial light, whilst the bliss with which her soul was replenished shone forth in her eyes, and her half opened lips. Never had the Blessed Virgin appeared in such splendor, never before had the witnesses so clearly perceived the reflection of her glory. She, who for five months had manifested herself to Bernadette with the assurance: "*I am the Immaculate Conception*," now desired to appear for the last time in all the glory of Carmel, all the more beautiful, the more radiant, the more consoling that the powers of this world had forbidden her to appear, and prohibited Bernadette from seeing her again. Raise up barriers against heaven, children of men, your vain efforts fall to the ground. You can do nothing against the sun which gives you light, nor the atmosphere which surrounds you. All is over. You are conquered.

Yes, they must needs resign themselves. The grotto is again opened, the miracles continue. The "water of Lourdes" taken to two worlds restores health to the sick, opens the eyes of the incredulous, converts sinners, and causes all to bless the name of our "Lady of Lourdes." For twenty-five years has this prodigy lasted, and the prodigy is ever the same. What do I say? It has matured and developed, and has produced an utter transformation in the place. The little hamlet has merged itself into a populous town. Shrines are counted by thousands, and pilgrims by millions. Each pilgrimage has its history, and that history is almost always that of a miracle. Count those who bear witness to our Lady of Lourdes—the blind who see, the lame who walk, the deaf who hear, the dying who are called back, even from death's opening portals, the sinners who are drawn back from the very gates of hell. Health, life, joy, families blessed, souls saved, behold the cortege of the Divine Mother. All the flowers, all the fruits of which to-day's epistle sings, you may gather at Lourdes.

1. "My flowers are the fruit of honor and riches." Eccl. xxiv. 23. Noble fear, fair love, divine science, holy hope—all elevated sentiments. They are conceived here, and may they become acclimated in the soul.

2. "I am the Mother of fair love, and of fear, of knowledge and of holy hope." Those have come here who have wandered away—they have retraced their steps. The despairing have sought this sanctuary, their fainting hearts have been consoled. And to those who believed neither in virtue, nor in truth, nor in a supernatural life, our Lady in her own favored shrine has obtained for them all those graces again. "*In me is all grace of the way and of the truth, in me is all hope of life and of virtue.*"

3. O! ye incredulous! O! ye sinners, O! ye just! Come pass by the way, and you will taste here of grace sweeter far than honey. "*For my spirit is sweet above honey.*"

4. To listen to our Lady of Lourdes is to place one's self in a sure refuge, to secure a haven where confusion cannot enter, to repose where noisy tumult dare not come. To hope in her! *There* is the blest assurance that you will be preserved from falling into sin. "*He who hears me shall not be confounded, and they who work with me shall not sin.*"

All those who have tasted of this fountain return to the blessed waters, so great is their thirst for the hope and consolation they impart. "*Those who drink of me shall still thirst.*" Doctors and learned men, preachers of the divine word, directors of souls! penetrate, explore, taste, explain the mystery of these waters. After twenty-five years when all has been said, everything still remains to be told. Speak, preach, add hour by hour to the praises of Mary, and sermon to sermon on her glory! Awaken the censure of the impious, and the admiration of the good. You are in the place where nature and grace, amazed at their proximity, discover something mysterious that unites them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Something About the Life and Spirit of St. Philip Neri.

*(Written for the Carmelite Review by a Father of the London Oratory.)*

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

WONDER, fear, devotion held the witnesses in silence till the physician spoke to the Saint, asking what had happened. Philip sank down to his bed, and said: "Did you not then see the Mother of God come to visit me, and to take away all my pains?" Coming more to himself, he saw how many persons were around, and in holy confusion hid his face and burst into a flood of tears. After a while the doctor checked him, fearing he would do himself an injury: "No more, father, no more." Philip then with a bright and joyous countenance spoke openly: "I do not need you any longer now: the Madonna Santissima came to me and has cured me." They found that he was completely restored to perfect health.

In vain did the Saint implore them to keep his secret: they felt compelled to publish the glad news, and from the Sovereign Pontiff downwards all rejoiced, and yet were not surprised, for all knew his sanctity and his devotion to our Lady. We may thus claim the Blessed Virgin herself as a witness to the devotion of her servant.

In concluding these remarks on the Life of Saint Philip, it may be well to add that the many other canonized saints of the same period, and even Philip's own personal friends amongst them, have not been unmentioned through forgetfulness or lack of reverence. The aspect of St. Philip, to which we venture to draw attention, is the joy and solace that he was to the Church of God, living as he lived, in Rome, the Centre of Christianity, the very Heart of the Church. There, he revived the piety of clergy and laity, brought about a reform without mentioning the word. Earnest and zealous as Savanarola—whose likeness he kept by him, as he would a saint's—he had a gentler, meeker, more obedient, Christ-like spirit, which proved irresistible, which was caught by a S. Francis de Sales, a S. Alphonso Liguori, which even in our own day has guided the pen of a Faber. The Apostle of Rome inaugurated that system of bright, sensible sunshiny piety, which has won the hearts of the laity, and has ranged those who live in the world beside the religious orders in the spiritual combat for perfection. This will appear, we dare to hope, in the lessons gathered from his Life.

## CHAPTER II.

### SOMETHING ABOUT S. PHILIP'S SPIRIT.

#### *S. Philip's View of the World.*

The first striking fact about S. Philip is this—he had no personal quarrel with the world. It never harmed him, it never worsted him in fight, nor forced him to flee from it for security as so many saints have done. He always spoke of himself as of one who had not left the world—for want of courage, he would playfully pretend—but we know that in reality he was instructed miraculously what was the will of God about his state of life. He was not to quit the world. As a child, he was in it innocently and joyously, a chosen vessel of gravity and sweetness. He could enjoy a game, as well as any boy. "He had a quick intelligence, a pleasing, gentle disposition, he was well made, and of attractive manners." He had his nick-names, "Good Pippo," when little, "Good Philip" after that, till the time came when people only knew him as "Father Philip." Neither from circumstances, nor from character was he compelled to hate and avoid the world: and yet, for all that, no saint ever more thoroughly despised it. That is to say, he despised its riches, honors, pleasures—all its vain trickeries and delusions, utterly, supremely, but with good-humored, fearless contempt, which was better than sermons to open peoples' eyes. Not out of harshness or sternness did he feel thus, but simply because he had better, and brighter, and more beautiful things to care about. What was the world to one who could say with meaning such as his: "Paradise! Paradise!"

He despised riches. His uncle offers the youth a large fortune, with the prospect of a splendid start in life and a prosperous career: but he scarcely condescends to talk about it, while instantly declining the proposal. *His* wealth is in the Cross: and instead of book-keeping and money-making, he is out on the lofty mountains which overlook the Tyrrhenian Sea, not gazing on its blue

expanse of waters, but lost in prayer at the foot of a Crucifix planted on the craggy cliff—there he kneels and prays, heedless and unconscious of the salutes of the white-sailed vessels underneath, which fail not to greet that Crucifix as they glide past the coast of Gaeta's bay.

He despised learning that was mere literature and served only the purpose of ostentation. Of study and science, though endowed with rare mental powers and gifts, he took only so much as would serve his needs in working for souls, preferring to lecture room and university the silent corridors of the catacombs.

He despised honors, for, he chose a lowly occupation, and earned his bread as a poor young tutor, taking charge of two little boys. And in after-life, when dignities, even the highest in the church, came dangerously near, terribly close, he could defend himself with a laugh and a jest, instead of the tears and alarms of so many saints.

He despised pleasures. He hardly ever condescended to notice such a thing, unless perhaps the pleasure afforded by music and by scenery. As a matter of course, he fared badly and treated himself with constant disregard of comfort and convenience—not so much out of the spirit of penance and mortification, as out of imitation of Christ and forgetfulness of self. In fact, his innocence, his dearness to God, his heavenly favors, the burning fires of the Holy Ghost glowing perpetually in his palpitating heart, his visions of Mary, his raptures in prayer, his ecstatic experiences, his tasting so constantly the sweetness of the Body and Blood of Jesus—all made him so lofty, so noble, so heavenly-minded, that sin could not take hold of him; the devil, who, of course, hated him, rather persecuted than seriously tempted Philip. What chance had the evil one with him who used to say: "I find nothing in this world that pleases me, and this pleases me most of all?"

There was no disheartening austerity, there were no stern, repelling ways about the Saint who emerged from the dark catacombs with a message from heaven to the world. It was a bright, glad message, and we have been grateful for it ever since; and we cherish the memory of the smiles and playfulness with which he gave it. Many, doubtless, were the secrets between God and His trusted servant; but some truths God told him, not to keep secret, but to proclaim aloud, and chiefest truth of all was this—this great, consoling truth, which came from the lips of the Apostle of Rome like a very Revelation. He declared, that God did not require men and women, in order to become good, pious and saintly, to leave the world. He said: "Let persons in the world sanctify themselves in their own houses: for neither the court, nor professions, nor labor are any hindrance to the service of God." A new revelation! for, saints had been almost teaching that no one could be saved in the world, that no one could gain perfection in the secular state: while Philip came forward, a man speaking with the simplicity of the Gospel, and told men and women among whom he lived in the spirit of the Gospel, not to fear to remain in their state of life, to stop where they were, and try to be perfect and aspire to love God as much as St. Peter and St. Paul loved Him. Philip's dislike of change was notorious: he considered it a thing to be avoided, and he kept in the world many people who wanted to become monks and nuns.

In accordance with what has been said, St. Philip formed his congregation of the Oratory. I do not use the word *founded*, because he tells us that our Lady is our Foundress—he formed the Institute, so far as he had any view about it, to help those who have to live in the world. He intended his sons to have their churches and houses in great cities. He was large-hearted, tolerant, without military precision, without a regimental standard to which all must alike conform. He encouraged and developed in each that drawing, that devotion which God had "divided to each as He chose."

TO BE CONTINUED.

RENEW every day your resolution of aiming at perfection.

THERE are many things which seem to us misfortunes, and which we call such, which we would consider graces if we understood the designs of God.

PRAYER teaches us the science of Jesus Christ, which is the love of the cross, poverty, patience, mortification, and the love of being despised.

Carmelite Review.

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## "QUID RETRIBUAM DOMINO?"

A CARMELITE'S OFFERING TO OUR LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY, SEPT. 8.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

What shall I render to the Lord
For all His gifts to thee,
O Morning Star, whose silvery light
Shines o'er life's troubled sea?

No virgin-gold, nor jewels rare,
Nor flowers with perfume sweet,
Will be the offering I will lay
My mother, at His feet.

I'll offer Him the Angels' praise,
The Saints' ecstatic love,
The sighing of expectant souls
In their bright home above.

I'll lay upon the Altar-fire
The incense of earth's prayer:
Its perfumed clouds to Heaven will rise
And blend with homage there.

I'll take the Chalice of my Lord
The Blood of His own Heart,
It flowed from thine, Immaculate!
And made thee all thou art.

I'll call upon the Sacred Name,
Which thou wert first to hear,
When Angel-lips its music breathed
Upon thy listening ear.

And I will praise the Father's power,
The Wisdom of the Son,
The sweetness of the Love divine,
Which all for thee has done.

O Mother! listen to His voice,
It spoke on Calvary,
And gave me to thy loving care,
Thy Son, thy Priest, to be.

Oh! light me with a gentle ray,
Illume the path I trod,
'Tis strewn with thorns, but it will lead
My soul to thee and God.

Let me be Christ-like in my love
Of souls, for whom He died,
And lead them on with toil and care
To rest by thy dear side.

And nearer, nearer to His Heart
Lead thou my own each day;
Oh! may it love and strive to reach
Its bright home far away.

O Mother! O Immaculate!
I praise thee but "in part:"
Do thou accept the love, the praise
Of Jesus' Sacred Heart.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

Dublin, Ireland.

## SUSTAIN THOU ME.

BY HENRY COYLE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

I.

When I am tossed upon life's sea,
Where dark affliction's surges roll,
O Mary then sustain thou me,
And give fresh vigor to my soul.

II.

When sorrow veils and clouds the sky,
And joy's bright current runneth slow,
The radiance of thy star is nigh
To soothe, relieve and cheer my woe.

III.

With thee, O may my spirit rise,
When borne on life's tempestuous wave,
Until at last it mounts the skies,
Triumphant over Death's dark grave!

FAITH and prayer will alone endure in that last dark hour when satan urges all his powers and resources against the sinking soul.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

# JAMES A. McMASTER,

*Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.*

Edited by REV. MARK S. GROSS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

## CHAPTER II.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT LED TO McMASTER'S CAREER AS A CATHOLIC JOURNALIST.—HIS TRIP TO EUROPE.—CARDINAL NEWMAN AND McMASTER.—HIS INTIMATES, WADHAMS, WALWORTH AND HECKER.—HE ENTERS THE NOVITIATE OF THE REDEMPTORISTS TO BECOME A LAY-BROTHER. — HIS PROVIDENTIAL CALL TO JOURNALISM. — ARCHBISHOP HUGHES AND McMASTER.—HE IS, AT FIRST, SUB-EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, THE REV. JAS. ROOSEVELT BAILEY, D. D., BEING CHIEF EDITOR.

GOD does not guide all souls in the same manner. There are many before whose view he opens out but one path; they find themselves on it of necessity and without choice. They are thus freed from all responsibility and perplexity in ascertaining the divine will. Their heavenly Father has Himself put them upon the road which they should travel.

But there are others whom He seems to leave entirely to their own ignorance. He knows, indeed, the precise position of life in which He would have them serve Him. His graces await them, and all is prepared along their path just as preparations are made along a road on which a prince is about to pass. But to ascertain the divine will is often an affair of great difficulty. When a youth makes his final choice of a state of life, he knows that upon that act he stakes his happiness in this world and in the next. No wonder then that the choice of a state of life is regarded as a vital question. It is also the dividing line between the dependence of childhood and the responsibility of manhood. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that we make no mistake in the choice of a state of life, but above all things, no one should dare enter the ecclesiastical state unless clearly called thereto by God Himself.

When a government levies soldiers to recruit an army for war, it must have weapons wherewith to arm them. It would be absurd to send soldiers to battle without arms. It would be simply to sacrifice its men to no purpose, and to invite defeat. Surely God acts with at least equal wisdom. "God does not call," says St. Bernardine of Sienna, "without giving, at the same time, to those whom he calls, all that is necessary to accomplish the end for which He calls them." (Serm. I. de S. Joseph.) If God, then, call a young man to a certain state or position in life, He gives him the physical, intellectual, and moral qualities necessary for that state or position of life: that is, God endows him with the ability to perform the duties of that state or position in life. With regard to *ability*, the physical constitution of James A. McMaster was very strong. He was a commanding figure on the street. He was more than six feet in height, of large, but spare frame, and until within a period of two or three years before his death, he walked as firmly and as erect as an athlete.

As to his mental qualities, they were extraordinary. He was endowed with an unusual power of intellect, a remarkably sound, practical judgment, and an astonishing retentiveness of memory.

As to his moral qualities, he was blessed with great love for truth, and with an intrepid courage to make it known and to defend it. He feared no mere man, and he was as courageous to dispute in a crowd on matters of personal conviction as he was through the medium of his pen. He was of social disposition, and was accustomed to resort to places where men were wont to assemble, who have opinions to express, or to gather the ideas of their fellow-citizens on matters of public discussion. In the Astor House he was often to be found in the centre of an interested group. Bad language was his only bane in such a place. He would, without hesitation, rebuke the profane and vulgar tongue. McMaster seemed to have had all the physical, intellectual, and moral qualities required in a candidate for the priesthood.

So, in the beginning of August, 1845,

about two months after his reception into the Church, James A. McMaster sailed for St. Trond, Belgium, where he purposed entering the novitiate of the Redemptorist Congregation. He was accompanied by Isaac T. Hecker, afterwards Father Hecker, and Clarence of Walworth, later Father Walworth, who, along with McMaster, formed a part of the advance towards Catholicity in this country, which corresponded with the "Oxford movement" in England. On his way to Belgium McMaster went to Littlemore, to the Monastery, of which Dr. Newman was the head. He always gave a most interesting account (of which, it is to be regretted, there appears to be no written memorandum) of his meeting with the late Cardinal, and likewise with Dalgairns. His stay was shortened by an incident which reveals the character of each, the Cardinal and McMaster—the courtesy and kindness of heart of the one, the humility of the other. McMaster was awakened on the morning after his arrival by a slight noise in his room, and there, on his knees before the open grate, was Dr. Newman in the act of lighting a fire. This was too much for McMaster, and he left the Monastery that day. He could not endure to have a man, whom he considered superior to himself in other ways beside the point of age, waiting on him.

McMaster spent about a year in the novitiate at St. Trond.

"The novice master easily comprehended McMaster—an over-frank temperament, impulsive and demonstrative. Not only were his banners always hanging on the outer wall, but his plan of campaign also." —(*Catholic World, 1891, p. 897.*)

McMaster always looked back with love and gratitude to those happy days. He felt he had acquired habits of practical piety which he would otherwise probably never have attained. He often said he had never felt a call to the priesthood, but that he was so overpowered with the thought of the wonderful mercy and goodness of God in his regard that he longed to sacrifice himself to Him in return. He was in hopes that the Fathers would at length be persuaded to receive him as a lay-brother, which was all he had aspired to, from the beginning. But towards the close of the year, he was finally convinced that this was not the will of God for him. His master of novices, Father Ottman, (whom he never mentioned but in terms of great love and respect, and whom he would affirm had died in the odor of sanctity) prophesied to him in the confessional, that "*he would return to America and become a Catholic journalist, and would lead many souls to God.*" McMaster rose to his feet in indignation, exclaiming: "*Become a journalist! I would rather pick rags!*" But it turned out as the good Father had said.

He always retained his love and veneration for St. Alphonsus and his congregation, and ever declared how much he owed to his novitiate at St. Trond. He said that if he had not a vocation to the religious life he had had one to the novitiate. The picture of St. Alphonsus he kept hanging in his study-room. His book, "Visits to the Blessed Sacrament," he carried in his pocket. Not long after his return to his country, McMaster felt convinced that God had called him to be a Catholic journalist. He was in possession of Catholic truth. He was ever so thankful to God who had bestowed upon him the free gift of divine Catholic faith in an extraordinary degree. His Protestant acquaintances and also many other enemies of the Catholic Church, soon gave him occasion to defend it. It was his greatest pleasure to make it known and to uphold it, no matter what the consequences might be for him. It was this way, he thought, that he could best show his gratitude to God for having called him from the darkness of sin and heresy to the light of the Catholic faith.

"Alas! a man must be really indifferent to God and religion; he must be without heart and without reason to tolerate quietly religious errors. It is in the very nature of every honest man when he has the truth, to guard it with jealous watchfulness, and to repel with indignation every admixture of falsehood.

"Look at the teacher of mathematics, when he discovers an error in the calculation of his pupils, does he not condemn it—is he not intolerant?

"Look at the musician, the leader of a choir—is he not indignant when some one sings flat or out of time?

"Look at the lawyer who has carefully studied the laws and is eloquently pleading his case. He quotes a certain law. He has read it even that very morning. Suppose you tell him that no such law ever existed. Is he not indignant at your denial? Is he not jealous of what he knows to be the truth?

"Look at that experienced physician. Try if you can to make him believe that un-

natural sins will not hurt the nervous system. You may as well try to convince him that poison will not kill.

"Every honest man guards the truth with the most jealous care, and will you blame the good Catholic for jealously guarding the highest truth—that truth which God Himself has revealed—that truth upon which depends our whole happiness, here and hereafter."

"A thing," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "becomes impure by mixing it with a worse substance, as, for instance, gold mixed with brass, or silver with lead. In like manner truth loses the splendor of its purity by mixing it with error. McMaster knew full well that this compounding, this system of base compromise, was the foul source whence Protestantism arose and by which it is propagated.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# FATHER PANNETIER.

## A Carmelite Martyr of the Reign of Terror.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY REV. A. E. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

THIS year we celebrate the Centenary of the death of this great Carmelite. France was an object of terror from the year 1789 to 1794. During this time it became a prey to all that is wild and terrible, destructive and doleful in human nature. Man was arrayed against man, father against son, and son against father. Honor, virtue, truth, common honesty, and civil respect, were trampled in the dust: gruesome, brutal passion, vice and wickedness were triumphant. All the intelligent, noble-minded, truthful—all lovers of order, social prosperity and honor were put into prison, or led to execution. In this terrible upheaval of society the Carmelites suffered dreadfully, both nuns and priests.

At Compiegne, in 1794, fourteen nuns and two servants were put to death in the most cruel manner, all the more cruel because of their helplessness.

Nothing more heroic can be found in the pages of history than the way these great souls gave up their lives for Christ. On the scaffold they sang the "Te Deum" and embraced and encouraged each other. The Prioress, like the mother of the Maccabees, asked leave to die last. St. Teresa received their souls into heaven.

Father Pannetier was a member of the great Carmelite Convent of Bordeaux. This convent was founded, some say, in 1100; others say in 1234. Its foundation was very remarkable. Bordeaux was attacked by Count d'Armagnac, on the part of the King of Spain, on the occasion of the marriage of one of his relatives with the daughter of Henry II, King of England. The city was reduced almost to despair, when the Count offered to decide its fate by single combat between a giant of his army and any one the city might select to fight him. The inhabitants were in great confusion as to what was to be done, when Sir Lalande accepted the challenge. This great and valiant knight had a tender and fervent devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, as all the English had at that time. He vowed to build a church and convent in her honor, if by her intercession, he triumphed over his strong adversary. He defeated the Spanish champion, freed the city, and built the church and convent, as he had vowed to do.

St. Simon Stock, to whom the Blessed Virgin gave the scapular, died and was buried in this convent. There also was buried his secretary, Father Swaynton, who wrote the life of St. Simon Stock. In this convent also lived St. Peter Thomas, Carmelite, and Father John Cheron, who defended the Brown Scapular against the infamous attacks of the Gallican, Launoy.

Father Pannetier was born in this city in 1718. He was the son of very pious parents. At a very early age he joined the Carmelite Order. He was a great student, became profoundly learned, and at the same time was deeply devoted to Our Lady. He wrote a beautiful treatise on the Scapular, which is still in use in many parts of France. His cousin, Teresa Thiae, a Tertiary of the Order, was first tried by the Revolutionary Committee and condemned to death. Father Pannetier's turn came next. The informer Lacombe was both judge and jury in the case. Our holy martyr was condemned on the 21st of July, and was martyred on the next day, the 22nd of July, 1794. Lacombe himself was soon after guillotined, as a just punishment for his deeds. The daughter of this infamous man became the scandal of the city, and after a life of infamy and shame, died an awful death in blasphemy and despair.

# The Order, the Scapular and the Hospice of Mt. Carmel.

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE HOSPICE ON THE 16TH OF JULY, 1894, BY REV. FATHER RAPHAEL FUHR, O. S. F.

*Most Rev. Archbishop, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, Most Beloved Brethren of the Laity:*

IT is indeed a very pleasant and gracious task that I am called upon to perform, to address you on this festive occasion, and thus to contribute—a little at least—to the greater praise and glory of the Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven. Gladly do I lay my mite at the feet of our Lady of Mt. Carmel, whose feast we solemnize to-day, whom to honor you are assembled here from various portions of our country.

You have come to witness the laying of the corner-stone of the Hospice of Mt. Carmel, which will prove a blessing to the Dominion and the States, and which could not and cannot fail to meet with the approbation and encouragement of all who are interested in the salvation of souls. You have come, moreover, to visit that humble and yet so glorious shrine of our Lady of Peace, erected in a locality, where nature most lavishly unfolds its beauty and grandeur, where the Creator Himself has clothed all the surrounding scenery in a garb of transcendent loveliness, "where," —to use the words of your most beloved Archbishop—"nature itself invites to solemn thought and serious reflections, and where, in very deed, one hears 'The voice of the Lord upon the waters.'" With all right, then, I consider this day one of the happiest and most privileged of my life, being allowed to address you on this solemn occasion, and at this sacred spot,—insignificant though it be in a worldly way, but rich in spiritual benefits to devout worshippers.

May you all, then, as faithful and devout clients of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel, fully avail yourselves of the great spiritual favors granted to this sacred place. May the visit of this holy spot, where God manifests Himself in such incomparable majesty and grandeur, bring peace and happiness into your souls: may the beautiful rainbow that spans the Cataract, be the sign of peace between God and every christian heart that takes recourse to her to whom that sanctuary yonder is consecrated and to whom this new building will be consecrated, to our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

*Dearly Beloved in Christ:*

Ever since Mary pronounced the memorable and prophetic words: "Henceforth all generations will call me blessed,"—the faithful of all nations and ranks, of every age and sex, have united in ardent zeal in praising and venerating the Divine Mother.

All arts have entered into the services of the Queen of Heaven. Innumerable churches, chapels,—yea cities, countries and nations, have chosen Mary as their patroness. Countless societies and devotions have been established under her name and assistance. Like a fresh and beautiful wreath of flowers do the numerous festivals of the Blessed Virgin encircle the ecclesiastical year. Who is able to count the prayers that are daily ascending to heaven in honor of the ever-blessed Mother of God? Three times a day does the angelical salutation throughout the world recall, by the sound of the bell, the commemoration of her greatest honor and dignity, as Mother of God. The Rosary announces her honor and praise daily in millions and millions of Catholic homes and families. In the well-known litany she is laden with honors and praise as with so many glittering diamonds, so many precious and shining stones.

Every day witnesses the fulfillment of her prophetic words: "Behold! from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Ever new and fresh garlands does faithful Christendom place at the feet of the ever-blessed and gracious Virgin! And among these there is the devotion of which the present festival vividly reminds us, a devotion as simple as it is powerful, a devotion as universal as it is dear to every Catholic heart—the holy devotion of the Scapular of our Lady of Mount Carmel, a devotion, in which more or less culminates the veneration of the ever-blessed Virgin.

No doubt you all enjoy the great honor of being enrolled in the Confraternity of the

Scapular, and of wearing the badge, the livery of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. No matter how appropriate therefore and how useful it might be—time does not allow to show you the preciousness and excellency of the Scapular of the ever-blessed Virgin of Mt. Carmel. I only can remind you of the fact that the Scapular came from Heaven, that it was given us by the Queen of all Saints through the hands of Saints, holy Carmelites, as a sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, as the "pledge of a special peace and of her never-ceasing protection." You all know, how the Sovereign Pontiff placed upon it the seal of his approbation, and encircled it with rich indulgences, an example which his successors have, up to the present day, followed with unvarying unanimity. No wonder, then, that the greatest kings, and queens and emperors, generals and statesmen, popes, cardinals, bishops and priests, religious of both sexes and of every order and congregation, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the learned, as well as the illiterate, vied with each other in procuring this badge, this "sign of salvation," that they might be under her protection and have a claim to her favors. Authorized and encouraged by the popes, the devotion spread rapidly in every Catholic country of the world. Pope Sixtus V instituted the Feast of the Scapular with its Mass and office for the Carmelite Order. Benedict XIII made it an universal one for the whole Catholic world, and thus to-day thousands and millions of faithful clients of Mary join us in one grand chorus to sing the praises of our Lady of Mt. Carmel. According to the latest statistics there are over one hundred millions invested in the Brown Scapular all over the world. Belonging to their number, let us vie with each other in showing our zeal for the glory of the most Holy Virgin by wearing this habit as a testimony of our devotion to her. By wearing the Scapular we render to Mary a public homage. When we were about to consecrate ourselves to the Mother of God, to receive solemnly at the foot of the altar the Scapular, the sign of our consecration to her, to wear it in her honor all the days of our life, we were no longer satisfied to love her only in the secret of our heart, we made, as it were, an open profession of that love, And as the patriarch Jacob, gave his favorite son Joseph, a many-colored tunic as a sign of special love; and as Elias, ascending to heaven, bestowed his cloak upon Elisaeus as a sign of the descent upon him of his own spirit, so Mary bestowed upon us her Scapular, the badge of her order, as an external mark or sign, that we have been enlisted under the banner of the Queen of Heaven, as knights bound to her honor and service.

By wearing this pledge of our loyalty, we moreover render to our Lady a continual homage. The other devotions to Mary are annexed to certain times or places: the devotion of the Scapular, however, belongs to all times and all places. Always and everywhere my little Scapular pleads with her for me, recommends me to her tenderness, tells her that I love her, and that I confide all my interest to her maternal care, reminds her that I have a claim to her special protection.

Indeed, a most consoling thought! And what does Mary promise you on account of this "covenant of peace and everlasting alliance?" She has promised you three great favors: She will protect you in danger: she will help you to die well: she will promptly and efficaciously aid you after death. Listen to her own words, with which on July 16, 1251, she presented the Scapular to the holy Carmelite, St. Simon Stock. She said: "My son, receive this Scapular as a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and all the children of Carmel. Whoever shall die invested with it, shall be preserved from eternal hell-fire. Behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the pledge of a special peace, and of my never-ceasing protection."

Dearly beloved, could any promise, any favor be more valuable, more precious than this? Yes, Mary will protect you in all dangers of body and soul—as may be proved from hundreds and hundreds of examples: she will help you to die well, she will even —as she revealed to Pope John XXII. 50 years after the apparition to St. Simon Stock) assist and console you, as children of Carmel, when detained in purgatory, and as your tender Mother, she will descend into purgatory on the Saturday after your death, and "will deliver you and bring you to the holy mountain in the happy sojourn of eternal life."

With a childlike and affectionate devo-

tion, wear then, the Scapular,—wear it in the right way, *i. e.*, on your shoulders, and wear it always, day and night, in sickness and in health; never leave your home, never go on a voyage, never undertake any important or dangerous task, without wearing that "safeguard in danger," the holy Scapular. And you, christian parents, instil into the hearts of your young children a tender devotion towards Mary, have them received into the Scapular,—their innocent childhood is no bar to the reception of the Scapular—thus it will obtain many graces for you as well as for them, it will prevent many a danger, it will infallibly draw down upon you her love, and—through her prayers—the grace of repentance and perseverance.

One more privilege I must mention, which the wearers of the Brown Scapular enjoy; they share in all the prayers, suffrages, masses, penances, communions, good works, etc., of the three branches of the venerable Carmelite Order. Think of it for a moment, now, during your lifetime, and particularly after your death—when your bones are mouldering in the grave and your soul is suffering excruciating pains in the flames of purgatory, when perhaps you are forgotten by the whole world—you share in all the good works of the whole Carmelite Order. Their works will plead for you. Indeed, an inexpressibly great privilege.

The order of the Carmelites is the oldest and most venerable order in the Catholic Church. The Popes Sixtus IV, and Gregory XIII, and Clement VIII, in their Bulls, declared that "the Sacred Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mt. Carmel, which now flourishes in God's Church, and the members of it, are the lawful successors of the Holy Prophets Elias and Elisaeus." And in St. Peter's Church, in Rome, you will find a statue of St. Elias, (erected with the permission of Pope Benedict XIII) bearing the inscription: "Founder and Patriarch of the Carmelites." The saints and blessed whom this order has produced, are almost countless, and their great characteristics are best embodied in the few words: A great love of God and zeal for His glory; an ardent love for the Blessed Virgin; an undaunted courage in defence of the Church; a love, boundless and fervent for prayer, penance and humility. Again we find in this venerable order men illustrious in every branch of science and knowledge, whose writings would fill whole libraries, and on every possible conceivable subject, from the writings of the prophets down to St. Theresa, the Mystic Doctor, as she is styled and represented in St. Peter's at Rome: St. John of the Cross, an angel of light, whose brilliancy shall never fade, to the authors of the great course of theology, known as Salmanticenses, and many others.

Again: The Carmelites, at various times, suffered much for God and His Church. They were persecuted for centuries in the east, and died in such numbers that a writer has said: "Count the stars, and you can count the Saints of the Carmelite Order." Under Turks, Jews and barbarians, they suffered for the Faith, and flying from the east and coming to the west, their persecutions did not cease. In England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany and Switzerland, they suffered dreadfully, particularly in the times of the so-called Reformation. Belgium, and Holland, and Spain, have the same tale of woe to tell. Now, thank God, better times have come: they flourish in the old country, and in the new colonies of America and Australia they are cherished with great love and esteem.

Yes, the Catholic people esteem and venerate the Carmelites, and justly so; for as children of Mary, wearing her Scapular, they have become Carmelites themselves in some sense of the word, and they love and venerate each other without distinction, because of the bond that unites them, namely, Mary.

There are two prominent features or characteristics in the history of the Carmelites which I should not pass over in silence. The first is the close relation which they bear to the Blessed Virgin. It is a tradition among them that their order was founded in honor of the Immaculate Virgin long before she had appeared in this world. During the lifetime of the Blessed Virgin, in the year 58, these same religious built the first chapel ever erected in her honor, on Mt. Carmel. On account of this intense devotion to their Queen, they were generally known as the "Brothers of the Blessed Virgin Mary." And as later on, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, (1317 at Chester, Eng.) many took offence at this title used by the friars, and in consequence

treated them with contempt, Mary was not slow in coming to the defence of her favorite order, showing by a miracle how pleased she was with the title of "Brothers of the Blessed Virgin of Mt. Carmel," which the Carmelites had assumed. For, when the Carmelites in a public procession, whilst passing a statue of the Blessed Virgin, bowed their heads in veneration, saluting it with an "Ave Maria," the statue likewise bowed its head, stretched forth its finger, and pointing to the Carmelites, repeated thrice in a distinct voice: "Behold, these my brethren!" And was it not finally a crowning proof of Mary's love for her favorite order, when she bequeathed to them, in the person of St. Simon Stock, one of the saintly Generals of the Carmelite Order, that what she herself called "the sign of her confraternity," the Scapular, "that sign of salvation," "that safeguard in danger," that "pledge of peace and everlasting alliance?"

The Carmelites, when coming to this country, have not lost that characteristic, that prerogative of their order, namely, love and devotion to Mary. The American Province is known as the "Province of the Most Pure Heart of Mary." And the first and only Canadian house of the Carmelites and their little Church yonder, is dedicated to "our Lady the Queen of Peace."

This spot, on which you stand, was made holy by its consecration to "our Lady the Queen of Peace," at the time of the civil war in the States, to obtain through Mary's powerful intercession, that the deadly feud between brother and brother, might soon be brought to an end:—it was made still holier by the solemn and definite ratification of this sacred purpose through its erection into a favored place of pilgrimage by His Holiness Pope Pius IX of sacred memory, who also endowed it with all the privileges of the European sanctuaries.

And only two years ago the present Pontiff, Leo XIII, showing his love and affection for the Carmelite Order, has taken quite an unprecedented step, by conceding to this shrine (and to all the Carmelite Churches) the same precious privileges granted to the Franciscan Churches on August 2nd, known by the name of "Portiuncula Indulgence." Hence all the faithful of both sexes, truly penitent, after worthily receiving the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, may gain a plenary indulgence as often as they visit this church from after the first vespers of the feast, that is, from the afternoon of July 15th, (about 2 p. m.) until sunset of the next day, July 16th: provided that at each visit they offer some prayers for the intentions of the Supreme Pontiff, according to each one's convenience and devotion. May you all, dearly beloved in Christ, as faithful and devout clients of our Blessed Lady, fully avail yourselves of this great and latest spiritual favor granted to this sacred shrine by the present gloriously reigning Vicar of Christ. Try to gain as many indulgences as possible, one for yourselves, the others to be applied to the poor souls in purgatory. Is there one among you that has not lost by death at least one soul dear to them, be it a good father, a kind mother, a faithful brother or loving sister, or a good friend. They may be suffering excruciating pains in the flames of purgatory: they may have waited for this day that you might help them by your prayers, and by the indulgences you gain in their behalf. See how they stretch forth their hands, how they in their misery cry out: "Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, at least you my friends."

May you therefore remember this pious duty to-day, and in your mercy make good use of the treasures of God's graces laid into your hands by Him who said "Whatsoever you do to the least of my brethren, you do unto me." But let me not detain you any longer: let me only briefly remind you of that second prominent feature, of the second characteristic of the order of the Carmelites. It is their great Christian-like, unbounded hospitality. The old monasteries have always been renowned for their hospitality, and Mount Carmel was, and is, no exception. From the day on which St. John, the Baptist sought its shelter while fleeing from his persecutors till now, it has never lost its reputation as a Hospice, *i. e.*, as an asylum wherein were found not only rest and food for the weary body, but peace and solace for the troubled soul. How many would wish to withdraw from their distracting surroundings and seek refuge in such a haven of rest? But distance, expense and want of time prevent it.

The Carmelite Fathers of this place, ever true and faithful to the traditions of their

venerable order, are about to reproduce in this country a faithful copy of the Hospice of Mount Carmel proper, and to-day we are assembled to witness the solemn laying of the corner-stone of the new Hospice by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Toronto, who from the very beginning has taken an intense interest in the erection of this Hospice.

Following the example of the Catholic Church, who always sought the most beautiful and romantic places to erect monasteries and churches to the service of God: following the example of Christ Himself, who retired to the mountain to pray, who sought the solitude of Thabor to manifest His glory, and the beautiful garden of Gethsemane to pour forth His sorrows into the bosom of His Father, and following the example of our forefathers, who erected their monasteries in clefts overlooking the mighty ocean, where the Monks sat and contemplated God in the fearful storms and in the raging waves that dashed over the rocks—the Carmelite Fathers have wisely chosen Niagara Falls as the most suitable spot on which to erect their Hospice.

This house, indeed, will be a house of God, a holy place, where the prayers and supplications of the pious Monks shall ascend, like the spray cloud of the Falls, to the throne of the Most High for themselves and their kind benefactors.

It will be a gate of heaven, where the pious pilgrim, be he a prelate or priest of the Church, or a simple layman, may in holy retreat enjoy for a time heavenly peace, a foretaste of heaven.

Here the weary wayfarer, the fatigued and forlorn pilgrim, will find rest for body and soul: here he may rest for a while: here he may sharpen his weapons anew for the threefold struggle against the world, the flesh and the devil, that is awaiting him in the world: here instructions, sermons, the altar, the confessional, the example of the good, all will help to strengthen and elevate him: cleansed from his sins, reconciled to his God and consoled in all his needs, he will joyfully and happily return to the task placed upon him by divine Providence.

Here the old and venerable priests that are worn out in the service of their Divine Master will find a home where they can quietly prepare for eternity.

Thus will this Hospice also be a new proof of that never dying and all pervading charity of our holy church, of that true love which tries to save and make happy everyone. And as it has been commenced in the name of God—to fulfil and help to complete the mission of our holy church, also of this building the words of our Lord will hold true: "Et portae inferi"—"and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

And whilst I finally beg to congratulate the reverend Carmelite Fathers on the great and admirable progress the work has made, notwithstanding the hard times, and I know that in thus offering you my most cordial congratulations, I voice the sentiments of your most beloved Archbishop and of the many reverend Fathers from this and other dioceses who are present here today, I also must ask the kind benefactors not to cease in making sacrifices for this noble end. Many sacrifices must yet be made, many cares and anxieties are yet to be borne. Continue, then, dear brethren, in your noble work, in your charitable feelings towards this institution, knowing well that by being a benefactor you spiritually benefit yourselves.

Unceasingly, then, as the roll of the mighty cataract, unceasingly as the spray clouds of the Falls, may the prayers and supplications of the good Fathers and Brothers of the venerable Carmelite Order ascend to heaven, to draw upon you favors and graces and blessings without number and measure for time and eternity.—Amen.

## PROSE AND POETRY.

To have no sense of the poetical is, so far as the imagination is concerned, to lack the happier and larger interpretation of all that is around us. A merely prosaic version of human life is far from being the true one. Were it such, the Father of Light, Himself the Living Father, would not, in creating man, have constituted the imagination one of his most powerful faculties, neither would He have taught by parables, says Aubrey de Vere.

LET the action be ever so insignificant, it is impossible to perform it without the help of Him without whom nothing can be done. —ST. AUGUSTINE.

# Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

THE vacation days are at an end, and we are all back from the mountains whither we journeyed in haste with our dear Lady of the Visitation in July. How delicious it is to get home again! One can almost feel it under the teeth, this toothsome morsel of contentment which is found at its best at one's own hearthstone. I think our Lady, too, came back from Judea with a bounding step and a fast-beating heart to her own dear little home, in those delightful days when she needed no windows save those of the soul with which she gazed so longingly and lovingly within. *There* is sweet occupation for the twilight hours of autumn. Keeping her company in the charming silence and solitude of her days of waiting for the "desired of nations." Why wait for Advent to say, "come Lord Jesus come—come quickly?" No—let us join our dear Mother early in her twilight watches for the Star of our eternity. 'Tis very sweet to picture her face beaming with the love-lit smile of expectancy, her fair young head bent, and her eyes feasting on the beauty of the King's daughter within. No better preparation for Holy Communion need we have than union with her in those precious days of waiting and longing. It may seem strange to turn from this joyful picture of her, full of hope and promise, to the thought of the feast which comes to us on the third Sunday of September. The Seven Dolors of our Blessed Lady. But it must needs be, that we leave the twilight with its soft, soothing influence, and its blessed rest, to go out into the dark night which falls upon us as we think of the sorrows of Mary. Still, they were her portion, shall they not be ours? Surely one and all of us could tell Mary a tale of what the beloved Mater Dolorosa has been to us. Joy has come to us—in truth—but 'twas short-lived, and then when the days of desolation came, to whom could we go for sweet comfort, sure of her warm heart and loving sympathy, but to this dear Mother of Sorrows, so womanly, so tender, so true? Many are the titles under which the children of the Church love to honor her, but in none does she come so very near to our poor human hearts, as in this of our Lady of Sorrows. She is the Queen of Martyrs—but the Mother of Sorrows, and so doubly ours. On her breast, riven with the seven swords with which our hands in a mad frenzy pierced her, may we find rest even amid a burst of remorseful tears. Dearest, sweetest of Mothers! to think that through us she suffered, is enough to fill our lives with an "abiding sorrow for sin, the beautiful grace of contrition."

The swords were ours, ours be the dear work of reparation. The Dolor Rosary will say unutterable things to her for us. 'Tis such a suggestive little string of beads—why not have one, each child of Mary, as a heart's-ease for the moments of strange and unaccountable depression which come to us at times? Let no thoughts of bitter brooding ever mar the twilight of our hearts or our homes, which we have dedicated to Mary, and through her to her Divine Son. None such were possible, if the Dolor Rosary slipped through our fingers at the close of some days which "must be dark and dreary." Let us give it a trial—enriched by so many indulgences, and full of such sweet comfort and strange peace, let us make it one of the treasures to which we cling in life, and hold in our hands when she, dear Comfortress of the Afflicted, will her very self stand beside our death-bed, to whisper sweet thoughts of hope and trust in the ears which are listening oh! so intently for the words of welcome from our dear and Blessed Lord. "One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine." Yes, when *our* night comes, 'twill, because of Mary, have been preceded by the long twilights such as relieve the darkness of the polar regions, where the Providence of God sends them to shorten the darkness of their half year's night. And chief among the ten thousand stars of hope which will shine in the night of death, will be the eyes of our Mother, who will see to it that we lose not our way amid the gloom.

SOME people are going to find their angel clothes misfits.

## Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

*Translated for the Review*

BY S. X. B.

CONTINUED.

OTHER INSTANCES.

WE find the same miraculous occurrence in several places, for instance in 1599, June 15, at Salerno, in Italy, in the ancient kingdom of Naples.

Fire broke out in the house of a baker, Jean Sevent, from his heated oven, which he was at that very moment preparing to use. Terrified at the thought of the misfortune about to overwhelm them, his wife, Beatrice, full of confidence in the Mother of God, threw her Scapular into the flames with the fervent invocation, "O! Lady of Mount Carmel, save us." At that moment the fire was quenched, and the Scapular, though it remained four hours in the heated oven, was not even scorched.

The Abbey of Git, at Toulon, was favored in the same special manner. It occurred in 1639. A Scapular was cast into a fire which threatened destruction to the building, and the flames were extinguished at once.

The Convent of *Mont de Piete* at Charite sur Loire, was, also in 1639, preserved from fire in the same wonderful manner.

At Angers, in 1644, a pastry cook beheld with dismay the impending loss of his earthly store, but the Queen of Carmel, through the efficacy of her favorite livery, came to the rescue, to the gratitude and joy of the poor man. In the same year in the isle of St. Aubin, *Pont de Gey*, a merchant named Chabot, testified to a similar preservation from fire. (The *Gazette* of Paris, publishes these two miracles in detail.)

In 1648, we learn from the official attestation of the two nobles—Count du Belley, and Baron de Souche, his son—that the Chateau de Raguin was most wonderfully saved from destruction by fire, through the efficacy of the Scapular. The holy badge was cast into the flames, and the danger averted at once. In all these instances the Scapular came out, intact, from the fire.

Innumerable examples of the same miracle come from every point. Witness a number in 1652, the most wonderful of which occurred at the Monastery of Loges, near Saumur.

Mont Liges, near Guerche, in the diocese of Rennes, adds the indisputable testimony of a remarkable preservation from fire in 1564. In 1656, a stable in a village near *Tail*, same diocese, took fire, and great fears for the safety of the entire village were entertained. When the Scapular was thrown into the flames they sank down, and soon the blazing pile was dim and dark.

Two men who slept on in the midst of fire and smoke escaped uninjured, and the Scapular was not burned, or even singed, although the heat was very great.

In 1664, at Paris, a fire occurred which attained such vast proportions that, from the jeweller's establishment, where it originated, it threatened destruction to that entire quarter of the city. When the relentless flames seemed about to engulf the beautiful church of St. Gervais in their deep abyss, a salutary thought caused one of the beholders to throw his Scapular therein.

The conflagration ceased at that moment, and later on when the Scapular was recovered, although it was found upon red hot coals, not a sign of the fire was to be seen.—(*L'echo du Purgatoire.*)

Fr. Boisseau in his "*Traite de la* devotion a *Marie*"—Treatise upon devotion to Mary—says:

"I have known a man—and one of some prominence too—who could relate a remarkable instance of the power of the holy Scapular," so says Pere Boissieu in his treatise on "devotion to Mary." "He is still living. During a violent thunder storm he was struck by lightning and although his under vest was burned by the electric fire, the Scapular, which was beneath it, was entirely untouched, neither was he injured in the least." ("Devotion a Marie," Vol. II, p. 69.)

TO BE CONTINUED.

MEN of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

ALL who honor the Blessed Virgin by reciting her rosary with devotion will receive aid from her in their spiritual and temporal necessities.—ST. DOMINIC.

—THE—
# Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
*OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,*
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, Sept, 1894. No. 9.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

ON another page our readers will find a verbatim report of the eloquent sermon preached by Father Raphael Fuhr, O.S.F., at the laying of the corner-stone of the Hospice.

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WE have been asked repeatedly to extend the scope of our little REVIEW, and not to confine ourselves merely to the beauties of the Carmelite devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the glories of the Scapular. We had to begin with that, of course, and mean to keep that, too, as the principal feature of our monthly—but that does not oblige us to exclude all other subjects.

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ON the contrary. Although we are in seclusion on Mount Carmel, we can see far from its heights, and probably because we are less mixed up with the world, we can form more impartial opinions about it. We have made room for the able articles on the early history of the Indians, that lived on the bank of the Niagara in former times, and of the early missionaries that preached to them, and we hope to publish more of these from the same gifted pen. We are now publishing the "Life of McMaster," by Rev. Mark S. Gross, which is being eagerly read by an ever-increasing number of readers.

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IN this number we begin a series of articles under the heading: "American Foibles." They are not written in a spirit of criticism, but are merely the observations of one who is a solitary of Carmel, and who sees the signs of the times from its heights. He reads them according to his own lights, and in the light of Catholic philosophy. He withholds his name, but we are satisfied that his original manner of thinking and expressing himself will be a sufficient mark of individuality to differentiate him from all other writers for the REVIEW.

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FROM the July number of *St. Anthony's Messenger*, we quote the following: "Father Palou, in his life of Father Serra says: The 16th of July was most appropriately selected as the day on which to plant the Cross in Upper California, as on that day the Spanish church commemorates the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent in A. D. 1212: and also as the day on which the Church celebrates the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. This was in 1769."

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THE Ladies of Loretto at Niagara Falls, Ont., our neighbors—are building an addition to their magnificent academy. If the people throughout the United States only knew all the advantages for soul and body connected with a stay at this delightful spot, and the high standard of education maintained at this seat of learning, the Ladies of Loretto would find the new addition to their already large convent inadequate for the demands of the coming scholastic year.

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THE Ursuline Sisters of Pittsburg are now opening in their spacious building on Winebiddle avenue, an academy for board and day pupils. The building has been completely refitted for that purpose, and contains all the appliances necessary for health and physical comfort of the pupils. We need not speak of the qualifications of the teachers. It is well known that the Ursuline Sisters are fully equipped for their duties, and that they know how to further the mental advancement of their pupils to the highest point of perfection. We hope that our readers will take notice of their advertisement in our columns, and give their daughters the advantages proposed.

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THE feasts of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin of her holy name, and of her seven sorrows, follow each other closely during this month. They belong to each other,

and are closely interwoven. Our Dear Mother was born to suffer—although of all the children of Eve, she should have been exempted, as she did not share the guilt of the human race, which is the only cause of our sufferings. But she was to be the Mother of the Crucified, she was to stand under the Cross, and be the Queen of Martyrs. Therefore was she named Maria, which in Hebrew, according to the beautiful interpretation of St. Ambrose, had two significations, according to the pronunciation—Miriam, signifying myrh, or bitterness of the sea—and Mariam, mistress of the sea. The sister of Moses, Miriam, was called by the first name, until she had led the women of Israel through the floods of the Dead Sea, after which she was called Mariam.

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Our Dear Lady had also to pass through the bitterness of the sea with her Son—and deluged with the sorrows and sufferings of the Redemption, she became Mistress and Star of the Sea—*Stella Maris!* Let us, as St. Bernard advises us in his tender and eloquent homily on the sweet name of Mary, look up to this star in all the troubles and anxieties of this life, and we shall surely, guided by its effulgent radiance, enter into the eternal haven of rest.

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From a correspondent in New York we learn that the Italians in America have not forgotten their love of the "Madonna del Carmine." At the celebration of the feast of Mount Carmel, on July 16th, in the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, E. 115th street, they manifested their love for her in a most enthusiastic manner. They carried candles of virgin wax six feet long, and threw jewelry, even watches, into the collection boxes. The Holy Father, in his paternal love for his countrymen, has granted to this church for a period of ten years, the great indulgence of the 16th of July, otherwise granted only to Carmelite churches and chapels.

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On the 14th of June it was exactly 300 years that Orlando Lasso died at Munich. Twenty days before his death he had completed the last one of his 2,000 compositions, Lagrime di St. Pietro, dedicated to Pope Clement VIII. He was 64 years old. The house in which he dwelled and died is now entirely preserved as a fashionable restaurant, called by his name, and very much frequented by musicians. The last descendant of the great master, John Casimir de Lasso, died a Carmelite in the first half of the eighteenth century.

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The beautiful parish church, connected with the mother house of the Carmelites in Rome, Sta Maria, in Transpontina, which had been closed to the public for some time on account of extensive works of restoration and decoration, was re-opened on the 6th of July, according to the *Voce della Verita*. The parish of the Transpontina is one of the largest in Rome. It comprises the greater portion of the "Citta Leonina" between the Castle of St. Angelo and St. Peter's Church. Many of the employees of the Vatican reside with their families in this parish. The Carmelite Fathers are next neighbors of the Holy Father, and since the occupation by the Italians, many of the Solemn Masses of Requiem for departed members of the Sacred College, or other dignitaries closely connected with the Holy See, are celebrated in our church by order of the Holy Father. The church itself is of beautiful classic, Roman architecture. The marble altar is one of the richest in the Eternal City. We propose to give a detailed description of the church in some future number of the Review.

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A Parish Priest in Wisconsin, who sent us names of persons enrolled in the Scapular for registration, and a subscription for the Carmelite Review, closes his letter in the following words: "Furthermore, I wish to ask prayers for a boy of my parish, who was drowned on the 5th of July. He was a good boy, and had been received into the Confraternity of the Scapular, but, unfortunately, having laid off the scapular for the purpose of having it mended, a few days previous to his death, he was not invested with it, when the accident befell him. I have frequently found, that young men especially lay the scapular aside for a similar purpose, and then, very often never wear it again, or go without it for years."

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From our own experience on Missions, we can corroborate the above statement. In most instances we found that the fault

lay as much with the makers of the scapular as with the wearers. No person, however poor, would be satisfied with any other article of clothing so loosely put together, as are so many scapulars sold by Catholic firms. We have found them to come apart, or the strings to tear in our hands at the moment of investment. No wonder that they are not worn very long—they could not be. We advise our readers not to buy, at Missions, or at any other time, scapulars that are not well made and durable. It shows a disgusting spirit of money-making greed, to try to sell shoddy scapulars, hanging together on rotten strings, sewn in by a few loose stitches. They bear the stamp of the sweating shop in which they were produced. Then, we advise mothers, when there is any mending of scapulars required, to have it done at once, and to see to it, that the children put them on again without delay. It is only a "safeguard in danger" for those who actually wear it.

## BOOKS AND PAPERS.

The *Valley Catholic* is the name of a newspaper published in Waterbury, Conn. We always experience a new thrill of pleasure when we meet with a new Catholic publication that is worthy of our church and faith. There is plenty of room for such papers. The *Valley Catholic* is a courageous, strong and able exponent of Catholic truth in general, and in its local application.

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The *Niagara Rainbow*, published at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont., deserves a more than passing notice. The third number of this magazine, which appears quarterly, is as brilliant as its previous numbers. It is high above the usual college journal, although most of the articles are written by pupils. One of the most interesting features of the *Rainbow* is its foreign correspondence. The descriptions of the Spanish and the East Indian Lorettos in this number will be a delightful, intellectual feast to the readers of the *Rainbow*.

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In one of the late numbers of the *Catholic Universe* there is a charming description of "The Real Mexico," which is quite a different place from that depicted by the ignorant or bigoted American travellers. We have lately become better acquainted with the Catholic home-life of the Mexicans through the writings of Christian Reid and other Catholic contributors to our magazines. No one but a Catholic can understand and appreciate such a life, based on true Christian views of rights and duties. A Catholic is, therefore, not surprised when he reads of the spirit of contentment among all classes of Mexican people, of the womanliness of their women, of the filial devotion of their sons and daughters, of their refined taste for natural beauty, and of their delicate courtesy. We expect that in a country where the Catholic faith influences all the citizens, even those who antagonize it.

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"Mollie's Mistake, or Mixed Marriages," is a small book published by the author, J. W. Book, R. D., Cannelton, Ind. Its low price, 20 cents, places it within the reach of all who need it, and their number is so large that the book should have an enormous circulation. We have never yet, in all our missionary experience, found a single parish in which just such a popular treatment of this question was not needed. It seems to be the most difficult thing in the world to convince those who are about to enter a mixed marriage that it is really *forbidden* by the Church, and that even with the dispensation it is at best only an evil tolerated to prevent a greater evil, and to insure, as much as possible, the salvation of the offspring. Therefore, we have no objection to the style of the book and its plain language. The subject is treated well and fully. If placed in time into the hands of persons who are liable to be drawn into Mollie's mistake, we have no doubt that it will produce the beneficial effect intended by the reverend author. There is an error on page 81 (probably a word omitted) which ought to be corrected in future editions. It is in the first answer on the page. It seems to us, moreover, that the questions on this point are not *ad rem*. (Cfr. Konings ii, 1609, and Kenrick xxi, 186.

History and reason show manifestly that the only true philosophy concerning man is that which is embodied in the Christian religion.

# CARMEL AND LOURDES.

TRANSLATED FOR THE REVIEW BY S. X. BLAKELY.

CONTINUED.

II.

REASON yields its weapons to faith. Science confesses its weakness and impotency. Earth touches heaven through this marvelous Virgin, and heaven bending down to earth in the arms of Jesus permits favored souls a foretaste of its glory, a glimpse of its joys. "*Those who explain me shall have eternal life.*" Behold why the new world sends to-day her bishops to celebrate in unison with those of the old this solemn anniversary. Behold how France, Spain and Italy, assemble to entone in one harmonious Latin chant twenty-five years of miracles indisputable, prodigies unparalleled, consolations ineffable, of faith strengthened, of holy hope. Spain, the land of an Ignatius, a Theresa, a Xavier, had set the example of great pilgrimages, witness the one of St. James of Compostello. Large and fervent! Italy, to whom angels bore in triumph the holy house of Nazareth, anticipated celebrating the six hundredth anniversary of this glorious translation by sending six Bishops to visit our new Carmel, and to offer rich gifts at the shrine. God, who permitted so great a wonder to happen to Italy, has favored France in a manner something the same. The Orient, it is true, guards as a precious legacy the holy mountain of Carmel, but the West possesses its *own*, which in twenty-five years has become the rival of the first. Italy, France, Spain, favored nations, each has had the privilege of sheltering or defending the Vicar of Jesus Christ! It is not without design, guardians of the papacy, that Mary has called you to-day to assemble in this sacred place. Who takes a more profound interest than the Sovereign Pontiff in all things pertaining to Lourdes? Pius IX, before our Lord called him to everlasting glory, crowned the holy image, and ordered the consecration of the first basilica. Leo XIII, whom God raised up to govern the church, with all the majesty of the lion, united to the mildness of the lamb, wishes to place his name upon the first stone of a new church.

After the illustrious Archbishop of Paris who, some years ago, carried out the wishes of Pius IX, it is your Eminence who has been chosen by our present Pontiff to represent the Holy See in a fete fully equal in magnitude and splendor to that of yore. This jubilee will be the glory of your Episcopate inasmuch as it will redound to the honor of the whole nation. The throng in attendance reminds one of the former, but the tokens of piety are far greater. The pilgrims seem filled with new ardor, miracles without number have been added to the miracles which even then seemed beyond the power of computation. The arms of our Lady of Lourdes are ever open. They are the powerful arms which arrest the thunderbolt ere it falls, the beneficent arms which pour down upon the faithful the shower of favors and blessings for which they wait. Glory to God! Glory to the Church and to the Vicar of Christ. My heart's devotion goes forth to France. You would expect nothing less from a French Bishop. I will turn towards Mary upon this anniversary of her eighteenth and last apparition, and I will say to her in the name of those present who listen to my words, in the name of those dioceses entrusted to our care. I will say to her as the disciples of Emmaus said to Jesus: "Stay with us, because it is towards evening, and the day is now far spent." Stay with us for night approaches, and a gloom more dense than ever hovers upon our horizon. Stay with us and the bright dawn will cause the dark clouds to scatter and disperse. Behold the day, behold the hour, O Mary, when you left Bernadette, when you bade her adieu. But you remained with her through your all-powerful intercession. You led her far away from the scene of her glory, you screened her from the gaze of the world in a cloister, there to pray—there to die. The child of the grotto has passed away like the flower of the field. Bernadette has gone from the choir of her sisters to the choir of the angels. It is from her heavenly home that she participates in this glorious feast. It is from the joys of heaven that she beholds this earthly bliss, and looking upon you her Mother and Queen, she says to you: "Remain at Lourdes. Stay with France!" *Mane Nobiscum.* "Stay with us!"

Remain with us! The deeper the shadows over our hearts, as they reflect the gloom

which enshrouds our affairs, the greater need we have of that bright ray of solace which from the clefts of this rock illumines all France. We cannot part with that brilliant star of hope which draws the attention of the whole world to our beloved France, and gives it a claim to be styled your kingdom. *Regnum Gallie, Regnum Marie.* Kingdom of France, Kingdom of Mary.

Remain with us, and guide the steps of France beneath all the suns whither the nation's destiny sends her children. May our sailors, our soldiers, our missionaries, our learned men who travel to the uttermost bounds of the world into vast solitudes as yet undiscovered, in the interest of faith, of science, of civilization, or of the nation's honor, remember that under distant skies the Star of the Sea has risen above the summit of the Pyrenees to watch over France with the eyes of mercy and love.

May their tender mothers receive speedy answers to their prayers for the absent. May it never be forgotten that the name of *France* is synonymous with the title *Christian.* O! Lady of Lourdes, bring back beneath the colors of France the victory which veers now towards the far Orient. O! make France the victor under the *Standard of the Cross!*

*Stay with us! Mane Nobiscum.* Remain by our firesides to bless and protect them. Have compassion on the innocence of our children! There is no one but you, O! Mary, who can save them, and with them the future of France. Forget that politicians ignore you, that ingrates despise you, that the impious utter against you their blasphemies, that the would-be wise turn into ridicule the miracles of your goodness.

But the little ones, the poor, the afflicted, those who weep, and those who suffer—the people—in a word—are with you. Remain with us whilst there is an invalid to be restored to health, a sinner to be converted.

Remain with us that the torrent of graces which you have caused to flow in this place will continue to draw hither souls thirsting for their eternal salvation.

Remain with us until that stupendous day, when amid the confusion of Nature this torrent of graces, leaving earth for heaven, will be changed into a torrent of glory wherein we may be satiated with an abundance of bliss for an endless Eternity.

THE END.

# The Catechism

## OF MOUNT CARMEL,

BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

### CHAPTER VIII.

*Indulgences.*

Ques. Has the church granted any Indulgences to the Brown Scapular?

Ans. It would be almost impossible to mention all the Indulgences granted to the members of the Confraternity of Mount Carmel by the Holy See. But we shall endeavor to make a list of them as complete as we can.

For greater convenience we shall classify them.

There are *personal* indulgences and *local* indulgences.

Q. What is meant by a *personal* indulgence?

A. A *personal* indulgence is one that can be gained in any place by the person who fulfils the conditions.

Q. What is a *local* indulgence?

A. An indulgence attached to a certain place, say a church or chapel, which must be visited to gain the indulgence.

Q. What are the conditions for gaining a personal plenary indulgence?

A. General conditions are usually a good confession and holy communion and prayers for the intention of the Holy Father. This latter condition is, however, not always necessary. We shall mention it whenever it is prescribed.

Most of the Indulgences can be applied to the poor souls in purgatory. We shall mark such by the letters P. S.

*Personal Plenary Indulgences.*

1. On the day of admission into the confraternity and receiving the Scapular.—P.S.

2. On one Sunday in each month for all those who are present at the procession usually held in the churches where the confraternity is established, and pray for the intention of the Holy Father.—P. S.

3. Those who cannot conveniently be present at the procession can gain the same indulgence by a visit to the chapel or

church of the confraternity, and prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father.

4. Those who are sick, imprisoned or travelling can gain the same indulgence by reciting the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, or repeating the Our Father and Hail Mary fifty times. They must be truly contrite and have the firm resolution to receive the sacraments at their earliest opportunity.—P. S.

5. At the hour of death, for all those who invoke the holy name of Jesus, at least with their hearts if unable to do so with their lips.—P. S.

6. All those who receive the General Absolution from a priest who has the faculties, or, in case of his absence, from any approved priest, gain a Plenary Indulgence.

7. The indulgence of the *privileged altar*, that is a plenary indulgence for the soul, for which the mass is offered up, is attached to every mass for the dead that is said by any priest, at any altar, in any church, for the repose of the soul of any member of the Order, or of the confraternity.

8. Every time that other confraternities have a Plenary Indulgence.

*Personal Indulgences not Plenary.*

To gain these only the performance of the good works enjoined is necessary. Of course, the state of grace is essential to gain any indulgence whatever.

1. 50 days' indulgence is granted to all those members of the confraternity who salute each other with the salutation, "Praised be Jesus Christ," and to those who answer: "Forever and ever," or something similar. Benedict XIII. increased this indulgence to 100 days, and Pius IX. extended it to all the faithful.

2. 25 days to all those who invoke devoutly the holy names of Jesus and Mary.

3. 300 days for the recitation of the litany of the Holy Name of Jesus.

4. 200 days for the litany of the Blessed Virgin.

5. 300 days each Wednesday and Saturday for those who abstain from meat.—P.S.

6. 40 days to be gained *once* a day for the recitation of the seven Our Fathers and seven Hail Marys in honor of the seven joys of the Blessed Virgin.—P. S.

7. 100 days for the devout recitation of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin.—P. S.

8. 5 years and 5 quarantines once a month for those members who receive communion once a month and pray for the intention of the Holy Father.—P. S.

9. 100 days to those who assist at the funeral ceremonies for a Catholic and pray for his repose.—P. S.

10. 100 days for those who assist at mass or any other devotions in a chapel of the confraternity.—P. S.

11. 100 days for those who give shelter to a poor person.—P. S.

12. 100 days for those who assist the poor.—P. S.

13. 100 days for any corporal or spiritual work of mercy.—P. S.

14. 100 days to those who establish peace between enemies.

15. 100 days for any good work.

16. 13 years and 13 quarantines to those who call the Carmelite Order or its members, the Order or the Brothers of our Lady of Mount Carmel.

This last mentioned indulgence was originally only of 3 years—granted by Urban VI. It was doubled by Pope Nicholas V., making it 6 years and 6 quarantines, to which Clement X. added 7 years and 7 quarantines.

## THE NUN'S MISSION.

Never were nuns more useful than now: to the egotism of wealth they oppose the economics of ideal communism: going to and fro amid the luxuries of our Vanity Fair they are missionaries of cordiality and self-denial. In battlefields, in hospitals, in the worst courts of the worst cities, they disarm evil by the courage of purity. They are witnesses to the value of that free obedience which lies at the base of social order. The weary nun, while, perhaps, in her humility, thinking herself a mass of imperfection, falling frequently in her high aims, subject to every womanly weakness, lost in the crowd of her fellow-workers, is all the while maintaining the most sacred fires of humanity, and helping her sisters of the world in their womanly tasks by her vindication of womanhood in its highest uses.

It is only when joy is most passionate we are dimly conscious how often sorrow may be in its supremest depths.

# Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

[Under this heading the writer intends to apply common sense and logic to some of our pet sayings and doings, not for the sake of criticism, but in order to direct the attention of our readers to the merits or demerits of phrases and practices which, when properly dissected, are found to be hollow or otherwise at fault. Our century is sadly in need of clear ideas.—ED.]

## IT'S THE LAW.

"But I tell you it's the law."

"Yes, I know, Sam, you told me that so often that by and by, in spite of my dullness, I commence to comprehend this fact. Now, let me ask a question: What is a law?"

"Why a law is a law."

"Undoubtedly, just like a cow is a cow. What makes the law to be a law?"

"Oh, you wish to ask me who makes the laws. You ought to know that the legislative power of the United States is vested in the Congress."

"I was aware of this, my good Sam, though your answer is hardly comprehensive enough to satisfy me. We have not only federal laws in the States."

"If you are so particular, Mick, then I want to tell you that every township, county and State has a right to legislate for itself. Is this answer comprehensive enough now?"

"Hardly."

"Hardly? What else do you want?"

"What about families, clubs, societies, churches, and the intercourse between different nations?"

"I do not think, Mick, that these institutions have any legislative powers properly so called."

"Why not? If you are right, how can we speak of constitutions and by-laws of societies, of church and international law? Are not all these laws just as real as federal or state laws?"

"In a way they are, I grant you, but they will not affect anybody but the members belonging to these organizations, and these may be very few in number, not to mention the fact that any member may leave such societies at any time, and in so doing is protected by the law of the land."

"Your answer proves against you, for the same thing holds good in regard to every human law. When a member of a family gets married, he by this fact becomes free of parental authority. Moving from one county into another, from state to state, or from country to country, will free a man from the laws he was hitherto subject to and subjects him to the laws of the country he settles in. Where is there a difference, except perhaps in the size of territory or the number of subjects? Hence there is a true legislative power in any family, or any organization whatever, but naturally this power extends only to the subjects and the matter belonging to the organization."

"This would destroy any power in the state, for every family or club could make laws in opposition to those of the commonwealth, which is absurd."

"Not at all, Sam. You are going too far and you did not pay proper attention to my limitation of power. I did not say that every family or club could make whatever laws pleased them, but only laws covering the scope of the organization."

"But could not any club chose for its scope precisely the same matter as the state or church? In such a case they would be autonomous according to your doctrine."

"You are wrong again. If every man would be absolutely free to do as he pleases you would be right. This, however, is not the case."

"Yet it is American doctrine that all men are born free and equal and consequently can do as they please, as long as they do not interfere with their neighbor."

"There is exactly the hitch. As long as they do not interfere with their neighbor. Consequently also the American doctrine recognizes the rights of others, which we are bound to respect, and which limit our liberty."

"Naturally, yet we do not look upon this as a curtailment of liberty, since without it all true liberty would be at an end. Rights and duties are correlative and our claim that our neighbor respect our liberty involves the duty of respecting his likewise."

"Right. I fully agree with you. Now the question is, how far do the rights of individuals go? What is there to determine and limit these rights? It cannot be the private will of the individual, for in such a case the hand of everyone would be constantly raised against everyone else.

Who, therefore, is judge in a matter of such importance?"

"Our principle is that the majority rules. This covers the case fully."

"Not as fully as you think. Let me ask you first what do you understand by majority? Is it a majority of citizens, or inhabitants, or representatives?"

"Of course I understand the majority of representatives, as they have been elected by a majority of the people and consequently represent really the national majority."

"There is a flaw in that argument, my good Sam. Facts are against it. After Lincoln's death the majority of electors voted nearly every time for the Democratic presidential ticket, but the Republicans seated their candidate. Sam Tilden was elected beyond the shadow of a doubt, but R. B. Hayes was counted in. Dare you call the electoral college truly representative of the will of the majority in these cases?"

"No, I do not, but such is the law."

"Then the law itself is at fault and in contradiction to your principle that the majority rules. Moreover this principle is not acted upon in most laws passed. Neither the people nor their representatives know beforehand what bills may be brought before them in Congress. How then can the majority decide on their merits and give expression to its will?"

"Cannot they endorse or repudiate any measure in a popular meeting and instruct their representative accordingly?"

"They can, speaking in the abstract. But in reality they do not do it. Supposing, however, they would do it, would the representative be bound to vote according to instruction?"

"No, he could follow his own judgment. But of course they would not re-elect him."

"This reason is problamatical. He may not care for re-election, the voters may set him aside for other reasons, and at all events this would not touch the matter on hand. The fact is that the much vaunted majority has very little to say in legislation, not speaking at all of the wholesale corruption and trickery practised openly."

"But what can we do? Certainly we must act through some representative, since we cannot get the whole people to vote on any bill laid before Congress."

"In Switzerland, a republic like our own, any bill on demand of 50,000 voters has to be submitted to popular vote, so that the people really decide. A similar thing for important measures outside of constitutional amendments could be done in the United States, and the people might vote on franchise, custom, internal revenue laws and the like. Such a 'Referendum,' as they call it, would at the same time be a safety valve against partisan legislation, which is only another name for mob rule. As, however, neither you nor I are legislators we may leave this practical question. My question, 'What makes the law a law,' is not answered yet. We only discussed partly the question, *who* makes the laws, which does not touch the essence of law."

"What else do you expect? Is not any bill passed by a majority of any legislative body a true and solid law to all intents and purposes?"

"Yes, as far as such a bill is in the statute book and may be enforced by authority, but not as soon as the question is raised, has the majority a right to pass such a bill."

"What would prevent them? I do not see any reason why they should not."

"You don't? Now supposing the Congress passed a law binding every American to spend on improvements at least $2,000 a year. Would that law bind?"

"It would not, because it is impossible, since thousands have not the means. But those having the means would be bound by the law."

"No, indeed, they would not be bound either. A law must be essentially for all, as all are equal before the law, and consequently when the execution of the law is not possible to all it binds no one.

"Therefore the first quality of a law must be the possibility of obeying it. Then, again, supposing a law were passed by the majority that everyone discarding clothing should go about nude, would this impose an obligation?"

"You suppose impossible things. No one would dream of such a law."

"Are there not nations living under or near the equator that actually go around clothed only in a smile?"

"That's outside the question. The people you speak of are savages."

"Granting this, what does it prove! Have savage nations a right to legislate for themselves?"

"I do not deny their right. But it is only for themselves."

"Supposing an American wished to settle there and live amongst them, would they be right in demanding that he conform to their law in regard to dress?"

"Decidedly not. The very idea is monstrous. Common decency and propriety forbid it."

"Yet according to our principle that the majority rules he is bound to submit. Theoretically and practically there is a decided majority in favor of the law, which affects the whole territory."

"Nevertheless he would not and could not be bound by it."

"In this case, if reversing the matter, we suppose that one of these Equatorians came to us, it would only be fair to say that he enjoys equal liberty here to follow his own fashion."

"Not at all. No one has a right to shock a civilized community in such a way."

"Then you grant that the rule of the majority is not absolute, but restricted by the laws of common decency and honesty?"

"Certainly, but why do you introduce the word honesty?"

"Decency and honesty are convertible terms. Anything that is decent is honest, and *vice versa*."

## SODALITIES.

We are fortunate in having sodalities which are model instances of zeal in proving their devotion to Our Blessed Lady. The children of Mary have always devoted themselves, under very prudent guidance, to works whose variety and hardship require many generous sacrifices. Not a work of mercy, spiritual or corporal, escapes their vigilance. The religious who direct all this zeal know thoroughly well the need of developing and training it from youth up, and manage not only to make their pupils look forward to such charitable ministrations in after-life, but also, as far as may be, to imitate their elders and join with them in actual practice of this zeal.

Ingratitude is a most displeasing vice to the God of love: each time this sin is committed the most sacred heart of Jesus is wounded anew.—Ven. Mary Cherubine.

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

How wonderful are the ways of God? General ———, a prominent man, renowned for his engineering feats and soldierly acquirements, returned from the late civil war, his faith being given him by a singular occurrence. Once when the cannon's loud roar and the sharp, quick sound of musketry arose above the dying shrieks of rebel and union soldiers, the General saw a man who was wounded carried by him. He inquired into the particulars of the man's injury, and learned that a bullet, which would have reached the soldier's heart, had been changed in its course, by meeting a Scapular of the Blessed Virgin, which the soldier religiously wore across his shoulders. It seemed a miracle, plain and evident, of our Mother's goodness and power, and the General, a life-long Protestant, after severe inquiry, became a Catholic. When the war ended he returned to his home with some misgivings as to how his new creed would be accepted by his Protestant wife. Sunday morning came along, and with it the bells ringing out for the Mass time. Giving some slight excuse,—he was going to the barber's—the General started out for the nearest Catholic church. The usher gave him a seat, and the General bowed down his head in earnest prayer. Another person, a lady, was given a seat in the same pew, but the General never looked at her, so deep was his devotion. When the priest said "*Ite Missa est*," and the congregation received the blessing of the Holy Mass, the General stood up for the last gospel, crossed his forehead and lips with the sign of the cross, and saw by his side his own wife, doing the very same thing. They were both Catholics, converted from their unbelief without each other's knowledge. Each was trying to hide from the other their faith: but when they passed out, man and wife, one in faith as they were one in flesh, their faces were flushed with a hidden holy joy, which gradually stole out from their hearts, and found its fulfilment in after hours of happiness, never enjoyed before.—*The Sacred Heart Review.*

The man who loves God and admires the works of his hand will detest the things that are evil.—Ven. L. De Blois.

# The Catholic Dictionary and the Brown Scapular.

BY REV. R. F. CLARKE, S. J.

CONTINUED.



T is sometimes said, and said with considerable truth, that none are so credulous as those who profess to believe nothing. Certainly it requires a good deal of credulity to suppose that the origin of the world-wide confidence in the Brown Scapular was a paper forged by an unscrupulous monk. It requires more credulity still to believe, that the monk who committed such a crime was a man of literary ability and distinction, Superior of a convent in a large city of Catholic France, to whom was intrusted the task of vindicating this Carmelite devotion. It requires most credulity of all to imagine that Almighty God could allow hundreds of learned and holy men, and with them thousands and tens of thousands of pious Catholics to be deceived by such an imposture, and on the strength of it to attribute to the Brown Scapular an efficacy which it does not possess. But the testimony of Father Cheron does not stand by itself. The MS. in the Vatican, of which the author of the article we are discussing speaks as if the claim put forward in its behalf by the Carmelites were at least exceedingly doubtful, 'is a well authenticated document, of which a copy was made officially in 1635. It dates from the end of the thirteenth (or at least the beginning of the fourteenth) century. Even Launoy does not venture to deny its existence, he simply tries to destroy its authority by reminding his readers of the vast amount of rubbish which the Vatican Library, like the net which draws every kind of fish, had gathered into its archives Nor is this the only testimony to the Scapular before the end of the fourteenth century. There are no less than three other accounts of, or allusions to the apparitions of an earlier date than the *Viridarium* of Grossi of Toulouse. To say that it is mentioned for the first time by him is not only a gratuitous statement, but in direct contradiction with the facts of the case. In the *Speculum Carmelitarum*, by Father Daniel, quotations are given distinctly confirming the apparition from four different sources. The first of these is the MS. in the Vatican, (7.) which contains a brief life of St. Simon Stock, in which the following passage occurs. St. Simon used constantly to pray the Glorious Mother of God to fortify with some singular privilege the Order of the Carmelites, which was specially distinguished by the title of the Virgin herself, repeating daily in his prayers with most devout voice: "O Flower of Carmel, Flowering Vine, Glory of Heaven, Virgin who alone didst bear a Son, gentle Mother, who knewest not man, give favor to thy Carmelites, O Star of the Sea." To this blessed man, the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared with a multitude of angels, holding in her hands the Scapular of the Order, and said: "This shall be a special favor to thee and to all the Carmelites. He who dies in this shall not suffer the fires of hell." (8.) This MS. was attested by eye-witnesses, who read it and copied it out in the presence of Horatius Justinianus, Qualificator of the Sacred Office, 1635.

The second is a MS. in the Library of Barthelot, Bishop of Damascus, quoted by Gononus in the *Lives of the Fathers of the West*, book iv. It tells the story in almost the same words. The third is a MS. in the Convent of the Carmelites at Malines, containing records of the chief events in the Order in elegiac verse, in which the following lines occur: "Anglicus iste Simon petit a Christi genitrice, Praesidium Matris ac Scapulare suum." (9.) The fourth is the testimony of William of Coventry (1348), who, in his *Scutum Carmelitanum*, gives an account substantially the same as that of the Vatican MS. All these are prior to Grossi, who, in fact, borrows *verbatim* the account of William of Coventry, simply

7. N. 3813.

8. Sanctus vero Simon gloriosam Dei genitricem jugiter deprecabatur, ut Carmelitarum ordinem speciali insignitum ipsius Virginis titulo, aliquo singulari privilegio communiret, dicens quotidie voce devotissima in suis orationibus, Flos Carmeli, vitis florigera, splendor coeli, Virgo puerpera singularis; Mater mitis, sed viri nescia; Carmelitis da privilegia, stella Maris. Beata Maria Virgo cum multitudine Angelorum ipsi B. viro appariuit, Scapulare Ordinis ipsius manibus tenens, et dixit. Hoc erit tivi et cunctis Carmelitis privilegium in hoc moriens aeternum non patietur incendium (Speculum Carmelitarum, pars iii. p. 521.)

(9.) Quoted in the *Vinea Carmeli*, p. 560, n. 1,000.

adding to the promise, he who dies in this shall not suffer the fires of hell, the explanatory words, that is, he who dies in this shall be saved. (*in hoc moriens salvabitur*).

(2). But the vision has a far more reliable warranty than the general belief of the account given of its origin. From the first time that it was brought under the notice of the Holy See, the action of the Popes has been distinctly in favor of the fact of the apparition, and as time went on they have adopted it as their own, and professed both implicitly and explicitly their belief and confidence in its reality. The Indulgences and privileges granted to all who belonged to the Sodality of our Lady of Mount Carmel, were an implicit approval of the foundation on which that Sodality rested, even though no express mention is made of it. To say nothing of John the Twenty-second, and Alexander the Fifth, (since their Bulls are attacked as forgeries by the *Catholic Dictionary*), Clement the Seventh in the Bull *ex-Clementi* (Aug. 12, 1530, *Bull Rom.* Clemens VII. n. 38), confirms the privileges granted by his predecessors. So too does Pius the Fifth in 1566, Gregory the Thirteenth in 1577, and Paul the Fifth in 1605. Now, if there grows up in the Catholic world a devotion to some shrine or place of pilgrimage, where countless miracles are reported to occur, and favors to be granted to the faithful, and if the Holy Father grants to all who frequent that shrine or visit that pilgrimage, rich and large Indulgences, we are justified in attributing to him an approval of it, and a recognition of the reality of the facts whence it has had its origin. In the same way when we find Pope after Pope confirming privileges granted by their predecessors to all who wear this Sacred Scapular, it is impossible to believe that they, one and all, are taken in by a pious fraud, or support a Confraternity founded on a pure fiction, an imaginary vision blasphemously invented and assumptiously attributed to one whose fame of sanctity gave force to his words and ensured the acceptance of anything narrated by him and written down at his dictation. But one of the Popes goes beyond a mere implicit approbation. During the Pontificate of Paul the Fifth, the Carmelites asked for insertion in the Roman Breviary of a clearer and more explicit account of the origin of the Sodality of the Brown Scapular. The matter came before the Congregation of Rites, and Cardinal Bellarmine was instructed by the Pope to draw up a fresh set of lessons for the Second Nocturn. The Second of these Lessons speaks with no faltering voice. The Blessed Virgin not only gave to the Order of Carmel their name and afforded them her protection, but also the badge (*insigne*) of the Sacred Scapular, which she bestowed on Blessed Simon the Englishman, that by this heavenly dress this Sacred Order might be distinguished and protected from all evils that were gathering round it. The third Lesson goes on to say how the privileges of the Order are extended to all who are received into the Sodality (*Societas*) of the Scapular, and how our Lady comforts in Purgatory and delivers thence those who have fulfilled the conditions imposed upon them during life. This office was sanctioned by the Pope, and by his authority inserted in the Carmelite Breviary.

(3). But there is yet another argument establishing the vision of St. Simon Stock, and one which cannot be rejected by any loyal Catholic. All over the world the Brown Scapular is not only a popular, but a universal devotion. Not only is it dear to the faithful, but their confidence in it is unlimited. They accept it as the gift of Mary. *Bishops recommend it to their dioceses. Missioners preach it, priests explain it, catechists instruct the children under their care respecting it;* one and all they give the same account of it: one and all they profess and inculcate their absolute confidence in its celestial origin; one and all they confirm by their own experience the truth of the promise made, that none wearing it fails to die well: one and all bear testimony that the hardened sinner, sooner or later, loses or throws off his Scapular. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

We cannot refrain from quoting a few words from the *Meaning and Use of the Scapular of our Lady of Mount Carmel* by the Bishop of Salford, (Burns and Oates) price 1d. "While praying one night to the Blessed Virgin with the greatest devotion and humility, and saluting her as 'The Flower of Carmel, the Flowering Vine, the Splendor of Heaven, the Star of the Sea,' and many other titles, St. Simon Stock received a visit from the Blessed Virgin herself, holding in her hands the Carmelite

habit, which she offered to him, saying: 'This is the pledge of the privilege granted to thee and to all the Carmelites; he who piously dies wearing this habit, shall be preserved from eternal flames.' This happened on the 16th July, 1251. pp. 8, 9.

"No confraternity has ever received a greater number of approbations from the Sovereign Pontiffs than this of the Scapular. Nineteen Popes have confirmed and approved it by publishing some forty Bulls and Rescripts in its favor. A number of the Popes have been members of the Confraternity. The Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicans and Jesuits have been, with the Carmelites, its defenders and propagators. When the devotion was attacked in 1609, Father Aquaviva, the General of the Jesuits, not only defended it, but wished the members of the Society to use and recommend the devotion of the Scapular as one most pleasing to the Blessed Virgin, and most useful to the faithful. In this country, where there were more than forty houses of White Friars, or Carmelites, before the suppression of the monasteries, there was undoubtedly great devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel. Kings and Queens of England, and of Scotland, (before the apostacy of the sixteenth century), and innumerable multitudes of persons of every condition of life throughout Christendom, have worn, and still wear, the Scapular. In Ireland it has been the comfort and the joy of the people for centuries, especially during the long night of persecution" (pp. 10, 11). We strongly recommend this little manual to all our readers.

In spite of the attacks made upon it by Gallicans and other enemies of the Holy See, in spite of the insinuations of the *Catholic Dictionary*, this absolute reliance remains, and will ever remain, ineradicably fixed in the hearts of the faithful children of the Holy Church. What the *Ecclesia docens* accepts and approves, what Catholic instinct, the unfailing touchstone of truth in things spiritual, pronounces to be in accordance with the ways of God's Providence, and what an ever increasing experience confirms and ratifies, cannot be rejected without the greatest peril, except where invincible ignorance excuses.

(4). We have only one fact more to clench our argument. We do not cast it in the teeth of the authors of the *Catholic Dictionary*, since we believe they wrote before it was known to them. Among the offices lately granted to England by our Holy Father, Pope Leo the Thirteenth, is the office of St. Simon Stock. On the 16th of May Mass is said in his honor in every church of England, and his office recited by every priest throughout the country. The Collect of the Mass and the Lessons for the office have the sanction and approval of the reigning Pope. Now, if ever there was a Ruler of the Church, whose wise and prudent moderation was slow to admit into official records anything to which objection could be taken, it is he who now sits in Peter's chair. If ever there was an earnest advocate of a thorough and searching historical criticism, it is our present Pontiff. Even non-Catholics admit his astonishing prudence, his well-balanced judgment, his scholar-like discrimination, his instinct for historical truth. Already he has given orders for changes in certain Lessons of the Breviary, because the statements made therein were not certain matters of fact. The whole tendency under his Pontificate is to an ever increasing accuracy of historical criticism. We do not say that the Pope makes himself responsible for every statement of fact in a new lesson, but we do say that overwhelming evidence is required to justify the rejection of what is recommended to the faithful with this authority. Now the new Collect for the feast of St. Simon is distinct enough; the Third Lesson of the Second Nocturn of his office is more distinct still. The Collect is as follows: May Thy people, O Lord, dedicated to Thee and Thy Virgin Mother, rejoice in the solemnity of the blessed Simon, and as through him they have obtained a mark of so great protection, so may they attain the gifts of eternal predestination. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, etc. The words of the Lesson are these: As he (Simon) was praying the Blessed Virgin, to distinguish his Order, which rejoiced in bearing her sacred name, from the rest by some special privilege, she herself appeared to him, accompanied by a multitude of angels, holding in her hand the Scapular of the Order, and saying, "This shall be for thee a sign, and for all the Carmelites a special privilege, that he who devoutly dies in this shall not suffer eternal burning."

To sum up. The historical evidence we have adduced is sufficient, and more than sufficient, to establish the authenticity of the story of our Lady's appearance and promise to St. Simon Stock. Its general reception all over the Catholic world, its promulgation by the *Ecclesia docens*, its acceptance by the *Ecclesia discens*, is also proof enough of the supernatural origin of the Scapular. The repeated approbation of Popes and Roman Congregations, and finally the official insertion of the story in the Breviary, would leave no doubt about the matter, even if other proof were not forthcoming. On the other hand, the account given of the Scapular by the *Catholic Dictionary* is based on a malicious, scandalous work, condemned by Rome, the author of which was a dangerous, scurrilous and disloyal character. It abounds with inaccuracies (to give the statement a gentle name) and displays an animus derogatory to the dignity of the Holy Mother of God, and insulting to the venerable Order of the Carmelites. It is a blot upon the pages of the *Catholic Dictionary*. The excellence of the work in other respects makes us hope that its authors will speedily disown this unfortunate production, and remove from their pages an article which is likely to be very mischievous to the ignorant and ill-informed, and to disgust all well-informed and loyal Catholics, all faithful servants of Mary and honest lovers of Truth.

THE END.

It is not knowledge, but little knowledge, that puffeth up.—Carlyle.

A Boston religious weekly warns its readers that hereafter Catholicism is going to be aggressive and will "seek in every possible way to get the mastery of the United States for the Pope." Not by every possible way, but in every lawful way, most assuredly, the church will strive to "get the mastery" of this and all other countries. But that means only that we shall try very hard to persuade and convince everyone outside the church, so that they may all voluntarily and gladly become Catholics. A church which does not thus try to "get the mastery" is not fulfilling the first function of the church. "Go, teach all nations," said our Saviour, who founded the church.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

## AN HONEST OPINION.

The rector of the Protestant Episcopal church of St. Barnabas, in Omaha, where the A. P. A. policy has been very active, is disgusted, and speaks out his disapproval while praising the Catholic church as follows:

"No priestly apostate is too vile to find a place and ministry in this propaganda of slander and hate: and men who call themselves ministers of Christ do not hesitate to give credence and circulation to stories which, if true, except in rare instances, would present to us a riddle which no man could solve: namely, that no part of the Christian church can show a more indomitable courage and devotion, a more tireless spirit for the conversion of heathen men and savages, at every cost of comfort, of ease, of home, of worldly advantage, of life itself, than the Roman Catholic church. Her priests penetrate into every heathen fastness; her nuns also. On every battlefield her Sisters forego the natural weakness of their womanhood to minister to the dying on the war-swept field of slaughter. They are found by day and by night in the plague-swept cities of the land and in the hospitals amid the dead and dying and the suffering. When in Memphis and New Orleans Protestant ministers fled like craven cowards, many of them, before the horrors of yellow fever, Roman Catholic priests stood like men to their posts: some of them to die beside their more manly Protestant brethren, and the men of the Red Cross, and Sisters also. * * * * * What has become of Protestant manhood, or American honor, if it keeps silent in the face of this utter denial of Christian virtue among men and women who give daily proof of heroic courage and rare devotion on behalf of the bodies and souls of men and women, without waiting to inquire what their creed or nation is?"—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Have no affection for any other greater than that which belongs to God.—Ven. L. de Blois.

Where is thy faith? Stand firmly and with perseverance; take courage and be patient: comfort will come to thee in due time.—Thomas a Kempis.

Carmelite Review.

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# TO OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS.



AY autumn leaves will make a crown,
For thee, sweet Lady, mistress fair!
The trees will drop their jewels down—
Their golden treasures all so rare.

The oak will give us acorns brown,
We'll twine them into chaplets now:
With Aves string them for the crown,
Which love will place upon thy brow.

The harvest home will ring thy praise,
The hunter's moon reflect thy smile:
While happy hearts and voices raise
Magnificat! to thee the while.

The wide world round sweet vesper bells
Are chiming, while thy beads are told,
The same old tale of love each tells,
As Gabriel hailed thee with of old.

"From pearly dawn to dewy eve,"
The blessed beads are told and told,
In busy towns where sad hearts heave,
And out upon the open wold.

One word alone all hearts repeat
Ne'er tiring of the sweet refrain:
'Tis Ave! Ave! At thy feet
The whole world meets—'tis *May* again.

## The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

# JAMES A. McMASTER,

*Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.*

Edited by REV. MARK S. GROSS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

### CHAPTER II.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT LED TO MCMASTER'S CAREER AS A CATHOLIC JOURNALIST.—HIS TRIP TO EUROPE.—CARDINAL NEWMAN AND MCMASTER.—HIS INTIMATES, WADHAMS, WALWORTH AND HECKER.—HE ENTERS THE NOVITIATE OF THE REDEMPTORISTS TO BECOME A LAY-BROTHER. — HIS PROVIDENTIAL CALL TO JOURNALISM. — ARCHBISHOP HUGHES AND MCMASTER.—HE IS, AT FIRST, SUB-EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, THE REV. JAS. ROOSEVELT BAILEY, D. D., BEING CHIEF EDITOR.

CONTINUED.

IN those days of our young convert, religious bigotry was prevalent. Native Americanism was rampant. Broken heads were not uncommon at church doors, and the figure of a convert to Roman Catholicism was peculiarly inviting to attacks from the objectors to his creed. This was the condition of affairs that stirred the faculties of Mr. McMaster, He went into the fray eagerly, and soon showed extraordinary polemical skill in articles written by him for the *Freeman's Journal.*

He came out boldly against all those who attacked his religion, or who uttered and defended opinions that were contrary to its tenets. He showed to Protestants that Christ had built his church upon Peter. "So," said he, "where Peter is there must be Christ's church. And as there is no Peter in any of the Protestant sects, none of them is Christ's church. We can be saved, not in error and heresy, but only in the truth which can be found only in Christ's church.

"Now, God is infinite truth itself. He knows things only as they are, and can speak them only as he knows them. As sovereign Author and Lord of all things, he has an absolute authority over all men.—an authority which He can exercise either directly by Himself, or through an angel, or a prophet, or one or more of His reasonable creatures. God, therefore, has a right to command, under pain of eternal damnation, the human understanding to believe certain truths; He has a right to command the human will to perform certain duties, and the senses to make certain sacrifices. Nothing can be more reasonable than to submit to such a command of God.

"To know what God has commanded us to believe and to do is to know the true religion or the true way to heaven. As God is but one, so His holy will is but one, and therefore His religion is but one and the same. In order that we might learn, with infallible certainty, this one true religion, Almighty God appointed but one infallible teaching authority—the Roman Catholic Church—and commanded all to hear her and believe her infallible doctrine, under pain of exclusion from eternal life.

"The truth is one: errors are many; the Church, the pillar and ground of truth, is one; sects are many, that deny the truth and the Church's infallible authority to teach truth. Every sensible man, then, seeing a class of men drawn into a whirlpool of endless religious variations and dissensions, is forced to say: This is only an ephemeral sect, without substance and without any divine authority: it is a plant not planted by the hand of Almighty God, and therefore it will be rooted up; it is a kingdom divided against itself, and therefore it will be made desolate; it is a house built on sand, and therefore it cannot stand: it is a cloud without water, which is carried about by the winds: a tree of autumn, unfruitful, twice dead, by want of divine, Catholic faith, and therefore it will be plucked up by the roots: a raging wave of the sea, foaming out its own confusion: a wandering star, to which the storm and darkness are reserved forever; a withered branch cut off from the body of Christ, the One Holy Roman Catholic Church, which alone is established by Christ on earth as His pillar and ground of truth, in *one* fold, watched over by His own chief shepherd, ever immovable amid the storms of hell: with unshaken faith, amid the variations of philosophical systems, the infernal persecutions of the wicked, the revolutions of empires, the attacks of interest, of prejudice, of passion, the dissolving labors of criticism, the progress of physical, historical, and other sciences, the unrestrained love of novelty, the abuses which sooner or later undermine the most firmly-established human institutions.

"The main spirit of Protestantism has always been to declare every man independent of the divine authority of the Roman Catholic Church, and to substitute for this divine authority a human authority. Pope Pius IX. spoke of Protestantism, in all its forms, as a revolt against God, it being an attempt to substitute a *human* for

a *divine* authority, and a declaration of the creature's independence of the Creator. A true Protestant, therefore, said McMaster, 'does not acknowledge that God has a right to teach him; or, if he acknowledges this right, he does not feel himself bound to believe all that God teaches him through those whom God has appointed to teach mankind. He says to God: If thou teachest me, I reserve to myself the right to examine thy words, to explain them as I choose, and admit only what appears to me true, consistent and useful.' Hence St. Augustine says: 'You, who believe what you please, and reject what you please, believe yourselves or your own fancy rather than the Gospel.' The faith of the Protestant, then, is based upon his private judgment alone: it is human. As his judgment is alterable, he naturally holds that his faith and doctrine is alterable at will, and is therefore continually changing it. Evidently, then, he does not hold it to be the truth; for truth never changes; nor does he hold it to be the law of God, which he is bound to obey: for if the law of God be alterable at will, it can only be altered by God Himself, never by man, any body of men, or any creature of God.

"There are, we like to believe, among Protestants, many individuals who are far superior to their Protestantism, who have not yet learned to distrust reason, who hold that truth is obligatory, that religion is the law of conscience, who are honest, upright, kind-hearted, and benevolent according to their light, and who mean to be true Christian believers. These can be reasoned with and be more or less affected by argument: but they are not genuine Protestants. They may not very well understand the doctrines retained from the Church by the early reformers, but they believe them to be revealed truths, which it would be sinful in them to deny, not mere opinions which one is free to hold or not hold according to his pleasure. These serve to keep up a show of religion in the several Protestant sects, but they are not governed by the Protestant spirit, and if carried away by the Protestant movement, they are not its leaders. They are the laggards in the onward march of Protestantism.

"It is worthy of remark that in the war which Protestants and infidels have hitherto waged against the Church, neither has nor pretends to have any truth or principle to oppose to her. They do not fight for the truth, nor for any affirmative or Catholic principle that she denies or neglects, but for what they call the rights of the mind, which, translated into plain English, means the emancipation of the human mind from the authority of truth, and therefore from God who is truth, or, in simpler terms still, the liberty to treat truth and falsehood as of equal value, as equally indifferent, or to deny all real distinction between them, and therefore between right and wrong. Neither reason nor revelation can tolerate this sort of liberty—intellectual and moral license rather; and the very existence and presence of the Church condemns it. Hence the irreconcilable antagonism between the Church and the sects. Yet is there a notable difference between the temper and motives of the two parties. The Church is always calm and collected, for she knows that she has the truth; she indulges in no passion, resorts to no violence, to no cruelty or harshness against her enemies, for she knows that they are only harming themselves, not her; and hence she is moved in her resistance to their blind rage only by that divine charity which seeks to save souls, not to destroy them. She is moved by love for her enemies, and seeks at all times, by all the means in her power, to do them good—good for time and for eternity. Her temper towards them is that of infinite tenderness and compassion. But the temper of her enemies towards her is that of hatred, and hatred without cause: they are moved, not by charity, by love of souls, for, if they believe in salvation at all, they believe that souls can be saved in the Church at least as well as out of it, and hence, the dupes of their own hateful passions, there is no extreme of violence or cruelty to which, where they have the power, they will not go, if they judge it necessary or useful to their cause."

Such utterances of McMaster made in public and in private conversation with Protestant friends attracted the attention of Bishop Hughes, who was firmly convinced that in him lay a vocation second only to a calling to the priesthood. Full of zeal, overflowing with learning, a master of a direct style, of strong vitality, and possessing fearless courage—a man as sensitive of the Church's honor as is a well-nurtured woman of her chastity, and, when it was attacked, with the strength of a giant to strike in its defence—such was James A. McMaster in his young days, and such he remained to the end.

At that time, the *Freeman's Journal* was the property of Bishop Hughes, whose private secretary, the Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, acted as its editor for two years. Writing on Oct. 6, 1877, of this period, Mr. McMaster gives the following glimpse of his labors and his relations to Father Bayley—as well as of his own trenchant ideas:

"Thirty years ago the New York *Freeman's Journal* was the property of Bishop Hughes: and Father James Roosevelt Bayley was its nominal editor. For some months the present editor and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal* attempted the task

of writing its editorial matter, under this supposed editorship. One day, the then sub-editor asked Father Bayley to read, or hear read, the editorial matter, ready to go to press. Father Bayley was well pleased with it all. The sub-editor, wishing to be open-hearted, drew Father Bayley's attention to the fact that *thirteen* parties, calling themselves Catholics, were hit in that one number of the *Freeman's Journal*, and that some of them would *howl!* *Roman* orthodoxy was not then recognized, as it is now, among Catholics of the United States. In jocose mood we suggested to Father Bayley that he had better get ready for *explanations!* And so, at the foot of the fifth page of that issue of the *Freeman's Journal*, as a quiet joke, we agreed that the line should be put: '*Apologies next week.*' The 'apologies' were worse than the first slaps. But the points then made in the *Freeman's Journal* are no longer open to controversy."

Bishop Hughes and Father Bayley were convinced that in Mr. McMaster they had the man they wanted. He was precisely of that needful combative nature, and when he had stirred up matters he showed that he was able to take care of himself. Accordingly, in 1848, the *Freeman's Journal* was transferred to him, and he became sole editor and proprietor.

END OF CHAPTER II.

## A THOUGHT.

"*The years rob us as they pass.*"—FATHER FABER.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

Swiftly the tide of life is onward flowing
Into the tearless land so far away,
And on its rippling waves are ever going
Some loved and loving spirits day by day.

Low 'neath the shady trees are dear ones lying
Springs o'er their graves the daisy-sprinkled grass;
Ah, how the years, unmindful of our sighing,
Glide ever on and "rob us as they pass."

Yes! but the ties they seem to rudely sever,
Bind us in Him to whom no spirit dies;
Deep in His loving Heart they live for ever,
There in His blissful home beyond the skies.

R. I. P.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

CHARACTER is what a man is in his inmost thought.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

# Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

THE queen month of the year is upon us, and the charming days of the delicious Indian Summer are near. The air is perfectly transparent, and the clouds which float in a sky of purest azure are gorgeous in their draperies of crimson and gold. The thought of God as a beneficent being seems as a first principle among all the nations of the earth, and so this exquisitely beautiful time of the Indian Summer takes its name from the belief of certain tribes in a south west wind blowing direct from the court of their great and benevolent god, Contantowwit—the south-western god. Little knew they! poor children of nature, of the south wind which in very truth blew through the garden of God, where the aromatical spices filled the air with a perfume as if from Araby, luring many to follow the beloved into His Garden, there to feed and gather lilies. Nature and grace are ever in sympathy; so we find the holy church quick to recognize and appropriate the beauty of the one as a dower for the other. May belongs by every right and title to Mary, gracious Queen of the Spring, and now October twines its wreath of autumn leaves for the Queen of the Holy Rosary, gracious mistress and patroness of the harvest home,

Many and varied were the delights of the happy summer, and its twilights found us in the full enjoyment of its hours of rest and perfect abandonment. Now come the mellowing influences of the autumn, when the twilight is filled with a certain soft melancholy, and the memories of other days flit before eyes that are closing our fast gathering tears.

The last, the last, the last!

Oh! by that little word how many thoughts are stirred.

That sister of the past.

The autumn seems like a reminder of the eleventh hour to many of us, and as with bated breath and fast beating heart we

gaze affrighted over the days that are no more, we grasp with all the hope of a believing heart, and never a thought of despair the precious chapter of the Rosary, the joy of youth, the strength of manhood, and the stay of declining years. Countless are the heart stories which the well worn beads could tell, dearer and of more moment in the counsels of God than the chronicles of Kings. Let them plead our cause in the twilights of October, the month of benediction to the children of the Holy Rosary. "The mother's treasure is thine: take and profit thereof," says St. Bernard, he of the honeyed tongue, who had drawn his sweetness, first from the holy home of Jesus, and then from the lily blossoms of Mary. Yes, the treasures of the Rosary are at our disposal; let us amass them through the golden grains of oft told Aves which Mary will store for us in the royal mint.

And now a word of the great daughter of Carmel, the strong-hearted, the valiant woman, Teresa of Jesus, whose feast we celebrate on Oct. 15th. Much need have we of her heroic constancy in these days of limp courage and failing hearts, at the thought of the kingdom which suffereth violence and which the violent only bear away. How magnificent is she in the strength or her womanhood, who, despite all the glory of her intellect, knew so well how to keep within bounds, ever submissive to that authority which is the queen of the world, her brilliant imagination—"that mad member of the household," as she herself calls it. Short shrift and little quarter would she have given to the so-called advanced women of to-day, who, forgetful of the crowning glory of their state, force themselves into the world's great crowd, where never a knight is found to save them from the strife of tongues into which they have fallen. And how brave she was, this daughter of Catholic Spain, of Avila, the "City of Knights." She suffered twenty years from disinclination to prayer without letting herself be disheartened. *There* is a lesson for us of these latter days whose mouths are open for the honey of spiritual consolation, and who hunger for the manna which oftimes we will not even seek. Let us learn of this glorious woman, saint of Carmel, fit teacher of many minds, great doctress of the Church of God, a woman's lesson—"Land that grows fallow gains a quiet power"—in His own good time God will make use of it. St. Teresa *sought* a cloister; since then, she has taught a world.

## LOOKING-GLASSES.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY MARY. A. SPELLISEY.

"O THAT you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves." Coriolanus, ii-ii.

I have read of one who had the walls of an apartment lined with mirrors in order that the occupant might have the benefit of every possible point of view. We live in the presence of reflectors; unconsciously we are giving ourselves away all day long. Often very discreditably, and when the consequences of our ugliness come upon us, few are wise enough to recognize where the blame belongs. Arabella is highly accomplished, she speaks three languages, plays on four instruments, she has an artistic temperament, but—she is poor, proud, and peevish, she enters an entertainment with a "nobody-here-to-speak-to" air.

In society she appears ignorant that in accepting an invitation she has assumed a responsibility. Loyalty to her hostess should prompt her to gracefully adapt herself to the exigencies of the occasion, and endeavor tactfully to elicit from her companions the best they have to give. On the contrary, she is usually consumed by the desire to receive the attention of the principal persons present. Her selfishness is grossly apparent, and she disgusts where she would attract. Seeing herself neglected, she vents her spleen by sulkiness or by ill-natured remarks. In the eyes of the thoughtful she is making a sad exhibition of herself, and she is vaguely conscious she is not a success: instead of seeking the cause, she makes matters worse by attributing her failure to the dullness of "people," she declares them very uninteresting. Alas! she has closed many a loving heart and charming home-circle against her. When she shall meet neglect and coldness in the future, her lack of self-knowledge shall pre-

vent her recognizing the cause: in her blindness she will declare she is omitted from this or that company because she is poor. Is it not a pity that she will not try to see herself as others see her?

Paula is poor, pious and pleasing. Always ready to oblige, she wins all hearts. She is ever a welcome guest, because sunshine enters with her. She is an interested listener, to all who approach her, be the subject politics, foot-ball, fishing, or fashion. Thus she develops harmoniously, she enlarges her horizon, and, meanwhile, she has the love of many, the admiration of all.

When her engagement to a man of high estate is announced, Arabella is "surprised" and wonders what he saw in her. "Paula is not a bit pretty, and she has no polish." High polish often prevents the usefulness of an article; because it scratches so easily, it is simply ornamental. The man who thinks, chooses his wife as a helpmate.

He is deeply conscious that "The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie." Therefore his love embraces such as Paula, in whom he has ever found a sympathizing listener, and prudent counsellor. It is wise to have a decent respect for public opinion and to learn its uses.

"He that loveth correction loveth knowledge, but he that hateth reproof is foolish."

A solemn anniversary Requiem Mass was celebrated on September 17th at St. John's Church, New Baltimore, Pa., for the repose of the soul of the late Father Albert Heimann, O. C. C., who died a year ago. The large number of parishioners who were present showed that their late beloved pastor is held in lasting remembrance. On the same day, at an earlier hour, the members of the Carmelite Monastery assisted at a Requiem Mass offered up for their deceased brother.

We will never renounce the world as long as we preserve in the depths of our hearts the treacherous treasure of our own will.—St. Francis.

The highest wisdom consists in giving ourselves up to good works, in having a guard over ourselves, and in meditating on the judgment of God.—St. Francis.

## Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Spain.

*Correspondence of the Carmelite Review.*

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

THROUGHOUT Spain and its dependencies, as well as in the States of North and South America, which once owed allegiance to the Court of Castilla, the Feast of Our Lady of Carmel, is pre-eminently one of the most popular, as it is positively the most solemn of the many instituted by Holy Church in honor of the Immaculate Mother of God. Since there this devotion figures amongst the most ancient, whilst none now existing is more extended, or claims more associates, neither is there one more in harmony with the pious inclinations of the Spanish heart, than the devotion to the Most Holy and Immaculate Mother of Carmel. From the moment that the music of the church belfries proclaim the "Vespera" of the Feast, until the late hours of the day itself, there is one continued stream of human beings flocking to her churches, invading her shrines and visiting her sanctuaries, no matter in what part of the peninsula they may be situated, be they in the nigh inaccessible summits of its "Picos" or hidden in the deep recesses of its valleys: whilst the devotion in these to the Queen of Heaven, is both solemn and sumptuous, and few, indeed, are the Spaniards, even amidst the glacial indifference and cold positivism, which is too frequently visible in the populous centres of industry, who do not, although not of precept, crowd to hear the Mass of Carmel. To-day her altars are superbly decorated and ablaze with myriads of lights, the offerings of her pious votaries: the floral wealth of the country, fragrant in its freshness, is generously contributed with fastidious prodigality, to make her altars one series of parterres of the most exquisite contributions of nature—a very kaleidoscope of bright and varied colors, as hue artistically vies with hue in lending splendor to the picturesque surroundings of the Divine Solitary of the Tabernacle in His hermit home, whilst the most distinguished pulpit orators are invited to

preach with tender pathos and burning eloquence in the sonorous tongue of Cervantes the annual panegyrics; in fine, all the treasures of art and all the resources of musical lore, are generously enlisted in imparting splendor to the divine melody that swells forth from the orchestras and mingles itself with the hymn of praise and voice of prayer that ascends the altar on High from choir and sanctuary. But if the august ceremonial of the festival may be thus described, as taking place in all the churches of Spain on the 16th of July, yet there is one province, that of Cataluna, in particular, the intrinsic grandeur and brilliancy of whose religious ceremonies the eye may be enabled to see, but the pen flags and fails to describe:

"Ah me, what hand can pencil guide, or pen
To follow half on what the eye dilates?"

No wonder, then, that it is truly styled the Province of the Devotion of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, since in Cataluna she has an altar in the hearts of her devoted children. Nor is this of recent growth or ephemeral solidity. No, long before it took root in the affections of the faithful of other provinces—long before it had founded its numerous convents of both sexes in the various dioceses of the peninsula, and spread its offshoots through the vast empire in the new world, over which once waved proudly, in the halcyon days of Spain's supremacy, the red and golden banner of Castile and Leon, Cataluna had marshaled a noble army of Carmel, and clothed her children in the livery of Mary, proving that this was the pre-elect land of "Maria Santissima." To it, too, came direct from "Monte Carmelo" the first Apostles of the devotion in 1202, at the invitation of one of the noble Counts of Navarre, who constructed for them the first Spanish house of the order, and enriched it with a beautiful gothic church within the grounds of his palace, at Peralda, in the Province of Gerona—beneath the very shades of the Pyrenees. Subsequently they extended themselves into the various towns and cities of the principality, notably in Barcelona, whose convent became one of the most renowned in the catholic world of that era—a focus of religious and scientific light, and distinguished for the number of its community, and for the aroma of their virtues, their eloquence in the pulpits, and their profound learning in the professional chair. Thus for 653 years, from this "alma mater" of Mary, sons of Mount Carmel went forth, giants in learning and in holiness, keeping ablaze throughout Spain's vast empire the torch of science and literature, amidst the comparative ignorance and intellectual darkness of the age. Like the sainted religious of the "Insula Sanctorum et doctorum," they were not only unwearied in the protection, in the teaching and in the fostering of the arts and sciences, but they also relieved the truly destitute, lodged the homeless, sheltered the pilgrim and the stranger, re-established concord amidst the turmoils of the age, minimizing the tribal warfare, which was then so frequent, carrying consolation to the bosom of families, guiding the youth with the saving hand of true religion and christian charity, and securing them adequate employment: scattering, in fine, widespread thousands of blessings, temporal and spiritual. Yes, these were the days when the sons of Elias witnessed their days of glory; but if they have had their "Thabor," later on, in their chequered history, they have had, too, their Calvary, for in the first half of the present century, they, like those of Ignatius, and of Dominick, and of the Seraphic Francis and of Bernard, have endured their hours of bitterness—their days of affliction and of sorrow.

On the closing day of the novena of our Lady in 1835, the feast, too, of Spain's glorious apostle, during the reign of Christina the seventh, of Bourbon, of unhallowed memory, what the disciples of anarchy and the enemies of social order would feign do to-day, the godless revolutionists of '35, the hireling assassins and communists of that epoch, under the eyes of a soidisant liberal and catholic government, had achieved. Then the wave of infidelity and religious spoliation had crossed the frontier: bearing on its crest all the hideous excrescences of satanic hate, exciting all the rancours of religious intolerance, and focusing against the religious orders all the batteries of bigotry: in fine, in their mad frenzy, effacing God, depreciating religion, insulting and mocking virtue: then was the evil hour, when the convents and monasteries were promiscuously wrecked, pillaged and despoiled, and left tenantless, at the mercy

of the communists' torch, reducing these homes of prayer, of learning and of peace, to a pile of rubbish, burning within their ruins, in one hecatomb of ashes, the bodies of those, whose saintly lives were devoted to the honor and glory of Almighty God, and the temporal and spiritual welfare of their neighbor, thanks to the historic fact, that the plighted word of government protection was turned into the conniving attitude of looking on with folded arms and passive indifference in a city amply garrisoned with battalions of troops and batteries of artillery. The persecution did not end with the fire of the incendiary, for the Religious who survived this merciless ordeal were impoverished and ostracised.

For nigh forty years religion lay prostrate beneath the feet of a triumphant revolution. Yes, for nigh half a century the lamp of the sanctuary had been extinguished, the white robe of Carmel found no home, no recognized sanctuary, from one end of the peninsula to the other; but, thanks to the Almighty God and to the signal protection of the immaculate patron of Carmel, the dark cloud of persecution has in the last few decades of the declining 19th century, been rift asunder, and once more the sons of Elias are returning and re-possessing themselves, even at the prayer and entreaty of the descendants of many of their persecutors and spoilers of their ruined shrines and desecrated sanctuaries. And once more the recuperative and constructive character of the order owes much to the memory of a revered and noble son of Cataluna—a saintly friar of the ancient convent of Olot, who became the pioneer of the restoration, and which, before his death, he had the happiness of seeing enter on an era of a bright and glorious future. And this, his work, so nobly and energetically begun, has received a sterling impetus from the zeal, the perseverance and successful direction of the present learned and eloquent Commissary General, the Very Rev. Anastasius Borras y Buadas, which bids far to eclipse in the near future the ancient fame of this glorious and favorite order. Within the comparatively few years that he has been ruling its destinies in the peninsula, he has succeeded in re-establishing the parent house of the order in the historic Jerez de La Frontera, with its beautiful church, erected and sustained by the inexhaustible munificence of a noble Carmelite lady; the magnificent University Church of Osuna: the once classic "Gemina Urbanorum" of the Romans; the neat and picturesque novitiate house of Onda, beneath the Sierras of Espadan; the monastic houses of Hinojoza and Candete; and last, not least, the ancient convent of Olot, in the Pyrenees. Their restoration is due to the unwearied labors of this distinguished son of the order of "Carmelitas Calzados," Fr. Anastasius Borras y Buadas. But in paying this well-merited tribute, it would be unpardonable to forget the noble and unselfish efforts of his truly large-hearted lieutenant —the ever popular Father Prior of Jerez— Fr. Elias Duran, whose unceasing energy and zeal has, in season and out of season, seconded successfully the aspirations and glorious achievements of his worthy superior, for the glory of God's House, the honor of Carmel, and the propagation of its devotion. Throughout the peninsula, from Gibraltar to San Sebastian, from the shores of the Duro to the banks of the Llobregot, everywhere are to be met the impress of their minds, the noble work of their hands, in undoing the evils which the tyranny of the revolution and the despotism and draconian legislation of the civil power had inflicted on the glorious order of Carmel.

If the Communistic incendiaries and their equally guilty connivers—the Spanish government of Queen Cristina de Bourbon of '35, did justly call forth from the lips of the glorious Pontiff of that day—Gregory the 16th, his malediction, the generous restorers and their hosts of charitable supporters, and the increasing army of Carmel to-day, equally merited the Pontifical blessing of one of the grandest prelates that ever held the helm of the barque of Peter in the august prisoner of the Vatican, Leo the 13th, and that inestimable benediction, he has in an especial manner bestowed during the late Spanish Pilgrimage, when the sons of Carmel intermingled in large numbers with their fellow pilgrims to the threshold of the Vatican.

Barcelona, Spain, August, 1894.

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Mary, dawn from which arose the Sun of Justice.—St. Peter Damian.

# The Catechism

## OF MOUNT CARMEL,

BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

### CHAPTER IX.

*Local Indulgences.*

Ques. What are the conditions for gaining local indulgences?

Ans. Besides the general conditions mentioned in the last chapter, local indulgences require a visit to a Carmelite church, or a parish church in which the Confraternity of Mount Carmel is established.

Those who are prevented from visiting a church by sickness or imprisonment can gain the local indulgences by observing all the general conditions and performing some other good work substituted for the required visit by their confessor.

*Local Plenary Indulgences.*

1. Once a year, on any day of the year.

2. Once a day, on any day on which the sacraments are received.

3. On one Wednesday every month.

4. On the feast of the Dedication of all Carmelite Churches (Aug. 31st).

5. On the titular feast of any Carmelite church.

6. At the forty hours' devotion in any Carmelite church.

7. At the Papal Benediction, which is given in Carmelite churches four times a year: on the feast of St. Stephen (Dec. 26); on the Tuesday after Easter: on the Tuesday after Pentecost, and on the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel (July 16).

8. A plenary indulgence can be gained by each and every visit made to a Carmelite church from the Vespers (2 p. m.) of the 15th of July until sunset of July 16th. Each visit need not be longer than is necessary to say a few devout prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father.

9. Once a day on the following feasts:

Sts. Fabian and Sebastian (Jan. 20).

Purification of B. V. M. (Feb. 2).

Once during the octave.

St. Andrew Corsini (Feb. 4).

On one of the nine Wednesdays preceding the feast of St. Joseph.

St. Joseph and octave (Mar. 19).

Annunciation of B. V. M. and octave (Mar. 25).

Thursday in Holy Week.

Good Friday (Holy Communion not required).

Easter Sunday and octave.

Third Sunday after Easter, feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph and once during the octave.

Feast of the Ascension.

Finding of the Holy Cross (May 3).

St. Angelus (May 5).

St. Simon Stock (May 16).

St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzis (May 25).

Pentecost Sunday and octave.

St. John the Baptist (June 24).

Sts. Peter and Paul and octave (June 29).

Visitation of B. V. M. (July 2).

St. Elias (July 20).

St. Anne (July 26).

St. Albert (Aug 7).

Assumption of B. V. M. and octave (Aug. 15).

St. Joachim (Sunday after Assumption).

Transverberation of St. Teresa (Aug. 27).

Nativity of B. V. M. and octave (Sept. 8).

Exaltation of the Cross and octave (Sept. 14).

St. Michael and octave (Sept. 29).

St. Teresa and once during octave (Oct. 15.)

All Saints and octave (Nov. 1).

All Souls (Nov. 2).

All Carmelite Saints (Nov. 14).

All Souls of the Carmelite Order (Nov. 15).

Presentation of B. V. M. (Nov. 21).

St. John of the Cross and once during the octave (Nov. 24.)

Immaculate Conception of B. V. M. and octave (Dec. 8).

Christmas.

Attending at High Mass on Christmas.

All these indulgences can be gained also by a visit to the parish church whenever it is impossible to visit a Carmelite church or a Confraternity church.

All Carmelite churches have also the Indulgences of the Stations.

Q. What are indulgences of the Station?

A. Indulgences granted to Roman churches on certain days.

Q. What are the conditions required to gain the Indulgences of the Stations?

A. They are the usual ones, excepting that prayers for the Holy Father must be

said in all cases, even when there is only a partial indulgence, during the time of the visit to the church.

Q. Can these indulgences also be gained by those members of the Confraternity who cannot possibly visit a Carmelite church?

A. No. The indulgences of the Stations are only attached to Carmelite churches, and those parish churches in which the Confraternity of Mount Carmel has been canonically established.

Only the indulgences mentioned under number nine can be gained in any parish church whenever it is impossible to go to a Carmelite or Confraternity church.

We shall also give a list of partial local indulgences in the same order as we have given the plenary indulgences: First, those that can be gained in any parish church whenever it becomes impossible to visit a Carmelite church, and then those that can be gained only in Carmelite churches.

*Local Indulgences not Plenary.*

1. 87 years and 87 quarantines every Saturday and Sunday.

2. 7 years and 7 quarantines once a day by saying one Our Father in the church for the living and the dead.

3. 3 years and 3 quarantines every Thursday.

4. 3 years and 3 quarantines on every feast day of the Blessed Virgin.

5. Partial indulgences on following days:

35 years and 35 quarantines on the feast of Sts. Fabian and Sebastian, and each day during the octave.

425 years and 425 quarantines on the feast of the Purification of B. V. M.

65 years and 65 quarantines on each day of the octave.

87 years and 87 quarantines every week in Lent by a visit to the church on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

425 years and 425 quarantines on the feast of the Annunciation of B. V. M.

65 years and 65 quarantines on every day of the octave.

195 years and 195 quarantines on Good Friday.

35 years and 35 quarantines on Easter Sunday and on every day of the octave.

195 years and 195 quarantines on the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross (May 3.)

35 years and 35 quarantines on Pentecost Sunday and on every day of the octave.

35 years and 35 quarantines on the feast of St. John the Baptist and octave (June 24.)

30 years and 30 quarantines on the feast of the Visitation of B. V. M. and octave (July 2).

425 years and 425 quarantines on the feast of the Assumption of B. V. M. (Aug. 15.)

65 years and 65 quarantines on every day of the octave.

The same indulgences on the feast and during the octave of the Nativity of B. V. M. (Sept. 8).

195 years and 195 quarantines on the feast of the exaltation of the Holy Cross (Sept. 14).

35 years and 35 quarantines on the feast and during the octave of St. Michael (Sept. 29).

35 years and 35 quarantines on the feast and during the Octave of All Saints (Nov. 1.)

30 years and 30 quarantines on the feast and during the octave of the Presentation of the B. V. M. (Nov. 21).

The same indulgences for the feast of the Immaculate Conception (Dec. 8).

## Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

*Translated for the Review.*

BY S. X. B.

"MY parents," said the narrator, "sent me to a well-known seminary to finish my studies —I had just entered philosophy. On the Feast of the Assumption, 1811, I was invested with the Scapular. As the ceremony did not take place until evening, the various exercises of the house prevented me from reciting certain prayers which the confraters were in the habit of saying through devotion, every day. The hour for retiring came. I did not remember the omission until I had already lain down, and was about to extinguish a taper, which, through a sort of timidity, I had left burning up to that time. I then placed it near my pillow, without a thought of possible consequences, and proceeded to re-

cite the forgotten prayers. It was about nine o'clock when I finished, and fell fast asleep, and almost ten when I awoke.

"My first thought was of the taper so thoughtlessly left burning, and I sat up in an instant only to find myself in the midst of fire and smoke. The taper had fallen over and set the pillow on fire, the mattrass was burned, the head board was charred and blackened, the room was so full of smoke that as soon as I opened the door to call for aid, the corridor was filled.

"As to myself, I was not injured in the least. Not a hair of my head was burned. The physician was astonished next day when he saw the traces of the conflagration in my room, that I had escaped so thoroughly.

"He said that one would think if I *had* been spared by the fire, the thick smoke would have suffocated me.

"I cannot think with calmness upon that night. What a tragedy might not have been the result! I attribute my wonderful preservation entirely to *our Lady of the Scapular*, that dear Mother who vouchsafed to protect me, doubtless for the prayers, in her honor, which I was reciting at the very moment when slumber closed my eyes."

* * *

November 21, at midnight, witnessed the breaking out of a fire which threatened absolute destruction to Dompnac, a small town of Vivarais. The wind was high, the night cold, for it was below zero, and intensely dark.

Every one was in his home, most of the citizens asleep, and the only sound which disturbed the silence was the varied cadence of the wind, as it brushed along. Now it would howl and shriek, as if a midnight demon rode the storm, then faintly moan as if lamenting the danger soon to come.

Suddenly the alarm bell sounded, and the terrible cry, "*Fire*," rang out and brought despair to every heart. The storehouse of a wealthy merchant was in flames. In it were stored 5,000 bushels of flour, straw, and other inflammable materials. In a few moments the entire population appeared upon the scene. All were eager to assist. This impulse was so general that men came from a great distance when they heard the alarm bell. Water was carried, but the fire had gained such headway, having reached the hay and straw, that all hope of saving the town seemed at an end. The heavy slate roof loosened by the heat now swayed and a new danger was to be apprehended.

The adjacent buildings filled at this season of the year with chestnuts, drying upon large tables, awaited a speedy destruction; the flames had already caught the doors of a large granary, and desolation seized the anxious crowd. What was to be done?

Suddenly a young girl, Anne Reynaud, a fervent member of the Sodality, moved by a happy inspiration, cried out that if a Scapular of our Lady were thrown into the fire it would quench the flames. She took off her own and handed it to one of the men, who, unable to throw it directly on account of the high wind, rolled it around a stone, and with unerring aim sent it into the blazing mass.

At that instant the fury of the fire abated, *and it verily seemed as if several tons of water had been poured into the seething pit.* True, it was not entirely extinguished, but it went no further: the door of the granary above mentioned was charred, but nothing more.

At this signal mark of Mary's protecting power, hope sprang up in every heart, but the most remarkable fact was as yet unknown. At day dawn the town awoke to remember that it was the feast of the "Presentation" and to renew their thanks to Mary. Willing hands were ready to remove the debris of the fire, which was smouldering still. What was their astonishment to find the Scapular amid hot coals and stones, of which the heat was so great that they could not touch them, detached from the stone around which it had been twined, without a sign of the fiery ordeal through which it had passed the night before! The picture of the Blessed Virgin was perfect, even the strings had been preserved. The Scapular was placed at the feet of the Queen of Carmel in the chapel dedicated to her honor, where it can be seen by the faithful who daily come to pray at her shrine and find therein a new motive for confidence in our Lady of the Scapular.

(Signed,)

GUILHON,

*Pastor of Dompnac, Ardeche.*

From "Devotion a Marie," vol. ii.

—THE—
# Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
*OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,*
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, Oct, 1894. NO. 10.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

PERSONS who write to us requesting answers must give their full address, as we cannot afford to guess at the writer. We have a letter signed "An Admirer of the CARMELITE REVIEW," asking a very personal question. We cannot send the answer to every "admirer." Always sign your full name, and if a woman, prefix "Miss" or "Mrs."

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THE late decrees of the Congregation of Rites on sacred music have been rendered necessary by the frightful abuses that have crept into church music. In, alas! too many instances the character of church music had been altogether perverted. Some of the abuses would have been scandalous were they not so ludicrous, so evidently the outcome of ignorance.

***

MUSIC is the language of the heart, the language of emotions. Church music is, or ought to be, the language of the heart of the church, of the spouse of Christ. It should express *her* love, *her* praise, *her* thanksgiving, *her* petitions. How can this be done by adopting the languid, sentimental music of earthly love: the boisterous, noisy, turbulent music of worldly praise and thanksgiving: the frivolous, insolent petitions of human beggary? Is this the divine language of the spouse of Christ?

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THERE will be no change in spite of the recent decrees until organists and choirs understand the divine feelings of the church, until they learn to love, praise, give thanks, and plead in harmony with the church. Gregorian and so-called Cecilian music cannot even be rendered in a becoming manner without this higher perception of the inner life of the church, and of her supreme love for her spouse.

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LET all our subscribers make an effort to increase the number of subscriptions to the CARMELITE REVIEW. We are doing very well so far, but it should be remembered that all the profits are to be for the benefit of the Hospice. The more subscribers the greater the profits. The greater the profits the greater the benefit to the Hospice. We are meeting with so much encouragement from the clergy as well as the catholic laity, that we do not make this appeal in a complaining spirit; it is merely an utterance of holy impatience. We are certain of the outcome, but we can hardly brook the delay, in our anxiety to do the good contemplated.

***

HIS HOLINESS, THE POPE, in his late letter on the holy Rosary, refers indirectly to Zola's infamous novel—"Lourdes." "Faith in the Blessed Virgin Mary," says the Pope, "has been called into ridicule by the impious." Let us, during this month, beg our Lady to strengthen our confidence in her, and answer the sneers of infidels by an increased devotion to the Queen of the holy Rosary.

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WE have followed the doings of the Catholic Summer School with lively interest and rejoiced to note its success. It is our earnest wish that there be as many reading circles as there are parishes: that they all affiliate with the Catholic Summer School: that the resolutions adopted at the meeting of the Board of Trustees in August be carried out by all the circles: and that the *Champlain Review* meet with far greater success than the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*. It fully deserves it, not only because it is a representative magazine of catholic learning and thought, but also because its editor, Warren E. Mosher, should not be expected to make personal sacrifices in the good cause without receiving full acknowledgement from all those who are interested in the success of a school which teaches *catholic* truth and science, the only truth and science there is.

BUILDING operations on the Hospice are to be resumed at once. All our friends and benefactors are requested kindly to further the work by their own continued interest in its completion, and by interesting others in this great undertaking, blessed by the Holy Father. We have received several applications from priests, advanced in age, who desire to spend their remaining days in retirement, and it has been a source of grief to us that we were forced to refuse them, as the building will not be completed for many a day to come, unless the means, furnished by Christian generosity, prove to be more abundant in future.

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WE ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Mary Brett, Dublin, Ireland. We have received a letter from her daughter, Enfant de Marie, giving the most edifying details of her death. We cannot refrain from quoting some parts of the letter.—"Her life and death were saintly. Monsignor Plunkett who attended her daily said he never met so edifying a sufferer, and that she was really a saint. Her sufferings were awful but her joy, peace and continual prayer most wonderful .... Monsignor said mass in the room on Corpus Christi, the day she was laid to rest and several of the family received holy communion in presence of the dear departed who looked very saintly in the Carmelite habit, pure, white as snow, and a saintly smile on her face....The last gift I ever sent her was the lovely picture of our Lady of Mount Carmel you sent me. She used to add to the Litany, 'Mother and Ornament of Carmel pray for us.'"

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THE Eucharistic Congress, lately held at Notre Dame, is a gratifying sign of the times. For the times are not altogether bad. Side by side with the steady increase of crime and corruption of the world there is a constant increase of godliness in the bosom of the church. Witness the surprising spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart which has, in such a short time, produced such an immense harvest of prayer and good works. The clergy has been at the head of this movement of supernatural life, and is trying to draw nearer and nearer to the Hidden Lover of mankind, as He alone is able to satisfy the hungry multitudes, slaves of a brutal, selfish world. "Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you," saith the Lord. Salvation for the world can be only found at the foot of the tabernacle, not in liberal theories and social panaceas, which exert such a fatal influence even upon some of our modern clergymen.

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THE great secret of Saint Teresa's holiness lay in her utter indifference to anything and everything that was not connected with the love of God. For Him and His service nothing could be too good. She made a vow always to do the work of God in the most perfect manner possible to her. Therefore she was afraid of nothing. A bookmark which she used bore the following beautiful aphorisms written by her own hand and translated from the Spanish by our American poet, Longfellow:

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

***

THE month of the Rosary! The month of the most democratic prayer, the people's prayer, the most catholic or universal prayer. It is the creed of the catholic, the Lord's prayer, the angel's prayer, supplemented by the prayer of the church and the doxology, wound around the life and passion and glory of our Lord and our Lady. Surely not one of the many families, reached by our REVIEW will turn a deaf ear to the expressed wishes of our Holy Father. Gathering all the members of the family around the throne of Mary they will every evening offer their garlands of roses to her. The white roses of the joyful mysteries: the red roses of the sorrowful mysteries: and the golden yellow roses of the glorious mysteries. The rich perfume of these roses will not only ascend into heaven but will also suffuse sweetness in their houses, and make parents more fatherly and motherly to their children, and children more filial to their parents. Our Lady of Peace will be the Queen of that household.

## KIND NOTICES.

The Carmelite Review of Falls View, Ontario, is publishing in serial form a very interesting and instructive life of that eminent Catholic journalist, James A. McMaster. No doubt this new feature of that excellent periodical will procure for it many new subscribers in the United States.—*The Review.*

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We cull the following from a long article on the Carmelites in a late number of *La Vanguardia*, an able weekly published at Barcelona, Spain:—"The Carmelites of our day, although poor and reduced in number, understanding the noble and powerful mission of the press, and the necessity of fighting valiantly the battle of intelligence in the cause of the church, for sixteen years patronized the publication of a periodical which formed an epoch in the annals of our press. They edited a Carmelite library of good and useful books among which there are many written by Carmelite authors, and they encouraged art by publishing many engravings, pictures, and other works of art. They gave the impetus to other similiar publications in different countries, the most excellent of which is the Carmelite Review, published by the Carmelite Fathers in Canada. This monthly is certainly one of the best periodicals of its kind that can be found anywhere."

## THE DYING SINNER.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

I.

"Help—help me!" What was that?
O! whence came that cry?
From yonder death bed: From
A man, doomed to die—
A sinner—and one who
Repents of his crime
But not with true sorrow
"O time—give me time!"

II.

List—Let us listen
Ah what does he say—
He calls upon God
But it is not
To pray.
Remorse—'tis remorse,
Not repentance sincere;
He shrin'ks from God's judgment.
Ah! well may he fear.

III.

"Help! help me! I'm lost,"
Still rings out that wild cry—
"Away with those demons—
Do not let me die.
See, taunting and mocking
They stand all around;
O! save me from hearing
That horrible sound."

IV.

The friend of the dying—
The priest—hastens there—
With sweet words of mercy
With love, hope, and prayer—
"I'm dying, and there is
No mercy for me
Or from these dread visions
I would be set free."

V.

The badge of our Lady—
He flings far away—
"I forgot her for years—
Why invoke her to-day!"
*One* moment's *true* sorrow
Would cancel his crime.
And the merciful Saviour
Gave more than that time.

VI.

But though mercy Incarnate
To man—God is just.
And this obdurate sinner
Alas! must be thrust
Into hell—into tortures
That never will end,
Where darkness and fire
Together will blend.

VII.

Take warning, O! sinners
From his dreadful fate,
And call upon Mary—
Before 'tis too late.
Sure refuge of sinners
And Mother most dear,
Our Lady of Carmel,
Protect us whilst here!

—Eugene J. Blakely.

Whatever our place, allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of honor and duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—Edwards.

# Something About the Life and Spirit of St. Philip Neri.

(*Written for the Carmelite Review by a Father of the London Oratory.*)

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.



§ *S. Philip's Ways.*

IN bringing back the Apostolic age, S. Philip was asserting the sanctity of *home*. In that first age of the church, there were no convents—but, what mighty saints! The world does not get better, the older it becomes. The descendants of Adam, neither in health, nor strength, nor wisdom, nor science improve on that, which the first man received in his creation, and was taught directly by his Maker. Nor are our modern saints greater than those of the Apostolic times. The holiness of those who lived upon earth in the company of Jesus and Mary is simply indescribable. And yet, it was homely, unpretending, in external aspect common-place, though really guided by the Holy Spirit, and crowned finally by glorious martyrdom. Early Christians were not told to "keep time-tables" to make "particular examens." They were told to avoid sin and to rejoice in the Lord. In innocence and joy, these Christians loved one another, and lived holily in a corrupt and wicked world. Now, these things were the very points on which our saint laid stress when guiding and guarding souls, these constitute his spirit.

With beautiful sympathy, gentleness and brotherly affection, St. Raphael once came from heaven, and occupied himself with the affairs, the joys, the sorrows, the marriage, the temporal and spiritual welfare of Tobias and his family. Angelic being though he was, he made himself one of them while with them here. In the same way, Philip came to the world, in compassion, in kindliness, in condescension to its weakness. He moved about fearlessly, joyously, winningly: men thought it was one of themselves, only wondrous bright and pure, the very personification of joy and innocence. They were not far wrong: he was not a second Raphael, nor was he just one of themselves—he was a living saint.

As to joy, "no one ever saw him melancholy, nor would he let others be sad." A playful, painless box on the ear was what people got from him if they looked dismal. He would say: "Look cheerful." He inculcated his doctrine in the following maxims: "Cheerfulness strengthens the heart and makes us persevere in a good life, wherefore the servant of God ought always to be in good spirits." "The true way to advance in holy virtue is to persevere in holy cheerfulness." "The cheerful are much easier to guide in the spiritual life than the melancholy." "In this life there is no purgatory: it is either heaven or hell: for, to him who serves God truly, every trouble and infirmity turns into consolation, and amidst all kinds of trouble he has a paradise within himself even in this world: and he who does not serve God truly and gives himself up to sensuality, has one hell in this life and another in the next." Thus taught Philip, and his room was called: "The School of Christian Mirth."

Then, as to innocence and avoiding the sins to which those living in the world are especially exposed, he had his spirit and his sayings—very like the teachings in St. Paul's Epistles, of which he was so fond. "The Patriarchs possessed riches, and had wives and children, but they lived without defiling their affections with these things, although they possessed them, because they only allowed themselves the use of them, and were ready to abandon them in whatever way the majesty of God might require." "Let us despise gold, silver, jewels, and all that the blind and cheated world prizes." "Men of rank ought to dress like their equals, and be accompanied by their servants as their state requires: but modesty should go with it all." Detachment, not abandonment, was all he asked. To be "poor in spirit" sufficed. He said: "Give me ten men really detached from the world, and I have the heart to believe I could convert the world with them."

§ *Philip's Way with Men.*

Undoubtedly, Saint Philip is *the* saint for men living in the world. Founders of religious orders have with cautious pity

called men from it, but what other saint has had the courage and kindness to tell them to stay there, and that he would help them? He said: "When seculars have once chosen the secular state, let them persevere in it and in the devout exercises with which they began, and in their works of charity, and they shall have contentment at their death." And this was said at a time when the secular state was as infested with dangers as the south seas are with sharks! Idleness, pomp, ambition, evil companionships, dissolute practices, were then corrupting the manhood of the Roman laity, and making society thoroughly wicked. However, St. Philip seems to have thought that perhaps it was not all their own fault that people were what they were, and that with a little good advice and kind encouragement they might do better. So, he said: "When fathers have given their sons a good education, and put everything clearly and distinctly before them, their sons who succeed them and continue to follow the road marked out for them, will have the advantage of seeing the family persevere in holy ways and in the fear of God." He was against the modern, wild and inordinate desire to be first, to get to the top of the ladder, to become rich at a bound, however much others might be injured. Sons were to remain contentedly in the state and occupations inherited from their fathers. They had no need of shop windows and advertisements. It would have startled St. Philip not a little, had he seen the frantic and grotesque efforts of these days to secure customers at any cost, by any means: but, all the same, he would still try, perhaps all the harder, to win men in the world to the love of God.

Neither then, nor now, nor at any period would it be easy to make men pious. Think of the difficulty in their case as contrasted with the case of women. These have in their domestic life sources of sanctification not vouchsafed to men. Whereas, men are divided into those who are perpetually hard at work, those who cannot work, or, worse still, who need not work, and, lastly, those whose work is dull, mechanical, uninteresting—rather a new danger than the blessing-bringing punishment imposed by our merciful God.

Well, what was Philip's method with men? In the first place, he gave them the love of his heart in quite a peculiar way. He cared for them, he loved them in a feeling, affectionate way, a way that was full of tenderness and sympathy. He had left home, but he did not leave his heart there, he brought away from that home an undiminished power of love, gentleness, affection, sympathy, caresses, and offered them generously, heartily, alike to rich and poor, noble and lowly, old and young—with, perhaps, a little partiality to the young. You may fancy, because of our British reserve and English stiffness, because of a certain coldness of manner, and an attitude of almost defiance, of indifference, a dislike to exhibit any emotion, that men, being men, are very little moved by such winning ways as these—by kind looks and smiles and caresses. If they come from a beautiful, venerable, white-haired saint, perfumed with the fragrances of heaven and of his own sinless soul—if they tell with tears and sighs to the sad, the sick, the tempted, that they are held most dear by God's priest—if poor, thought-tempted heads are taken between white hands and pressed to a throbbing breast—then, believe it, men will yield them to the spell, and become Philip's sons, ready to do anything for his dear sake.

Then, as now, human respect was that part of worldliness which did most mischief to souls. St. Philip waged cruel war upon it. I will tell you a secret—in this, men are not so brave as they fiercely pretend to be. They shrink from being laughed at, noticed and despised by other men for any attempt at piety. Even *good* women seem at times to think less of a pious young man than they think of a careless and wicked one. What a horrible accusation, what an atrocious charge! Nevertheless, it is true. He is more interesting, is credited with finer qualities who goes dashing to the devil, than the one who bridles his passions, inflicts no injury, commits no sin. Worldliness does this, and thereby, human respect reigns victoriously. Extravagance, sloth, idleness, wrong conversations, and things yet worse, are done out of human respect and fear of ridicule!

St. Philip came to the rescue, and, thanks to his attractiveness, the cause of piety and devotion became popular and strong. To overcome human respect, he banded his

men together, brought them to know one another, made them affectionate with one another (easier, perhaps, to Italians than to English,) made them all meet at the same time in his own room, and there talked vice and folly out of them and goodness into them. "Avoid bad company, avoid nourishing your bodies delicately, avoid idleness." This he would say to the young, and he would see that they did so. "Let young men be cheerful, and indulge in the recreations proper to their age, provided they keep out of the way of sin." He would make them play, and himself join in their sports. One of the companions of the saint, when he was dying of old age, used to talk of those days of his youth when Father Philip, as he boasted, used to like to have him on his side when playing quoits. Cheerful, bright, happy, truthful, playful, earnest souls—in these he delighted, these he kept from evil by a hundred holy wiles.

To show that his horror of human respect has not been exaggerated, let one more characteristic saying of the Saint be quoted: "He who cannot put up with the loss of his honor can never make any progress in the spiritual life." And he exercised them in a thousand follies to make them truly wise. He did not imprudently leave them too much to themselves, nor would he tolerate self-confidence. "There is no greater danger than not fearing danger." "When a man does not distrust himself and is without fear, it is all over with him." "To say, I shall not fall, is an almost infallible sign that he will fall, and all the more grievously." "It is absolutely necessary for young men to make sure of persevering, that they avoid wicked companions and be familiar with good ones." And so, they found themselves in the little oratory, watched over and entertained, mortified and encouraged in a thousand ways. In those days, and with S. Philip, the "devout female sex" did not have it all their own way; men, for a time at least, took the lead in piety.

### *S. Philip's Direction of Women.*

It is only fitting and right to declare that Saint Philip did not exclude women from his kind care and guidance, although the degree in which he occupied himself with their spiritual welfare was small compared to his work with men. Still, we should not understand his spirit, unless we studied his method of directing women in the paths of holiness and virtue. Women have shown a disposition to resent the manner in which his especial care of men is pointed out by certain writers, who fail to reflect that a saint may do certain things and take a line of his own, and displease nobody, while the mere recital of the saint's views, when made by a sinner, seems enough to rouse a storm of indignation. Let this explanation account for the caution amounting almost to cowardice with which the following account is hazarded:

To women, St. Philip, then, gave this counsel: To stay indoors, not to go abroad willingly, and to attend to their household duties. Martha of Spoleto was so much praised by him, because "she minded her spinning."

Why should women stay at home? To avoid observation. Women naturally have a great desire to be seen and admired—of all their vanities this is the greatest. In order to attract notice—admiring notice is of course what they expect—too many of them sacrifice health, comfort, everything, and persist even to extreme old age sillily provoking the derision of those to whom their object is all too plain.

Women should stay at home—to avoid the dangers to which they are exposed by their love of finery—finery which they would rather display to others than gloat over in private. They calculate on producing an effect not merely by the face and features nature has bestowed, but even by dress and ornament, by affected manners, by fine airs. They try to surpass one another in these things—mothers, daughters, shop girls, servants, all alike ludicrous when abroad, though quiet and sensible enough for the most part when at home.

Women are told to stay at home—because of their love of useless visits, and the faults to which these give occasion. It is asserted, sometimes untruly, often illnaturedly, that the conversation during such visits chiefly consists of gossip and criticism, that some women then indulge in frivolous chattering, some in spiteful remarks, that then jealousies are aroused—jealousies because of friends, of dress, of wealth, of good looks, that then are com-

municated aversions and dislikes! If only part of all this is true, it is easy to see why St. Philip counselled women to stay at home.

Stay at home—out of theatres, galleries, shops, out of one another's houses, remain un-noticed. Many women crave for some notice even of their piety. Now, St. Philip knew this well, and though never unkind or discourteous, was rather short and sharp even with the best of them, even with his own penitents. It must be admitted, it was easy for him to assume this manner: he was in a catholic population, whose women understood and rather expected something of the sort. In catholic countries, the women for the most part are sensible, and submit. Where there is no real sickness, or sin, or sorrow to be dealt with, there can be, according to St. Philip, only "waste of time." He said he thought little of women's spiritual favors, visions, tears, ecstasies, and he let them know it. He said their confessors were not to make much account of such things. He knew so much can be put down to hysterical nervousness; and in one case, where a girl—to be noticed—was making out that she was possessed by the devil, like an old-fashioned Irish priest, he told her brother "to give her a good beating when she carried on that nonsense."

Let no one think that St. Philip despised, or undervalued women, or failed to avail himself of their assistance in all good works. Cardinal Capecelatro, St. Philip's illustrious son, has been well inspired to set forth in his eloquent "Life of the Saint" the more exact truth on this debated point, and shows that devout women have every right to claim St. Philip as a friend and father.

The nineteenth century woman would scarcely obtain countenance from our saint. She disregards his first counsel, and declines to stay at home. The political, athletic, gymnastic, public-lecturing, the photographically-celebrated, the strong-minded, muscular women of our days would "try the patience of a saint"—even of St. Philip! And so, let us deprive them of the gratification of which they too are keenly desirous—the pleasure of *being noticed!*

But it is necessary to end. Our undertaking was to say *something* about St. Philip, not everything. Devotion to him is still ardent, and requires no promptings: few saints are more popular, if we may use the word, than he. Three hundred years ago his earthly labors ceased, but his work has lasted to this day, and his spirit sways more and more the mind and heart of the church. Of this there can be no stronger, no more consoling proof than the fact that already numbers of the faithful throughout the whole world are associating with the faithful of the Eternal City to celebrate next year with due splendor and devotion the tercentenary festival of the Apostle of Rome.

THE END.

## Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

"IT'S THE LAW."

II.

"Have you any more restrictions to the rule of the majority?"

"Yes, as you will presently see. Supposing a law were passed, involving such rapid changes, that no one would derive any benefit from it, or at least but few, would such a law be good?"

"I suppose not, but I do not think that any such law was ever made."

"Remember the law referring to national parks of the size of a state. They are useless to the great majority, cost large sums of money, and will be a source of corruption."

"Yet I understand, that the object of these parks is chiefly the saving of the forests, and, this is not only a good, but a necessary thing."

"I admit this. But a park is not necessary for the purpose. All the government has to do is to refuse sale of these lands and to appoint a few watchmen to see that no wood is stolen. Anything beyond this is useless, and a law to be what it should be, must confer a real benefit to the country as such, else it becomes an abuse and caricature of a law, and therefore any measures passed for sectional purposes, which are useless to others, is useless and *unjust*."

"Now *you* are going too far. On the strength of your principle we might object to any bill for harbor improvement, custom

houses and the like, for they benefit only certain localities."

"You are mistaken. Anything calculated to improve commerce, industry or civilization does not benefit the place only from which it starts, but confers real and lasting benefits upon the whole country, just like the rays emanating from the one sun shed light over our whole planet. Such bills are decent and just."

"But surely you cannot expect every single bill to apply to every single body, and hence according to your ideas most of the laws are unjust, and restricted to your standard, legislation would become well nigh impossible."

"Not at all. First of all we are talking not of federal law only, but of any kind of law, and therefore the idea of 'all' is to be measured by the origin and compass of the law, and secondly the term justice applies differently according to the object in question."

"I understand your first proposition well enough, but I confess I do not know what you mean by the second. Justice is either what the term implies, or it is injustice."

"Pray, what does the term imply?"

"Why, I take it to signify a fair and equal dealing with all subject to the law, so that there are not different measures for different bodies."

"That's good enough, Sam, as far as it goes, but let us apply it practically and you will find that it is not a comprehensive definition. You say justice forbids different measures for different bodies. How would you apply that to custom laws, for instance?"

"In this way, that no one would be allowed to smuggle or to beat the government by undervaluation, or claim exemption from duties, but all would pay the same amount of duties for the same quantity and quality of imported goods."

"Is that all?"

"What else should it be? I do not see how you can make it any fairer."

"Not in regard to individuals, but do not the legislators owe a duty to the commonwealth as such: are they not bound to legislate so that the greatest good accrues therefrom to the nation?"

"Certainly, but this is always supposed."

"In this case the supposition is false. For the tariff is not arranged to benefit the country, but to enrich the few at the expense of the many, and to maintain a fictitious standard of value of things. Is this fair, is it just? However, I do not intend to discuss taxation at present: we may have an opportunity later on, so let us pass this and take something else, for instance our criminal code. What do you think of this?"

"I cannot see what you are driving at. If a man commits a crime it places him outside the protection of the law and it is but just that he should be punished for it."

"Of course. But it is not this I meant. What is a just basis for the different punishments?"

"This is a hard question to answer. I suppose it is just the way the framers of the law look at it."

"If this were the case the laws would have no objective basis at all, and such, unfortunately, is the case with many of our American laws. There must be a standard by which to measure the offence, and justice forbids to deal out heavy punishments for slight offences and light punishments for real crimes. Now, I ask again, what is the standard?"

"I suppose the standard is the injury done to others by the act."

"What injury is done to others by drinking a glass of beer in a prohibition state? or on a Sabbath in any other state? None whatever, and yet it is punished, making an offence the most elemental right of man, to eat and drink when, what and where he pleases."

"But public opinion is against it and everyone has to submit to it."

"There you bring the subjective standard again to prevail against the objective, and make the justice of a law depend on the fleeting whims of an impressionable crowd, who sways from one extreme into the other. Public opinion, unsupported by an objective basis, is mob rule and nothing else. It changes with time, place and individual; it has ebbs and tides like the ocean; it is a surging mass of half developed, indigested notions and aspirations, and no business man of any sense would allow it to influence him in the conduct of his business. And such phantasmagoria should form the basis of laws?"

"If you thus condemn my standard, Mick,

let us have yours, and I dare say I will find it just as faulty as you find mine."

"I'll give you my standard by and by; for the moment I am satisfied to show you that your standard is false. Let us take another cases. What do you think of our pension laws?"

"I must confess that I do not consider them altogether fair, though it is but just that the government should help those who in defence of their country have lost limb or health."

"No objection at all in regard to the disabled veterans of the war, and I rejoice to think that in this case the lie was given to the proverbial ingratitude of republics. I refer to the pension laws passed by the Billion Dollar Congress, pensioning people who served the country in times of peace, never smelled powder, got liberal bounties and wages, and suffered nothing whatever."

"It must be admitted that these pensions were unnecessary."

"They were not only unnecessary, they were an outrage upon the country, and this all the more since they were confined to military service, leaving out the hundreds of other officers who did more for the good of the country than these soldiers. I look upon these laws as wholesale buying of votes, therefore bribery and nothing else. Take still another thing. What do you think of the silver laws?"

"No doubt the country needs money, and the more we have the better we are off."

"This is an imagination. It is not the nominal quantity of coin that makes the country prosperous, but the purchasing value of the money decides the matter. If for one dollar you can buy more now than you could get for two dollars thirty years ago, the one dollar now is worth more than the two were then. And the attempt to force upon the country millions of depreciated coin, which would destroy our credit abroad and paralyze business at home, is an infamy and ought to be punished like treason."

"These silver laws were abrogated and the Bland bill was vetoed. What else do you want?"

"It is no matter to me in which way the laws were introduced or abolished. My question is, had anybody a right ever to introduce or pass such laws, and I answer, decidedly no. Justice, I repeat it, does not depend upon fluctuating opinions: whatever is just in itself is always just: whatever lacks intrinsic justice is always unjust. Thence I conclude that the dictum, 'It's the law,' does not say anything relative to the value and binding force of a law, and the fact that a majority passed the law, or even the unanimity in passing it, does not invest a law with intrinsic value or binding force either. The majority rules only under certain suppositions, which when wanting, strip the majority of its right and the law of its force."

## Say Your Beads; Keep Saying Them.

We once knew a lady who had been a Protestant all her life up to the age of more than fifty years. Then she became converted. She had the faith, she wished to be a good and loyal Catholic, but there was something wanting, though she could not tell what it was. A friend asked her if she said her Rosary. She replied that she loved and honored our Blessed Lady, but she never could find any interest or fervor in saying the beads. Her friend said to her: "Say your beads; keep saying them. No matter if you do not like it or understand it at first, say the Rosary every day." She followed the advice: gradually she began to feel the charm and attraction of the Rosary, her heart opened to a new set of influences, she gained fervor and devotion: she came at once into fuller understanding and sympathy with the Church and with Catholic ways and traditions. She carries her beads always with her, and says them as regularly and devoutly as any good old Catholic woman who has said them from childhood.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

To listen to one's passions and prejudices, is the saddest of weaknesses and the greatest of misfortunes.

In the government of men a great deal may be done by severity, more by love, but most of all by the clear discernment and impartial justice which pays no respect to persons.

Be in peace with many, but let one of a thousand be thy counsellor..... In all thy works let the true word go before thee, and steady council before every action.—Ecclus.

# A Trip to Kerry and Cork.

BY REV. A. E. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

*For the Carmelite Review.*



AVING left Dublin by an early train, after a few hours traveling, I reached Killarney. This is needless to say, an enchanting region. Its scenery is the most beautiful in the world, and defies description. There is scarcely a square mile between Killarney and the sea, that is not dowered with charms as characteristic as they are rare. Here you enter a valley both wild and rugged. On either side the mountains rise boldly up to peaks over two thousand feet high. The mountain sides are rocky and barren, streaked with a slight vegetation, and here and there with a tinge of green. In other places the slopes become covered with woods, and groves of dark green holly and oak, beech and aspen, enlivened by mountain ash which, at this season, wears a profusion of crimson berries. Cradled in the hills are high mountain lakes, occasionally drained by cascades, which flash in the sunlight as they descend down to the sea that breaks in silver foam almost at the foot of the mountains. The coast line is profusely studded with islands, their surfaces covered with a profusion of vegetation, dwarf oaks, dark green hollies, bright green ash, and brilliant fuschias along the coast. After a day's rain, not uncommon, the water rushes in torrents, breaking and splashing over the rocks, and finally with a plunge commingles with the deep in a dark channel as smooth as glass, and so ends in a sheltered and beautiful little creek its wild career from the mountain lake where it takes its rise. It is lovely to see the rain drops sparkling on the gorse, to behold the purple heather, and look on the sea spread out like silver. Then, too, to see the sunshine chase the shower till the veil is lifted from the islands and coast line, and finally from off the mountains. The coasts of Kerry and Cork are really magnificent. Nestling in its woods, under the towering hills, and beside a stretch of golden strand, where the Atlantic flings its wrecks unchecked, its waves unbroken, save by the rocky islands at the mouth of the bay, lies the home of O'Connell. Dennis Florence McCarty has sung its praises. Truly, a home for a chief. There is the dining-room where the liberator dispensed hospitality like a prince; the library with its books and relics—one, that deadly pistol that shot D'Esterre, the Orangeman, in a duel; the table and chair, which he received when Lord Mayor of Dublin; the little chapel in which he used to pray. This is a spot for Irishmen to visit, the mountain home of the greatest champion of civil and religious liberty that this country has ever seen. But I must hurry on by Kenmare, Glengariffe, Bantry, and "lone Gaugane Barra" by Bandon to Kinsale for the celebration of the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption. Kinsale is a very ancient town. It was a flourishing place when the Mayflower landed the Pilgrims on the shores of New England, when the red Indian hunted on Manhattan, and where the wild buffalo roamed, where now stand the great centres of western civilization. It had its charter from Edward the III. before the battle of Crecy was fought; two hundred years before the defeat of the Armada, three hundred before the battle of the Boyne, and five hundred before the famous victory of Waterloo. It had its Burgess role, its court of session, and members of parliament. Its name means the head of the sea. It is associated with great events in the history of Ireland. In 1380, a Spanish fleet landed here, after doing much harm on the coast of England, but suffered a reverse by the English fleet. Here a great battle was fought, in 1601, when the Irish army, under the famous chiefs Hugh O'Neill, Hugh O'Donnell, and Donal O'Sullivan Beare, came to the relief of their ally, Don Juan O'Aquilla, then lying beleaguered in the town, which was besieged by a powerful English force. Unfortunately they were defeated by the Saxons. Many places round the town, bear to this day interesting marks of this terrible siege. Half a century later witnesses another siege in the reign of Charles the First. Then the Cromwell rebellion brought on another battle; again in the time of the French Invasion, it came into great importanee.

Here, in 1380, the Carmelites built their church and convent, which, through weal and woe, have held their own, except for a short time, during the penal days. Here the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption is car-

ried out with great splendor and pomp. Hundreds approach the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist. Crowds come from all sides for the High Mass and procession. The church, though spacious, cannot contain them. The people of the south are truly Catholic and pious. They have a great love for Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Few can be found who are not invested. It is a beautiful sight to behold them on their way to work saying the Rosary. The procession was really beautiful. To see the people with banners, flowers, and other signs of respect to the Blessed Sacrament, and the long line of young men and maidens, with white-veiled children winding their way up the hill to where the Benediction was given, was a scene not easily forgotten.

## A BRIDE OF CARMEL.

*Translated from the German for the Review by Fr. James, O. C. C.*

COMPARATIVELY little known, and even less visited, are the Convents of the daughters of St. Theresa. This, no doubt, is owing to their scarcity, their strict enclosure, and their total seclusion from the world. There may, therefore, be something of a disclosure to many of our readers in the description of the reception of a Carmelite nun.

There was a spell of "hard times" when a young lady made known her resolution of becoming a Carmelite nun. It was with bitter anguish and tears that her mother became aware of it: she felt as if she could not consent, nor yet prevent it, since her beloved daughter was of age. Besides, how could she dare to oppose the voice of the Lord, who called her child.?

Hilda wanted to take the veil of Innsbruck. The little Convent there is of quite a recent date. There were three daughters of the Lithographer, K., who wished to be Carmelites. To gratify their wishes, their father bought the so-called "Golden Castle" and deeded it over to the Carmelites, on condition that they found a Convent at Innsbruck. It was on the 19th of May, 1846, that three Carmelite nuns, who had been sent from Prague, arrived at Innsbruck. Under the most straitened circumstances, the infant community slowly developed, literally battling against hunger and starvation. They were once even obliged to ring the "famine bell," which is permitted only when twenty-four hours pass without there being any food in the house. Contrary to all human expectations the Convent became a reality. Its walls were raised in the revolutionary year, 1848, and became inhabited midst the usual solemn ceremonies on July 20th of the same year. At that time the "Golden Castle" was located in the middle of a field: it is now long since surrounded by the city, and resembles, encircled by two railroads, a finger pointing heavenwards amidst the bustle of the world.

Hilda's mother came to Innsbruck for the first time, when her daughter was to receive the habit. Her poor heart felt a pang, as she beheld the black, thorn-like, double grates, through which henceforth her intercourse with her daughter was to be held. The venerable Mother Prioress accompanied the young postulant to the parlor. With the exception of parents, brothers and sisters, no one is ever permitted to gaze at an unveiled Carmelite nun, once she has made her vows. It is only after death when the corpse rests in its bier near the open grate window, that every one is once more allowed to look upon the countenance of the Spouse of Christ. But before the casket is closed, the veil is again lowered over the pale calm face, and veiled, the corpse is lowered to its final place of rest.

Although Hilda's mother could not, for this reason, look upon the Mother's face, yet her cordial, friendly manner took her heart captive; her grief was soothed and became more bearable. This estimable lady had been in a high station of life, bred and reared in one of the most refined families of Bohemia, and had been since the foundation of the Convent, each time re-elected to fill the office of Prioress. She led the young postulant, still clad in her black secular garments, to where her mother was awaiting her, and left the two to themselves. Hilda again and again reassured her mother of her happiness, of her yearning desire to give herself up entirely to her Lord—as a Virginal handmaid of His—and the bitter sting of separation from her mother (the world she had long since given up) was softened by the elevat-

ing prospect that henceforth she was to belong unreservedly to the Most High.

The following morning she appeared, richly dressed in a dress of damask, her head covered with a fine wreath, and a veil of exquisite texture, into which the emblematic myrtle had been wrought. The heavy curtains of the choir were drawn back: one could take in, at a glance, the large room with its high stalls, which were now filled with silent forms clad in white Carmelite mantles, holding in their hands burning tapers, whose flames, like the prayers of the nuns, were leaping upwards, fitting emblems of the motto that was theirs in truth, "Sursum Corda."

The venerable old priest, having asked Hilda what her desire was, reminded her to consider well the step she was about to take, and he put before her vividly all that she would forego, and the strict religious life she was to embrace. Hilda, as firm as ever, repeated her request to be allowed to join the Virginal ranks of the "chosen ones," whereupon the mistress of Novices led her away, to be clad in the religious habit. Her mother knew that now those beautiful tresses were to fall a victim to the cruel shears, and that her daughter would return in the humble garb of a Carmelite nun.

The mother was still wrapped up in the consideration of the touching spectacle she had just witnessed,—her daughter, her only dear child, whose merry laughter had so often dispelled the clouds of anxiety and care, dressed like a bride and kneeling like one in ecstacy, whilst the bright sheen of the numerous tapers on the altar surrounded her form with a flood of light like the glorious halo of sanctity—when she was recalled to the reality. No longer her child, no longer her own Hilda, but now a lowly daughter of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, in the brown habit, stood in the sanctuary. Before her a large black funeral cloth was spread, and in the course of the ceremonies Hilda, now "Sister Gabriel Theresa of the Annunciation," prostrated herself in the shape of a cross, and was covered with the pall. The funeral bell was tolled; it was the parting knell to the world to which she now was dead. The poor mother wept as if her heart would break; to her, too, her daughter was now dead, albeit she could visit her every year, as a daughter she was, indeed, dead—dead as much as if death's icy hand had touched her. Sister Gabriel arose, a pale and calm seriousness spread over her countenance, and was led from one nun to the other, to receive from each the sisterly embrace and kiss of peace.

After a year she made her vows. Even then the steps she had taken still caused her mother some pain. It was opposed to her somewhat worldly mind that her own child should be forever separated from her by Convent walls and cloister grates, and that she could not even touch Sister Gabriel's hands in a motherly clasp. Not less painful was to her the knowledge that she never slept in a soft bed, never tasted meat, kept a severe fast and strict silence, that she continually practised the most austere self-mortification. Seven hours of prayer, seven of labor, seven hours only for rest, and the remainder for meals and the most necessary recreation. The mother thought this hard, very hard, indeed: notwithstanding that her daughter assured her that she "slept soundly on a layer of straw," that she "never even had a desire for flesh-meats," and that she had "easily become accustomed to woolen garments. "The only thing that had, at first, seemed hard, was frequent interruption of sleep, but one would become soon accustomed to that, too, and if people only knew how happy and contented Convent life is, they all would run to the Convents."

Sister Gabriel looks well now, is cheerful and bright, and every visit her mother pays her, strengthens conviction in her that her child is happy, that truly she hath chosen the better part.

Not because she had entered the Convent was her mother so much pained, but that she had selected such a strict order. But now this lady understands that in proportion as the cloister rules are stricter and the breach with the world more decided and clearly marked, so much the better it is, too, for the one that goes to the Convent. As long as the world comes pouring into Convent life through ties and relations, be they ever so innocent, they, to say the least, tend to distract, to impede and render more difficult that complete unreserved abandonment of the nun to her Divine Spouse. Fortunately for her peace of mind, the mother understands this now,

and sees in the strict enclosure the only security for her child's happiness.

Twelve years have passed since that memorable day when she departed, with many tears, from the Convent, after Sister Gabriel's reception. The hour is at hand when she is, once more, to pay her wonted annual visit. These twelve years have wrought no change in the happiness of Sister Gabriel, but, they have, indeed, wrought a great change in the sentiments of the mother. The separation from her child is still painful to her, but she has also long since realized that the grace of a religious vocation is one of heaven's sublimest gifts.

Calmly and peacefully the days now pass over the cell of the Spouse of Christ, halcyon days that have no storms in their train. But, oh! how much anguish and heartache, how much anxiety and care have they not brought to the mother! First of all, her husband's death; then her only son, too, was snatched away by the same icy hand; finally, her own dear old mother. She is now lonesome in the world, and when does, or when can the cold world with its continual gaieties and frivolities ever give that peace and security that belongs to the Spouse of Christ, who has for her portion "the better part"—Him who is the Prince of Peace, and who alone can in all trouble and turmoil refresh the soul!

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However wise a man may be, he ought to seek counsel and direction from the ministers of God.—St. Anthony of Padua.

There are two things which impede the success of prayer—perseverance in sin, and a refusal to forgive injuries.—St. Isadore.

Patience in suffering is one of the greatest means of pleasing and of uniting one's self to the Heart of Jesus.—St. Veronica.

There is something which makes your heart more conformable to the Heart of Jesus than sincerity and humility.—Blessed Margaret Mary.

Be assured that of all the moments of your life, the time that you spend in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament will be that which will give you the greatest support during life, and the greatest consolation at the hour of death.—St. Liguori.

## PETITIONS.

W. D. V. asks prayers for the conversion of his relatives: fervent prayers are also asked for a certain request: also for Miss E. D., who has been deprived of the use of her reason: for a brother, long given to drink: for Miss M. C. R., who has been suffering 21 years from spinal disease: for the conversion of C. B.; for the parents and sister of a friend: for the aversion of a threatened loss of sight: for the successful termination of a business: for Miss M. R., Paterson, N. J.: for J. C. and J. O. C., who are very much given to dissipation: for restoration of health of a mother and sister: also for a brother, that he may stop drinking: for the conversion to the faith of Mrs. E. N.'s mother, who is very ill: for a young couple, who are about to be married: for brothers of a benefactor, that they may reform and get good situations: for Mrs. M. J., her husband and three brothers, that they may find relief in their distress; for T. C. K.; for a French couple and their child, that they become good Catholics: also for the satisfactory disposition of a will: for conversion of a young man, addicted to drink: for health of mind and body of two young men: for a young man, that he may obtain a respectable situation: for conversion of a non-Catholic husband: for a situation: for a daughter: also the grace of patience.

## WEARERS OF MARY'S LIVERY.

At our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., names have been received for the registry of the Scapular of Mt. Carmel from Potosi, Wis.; St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal.; Alton, Ia.: Sacred Heart Church, Georgetown College, Washington, D. C.; St. Ann's Church, Chapel Island, N. S.; Mount Airy, Pa.; Sacred Heart Church, Peoria, Ill.; St. Patrick's Church, Taberg, N. Y.; St. Isidore's Church, Chaperito, New Mexico: Springfield, Ky.; St. John the Baptist's Church, River Bourgeois, N. S.; Selma, Cal.; Strong City, Kas.; Holy Cross Church, St. Croix, Ind.: Dundas, Ont.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., names were received from Hancock, Mich.; St. Joseph's Church, Devil's Lake, N. D.; St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph, Ind.; St. Anthony's Church, Louisville, Ky.; Holy Family Church, Omaha, Neb.; SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Detroit, Mich.; St. Pancratius Church, Fayetteville, Ill.; St. Agnes Church, West Chester, Pa.; St. Nicholas Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Bessemer, Mich.; Eureka, South Dakota; East Troy, Wis.; Holy Cross Church, Wauwatosa, Wis.

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We can never do enough for the church, to which we owe life and truth.—Lacordaire.

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## VOICES FROM PURGATORY.

*"Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei."*

*For the Carmelite Review.*

LIST to the mournful pleading,
Like tear-drops of summer rain,
It falls from the clouded spirits
In the far off land of pain.

They have passed the "shady valley,"
The footsteps of Jesus trod;
They have heard the last sweet sentence,
And are safe in the hands of God.

But they pine, alas! in darkness,
For earth-stains have dimmed their sight,
And they cannot gaze on the brightness
Of heaven's unclouded light.

So they watch, impatient, longing,
For the dawn of its golden day:
They pray not, "Oh! let this chalice
Pass soon from my lips away."

But they sigh in plaintive cadence,
"Have pity, O friends, on me!
You are sleeping, perchance, in sorrow,
And heed not our misery."

Oh! list to that tender pleading,
And like to the Angel calm,
Who strengthened the heart of Jesus,
Let us bring to these souls our balm.

Praying that light eternal
May shine o'er that land of shade,
And the peace of God supernal,
Be theirs in the home He made.

ECHO.

List to the mournful pleading,
Like tear-drops of summer rain,
It falls from the clouded spirits
In the far off land of pain.

*"Miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei."*

R. I. P.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

DUBLIN, Ireland.

## The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

# JAMES A. McMASTER,

*Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.*

Edited by REV. MARK S. GROSS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

### CHAPTER III.

JAS. A. McMASTER AS A CATHOLIC JOURNALIST — LETTERS OF POPES PIUS IX AND LEO XIII ON CATHOLIC JOURNALISM — McMASTER'S CHAMPIONSHIP OF TRUTH—ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S TRIBUTE TO HIS GREAT FAITH AND LOVE OF THE CHURCH OF GOD—FATHER HECKER PLACES HIS NAME BESIDE THAT OF THE GREAT BROWNSON — MR. MAURICE F. EGAN'S ESTIMATE OF HIS LOSS BY DEATH TO CATHOLIC JOURNALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN our country, unfortunately, an unchristian press is guaranteed the fullest license, and the evils that flow from that license are widely spread. It is certain that this unrestricted range of a press unheedful of God, which thousands of men are ready to abuse, and which allows every one to constitute himself a teacher of the people, whilst it must be suffered, cannot be defended either on principles of reason or of faith. It becomes, therefore, not only our privilege, but even our solemn duty to combat the unchristian by a truly christian press, a matter on which Popes Pius IX and Leo XIII have spoken in an unmistakable manner:

"Providence," said Pius IX," "has given in our days a special mission to the Catholic press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of the faith, where they still prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and cold indifference has caused them to be forgotten."

And again he said:

"May God bless and direct, through the intercesssion of St. Francis de Sales, to whom they wish to commend themselves, the writers of Catholic Periodicals, who defend the cause of religion, its rights and those of this Apostolic See, obediently and faithfully abiding by its teaching and councils."

And again, in an encyclical letter, Pius IX, requests the bishops

"To assist with all good will and favor those men who, animated with Catholic spirit, and possessed of sufficient learning, are laboring in writing and publishing books and journals for the defence and propagation of Catholic doctrine."

A letter addresed, in the name of Pope Pius IX, to the editors of the *Il Credente Catholico* (The faithful Catholic) reads as follows:

"Since the church is at present exposed to so many bitter attacks, and the truth she teaches is so violently impugned, and since the number of impious newspapers, and their licentious manner of speaking is so great, it has, indeed, been very gratifying to our Holy Father to learn that there are also Catholic editors, who, in their newspapers, endeavor to expose the erroneous principles of the times, to enlighten the minds of the people who are deceived by these perverse doctrines, to instil into their hearts, religious sentiments and to confirm them therein, and to preserve the purity of morals, and to defend the sacred rights of the church.

"These services which you have been rendering to religion as well as the service of those who have subscribed to your paper, have been most pleasing to His Holiness. As these services in vindicating Catholic truths, are, on the one hand, proofs of the loyalty and devotedness of those who have imposed upom themselves such a duty which, though most excellent, yet is, in truth, very arduous, and for the most part, unappreciated, so also, on the other hand, those who value your efforts by supporting them with their subscriptions, show true filial piety for their common mother, the church, whom in this way they endeavor to console and gladden in her great afflictions and trials. Hence His Holiness wishes me to let you know, both the editors and subscribers to their paper, how much pleasure you give him, and to exhort you to continue to combat cheerfully for justice, and not to suffer yourselves by any kind of difficulties to relent in this holy warfare. And in order that, with the grace of God, you may be able to accomplish your work, and also in order to show his great love for you, he most affectionately bestows upon you all his Apostolic Benediction.

"FRANCISCUS MERCURELLI,
"SS. D. N. a Brev. ad Pr."

Die 28 Junii, 1875 (*Acta S. Sedis*, Vol. VIII, p 622.)

In an audience granted by Leo XIII to the Rev. Domenic Tinetti, successor to the late Don Giacomo Margotti, as editor of the *Unita Catholica* of Turin, His Holiness, after words of affectionate appreciation of the services rendered to the church by the deceased editor, spoke approvingly of the *Unita Catholica*, reminding the editor

that "in these sad times the work of Catholic journalism is, of all others, most necessary and useful, since it serves to refute errors so widely spread by the infidel press," and he imparted a paternal blessing to the editorial staff and to the proprietors of the *Unita*.

On the 20th of February, 1879, Leo XIII, assured the representatives of the Catholic press throughout the world that never before was the church more in need of the powerful aid of the Catholic press than she was at the time he addressed them, when she was beset by perils of all sorts: perils that threatened not only the sanctity of truth, but which aimed at subverting the whole fabric of state and society. He urged upon them *to be valiant in their defence of the truth*, to be *watchful* of the *insidious attacks of error and unbelief*, to be temperate in their language, harmonious among themselves, and FAITHFUL TO THE TEACHINGS AND VIEWS OF THE CHURCH. "For," said he, "the necessity of this concord, appears the greater, when we remember that, even among those who are numbered as Catholics, *there are some who take it upon themselves to decide and define, on their private judgment, public controversies of the gravest moment.*"

In these words of Pius IX and of Leo XIII the great services rendered by good Catholic newspapers, to the church, are fairly acknowledged and highly praised.

"It is, therefore, very wrong" say the fathers of the Third Plenary Council, of Baltimore, "not to use the power of the press for the defence and propagation of the faith, and to leave so powerful a weapon entirely in the hands of our enemies. In order to oppose good to evil we promulgate again the decrees which preceding councils have made concerning this matter. Let ecclesiastics as well as laymen, who have sufficient talents, apply most diligently to good literature and sciences. Let them defend the faith, the morals and the rights of the church. Let them, under the auspices of the bishops, frequently publish small volumes and distribute them broadcast over the entire land.

"We therefore cannot help bestowing high praises upon those priests and laymen who have endeavored in this country to serve the Catholic cause by composing either small or large volumes, or, who, for the same cause, have written articles for newspapers. These men will be blessed forever. May the number of such men daily increase.

"It is our heartfelt desire to see a Catholic paper published for each province and recommended and even supported, if necessary, by means supplied by the bishops. Although we recommend a catholic paper for each diocese, yet we believe that the Catholic cause will be better served if one Catholic paper is published for each province, for it is then easier to obtain the means of supporting it and to engage learned men to write for it and gradually to improve it.

"It is very desirable to see in one of our larger cities a Catholic paper published, which in every respect, equals any other paper in the country. It is not necessary that it should be called catholic. All that is necessary is that besides, giving such news as is eargerly looked for in other papers, it should defend the Catholic religion against the attacks of its enemies and explain Catholic doctrine, and never espouse anything scandalous and unbecoming.

"But if we on one hand, recommend Catholic papers, we must, on the other, remind the faithful of the fact that not all papers which boast of their catholicity are truly Catholic. The writers of such papers boast of their Catholic name, but by their example and writings, they bring shame on that holy name and expose it to ridicule. For they publish and spread *their opinions* among the people *which are but too often nothing else than the doctrine of infidels and innovators*. Besides, they try insidiously, cunningly, and craftily to upset the authority of the church, and attack it even openly. Let Catholics, therefore, consider only such papers as truly Catholic, which explain and guard the doctrine of the church, publish the progress of the church at home and abroad, and are willing in all things to submit to ecclesiastical authority. However, it must be remembered that not all articles, which are contained in truly Catholic papers are to be looked upon as coming from the authority of the church or the bishop. Hence in order to guard readers against being deceived in this matter, our predecessors have taught them the following: 'In order to understand truly and clearly the relation of a bishop in regard to ecclesiastical pamphlets or Catholic papers, in order that neither any Catholic nor any adversary of ours may have any reason to raise any doubt or cavil in such a matter, the Fathers of this Plenary Council hereby profess and declare that the approbation of a bishop which is usually given to Catholic papers, has no other meaning than that the bishop is of opinion that the writers of such papers will say nothing that is contrary to faith and good morals, and that he also has good reason to hope that the editors are such men, whose writings will be useful and edifying, and that the bishop is by no means responsible for everything that may be contained in such papers, except that which he himself, in virtue of his office,

teaches, admonishes, commands or forbids and publishes in such papers over his name.'" (Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, p. 125-127.)

From what has been said the duty of Catholic journalists is very clear. According to Pius IX it is their duty to endeavor to expose the erroneous principles of the times, to enlighten the minds of the people who are deceived by these perverse doctrines; to instil into their hearts religious sentiments and to confirm them therein, and to preserve the purity of morals, and to defend the sacred rights of the church.

According to Leo XIII the editors of Catholic papers must show themselves *valiant in the defence of every Catholic truth*. They must be *faithful to the teachings and riews* of the church, and *harmonious among themselves*, that is to say, *in one and the same doctrine, in one and the same sense, in one and the same judgment*, as the Vatican Council says:

"In so evil a state of affairs," says Leo XIII in one of his encyclicals, "it is the first duty of everyone to reflect and be on his guard, that he may, by vigilant care, securely defend the faith which he has received, by guarding against dangers and by being always armed against the fallacies and sophisms of the day. To give steadfastness to virtue, we judge that it is most useful and suitable in these times to study diligently Christian doctrine, according to each one's capacity and opportunity, and to imbue the mind as far as possible with the things of religion. And since our faith must not only be pure and uncorrupted in our minds, but also increase constantly day by day, the humble petition of the apostles must be often repeated, *Adauge nobis fidem*, 'Lord, increase our faith.'" (St. Luke xvii. 5.)

Now, in order to be able to contend against the errors of the time, something more than the mere knowledge of the catechism is necessary. In order to uphold and defend orthodox Catholic doctrine, the editor or head manager of a Catholic paper must have learned more than a good catechism: he must have a sound, clear knowledge of the doctrines of the church, and of *the form of sound words* in which to express Catholic truths. Hence it is that St. Paul wrote to Timothy: "Hold the form of sound words which thou hast heard from me in faith!" (II. Tim. i. 13.)

Such learning is necessary for Catholic journalists, in order to be able to comply with their duties. A Catholic editor should know his religion well enough to be able to judge, or at least to doubt, whether an article on religion written for publication be orthodox. There are some who, instead of spreading and defending the truth, have spread and defended religious errors condemned by the church, not, of course, from real malice, but from more or less culpable ignorance. When Mr. McMaster was convinced that God had called him to be a Catholic journalist, and to devote all his energies to the interests of religion, he went to consult the Rev. Fr. G. Rumpler, C. S. S. R., on this all important matter. "Well," said this Father to him, "as you are going to be a Catholic journalist, you must make yourself thoroughly acquainted with every truth that the Catholic church teaches, and with the true meaning of each truth, otherwise you will not be able to render great services to our religion." McMaster followed this advice. He thoroughly studied the truths of the Catholic religion as contained in the holy scripture and tradition, and explained by fathers and doctors of the church, and by general councils and Roman Pontiffs.

"Endowed, as he was," says M. F. Egan, "with sound religious knowledge, an intellect of extraordinary power, which had been trained and developed in the highest degree by careful habits of study and discipline, he was peculiarly fitted to cope with the great exigencies that constantly arose with the changes of thought and opinion that affected the public mind about the time he assumed editorial control of the paper with which his name has so long been honorably associated. The vigorous powers which he inherited from his sturdy Scotch ancestry enabled him to withstand the steady fire of every malignant and bitter enemy of the church who had access to the columns of the bigoted public prints of the day. He became the special target of all the scribblers of that class by having renounced his allegiance to a sect, that was powerful in the number and respective ability of its following, for the Catholic faith, whose body was composed largely of poor emigrants.

"He met every attack, however, unflinchingly, and answered personal abuse with such clear and powerful arguments in support of the Faith that was in him, that he soon left his assailants naked to the scorn of reason. It was found to be an unprofitable undertaking to provoke a controversy with him. His mental equipment was too complete to encourage mere theological dabblers to a passage of arms. The logical vent of his mind, the solid qualities of his learning, a wonderful retentiveness of memory

and perfect mastery of the English language, armed him at every point against an antagonist. He was a fearless champion of the Faith he had espoused, and in making or repelling an attack he was always actuated by the highest motives of duty. No question of personal advantage could ever induce him to maintain an attitude of silence where there was the faintest possibility of misconstruing his position on any matter of principle, nor could any fear of personal loss prevent him from making an ardent defence of what appeared to him as the light of truth or justice. He was gifted with a keen scent for any manner of abuse, whether of power or privilege, and did not hesitate to call attention to the overstepping of prerogatives on the part of either civil or ecclesiastical officers. Nor did he confine himself to gentle hints on these occasions, but expressed his opinion of such acts in the most unmistakable terms, frequently incurring thereby the ill-will of the persons thus brought into notice. No position in the church or state was too exalted to command his unfavorable attention when circumstances seemed to require it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## SOME LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

Among the many letters of thanksgiving for favors obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, we publish the following by special request:

Pittsburg, Sept. 25, 1894.

Dear Father,—According to a promise made to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, please have the following published in the Carmelite Review:

My father, who had neglected his religious duties for over forty years, went to confession the first of this week, and received Holy Communion this morning. A small Scapular you sent me some time ago I asked him to wear, and he has been living a better life since. M. W.

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Another letter reaches us from Wisconsin:

Dear Father,—I enclose five dollars for the Hospice Building Fund as an offering of thanks for a favor obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. I promised to have it published in the Carmelite Review. Your most obedient servant, D. D.—Wisconsin.

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Rev. and Dear Father,—It is with pleasure that I write to you to return thanks to Our Blessed Lady for several favors received through her intercession. I wrote to you asking to have prayers through the Review, for a good situation for my sister's husband, and for the conversion of a young man. The first favor was granted in about four weeks, and the young man, who had not been to his duties for years, went to confession and communion shortly after. C. B., Colgan, Ont.

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Dear Father,—Enclosed you will find five dollars. Please say a High Mass in thanksgiving to God for the recovery of my boy from that severe affliction He is now free of it, thank God. Since I asked your prayers for him, he is well. He had dreadful fits, which he got through a fright. No doctors or medicine could cure him.

I thank Our Dear Lord for sending you and your dear companions to this land, and as long as I can, I will give my little help to your holy work in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

Mrs. F., B., Ont.

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Rev Dear Father. — On a former occasion the prayers of the Carmelites as well as the readers of the Review were asked for a young man who disappeared very mysteriously, and also for his conversion. I now hasten to thank the Blessed Virgin, as on the feast of St Anne he was heard from, and on the thirteenth of August two days before the feast of the Assumption, he rereceived holy communion for the first time in ten years and is very practical since his return. M. A. S.

About the most foolish thing that can be done is to try to live a Christian life without religion.

The words of the Holy Scripture are full of sweet consolation to the chaste, prudent and humble spirit.—Ven. de Blois, O.S.B.

In the work of salvation, we must employ against the enemy the weapons with which he strives to destroy us.—St. Ignatius.

God has preserved you so far: only keep yourself faithful to the law of his providence, and he will assist you at all times, and where you cannot walk he will carry you.

## The Evolution of a Rose.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

WALKING homeward at sunset, late in May, I turned from the dust and noise of a thoroughfare into an avenue free from those afflicting accompaniments of the horse-car. Tranquillity and verdure enshrouded me sweetly. Sounds of voices from the porches and childish laughter warned me that I was not alone.

Glancing through the odorous woodbine I distinguished a pair of eloquent eyes, and at them I levelled my question.

"Does Mrs. Baird live here?"

"Yes."

The answer was vouchsafed in a low tone, which came to me muffled by the drooping ringlets that veiled the face and shrouded the shoulders of the speaker.

"What is *your* name?"

A minute's bashful silence, and then, from the corner of the porch, response sprang, crisply from a self-reliant young woman of eight years.

"I'll tell you; that's Paula Baird, she's ten years old, this is her birthday party."

Giving my thanks to the spokeswoman, and committing to the bashful Paula a message for her mother, I took myself off speedily, quite embarrassed by the childish group. I have a great apprehension of the criticism of little girls, they are often so penetrating in their discernment and so unrestrained in the expression of their impressions, that I find them quite awful.

The next week brought my wedding day: this opened to me a new era into which Mrs. Baird's family entered not. My trip, the inauguration of housekeeping, and soon the joyful cares of motherhood absorbed me for the next few years.

Our home was chosen in a newly developed part of the city, in which a church was speedily built. Into it gathered many of our former acquaintances, drawn like ourselves to the higher ground and purer air of our neighborhood. As a member of the choir I renewed one of the enjoyments of my earlier days. I was approached at rehearsal one evening by two imposing young women.

"Is not this Mrs. Dent?" said the elder. "This is my sister, Paula Baird. Have you forgotten me? I am Corinne."

"I do not forget that your dear mother had two daughters, Corinne and Paula," I replied, "but they were very lovable little girls. With you two splendid young women I have great pleasure in forming acquaintance as their successors. When I wrote inviting the Misses Baird to join our choir I little thought that in the singer, whose praises I hear on every side, I should find the daughter of our old friend."

I found Paula was still bashful. Both sisters were tall, but Paula drooped as if ashamed of her height. Her ringlets were now restrained within a massive plait that hung far below her waist.

"Indeed, Mrs. Dent," she said hurriedly, "you have been misinformed regarding my ability. I have sung only in the convent, and am afraid of the sound of my own voice. I did not wish to come this evening, but mother insisted that we should reply to your note in person."

I assured Paula that we were a very modest party of amateurs, amongst whom she would find herself speedily at home, and I convinced her that her assistance would be very much appreciated.

Our organist, a great boy of nineteen, was a musical enthusiast, and this his first choir. When the rich tones of Paula's voice gave forth the Agnus Dei of Weber's Mass, Ralph glowed with enthusiasm. At the end of the accompaniment he cried, "by George, that *is* singing," and wheeling round on the music stool he looked at Paula in admiration. The blank stare of surprise that met his gaze repelled him, and sent him back to the score. The quick suffusion of rosy red in Paula's face marked her resentment. Poor Ralph was quite abashed. The society of girls he had never cared for, finding himself more at home in the ball field: his sister's friends he found a great bore. Learning how to approach Paula more gently, he soon found her a delightful companion, as he told his mother:

"Miss Baird knows such a jolly lot about music."

Loss of money and partial loss of sight reduced Paula's father to a pitiable condition about this time, and brought to Paula

the bitter tonic of adversity. Corinne married and with her husband lived at home.

A few boarders were admitted to the family; with their entrance departed the privacy of home, and Paula found herself a stranger in her father's house. She came to me one afternoon quite heart-broken.

"Won't you let me live with you, Mrs. Dent? I cannot bear it at home."

"Dear heart," said I, "my rose-bud has encountered a hail storm and must lie low until the pelting ceases. A girl who wilfully leaves her father's house places herself in a questionable position."

"Father is so changed, he is so unjust to mother and me. Mother says nothing, but I have to tell him what I think, when he is so horrid. Corinne and Horace lord it over me too. They treat me as if I were a child."

"There is but one remedy."

"What is that?"

"Patience,"

"No. Mrs. Dent, my mother is patient, and people trample on her."

"And thereby diffuse her sweetness. Do your explosions lighten her burdens?"

"I know they don't, but at the time I have to let myself go."

"Like the steam that bursts the boiler and scalds the passengers. Under proper direction the same force would be useful instead of disastrous. I see your side very clearly. I have great admiration for the qualities you have shown since your father's afflictions. Your industry and neatness have made you a treasure to your mother. I also recognize the frets that gall you sorely, and am convinced that you cannot prevent them. Have you ever tried to secure some employment?"

"What can I do?"

"You sing beautifully."

"Don't mention it. You have no idea what I suffer when singing a solo, even in that little church. I can scarcely control my voice, I tremble so."

"I dreamed you were about to mate."

"You mean Ralph?"

"I saw you were congenial."

"I did like him, but not in that way. From his sister's rudeness I discovered that the family were much exercised at the friendship between Ralph and me. Bless their hearts, they can dismiss all anxiety on that score. I conceived a positive dislike for him as soon as he showed me marked attentions. I always think a man must be a fool when he begins making love to me. Ralph is but a boy."

"He is of your own age."

"That means that I am five years older. As a woman I have that advantage. Ralph thinks he is independent. I told him recently that he did not know the meaning of the word. Why he is afraid of his sister, who knows nothing but fashion, and who is only a pretentious simpleton."

A long illness and my subsequent absence in Europe separated me from my favorite rose-bud. On our return Paula was first to meet me. I found her a stately young woman, whose pose expressed self-reliance; her luxuriant hair was coiled gracefully about her shapely head, curling tendrils framed her wide, low forehead. Very fondly she gazed upon me, with an expression of solicitous proprietorship that my long absence from the home-folks rendered very satisfying. Immediately I found myself taken in charge by one eminently fitted for responsibility. She superintended all the details of our transferment from the steamer with a wonderfully capable air.

After we were settled in our new home an hour came at last for the interchange of experiences.

To my remark, "I find you wonderfully changed, dear," Paula answered:

"I suppose so, I feel very old and stony-hearted, but I am happier by far than when you left us. I took your advice and ceased to storm. Corinne's baby has also proved a peace-maker. From the day she came I was able to soothe her and care for her. While Corinne was in her room Horace was more dependent on me, and we began to tolerate each other. One day I condescended to ask him about my securing a position. He immediately interested himself, and through his efforts I got the clerkship that I now hold at twelve hundred a year. I have learned much from contact with bread-winners. Among my companions are women very superior to me in ability and education. I know that many of them are the support of their families, and have sad histories. The mother of one has been crippled by rheumatism and is comparatively helpless. The husband of another is dying of consumption. A third has assumed the care of an

orphan niece, who has been paralyzed from infancy, and yet, in spite of these sad responsibilities, these women are sweet tempered and kindly to everyone. Contact with them made me despise my peevishness and silly touchiness. When I received an unpleasant remark I began to test the truthfulness of it, and usually found the sting was keenest where the truth was greatest. This discovery turned my would-be enemies into friends. After that I made some progress in the art of living."

One summer evening Paula introduced a new friend. We found in Senor Moreno a delightful acquaintance: grave and rather silent, but not dull. He spoke our language very slowly, but apprehended perfectly the conversations around him. I noted that he was quietly observant of Paula and that her rippling laughter found echo in his beautiful smile.

Soon after their visit we left the city for some months, during which Mr. Baird died. Then came the news of Paula's marriage, and, a little later, Senor Moreno returned to Europe to secure an appointment from the Spanish government, that would place him in Washington. Paula remained with her mother. Diplomatic affairs are often notably slow, and that of Paula's husband proved to be of this class. Months passed in suspense, little Manuel was born, and became a hardy baby before Paula saw her husband again. After several depressing letters, she received, one day, a cablegram: "Come to me at once, sad."

She embarked in November. Arrived in Havre, she was sadly disappointed by the non-appearance of her husband at the dock. She proceeded to the hotel from which he had frequently written to her. The wife of the proprietor met her very cordially, and showed her to the room recently occupied by Senor Moreno.

Paula's school-girl French was scarcely sufficient to the emergency. She comprehended with some difficulty that her husband was in ill health, and had been compelled to leave for Spain, before the arrival of the vessel on which she sailed.

"Here hung your photograph, madame," said the kind-hearted woman. "Your husband used to sit here in this chair, and look at it so fondly."

"Paula turned sadly to the open window, and found herself looking into a court-yard. In front of her a church. As she gazed, the leathern curtain was drawn aside from the doorway, and a funeral procession advanced towards her, the uncovered body borne upon a bier, preceded by the cross, held on high, and escorted by candle-bearers. The sobs of the mourners came to her on the wind.

Paula burst into tears, and cried as if she had reached the lowest depths of desolation. A knock at the door introduced a telegram from her husband, asking her to join him at Madrid. She began her long journey the same evening. Manuel slept sweetly as the train rushed on: for miles their way carried them through long lines of Lombardy poplars. They seemed like tipsy giants reeling in the moonlight.

Frequently a huge windmill flashed across the view, looking like some bird of ill omen. At a station near Madrid Paula found awaiting her a younger brother of her husband. He spoke in English, but only a few words: "Calixto not well."

A short drive brought them to the house. Calixto was seated in the open doorway of his apartment, and attempted to rise as Paula approached, but the effort was too great, and he sank down in a fainting condition.

Could this be Calixto? His clothes hung on him, as on a skeleton. His cheeks were hollow. His black eyes, brilliant with fever, fixed on her a hungry gaze. After saluting Paula, he held out his hands to Manuel, who responded to his father's loving invitation, and nestled in his arms. What a picture! What a contrast! blossom, and decay. Blanca, the devoted sister, of whom Paula had heard so often from Calixto, now drew the traveller away. All was now explained. Calixto had been ill for some weeks, but would not abandon his usual routine. He had remained in Havre, awaiting the arrival of his wife and son, but their delay discouraged him. Paula had been persuaded by the family to postpone her departure until the embarking of a favorite vessel. The letter she wrote announcing the change in her programme failed to arrive, until after Calixto returned home from Havre. The rapid progress of his disease warned him to get home speedily, if he would not die among strangers.

For two months the fond sister and the loving wife devoted themselves to the fast

failing invalid, and then; Paula was a widow. Not until her return did I learn the sad experiences through which she had passed.

After resting some days at home, she came, bringing Manuel, to make us a visit. My heart ached as I saw her, calmly, sadly, resume her place among us. The spontaneous girl had given place to the subdued matron.

When Paula left the sitting-room at Manuel's bed time, I soon followed. The door of her apartment stood open. I saw my darling kneeling, her arms extended in the form of a cross, her gaze fixed on the crucifix, suspended beside her bed. The sleeping form of her unconscious infant lay between the mother and the image of her Crucified Redeemer.

With thrilling fervor her words were borne to me: "Look down upon me, good and gentle Jesus, while before Thy face I humbly kneel begging of Thee to fix deep in my heart lively sentiments of Faith, Hope and Contrition, while I consider the words David the prophet has spoken: 'They have pierced my hands and my feet, they have broken all my bones.'" As she arose from her knees, our eyes met. I asked her if that position was not very exhausting.

"Oh! no. I contracted the habit in Spain, where it is quite common. I say only the prayer of the crucifix in that attitude. I love to pray beside my baby. God and my husband seem nearer at that time."

"What a blessing, dear, that you early learned the value of prayer."

"Yes, and I owe it to the choir of the little church: the celebration of the various festivals, the devotions of May and June, the masses of the First Friday, and the services of Lent, all contributed to draw me nearer to our Lord. I grew to love the daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and learned much from the frequent performance of the Stations of the Cross. Before the altar I not only laid my burdens down, but I carried away a new perception of life and my relation to it. I discovered that the scales of the sanctuary are the only true standard. My Rosary has brought me wonderful comfort. What a treasure I found it, at sea, and beside Calixto's sick bed. This chat is the last one I expect to have with you for a long time. I must begin to look for a position."

"Is it necessary?"

"Yes, Calixto's family were very eager to keep us with them, and were very anxious to rear my boy in Spain, but I could not agree to abandon my mother. I know that my husband's brothers have heavy responsibilities, and thus to Calixto's mother and sister is left only an humble competence."

"My own mother is aging fast. I am still young, and with the influence of my brothers-in-law, can surely support myself and child, and lighten my mother's cares. Corinne is devoted to Manuel, and little Alfred is much happier since there is a second child at home."

Before leaving next morning, Paula went to the room where my dear father, a hoary Patriarch, dwelt, imprisoned with paralysis. Kneeling by his chair, tears raining down her face, she held Manuel towards the venerable christian, who waited the "Nunc dimittis."

"Bless me, dear friend. Lay your hand upon my head and bless my boy. May he, like you, serve God faithfully to the end."

The sorrows of the past, the responsibilities of the future, were present with her, but, imbued with diffidence of self and confidence in God, she went bravely forth. Within a month Paula secured a clerkship through letters from Spain. The office was close to the little old church, in which the Catholics of the early part of our century worshipped. There Paula might be seen each afternoon, absorbed in prayer. Five years passed speedily by, and then the company failed, and she was again unsettled. She applied herself to the course of study necessary for a civil service examination, which she passed creditably, only to be confronted by a new difficulty—that without political influence her case was hopeless. The depression consequent on Mr. Baird's loss of sight, and reverse of fortune, had made him a recluse, and thus his old friends lost sight of him long before his death, and Paula knew not where to turn. Corinne became the happy medium quite unexpectedly. The two sisters and Manuel were awaiting a train. The station was crowded. The Washington passengers availed themselves of the "ten minutes for refreshments" to make a descent on the restaurant. Corinne espied, close be-

side her, the great man to whom Paula's application had been sent. Hastily she shared her discovery with her sister, but Paula could do nothing. Borne out of herself by the exigency of the case, Corinne addressed the commissioner:

"Mr. Goodman, I believe?"

"Yes, madame, at your service."

"This is my sister, Mrs. Moreno, whose application you received in June last."

Paula here stammered forth. "I know this is not the proper place to address you on business, but I have long desired for this opportunity. I wish to ask but one question:

"Am I but losing time in waiting for my appointment?"

Everyone is known, and Paula was no exception at that moment. The man of affairs recognized in her a woman of strong character and self-control to guide it. Her clear, grey eyes looked into his, with the trustful candor of a child, whilst the poise of her head showed her capable of putting forth her hand to strong things.

"I think you are a widow?"

"I am."

"And this is your son?"

"Yes."

"I am on my way to meet my little daughter, who is about his size. How well his complexion harmonizes with his name. There is my train. Call at my office in Washington, Wednesday next." Proffering his card, he swung himself on the step of the car which was gliding noiselessly out of the station.

The home of an old friend in the capital gave Paula a welcome shelter during the weeks that elapsed between her call at the office of her new friend and the day of her first appearance "in office."

Ten years have passed since that morning when Paula seated herself at her desk and found herself one of an army of women. How much alike they were at first, and how differently she soon regarded them. The types were numerous as the individuals. The vapid, silly woman, the artful, unscrupulous creature, who considered her fellow creatures as but the ministers to her designs. These, the base cockle, breathed side by side with the rich grain in God's storehouse—the angels of light in many a dark home, the burthen-bearers of many a stricken father, husband or son. Paula's habit of silent observation of men and affairs had gifted her with unusual discrimination of character.

Always indifferent to compliment, she was not thrown off her guard by flattery, and was thus invulnerable on the side usually most accessible in woman's character. Her native honesty prompted punctuality and fidelity in the discharge of her duties, and procured for her speedy and frequent promotion. At present she receives fifteen hundred dollars a year. Manuel is at Georgetown. Our visit to the college showed him at ball: his red cheeks and flashing black eyes made of him a handsome picture. Mrs. Baird's declining years were consoled by the loving attentions of her children.

The prescribed sojourn at the seaside was provided for her aged mother by Paula's purse, while Corinne, by her constant devotion, made the last hours of her mother's life full of sweetness. A valiant woman is as a fragrant rose! rich in color, she delights and invigorates all around her, lifting the minds of her fellows from the creature to the Creator.

## Irish Colleges and Schools.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY REV. A. E. FARRINGTON, O. C. C.

IN Ireland, as in other Catholic countries during the middle ages, the torch of science was kindled at that of faith. The church has not taught her children merely to believe, nor restricted her care to the supernatural culture of souls: she took upon herself also the intellectual education of the races whom she initiated in the principles of the gospel. Her monasteries were not simply the retreats of contemplation and penance, nurseries of missionaries and saints; they were also schools, where letters were studied and taught, and where under the shield of religion the great classical traditions of antiquity were preserved and perpetuated.

So it was with the communities founded in Ireland during the fifth and sixth centuries. These communities rivalled the great monastic schools of Gaul. Virgil was

explained and Cicero was transcribed: Greek literature was cultivated with especial care and zeal: no subject was excluded from research and discussion: it was considered a glory to be as bold in speculation as to be firm and faithful to the dogmas of the church.

The monastic schools of Ireland soon came to enjoy a high reputation. In the seventh century students came from Gaul, in order to imitate the higher and better developed knowledge in Greek, music and poetry than could be had at home. Later on in the tenth and eleventh centuries, when Europe was one scene of war and contentions, Ireland preserved intact in her monasteries and schools the culture of letters and sciences.

The so called Reformation saw the end of those haunts of piety and learning, which had done no less signal service to letters than to religion, and no less honor to the human mind than to the gospel. Proscribed and hunted down shortly afterwards, the Irish clergy were obliged to abandon the work of education and unfortunately it fell into the hands of heretics. For three centuries of penal laws, persecutions and prescriptions, Catholic education, as well as religion, was banned. Both were looked after as well as they could be during these years, but at the dawn of this century a better time came. Catholics obtained some share of liberty; and as soon as they did, churches, schools, monasteries and convents rose up all over the land, as if by magic, and now religion and education go on again, hand in hand, and our students, men and women, boys and girls, carry off the laurels from all competitors. They have swept all before them, showing that Irish Catholic students on equal terms can drive the enemy from the field. We have the best equipped colleges and schools in the Empire. In these institutions we have, as of old, students from every country, and when we get our Catholic university, which, I hope, will be soon, we will realize the prophecy of Cardinal Newman, who wrote, when speaking of the "site for a university," as follows: "Looking at the general state of things at this day, I desiderate for a school of the church, if an additional school is to be granted to us, a place more central than Oxford has to show. Since the age of Alfred and of the first Henry, the world has grown, from west and south of Europe, into four or five continents; and I look for a city less inland than that old sanctuary, and a country closer upon the highways of the seas. I look towards a land both old and young: old in its christianity, young in the promise of its future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never quenched it: a church, which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Saints Augustine and Paulinus founded, and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, (written in 1856) and I dimly see the island I am gazing on, become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm: and I see England taught by advancing years to exercise in its behalf that good sense which is her characteristic towards every one else. The capital of that hopeful and prosperous land is situate in a beautiful bay, and near a romantic region (Wicklow); and in it I see a flourishing university, which for a while had to struggle with fortune, but which, when its first founders and servants were dead and gone, had successes far exceeding their anxieties. Thither, as to a sacred soil, the home of their fathers, and the fountain-head of their christianity, students are flocking from east, west and south, from America and Australia, and India, from Egypt and Asia Minor, with the ease and rapidity of a locomotion not yet discovered, and last, though not least, from England, all speaking one tongue, all owning one faith, all eager for one large, true wisdom; and hence, when their stay is over, going back again to carry peace to men of good will over all the earth."

If we are to realize all this, it will be something great indeed, but we may expect much more, for in the future Ireland will fulfil, please God, in the full sense, the words of the poet, and become "the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

DUBLIN, Ireland, 24th September, 1894.

—THE—
# Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
*OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,*
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, Nov., 1894. NO. 11.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE following petition was presented to the Holy Father by the Vicar General of the Discalced Carmelites:

"MOST HOLY FATHER,—The Father Vicar General of Discalced Carmelites, humbly prostrate at the feet of your Holiness, submits that it not unfrequently occurs that the faithful, who beg admission into the Confraternity of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, are invalidly received, either owing to the omission of the inscription of their names, or some other cause. In order that the said faithful may not be deprived of the graces and privileges granted to the said Confraternity, your suppliant humbly prays your Holiness to graciously make good such receptions into the Confraternity as, up to this day, from whatever cause, have been invalidly performed."

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To this petition the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences sent the following answer:

"In virtue of special faculties granted by Our Most Holy Lord Pope Leo XIII., the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Holy Relics graciously grants the request, notwithstanding any decree to the contrary. Given at Rome from the Secretariate of the same Holy Congregation, this 20th day of June, 1894.

"IGNATIUS CARD. PERSICO, *Prefect.*
* "A. *Archbishop of Nicopolis,*
"*Secretary.*

"BERNARDINUS A STA TERESIA.
"*Proc. Gen. C. D.*"

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THE obligation to inscribe all names of those who receive the Scapular, and to forward them to some church in which the Confraternity is canonically erected, or to a Carmelite monastery, had been in many instances either ignored or neglected, and the faithful who had thus received the Scapular, would have been deprived, by no fault of theirs, of all indulgences and privileges attached to the Scapular, if the Holy Father by his Brief had not in his kindness remedied the omission.

***

THE obligation of inscribing the names is, however, still in force, and remains *an absolute condition* for the gaining of all indulgences and privileges, after the 20th of June, 1894. Several parishes in the United States and Canada have established canonical Confraternities of Mount Carmel in their churches, and keep the register of names in their respective churches. Hundreds of priests send in the names to our monasteries. It would be a great pleasure to us, and an immense saving of labor, if there were a Confraternity in every city and town of the country. We therefore gladly furnish all necessary information to those who wish to erect Confraternities in their churches, and thus do away with the necessity of forwarding the names to us. Our Father Provincial will procure the necessary faculties for all those who apply to him. His address is: Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, New Baltimore, Pa.

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THE town of Eisleben, in Saxony, which prided itself in having been the birth place of Martin Luther, is undergoing a strange experience. Like the Protestant church, founded by its rebellious son, it is slowly but surely being swamped. The ground is gradually sinking and turning into a morass. Many houses have already been abandoned, as it is impossible to live in them. The town is sinking at the rate of several inches a month, and if the sinking continues, in a very short time a swamp will cover the site of what was once a thriving town.

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THE month of November is the closing month of the ecclesiastical year. The church, in her catholicity, is the kingdom of heaven, and her children are the children of God. She, therefore, at the opening of the month, invites us to rejoice with her

children in heaven, and to sympathize with her children in purgatory. Saints on earth, saints in heaven, and saints in purgatory, they are all children of the One Holy Mother. All the saints are in communion with each other, and the communion of saints is the link which binds all the members of the church in the closest possible union, the union of an organic body, of which Christ is the head.

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The saints in heaven know more about their friends on earth than probably they would have known had they remained on earth. Thus a fond mother, who was called away from her children, to enter the land of the elect, certainly does not lose her interest in her family, but redoubles her prayers at the Throne of God, and is made aware by God Himself of all the graces granted. It is part of her heavenly reward. The saints not only hear our petitions, but even obtain for us graces which we do not ask for, since they are more anxious to see us share in this eternal happiness, than we are ourselves. Let us love the saints, and walk in their company through life, and they will await us at the gates of Paradise.

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But we can place them under such great obligations of gratitude, that they will never weary in their supplications for our welfare. The souls in purgatory are saints also. Dear friends of Our Lord, whatever we do for them, who are certainly not the least of His brethren, we do to Him. He cannot give them the gifts of glory, as they are not undefiled. He cannot give them the gifts of grace, as the rivers of grace flow only in the earthly paradise, but He gives us the keys of purgatory, and asks us to help His and our friends, saying: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." The devotion to the poor souls is one of the devotions of the Sacred Heart itself. Next to the devotion to Our Blessed Mother, it is the surest mark of predestination, to have a great love for the poor souls of purgatory.

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The Carmelite Order has its saints in heaven, in purgatory, and on earth. There is a triumphant Carmel, a suffering Carmel, and a militant Carmel. The 14th of November is our All Saints' Day, and the following day our All Souls' Day. All the brothers and sisters of the Confraternity of the Scapular are in our communion of saints. The Blessed Virgin, Our Dear Lady, is our Queen, and all the wearers of the Scapular should share in the joys and sufferings of the departed members, and offer up their prayers in union with us on the above mentioned days. Those who approach the sacraments gain plenary indulgences, which they can offer for the poor souls.

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One of our most esteemed literary contributors requests the special prayers from the readers of the Review for the bodily and spiritual well being of a relative.

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As we are approaching the end of the year, our subscribers would confer a great favor upon us if they would help us meet all our expenses, by sending in the amount of their subscriptions. It will depend a good deal on the way subscriptions are paid up, whether we shall be able to make additional improvements for the coming year, or not. We have not, by any means, reached the ideal which we have been contemplating from the start. But we are steadily improving, and our readers are aware of it, for we are constantly receiving congratulations.

## AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Colorado Catholic* believes in a "militant" church. The able editors marshal all their forces in a strong attack upon that pestiferous outgrowth of the night—the A. P. A.'s. It occupies the unusual position of upholding the Populist ticket as against the Democratic and the Republican tickets. Being on the place, and in the midst of the fray, it ought to know best. It looks to us, however, as if it were constrained by circumstances to pursue this course, on the principle, that "of two evils it is better to choose the less."

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We congratulate *The Review* of Chicago on its vitality. The original intention to make it a weekly paper, as soon as it would pay for itself, has been realized much

sooner than even its most sanguine admirers could have hoped for. And it is a model of a weekly paper. All the news of a week in a nutshell, and pronouncedly vigorous editorials. The editor certainly possesses a gift of condensation very unusual. We may not agree with all his opinions, but we are glad to see his efforts to create a good German paper in English dress crowned with such signal success.

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One of the most interesting of the many college papers published by our Catholic students throughout the country is *The Dial*. It ought to reach every Catholic boy in the country, especially since it began in September to publish a serial by Rev. Father Finn, S. J. We have read many a book of juvenile literature, but Father Finn is our favorite. He knows the American boy, and loves him. He does not confine himself to the simple narration of boyish adventures, although he describes them inimitably, but he reads the heart of the boy, and shows how easily he can be influenced for good. There is something noble in every boy, even the most depraved; and many a father, or teacher, or director of youth could learn how to manage boys, and how to make noble men of them, by reading Father Finn's books.

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We had looked forward to the October number of *The Rosary* with pleasant anticipations, but our Carmelite heart was completely won when we discovered on opening its pages, that a picture of St. Teresa, our October saint, formed the frontispiece. The Black Friars and the White Friars, both favored with such marked proofs of Our Lady's love! the Rosary and the Scapular, have been working hand in hand, and side by side, to spread devotion to Our Mother ever since St. Dominic, St. Angelus and St. Francis met in holy friendship on the Sabine hill in Rome. Rev. Wm. D. Kelly shows the close bond uniting St. Teresa's spirit with that of St. Dominic in an excellent poem, which we reproduce elsewhere. The touching sketch of a Friar's heroism, by Jerome Grant, and the warm presentation of the charms of Our Lady's Rosary, by Father Esser, together with all the other able articles, render this one of the most interesting numbers of *The Rosary*.

## SAINT TERESA.

REV. WILLIAM D. KELLY.

When some great saint, with us awhile sojourning,
His glad release from earthly exile wins,
It happens oft, while hearts his loss are mourning,
That here below his fuller sway begins:
And waxes with succeeding years more ample,
Until long after he has vanished hence,
His blessed teachings and benign example
Exert their strongest force and influence.

Thus when Teresa, filled with holy fervor,
For Carmel's greater glory sighed and strove,
And sought to make her Order an observer
Of purer poverty and prayer and love:
While envy, its own selfish purpose seeking,
Essayed to render all her efforts vain,
Saint Dominic, through his disciples speaking,
Enabled her the victory to gain.

From lips of those who, in his imitation,
Walked in the ways once hallowed by his feet,
She learned the lessons of that abnegation
Which made her sacrifice of self complete:
That love of prayer whereof she wrote divinely,
The zeal to suffer for God's sake or die,
Those high resolves that never slept supinely,
Those deep desires earth could not satisfy.

Ah, many are the modes wherein God's glory
This world with His omnipotence acquaints,
And wonderful beyond all written story
The marvels of His graces in His saints!
We grieve at times because of some life ended,
When lo! its counterpart delights our view,
As some lost star, which suddenly, attended
With all its former splendor, shines anew.

Sweet saint of Avila, whom hail as mother
So many daughters still in many lands,
When enmity and envy with each other
Combined to thwart thy efforts and commands,
Had not the star of Dominic ascended
The zenith of its sky, no more to set,
That glory which makes Carmel's story splendid,
Might not enrich it fully even yet.

*The Rosary.*

We believe that no one ever attains salvation except through the aid of divine grace, and that no one deserves this grace unless he prays for it.—St. Augustine.

## Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

*Translated for the Review.*

BY S. X. B.

REV. Fr. Ducournau, a Marist Father, gave a retreat at Bordeaux in 1845. He concluded the exercises by a sermon on the Blessed Virgin, after which he received into the Confraternity of the holy Scapular all who desired to be invested. It was Sunday evening. Several soldiers belonging to one of the companies then in garrison at Bordeaux assisted at the ceremony, and one, a corporal, went forward to be admitted with the rest. When he returned to his place he was greeted with a smile of derision: "You too, corporal; well, who would think of seeing you kneel with a crowd of women!" "Why not? You should follow my example."

"No, I thank you: you will never get me there. I have some sense yet, thank heaven!"

On the following Tuesday an alarm of fire was heard calling all to the rescue. It was the sugar refinery of a Mr. Faber, and notwithstanding the fact that the firemen worked nobly, and all classes lent what aid they could, the flames gained such headway that there scarcely seemed a ray of hope for the escape of those who were in the building at the time. Falling rafters and shaking walls threatened the lives of those who attempted to rescue them. It was a moment of horror. Suddenly the voice of the officer in command of the garrison rang out: "Men of good will, one more effort." "Come corporal," said he, addressing the very man who had upon the preceding evening taken the Scapular: "Take your men and try again." The men obeyed. There was with them a little drummer boy. Scarcely had they crossed the threshold than a terrible crash was heard. The principal wall had given way. There was a simultaneous cry of horror at the fate of these victims to their own heroism, but what was the universal amazement when the brave corporal was seen coming forth with the fainting drummer boy in his arms. Consigning him to the ready hands extended he bade them take care of him, and then satisfied the eager inquiries addressed to him. He had fervently recommended himself to the Blessed Virgin, and then, stooping, he had covered with his body the little form of the drummer, meanwhile sustaining the weight of the falling debris upon his back. "But how can it be then that you are not only not maimed—nay even killed—but perfectly safe and whole?"

"Here is my preserver," he cried, drawing the precious Scapular forth to view. Hasten to the assistance of my comrades, they were not so fortunate, I could hear their groans."

They went, but alas! what a sight: they took them from the ruins, some crushed almost to death, and some were dead.

[*Related by Fr. Ducarnau, "Month of Mary."*]

II.

THE SCAPULAR.

*Wounds—Accidents of War.*

After the siege of Ypres the Archduke Leopold was presented with a ball, which directly coming in contact with the Scapular upon the breast of a brave warrior, child of Mary, as it sped to its deadly mission, was not only flattened but received upon its surface the impression of the Blessed Virgin's picture, with which the Scapular was adorned.

Louis XIII in the year 1622 laid siege to the city of Montpelier. In the general attack which followed, when the battle raged with fury, a soldier whose name was Beauregard Champion was struck in the breast with a ball. Wonderful to relate, however, the ball after having torn his clothing in its rapid passage, when it touched the Scapular was flattened, and did not injure the soldier in the least. His comrades, who saw the miracle, proclaimed it aloud, and it went from rank to rank.

The king heard of it and hastened to satisfy himself by "ocular demonstration" of its truth. He received the Scapular as soon as it was possible—"that celestial armor," as it has been called by Fr. de la Colombiere, who delivered at Lyons a most eloquent sermon on the Scapular and related this miraculous preservation.

A soldier of Flanders was condemned to be shot for rebellion. He was led to the place of execution, where three charges

were fired without the slightest effect. The officers in amazement examined him to see if he were not protected by a cuirass. But finding only the holy Scapular upon his breast they were so deeply impressed with this proof of Mary's protecting care that in honor of the most Blessed Virgin they decided to pardon the culprit.—*From Devotion to Mary, Vol. II.*

In the *Journal des Enfants de Marie*, July, 1889, we find the two following examples:

THE SCAPULAR THE BEST CUIRASS.

Rolland, one of the bravest soldiers of the 18th Battalion of Infantry, was overwhelmed upon every side with praise. In Africa, during the years 1844-45-46, as a warrior his eulogies during the various engagements resounded from every lip, and to crown all he was made a chevalier of the "Legion of Honor upon the battlefield." His services at Aubrac (Aveyron) speak for themselves.

Child of a peasant, he was noble and brave as the most noble knight of the age when chivalry was at its zenith, and like those valiant chevaliers he knew how to combat with dauntless courage and to pray with unwavering faith.

His ways were quiet. Before an engagement he would without any affectation of display make the sign of the cross, fervently invoke the Blessed Virgin, and then with all the ardor of his patriotic heart rush into the thickest of the fray. "For France, for France, by the grace of God." And a glorious success generally crowned his efforts.

At Isly on the 14th of August, 1844, at the point of the bayonet, he made a terrible breach in the ranks of the enemy, and returned without a single scratch. After the battle a wounded Sheik whom, in the goodness of his heart, he tried to aid, treacherously fired at his breast without hurting him in the least. In 1845, at the disastrous engagement of Sidi Brahim, his last charge gone, what was to be done? When the projectiles failed him he used his ramrod. When he had nothing wherewith to load his gun he threw himself into the sanguinary fray, trusting to the strength of his good right arm, but alas! surrounded and overwhelmed by superior numbers he was taken, in the midst of the battle, to Abd-el-Kader who, from beneath the shade of a fig-tree followed all the movements of the fray.

One last heroic effort was made by the brave soldiers, but it was all in vain. They were in the power of the enemy!

Those who did not fall upon the battlefield had now to apprehend a captivity worse than death! Rolland accepted the situation in a truly christian spirit, and endured the hardships of imprisonment without a murmur. Later on when the Arabs decided to exterminate their captives by a general massacre, he divined their cruel project, and told the sad truth to his unfortunate comrades.

"It is to be to-night," said he. "Let us watch and try to escape."

But he could not inspire them with his hopeful spirit. He alone did not give up, and according to his unvarying custom in every danger, he fervently recited the "Memorare." Then, armed with a knife which he had found, he bravely waited the event.

Precisely at midnight a fearful clamor arose upon the still air, and Rolland making the sign of the Cross sprang forward, but an Arab threw himself in the fugitive's path. Rolland thrust his weapon into his pursuer's breast, strode over his body and fled. The hedge round the enclosure arrested his progress. A thrust of the bayonet meant to impale him there, was diverted from its course, but two soldiers seized him by the belt of his trousers as he was hastening on. He succeeded in wresting himself free, leaving the torn fragment of his attire in their hands, while, clad in a single garment he hastened on. The balls whistled after him; by the protecting power of Mary they scarcely touched him. He sped on in his desperate course until he reached a hillock, then weary and breathless he stopped to rest.

At this supreme moment the sky grew red with lurid light. Alas! It was the funeral pile of his unfortunate comrades in arms. In the deepest grief he listened to their cries. Then came silence and darkness, telling that all was over! He was alone!

He took up his line of march, plunged through the forests, and for forty-eight hours had nothing to direct his course but the glittering stars as they shone over his head by night. Weary, hungry, burned by

day with the sun's fierce rays, stiff with the cold at night, scarcely clad, racked with pain and fever, pursued by men, menaced by wild beasts, assailed by storms, he kept on his way, his only nourishment being a few figs, his only weapon prayer. On the third day in the evening he found himself face to face with two Arabs, one of whom raised his weapon to attack him, but eventually they led him to the French camp in hopes of a reward. O! what an enthusiastic reception he met with there! Some days afterwards he begged to be one of an expedition sent out to dislodge a party of the enemy, lying in ambush on the sea shore.

He caught a glimpse of some Arabs in a large crevice of the rocks, and upon their heads were French helmets! The helmets of the martyrs of Sidi Brahim! The sight fired his noble heart: he sprang into the crevice, and fell amid a detachment of the foe, who greeted him with a volley from all sides. "Holy Virgin!" he exclaimed. He braced himself against the wall of the cavern, and struck out on every side with his bayonet. Rage, fury, frenzy, infused new strength into his arm. How long did the engagement last? A few minutes—no longer. When they came to his rescue they found him before a heap of dead bodies, his garments covered with blood and riddled with bullets, but without a single wound. The officer in command pressed his hand. General Cavaignac bestowed on him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and, placing him upon an artillery wagon, led the triumphant march in full view of the troops drawn up in battle array.

That evening he dined at the table of the major-general, and as they grew enthusiastic over his wonderful escapes: "My general!" he exclaimed, "I wear a breast plate that nothing can touch." *And opening his vest he showed his Scapular.*

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Always give good example—teach virtue by word and action. Example is more eloquent than any discourse.—Blessed Henry Suso.

There is nothing of which apostolic men have more need than interior recollection, in order not to endanger their own salvation whilst seeking that of others.—St. Ignatius.

# Twilight Talks.

Written for the Carmelite Review by Miss Matilda Cummings.

The land beyond the sea!
Oh! how the lapsing years,
Mid our not unsubmissive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
Of those we love to thee.
Calm land beyond the sea!

*—Faber.*

THE month of the holy souls! With moistened eyes and many a tender thought we welcome it, the month of our dear dead. Its coming is fraught with a comfort and peace unknown to other seasons of the year; for after all we are selfish even in the service of God. So the thought that it is our own whom we are helping by the earnest and increasing petitions, that well up from our desolate hearts in November, is a new impetus to our love. A devoted father who found much comfort in a weekly visit to the grave of his daughter remarked: "It is the only way of getting nearer to her." Poor yearning heart that knew not the communion of saints, nor the almost conscious presence of those, who are more our own in the spirit than in the flesh.

Catholics are sometimes reproached for their neglect of their cemeteries, and for their infrequent visits to the graves of their departed friends. Little the world recks of the fidelity of the children of the church to their holy dead, of the daily Mass in the dark, bleak mornings of winter. The altar is the true God's acre of the Catholic soul who yearns to get nearer to the sainted dead, and like a magnet the departed draw us nearer to God in drawing nearer to them. "When loyal hearts in loving Christ agree, long severance doth not cost a sigh or tear." So wrote St. Elzear of the 14th century to his wife St. Delphina. "For if our hearts in Christ's united be, nor time, nor death our spirits can divide."

The grass soon grows green o'er forgotten graves, but in the quiet God's acre of the heart, that kindred row to the sanctuary, the departed live and people again our

solitude, their plaintive voices ever calling "Have pity upon me at least ye, oh! my friends!" Hearts there are to whom the dead are all they can in truth call their own. Our sorrows and our dead—none care to share them with us, and so we can fill the twilight hours of November with them. One's beads and one's tears keep very sweet company—and both will cool the fires of purgatory for our holy dead. Who knows but that they are still kindred with us in the heartaches that help fill our lives, as the years grow apace and we are often forced to say, "Oh! dull and weary, and weary and dull." The world's a very cold one in November, and its blasts slam many doors which close us in and leave us alone with our dead. Let us bear them sweet company during the melancholy days which, because of them and their dear memory, will soften into holy shadows and a peaceful silence, broken only by the whispered De Profundis with its cry of hope calling from the depths, voicing the merciful forgiveness of the Lord.

Again, we grow tired of everyone at times. Even our nearest and dearest pall upon us in hours when the heart grows sick of "the weary ways of earth and men, and self more weary still." Then is it "good for us to be here" in the presence of the silent, suffering, patient dead, whose spirits seem so near us in November, and who, we would fain persuade ourselves, understand us better than kith or kin, however cordial their hands and warm their hearts.

The dead do not disappoint us. Can we say as much for the world with all its promises and its fair show of words, light as the sea foam and as passing? Oh! no, the world is bleak, very bleak in November: happily so if it hurry us out of its chilling blasts close to the cleansing fires of Purgatory, the land of exile which appeals to us at times even more forcibly than the thought of heaven itself.

In turn let us not disappoint our hopeful, yearning, faithful dead. Let self be forgotten in the twilights of November. Let us bury our sorrows, or send them as messengers of helpful love to the suffering, silent ones of Christ, who yearn for the light of the eternal day, which is reflected from the face of God. Oh! how the fleeting sight of that holy face at the judgment, so just yet so merciful, haunts the pining, suffering souls. Fidelity is the test of love. Oh! let us draw no breath in November that will not be an act of supplication for the suffering souls. Let "My Jesus, mercy," with its easy accumulation of indulgences, go out from our hearts with every respiration. Then work, and worry, and loneliness, and disappointment will each in turn be helpers of the holy souls. Rich recompense will they claim at the hands of the gentle mistress of Purgatory who keeps wistful watch in November. Ever and anon she glances pleadingly and pathetically at the Sacred Heart of her Son, who answers her in swift release for her children in exile. "Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise! who does not crave for rest?" Ours be the dear labor of love to win it for the forsaken ones who perchance are suffering for a too eager craving for earthly rest—rest that was not in God nor for God, and who now yearn for it in the presence of Him who is Himself our perfect rest.

All Souls Day, 1894.

## More Wearers of Our Lady's Livery.

Names have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., to be entered in the Confraternity register from Church of our Lady, Guelph, Ont.: Sacred Heart Church, Stamford, N. Y.: St. Louis College, Honolulu, H. I.: St. Rose's Church, Springfield, Ky.: St. Patrick's Church, Taberg, N. Y.: Hastings, Ont.: St. Patrick's Church, Dixie, Ont.: St. Paul's Church, Reading, Pa.: Wallaceburg, Ont.: St. Bridget's Church, Simpson, Minn.: Immaculate Conception Church, North Easton, Mass.: Tell City, Ind.: Holy Angels' Church, L'Ardoise, N. S.

At our Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Joseph's Church, Johnstown, Pa.: Holy Family Church, Rochester, N, Y.: Two Rivers, Wis.: St. Augustine Church, Pittsburg, Pa.: Jordan, Minn.: St. Joseph's Church, Ridgeway, Ill.: Waconia, Minn.: Sacred Heart Retreat, Louisville, Ky.: St. Bernard's Church, Wabash, Ind.: St. Michael's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.: St. Boniface's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.: St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph's Hill, Ind.: All Saints' Church, Philadelphia, Pa.: Wetang, Ill.: St. Boniface's Church, De Pere, Wis.: Metamora, Ill.: St. Michael's Church, Dane, Wis.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Port Washington, Wis.: Villard, Minn.: Ossian, Ia.: Immaculate Conception Church, Jacksonville, Fla.; Arcadia, Wis.: Bessemer, Mich.: Ridgely, Md.: Devil's Lake, N. D.: St. Joseph's Church, Minooka, Pa.

At St. Joseph's Monastery, Leavenworth, Kas., from Evansville, Ind.: Cape Girardeau, Mo.: Atchison, Kas.: Riviere aus Vases, Mo.: Immaculate Conception Church, Solomon City, Kas.: Boulders, Colo.

# EARTH'S SORROWS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY HENRY COYLE.

"ALL things tend back to unity," said an ancient philosopher. "God has made nothing in vain." We may, then, look upon sickness, suffering and death as a part of the great system of agencies by which our Father above is controlling and educating his sinful children here below. Thus sickness and death to every individual, to every family, and to every circle of friends thus visited, become occasions of moral training.

Like the effect of a stone thrown into the placid lake, the nearest waves are deepest, but while the widening circles diminish in power, they are sensibly felt till the whole surface is agitated, testifying to the presence of a disturbing influence. So these constantly recurring lessons are passing over the face of society, forcing themselves upon the attention of the human family, and they are learning lessons which could never have been learned without them.

God tells us our days on earth are as a shadow, a hand-breadth: that we shall soon go the way whence none shall return. God asks what it shall profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Who can answer it as the man who is on the threshold of eternity, earth's visions fading, and the sublime realities of the eternal world, like the headlands of a foreign shore we are nearing, just coming into view.

God would win us away from earthly vanities: how can He do it more effectually than by bringing us face to face with death? God would teach us the evil and danger of sin: what more impressive teaching could be given than spreading before us this one terrible fruit of sin, yielded this side of eternity?

In this view of the subject may not every sufferer be comforted in the consideration that these weary days and nights, these months or years of pain are not in vain? In God's great system of moral machinery, these sufferers are an important part, taught themselves, and teaching others. Not wearing away life without fruits, but standing in their lot bearing the burden and heat of the day, under the eye of the Master, and performing, as He well knows, a duty much more arduous and trying than the most laborious outward doings.

These pains and sorrows are all most carefully estimated; no mistake is made in the appointment, every hour of endurance is meted out, and has a destined result, and God's providence is slowly but surely developing the end.

But not only is suffering instructive, it is disciplinary. The apostle says: "The trying of your faith worketh patience." Experience is also another fruit of affection: experience of the realities of the seen and unseen world. Suffering makes grave revelations to the human soul. Hope, too, celestial, undying hope, is born and nourished under this discipline of suffering. She is ever pointing upward, and from present sorrows drawing arguments for future joys.

The afflicted often says: "Oh, if I could only see and feel these happy results! If I could only know, I would be content to suffer on!" Ah! all our conflicts and victories here are by faith, not by sight, and until the end come we cannot expect to understand the plan or appreciate the process of its completion! "Judge nothing before the time, but submit yourselves to Him in well-doing as unto a faithful Creator," is the language of providence as well as inspiration.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" To the poor, the afflicted, the careworn and weary, the words are full of tenderness. Are there not many who can feel the divine eloquence of this appeal? How many there are who began life with high hopes, who are now in despair—are there not many among the strong, the proud, the self-sufficient, who have felt their pride, their trust in their own strength fast gliding away?

Is it not, then, cause of adoring gratitude, to creatures so frail, so full of sorrow, that our heavenly Father will become our stay and comforter when there is no other eye to pity, and no other arm outstretched to save? Surely there are many to whom these words will come, who are weary and

heavy laden—who have often yearned for a sure support, who are wearied of the sin and toil of life, who have sighed in bitterness of spirit as they turned from the grave in which some cherished one was sleeping—"all below is vanity." To such, the angel of consolation whispers,

"Earth hath no sorrows that heaven cannot cure."

## The Power of Prayer.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

A TRUE INCIDENT.

DURING the summer of 1893 a widow, who with her two daughters reside not very far from Niagara, were suffering much from the usual persecutions which follow conversion to the Holy Catholic Church, and their lives had in consequence become almost unbearable.

Their only support being dependant upon the exertions of the mother and eldest daughter as music teachers, they were not long in finding themselves almost entirely deprived of a living, and to make matters much worse, they had not completed the purchase of their piano, and utter ruin was before them, for the loss of that was destitution and worse misery.

The following week would consummate their troubles, for unless $75 was paid into the bank they would be deprived of their bread-winner, and to pay rent for a piano as well as for a house was totally out of the question; so unless Providence interfered "ruin" would follow. Sunday came, and the mother suffering with a distracting headache, the result of sleepless nights and anxiety, was obliged to remain at home, and after her daughters had gone to Mass she determined to offer a "Novena" to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary for deliverance from this dreadful trouble, so taking the pictures of the Sacred Hearts (which as yet she had not been able to get framed) she spread them upon the bed and kneeling before them sobbed and cried out her trouble to those Friends who proved friends indeed—for peace seemed to have entered her soul, and she got to thinking, and an idea, an inspiration as it were, came to her to appeal to a gentleman—a stranger, but one who was himself a "convert" and who had also been "scourged"—for the loan of the amount needed, to be repaid on easy terms. So determining to keep it a secret from her daughters until she had completed the transaction, and seen the result, after a few days' consideration a letter was written and mailed. Before noon the next day a telegram was placed in the daughter's hand, which caused both her and her mother considerable alarm, until on reading it, it proved to be from the gentleman, telling the mother that a letter would be at the office for them the next day containing what they needed. God be praised! it would be impossible to describe the feelings which filled the hearts of that mother and her daughters that day when she explained to them what she had done, and on the day the letter came, a letter fraught with kind consideration for their troubles and telling them to accept the "small amount," as he called it, as a gift and so releasing them from the burden which had been weighing so heavily upon them.

After returning heart-felt thanks to God and His Blessed Mother for this direct answer to a mother's prayer, thanks were forwarded to the stranger friend, for whom a prayer will be offered while their life lasts. K. S.

### A FRAGMENT.

This little wreath of immortelles
Round memory's holy shrine,
Of my own dear departed ones
With fondest love I twine.

Dear Lord! in Thy untroubled peace
Let their loved spirits rest!
And may the vision of Thy face
Be theirs amidst the blest!"

R. I. P. Sr. M. J.

The love that men have for little sins is the same kind of love that devils have for big ones.

If you desire salvation, accept nothing from the consolation that mortals can give you. The misfortunes which arise from His consolation are greater and more numerous than those which are caused by affliction.—Blessed Egidus.

# Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

"IT'S THE LAW."

III.

"Well, Mick, since we last met, I thought over all you said about our laws, and I came to the conclusion that you are a born rebel."

"Why so?"

"Because you expect so much of our laws, and attach so many qualifications, which you declare indispensable, that measured by your standard, nearly all our laws would be good for nothing, and consequently we could and should resist them. But such resistance is rebellion."

"So you think, Sam, that whenever congress changes or abrogates a law, it is a rebel congress."

"I said nothing of the kind. Legislation is not rebellion, but resistance to the law is such."

"As far as I am aware, I never spoke a word in favor of resistance."

"You did not mention the word, I grant you, but it amounts to the same in substance."

"Is it lawful for citizens to speak their mind freely about the merits or demerits of a law, and to demand its abrogation in case they consider it hurtful?"

"Decidedly, for these are constitutional methods, and form the right of a citizen."

"Not only the right, but often a conscientious duty. If any one becomes convinced that a law proposed or in operation is contrary to the best interests of the commonwealth, he is bound to use the legitimate means to have the passage of that law prevented, or the law abrogated. This is resistance to a law without rebellion."

"In this sense of the word I agree with you. But there are still some difficulties in the case. Our laws are passed by a majority. Now, who can abrogate a law as long as a majority exists in its favor?"

"This difficulty is not very great. I told you before, that most of our laws are passed irrespective of what the majority of citizens wish, and in this case popular agitation can compel our Solons to adapt their views to those of the country, and frame their laws accordingly. Besides, even the members of a legislative body are liable to error, and may be disabused of it by putting the question into the proper light, so that they may act differently through conviction. What else does a change of party mean, but a change of political principles, brought about, it is hoped, by honest conviction?"

"That's good enough. But in some cases, especially in times of great political excitement, the convictions are so firmly rooted in the minds of the people, that no amount of teaching will make them alter their opinion. Take, for instance, the question of silver coinage. All the experienced business men are a unit in condemning it. Columns upon columns appear in the newspapers. Speeches innumerable have been delivered on this topic, and what is the result? Did the majority of people become convinced that by advocating an inflation of silver they slapped their own face? The same thing is true in regard to protection, prohibition and kindred questions. What will you do in such cases! Offer resistance?"

"Yes, offer resistance. Not violent resistance, but keep up the agitation. No tree is felled by the first stroke of the axe, and we cannot expect to change public opinion by a single argument. Gain converts to your doctrine gradually, and what is an impossibility to-day, may be easily accomplished five or ten years hence."

"Very well, but in the meantime the law stands, no matter how much you condemn it. Besides, there is another and greater difficulty in the road. You and others disagree upon a certain principle. Both sides advance reasons for their view of the matter. Now, do you expect others to submit their judgment to yours, as you are unwilling to submit to them, and by what right do you expect it? I am very much afraid you cannot give any good reasons for your claim to a respectful and obedient hearing."

"Not at all, Sam, not at all! I have the very best reason in the world, when I claim for any law all the qualifications that I claimed. Every law must have a basis, it cannot soar in the air, and this is precisely our trouble, our laws are built upon soap-bubbles, that is to say, on the ever-changing impressions of a multitude. On account of this we see the congress and the state as-

semblies for ever making and unmaking laws, so that the most experienced cobbler could not compete with them in patching. Look at our immigration laws, for an instance of the crudest and most insensate patching in legislation. Thus our laws lack one of the essential qualities of a law, viz: *stability*, they are like the stones in a dry wall, and they require constant repairing."

"If I grant this for the sake of argument, where is the remedy, where is the basis that you speak so much of, and seem unable to point out?"

"The basis has been given a very long time ago, *the basis of every human law is the ten commandments of God.*"

"The ten commandments? I am astonished to hear you avow such a principle. These commandments were given in the Bible and to the Jews. What has the United States government or any other government to do with the Bible or with Jewish legislation?"

"The question is not, my good Sam, where you find these laws written, but what they contain."

"True enough, Mick, but the fact that they stand in the Bible proves them to be religious laws, given for the Jews only."

"It proves nothing of the kind. These laws are *natural* laws, that is, the direct outcome of human nature, and man's relation to God and his fellowman. They therefore were in vogue from the day that mankind commenced to exist, they extended to everybody that was man, and consequently they comprise the whole world and all ages. They are the constitution not of one nation, but of mankind, and they do not depend for their binding force on the adoption or consent of any individual or nation. But when man forgot these natural laws, or wilfully set them aside, when he lost his basis, just like so many in our days, God reaffirmed them, and laws which heretofore existed only as logical consequences of man's position, became then formulated commandments, which, though given in this form to one nation only, still bound every other nation likewise."

"I must confess, Mick, that this way of looking at things is entirely new to me. I never dreamt that there would be any possible connection between these ten commandments and a government. Nor can I see yet, how they apply. Our government does not acknowledge God officially, and tolerates any kind of worship the citizens may choose for themselves. It allows the worship of one or a multiplicity of gods, and what one venerates, the other despises. How then can these commandments be the basis of legislation? Neither can I see how the government can commit adultery, or steal, or bear false witness and the like. Hence, considering the question in this way, I think it highly improbable that your principle can hold good."

"That's only because you do not look at the question in the right way. Please, tell me, what do you understand by a state, and what is, in your opinion, the scope of it?"

"Why, a state is an unit resulting from a number of individuals or families, that band together for mutual protection and progress, and it is the scope of the state to afford them protection and foster their several interests."

"Correct. Now what kind of protection is wanted?"

"Protection of liberty, life, limb and property, of course."

"Correct again. Now, let us apply this, and you will see how the ten commandments afford a secure basis for this protection. The highest kind of liberty is the liberty of the highest faculty in man, and this is intelligence, which enlightens and by this determines the will. As to our life on earth, liberty consists in the untrammeled pursuit of our individual happiness. Either kind of liberty is guaranteed by the ten commandments."

"I cannot find this, on the contrary I find that when God forbids us to have strange gods before Him, when He binds us to use His name reverently, and to worship Him. He materially interferes with our liberty of conscience, interdicting every religion but the one dictated by Him."

"Because you have a false notion of what liberty of conscience means. Relative to God there is no liberty of conscience, and therefore He confers on us a great benefit, when He announces Himself and our obligations towards Him in such a plain manner. The security of life, limb and property, depends on the clear recognition of

those relations of God and man, since nothing will enforce this security, but the conviction that man is ultimately responsible to God for it."

"Very well, but from your premises it would follow, that the government is bound to enforce the worship of this God, and in advancing this proposition you destroy the constitution of the United States as well as liberty of conscience."

"No, since religion is not the government's business, and just because it is not its business, it has to tolerate liberty of conscience. But what follows from the premises is this, that the government cannot pass any laws derogatory to the claims of God, and that such laws, if passed, will not be binding in conscience. Remember, however, that we do not speak of religion, but of human laws."

"Still it sounds very much like religion."

"Nevertheless we do not speak of religion, which in its essence is the concrete relation between God and an individual, whilst the religion of a government as such consists only in the protection, given to the individual in his religious convictions, and in abstaining from any legislation, which would disturb or render impossible the practise of the religion."

"But in assuming all this, you are contradicting yourself. You are telling us that the Sabbath laws are infringing upon your liberty, and at the same time you bind the government to legislate according to the commandment enforcing the Sabbath."

"You mistake our position. We are perfectly consistent when we claim the duty of the government to protect us in celebrating our religion according to our own views, and at the same time deny the right of the government to tell us how this is to be done. In this, as in all other points, referring to religion, we simply claim liberty of conscience."

"And how are you going to prove to me, that the other commandments ought to be the basis of legislation, since they evidently regulate only the mutual relations between individuals?"

"For this very reason, they are the ground work of state law. A state is a society composed of individuals for the purpose of mutual protection and progress. This protection is not limited to defense of rights towards other states. Else it might be said, that the state exists for its own sake, and acts for its own sake only. Equal protection is needed for the single citizen in his dealings with fellow citizens, and the remaining commandments settle just these dealings on the only equitable basis possible."

"I confess, that I cannot see the point yet,"

"The point, however, is very clear. The foundation of human society is the family. A family cannot exist and educate their children into useful citizens, unless the fourth commandment is a living reality, and hence the state is as deeply interested in the well being of the family as in its own existence. The next commandment protects the life produced, and thus secures immunity from bodily harm to all. The sixth commandment protects health and public morality. The seventh secures to every man the legitimate fruits of his industry and economy, whilst the eighth renders sacred his honor and fair name amongst his fellows. The ninth and tenth commandments coincide with the sixth and seventh, forbidding in thought what the latter forbid in deed. Now, I ask you, are not these the very purposes of a state?"

"They are, I confess, but I fear you will not be able to make this doctrine palatable to a majority of our people."

"This fact will not alter the case. An obligation exists, whether it is acknowledged or not."

"Very well, but what a confusion would be raised by changing the laws, according to your standard."

"This transitory confusion would be infinitely better than the permanent confusion reigning now. Do away with laws that are clearly unjust and ruinous. Abolish laws, unnecessarily interfering with private rights, restore parental authority to the parents, prevent legitimized adultery by divorce, prevent corporations from riding roughshod over their white slaves, destroy partisan laws of protection, punish private or public libel without waiting for a suit of the libelled person, frame your laws according to these ten commandments, and word them so, that not every lawyer can drive a coach and four through them, mete out condign punishment to evil-doers and all sorts of law-breakers, and you will be

surprised at the rapid change for the better in our republic."

"Well enough, Mick, well enough, but I fear your conception of law is too ideal, at least for us."

"The ideal is practical, and unless it is made practical, our republic will meet with the fate of all governments that lost sight of the natural laws and the rights and duties resulting therefrom. History repeats itself. It will repeat itself also in our case."

# The Catechism

## OF MOUNT CARMEL,

BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

### CHAPTER X.

*Indulgences of the Stations.*

Ques. Why have certain Roman churches the indulgences of the so-called Stations?

Ans. To perpetuate a custom, which originated in the earlier days of the church, to visit churches containing memorials of the martyrs or relics of the Passion of Our Lord. In former times the Popes themselves joined with the clergy and the people in solemn processions to these churches, and in solemn ceremonies on specified days. These Stations, and the particular churches where they are held, are indicated in the Roman Missal on the days on which they occur.

Pope Gregory the Great and his successors granted many indulgences to all those who would visit these churches on those days.

Clement X. granted to all the faithful who visit the Carmelite churches throughout the world on the same days, the same indulgences which could be gained by a visit to the Station churches in Rome.

The following is as complete a list as we could obtain:

Jan. 1. Circumcision of Our Lord. 30 years and 30 quarantines.

Jan. 6. Epiphany. 30 years and 30 quarantines.

Feb. On Septuagesima Sunday, Sexagesima Sunday, and Quinguagesima Sunday. 30 years and 30 quarantines.

March. On Ash Wednesday, 15 years and 15 quarantines.

On every day during Lent, 10 years and 10 quarantines.

On the fourth Sunday of Lent, 15 years and 15 quarantines.

On Palm Sunday, 25 years and 25 quarantines.

On Good Friday, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

On Holy Saturday, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

On Easter Sunday and every day during the octave, including the following Sunday, 35 years and 35 quarantines,

April 25. St. Mark, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

On each of the three Rogation days the same.

May. Vigil of Pentecost, 10 years and 10 quarantines.

Pentecost Sunday and on every day of the octave, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

Sept. On the Ember days, 10 years and 10 quarantines.

Dec. On the first and second Sunday of Advent, 10 years and 10 quarantines.

On the third Sunday of Advent, 15 years and 15 quarantines.

On the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of Ember week, 10 years and 10 quarantines.

On the fourth Sunday of Advent, 10 years and 10 quarantines.

Dec. 24. Vigil of Christmas, 15 years and 15 quarantines.

Dec. 25. Assisting at midnight Mass, 15 years and 15 quarantines.

Attending the second Mass of Christmas, 15 years and 15 quarantines.

Dec. 26. St. Stephen, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

Dec. 27. St. John Evangelist, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

Dec. 28. Holy Innocents, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

### OBITUARY.

PRAYERS are asked of our readers for the soul of Patrick Carey, who died in August at St. Catharines, Ont.; for S. F. Spencer, a devout client of Mary, who died suddenly at Beard, Ky., Sept. 17th; for Joseph Meisch, who met an untimely death by being run over by the cars at Rochester, N.Y., June 25th.—R. I. P.

Carmelite Review.

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# CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

WE'VE watched the stars thro' Advent time,
And scanned the heaven so blue,
We've listened to the sweet old chime
Of bells that ring so true.

We've framed sweet pictures in our minds
Of Juda's hills so white,
Of shepherds meek, 'mid wintry winds,
A-watching through the night,

That saw His star shine in the east,
That hailed the Holy Child:
That welcomed Him, our great High Priest,
And yet our brother mild.

And now He's come, the Christ child dear,
Delight of Mary's eyes:
The babe divine, whom none need fear,
The simple nor the wise.

His infant arms are opened wide
For Mary, you and me;
She'll let us near His crib abide,
Her children all will be.

But let us *little* grow the while
We're gazing on His face:
Let child-like love, that knows no guile,
Fit us for His embrace.

The little ones are His delight,
The heart must not grow old:
So children all, on Xmas night,
He'll gather in His fold.

Oh! happy we, if ever there,
With Mary and her Babe,
We're sheltered safe in her dear care—
What more could children crave?

## The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

# JAMES A. McMASTER,

*Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.*

Edited by REV. MARK S. GROSS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

### CHAPTER III.

HENCE it is that the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, could say of McMaster that "during all those forty years, on all religious topics of the day, for with other points we are not concerned here, on all matters affecting religious interests, the welfare of the church, his utterances were vigorous and unmistakable. Wherever the church put him by her supreme authority, there his word rang out sound and clear. There was no faltering, no wavering. The instincts of faith coming from that great gift of divine truth were strong and clear.

"The instincts of faith kept him true; and this because he had fully comprehended that great principle announced long ago by a servant of the church, St. Ambrose: 'Where Peter is, there is the church, and where the church is, there is the Holy Spirit.'

"It is difficult to over-estimate, it is extremely hard to gauge even, the power of the press. It controls public opinion, and so moves the world. Blessed, therefore, is he who uses this immense engine of power for good. We know that for forty years this work has been done faithfully, perseveringly, conscientiously, by James A. McMaster."

The Rev. Father Hecker, of the Paulists, who was one of the oldest and warmest friends of Mr. McMaster, alluded to the love and respect which he had always entertained for him. He said: "Mr. McMaster ought to be reckoned with the great men of the country. He belongs in the same grand category with Dr. Brownson. They were men who sought only the divine authority of truth, and they found it concreted in the Catholic church—the only place where it can be found—and when they found it they never deviated from it one iota. Such men cannot be made heretics. Heresy is to knowingly and wilfully deny the truth. This these men were never known to do at any moment of their lives. Man," he continued, "naturally has a repugnance to obey. He will not obey any authority that is merely human, but when he meets with divine authority that commands him to obey, he does so without dishonor. These men were of this stuff, of which the martyrs were made. Great men! It is no dishonor to be conquered by divine grace, and they were so conquered until the very moment of death. Clergymen and laymen, even when they differed with Mr. McMaster, always respected his motives, which were ever disinterested and pure. He knew not what it was to be selfish. He was always regarded as the foremost Catholic journalist of the country, and whatever might have been the peculiarities of his views, they were always expressed forcibly in good, plain language. If I were asked what chiefly characterized Mr. McMaster's tone as a journalist, I should say his simplicity, fidelity to truth, and force of expression."

Father Hecker said he was only too sorry that he was not strong enough to speak at length on the subject, as he had known Mr. McMaster for very many years, and had nothing but the kindest recollections of the friendship that had existed between them. He related several interesting reminiscences illustrating the great charity that ruled Mr. McMaster's character, and said that few persons realized the wonderfully tender heart that beat under the rugged exterior of the scholarly and devout editor.

Mr. Maurice F. Egan says:

"That the Catholic press of America has lost in Mr. McMaster its chief and most powerful representative, a glance at the journals that compose it would convince the most casual observer, even if he were a stranger to that reputation founded upon forty years of earnest, conscientious and successful labor in this sphere of duty. The prospects which Catholic journalism offer to the aspirant are by no means alluring, and hence if, unlike the veteran editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, he is not actuated by higher motives than mere professional or pecuniary advancement, he will naturally seek the more advantageous field of the secular press. It is due to this fact, in a great measure, that in Mr. McMaster's death the church of America is left without a champion in the field, who is in every way fitted to uphold her cause. This was a constant source of regret to him for several years. He often lamented the lack of this powerful adjunct in connection with the church in this country. He knew how great would be the assistance of well-equipped and well-directed religious papers in advancing the work of the church, and he strongly advocated the training of clever and intelligent young men for the profession. He detested the idea of 'organs,' however, and frequently observed that a diocese with an 'organ' was more apt to find it a hindrance than otherwise. He

was a thorough journalist, and, knowing that a sense of independence was absolutely necessary to an honest and just expression of opinion, it was difficult for him to conceive how an editor could attempt to discuss topics of importance in his journal while he was circumscribed in his views by the opinions and judgment of another."

In 1849 McMaster received and printed the following letter of commendation from the great and heroic Bishop Hughes:

"It gives me great pleasure to learn that the patronage extended to the New York *Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register* has encouraged and enabled its proprietor to increase its usefulness and improve its appearance at considerable expense to himself.... I have no hesitation in saying that a real independent Catholic journal in this city is more required for the interests of religion at the present time than at any previous period.... I regard it as a right hearty Catholic journal, and beg leave to recommend it most earnestly to the Catholic clergy and laity of the diocese of New York.

"JOHN HUGHES,
"*Bishop of New York.*
"July 3rd, 1849."

This unsolicited commendation from episcopal authority was the last ever printed in the paper's columns. Such have since been offered and respectfully refused. It was not that it did not appreciate the kindness of such offers, or that it had not the proper veneration for the authorities of the church. On the contrary, while such a commendation would have hampered its action, it would have laid upon episcopal authority a very grievous burden. The church claims a right of censorship of the press, and that right is most unquestionable. But to ask a bishop to place his *imprimatur* upon things not yet written has always seemed to it the height or the depth of absurdity. Accordingly, while this journal sincerely promised to be loyal, in letter and in spirit, to the doctrines and the morals and the discipline of the church—a loyalty which no man dare impeach—it claimed its freedom to think and to write as it thought best, and to be responsible itself for every word it said, or copied approvingly. It foresaw, in its young, lusty manhood, that a battle was to be fought, not only against the enemy without, but also against the wavering within—that it would be called upon to wound and bruise many persons that in themselves might be dear and cherished friends—and that it would not be fair to ask another to share the responsibility.

How correct McMaster's view was on this subject is evident from the following declaration of Bishop Hughes. In the paper's issue of September 15th, 1849, we find a notification from Bishop Hughes declaring that, while he highly approved of the paper, he was not responsible for a single line in it except he signed it. This was called forth by the continued quoting of expressions from its columns, coupled with the statement that "Bishop Hughes' organ" says so and so: very good things in themselves, and thoroughly approved by Bishop Hughes, who, however, did not want to be called upon to explain and defend the words of another man.

McMaster believed firmly that it was essential for a writer to be deeply in earnest to effect good results, and it need hardly be said that his whole heart was given to the subject that engaged his pen.

But it is not merely as an editor that Mr. McMaster's loss will be deeply felt by Catholics in all parts of the country. His unshaking loyalty to the interests of the church, his ceaseless efforts in behalf of her rights and privileges, the docility with which he followed her teaching at all times, the true zeal he manifested even under the most adverse circumstances, and his great faith and love, which have grown stronger and stronger with advancing years, the valiant war he has waged for forty years against every description of oppression, the hard blows he has borne for his faith and for the cause of religion, and his untiring endeavors to make Christians appreciate and acknowledge the priceless gift which God has bestowed upon them, have made his name a household word in every true Catholic home, and will cause it to be cherished in the heart of every member of the church who values purity of life and motive, and a devotion to high ideals.

"Like Bishop Hughes," said the New York *Times*, Dec. 30th, "McMaster was aggressive. He had bold things to say and he said them without fear. He shrank from no adversary. He became the target of every opponent of his church, but he returned every shot they fired at him. His reputation spread until he was regarded throughout the land as chief in what thousands of good citizens thought was a bold scheme to make Rome the director of the United States."

"In Mr. James A. McMaster," said the New York *Star*, "the Catholic church has lost its foremost American lay writer. Since the death of Orestes A. Brownson there has been no Catholic editor to claim the palm in controversy over the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. The incisiveness of his style and the force of his invective rarely swerved him from a straight line of logical thought. It will be hard to fill his place in the ranks of the lay defenders of the faith to which, with the characteristic ardor of a convert, he devoted his whole energies during forty years."

Such are the praises bestowed by Catholics as well as by Protestants upon McMaster as a Catholic journalist. He was very worthy of them, for he was the pioneer in the fight for Catholic schools and christian education, a defender of religious liberty under all circumstances, an unshaken supporter of papal infallibility and the temporal independence of the Pope, the opponent of know-nothingism and bigotry, the upholder of liberty of the country, a friend of every movement for the true benefit of society.

Bishop Salford has said:

"We are now in the age of the apostolate of the press. It can penetrate where no Catholic can enter. It can do its work as surely for God as for the devil. It is an instrument in our hands.

"All should take part in this apostolate. For ten who can write, ten thousand can subscribe, and a hundred thousand can scatter the seed * * * * We need writers, a multitude of subscribers, and a numberless body of men and women sowing and scattering the truth wherever English is read and spoken. This means zeal, time, labor, and, we may add, humility: for the work has not apparent dignity of debates on public questions and passing resolutions, though it will be as certain of its spiritual results."

For this reason also Leo XIII says concerning the Catholic press, in his apostolic letter to the Austrian archbishops and bishops, 3rd of March, 1891:

"Concerning the faithful, who are exposed to so many perils and snares, it would be of the greatest interest to search out varied methods of coming to their aid: sermons and catechisms upon sacred subjects, appropriate to the men, to the ages, to the places; pious and divers confraternities of the laity, approved and recommended by the church; absolute observation and respect of feast days; also establishments to preserve the faithful, the young above all, from perversity and corruption, and to increase the very salutary frequenting of the sacraments; lastly, books, journals, and other publications to labor for the defence of the faith and the safeguarding of morals.

"In this matter, it imports well to recommend to the bishops what we have had a long while at heart, and what we shall insist upon frequently, namely, that the labor of Catholic writers, well regulated and well ordered, be encouraged and developed.

"Certainly, those excellent writings, whether daily or periodical, should be recognized in all countries as being of great utility to religious and civil interests. They repulse the attacks of adversaries who seek to import an impure contagion. But in the Austrian Empire an extreme utility should be attributed to them. A crowd of journals are there, in fact, in the service of the enemies of the church, who propagate them most easily and in the greatest numbers. It is then absolutely necessary, in order to fight with equal arms, to oppose writers to writers: they should be able to repulse attacks, to uncover the perfidious, to pierce the contagion of errors, and to win men to duty and virtue.

"This is why it would be well and salutary for each country to possess its particular journals, that should be the champions of the altar and the fireside, conducted in accordance with the judgment of the bishops, with whom they should study to walk in just and wise harmony: the clergy should favor them by their benevolence and all true Catholics should hold them in high esteem and consequently aid them with all their forces and resources."

If Catholics have not thorough Catholic papers they will take periodicals that are not Catholic. To have even one good paper through which we can give expression to our thoughts is a great blessing and a great gain, but that certainly does not enable us to give our voice that weight in the questions of the day to which it is entitled. A great deal has of late years been accomplished for the establishment of Catholic journals, and much good has been effected by them. But far more might have been achieved had the Catholic press received a generous support both from the clergy and laity. It is so easy for the clergy to give this support by encouraging the faithful in general, but especially the members of so many excellent Catholic associations, to subscribe to Catholic periodicals. One word from the priest on the usefulness of having a good Catholic paper and magazine in the family will have a hundred weight more influence to secure subscribers than the lengthiest appeal from the editor. The stronger the Catholic press becomes, the more the attention of the nation is called

to it, the more public respect shall we secure for ourselves and holy religion. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary in a country like ours, where religious tracts from Protestant societies,and pamphlets and periodicals full of obscenity, are borne over the land like leaves before the autumn winds, that Catholic journals be published everywhere, and that no sacrifice be spared for this noble purpose and for the encouragement of those already in existence.

If the clergy espouse the cause of Catholic journalism they will find advocates and supporters of the good work. Let us use our talents, for God will grant us grace and ability, that we may, by so powerful a means as is the press, disseminate the principles of truth in order to overthrow error. The light of truth is far more calculated to dispel the darkness of error from the mind than the light of the sun the darkness of night. Why are there so many talents lying profitless among us? Why so many pens idle? Why so many tongues silent, when they might day after day preach the good things of the gospel of Christ? Let us rest assured that God has given to everyone of us his vocation, his sphere of action and holy influence wherein to proclaim to those around him that faith which maketh wise unto salvation. Let us not be cowards—let us exhibit as much determination and courage for the propagation of truth,as its enemies display for the dissemination of error.

How true are not the remarks which we read in the N. Y. *Freeman's Journal*, Aug. 10, 1889, about what the Catholic press has done in Germany:

"The part played by the Catholic press of Germany in sending Bismarck on his pilgrimage to Canossa has never been done adequate justice to. This press was the creation of humble German priests almost entirely. If Catholicity is still a great power for good in Prussia, it is to the zeal of her clerical journalists that the triumph is due. The *Kreuzzeitung*, the official organ of Protestant orthodoxy, lately devoted three columns to the departure of Dr. Falkenberg, the editor of the *Germania*, for Posen, where he had been summoned to fill a high ecclesiastical office by the archbishop. It writes as if the removal of this illustrious priest from the sphere of journalism was a cause of great joy. Nothing could better express the fear and hate which the valiant priests who edit so many German Catholic papers have inspired in the past. And this fear and hate are natural. For years they have held in check the coalized forces of Protestantism and infidelity. They descended into the arena armed with a pen instead of a sword, and the man of blood and iron went down before them. Well might Bishop Ketteler exclaim at the sight of such victories: 'If St. Paul were to return to earth he would be an editor!'

"And certainly these victories were marvellous. The Prussian government had planned its action with infernal cleverness. It had gained a considerable portion of the Catholic aristocracy and aided the rebellion of Dollinger and other able scholars. The peril was extreme, and it did look at one time as if a considerable portion of the faithful would be led astray.

"The establishment of an able and energetic Catholic press averted the danger, and swept Bismarck's reptiles back to their holes.

"In this respect, as in many others, the Kulturkampf was a blessing in disguise. Before it there were hardly any Catholic journals in Germany, and Protestant, or so-called liberal papers,swayed the currents of public opinion in many Catholic families. When the May laws came into operation the German clergy soon perceived the danger created by this condition of things. They saw the remedy also. They originated a pulpit as vast as the empire: from it they preached courage to the weak, exposed the wiles and denounced the crimes of their oppressors, and aroused a spirit of resistance that triumphed over all obstacles.

"Dr. Boeddinghaus founded the *Westfale* and *Merkur* in Munster. Majunke established the *Germania*, and soon all the great cities had their *presskaplan* and their Catholic journal. Among the most ardent and able were those founded by Fathers Kanteki in Posen, Franz in Breslau, Schroeder in Paderborn, Scheeben in Cologne, Dasbach in Treves, and many others whose high literary character and widespread influence make them admired and feared.

"The joy expressed by the *Kreuzzeitung* at the departure of the late editor of the *Germania*, although it seems rather silly, is certainly a significant tribute to the glorious career of Catholic journalism in Germany."

END OF CHAPTER III.

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KEEP yourself faithfully in the presence of God.

HOLINESS consists not in doing uncommon things, but in doing all common things with an uncommon fervor.

REASON and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

## Pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Pilar, Zaragoza, Spain.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

NOT, since the assemblage of the Second National Catholic Congress of '90, when, beneath the beautiful dome of the grand metropolitan Basilica of La Seo, at Zaragoza, the ancient city of Cæsar Augustus, has the Spanish calendar united within one week, such transcendent events, besides many minor ones, such as the Feast of St. Francis Borgia, at Gandia, and those of St. Teresa of Jesus, at Avilla, as the Feasts of "La Nuestra Senora del Pilar," in her favorite Cathedral of that historic city, and the assemblage of the majority of ecclesiastical rank and genius, comprising all the great dignitaries of the Catholic church of Spain, with their Eminences, the "Purpurados" of Sevilla and Valencia at their head, in solemn conclave, surrounded by 5,000 delegates, lay and clergy, from the most distant parts of the peninsula, beneath the cupola of Santa Tecla, of Tarragona. For both, every facility that the generosity and open-handed liberality of railway companies could consistently concede, has been offered on these occasions to the public, and this, combined with the spring-like weather, so beautiful in its mildness, which reigned at least in North Eastern Spain during the first half of the present month, has repaid the generous liberality extended, by the flattering and appreciative reward of trains crowded to excess—multitudes filling every available space to overflowing, all journeying to these two great centres of religious reunion. To the former came over 24,000. Barcelona alone with its network of suburbs contributed no less than 8,000 passengers of all classes, taxing to inconvenience even the flexible ingenuity of hotel and lodging house keepers, to find, even, resting room for the wearied limbs of many who sought for it in vain, so that visits, that were to extend to three and four days' duration, had to be abruptly terminated the day of their arrival, or else the no very flattering prospect of the alternative of sleeping promiscuously beneath the outstretched and still green foliage which adorns its "Paseos" and "Cosos." Particularly to Zaragoza was the multitude attracted, both by its central position, but much more so by the national and universal devotion to our Lady of the "Pilar," which is synonymous with Catholic faith. This beautiful devotion to our Sinless Mother is as old as the infancy of Catholicity, for it dates back to the bright aurora of christianity, when Santiago, the Apostle St. James, first preached on Spanish soil—then one of Rome's most important and flourishing provinces, the doctrines and sublime charity of the gospel of the Nazarene Crucified, our Brother and our God. It was, there, too, that our Immaculate Mother, whilst in the flesh, assisted frequently at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and subsequently expressed a wish to have a temple raised on this site, which she had honored with her presence—a request which was at once acceded to, and at once complied with, although its tiny size of sixteen yards long, and about a half dozen wide, will probably astonish the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW by the diminutiveness of its dimensions, but such was the extent of space allotted to a church in the infancy of christianity, as that of one, of equal size and similar antiquity, clearly proves, and which, during this week, has had its portal crossed by thousands of "compassionists" in the beautiful grounds of the new diocesan seminary at Tarragona. But although this little one of the "Pilar" is to our nineteenth century ideas so liliputian, it has not been suffered to go to ruins, but is enclosed in the majestic basilica which has arisen above and around it, and which, in the humble opinion of the writer, could rank second to that of the inimitable "San Pedro" of Rome, and is a fitting compeer with its similar minarets to the once Catholic, but still beautiful and peerless Byzantine church of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

At no other of the great feasts of the church will a stranger witness so many descendants of the Berber and Moor, or so many types of different races, or hear such a babel of provincial dialects, or feast his eyes on so many different national costumes and provincial adornments, as can be witnessed during this week of religious festivities in the beautiful city of old, warlike Aragon—the Citadel of "Maria Santissima." As the Asturians pride in their

"Covodonga," and the Catalans in their "Montserrat" the pearl of Cataluna, and the Biscayans in their "Begona," and the Galicians in their "Compostella," the Valencianos in their "Mignelita," so do the brave Aragonese glory in the inheritance which the Immaculate Queen of Heaven has bequeathed them in "Her Pilar," the bulwark of their faith, the eternal monument and indestructible pyramid: the firm, immovable obelisk, the ever venerated column. The multitudinous hordes of the Goths, from the icy steppes of the North, the fanatical following of the prophet, those sons of iron, who swept over the peninsula like devouring locusts: and finally, the conquering irreligious cohorts which a Napoleon commanded, troops which never knew quarter or defeat till then, have had to reel back discomfited and vanquished, before this impregnable fortress which the brave hearts of Aragon had encircled and defended. It is to-day the "Mecca" of many thousand clients of the Queen of Heaven, this basilica of the glorious "Pilar." One of Britain's great poets has woven round the bravery of the Aragonese in their defence of the ramparts of this sanctuary, a chaplet of song as immortal as the heroism displayed amidst the horrors of hunger, the devastation of pestilence and all the inclemencies and rigours of warfare.

Oh, surely the fatigue and petty inconveniences of an excursion are amply repaid, as you kneel in reverence before that shrine, and give a fond look at our loving Mother, enthroned on her surprising height, when you reflect, how often, when neither earthly love nor earthly power could help, the humble supplicant at her feet has, by low-voiced litany of entreaty and hope, carried away alleviation for his sufferings, mental and corporal, or how often real help, substantial support, some solid advantage, spiritual and temporal; aye, how often have the great laws of nature been turned aside by the single blow of an earnest ejaculation, or by the still more peaceful storm of united supplication. Now feast again your eyes on that inimitable statue, which crowns her glorious "Pilar." Oh! does it not at once breathe a heavenly influence over you, and exercise an irresistible magnetism on you, when you see it surrounded with the gold of the Incas, and the precious stones which once adorned the wardrobe of some Indian Montezuma, or some warlike chieftain of the rolling prairies of the New World in the era of its discovery!

When you see it all ablaze with the myriads of lights, the countless votive offerings of the pilgrim children, and encircled with numberless lamps of virgin silver, particularly those which have escaped the pillage of the mercenary troops of the first French Empire.

Look up to that Immaculate Mother, to whom the prayer of faith and the petition of hope were never addressed in vain; and who will then despair about the future, no matter how dark and cheerless it may look in the dim vista; or repine and sorrow at the minor privations and unlooked-for casualties, which invariably follow in the train of so crowded a pilgrimage?

Surely, such an inspiring spectacle, outside the basilica of Lourdes, (which the Pyrenees alone separate from the "Pilar,") is rarely witnessed, as presents itself during these feasts, one that ought to repay amply the most fastidious, since its grandeur is bright beyond the brilliancy, which the most exacting might demand. Mass follows mass from the dark hours preceding dawn, from half-past four o'clock until mid-day, at the many altars. There is a constant ebb and flow of humanity, as crowds of young and old, rich and poor, succeed crowds passing and repassing the portals. The majestic music of the organ unceasingly fills the vast space with the sweet notes of prayer, the celestial melody of thanksgiving, and the beautiful hymns of praise, forming one continued "Te Deum" of adoration and of love.

In these auspicious days of grace and of festive joy, as of old, come to the altar of the "Pilar," the Spanish "literati," to drink from the torrents of her holy inspirations. The Spanish artist, too, has been here, to be inspired by the beauty of his Patroness, whilst beneath her shrine brave soldiers, now, in the days of peace, as in those that presaged war, here hope to receive strength in defense of every ideal which may honor religion or glorify humanity.

But why wonder at Aragon's devotion, as some do, to their "Pilar?" For centuries her brave sons, have ever been the heroic

heralds of the spotless honor of Immaculate Mary, the firm, enthusiastic propagators of her holy name, and of her most beautiful prerogatives. Who, that has ever read her chequered history, or turned over the pages of glory and often of disaster, or studied her customs, must not admit that every Aragonese heart, through innate gratitude, is an altar, over which rises majestically her venerated figure, surrounded by and enshrined with the affection of a lover, with the filial piety of a child and a devotee. Every breast is a temple, on which pure enthusiasm for her lives, moves, and agitates itself: every family forms a little community, which daily acclaims its protectress: every bosom is a throne from which, from morning till night, from night till morning, the incense of fervent adoration ascends, and whose perfume is a solace to the soul, continually invigorated with priceless benedictions of our Sinless Mother Mary.

From the Vespera of the 11th, the eve of the Feast, the aspect of the heroic city has been one of unusual joy. Happiness covers the whole city with its gay illuminations, just as the strong, swift sunshine throws its unimpeded mantle over hill and dale and land and sea. Trains following trains in rapid succession arrive and discharge their living freights of human beings, each adding to the already crowded thoroughfares: whilst in the city itself labor is suspended, the noise of the spindle is hushed, the thud of the hammer is silenced, offices are closed, factories abandoned, furnaces quenched, stores deserted, and the churches crowded. The churches are open all day, to meet the aspirations of that religious fervor, which pervade the vast masses of humanity, who wander, with pilgrim curiosity, from church to church, from sanctuary to sanctuary, from monastery to convent, in search of those varied treasures of religious art, of which they are the jealous custodians. But why all this cessation of labor? why this week of jubilee? this outburst of pure and filial enthusiasm?

It is, because to-day, the city of Cæsar Augustus, commences under the presidency of the popular Ambassador of the "Papa Rey," the immortal Pontiff-King, Leo XIII, those sublime functions, which the Aragonese annually perform in honor of the Immaculate Patroness of historic Zaragoza. It is for this that strangers arrive in thousands to admire the magnificent monuments which adorn it, to view its incomparable colleges directed by the sons of St. Ignatius, and of St. Joseph Calasanctius, in each of which over 400 students receive the benefits of a superior education: to look with pleasure, as faithful children of the Church, at those splendid ceremonies, which accompany the Cathedral festivities: to gaze with delight on the multitude and richness of the standards and banners, and those priceless 15 portable lamps, (each as large as a moderate sized Sedan chair) enameled with stained glass of varied hues, with shield and escutcheons of the noble donors, each one denoting a mystery of the Holy Rosary, unequalled in their beauty throughout the christian world: to be, too, the privileged spectators of the two great processions that traverse the crowded streets, and which follow in succession, evening after evening, the one known as that of the "Pilar," the other as that of the Rosary: to hear the sonorous vibrations of the iron music, of its peals of bells resounding from their lofty belfries, and the strains of exquisite music discoursed by the military and municipal bands, to witness the lively march of its battalions, as they follow with soldierly precision the files of the processions: the incessant bursting in mid-air of the rockets: the booming of the cannon from the ramparts and the citadel, and the well regulated tramp of the numerous confraternities and sodalities, with their lighted tapers, and carrying their beautiful pendants and richly embroidered banners: the chanting of the priests of the city and its suburbs in their hundreds, surging and resounding high above the hum of the multitude: at last, one hymn, the "Salve Regina," in its majestic tones traversing space, and its notes re-echoing through the streets and squares. These grand processions are closed by the grand dignitaries of the city, civic, military and ecclesiastical, in their gorgeous robes, and the Papal Nuncio, in the absence of the aged primate, the Patriarch of the Spanish Episcopacy, one of the last of the Cardinals created by the immortal Pope of the Immaculate Conception, Cardinal Benevides: an absence

owing to the infirmities of old age, deplored by all).

Above Monsignor Seratino Cretoni was a canopy or cloth of gold, as he moved along in the procession with mitre and cope, assisted by the Bishops of Huesca, Lugo, Astorga, Badajoz, and the Coadjutor Bishop of the city.

This is so unique a scene, that the pen can but faintly give expression to its intrinsic magnificence, for no matter how graphic may be the description, it must fall short of the grandeur of the reality.

Those, who for the first time visited these two beautiful cathedrals, which ornament the renowned city on the banks of the Ebro, must be at once struck with the severity and chastened age of the gothic "La Seo," and contrast it with the Greco-Roman style, brightness and cheerfulness of the "Pilar": the one, the temple of the "Son": the other, of the Mother; one severe and sombre as offended justice: the other adorned by the floral wealth of the city, and smiling, as it were, with the "affections of a mother" and the "mercy of a virgin": the one excites contrition and moves to repentance: the other inspires pardon, mercy and hope. Such is to-day the aspect one beholds, as he visits these magnificent temples, which the unbounded generosity and Catholic faith of Spain, in the halcyon days of its Catholicity, raised to the honor and glory of Almighty God and to his Immaculate Mother—the Queen of Heaven. After being present at all these grand festivities of the week, at Zaragoza, the pilgrims turn their steps homewards, but not without carrying with them the flattering hope that the magnificence with which the Catholic church now, in pleasing contrast with some few years ago, celebrates the grand national festivals, may be an unerring harbinger of bright days for the Catholic faith in Spain, where, unfortunately, the incubus of impiety, has for nigh a half century, weighed heavily over the peninsula, so long as she lay prostrate and powerless beneath the merciless iron heel of revolution, during an epoch of lying liberty, and which, thanks to God Almighty's omnipotent goodness, is at last removed. Already would it seem that the "fiat" has gone forth from above, the voice of hope has penetrated the darkness and rent the clouds, as in the days of Ezekiel, and sounded the mysterious command: "Dried bones, hear the word."

Who can doubt it, when one sees the religious orders, as of old—these ever faithful sentinels of the church's bulwarks—the sons of Dominic and Ignatius, of Elias, of Simon Stock and Joseph of Calasanctius, with those of the Seraphic Francis and Bernard, and Benedict: and last, not least, those of St. Paul of the Cross, Vincent of Paul and Alphonsus, spreading their innumerable blessings broadcast over the face of the land, opening schools, constructing asylums and hospices for the poor, erecting churches and colleges, aye, even founding universities, reviving the pilgrim-spirit which in the age of Peter the Hermit, and in the days of the Sainted Ferdinand and Isabella, saved Spain: and seeing with delight the success which attends its pilgrimages, at home and abroad—the respect and reverence so different from some years ago, which is now accorded to her mitred princes and prelates, by promiscuous crowds—the increasing devotion everywhere visible, and the denunciation of the spirit and teachings of infidelity and anarchism, and the crowds which now daily visit the churches and hear the holy mass.

All these cheering symptoms of hope in the future forcibly recall to one's mind an antiphon of the primitive church, sung on Christmas day: "Nox minuitur, dies crescit, concutiuntur tenebrae, lumen augetur, et in lucro lucis, nocturna dispendia transferentur." Night decreases, day increases, darkness is shaken, light grows, and the loss of night shall make the gain of day.

DON JUAN PEDRO.

BARCELONA, SPAIN.

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GOD'S mercy is greater than our infirmities. The most precious blood of Jesus is greater than our sins.

THERE is no surer sign of a heart which knows the love of God and its own sinfulness than a spirit of joy.

PRAYER is the lever which alone can raise the soul to heaven: hearing, reading, doing may form a beautiful earthly mould, but will never raise a man's spirit a single foot nearer to the celestial city.

# BROTHER ALBAN.

A Christmas Story.

A VENERABLE monastery, long since forgotten, once stood between an immense pine forest and a large desert in one of the northern German provinces. The poor peasants in the neighborhood on Sundays and holy days came to the monastery chapel to assist at holy mass and listen to the instructions. At Christmas large crowds assembled at the monastery. Towards midnight on the eve of Christmas in all directions shone conspicuously the lanterns of the people making their way through roads which were well-nigh impassable by the deep snow. The church was crowded at 12 o'clock when the solemn high mass begun. Just as the Prior intoned the *Gloria* all eyes were turned towards the high altar. At that moment a curtain was withdrawn, and, amid a flood of light, the figures of Mary and Joseph were seen kneeling beside the crib, Mary holding in her arms the Holy Infant.

Two monks represented the parents of Jesus. Brother Trudpert posed as St. Joseph and brother Alban as the Blessed Virgin. The figure of the child was a beautiful wooden statue. All eyes were riveted on the scene until the last words of the angelic chorus were sung, when the curtain again was drawn.

The two brothers had often played the same sacred part. The holy pantomime had made a lasting impression on them. Trudpert seemed at all times to act the part of St. Joseph, being recollected, quiet, retired and humble. Alban, who had personated the Mother of Jesus in the devout living picture, seemed filled with a holy ambition to copy the virtues of Mary.

One burning desire had this angelic youth, namely to be allowed to embrace the real Infant in place of the carved figure which he had held many a Christmas. To but once satisfy this desire Alban would willingly give his life.

Christmas eve had come again. All the religious, including Alban, were resting in their cells. Brother Alban's room suddenly became illuminated. The mother of God stood before him.

"Your wish is fulfilled, Alban," said our Blessed Lady. "bid farewell to the world and come to heaven."

"O, my Queen, what sayest thou? I am indeed ready to go, but who will take my place at the Christmas-crib to-night?"

"I will do that myself," answered the holy Virgin.

"Oh, what a grace for our monastery," exclaimed the brother, "but will you not be missed in heaven?"

"You shall take my place in heaven until my return. The same festival is observed at the same time in heaven as on earth. On this occasion my divine Son shows Himself to the angels and saints as a new born Infant, and at that moment you shall have the joy of holding Him in your arms until my return from the earth."

"O, mother, allow me to remain here," said the trembling monk, "I did not mean all that I said I wished for."

But Mary made over him the sign of the cross, presented the holy water to him, and death conducted him to a blessed eternity.

Just then the brother whose duty it was to arouse the community for midnight mass knocked at brother Alban's cell.

"*Benedicite*" came the answer from within, and the brother without heard from within the sound of heavenly music.

It had struck the midnight hour. The echoes of the great monastery bell had died away, and the holy ceremonies had begun.

The celebrant had intoned the *Gloria* and all eyes, as usual, were turned towards the picture of the crib. Brother Trudpert knelt at his place playing the part of Joseph, but no one noticed him, every one being intent on observing the figure of the Blessed Virgin. No one had ever before seen the figure appear so beautiful and heavenly. The angelic face, wonderful dignity and beauty of the figure struck awe into the worshipers. The congregation stood breathless with attention until the "amen" of the *Credo* had died away, and the curtain covered up, what for a short time, had seemed to give the people a foretaste of paradise.

The mass proceeded as usual.

Brother Trudpert, having knelt with downcast eyes, had not as yet seen the beautiful vision so near him. As he was

rising to retire and change his dress, the Blessed Virgin said to him: "Trudpert, why do you not cast your eyes towards me?"

Trudpert did look in the direction, and he saw—not his companion Alban—but a vision of celestial beauty.

"Why do you not salute me?" she again repeated.

Then he knew it was Mary herself who stood before him. He fell on his knees, and weeping tears of joy exclaimed, "Hail Mary."

And Mary, departing, said to him: "Never forget that you have stood with me at the crib."

The holy ceremonies were ended, and Trudpert retired to his cell. He had no sooner entered ere the door was opened, and the Superior entered, accompanied by several of the monks.

"Brother Trudpert," said the Prior, "that was not Brother Alban who stood with you at the crib. Who was it, pray?"

"O rejoice and praise God with me," joyously shouted the usually quiet and sedate brother. "It was Mary, the Mother of God, herself. She has indeed favored us and stood in our midst to-night. Happy am I who have been allowed to stand in her presence."

The monks who stood around were all astonished, and when a brother rushed into the room exclaiming, "Alban lies dead in his cell, and is now dead for some hours," no one doubted the fact that the Blessed Virgin had visited the convent that night. That Brother Alban had gone to Heaven to embrace the divine child, and that the Queen of Heaven had held the carved figure of the child that holy night at the monastery crib, was the firm conviction of Brother Trudpert. Having spoken to Mary, he desired no more to speak with men, and having beheld her countenance, his eyes found no pleasure on looking at earthly things.

The monastery has long since fallen into ruins, and the snow-covered pines remain as the only lasting monuments.

Tradition says that the image of the child, which the Holy Virgin held that Christmas night, has been buried in the neighborhood, and the peasants go out on each Christmas eve and wait to hear the angelic songs which accompanied the Divine Mother, when she appeared to Brother Alban.

—*From the German*, by P. A. B.

## THE EVENING HOUR.

BY JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.

'Tis not in the morning's golden light,
Not when the day is at its height,
Nor e'en in the dreary afternoon,
Albeit in the month of June,
That loving Nature opes her arms
And yields to me her sweetest charms.
But in the mellow evening's glow,
When Phoebus sinks in the wave below.
When roses fold their petals up,
And the wild bee sleeps in the lily cup,
When the lotos breathes its fond farewell
To the dying sun that it loves so well,
This is the time I prize most dear
Of all the hours of the gladsome year.
I love to roam at the close of day,
Where noise and tumult hold no sway,
To some lone mute sequestered bower,
And while away the passing hour.
I love to view the Autumnal sun
In its glory of gold when the day is done,
And the dimly light of the crescent moon
Steals on the firmament yet too soon.
I love the silent—the holy calm
That soothes my soul like heavenly balm:
'Tis then my mind may look within,
'Way from the world's unceasing din,
And feel the Omnipresent Eye
Can my most secret thought descry:
'Tis then, in that most solemn hour,
My soul perceives its Maker's power.
So in the twilight calm and blest
I place the cross upon my breast,
And pledge my faith in warmest vow
As night peeps o'er the mountain's brow.

It is better to serve God than to govern the world.

Faith and persistency are life's architects, while doubt and despair bury everything under the ruins of endeavor.

Wouldst thou know what thou art? Thou art *that* to which thy heart turns most frequently.—Ven. Bartholomew.

When one flies from the world, he escapes from three different enemies—his eyes, ears and tongue.—St. Francis of Assisi.

—THE—

# Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
*OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,*
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, Dec., 1894. NO. 12.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

OXFORD university holds out a begging hand. She had no need of doing that when she stood within the shadow of the true mother of learning—the Catholic church.

***

CARNOT, the late president of France, was a devotee of our Lady of Mount Carmel. The Vicar-General of Lyons says that the dying president wore the Brown Scapular.

***

THE first chapel erected in Quebec, when that city was founded in the early part of the seventeenth century, was dedicated to God under the invocation of Mary Immaculate.

***

THE new ecclesiastical year opens with Advent. During this holy season of expectation for the coming Redeemer we should prepare our hearts for a worthy reception of the Infant Jesus by penance and prayer.

***

WHEN Father Elliot has concluded his mission to Protestants in the diocese of Cleveland, the vigorous propaganda for the conversion of our separated brethren will be carried on in the diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa.

***

A NEW YORKER, and a Protestant, who has just returned from China, speaks in admiration of the Catholic missions there. While the non-Catholic missionaries during the war have shown a desire to keep within sight of the gun-ships of their respective countries, the Catholic priest as usual remains in the interior and sticks to his post.

CHRISTMAS is the feast of all the world, but especially of the poor. No one can love the poor Babe of Bethlehem without loving the poor. Let us give "Glory to God in the highest" by remembering "God's poor" during the holidays.

***

FORMERLY the money collected at Spanish theatres was given to the sick and poor in hospitals. It would not be a bad idea, in our perennial hard times, if a tax was placed on the pleasures of the stage, and a percentage of door money reserved for the poor.

***

THE monks knew how to bind books as well as to write and print them. Old sheepskin volumes adorning the shelves of our monastery libraries are as substantial to-day as if just turned out of the bookbindery, rather than the relics of two centuries ago.

***

THE Order of Mount Carmel has always a protector from among the College of Cardinals. He is appointed by the Holy Father. One of our most illustrious Cardinal-Protectors was St. Charles Borromeo, who was appointed by his uncle, Pope Pius IV, May 5th, 1563.

***

WE wish all our readers a full share of that "peace" which the angels of Bethlehem announced to all men of good will; peace with God, peace with man, and peace with ourselves. This means a pure conscience, a charitable mind, a heart free of passion and a soul filled with God.

***

THE editor of a New York paper says he knows a business man whose wife—or one of the children—reads aloud the "Imitation," or some other good book, at the breakfast table before he starts from home every morning. It might be an example to those whose busy life gives them hardly time to read the newspapers.

***

So the great missionary, Pere Marquette, is to have a statue erected to him at length in the national capitol. The holy priest is represented holding a bible in his hand, and now what will be the thoughts of the bigots who helped to bury the stone sent

over by Pio Nono for the Washington monument? It will be an awful eye-sore if the sculptor puts a rosary in the other hand of this Jesuit.

***

A PRIEST in Pennsylvania is about to publish a "Catechism for Converts." It is a much needed want. It is useless to put the usually small catechism into the hands of those about to enter the church, and few priests have the time necessary to give long explanations. Hence this new explanatory catechism will be a boon to many.

***

PILGRIMAGES are reviving in England, and such pious customs do not please the devil, so he is inspiring persons to place obstacles in the way. St. Winefrides at Holywell has attracted large crowds during the past few months, and now the proprietor of the land on which the shrine stands is asking an exhorbitant rentage.

***

ANOTHER fearless Catholic editor, Mgr. Boeglin, of the *Moniteur de Rome*, has been exiled, and his paper suspended because he dared to defend the rights of the Pope. There are martyrs in every field. Perhaps this valiant writer may yet live to write the obituary of the Italian robbers, for history is made quickly now-a-days.

***

A BOOK reviewer says that on an average ten new novels are put on the New York book stands in a week. There is plenty to read in this "age of words," as someone calls it. The publishers may reap a harvest, but he who is wise digs below the accumulation of flaring literature, and seeks the old and precious gems in old and standard works.

***

A LARGE and beautiful diamond was lately found near Cape Town. The gem was sent with a strong guard to be deposited in the Bank of England. There is quite an object lesson in this fact. How precious is faith! How easily lost and so carelessly guarded. And so with other virtues, especially holy purity. It is safe if we select Mary as our guardian.

***

IT cannot be denied that there is a strong feeling among Catholic societies in favor of grips and passwords. The last ones heard from are the Knights of St. John, who, it is said, are urging the adoption of secret methods in the working of the order. It is a movement not to be encouraged. All Catholic individuals or corporations should be children of *light*.

***

THE German Kaiser, desirous of promoting the religious life of his people, has ordered all the Lutheran churches in the kingdom to be kept always open. It is hard to see what is to attract anyone in an empty Protestant church on a week day. There is reason to have a Catholic church open, for it contains the great centre of attraction, the adorable sacrament which draws all to it.

***

DR. HOLMES was once asked what effect the different religious beliefs had on a man who was on his death-bed. The doctor replied: "In my experience I have always found that Catholics understand the business of dying much better than Protestants. I have seen a great number of Catholics on their death-bed, and they appeared to me to be quiet, resigned and patient, which proves to me that if it is a hard religion to live up to it is a much easier one to die in than the many other religions which have set themselves up in its stead."

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THE daily papers recently reported a case in Wisconsin in which a whole family was stricken with small-pox except the father, who alone had to play the part of physician, nurse and undertaker. We are told that the family doctor declined to visit the afflicted persons and the neighbors kept as far away from the house as possible. Such a story seems almost incredible in these boasted days of philanthropy. Where are the christian heroes and martyrs to duty which we read of? The *fin de siècle* charity is a very cold affair.

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TO SUFFER death at the hand of the persecutor is to be a martyr in the eyes of the world: but to love one's enemy is to be a martyr in spirit.—ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Catholic Literature in Catholic Homes* is published by P. O'Shea, No. 19 Barclay St., New York. It is a lecture delivered before the Catholic Summer School of America last July by the Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., editor of *The Rosary*. The pamphlet is dedicated to His Grace, the Archbishop of New York. The little book is a preacher whose voice ought to be heard in every Catholic home in the land. Life is impossible without food. Catholic life is impossible without Catholic food. After leaving school, we all acquire most of our further knowledge from books, papers and magazines. The mind and heart seek their nourishment in the press. How can mind and heart remain Catholic if they feed on non-Catholic food? We can only save the rising generations, in our present age of printing presses, by giving them Catholic literature. A prayer book and a boiler-plate weekly are not enough, although both may be published by Catholics. Magazine literature is the storehouse of all mental activity at the present day. Let us have good Catholic magazines and encourage our Catholic writers by a just compensation for their work. Such and similar advice is timely and necessary. We thank the Rev. lecturer for preserving his eloquent plea for "Catholic Literature in Catholic Homes" in this form, and hope it will be disseminated by generous hands until it reaches every Catholic reader, writer, editor and publisher in the whole country.

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*Woodland Rambles* is the title of a beautiful little volume of poetry by John A. Lanigan, M. D., B. A. The poems are dedicated to the Bishop of Buffalo. The volume of 153 pages is printed on heavy paper and elegantly bound. We can think of nothing more suitable as a holiday present during the coming Christmas season. The price of the book, one dollar, is so moderate that everyone can procure himself the pleasure of possessing this pretty collection of poems. There are all kinds. From the first poem, "Cosmos," a serio-comic presentation of the follies of modern science, to the last lines, "To a Mirror," there is not a dull line. The religious poems betray a deep and absorbing love for the church. "The Midnight Mass at St. Sulpice," "Resurgam" and many others, come from the truest fountain of poetry, a religious heart. Then there are pathetic and tender poems—full of Irish music—such as "Acushla Gal Mo Chree," "An Old Man's Love," and others. The little poems translated from the Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish and Irish are among the best translations we ever saw. Thus "The Fisher-Maiden," of Heine, and "Mignon," of Goethe, are rendered in all their original beauty, albeit in an English dress. The book can be obtained from the author, John A. Lanigan, M. D., Niagara Falls, N. Y. We will have orders filled for our readers if they send us the amount.

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*The Lover of Souls* is the attractive title of a charming little book recently issued by Benziger & Co., Main street, Cincinnati, Ohio. The author, Father Brinkmyer, is a native of Cincinnati, and a well-known priest of that arch-diocese. The *motif* of the book is opposition to the dominant evils of our day, naturalism and sensualism, and to show how these may be successfully combated is the aim of the author. The subject is philosophically treated, of course from a Catholic point of view: yet each "conference" may be profitably read by the Protestant as by the Catholic—by the unlearned, as by the cultured. We might give extracts from it, but *The Lover of Souls* must needs be read in its entirety to derive the full benefit of its teachings; and not only read, but studied, meditated upon, pondered, so that the mind and soul can thoroughly assimilate the spiritual pabulum it offers. The author's explanation of devotion, considered not as a feeling but as a cult, is explicit and timely: there are nineteen conferences, and their titles will show the animus of the book, and, also, it is hoped, will incite a desire to read it: 1. Devotions in the Church: 2. The two popular devotions: 3. Devotion to the Sacred Heart: 4. "Thou knowest all things": 5. Love manifested in creation: 6. The Word was made Flesh: 7. The exceeding great reward: 8. He dwelt among us: 9. I have given you an example: 10. He loved them unto the end: 11. The memorial: 12. The bread of life: 13. The sacrifice: 14. He abideth with us: 15. Reparation: 16. The malice of sin: 17. The

satisfaction for sin: 18. Application of Christ's satisfaction: 19. Victims with Christ. The second conference treats of the two popular devotions of our day, that of the Immaculate Conception, and that to the Sacred Heart: of the two crying wants of the age, truth and love; and of its two radical evils, naturalism and sensuality, and shows by a natural sequence how the two devotions—so dear to the heart of every Catholic—promote and foster the two virtues, and how these in their turn overcome and root out of the heart of man the two evils. But the limits of a book notice will not allow a synopsis of its contents: nor would such be fair to the author. Therefore, let all who can appreciate a literary treat, as well as profit by wise counsels and holy thoughts, read for themselves *The Lover of Souls.*

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

Peal forth, O joyous Christmas bells!
Your mystic heaven-born greeting:
O'er snow-capped hills and sombre dells,
Each aching bosom seeking.

Ring out, O merry Christmas bells!
O'er mountain, moor and meadow:
To-day each faithful bosom swells
With joy that leaves no shadow.

Sound out the tidings o'er the earth:
In Bethlehem the lowly,
A virgin hath this day given birth
To Christ the Saviour Holy.

Ring out, and let your tones ne'er cease,
The glorious message telling,
Until that God-born gift of "peace"
In every soul is dwelling.

If we are laborers together with God we will never look at the clock to see when it is time to quit work.

As NOTHING is more pleasing to God than charity, so there is nothing more pleasing to the devil than the want of charity.—St. GREGORY.

WHOEVER wishes to do good, and edify others by his words, must, above all things, possess in himself the virtues he would inculcate.—St. VINCENT FERRER.

## Our Immaculate Queen.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

"Woman above all other women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

CATHOLICS of all ages believed in the Immaculate Conception of Mary, the Mother of God. That she was conceived without the stain of original sin is proved by the Holy Scriptures, Tradition, by the Fathers, and by reason. On December 8, 1854, the saintly Pius IX defined this belief as an article of faith, in these words: "We define the doctrine which holds the Blessed Virgin Mary in the first instant of her conception to have been preserved free from all stain of original sin, to be a doctrine revealed by God, and therefore to be firmly and constantly held by all the faithful."

Our times have been gladdened, and future ages unborn will rejoice at the infallible assurance from the Supreme Pontiff, that the promise of God in Paradise has been realized in Mary, our Lady. God said: "I will put enmities between thee (the serpent) and the woman. She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." Mary has crushed the head of the serpent from the first instant of her existence, never for a moment being a child of wrath, but the child of benediction, the masterpiece of omnipotence. Heaven salutes Mary: "Hail, full of Grace." "Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is no spot in thee." How was she full of grace, all fair, with no spot, unless she were ever Immaculate?

St. Cyril, speaking the mind of all the Holy Fathers, says: "Excepting her by whom the God-man was brought into the world, we were all born in original sin." The councils and practice of the church at all times proclaim the same doctrine.

To the Catholic sense the denial of the Immaculate Conception ever appeared either a sneer at the omnipotence or the goodness of God. Eve, the mother of sinful mankind, was created immaculate,—how much more should Mary, the second Eve, the Mother of the Infinite Son of God, be Immaculate in her Conception.

Carmel by the Sea, sweet flowering Mount of the Prophets Elias and Eliseus,

and the sons of the prophets from the first, honored the Immaculate Conception of Mary, the "*Beauty of Carmel.*" Nearly 900 years before Christ, the Prophet Elias, the Founder of the Carmelites, whilst praying on Mount Carmel for rain, saw a small cloud rising out of the sea in the form of a man's footstep. The Holy Fathers tell us that God, by this little cloud, not only signified and foretold the approach of rain to the prophet, but also the coming of the Blessed Mother of God. As the cloud arose from the salt sea, sweet, light and clear, so Mary should arise from the sinful stock of Adam, sweet from all bitterness of sin, light from the bonds of satan and passion, and clear and beautiful in her original innocence, in her Immaculate Conception.

St. Elias took the Immaculate Virgin as his model, and founded his order to the honor of the Immaculate Conceived Virgin. This tradition was handed down by Carmelite to Carmelite for nearly 3000 years, until the doctrine was defined by Holy Church. As we read in the history of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the Carmelites erected on Mount Carmel, during the life time of our Lady, a chapel in honor of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. As the centuries rolled by, the children of Carmel ever defended, loved and honored this glorious prerogative of Mary. The chronicles of the Order tell us that the Feast of the Immaculate, Dec. 8, was the special Feast Day of the year in all Carmelite churches. Just as other Religious celebrated as their special Feast Day, the Feast of their Founders, the Carmelites sanctified the day of the Immaculate Conception as the Day of their Foundation, because our Lady in her Immaculate Conception was the ideal and cause of the founding of the Order by St. Elias. On that joyful day, the Cardinals at Rome, or at Avignon, when the Popes resided there, celebrated the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in the Carmelite Church. The Feast continued to be the special day of Carmel, until the Holy See made the 16th of July, the day on which the Blessed Virgin gave the Holy Scapular to St. Simon, a feast of solemn commemoration of all the blessings of our Lady to her children of Carmel. It is proper and right that "the Sacred Order of the Blessed Virgin, which the most Glorious Virgin Mother of God produced and brought forth and decorated with the title of her own name:" [P.P. Greg. XII, Sixt. IV], should have always known and glorified the Immaculate Conception.

If we be immaculate and spotless in our lives, the dragon may be angry and make war with us, but we shall not fail, if we are held by the love of Mary, "the Woman in Heaven clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Her good children shall reign for ever.

DIONYSIUS F. BEST, O. C. C.

## An Apparition of a Statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY A. E. FARRINGTON, O. C. C.

THERE are few places in Ireland better known than the great Cistercian Monastery of Holy Cross, County Tipperary. It is situated in a most beautiful locality, in the centre of a great county, and amidst a people the most Catholic and patriotic. This monastery was so called because it contained a portion of the wood of the cross on which Christ died for our salvation. In telling this apparition, I cannot do better than do so in the exact words of the historian of the monastery, Father Hartry, a Cistercian, a native of Waterford, who wrote this history in 1640. He says: "As our Saviour Jesus Christ suffered and triumphed after conquering death by the agony and conflict of this most bitter death on the saving cross, so, too, His Most loving Mother, the Virgin Mary, worn out with grief and suffering, stood weeping close by the cross on Mount Calvary during the Passion of Christ, our Redeemer. The more therefore she loved the more she grieved, and the very greatness of her love added new pangs to her suffering. Wherefore it has pleased the divine majesty during this evil time of ours, which all Catholics feel bitterly, after a lapse of many years, during which our holy cross has been continuously in this monastery, that a miraculous statue of the Most Blessed Virgin should not be wanting to it. Whilst the fiercest opponents, both

of the Mother of God and the image of the Saints, broke and profaned the statues of both, by trampling them under foot, by fire, the sword, the axe, and mockery, throughout the whole of this kingdom of Ireland, when the persecution caused by heresy was raging, yet our saving cross has always won the victory over their diabolical attacks, as has been proved and admitted on very many occasions. Read attentively the history and finding of the miraculous statue of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary.

"In the year of grace, 1604, during the fierce and savage persecution of Henry Bronchard, president of Munster, a very cruel man, against the Catholics, professing the faith of Rome, some ships were sent by Philip II. King of Spain, laden with materials of war, to Lord Hugh O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, which is the third part of the province of Ulster, and others, who were levying war against Elizabeth, Queen of England. One of them making its way to the northern coast of Ireland, had on board a benutiful statue artistically wrought of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This sunk with the ship when it was wrecked, and afterwards, for the space of three years, the statements of many persons prove that it used to appear on the surface of the waters of the sea, especially each Saturday, so that the fishermen, while fishing, used to see it distinctly on the said days. Their wonder grew more and more, that it appeared every Saturday: it was seldom seen any other day. Wherefore astonished at the strange fact, they were easily led on to inquire more deeply into the mystery. At last they entered into a plan to take the booty that presented itself, if I may so speak. But as they drew near the aforesaid statue, and desired to obtain assurance of the fact by greater attention and watchfulness, they often strove to get hold of it by stretching out their hands. They were disappointed in their wishes then, for it sank in the waves and disappeared. Notwithstanding this, the coveted treasure always showed itself on each Saturday, and displayed itself, so that you could say it offered itself and invited them.

"This strange fact was told by the lord ruling the district and the fishermen to a Religious of the Order of St. Francis, who happened to come there at the time. He was urged to go into the boat with them, and he went willingly as their companion. As soon as the Religious laid his hands on the statue of the Virgin, the fishermen, too, and their assistants, caught hold of it, and with joy brought it to the shore. A nobleman, Terence Roe MacMahon, in County Clare, the chief of the district in that part of Thomond, took care that the statue, the possession of which caused such joy, should be given to him immediately. But as soon as the most noble Baroness Lady Margaret O'Brien, by reason of her temporal possessions and the lustre of her origin, Baroness Dunboyne—she was sister of the Earl of Thomond, president of Munster, who had died some years before—learned that this wonderful and strange statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary had come into the hands of the said Terence, immediately she sent messengers to him, earnestly begging of him to make her a present of it. He yielded to her request, much against his will, and bestowed it on the Baroness. The account of this statue soon came to the ears of the Rev. Father Bernard Foulow, the Abbot of the Monastery of Holy Cross. He went in haste to the Baroness, exhorted her at great length to bestow this precious gift on the Monastery of Holy Cross, that the statue of the Mother of God might not be separated from the saving Cross, adding that this would tend to the devotion and consolation of many, a fact which even the Catholics now attest. Moved by these arguments, she presented the statue to the Abbot to be venerated in his monastery.

"The Lord Abbot's soul was filled with incredible joy, as his desire was gratified, and he took great care of the statue, and brought it in a box towards the monastery. In fine it reached the town of Ballycormack, two miles distant from the monastery. Here the statue of the Mother of God lay hid in a granary, where it remained for a long time, as the Abbot did not like to expose it publicly or confide it to the keeping of the monastery. In this granary where it lay hid, covered up in a heap of corn and straw, a strange thing happened: the corn was no way injured in that part of the granary, whereas that portion which was at a distance from the statue, was destroyed by the inroad of rats and mice. When at length the persecution

had somewhat abated, and the kingdom had a little repose, the statue of the Blessed Virgin was transferred to the monastery for private veneration. The statue is gracefully and artistically wrought of cedar wood.

"It is placed over the high altar in the upper part of the church. But after the death of the Lord Abbot, his successor, Abbot Luke Archer, had a wooden case prepared with great care, and the statue is preserved in it. In 1628, when there was greater toleration than the stormy times of the past allowed, the Lord Abbot erected a beautiful altar with different figures painted on it, which was placed over the arch of the high altar, and also a tabernacle supported by four columns and skillfully decorated with paintings in gold and silver, and various colors, in which the aforesaid statue is devoutly venerated by the faithful, and rich offerings decorate the shrine.

"What we have heard with our ears and seen with our eyes, this we bear witness to, as being surely a gift of God. When, on the 27th day of September, 1634, the aforesaid statue of our Lady was gilt afresh, someone, through devotion, took away a bit of the wood of it, and seeing a merchant who lived near suffering with a toothache, and having his jaw greatly swollen, and finding no relief day or night, got this piece of wood and applied it to his swollen jaw, and no sooner did he do so than he was freed from pain, and the swelling disappeared. I was then staying in the monastery, and examined into the matter, to which I bear witness here."

This is the account given by the historian of Holy Cross, and the editor of that work, Father Murphy, S. J., does not tell us what became of this wonderful statue. Holy Cross is in ruins. The place is now silent that once resounded with hymns of praise from the lips of the monks of the great St. Bernard.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, Oct. 22, 1894.

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WHEN we leave solitude and repose to exercise charity towards our neighbor, and to be obedient, we give great satisfaction to God, and we fulfil the words of our Lord in the gospel: "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."—ST. TERESA.

# Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

"We take no note of time save by its flight."

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

THE year is fast drawing to its close, and again we hail the holy Advent with its days of hope and promise, which fill the Christian heart with a joyful expectancy, despite the dark days before Christmas, and their natural depression on the spirit which is so akin to the sense.

A far off look seems to come over the soul during the season of watching and waiting for the Desired of Nations. A straining of the eyes that are fixed on the central point of all civilization, the Bethlehem of Juda, whence will come the sweet blossom from the root of Jesse, a heart's ease to the world forevermore.

Let us join the fair young spouse of St. Joseph during these days, when her eyes are closed to all things of earth and sense, and her soul is wrapt, in mute and adoring contemplation of the sanctuary within her. Souls there have been, in the history of the church, who have fed for a life-time among the lilies that cluster around this enclosed garden in Mary's keeping. Who, lost to all else, have rested in this sweet retreat of contemplative souls, and there have shared the joy of her, the guardian of the "Word made Flesh" in its first earthly tabernacle.

The life of God before the creation seems too stupendous a thought for our finite minds, but oh! what a delightful field of holy peaceful meditation may not be found in the thought of the life of God, which was lived for so many happy months close to the heart of Mary, when He, her beloved, her own soul's flower of beauty, was drawing her after the odor of His perfumes, and inebriating her with the wine of His blood, drawn from her own pure founts. Can we not picture her to our minds as the days of Advent speed on, saluting us by their rapid coming and going, bringing so keenly to us the realization that life is passing too quickly—can we not see her a

vision of earthly beauty, glorified by the light burning within her, clothing her as with a mantle of stars. Never was motherhood so glorious in its anticipation as in her the fairest of virgins, on whose simple fiat, even the Almighty, hung the destinies of a world.

The days before Christmas are full of joy and sorrow to many hearts. Tender memories cluster around the yule log of olden times, and tears glisten ever on the holly and the mistletoe that are twined with the thought of those, over whose graves the winter snows have long been falling.

To the young no thought comes save those of a happy abandon to the joys that spring from the cradle of the Christ child. But as the years glide by, and the fond deceits of youth and its spring tide vanish, then does Christmas assume a new bearing, and its coming brings with it a sadder and more serious strain, linking the heart with the past more than the future. Peace is the heritage of Bethlehem, even more than joy; and so to those who are looking backward, its beacon light has a more significant meaning than even the joyful blazing of the yule logs, that usher in the holy night and its bright star of Bethlehem.

Why is it that sorrow seems more kindred to us than joy? It must needs be that we are born with a drawing to it as near of kith and kin to us. So we find ourselves thinking very sweet and tender thoughts of the fair young maiden, wandering homelessly on the eve of the blessed Christmas night, looking so pathetically into the meek, patient face of her holy spouse and protector, with no thought of self, no resentful feeling because of the inhospitable doors that closed upon her. How could they find it in their hearts to shut her out? Must not the mute beauty of her pure young face have appealed to the nature which makes us all of kin? Ah! let us hesitate to ask the question lest our own hearts answer in words that will send the hot blush of shame to our brows, and cut into our souls keener than a two-edged sword. "Gratitude has a faithful memory and a fluent tongue." There is still time during these Advent days with their twilights fast fading into night, to make up for the part we had in closing the doors of Bethlehem upon her, who has been so much to us in days when perchance our own turned against us, and doors closed on hopes that were high, leaving us out in the cold. Let us open our hearts and our hands to the little ones of Christ at the blessed Christmas tide—so will we shelter the holy wanderers. Let us take into our warm embrace the friend, the brother, an alien from our heart and home, so will we house the Babe of Bethlehem. Let us forgive the many slights and rebuffs which turn our heart's love to bitterness—so shall we repair the sin of those who could find no room for the gentle mother and her uncomplaining spouse.

And as the year '94 is gathered to its fathers, let our hearts go out to the past in a mighty throb of repented love. How good is God! The words are emblazoned on every day of the year now closing. His mercies have gathered thick and fast around us. Why, oh! why should anything or any one be dearer to us than He, who comes amid the bleak snows of December with such winning ways of love, that our very hearts are stolen from us by the touch of His baby hands. A child can soften the stoniest heart. Let it be the dear Christ Child who will make the conquest of ours. As the old year dies let us bury with it all sin and sorrow, and let only the glad Christmas bells re-echo the peace on earth, good will to men. So shall heaven begin on earth, and hope be the blossom of happiness.

## Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

*Translated for the Review.*

BY S. X. B.

JEAN BAPTISTE CASTEL, an honored inhabitant of Prague, and one of the most able magistrates of that city, was sadly deficient in one regard. Not knowing the many advantages attached to the wearing of the Scapular, and ignorant of the countless marvels wrought through its efficacy, he often chose as a subject of ridicule his pious wife's devotion to the holy badge. The mortifications she practiced in honor of Our

Lady of Carmel, the frequent exercises of devotion so dear to her fervent heart, were something he could not understand. One day, when he was almost unbearable with his reproaches and railings, his wife said to him: "Take care lest your conduct draw upon you the wrath and punishment of your creator." But a little while had elapsed when opthalmia began to trouble him, and total blindness claimed him as a victim.

Almost two months passed drearily away, and Jean Baptiste still sat in a darkness which utterly refused to yield to the untiring efforts of the most skillful oculists.

But happily the light of divine grace penetrated his soul, and, entering into himself, he turned to our Lord and to his Blessed Mother and promised to amend. He asked for a priest, and upon the arrival of the zealous father he made a good confession and received holy communion with the utmost fervor and devotion.

The priest, who was of the Carmelite Order, spoke to him of the graces, benefits and privileges of the holy Scapular, and immediately he evinced the greatest desire to be invested.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded than Mr. Castel recovered his sight, and since that happy day—January 16—his health was better than ever before, and he was enabled to resume his duties as a magistrate to his great satisfaction and gratitude. Not alone were the members of his family, the physicians and specialists, witnesses of this unexpected cure, the whole city of Prague testified to its truth, and united with the grateful servant of Mary in drawing up a memorial with a full account of the miraculous event.—*Speculi Carmelitani*, part III, p. 640.

"Holy Virgin save me! I wear the Scapular!" The *Semaine Religieuse*, of Tournai, reprints the following letter: "An occurrence which passes comprehension, unless we admit the intervention of supernatural powers, took place on Friday last at the little village of Brugelette. A young girl washing linen by the river was, through the giving way of the iron grating on which she stood, suddenly precipitated into the water.

"The bed of the stream at this point was of considerable depth and was confined between two walls. Nay more, the current was extremely swift, and, lower down, dashed on to the double arches of a bridge. How could this girl, with the grating the whole time under her feet, swim in such a place, how could she survive? And yet she was there for ten minutes! It was inexplicable! But the heroine in the fullness of her faith explains it thus. 'My first thought was that I would be drowned, soon I remembered the power of Mary and fervently cried aloud, Blessed Mother, save me, I wear the Scapular! And that dear mother heard my prayer!'"

## PROTESTANT VIEW OF ST. TERESA.

The London *Daily Chronicle*, reviewing a life of St. Teresa, recently published, says:

"But St. Teresa was winning and wise, humble and self-denying, humorous and discreet; in one simple phrase, she used all her powers in doing, and making others do, the right and righteous thing. Whether ruling a convent, or writing upon the mystical life, or dealing with dignitaries of the Church and State, she kept the golden mean, never straying into tyranny or heresy or rebellion. Her interior life and her public life show an equal aspiration after justice, the will of God, the precise and definite truth. To all reformers she is an example: all who in Church and State take the side of absolute right, amid a world of indifference and misunderstanding and antagonism, may copy her. She flung no fanatical defiance in the face of the world: she struck out no new way of her own: she did not part company with the past. She neither clamored like Carlyle, nor wailed like Rousseau, nor thundered like Savonarola: but what she believed to be right, for that she worked, sparing not soul nor mind nor body, with self-abandonment to the law and light of God."

Come, dry thy tears, show content in thy heart and on thy face: let not God, the angels, nor men see thee weep over thy cross.—B. Henry Suso.

The love of God does not consist in shedding tears, nor in experiencing sweetness and tenderness of heart, but in truly serving God in justice, strength and humility. St. Teresa.

# Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

II.—THE PURITAN SABBATH.

"Well, Mick, I would like to hear what you have to say to our Sabbath law. Last month you spoke of it as an obnoxious law, and contended that you were perfectly consistent in claiming the protection of the law for your Sabbath, whilst forbidding the government to tell you how the Sabbath was to be kept. I thought over the matter, and I cannot see how our government could act otherwise, since we have so many different religions amongst us, and any special legislation in favor of one would be resented by the others, whilst the enforcement of a mere civic celebration cannot be objectionable to any one."

"Are our laws in the matter really free from partisanship?"

"Of course they are, for the government does not tell you to what church to go, or how to worship God, but only insists on abstaining from work, and closing stores, saloons, etc."

"Will you please tell me, Sam, what do you mean by the word Sabbath?"

"By Sabbath, I understand, the day set aside for religion, and in a christian commonwealth there can be no objection, if the government recognizes the day as far as ours does."

"But is the United States a christian commonwealth?"

"Our constitution, I admit, does not officially acknowledge its christian character, but we are a christian nation all the same."

"Really?"

"Well now! Do you mean to say that the Americans who are not Catholics are not christians?"

"I do not, though if I did, I would be very near hitting the nail on the head. But as I told you before, we are not discussing religion, but law. Waive the question. Who are really christians? Assume that everybody is a christian who does not distinctly repudiate their name, and I repeat the question, are we a christian nation?"

"I fail to understand the scope of your question."

"Yet this scope must be patent to you. No one ever claimed to be a christian if he had not formally acknowledged Christ in baptism. Hence unbaptized persons are not christians. Now, there are amongst us a great many, in fact fully one-half of the population, that are not baptized and belong to no religious denomination whatever. There are, besides, Quakers, Unitarians, Jews, Mahommedans and Buddists, who do not claim to be, nor are christians. Deduct all these and you will find that the christians are in the minority. How, then, can you call us a christian nation? Besides, there are different religions, whose weekly holiday does not fall on Sunday, as, for instance, the Greeks, who celebrate on Thursday, the Mahommedans on Friday, the Jews on Saturday."

"Well enough, but the number of adherents to these different creeds is so insignificant as not to deserve mention."

"Why not? as it is the duty of the government to protect every individual in the exercise of his religion, and to say you may keep your holiday when you please, but we compel you to keep Sabbath on Sunday besides, seems rather hard."

"Admitting this, there is no other remedy. The majority of the people demand the Sabbath, and particular interests have to yield to the common good. Hence the government has no right to abrogate Sunday as long as the people are satisfied with it."

"Permit me to ask why the people celebrate Sunday?"

"Because it's the Lord's day, and they believe in the Lord."

"Have you any warrant for saying that Sunday is the Lord's day?"

"Is it not sufficiently mentioned in the ten commandments, which, according to your doctrine, form the basis for every legislation?"

"It is not, on the contrary, the Sabbath, that is, the seventh day of the week is mentioned, and Sunday is the first, not the last day of the week. This is the very reason why I asked you for your warrant. Where did these great sticklers for the bible, the Puritans, get their warrant for changing the Sabbath into Sunday?"

"I suppose when they separated from the Catholic church, they were accustomed to keep the Sabbath on Sunday, and thus they kept up the practice."

"True. The Catholic church introduced Sunday, and abandoned the Sabbath. Catholics, by their faith, were allowed and bound to follow the leadership of their church, but does the gospel of John Knox bind its followers the same way? To be consistent, they should still keep the Jewish Sabbath, and in this case the government allow a constant universal breaking of the Sabbath, whilst it enforces idleness on a day for which there is no divine commandment."

"I confess, there is no valid reason for this arrangement, except custom, and custom is a law often stronger and more inflexible than any written law."

"True enough. Let Sunday be kept holy, because it is the universal custom. But another question remains: How is Sunday to be kept, I mean, as far as the government is concerned?"

"Well, the government closes its own offices and enforces closing of stores, saloons, and the like, and if any one works on that day, he is fined. This is all the government does or can do."

"I am very much afraid, Sam, that this is not all, and that, besides, there is a discrimination between business and business."

"I am not aware of any."

"I will mention some to you. It is allowed on Sunday to sell milk, meat and bread, but it is forbidden to sell coffee, tea, beer or wine, as if these articles were not just as much articles of daily diet as the former. It is forbidden to haul a load of potatoes to any private house, though they may be badly needed there, but it is allowed to send freight trains. It is forbidden to have picnics, but allowed to go on railroad or steamboat excursions. It is cried down as an execrable profanation of the Sabbath, when a poor man buys a drink, but if a rich man out of his stores gets gloriously drunk on Sunday, the law has nothing to say. Some fanatics want the libraries and museums closed for fear of profaning the Lord's day, but the brothels are open. This God-fearing nation clamors loudly for increased church membership, but renders attendance at church difficult by stopping the street cars. A man is heavily fined and threatened with ruin for selling a glass of beer on Sunday, but chartered clubs may, with impunity, eat and drink and carouse all Sunday. Do you call that equality?"

"I do not, but what can we do? To equalize all these things, we would have either to allow every one to do as he pleases, and in this case there would be soon no Sunday left, or we would have to pass such draconian laws as to paralyze the community."

"You are correct, and I beg you to understand me rightly. I am not in favor of abolishing all Sabbath laws, since in our material age and country, such a step would wipe out religion in a short time, but I am just as much opposed to the blue laws in vogue at present. Sunday is a day of worship, but also a day of innocent recreation, and as long as the recreation does not become obnoxious and a nuisance, the government has no right to interfere. The law, as it stands, is a sham and a humbug. It leaves the rich man free to do as he pleases, because his means allow him to provide in time, but it makes Sunday for the poor man a day of loneliness and nausea, and thus, instead of bringing him into church, keeps him away from it. We love to boast of our liberty, and proclaim loudly that our government is superior to any one else, by governing as little as possible, and at the same time we enforce laws, which the autocrat of all the Russias would not dare to impose upon his people."

"You are very severe on our Sabbath law, Mick, but I must confess, you are not altogether wrong. There is too great a disposition amongst us to rule our neighbor instead of ruling our own person, and the most active and loud-mouthed always carry the day."

"Let us therefore hope, that the day will come when we cease to move from extreme to extreme, from lawlessness to the straight-jacket, and find the golden middle road."

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"As a tender mother I will console those at death who have been devout to me during their lives."—B. V. M. to St. Mechtild.

# The Catechism

## OF MOUNT CARMEL,

BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

### CHAPTER XI.

*Decisions.*

Ques. Is every priest allowed to invest with the Scapular and admit the faithful to the confraternity of the Scapular?

Ans. No, only priests who have received the faculties either from the Order, or through their bishops can validly enroll in the Scapular.

Q. Can a priest having the faculties, invest himself with it?

A. Yes, he can invest himself with the Scapular if his faculties are unlimited.

Q. Can absent persons be received into the confraternity?

A. No, it is necessary to be invested personally by a priest. Only in the exceptional case that a person is dying and the priest cannot reach him, a blessed Scapular can be brought him by a third person, and he becomes a member of the confraternity. This is the only exception to the rule, but it is always a good thing to send a blessed Scapular to persons who would like to wear it and cannot reach a priest who has the faculties to invest. By putting it on themselves, although they do not become members of the confraternity, they undoubtedly gain the help of the blessing and the protection of our Blessed Lady.

Q. Should children who have not yet reached the age of reason (about seven years) be received into the confraternity?

A. Although the sacred congregation does not deem it expedient, it has given a decision in answer to a question by a French missionary in 1864, that children invested with the Scapular at that early age gain all the indulgences and privileges of the Scapular, as soon as they reach the age of reason, without being enrolled again. It is a very laudable custom introduced in many parishes, to give the Scapular to all the children on the day when they make their first communion.

Q. Can deceased persons be inscribed as members of the confraternity?

A. No, only living persons who had received the Scapular from the priest can be inscribed.

Q. Do those who have been invested with the Scapular gain all indulgences and privileges from the moment their names are taken by the priest investing them, or only from the time their names are inscribed on the register of the confraternity?

A. They gain all indulgences and privileges as soon as their names are taken by the priest, or some person commissioned by him. The priest is obliged, however, at his convenience, to send in the names to the nearest monastery or convent of the order, or to an established confraternity, to have the names registered.

Q. Do missionaries have to take the names also?

A. Yes, as no exception has been made to this rule. Even the Carmelite Fathers must do so.

Q. Is it necessary to be enrolled again when the first Scapular is worn out?

A. No, only the first Scapular need be blessed and placed over the shoulders by the priest. When this is worn out a new one can be bought or made, and put on without further ceremony by the person himself.

Q. How must the Scapular be made?

A. It must be made of two pieces of wool of a brown color, square or oblong in form, joined together by two bands or strings of any material or color. It must be worn across the shoulders, one part on the back and the other on the breast of the wearer. It need not be worn on the body, it may be worn over any other garments. The Carmelites themselves wear their large Scapulars over the habit.

Q. In case a member of the confraternity does not wear the Scapular, does he gain the indulgences while he is without the Scapular?

A. No, in order to gain the indulgences and privileges of the Scapular it must be actually worn. But, even if the Scapular has not been worn for some time, the moment it is again put on by the person himself, such a one is again partaker of all its privileges. Only in case a person throws it aside, not believing in it, or despising it, a new investment would be required.

Q. Must there be a picture of the blessed Virgin on the Scapular?

A. No. the brown cloth is all that is necessary, but it may be faced with any kind of religious picture or emblem.

Q. Is there any difference between a member of the contraternity, who fulfills all the obligations to gain the Sabbatine privileges, and a member of the Third Order of Mount Carmel?

A. Yes, there is a great difference. To become a member of the Third Order it is not enough to be a member of the confraternity and to say the Little Office. There are special rules for the Third Order which have been published in this year's Review. The Third Order partakes of the religious state, while the mere wearing of the Scapular does not.

We will now close this catechism and hope that all, who have had any doubts on the subject, will have found an answer to them in these chapters.

We shall be always ready to give any further information required, and only desire that the love of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and her Scapular may increase daily in the hearts of her clients, and that every Catholic in the world may wear her livery in life and at the hour of death.

THE END.

## PETITIONS.

We request our readers in their charity to pray for the following intentions: A happy death; for a cousin negligent in religious duties; for a missing brother; for satisfactory settlement of a law suit; for a mother, to obtain relief in her distress; for two brothers to obtain situations and give up drink; for conversion of a father and brothers; for reform of one person; for success in an examination; improvement of health of Mr. W.; also for Miss M. McG.; for a dear friend of M. Y. O'K., who left suddenly and has not been heard from; for a restoration of eyesight of Mrs. T. M.; for conversion of F. L., Alleghany, Pa.; a friend asks prayers for her brothers, that they may reform, lead pious lives and get good situations; also for a business transaction, that it may be decided favorably; prayers are asked for a young man that he may be successful in his undertaking; also for a successful sale of property; M. A. S. asks prayers for three brothers, who have not made their Easter duties, and who are in danger of falling away from the faith; also for means to pay debts; and for suitable employment for three young men; and for peace in a family.

## Favors Received for the Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude cancelled postage stamps received from Miss M. S., St. Louis, Mo.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; Mrs. T. F. S., Beard, Ky.; Miss A. T., Richmond Hill, Ont.; Mrs. T., Stamford, Ont.; Ven. Srs. O. D. C., St. Louis, Mo.; M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; A. E. C., Lockport, N. Y.; Miss T. R., Suspension Bridge, N. Y.; Ven. Srs. of St. F., Alleghany, N. Y.; Ven. Sr. M. M., Longue Pointe, P. Que.; Ven. Srs. of St. D., Sinsinawa, Wis.; Miss T. C. K., Baltimore, Md.; R. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; Miss M. S., Richfield, Wis.; Ven. P. Srs., Actonvale, P. Que.; Miss T. F., Tickle Harbour, Nfld.; Mrs. M. C., Englewood, N. J.; L. S., Madison, Ind.; Miss J. R., Long Island City, N. Y.; M. A. M., Dorchester Station, Ont.; Mrs. B. L., New York City; Mrs. R. W., Drummondville, P. Que.; Miss H. A., Baltimore, Md.; Miss L. M., River Vale, N. J.; Ven. Sr. M. J., Sonoma, Cal.; Ven. Sr. M. M. O. S. F., Buffalo, N. Y.; Ven. Srs. of C., Santa Cruz, Cal.; Miss K. A. C., Prescott, Ont.; Miss P. M., Washington, Pa.; E. F., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Mrs, M. C., Petrolea, Ont.; Miss M. A. R., Cazenovia, N. Y.; P. P., Acton Vale, P. Q.; E., Toronto, Ont.

We also extend sincere thanks to R. M., Brooklyn, N. Y., for aid given to us in other ways.

## THANKSGIVING.

Dear Fathers,—I now take the liberty of sending you this small amount of $5, but it gives me great pleasure in doing so, as I was nearly blind, and as I promised that I would collect for your Monastery if my eyesight would come back. Thank God my eyesight is good now. Mrs. M. G.

Dear Rev. Father,—Please accept amount enclosed toward Building Fund as a gift of thanks to our Lady of Mount Carmel for special graces received through her intercession. Very sincerely,
M. J. O., Auburn, N. Y.

My request that I may pass my examination was granted. M. Y. O'K.

## OBITUARY.

Prayers are asksd for the soul of Miss Eliza Connell, who died at Lake Port, Ont., August 15th, 1894; for the soul of Mrs. Mary Mayberry, who died in September; for the soul of John Alex. Lauer, who died Sept. 30th, at Alleghany, Pa.; for the soul of Mrs. Berrigan, whose death occurred at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Monday, October 22d. R. I. P.