

ONE of our visitors lost a rosary in the Niagara Falls Park on July 16th. The same can be had if the proper party sends us the address.

OUR seminary at New Baltimore was beautifully illuminated on the Scapular-Feast. There was likewise a grand display of fireworks.

IMMENSE crowds flocked to the chapel of the Carmelite convent in Baltimore on July 16th. Rev. Edmund Didier, the chaplain, celebrated High Mass on the occasion.

At the Carmelite Monastery in Boston, Miss Sara Medary, grand-daughter of the famous Governor Medary, of Ohio, took the white veil a few days ago. She is the last of three daughters, all of whom have taken the vows of religion. Her parents are converts.

Petitions, etc.

PRAYERS are requested for the conversion of four persons. For a special intention, For a priest who is ill.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the souls of Rev. Patrick Kelly, late of St. John's church, New York City, and Elizabeth Frances Donnelly who died July 3 at Brooklyn, N. Y.

FROM BOETHIUS.

For The Carmelite Review.

O Thou! who guidest each great and mighty sphere,
To whom the universe and man adhere;
Who with one single word made all things be:—
Earth, ocean, caves, wind, wood and stormy sea!
On gloomy man, O Heavenly Father! deign
To shed thy ray and clear his cloudy brain.
To tranquilize the pious heart 'tis Thine
And cause it with effulgence pure to shine.
To thee we fly, O God! thou art our source,
Beginning, end, life, succour, hope and course.

—JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.

Throughout the Day.

For the Carmelite Review:

THE echoes of the busy street die at the threshold. Within is the all-pervading sense of peace that the poorest Catholic church invariably possesses. This is neither the poorest nor the finest but a large edifice decorated in the most modern fashion, with many incongruities and atrocities of color and proportion.

Here there is neither price less marble nor canvas nor the soul-satisfying harmony of the old world Gothic temple. Scrupulous cleanliness reigns here however, for there is never a morning that the old sacristan is not busy with his perpetual sweeping and dusting. Not a cobweb is permitted to lend the softness of its grey veil to the glaring colors of the brand-new frescoes. The salt that the good old sacristan spreads upon the matting that covers the aisles as he begins his vigorous sweeping, would lend savor to much that is tasteless and vapid in the lives and hearts of the outside world, the world that passes and repasses, hastily or listlessly, along the busy street, giving no thought to the world that draws its vigor from within the walls of the dingy brick edifice given up to that less or greater evil, according as the mind of the non-Catholic American citizen deciding the question, be tolerant or otherwise, the Catholic church.

When the dawn sends its grey light into the church and the grim mass of the darkness fades away into distant shadows and the tall pillars grow more distinctly visible while the lamp of the sanctuary throbs out its starry radiance, the Mass is sung. Few are the worshippers at this early service in the cold and dark winter mornings. Sometimes a later Mass is celebrated and the pews are dotted with kneeling figures, particularly if the solemn chant of the Mass for the dead rises from the sanctuary.

The morning passes. During its course not one hour or half hour there is when the