

...THE...

Carmelite Review

A CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount
Carmel.

PUBLISHED BY THE CARMELITE FATHERS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
WITH THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY.



VOL. VIII.

NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA.

1900.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

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Courtesy "University of Ottawa Review."

His Excellency, Mgr. Diomedeo Falconio,
Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

Carmelite



Review.

VOL. VIII.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JANUARY, 1900.

NO. 1

New Year. (At Benediction.)

I.



FALLING gently o'er my spirit
With a soft and soothing balm,
Like the incense of His Presence
Twining round the unseen Lamb.

II.

And I know the eyes of Jesus
See my yet untrodden way,
All the gladness or the sorrows
Love prepares for every day.

III.

In His Heart there is an echo
For each low and varied strain;
Act of love, or earnest pleading,
Joyous tune, or sigh of pain.

IV.

Sweet Lord Jesus! Infant Saviour!
By Thine own dear Name Divine
And this Bethlehem Blood shedding,
May this year be wholly Thine.

V.

Blessed Mother! as the Infant
 Nestled in thy purity *
 Fold us in that love maternal
 For we give our hearts to thee.

VI.

May thy Spouse, the Foster-Father
 Of this sweet and holy Child,
 Guard each thought, and word, and action,
 That we may be undefiled.

VII.

Swiftly years of life are flying
 Soon all "time shall be no more,"
 Jesus, Mary, Joseph, aid us
 When we near the silvery shore!

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* A thought from Bethlehem.—FABER.

A Sigh.

There is a restfulness in Autumn beauty
 Like golden sunset of the waning year,
 The woodland trees are rich in gold and crimson
 Before they fall and drift around its bier.
 There steals a wistful longing o'er my spirit
 That I might glide away and droop to rest
 That life might fade away like tints autumnal
 And angels bear me to the Kingdom blest.
 It may be many a year of aspirations
 Must bloom and wither ere I come to Thee;
 But let me, dearest Lord, be ever watching,
 The beauty of Thy Face, Divine to see.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

Looking Backward.

BY REV. PIUS M. MAYER, O. C. C.



WITH this month we enter the last year of the nineteenth century, and it is but natural, to ask ourselves, what did the past century bring to the world, what will the new one bring?

We do not belong to the prophets, and mere calculation will necessarily be at fault, where so many very complex questions require a solution, and so many agencies are at work, the movements of which it is impossible to prognosticate. One thing, however, seems to be certain, namely, that the twentieth century will be a century of moral questions more than of material progress. Why? Because the year fore-going is to the year following, what the seed is to the harvest, and a large number of questions of paramount importance to man has been opened during the nineteenth century which must find a solution one way or the other in the new century. Material prosperity is a matter that depends on the will of man but to a small extent, whilst moral questions will be settled by him alone for his happiness or unhappiness, according to the choice made. Hence we expect in the twentieth century great moral revolutions and hope for the good of mankind. This expectation is founded upon the happenings of the past century, which we now undertake to briefly review.

A hundred years ago the world found itself in a sorry plight. The French infidels had succeeded in undermining

faith and morality, the political rulers had lashed the nations with scorpions, art and science were in a torpor, heresy and schism were raising their heads here and there, and mankind was unhappy. The Corsican usurper, Napoleon, had raised his standard, and, like a second Attila, devastated Europe in a brutal and remorseless manner. He even stretched his hand out against the Vicar of Christ, whom he dragged to France as a political prisoner. He abolished and erected bishoprics at will, and, like Pharaoh, would not hear the voice of Moses, so he braved the excommunication, launched against him by Pius VII. "This excommunication," he replied scornfully, "will not take the arms from the hands of my soldiers." But a few years later the arctic winter of Russia did take the arms from the hands of his army; the first misfortune was followed by Leipsic, and two years later Waterloo sealed his downfall. The prisoner on St. Helena petitioned the Pope for his blessing. It was the same Pope, whom he had treated so outrageously at Fontainebleau.

Napoleon's fall involved a change in the map of Europe. The old boundaries were re-established, and the exiled princes returned to their dominions. But the moral consequences of the years of revolution, treason, conquest and official persecutions of the faith could not be so easily obliterated. There were ruins everywhere. Catholic governments vied with the Protestant ones in suppressing any manifestations

of re-awakening faith. In England the penal laws were still in force.

Holland persecuted the Catholics in Belgium, in Germany the corporal's baton directed the Church, Russia, Prussia and Austria joined hands in wiping out the remainder of unhappy Poland; Jansenism, Josephism, and the Illuminati of Wiesenberg sapped away the foundations of religious life. Scandals amongst the clergy helped in this process of disintegration—in a word, the prospects were very gloomy.

But the indestructible vital power of the Church exerted itself likewise, and the grace of God rewarded the efforts of the Popes, who graced the nineteenth century. Pius VIII ruled but a very short time, but Pius VII, Leo XII, Gregory XVI, Pius IX and Leo XIII, were beacon lights on the bark of St. Peter. A great division took place amongst Catholics; the chaff was separated from the wheat, and whilst thousands abandoned their faith, and became either infidels or heretics, millions approached Rome closer and closer, feeling that union is strength, and only a close and lasting union with the Apostolic See can bring forth blossoms and fruit of a spiritual life. The schismatic attempts of Ronge, Doellinger, etc., proved abortive, their deluded followers, we might almost say, vanished. The Syllabus of Pius IX and the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican pronounced clearly and unmistakably against the errors and fallacies of modern learning. The centralization of the ecclesiastical power, united bishops, priests and people into an homogeneous mass of faithful Catholics, and we can say, without fear of contradiction that there is no century in Church history, which shows the Church as numerous, as united, as clear in her doctrine, as successful in its

work, as the departing nineteenth century.

The periodical change of seasons in nature finds its counterpart also in the life of mankind. New life is substituted for old and decayed life, and when nations become unfaithful to grace, God in their stead gives His grace to others, who hitherto sat in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Since Gregory XVI, the foreign missions amongst pagan nations have developed in a manner truly miraculous. There is no country on earth where Catholic missionaries have not penetrated. Hundreds of them died martyrs, a still greater number succumbed to jungle fevers, malaria, etc., and all of them had to lead a life of extreme poverty and consequent privations. But their converts number millions, and no amount of persecution was able to uproot the Church in Japan, China, Tonking, Annam and Siam, or on the Cannibal Islands. The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians, now, as well as in the time of Tertullian. Even in Protestant countries like England, Sweden and Norway, there is a movement toward Rome, gathering force by days, and the Church not only made up for the losses of the sixteenth century, and the smaller losses of the centuries following, but she far exceeds her former figures. To-day we count 320,000,000 Catholics, 150,000,000 Protestants and 130,000,000 Schismatics. The latter at least in Asia and Africa are also casting looks of longing upon the centre of Catholic unity, and during the century about three millions returned to the unity of the Church, whilst others are preparing to follow their example.

Turning our eyes upon the non-Catholic denominations, an entirely different spectacle meets our gaze. The

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nineteenth century showed no signs of life, but of decay. Tired of the endless dogmatic disputes, the Protestants to a great extent threw themselves into the arms of agnosticism. Others separated from the denomination to which they belonged, founded new confessions, and every attempt at re-union only brought out more forcibly the hopeless discussion. Biblical criticism gradually led many to a repudiation of the Bible itself, the cold meetings more and more failing to satisfy feeling hearts, and apathy took the place of fanaticism. Not even the hatred against Rome, till now the rallying point of Protestantism, is able any longer to unite them. More and more the eyes of the better classes are wistfully turning to Rome, and ministers find themselves and their meeting houses abandoned.

In England the Tractarian movement brought church services nearer to that of the Catholic Church, and many of the learned and noble returned to the faith of their fathers. In Germany Frederic William III, King of Prussia by royal prerogative, welded Lutherans and Reformers into an evangelical church. The recalcitrant ministers were imprisoned and their churches closed. Many of the Lutherans emigrated to America, where the divers churches led only to infidelity and the Protestant churches in the cities were emptied. The modern Julian the Apostate, Bismarck, tried to separate the Catholic Church of Germany from the centre of unity, and for 15 years the Kulturkampf was waged by all means of injustice and brutal force. The May laws, intended for the destruction of the Catholic Church, inflicted a mortal wound on the evangelical churches. The protection of the old Catholics could not foster the abortive child into life, but the Catholics fought, united, acted under the ex-

perienced leadership of a Mallinkrodt, Windhorst, Lieber, Ballestrem, and they conquered. Bismarck went first to Canossa, and later on out of office.

America is a very good exemplar of the many sects wherein people change from one to the other, as they change their clothing. There are about 320 different denominations in the United States, and this scattering of forces has produced a lethargy more pronounced than in Europe. One result is, that at present the majority of Americans are not even baptized. Infidelity dominates.

Likewise the "Greek Orthodox Church" in Russia, Turkey and Greece shows but signs of stagnation, and the sects, separating from her in spite of governmental persecution, are getting daily more numerous, and their tenets more extravagant and even criminal.

It appears to us probable, that the twentieth century will see the end of Protestantism as a system, and the battle will be fought between the Catholic Church and infidelity. The fate of the Schismatic churches is identical with the fate of the Russian empire, and we do not know how this will turn out.

The metaphysical science (Philosophy) found during the century many exponents, but the quality did not correspond with the quantity. It was not, *Multum in parvo*, but *Parvum in multis*. Reason wished to emancipate itself from the dominion of faith, and the result was the abandonment of the old, tried and proved propositions of Aristotelian and Scholastic philosophy and a wild, untenable speculation. Pantheism, Atheism, Theism and Idealism were the ruling systems, and under the leadership of Kant, the delirious dreams of transcendental speculations ripened every-

where. Of late there are signs that even the philosophers are ashamed of their work, and are returning to common sense, so that we can hope to see a really rational philosophy in the coming century. In this case philosophy will be a valuable aid to faith.

In natural science the century was very productive, and can boast of solid progress. But also here we find much chaff amongst the wheat. Instead of being contented with examining the laws of nature, the scientists placed their investigations into the service of infidelity, and geology, chemistry, archaeology, astronomy, and kindred sciences were used as a means at their disposal, to disprove the Bible and rob the people of the treasures of faith. Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Jackel, Hartman, etc., became conspicuous by their bold attempts, to disprove the history of creation as contained in the Bible, and to declare man evolved from an ape. But the zenith of their novelties is passed, their sun is setting, and here also we witness a gradual return to sound and impartial logic.

On the other side newly invented or improved instruments and the close observation of nature led to important discoveries of natural laws, and allowed natural philosophy a phenomenal development, of which all countries and all classes profited. This work is but begun, and the new century will behold marvels. Earth is man's legitimate dominion, and he cannot call himself fully the Lord of his dominion, until he fully understands his kingdom.

In consequence of the progress in natural science an immense number of mechanical inventions was made, by which the century was far above any of the preceding ones. In the beginning of the century any kind of texture was

made by hand, and manufacturing depended on horse or water power. Travelling was slow and fatiguing, navigation uncertain and hazardous, light was furnished by wax or tallow candles. Now the nations possess steam and electric power, petroleum, gas and electric light. The hand-loom gave way to the most complicated machinery, replacing the work of thousands of hands. Travelling is common, distance is annihilated, the elements are successfully overcome, and even aerial navigation seems near its solution.

Warfare, instead of being an onslaught of brutal masses, has become a real science, carried on on scientific principles. Agricultural machines show a production far beyond the most sanguine expectation. Medicine and surgery are boasting of marvelous triumphs. Domestic comfort is tenfold to what it was one hundred years ago.

All these improvements, however, were not an unalloyed blessing to the world. It is even an open question, whether they were a blessing at all. We are in a period of transition. Machinery rendered possible the centralization of production; the middle class of mechanics could not compete with the enormous and cheap output of large factories. An appalling disproportion between the earnings of capital and that of labor shook human society to its foundations, and the social question became a puzzling one. It is not solved to-day, it will not be solved in the near future, and it is impossible to foretell the solution after the present fermentation is over and the new state of things an accomplished fact. Wealth and poverty are both gigantic forces, and the bitter contention between them is of paramount physical, moral, social and religious

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importance. Who will gain the mastery? Ultimately we believe that Poverty, that is the masses, will win, but by fire and sword.

Also in politics the century brought about enormous changes. We spoke above of the downfall of Napoleon, which changed the map of Europe. But this is not the only change. The holy Roman empire of the German nation was buried in 1806. Holland lost Belgium; Denmark, Schleswig-Holstein; France, Alsace-Lorraine; Austria, Lombardy and Venice; Spain and Portugal, most of their colonies; the Holy Father, his patrimony of St. Peter; Turkey lost Egypt, Roumania, Bulgaria and Servia; Poland and some of the minor German states were wiped out as independent states. Luxemburg became independent of Holland. France conquered Algiers and Tonkin; Russia, a great part of Asia; England took possession of every vacant spot on earth which she could reach in time. The empires of France and Brazil were changed into republics; the United States developed from small beginnings into a powerful nation.

Most of these changes were brought about by war, and the pages of history are filled with the records of blood. The peace congress at the Hague was in the eyes of the world but a farce,

and the wars now going on are but acts of highway robbery.

The most important political change was in the governments themselves. Formerly governments were autocratic and the king's interests were identical with the interests of the country, but now the industrial and commercial interests of the nation determine its politics, and dynasties have to identify themselves with these interests. The facility of transportation and postal communication brought the nations nearer to each other than they had been heretofore, but they also excited greater jealousy and fiercer competition, till at the close of the century nations appear to us like shop-keepers, trying to outrival each other, and ready to use the most reprehensible means to gain financial advantages.

It was a delirious dance around the golden calf, and it will be, it must be, the task of the twentieth century, to reduce these aspirations to a legitimate size, else mankind will soon be more wretched than it ever was within the history of the world. Signs of improvement are not wanting, but just at present the crisis of the fever has not yet passed, and hence we have to expect convulsions in the near future, which will clear the atmosphere, bridge human passions and lay a better foundation for the future. May God grant it!

A Fragment.

"This is such a lovely feast, and makes us lift up our hearts and desires to our heavenly home, where we shall rest in Mary's love."

These words from the fullness of a heart tenderly devoted to our Blessed Mother, and rejoicing in her glorious Assumption, may be applied to all our Lady's feasts, those "bright days that

strew the year like stars." I send them as winged messengers to all readers of "The Carmelite Review," to remind them on all these beautiful days to elevate their hearts above, and contemplate that far off land where, at last, we hope to rest forever in the love of God and of His Blessed Mother.

E. de M.

Soliloquies.

BY FRIAR JOHN, O. C. C.



HEY have caught me at it.

And they have given me a penance for it.

There is nothing left for me, but with the best possible grace to perform it. If I were the only one to suffer by it, it would not come so hard, but that you, my dear reader, should have it inflicted on you also, makes it all the harder.

Yes, they caught me talking to myself. Of course, it was against the Rule of silence. We are allowed to talk with each other during the hour of recreation, but, outside of that, we must keep silence. We are not allowed to talk, even with ourselves, during the hours of silence.

I did it, however, and it was heard. Now it would ill become me, to try to excuse myself. I might have pleaded forgetfulness, or advancing old age, or many another quaint reason, but, as behooves a good monk, I acknowledged myself guilty, and humbly begged for a penance.

And they spared me not, nor the readers of this "Review" either, for that matter. For this was the penance imposed upon me.

"Henceforth," it was said to me "Brother John, you shall not be disturbed in your soliloquizing, only, instead of doing it with your tongue, you shall do it with the pen. In other words, instead of talking to yourself out

loud, you shall write down your talks and give them to the "Carmelite Review."

Thus it happens that the readers of this dear little monthly of ours, will have to help me perform my penance. Aye, I dare say they will have the bigger share of it.

For, somehow, it is not the same thing to talk to one's self, when nobody is listening, and to talk to one's self, (to soliloquize, as Father Prior puts it,) knowing that many thousands are hearing all you say. No, it's not the same. I cannot help knowing, that you are listening; and as I have always been a plain, simple friar, I am not going to play at any make-believe game with you, but will talk to you half the time, at least; I should say all the time, were I not afraid, that some time or other I may again forget, and talk to the best listener I ever had, and that's Friar John.

So here I am, Friar John, this blessed New Year's morn, to make my bow to all the readers of the "Review" and to ask them to help me perform my penance. Fortunately, they are not bound by monastic rules, nor can they be unwillingly drawn into my penance. Therefore they are at full liberty to skip these soliloquies, (as the Editor insists upon calling them) and let Friar John alone listen to himself, as he did before.

But you cannot hinder him from doing his duty.

To begin, I wish you a most happy and blessed New Year. It is the last year of this century, and a Holy Year, the year of a great Jubilee. So I cannot afford to wish you anything so un-

holy, as wealth and worldly happiness, although you may have thought of that, when I wished you a happy New Year. That is what people in the world usually mean, when they wish each other happiness. They wish you good health, lots of money, any amount of pleasure and a long life to enjoy it.

Undoubtedly, these things may be blessings, but I hope you are not of the kind that consider these things essential to their happiness. Do you know what St. Francis of Sales says? He says: "Our Lord sends his biggest crosses to His best friends."

You will not object, therefore, if I wish you some such proof of Our Lord's friendship. Could I wish you anything better, than the eight great blessings, called the Beatitudes, with which Our dear Lord opened His sermon on the Mount. I hope you remember them. If you don't, hunt up your catechism and look them over. They begin with the blessing of poverty, and end with the blessing of persecution.

To many and many a Catholic, whose heart is being led astray by our American greed for riches, I could wish nothing better, than that he should be forced to be poor. True, our Lord says: "poor in spirit," but most of us cannot reach that spiritual poverty, until our pocket books are empty.

It would be a blessing to many a one if he had a little spell of sickness, instead of such a sound and robust constitution.

How many a vain and foolish person might be cured by a little humiliation?

Yes, I wish disappointments to all those, who look to the world for honors, to riches for contentment, and to pleasure for happiness. I wish we would

all suffer the same heartache as the great Apostle who desired to be dissolved and to be with Christ. How happy we would be, if we all suffered from the same kind of home-sickness for heaven.

I hope our readers are all good pious Christians. But should there be any others, I wish them all kinds of aches. To those, who are inclined to be proud or vain, I wish a violent headache, whenever they yield to such thoughts; to those who are given to avarice, I wish they would lose all their money; to those who are intemperate, I wish such colics and stomach troubles, that they cannot find any comfort in their excesses. A good twinge of the gout might be a blessing in some cases. I wish a swollen tongue to those who curse, blaspheme, and speak immodest or uncharitable language.

I wish that all those, whose feet walk in the paths of sin and vice, may become lame, and that all those who feast their eyes on wickedness, may become blind; that all those whose ears are open to slander, and calumny, may become deaf, and those, whose hands are stretched out in dishonesty, may become paralysed. May their feet be strong only in the paths of virtue, their eyes only open to goodness, their ears open only to charity, and their hands powerful only in good deeds.

But these blessings are, alas, unwelcome to so many poor Christians, that I greatly fear, they will even misunderstand my kindness in wishing them as New Year's gifts.

The world hesitates at nothing, not even the most crying injustice to fellow-men, to bring about what it calls prosperity. We call a man blessed when he has great wealth. We say that such a one is "well off," is prosperous. We look up to men who are

"successful," not in gaining virtue, but in gaining worldly positions. We call a man "great" when he succeeds in mowing down vast bodies of men with machine guns. We erect triumphal arches to men who have sunk the enemy's ships with their cargoes of living human beings. We speak of progress and civilization, when we banish poor friars from our colonies.

No wonder I got to talking to myself once in a while. Let us hope that this new year, this holy year, will elevate men's minds and hearts to that which is above.

Our true dignity and nobility consists in being children of God. As long as we love and cling to "Our Father" who is in heaven, all will be well with us. Every good gift will not be too good for us, since He has given us His only begotten Son, Whose holy Infancy is the object of our special devotion during the opening month of the year.

Especially do I wish all the readers of this "Review" an ever-increasing love for our Dear Lady, the Flower of Carmel. May this little monthly magazine, published in her honor, find more and more readers every day until our whole country, dedicated as it is to the Immaculate Queen, may wear her livery and acknowledge her gracious motherhood.

Are you one of those who make New Year's resolutions? People are inclined to laugh at such resolutions, and compare them to pie-crusts, which are made only to be broken. I don't see anything to laugh at as far as making such resolutions is concerned. Those who feel that they ought to change in conduct, or improve in character, are obliged to make some such resolution, or act against their conscience. The mistake usually made is not that they make such resolutions on New Year's

Day, but that they don't make them any other day, and in fact, every day, until they become habits. Why is New Year's Day a better day than any other? Because there is more strength or power in that particular day? No; but because being a beginning in a new count of days, it offers a great help to a thoughtless brain to make a beginning, and to remember it. The resolution made on New Year's Day is only a beginning, and must be renewed every day, just as the New Year counts day after day before it becomes a full year.

If your resolution begins on New Year's Day and ends on the same day, it is just as ridiculous as if the new year began and ended on the same day. A day's resolution needs not be carried beyond a day, but a year's resolution should be carried through the year.

The year is composed of days. Every day is a new day, and the full number of them makes the year. Make your resolution on New Year's Day; make it anew every new day, and at the end of the year you will have the satisfaction of knowing it was kept. Our whole life is a series of beginnings, and death, instead of being the end, is only the beginning of our final state. If every former beginning was good, the last one will surely be good. Therefore begin not only on New Year's Day, but every day of your life, and you will be a saint. The saints never grew tired of beginning, and therefore succeeded.

Begin, therefore, in God's name, but keep on beginning day after day, until you need no longer count, for the "eternal years" are not counted.

Although there is no other difference between this last year of the century and any other year, excepting in differ-

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ence in count, yet we cannot reason ourselves out of a certain feeling of finality about it. Strange as it may seem, there is a certain individual character stamped on each century which makes it different from all the others.

One of the great features which will render the nineteenth century unique, is the wonderful growth of the American Republic. It had just begun to take its place among the nations at the opening of the century, and now it acknowledges no superior in the family of nations.

What will the twentieth century bring? Will the Stars and Stripes still float at the end of the next century? How many will dwell under its protection?

One thing is certain. The Church of God is the only kingdom which outlives all the centuries, and if this old earth holds out till then, the bark of Peter will be still afloat at the end of the twentieth century, no matter how many empires may be wrecked meanwhile.

The Church's Gain in the Past Century.

In England and Scotland, which at the beginning of the century contained but 12,000 Catholics, there are now two millions, under the charge of three Archbishops, eighteen Bishops, and 2,785 priests, according to recent statistics given in the London TABLET. In the course of the century, the number of Catholics has risen, in Germany, from six to thirteen millions; in Switzerland, from 542,000 to 1,170,000; Scandinavia, from 2,000 to 8,000; in the Balkan Peninsula, from 27,000 to 640,000; in Persia, from 300 to 10,000; in North Africa, from 15,000 to 500,000. In Russia, the Ruthenian Church, which existed at the beginning of the century, has given place to ten millions of Latin Catholics.

In the Far East the record of progress is the same, the increase being from one to six millions of Catholics. In Central, Eastern, Western and Southern Africa, where in the middle of the century there were no Catholics, there are now nearly two millions, grouped in thirty missions, under the charge of 250 missionaries. In the Spanish, Dutch and English colonies of Oceania, where there were no Catholics at the beginning of the century, there are now a million and a half. In Canada their numbers have risen from 187,000 to over 2,000,000; and in the United States of America from 36,000 to 10,000,000.

I Am Mary's Evermore.*

My Scapular
 More precious far
 Than earthly robes most bright,
 I love to wear
 The fiends to scare
 Who tremble at its sight.
 What queen can dare
 Her robes compare
 With Mary's livery?
 She gives to bear
 To those who care
 Her children fond to be.
 I kiss it oft,
 With heart aloft,
 To where my Queen's above;
 And think I hear
 Her sweetly cheer
 Me on with pledge of love.
 She says to you:—
 Now bid adieu
 To all that looks most fair;
 For soon shall be
 The day for thee,
 With me true joys to share.
 In death I'll stand
 With angel band,
 To soothe thy fevered brow;
 Then fix thy throne
 Close to my own
 For love you bear me now.
 Ah! what joy will
 My poor heart fill
 At home beyond the skies!
 When on me beams
 The love that gleams
 From my sweet Mother's eyes.
 Ave Maria!

* From "The Christian Panoply" of Rev. J. J. Huggard

A Wishful Soul.



WE were all gathered together at Mrs. Asquith's cottage, gazing out upon the sea, which shone in bewildering blueness, only softened, here and there, by a floating sheen of silver. It was calm as the restless ocean ever can be, its surface ripples quivering slightly, its deeps unstirred save by the tidal swell. The silence had been slowly creeping into our hearts.

Yet one soul amongst us was restless; for Helen Asquith was one of our group, and the slow turn of her graceful head was like a strain of music, as she softly murmured, "I do wish, mamma!" Then she stopped. Mrs. Asquith answered in her usual soft way, yet with a glance of apprehension at her brilliant daughter, "Do not put on your wishing-cap to-day, Helen dear! It is all so tranquil, everywhere. See that beautiful gleam of emerald in the shallower water, near the rocks! It is the perfection of color! It leaves nothing to be wished."

"Be ye therefore, perfect!" whispered Miss Dormer, softly. "What a demand upon us, out of the heart of high Heaven! It is our Lord's own word. Nature echoes it gloriously, oftentimes.

The Professor, who was also of our party, started from his meditation. He had caught hold of our topic. "Wishing?" said he. "A wishing-cap? Why, we all wear one. It is an essential attribute of our nature as mortals to strive after after ideals, to

yearn for higher attainments, in saintliness as well as wisdom, to wish for freer conditions of development. Every great achievement of the human race began with desire—the wish being father to the thought." The Atlantic telegraph, our great ocean cable, was in its germ a wish, a longing, an ideal dream; from that germ sprang its glorious accomplishment."

"It is only idle wishing that is dangerous," admitted Mrs. Asquith, "the kind that springs from discontent. We have so much uneasiness in this country. The Old World is calm, compared with it. We do not rest in the Divine will, but make life a constant struggle. 'I asked where Contentment's house was found, And no one knew, the country round.'"

"I am quoting from a German poet, you know!" laughed Miss Dormer.

"There is a divine discontent," asserted the Professor, gravely. "It is the desire to scale heights of spiritual beauty. It leads lofty souls to realms of purity through deeds of self-sacrifice."

Helen's eyes shone like stars. "Then, wishing is not wrong? I am so glad to hear you say so!" Her voice was full of delight.

"It is the wishing that leads to nothing, which is dubious, my daughter; the kind that does not issue in action, that makes life a waste of barren longings. A crop of such wishes is like one of flowerless and seedless plants."

"Are we sure of that, even? A crop of mushrooms has high value, in all markets," rejoined the Professor, his eyes still fixed on the young girl. "Why, Mrs. Asquith, it is often impossible to translate desire into action.

Our very highest longings are of this type, too—are they not? Moses desired to see the very glory of God; but on this earth, his wish might not be granted. Yet was it not part of the great Law-giver's spiritual greatness? Was it any wonder that his face shone, when he came down from the Mount, with a reflected gleam of that intensely longed-for vision? Our wishes may not be useless; but, at last, find fruition. They may, indeed, for a part, and no slight part, of the white splendors beyond the veil, the dazzling wonders of Eternity."

"Some beautiful writer declares that "Heaven is a place for those who have failed on earth," rejoined Miss Dormer. "The thought is one of great comfort to me. Perhaps all our aspirations that have failed of earthly realization because they were not of earth, will re-appear in Heaven's divine fulfilments."

"I know what you wished, dear Helen. I can guess! It had to do with music, I am sure. And your eyes were piercing the dimness, far out to!"

"Yes, Miss Dormer. I was wishing for a musical education abroad, in Germany or Italy, perhaps!"

Her friend sighed, thinking of the splendid Cathedral schools of Italy, where the world's greatest vocalists once found instruction; then, of the refined, and, as it were instructive soul-music of the German composers.

Helen Asquith had a magnificent voice, as they all knew; it might carry her to the heights of fame, with proper and long-continued training. Yet how was this to be compassed? Looking into that impassioned face, under its spell of beauty, she could but echo the girl's wish.

Mrs. Asquith was the first to break

the long silence which had fallen on them all.

"I wonder why we are so eager for the far-away," she said, as if her own thoughts had drifted off and she were trying to recall them. "We come in sight of the ocean and find ourselves caught in the extreme fascination of its mystery. For we never look inland; our souls gaze off-shore! It must be the attraction of infinity."

"That is true, as a matter of fact," replied the Professor, "however, you account for it. Yet we do well, also, to measure the contrary attraction—the centripetal, as it were—which shows us the Divine mirrored in the nearer things, as in a modern telescope we observe not directly, but by means of a reflector.

"That is best, which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of Art?"

"Longfellow felt this to be a truth as profound as its opposite. The infinite Divine is made up of heights and deeps; it pervades both the infinitely great and the infinitesimally small. The Lord's wonders, equally bewildering, equally admirable; in the tiny things as in the most magnificent, besiege the human soul on all sides, demanding,—yes, forcing—recognition. The cry of the cicada has thousands of vibrations unheard by human ear, as the scientists have recently discovered; so fine, so elfin-shrill, so delicate that they pass our knowledge! Behold the wonders of the microscope! And, in larger things, the prismatic globe of the dew-drop with its flashing, miniature sun, and the bewildering structure of the snow-flake."

"I beg pardon, Professor, for interrupting! I do indeed!" cried Helen, with sudden eagerness. "But did you see that marvellous poem, 'To a Snow-Flake,' by a Catholic poet

in London ; Lionel Johnson ?

'What heart could have thought
you?—

Past our devisal,
O filigree petal !
Fashioned so purely
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost ?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour ?'

'God was my shaper.
Passing surmised
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour
To lust of His mind :—
Thou could'st not have thought me !
So purely, so palely,
Mightily, frailly,
Ensculpted and embossed,
With His hammer of wind
And His graver of frost.' "

"Thank you, thank you, Miss Helen, for giving us that ! How beautifully the measure, with its short lines, carefully chiselled, suits the dainty theme !"

"Why should not our wishes turn towards the nearer things ? I mean, towards a better comprehension and deeper love of them. Would it not make us happier ?" queried Mrs. Asquith. "I think our poets are doing us good service, when they tell us the beauty and show us the significance of common things, the delicate touches of Heaven upon our every-day lives. Our artists, also, find success in these lines ! Witness Millet's 'Sower' and the 'Angelus !"

"The landscape artists, too, should not be forgotten ; they give us such tender touches of nature. Moreover, the glories of sky and sea, the exquisite flush of dawn, the wild rose in its slow unfolding, the white calm of the snow-fields, the solemnities of night, her blue-black sky, ablaze with countless constellations,—all these speak to

the poor and ignorant, to the invalid, and even to the child. They have a universal language, so the whole world understands,—and, in some blind way, makes answer. It is, to them, like the Lord's voice speaking to them, in their lowliness, with exceeding comfort and sympathy. Its nearness seems very precious. 'Behold, it is nigh, even at thy doors !' is the cry of Holy Writ."

"We always think of these things at Christmas, do we not, Professor ? We turn from contemplation of far-away splendors, of arch-angels and the might that girdles the burning throne, to behold the feeblest and sweetest thing in the whole universe, to touch in spirit the infant Hand, soft as rose leaves, which holds the awful power of Redemption."

Then, turning to the table, Miss Dormer came back with a small magazine, in a blue cover, which she handed to Helen. It was called "The Madonna." "Did you notice a pretty sketch, called 'A Gracious Girlhood,' in that little journal ?" she inquired of Mrs. Asquith, who said she had overlooked it. "It was of much interest," continued Miss Dormer. "The beautiful child of the history was Anna Katherine Emmerich. It is 'the humble' story of a little maiden with starry eyes and candid brow, who stands beneath the great oak trees caressing the birds, whom, like a miniature St. Francis, she is bidding to praise and love God. This little maiden was born and baptized on the 8th of September, 1774, and lived in Westphalia, the dear old Munsterland. And one is glad to linger awhile with this biographer, the Baroness Pauline Von Hugel, amid the 'sweet fragrance of those simple, early days of a great lover of Christ cruci-

fied." After some account of her patient, God-fearing father, his extreme poverty, his industry and cheerfulness, Anna, herself, relates the following. 'Summer and winter I had to rise at day-break and help my father in the fields. Then, when the sun rose, as I walked by his side, he would take off his hat and pray, and talk to me of God, Who made His glorious sun to shine upon us. As we thus walked, side by side, in the early dawn, he would also say, 'See, no one has as yet touched the dew, it is all untrod- den; now, as we are the first comers, if you pray very devoutly, we shall be blessing the earth. It is a blessed thing to walk through the virgin dew. God's blessing is still fresh upon the land, no sin has yet been committed in the fields, no evil word has been spoken. If we had come only when all the dew had been trodden away, everything would have seemed defiled and spoiled.' 'My first lesson in Christian Doctrine,' she continued, 'was my mother's constant ejaculation, 'Lord, give me but patience, and then strike hard!' This I have never forgotten. If I played with others my mother would say, 'when children play nicely and kindly together, and take care never to be rude, then the holy angels or the Christ-Child will be among them as they play.' I believed this most firmly, and often looked up to the sky with a *great longing* for their coming, and wondered how soon they would come. Sometimes I thought they really were present amongst us!"

Here Miss Dormer paused. "Go on, please!" begged the Professor. "This is all beautiful. Tell us some more!"

"And so it came to pass," adds the Baroness, "that to the child so holy, so pure in heart, all nature seemed

subject. The birds would fly to her to be caressed, and she would sing God's praises with them, and if she found a nest she would whisper sweet words to the little nestlings. She owns that every leaf and every flower was an open book in which she could read of the wisdom and goodness of God. "In every variety of color and form I could feel its significance and its beauty. God made me in sympathy with everything in the world down to each little plant and animal. No sooner did I come into the open air than I could recreate myself with all His works so gladly and so sweetly."

"Thank you!" said Mrs. Asquith, as Miss Dormer stopped. "That was, indeed, the training for future saint-hood. When the child's wishes turn to the angels, its after-life will be in harmony with this first strain of music."

"How different, though, from our worldly ambitions in these days!" sighed Miss Dormer. "But it is perfectly in line with what you were saying, Professor, about Nature, and her sweet ministries to the poor and lowly. There are those, too, among the rich, who can claim the Lord's blessing on 'the poor in spirit.' With Helen, here, too, it is but a question of how her music is keyed."

The girl stood thoughtful for a few moments, then lifted her beautiful head and said quietly, "The earth-music ought to be in harmony with the heaven-music."

"But is it, Helen? You know something, already, of life and thought in our musical circles. How much of it is keyed to the songs of the birds? Or the songs of the angels? How will your wished-for training eventuate? Can you even guess?"

"The great music, — that of the

Church and her great composers,—expresses in its own way the perfections of God, and the deep harmonies of the universe," observed the Professor, as Helen's reply seemed slow in coming. "The musician who renders it in any adequate way, must catch its spirit. It will sing its way into his soul. If unhampered by petty jealousies and cheap ambitions, his career should be of the noblest. For he has power to calm discord and uplift the human spirit. He can voice its cry to the Eternal. He stands on the heights of earth—far above its morasses—and sings to the stars. Other mortals may well class him with the seer and the prophet, for he touches the golden cords that link earth to the Beatific Vision."

The conversation closed and one by one the others left her; but Miss Dormer lingered, still gazing at the evening light which shone on the waters. Her heart yearned for Helen. Then, in the calm, the yearning fell into submissive prayer. "Grant Thou the wish of her heart, O Lord of Mercy! either here below, if such be Thy will, or amid celestial choirs in Thine Everlasting Kingdom."

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Bethlehem's Little Quiet Time.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The angels soar to heights sublime; the shepherds seek their humble home.
It is the little quiet time, before the Kings shall come.

The little quiet time, and blest, when Joseph bows in worship mild,
While, with the milk of her pure breast, sweet Mary feeds her Child.

Like rev'rent shadows, let us creep across the lintel of the Grot,
Where rosy splendors seem to leap about the holy spot.

Let's nestle at our Mother's feet, and lay our heads against her knee,
And feast upon that vision sweet, of strange Maternity!

Adoring, feast upon that Face, of which Her face is mirror clear.
How close she holds Him in embrace,—Her Babe, divinely dear!

"O Infant Hands!" (she seems to say) "like lily-leaves of velvet bloom,
Must ye be wounded sore, one day, and pierced with nails of doom?"

"O Baby Feet!" (she seems to moan) "pink-tinted as the sun-kissed snow,
Shall ye be mangled, bleeding, shown, on Calv'ry's mount of woe?"

"O Infant Brow! O Baby Side! I see the thorn-crown and the spear!
The Blood flows down, a crimson tide,—Heart's wound is deep and drear!

"Dear snow-white Lamb!" (she murmureth) "Thy fleece shall be as roses red;
The wolves shall hunt Thee to Thy death—I mourn Thee, slaughtered, dead!"

* * * * *

Thus, in the little quiet time, the Maid bemoans her Child;
Dear victim of our sin and crime, pardon us, Undeiled!

Philadelphia.

The Espousals of the Blessed Virgin.

BY V. REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O. C. C.



THE Blessed Virgin being predestined to become the Mother of God, all the qualities of soul and body, that were necessary to fit her for that exalted position, were bestowed upon her. For this reason she enjoyed a privilege that no human being ever enjoyed but herself, that is Her Immaculate Conception. She alone was conceived Immaculate, which made the poet sing that she is the solitary boast of our race. The Immaculate Conception not only preserved her from sin, but also bestowed upon her immunity, from temptation, so that the slightest sin never touched her, nor did the slightest temptation ever breathe on the pure mirror of her soul. It was for this being that a husband was to be chosen. She was unique, on earth hidden from the world, but her light dazzled the heavenly court. The perfection and the beauty of her virtues, shortened the time for a sinful world writhing beneath the weight of its iniquity, and brought down the Messiah to become Incarnate in her womb.

As such is the case, let us then consider what sort of person must God have chosen to be the spouse of her, who is styled by spiritual writers, the white lily of the Trinity, the red vermilion rose that blooms in Heaven? To be the protector and companion of her who was chosen to the highest destiny that a creature could be chosen, even by an Omnipotent God, demanded one of the

most exalted virtue, and such a Saint Joseph was. Furthermore, the theologians unanimously hold, that when God destines one for an exalted position He gives all the gifts and graces necessary for its fulfilment. Then at least we can form some conception of what sort of being the Blessed Virgin must have been as she had been predestined to be the Mother of God. As such is an undeniable fact, to fully understand the prerogatives, it presupposes, that in her glory, the exalted sanctity, and the other virtues, that adorn her, is beyond comprehension. And we may add to this, that to fully conceive the transcendent beauty of her virtues, though finite, the last effort of the human mind is at fault. If such be the fair spouse to whom Saint Joseph was destined to be united, it is possible for us at least to form some conception of his great sanctity.

When God made Moses the leader of His people that he might deliver them from the slavery of Egypt, He gave him all the power necessary, to fulfil such a mighty work. As he stretched forth his hand towards heaven, darkness fell upon the land of Egypt so thick that it was felt. Again as he stretched forth his hand over the sea it was parted and afforded, to the children of Israel, a dry passage, as he struck the rock a fountain of crystal water flowed to quench the thirst of his people. We read in Holy Writ, that Jeremiah, the prophet of God, was sanctified before his birth, as he was destined to foretell the coming of Christ, and as

Isaias was destined for a like mission, his lips were purified by a burning coal taken by the hand of an angel, from the altar of incense. Saint John, the Baptist, was sanctified before his birth through the visit of Jesus and Mary, because he was to be the precursor of our Divine Lord. Looking back at these events as we find them recorded, in Holy Writ, the question comes, can there be any position as exalted as that for which Joseph was destined? Leaving this unanswered for the moment, and to be accurate, we must confess, that whoever held the highest position on earth, we know not who is the next in sanctity and glory to the Blessed Virgin in heaven, as the Church has decided nothing on this matter. But however, that may be, there is no doubt the Son of God is of the same Divine essence and is equal to the Father, and as man he sits at the right hand of God his Eternal Father, and it is also certain that the Blessed Virgin sits at the right hand of her Divine Son. From this order, at least according to our way of thinking, it would appear that Saint Joseph's place would be next to the Blessed Virgin. Because Jesus, Mary and Joseph, united on earth, constituted the Holy Family, they no doubt all fulfilled the will of the Eternal Father, and as they were united on earth it would appear as though they are not now separated in heaven. Now in answer to the question, can there be any position as exalted as that for which Joseph was destined? The Blessed Virgin being always excepted, the theologians look on the position of Saint Joseph, here on earth, as the most exalted to which man could be elevated. A great spiritual writer calls him the shadow of the Eternal Father, from the fact, that he had the brightest treasures of heaven

under his care. When we consider the matter carefully, and when we look with the eyes of faith on the Divine Child, and when we behold His Virgin Mother—the brightest pearl of heaven, before whose purity the brilliancy of the angelic hosts fades; we are not at all surprised, that the common opinion of theologians is that Saint Joseph was sanctified before his birth. But Saint Joseph was a hidden Saint, the world knew him only as a poor artisan, but the veil was drawn aside, for the Evangelist, looking into the abyss of holiness, in the depths of his soul pronounced him a just man. Saint Jerome in commenting on these words, says that they meant much more than what at first sight they seemed to convey, that their meaning was that Joseph possessed every virtue and that in the highest degree.

This was the man that God chose to be the spouse of the Blessed Virgin. The priests of the temple in whose charge she was, were inspired by God, to provide a husband for her. But as she was an heiress, he should be one of her own family, so Saint Joseph one of her own tribe and a near relative, was by God's divine providence chosen to be her spouse. She was not alarmed, for her virginity, in contracting marriage with Joseph, as she knew by divine revelation that she had nothing to fear, having made a vow of virginity herself, a part of the revelation was that he had made one also, and that he knew of her engagements. With this fore-knowledge, they met, and having a mutual understanding, or we may call it a compact, to preserve their virginity during life, they were espoused. But this was not a mere espousal, it was a real marriage, they were both united in heart and sentiment, for the bond of marriage was made more solid by the chaste love of these angelic

souls, because the union of the soul's affection is the strongest of all ties.

But why did God require that the Blessed Virgin should be married? The Fathers of the church and the theologians give many reasons. One of the many is, that the prophets foretold that the Messiah, would descend from the house of David, and to prove this, it was necessary that the Blessed Virgin should be married to a man of her own tribe. For as Saint Jerome remarks, it was not customary among the Jews to trace the genealogy of women, but it was a strict law, that a man should take a wife of his own tribe, so the genealogy of the husband proved the descent of the wife. The evangelists did not, as was the custom, give directly the genealogy of the Blessed Virgin, but that of Saint Joseph. They show that he descended from the royal house of David, and by doing so, proved that the Blessed Virgin was descended from the same house, and that the prophesies regarding the Messiah were fulfilled.

There is another reason on the part of Our Divine Lord. The mystery of the Incarnation and the virginity of His Blessed Mother, not being understood, by the Jews, they would look upon Him as an illegitimate child and would be very much scandalized. He was humble—the humblest of all men, when yet an infant. He was brought by His Mother to the temple and underwent the ceremony of circumcision. There was no necessity for complying with this law on His part as it was a law made for sinful man, but He was the immaculate God, and did it to humble Himself and give an example to us. His Blessed Mother next to Him in the great virtue of humility, underwent the ceremony of purification, a law to which she was by no means bound, for

although she was a mother, she was still a virgin and the law was not made for her, but she also would give us an example. But no humility would justify her to appear before the world as an adulteress, and to allow her son to be looked upon as an illegitimate child. There was still a more cogent reason, as there was a law among the Jews condemning an adulteress to be stoned to death. Had the Blessed Virgin not married, she would have been stoned to death after the birth of Our Divine Lord, as an adulteress, the Jews being ignorant of the great mystery that was wrought in her. It was thus the marriage saved her from all these inconveniences, for the Evangelist says Our Lord to the age of almost thirty years was thought to be the son of Joseph.

Another reason given by the Fathers, is that Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin would have a protector in Saint Joseph. This was manifestly shown, when she went to Bethlehem, where God in His divine providence decreed that the Saviour of the world should be born, as foretold by the prophets. She travelled from house to house, seeking shelter and that shelter was rudely denied her, repulsed from the inn, because there was no room, but the real reason, because she was poor, she is left abroad on the face of a cold and unsympathizing world. Young and tender, in such a critical moment, weary and tired, probably hungry, driven from the habitation of man, standing in a cold and desolate world without a roof to shelter her, the night approaching and throwing its dark shadows around her, surely amid these bitter circumstances, she stood in the deepest need of Saint Joseph's sympathy and protection. It was also a bitter hour for Saint Joseph, and how his tender heart felt. We may how it was

wrung with bitterness, because of the sufferings of his delicate spouse, and Providence decreed it so, that he had not the means to alleviate her distress. Nevertheless, she felt his protection; and his presence, was not only a consolation, but a guarantee of safety, when he took her to the stable—the habitation of beasts, as the habitation of man was denied her. Here let us bow before the depths of this great mystery, the Creator of the world, denied a home by His own creatures, His Blessed Mother and Saint Joseph—the wonders of creation, and whom creation will wonder at forever,—forced to take him to the habitation of beasts. That indeed was a bitter night, if we look on the distressing circumstances, that attended Mary and Joseph, still it was the most propitious night recorded in the annals of time. There, that night in the stable, when they beheld for the first time the Saviour of the world, a joy filled their hearts, compared with which, the joys of earth fade, as the glimmering star hides its head before the sun in his noon-day splendor.

Afterwards on another trying occasion the necessity of S^{nt} Joseph's protection was felt, and God so recognized it, that it was to him he sent the angelic messenger, bidding him to fly into Egypt with the child and His Mother when the cruelty of Herod sought his life. How bitter was the long and weary journey, accompanied as it always is, with all the inconveniences and suffering, that attend extreme poverty! The stay in Egypt required Joseph's labor and protection for the maintenance of the Holy Family; in the performance of this great work done for Jesus and Mary, who can recount all the hardships and difficulties he had to contend with; in a

strange land where he was unknown and even suspected.

However, Our Divine Lord repaid that pagan land for its hospitality, such as it was; after His departure, a saving virtue remained behind, as a vessel for a long time, containing attar of roses, retains for years the delicious odor after its precious contents had been removed. Egypt was a land sunk in the depths of the grossest idolatry, nothing could be more degrading than to see man made to the image of God bowing before serpents, and even before lifeless things, forgetting his own dignity. But the presence of Our Divine Lord was felt, from the first moment He entered that unhappy abode of paganism, though the Egyptians knew not who He was, for where ever He went the oracles were silent, and the idols were broken in their fanes. The land that gave Him shelter; from the tyranny of a wicked King that sought his life, He adorned with the greatest doctors of the church. It became the home of the Augustines, the Athanasius; the Cyrils and the Cyprians. The African church sent forth her light and subordinating it to the infallible light of Rome, contributed to enlighten the world, to destroy heresies, and to recall the wayward children, who wandered away from the Church back to the bosom of their Mother. Nor was this all. We owe to the same cause, the monastic life that peopled the deserts of the Thebiad and Nitria, and we are at a loss which to admire more, the heroic austerities frightful to human nature, or the simple childlike sanctity that distinguished the lives of these holy men. The annals of their lives are, even to this day, a light and a revelation to Christian people. What Catholic ever reads the lives of the

Fathers of the desert and did not feel his heart go out, and his imagination wander back to the hallowed spot, where Paul the simple and his brethren dwelt! Did he not feel his soul dwelling in raptures, when reading the simple language of Paul to the demon, who had possession of the poor sinner, who, great sinner as he had been, was not excluded from the charity of the simple monk! Paul addressed the wicked one in these simple words. "If you do not go out from there I will tell Jesus Christ," and the foul enemy could not withstand the simplicity, the sanctity, and the humility of the lowly monk.

There is another reason the Fathers of the Church give for the necessity of the Blessed Virgin's marriage. It was necessary from the beginning of the world, at times, to conceal from the arch-enemy of mankind, the secret of the Divine Counsels. Not that God could not act openly, and by His Divine power impede the enemy so that he could neither persecute nor annoy Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, had it pleased Him to do so. But He is not only all powerful, but He is all wise, and when ever He acts, He shows his wisdom as well as His power. Thus in all His works there is ever preserved, a certain congruity even of time and manner, that the beauty of order may exist, which is always manifested in whatever He does. Thus in His most magnificent work—our redemption, He wished to show not only His power, but also his wisdom and prudence, and in so doing, He sweetly disposed all things celestial and terrestrial, and ejected from them all strife, for He was the God of peace, and the whole world enjoyed tranquillity His coming. It was thus the foul fiend, by the power of God was kept in

doubt, with regard to the Divinity of Our Divine Lord because he did not understand the great mystery of Our Lord being born of a married woman yet a virgin, and we may say here parenthetically, that some of the children here on earth, are to this day, like their fathers lacking in like knowledge. Our Blessed Lady is a model for women in all stations of life, for all who lead a life of holy virginity in the cloister or in the world. She is the ideal woman—the fairest type of virginal purity, the lily among thorns. Although Our Blessed Lady is a type the highest to which a creature could attain, and although no one ever reached or ever will reach to her sublime sanctity, still she gave an example that has drawn multitudes of virgins after her through the ages of the Church; but this is not all, she protects them from danger and temptation, when they have recourse to her powerful intercession. She herself was conceived without sin, the slightest temptation never assailed her, because there was no inclination to evil in her soul, still there was no one in this life, who so assiduously fled from the occasion of of sin. This was a particular feature of her character that should be studied and imitated by all virgins, whether bound by vows in the cloister, or whether living amid the turmoils of the world. And the next thing necessary is to have recourse to her in all their trials and necessities.

She was a wife and a mother. We need not speak here of her constant and sublime contemplation. But even leading such an exalted supernatural life, she never forgot or put aside her household duties, but performed them in the most perfect manner. If married woman cannot reach her ecstatic union

with God, they can, through the grace of the Sacraments, imitate her in her diligence and care in performing their household duties, and in the consideration and love they owe to their husbands. In their moral influence on the household, they should especially imitate her. Though Saint Joseph was a saint of the most exalted virtues, a man after God's own heart, a man trusted with God's greatest treasures, still his union and association with the Blessed Virgin exalted him still higher in the realms of transcendent sanctity, strengthened and increased his virtues, especially the virtue of holy chastity, for in beholding her, the love of the angelic virtue was increased in his soul.

Our Blessed Lady was a widow, and in her great charity, could feel for the woman whether poor or rich, bereft of her protector. It is the poor widow especially that feels the loss of her husband. She feels the rude severing of the bond that bound them for life. It is not only the loss of him, who supported the family, but the bond of a consecrated love was broken by the rude destroyer, for, if possible, the poor love with a more disinterested love than the rich. This is the sharp visitation of God's Divine Providence. It appears severe to us, but it works for the better in the end. It chastens the soul and draws it nearer to God, it weakens the ties of earth, and gives a deeper and clearer insight into the glories of a future life. In the depth of the poor widow's faith, in the bitterness of her poverty, in the calm resignation of her soul, she leads her orphan child to the house of God, to seek consolation from Him, who never closes His ears to the cry of the widow or the orphan. But she is a fair treasure on earth, in

the sight of Him, who refines the purest gold in the crucible of tribulation; for the tears that fall from the upturned eyes and washes the pavement, go up as a sacrifice of resignation and praise. laden with the burden of sweetness more dear to the heart of God, than the song of the angelic hosts that surround His throne.

Finally the home at Nazareth was a perfect model for the home of the Christian family. The Father, the Mother and the Child, constituted the Holy family. However, we have drawn out this article too long to enlarge on this phase of the subject, which we intend to revert to at some future period. But we cannot close without a few words, on the Divine Child, Our Blessed Lady, and Saint Joseph. The faith, the knowledge, and the love of the two latter being so strong, and having the Divine Child present, what reverential awe must have ever filled their hearts! What depths of humility must have taken possession of their souls! How they must have annihilated themselves in the Divine presence! The peculiar graces that each of them received from God, to fit the one to be the Mother of the Divine Child, and the other to be the foster-father, and the graces of the espousals that united their hearts, contributed to make Nazareth the true model of the Christian family.

O where was joy or pleasure
 Except with Him their love?
 And toiling never tir'ing
 With dreams of bliss to be
 They glory thus in living
 A life of mystery.

Mary Allegra Gallagher.

Monthly Patrons.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

"The love of the Saints is an entire world of serene brightness, of an assured refuge, of innappreciable consolations, of marvellous helps, of a ravishing poetry, of holy and exquisite joys, and of heavenly presentiments."

These beautiful words have suggested to us the idea of offering to readers of "The Carmelite Review" each month of this "Holy Year," one of the many Saints commemorated as time goes on, by the Church of God. One, generally speaking, not so well known, though environed with the aureole of sanctity, and, in a special way, devoted to our ever Blessed Mother. Perhaps, with God's blessing, the short memoirs may awaken desires of studying more deeply these beautiful lives, of imitating these examples and gaining all the spiritual advantages enumerated by the learned prelate whose great work we have quoted.

The "Imitation of Christ" also encourages us to make friends with the saints, so that after death they may receive us into everlasting tabernacles.

Lovers of Mary, St. Cyril of Alexandria.

January 28th.

We have gone over to Bethlehem, and adored the Divine Infant in union with Mary and Joseph, the Angels, the Shepherds and Sages, and the echoes of celestial music are still ringing in our souls. In this first month of the new year and century, let us dwell a little on the example, and ask the patronage of a glorious saint devoted to the Word made flesh, and zealot for the honor of His Blessed Mother ("Dei para"), one whose invocation "Holy Mary, Mother of God," etc., shall vibrate to all time through the aisles of Holy Church.

St. Cyril, whose life on the solitary Carmel prepared him for the episcopal dignity, was Patriarch of Alexandria

in the year 412, and some years later, when the heretical Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, denied that Mary should be entitled "Mother of God," he nobly withstood this teaching, and appealed to the Sovereign Pontiff, Celestine. A council was convened in Ephesus, the city sanctified by her presence and that of the "Beloved Disciple" to whom our Lord had confided her in Calvary.

Two hundred bishops attended, and we are well acquainted with the result of their deliberations, and the wonderful joy and triumph of the vast number who were awaiting those glad tidings that their beloved Mother was rightly invoked as "Mother of God." It was a new diadem for her royal brow,—not, indeed, as to time, for in the midnight silence of Nazareth, "the day of His espousals," (with human nature), she had been elevated to that incomparable height,—the Divine Maternity,—but new in this triumphant proclamation against its enemies. Now was confirmed all that loving homage, respect and confidence with which the faithful raise their eyes to her glorious throne, and then, lowering them to the wants and sorrows of exile, ask her to pray for them "now" and "at the hour of death."

The holy Patriarch had much to suffer for her cause, and no doubt, rejoiced at being "counted worthy" to do so. If life-everlasting is promised to those who "explain" her, how much more will be added to its essential reward by suffering also for her sake?

He passed to that exceeding reward in the year 444, to the vision of God and His star-crowned Mother,—"the glory and beauty of Carmel." May he obtain for us greater zeal for her honor, greater fortitude in suffering, greater confidence in all needs of life, and above all, her loving protection at the hour of death! "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now, and at the hour of death."

St. Francis of Sales.

(Englished by S. X. Blakley from "*Fleurs de Sainte Enfance.*")



FMONG the saints whom the Church presents for our veneration during the present month where can we find one who shines forth in the celestial firmament with such resplendent lustre as does the meek, the loving, the fervent St. Francis? He was born on the twenty-first of August, 1567 at the Castle of Sales in Savoy. His father, the Count de Sales united in his own character every virtue that goes to make up the devoted Christian, and every quality inseparable from the polished nobleman.

His mother Frances de Sionnas was even in a more eminent degree a model of the rarest virtue, but the virtue which, above all others grew and flourished in the hearts of both was the darling virtue of charity to the poor and afflicted. As a reward for this charity God bestowed upon them, for a son, a saint. The pious countess offered him to our dear Lord before he saw the light, and often during prayer she would say "rather would I see him die than sully the white robe of his baptismal innocence." Francis at first appeared so fragile that it seemed indeed as if he might be gathered early to fill a place in the celestial garden of Paradise, but as time went on he grew stronger, and the apprehensions of his devoted parents finally died away. His beauty was of so exalted a type that it called for the admiration of all, while the purity which illumined his

expressive countenance entranced every one who looked upon his face. His pious mother devoted herself heart and soul to the care of this "child of many prayers." She herself led him to Church and inspired him with reverence for the sacred place. He was her little escort upon all her missions of charity, and she made his childish hands the medium of her bountiful gifts. Upon their return home she would tell him some pretty legend of the Blessed Virgin, or read to him the life of some youthful saint and thus by reflections and comments suitable to his understanding made him secure the full benefit of that spiritual food. The holy child surpassed the fondest hopes of the countess. He loved to hear Mass, and said his prayers with a fervor and recollection not usual at his age. His chief pleasure consisted in making little altars, and imitating ecclesiastical functions, and when he had been surprised into the commission of some childish fault he never sought to screen himself by the slightest equivocation. Francis was not content to fulfil the charitable commissions of his mother. He even anticipated her by becoming a little petitioner himself. He would solicit from the various members of the household, and when nothing else presented itself he would set aside a portion of his meals for the poor. And remember that he was not at this time six years old.

When he had attained his sixth year he was sent to college first to Rocheville then to Annecy. It was with the deepest regret that his mother bade him farewell. This did not proceed

from a blind and selfish affection, she dreaded the blight which might chill the fair blossoms of virtue now taking deep root in the fair garden of his heart. But his father the Count de Sales was determined that no effort should be spared to have his son become one of the most profound scholars and accomplished gentlemen of his rank, and declared that it was quite time that his collegiate education should begin. The little Francis, by his success in his studies fully satisfied the requirements of his father, while by his rapid progress in all that was good he calmed the anxieties of his mother. When his eleventh birthday approached his father resolved to send him to Paris where he would enjoy still greater educational advantages. The countess petitioned that he might first remain with her for a few months that she might fortify him against the new dangers he might encounter. The holy youth had no sooner returned to the paternal mansion than he made known his ardent wish to receive the tonsure. Nothing was further removed from the views of the count. Francis was his oldest son, the object of his most tender affections. From the moment of his birth he had entertained the greatest hopes of a brilliant future, which increased with each added year. Still being gifted with the virtue of prudence, and imbued with the spirit of religion he consented to the request of his child knowing that no positive engagement was connected there with, and hoping that Francis might eventually turn his thoughts in another direction.

With the parting counsels of his beloved mother cherished deep in his innermost heart Francis bade an affectionate farewell to home and friends and was soon en route for his destination.

Arrived at Paris he pursued his studies with the same success with which he had began them. He was directed therein by a zealous priest who had been secured for the purpose, and thus his progress in virtue was also assured.

When at the end of the sixth year he came again to Savoy he had adopted the practices of severe penance and had made a vow of perpetual chastity. He did not venture to speak of it to his father, and it was only after several more years of study at Padua, and a tour through Italy that he obtained, with great difficulty the consent of the count to become a priest.

God called him to labor in this vineyard for the salvation of innumerable souls. Oh! for what an infinite number did he not open the gates of Heaven! Who can compute the great, the vast throng of those led by him to the way of perfection whether as a missionary in Chablais which he brought back almost entirely to the faith—as Bishop of Geneva—or as Founder and Father of the admirable Order of the Visitation Nuns! This great saint died at Lyons in 1625, December 28, feast of the Holy Innocents whose purity was like unto his own. Seeing that the last moment was nigh, those who lovingly surrounded his bed began the prayers for the agonizing. When in the Litany of Saints, they uttered the invocation: "*Holy Innocents, pray for us!*" the saintly prelate for the last time raised his eyes to heaven and with the same spirit of tranquillity which had distinguished him during life gave back his soul to the Creator he had so devotedly loved, and entered at once into the joy of his Lord.

Editorial Notes.

From the Apostolic Delegate.

At the commencement of the New Year, with much pleasure we make room for the following from the worthy and esteemed representative in Canada of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.

University of Ottawa.

Ottawa, Canada,

Nov. 30th, 1899.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,—

Thank you for the "Specimen Copy" of the Carmelite Review, which you have been kind enough to send to me.

I am much pleased to know that such a Review exists in the interests of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, and the Brown Scapular, and willingly give it my blessing and approval.

Wishing you every success, believe me to remain.

Yours faithfully in J. C.

† D. FALCONIO Arch. of Larissa.

Apost. Deleg.

Anno Domini 1900.

The Holy Year has commenced, and in the mind of holy Church a new century has opened its yet unstained pages. From our hearts let our feeble voice join the mighty throng of Christians in singing "Holy God we praise thy Name for thy countless gifts in the past century!" We leave to the historian the story of the 19th century and the unwritten history of the 20th century. May it be wholly consecrated to the honor and glory of God! May Mary Immaculate, the glorious Queen of Carmel be known and loved more and more! For our dear friends and readers may this and every year bring them all happiness and copious benediction!

An Advocate of Arbitration.

Archbishop Martinelli, Delegate Apostolic to the United States, as quoted by the *New York Journal*, gave utterance to some very wise "thoughts on a Christmas season clouded by contention between nations and prevailing wars." His Grace shows how Christ is the Arbitrator, and the world's only arbitrator to-day is Christ's Vicar the Pope. To quote Mgr. Martinelli:

"During the Middle Ages the Roman Pontiffs were the arbitrators in affairs of world-wide importance. It is true, they were not always successful in preventing the shedding of blood, but their influence prevented savagery in warfare, and the "Peace of God" which they constantly proclaimed as a duty upon all Christians often gave the opportunity for cooler counsels to prevail. The present Pontiff Leo XIII., is an ardent advocate of arbitration. He would have willingly acted as umpire in the Spanish-American war to prevent bloodshed, just as he acted as mediator between Spain and Germany in the case of the Caroline Islands dispute. The Holy Father would gladly have used his good offices to prevent war in the Transvaal, in the Philippines or between any nations on earth. They are all the children of the Heavenly Father, and all have equal claim on the paternal solicitude of the Vicar of Christ on earth. Leo XIII. has written eloquently on the subject of arbitration. It would be the crowning glory of his pontificate if the nations should, with earnest accord, submit the difficulties to a court of mediation. The calling together of a peace congress at The Hague seemed to promise much, but subsequent events have proved that the lofty ideas presented at that conference have not born fruit."

The Papal Delegate to Canada.

To our esteemed contemporary, *The University of Ottawa Review*, we are indebted for the following brief sketch of Mgr. Falconio, who has just most graciously blessed our little magazine :

Mgr. Diomede Falconio was born on the 20th of September, 1842, at Pescocotanza, a small parish of the diocese of Monte Casino, Italy. At the age of 18 years he entered the Order of St. Francis. Having completed his studies under the direction of the learned religious of the Roman Province of his Order, he was sent to the missions of the United States. On the 4th of January, 1866, he was ordained to the priesthood by Mgr. Timon, Bishop of Buffalo. While in America Mgr. Falconio was charged with several important offices of trust in his Order. He was for a time professor of Philosophy and vice-president of the Franciscan College at Allegany, N. Y. (1866). The following year he became professor of Theology and Secretary of the Franciscan province of the Immaculate Conception. In 1868, he was elected President of the College and Seminary of St. Bonaventure. The same year Mgr. Carfagnini, Bishop of Harbor Grace, entrusted him with a delicate mission to Newfoundland; and a year later he became secretary to Mgr. Carfagnini and administrator of the Cathedral parish of Harbor Grace. In 1882, Mgr. Falconio returned to the States where he remained until, on his election to the Provincialship of his Order in Abruzzo, he was recalled to Italy in 1884. During the next eight or nine years, Mgr. Falconio occupied successive posts of honor and responsibility and was charged with several delicate and difficult missions in different Franciscan provinces. He was about to visit France in obedience to the commands of his Superior General when July 11, 1892, Leo XIII proclaimed him bishop-elect of Lacedonia. On the 17th of the same month he was consecrated at Rome by His Emin-

ence Cardinal Monaco La Valetta. His administrative success was so marked in the diocese of Lacedonia, that the Holy Father confided to him the difficult task of governing the united sees of Acerenza and Matera with their combined flock of 150,000 souls, amidst whom he was zealously laboring when last August the voice of the Universal Shepherd called him to a wider sphere of action as Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

Everyone admires the wise choice of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, in sending to us Mgr. Falconio, to whom Canadian Catholics give a most sincere and hearty welcome.

A True Shepherd.

"He never told any body of his good deeds, but he often said he would die poor." So it was said of the saintly Bishop of Burlington, Vt., Mgr. Louis de Goesbriand. His whole fortune left at his death was but two dollars! What a tribute to the glory of holy Church in America. This man of God was a nobleman by birth as well as nature. He was the son of Marquis Henri de Goesbriand of Berdolas. He was humility itself, and his sole earthly possession was his clothing. His great desire was to make others happy and he gave all to charity. Well do we remember the fervent and encouraging words this holy prelate wrote to us in the days when the CARMELITE REVIEW had just delivered its Salutatory! "Precious in the sight of he Lord is the death of his saints!" Vermont saw other great men but their glory is of this world.

Homeward Bound.

"Mary's Dowry" was once England's title, in the days when she was the Isle of Saints. That day passed, and with it priest and altar. But will not the prayers of the chosen sons of Mary bear fruit? Will not the

land first hallowed with the holy Scapular once more be decked with cross and statue? The answer will doubtless be in the affirmative if we judge from current events. We refer to a scene which might have happened in the ages of faith when people were more concerned about their soul's salvation than the conquest of far-distant republics. This event was the ceremony of unveiling of a lofty crucifix erected in a field adjoining an Episcopalian Church in Yorkshire. The cross was erected in public homage to our divine Redeemer and to mark the opening of the twentieth century. Among the inscriptions on the stone one reads: "Holy Mary Mother of God, pray for us!" To which, we are sure, our pious readers will join us in saying a fervent "Amen!"

A New Contributor.

The learned Jesuit—Father Deharbe, who spent a long time in compiling his now famous catechism—once remarked that writing for him was a cross. Every time he put pen to paper he suffered from intense headaches. In fact, he called his books by the expressive German name of "Schmerzenkinder." Nevertheless, his was a great work, and had on it the stamp and blessing of obedience. We were reminded of all this when we thought of good Friar John, who this month makes his initial bow to the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW in his "Soliloquies." Friar John wondered if our readers could decipher his penmanship, but was satisfied when we told him of the tribulations of the proof reader, and that there was such a despot as an editor whose business it is to unmercifully cut and trim before the reader had a chance to meditate on and apply to himself the wise philosophy of Friar John.

The Ideal of the Masters.

One of the features of the multiple "ante"-Christmas numbers of the metropolitan newspapers was the reproduction of the composite of the masterpieces of the great painters of the Madonna. One journal not to be outdone by its "esteemed" contemporary, gave what it claimed to be a composite picture of what is "best in the religious art of the centuries." This was said to be gotten out under the direction of the National Academy of Design. It has color enough to satisfy the taste of the most voracious reader of the multi-colored journals. But from the spiritual side,—as Kipling says—"that is another story." The real curiously interesting religious photographic triumph of the artist is the composite photograph of 300 Madonnas by Mr. Joseph Gray Kitchell of Indianapolis. It is the result of eight months' labor. The picture produced,—an ensemble of all the famous paintings of the Divine Mother,—is virtually a new Madonna, and it seems hard to describe or analyse it. It is spoken of as mysterious and spiritual. Of course it is more a matter of technical interest to photographers. However, we cannot but speak of it since anything bearing on our Blessed Mother interests us. Mr. Kitchell says he always had a longing desire to produce in one photograph an image of the Madonna which realizes the ideal of all the artists that have ever painted this subject. Whether he has succeeded is an open question. It must be remembered that only a pure and holy soul can conceive a holy subject. The Masterpieces of the Madonna were put on canvas by men whose hands were as familiar with the beads as with the brush. Mary is an inspiration to the

Catholic mind. She is the most beautiful amongst creation, "our tainted natures' solitary boast." In truth, the picture of Mary Immaculate, to quote the New York journal which reproduced Mr. Kitchell's composite,—“appears to the religious instinct as well as to the artistic. No matter to what church one belongs or how liberal he may be, the picture of the Mother of Christ has a fascination. A subject that has inspired artists to their greatest efforts since the Christian era began still retains its hold on the human mind and heart. It is the highest expression of feminine purity and beauty.”

Humility is a Virtue.

Under the brief caption "Well Put," that could be shortened to "Amen," as being synonymous, one of our Catholic contemporaries recently endorsed what it calls a critique truthfully made by the *Catholic World* of Dr. Conde B. Pallen's splendid book entitled "What is Liberalism?" which we lately approved of and heartily recommended. This critic starts by saying: "We thank God that Liberalism, as the word is used by Mr. Pallen, has little prevalence here." This reminds us of some such similar words in the 18th Chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, where we read the opening prayer of a man who also exclaimed "O God, I give Thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men," etc. Further on the writer starts to compare the Catholicity of America, and *vice versa*. This seems to us to be in very bad taste. It should not be forgotten what Shakespeare says of comparisons. If Liberalism is not prevalent in America, Doctor (not Mr.) Pallen wrote a useless book without a purpose. Far from it. He would have received but platitudes from his

reviewers had his book appealed to the "mutual admiration" circles, but he told the truth and was "roasted" for thus having the courage of his convictions. Our editorial confreres should carefully read the beautiful exposition of the general Intention in the December *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. By perusing it meditatively they will see why we are inclined to thank God that we are "not as the rest of men," and that the letter of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII meant what it said. Oh! with the dying century may also depart the detestable spirit of liberalism. May we learn humility and "be converted and become as little children" if we wish to "enter into the kingdom of heaven."

In the Land of St. Teresa.

The Bishop of Salamanca in a recent pastoral letter has announced to his diocese, and in fact to the Catholics not only of Spain, but of the entire world, that he intends to build a magnificent basilica at Alba de Tormes in honor of St. Teresa, whose heart is preserved at the Church of the Carmelite Nuns of the town. What a sad contrast to this happy news to hear of the unholy war raised against Spain's greatest benefactors, the religious orders. Listen to these valiant words of a mitred champion of the friars, Mgr. Spenola, Bishop of Lerillo. In a recent pastoral he says, fearlessly:—

"We hope that the Senate of Spain will never listen to these resolutions of Senores Morayta and Blasco Ibanez, which they and their Masonic associates would fain ask a Catholic nation to enact (against the Orders.) The very fact of their presenting them is the reason why we should raise a warning voice, for already throughout Spain it has been the subject of dis-

discussion and astonishment; aye, even now it is the theme of the Catholic world through the pages of the press. It is, therefore, incumbent on us to warn our flock that they, too, may join in a unanimous shout of disapproval in order that Spain and Christendom, too, may know that in the land of St. Dominic, of St. Peter of Alcantara, of St. John of the Cross, of St. Teresa, of St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia and St. Ignatius of Loyola, only a very few, a mere handful, abhor and detest our Religious, while the people as a body—in the immense majority—love them, and condemn and anathematize the conduct of those who seek to discredit and vilify them, at the same time they discredit and vilify religion—of which they are the honored sons."

Genius in Cowl and Cassock.

If all the facts and names were brought together, we would have a good sized volume relating the material benefits conferred on humanity by priests and Religious. Some day in these pages we will tell our readers about a French Carmelite renowned for his great engineering feats,—Father Sebastian Truchet, on whom Peter the Great conferred great honors. Again, only of late we read of the Cappuchin Fiorini who invented an apparatus to prevent railway collisions. A Dominican father is also spoken of as the inventor of a machine that surpasses the linotype. And now comes our friend Dr. J. N. Maingot with his ingenious Musico Dumb-bells. Father Maingot is a resident of the West Indies, and not very long ago spent some very pleasant days with our fathers at Niagara Falls. Each dumb-bell has a musical attachment corresponding to one of the notes of the octave. Eight bells (each a different note) are held by as many pupils, so they go through the ordinary calisthenics with a musical accompaniment. The use of an organ or piano is dispensed with. Thus the teaching of music, especially reading at sight, is combined with calisthenics,—the physical and intellectual advantages being joined together. Dr. Main-

got has been induced to put his novel dumb-bells on the market so that the world can reap the benefit of his invention.

The Holy Year.

Most unprecedented privileges were accorded in the Papal decree regarding the opening of the Holy Year which commenced on the first day of this month of the new year, and of a new century dedicated to the Redeemer of the world. It was but fitting that in the most solemn manner thanks be given to God for the benefits, spiritual and temporal, received during the course of the nineteenth century which is now to be enscribed on the scrolls of the historian, and likewise, as reads the decree "owing to the urgent necessities of the times that greater favors be implored in order to begin the new era auspiciously."

It rather surprised us during the past month to find here and there paragraphs in some of our Catholic exchanges wherein reference is made to the "Virgin Mary." It grates on the ears of a devout client of our ever Blessed Mother who herself long ago prophesied that "all nations shall call" her *Blessed*.

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Indeed the time has not yet arrived (May the Lord hasten it!) when men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares." It is a sad reflection to a Christian when he is told by the best statisticians that during the past two years 41,375 men have been killed in battle! There are to-day rulers who can say with the old Roman "Varus, where are my legions?" Yes, as we write many a soldier is marching to the judgement seat of the God of armies. How long will the cry be *Quid novi ex Africa?* Let us pray that nations, like individuals, may recognize the divine hand that justly chastises them.

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Francis W. Grey, [a most] delightful writer, contributes a very pretty story in the December number of the Cana-

dian *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. In this fascinating sketch the author without difficulty transports the reader to the days of faith, so one can, without difficulty, imagine he sees and hears those Carmelites in "merrie England" chanting the divine praises.

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Last month we called attention to what we called a *remarkable* indulgence of 100 years attached to the beautiful End-of-the-Century Prayer. Since we went to press the Benedictine, Father Maler, wrote to the editor of the *New World* saying that in the original German he overlooked in proof reading (being at that time very ill), the word "years" instead of "days." If the indulgence is thus curtailed it does not lessen the beauty of the prayer which is to be heartily recommended.

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"The report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs is a reminder of how ill the United States governs dependent races. If our system in the Philippines is like our Indian record—and so far it bears a deplorable resemblance thereto—we shall have a never-ending series of insurrections there as long as we hold the islands." These are the sentiments of a secular paper,—the *Buffalo Express*. It is a paragraph well worth pondering over.

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"What is the most important thing in life?" *The Penny Magazine* gives a money prize to the best answer to this question. Is it possible that people have not yet found out the answer at the end of the nineteenth century? What are the public and high schools doing? They should invest five cents in a Catholic catechism, an invaluable little book which very clearly answers all the most important questions.

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In over fifty churches of Brooklyn mission services have just been held. These exercises which, with God's grace, will bear great spiritual fruit, were ordered by Bishop McDonnell as a proper observance of the closing of the nineteenth century and as a fitting pre-

paration for the twentieth century. The observance, however, is in keeping with the Encyclical issued by Pope Leo XIII., in which the Holy Father requested that the bishops of each diocese throughout the world shall order some special celebration as a proper tribute for the marvelous growth which the Church has made during the past century, and as a plea for special guidance from Providence during the incoming century. Most of the religious Orders had representatives among the missionaries, amongst whom were four of the Carmelite Fathers.

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Preparations are being made for a suitable celebration of the birthday of His Holiness the Pope, which will be early in March. On that day he will, please God, complete his ninety-first year. How curious it seems that all seem to agree that his precious life will be continued into the new century! Even he appeared to be filled with the same idea, and various arrangements are being entered into by him, which will not come off until next summer, and even later in the year. There will be a solemn *Te Deum* at St. Peter's on the birthday of His Holiness.

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At its sitting last month in Rome the Sacred Congregation of Rites took up, considered and advanced the canonization processes of many Blessed and Venerable servants of God. Amongst others appears the name of Venerable Sister Anna of Jesus a Carmelite nun. These processes may be completed in time to permit of the canonization ceremony during this Holy Year.

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A writer in the bright and interesting *St. Joseph's Blatt* says that two million children are educated in France by the religious Orders without a cent of cost to the infidel government. And 100,000 old and infirm persons find food and lodging with the Religious. Annually over 250,000 persons are cared for free in the hospitals under the direction of the religious Orders. These figures should shame the enemies of the Orders.

In Reply.

BY THE EDITOR.

[N. B.—We only give replies to questions of general interest.]

E. DE M., Spokane, Wash.—His Holiness Pope Leo XIII was born March 2nd, 1810. He was elected Pope Feb. 20, 1878, and is the two hundred and sixty-third successor of St. Peter. He *does* wear the Scapular and has for it a profound veneration.

JOHN MARIA, San Antonio, Texas.—In some of the churches in the United States the Confraternity of the Brown Scapular is canonically established, in which case the names are inscribed in the register kept at the church enjoying the privilege. Send the names to any of our monasteries, if you are sure the confraternity is not erected there. We gladly help priests to establish the confraternity.

REV. F. X., Chicago.—We sent you only *Faculties* to enrol persons in the Scapular. The erection of a Confraternity is a different matter.

MISS M., Antigonish, N. S.—Yes, the Masses will all be celebrated at the Shrine of Our Lady, as requested.

SISTER S., N. Y.—Of course you can send the Scapular names to Carmelite Priory, Englewood, N. J. It is the same if sent to any house of the Order in the United States or Canada. In any case two cents postage suffices.

HERR ANTONIUS, Cincinnati.—Our stock of bound volumes of the "Rundschau" is limited. Fire destroyed the bulk of them. Of course you may write to us in German. Our address is "The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ontario."

BRO. J., New Orleans.—Wear it day and night. No one should ever lay aside his Scapular.

THOS G., Bridgeport, Conn.—Some of our friends wish us to print the monthly summary of contributions—others wish the contrary. If you see it given on the third page of the cover, you will know we are consulting the wish of the majority.

R. C., Portland, Maine.—Pope Leo XIII did most assuredly grant a special blessing to all our readers and benefactors. His Holiness did so in the presence of several of our Fathers, some of whom are right here with us. Our work is not *merely local*—it is broad—international if you will. Cardinal Gibbons, writ-

ing to us, spoke of our work covering the Western Hemisphere. We have the approbation of several Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, including His Excellency, Archbishop Martinelli. It is the same in Canada, as you will see in the present number of the REVIEW. Any contributions sent to us "at long range" do no harm to our good and hard-working parish priests. On the contrary. Experience shows us that those who are zealous in honoring Mary here at her Shrine become most generous when called on to help their home charities. No, the Scapular may not be necessary for salvation, but we should not care to be in the place of him who ignores it.

OLD READER, Alexandria, Virginia.—The Holy Sacrifice is offered up at the Shrine twice a week for our benefactors, living or dead. We shall soon give you a chance to help beautify the Shrine.

MRS. L. M., Providence, R. I.—Nothing was wanting on our part to have the Hospice in good running order by now. We are sorry for any disappointments. Most friends pity rather than censure us. Next spring the building will be open, we hope, and ready again for guests as it was last fall, when destroying fire ruined the Electric Company's power house and thus suddenly cut off our supply of electricity. We suffered heavily in consequence, but bear it all cheerfully for Our Blessed Lady's sake. But we did not lose courage. In fact, we are sure the mere mention of the fact, now that our correspondent catechises us, ought to impel our friends to be generous with us in this crucial moment. We need all we get. One subscription, unpaid, is not much—but it is much in the aggregate. So you have a means and a motive for exercising benevolence.

REV. P. O'N.—Any of the reverend clergy of the United States or Canada desirous of engaging our Fathers for missions in their parishes, should address

VERY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O.C.C. Prov.,
Hospice of Mt. Carmel,
Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Our Fathers give missions in English or German.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Father Finn's books make very acceptable holiday gifts and ought to be in great demand at New Years. Messrs. Benziger Bros. of New York (36 Barclay St.) Cincinnati and Chicago have gotten out a splendid edition of "The Best Foot Forward." Every one enjoys reading Father Finn's books. They interest young and old. The present work sells at 85 cents.

Many amongst the clergy have given a hearty welcome to "Daily Thoughts for Priests" by Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S.S., D.D., President of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass. Father Hogan has already published a delightful and practical work on "Clerical Studies," and has conferred a great boon on thousands of English speaking priests by bringing out the present volume which has been a desideratum in the library of many a hard working pastor. The price is \$1.00. Address the publishers, Messrs. Maclver, Callahan & Co., Boston, Mass.

We had occasion a year ago to recommend as a suitable and charming holiday gift Mr. Henry Coyle's beautiful verses embraced in his book "The Promise of Morning." We are glad to print below a review of the same by that estimable Irish poetess and saintly nun, *Kenfant de Marie*, who writes as follows:—

"This pleasing addition to poetic literature receives its title from the opening poem, and ought to be welcomed by all readers of "The Carmelite Review" who are familiar with the name of Henry Coyle. His sweet thoughts of our Blessed Mother have now and again appealed to our love and excited our confidence for Mary's name ever wakens sympathetic chords in the heart of all who love her. The dedication of this beautiful volume "To all who have been kind" and the poem on the power of kind words, makes us appreciate in the author a sensitiveness to kindness which is peculiarly characteristic of great minds. There is a sweet touching legend of Easter and how the bruised lily bloomed in resurrection beauty like its Maker. And the pathos murmuring in "The Lonely Vigil With The Dead" and other poems, reminds us of the words so frequently quoted from Shelley's exquisite poem. "The Sky Lark:"

"Our sweet songs are those that tell of saddest thought." With much interest and

pleasure, we congratulate the author of these very pleasing poems and trust there will be appreciated as they deserve by "all who have been kind" and may receive the blessing of Him to whom alone belongs the power of crowning with unfolding laurels of glory the use made of His gifts in the order of nature as well as of grace.

There is always some very bright, interesting and edifying reading for English and German readers in the "Holy Trinity Church Bulletin" published monthly by the Carmelite Fathers in Pittsburg, Pa.

Write to St. Joseph's Home, Jersey City, N. J., for a copy of the *Orphans' Messenger and Advocate of the Blind*. A quarterly Catholic Magazine devoted to the interests of the Orphans and Blind of St. Joseph's Home. Subscription price 25c a year. Subscribers share in Spiritual benefits of the Pious Union of Prayer. The Pious Union of Prayer, St. Joseph's Home, has for its object to care for and educate Orphans and Destitute Children. To give a home and Christian education to Blind Children, also to care and console Poor Aged Blind, who keep Perpetual Adoration for Members. The Spiritual benefits are numerous and very great.

Both priest and organist will find a much-needed help in an easy "musical guide for Mass service," and other splendid publications of the Union Music Co., Scranton, Pa. The *American Ecclesiastical Review*, and other reliable critics, speak highly of these works. Address the company, or W. P. Schilling, P. O. Box 33, Scranton, Pa.

Those interested in the noble work of the Association of Perpetual Adoration, which quietly and substantially lends aid to poor Catholic Churches, should read the *Annals*, a very interesting periodical, now in its ninth year, published at the Convent of Notre Dame, West Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

There is no need of introducing Miss Anna T. Sadlier to our readers. Her name on the title page is a guarantee of what follows. Her "True Story of Master Gerard" will introduce the reader into a realm of delight. It is just the thing to send to a friend during the holidays. It is no exaggeration to say that the publishers, Messrs. Benziger Bros., have achieved a triumph in the printer's art. Price of the book mentioned is \$1.25.

A book handy for teachers in schools and colleges, and directors of young mens associations, is "Liudolf," A Historical Drama of the

Time of Otto the Great. The play is in five acts, and is from the pen of Rev. A. Guggenburger, S. J. It is published by B. Herder, (17 South Broadway) of St. Louis, at 50 cents.

The Jesuits of the German province have given to the reading world many learned volumes. One of these masterpieces, the result of many years of study and research, is now ready. This is Volume III—"The Social Revolution"—of Father Guggenburger's great work, entitled "A General History of the Christian Era." The distinguished author is Professor of History at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. There is no doubt that this book will at once be adopted in Catholic colleges as a text-book. It is also intended for Reading Circles and for private instruction. Volumes I and II are in preparation. Each volume, like Vol. III, now ready, is uniform in size, viz: 8vo-ca. 432 pages, with six splendid maps. The binding is in fine cloth with gilt title on back and front. The price per volume is remarkably low—\$1.50, which is within reach of the poorest student. The book can be had from the publisher, B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. In the preface to this book, the author says in words worthy of a son of St. Ignatius, that he "is not so vain as to imagine that he has produced a perfect work—a perfect history of this size and aim is practically an impossibility—he can truthfully say that he has devoted much time and care to its compilation; and he will be sincerely thankful for fair criticism and any helpful suggestions that may be kindly offered."

In the making of books the Messrs. Benziger Brothers are past-masters. While giving the best they manage to keep within the range of the present buyer. The latest addition to their present long list is "A Round Table of the Representative French Catholic Novelties." At which is served a feast of excellent stories by Rene Bazin, Mme. Caro, Champol, Pierre L'Ermite, Charles Le Goffic, A. de Lamothe, M. Maryon, Raoul de Navery, Vicomte de Poli, Leon de Tinsau, Comte de Villebois-Mareuil. With handsome Portraits, Biographical Sketches, and Bibliography. 12mo, handsomely bound. The price of the book is \$1.25. This is a companion volume to "A Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Novelties," at which is served a feast of excellent stories by Eleanor C. Donnelly, Anna Hanson Dorsey, Ella Loraine Dorsey, Maurice Francis Egan, Francis J. Finn, S. J., Walter Lecky, Christian Reid, Anna T. Sadlier, Mary A. Sadlier, John Talbot Smith, Charles Warren Stoddard and "A Round Table of the Representative Irish and English Catholic Novels." At

which is served a feast of excellent stories by Louisa Emily Dobree, M. E. Francis, Theo. Gift, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Sophie Maude, Rosa Mulholland Gilbert, Baroness Pauline von Hugel, Lady Arnabel Kerr, R. B. Sheridan Knowles, Francis M. Maitland, Clara Mulholland, Mrs. Bartle Teeling. These handsomely printed and beautiful bound volumes together or separately make ideal holiday presents.

We heartily recommend to our readers Mr. Philip A. Kemper, 19-21 West 2nd Street, Dayton, Ohio., for the very best and cheapest in the line of cards or pictures to be sent to your friends during the holidays.

"The Paraclete."—A manual of Instruction and Devotion. Price 60 cents, Benziger Bros. New York.

Three splendid stories—"Little Arlette" and "Twas To Be," by Henri Ardel, and "Lot Leslies' Folks," by Eleanor C. Donnelly, are within the reach of the most economic book buyer, besides being attractive and desirable holiday gifts. Price of each, 50 cents. Write to the publishers, Messrs. H. L. Kilner & Co., 824, Arch st., Philadelphia. This reliable firm always pleases its patrons.

ORITUARY.

"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.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

REV. ANDREW M. McLOUGHLIN of the Order of St. Augustine who died lately at Lansingburg, N. Y.

REV. P. V. KAVANAGH, of the Congregations of the Missions, former President of the Niagara University, a worthy priest of God whose life was full of good works.

THOMAS FRANCIS BROWN, of Welland, who died Dec. 14.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.