

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-