

Ninety-Eight at Niagara.

The Scapular feast of '98 is now a thing of memory. 'Twas a day to be fondly recollected. Memorable indeed it was for Carmel and its friends who are legion. For the nonce, the many hundreds of fervent pilgrims, oblivious of national boundary lines, became visible participants in the praise-offering to the Queen of Carmel and, as part and parcel of a great united family, circled the shrine of the great Mother of Peace on the day which she hath made. From the hearts of grateful children welled up the glad some *Te Deum*. They were thankful for much. They saw before them the magnificent monument—the Hospice, a memorial of the child's love for the Mother. The generous and expectant benefactor came, he saw and was conquered by the desire to return again to his Mother's house on the banks of the Niagara. 'Twas edifying to see the long prayerful procession wend its way to the unpretentious church beneath the shadow of the Hospice. How we were thrilled at the eloquent words of that prince among orators, the venerable Dean of the Niagara Peninsula—the large hearted Father Harris!—and, again, how our hearts beat in unison when Father Provincial showed us how closely we were knit together as children of Carmel, and what royal privileges we were entitled to as wearers of Mary's Scapular. The same spirit of loving devotion was in the breast of all. All nationalities were represented. Geographically speaking, it was a representative gathering. It would not be within our province to enumerate names and places, but we cannot forbear mentioning that far-off Kentucky favored us with the presence of a venerable priest, in the person of

Very Reverend Father David Fennessey, of the Order of Resurrectionists. The Queen City of the Lakes made a proud record, and it was gratifying to see the large contingency from the English-speaking Catholics of Greater Buffalo. In fine, it was a great day—a day of benediction, and when the Prior of the Hospice, the Reverend Father McDonald, raised the hidden Prince of Peace to bless the vast congregation kneeling beneath the broad canopy of heaven, we knew that the Queen of Carmel asked Her Son to reward all that was done in her name and that God *did* bless that fervent multitude.

Though occasionally, in the height of contemplation and pure intuition of the Divinity, the soul may not remember the most sacred humanity of Christ, because God elevates the spirit to the most supernatural knowledge, yet studiously to forget it is in nowise seemly, seeing that by the contemplation thereof, and loving meditation thereon, the soul ascends to the highest state of union; for Christ our Lord is the Truth, the Gate, the Way, and the Guide to all good.—St. John of the Cross.

Let your soul be always ordered by a desire not for that which is easy, but for that which is most difficult; not for that which is most pleasant, but for that which is most unpleasant; not for that which is elevated and precious, but for that which is vile and despised; not for great things, but for little things; not to seek for anything, but to seek for nothing; not for that which is best, but for that which is worst; desiring to enter, for the love of Jesus, upon detachment, emptiness, and poverty in everything of this world.—St. John of the Cross.