



OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.



## \* TO OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.



my Lady—my Beautiful Mother !

Let thine eyes with their radiant might  
Smiling down in their mystical splendor,  
Give me courage to stand here and fight !  
For life's battle fierce rages around me,  
For I fear to be wounded, to fall ;  
Yet I feel so safe, knowing, Sweet Mother,  
Thou wilt hear me—and help, if I call.

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother !

Keep me close to thee—whisper to me  
How that heart that is bravest for Jesus  
Is the dearest to Him and to thee ;  
Surely, thou art with me now, and always ;  
Well I know, when the struggle is past,  
In thine own tender arms thou wilt lift me  
To be crowned by my Jesus—at last.

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother !

With thy comforting presence so near,  
Where the Star of life's hope beams so brightly,  
There 'tis easy to fight and not fear ;  
Then, thou Blessed Star-Herald of morning,  
Lead me on up to where I shall shine  
On thy breast, in the brightness of Jesus—  
One more ray in His glory divine !

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother !

When as conqueror, upward I'll soar  
In thy smile, to be crowned by my Jesus  
In His glorious joys evermore,  
I will sing to my Star that hath cheered me  
With her hope's light to struggle through this,  
To my triumph in God's endless glory,  
Shining through her ineffable bliss !

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother !

Show me ever, then, what I must do  
To be filled with the Spirit of Jesus,  
To His Standard, keep loyal and true ;  
Guide me on swiftly, then, Sweetest Mother,  
Till through chorus of angelic lays,  
I may hymn to my Star—to my Lady—  
One more life-song of love in her praise !

\* These verses were composed and type-written by a Carmelite nun in St. Louis, Mo. The good Sister, who is totally blind, has contributed to these pages on former occasions.—Ed.]

# LIFE OF ST. JOANNA OF TOULOUSE, CARMELITE NUN.

BY L'ABBE BAURENS DE MOLINIER.

## CHAPTER V.

S. SIMON STOCK AT TOULOUSE. HE ADMITS S. JOANNA INTO THE ORDER OF MOUNT CARMEL. S. ANGELA OF PALESTINE HAD BEEN ADMITTED ONE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE.



AS soon as the Carmelites had abandoned Mount Carmel, it fell into the hands of the Infidels.

But they flourished and multiplied in Europe. A vener-

able old man, an Englishman by birth, already more than eighty years of age, a worthy rival of the Anchorites of Thebais, favored with heavenly apparitions, whose devotion also to the Blessed Virgin was very great, was chosen General of the Order of Mount Carmel, in the year 1245. He was called S. Simon Stock.

The beloved Order of Mary had reached the highest eminence of its glory. In spite of the trials excited against it by the satellites of satan, Heaven had taken it visibly under its protection.

The holy Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, given to men by the hands of the Elias of the New Testament, became at once the most popular devotion of the Catholic universe.

There is no doubt that this happy event closely tied the bonds of mind and heart which already united S. Joanna, to this admirable Institute.

She was at that time thirty-five years old—the age of fortitude and of heroic determination. This virgin, with a

manlike soul, desired to enter this Order, so edifying to her native town, and had long before earnestly begged the holy livery of the Mother of God. She wished to become a Carmelite.

The Constitutions of the Order seemed not to have provided for this case. Could women be admitted, and the austere and severe Rule of St. Albert be imposed upon them?

The piety of Joanna, her virtues, her birth, her zeal, her love for Mount Carmel, and the services which she had rendered in the foundation of the convent at Toulouse all militated in her favor. She received, apparently, a positive refusal. St. Simon Stock, passing through the city, visited the new house of his Order, which was already near completion. The Saint, in pursuance of her idea of becoming a Carmelite, profited by the passage of the great wonder-worker, and prostrated at his feet repeated the petition which she had so frequently made to the Prior of Toulouse. Saint Simon Stock, inspired by God, at the sight of this seraphic soul, did not hesitate to grant her the favor which she solicited. He besides knew that she was not the first one to whom such a grace had been granted. A century before his time Saint Angela of Palestine, the virgin daughter of the King of Bohemia, who died in the year 1166, had been admitted in the East to the holy habit of Mount Carmel, and had fol-

lowed its Rule. Why then refuse the daughter of the Count of Toulouse, that which had not been denied to the daughter of the King of Bohemia?

At the news of the decision made by the holy General, Joanna could not restrain her joy. She saw the fulfilment of her dearest wishes. She went immediately to the altar to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament and the image of Our Lady, and poured forth her heart in the sight of God in a sweet canticle of love and thanksgiving.

She promised her Divine Master to redouble her fervor for her own sanctification, and that of her neighbor. She hastened to assume the brown habit of Carmel, and to make her profession with solemn vows before the Bishop, and the Superior General of the Order.

While her cousin Jane reigned over the domains of her ancestors, with the Count of Poitiers, her august husband, she took the veil of the humble servants of Mary. Thus she made known to the world her firm resolution to renounce all that belonged to it, and all human alliances. She wished alone to have Jesus Christ for her Lord and Master. Poverty and self-renunciation, and the absence of all the pleasure of the senses, were to be her only inheritance.

Not having a material cloister, the veil with which she covered her face, served as a mystical cloister, behind which she might shelter herself, without leaving her family, to protect the virtue of holy purity, so frail and delicate. It would be for her the "Garden enclosed," in which, hidden from the eyes of men, the most pure and fragrant lily of virginity might be cultivated.

Now she avoided frivolous companies more than ever and despised the vain adornment and the pomp with which

persons of her rank and sex were pleased to ornament their miserable bodies.

#### CHAPTER VI.

BLESSING OF THE MONASTERY, AND CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE CARMELITES IN THE CITY OF TOULOUSE. LIFE OF ST. JOANNA AFTER HER ADMISSION INTO THE CARMELITE ORDER. SHE FOUNDS THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE HOLY SCAPULAR.

The blessing of the monastery, and the consecration of the Church of the Carmelites, in Toulouse, took place in the year 1264, Saint Simon Stock being present at this splendid ceremony. The foundation of this house had been miraculously revealed to him.

Raymond of Falgar was the consecrating prelate. The chronicle tells us that, during the rite, he was surrounded by the council-men of the city and by an immense concourse of the people.

After the death of Raymond, the Catholics were no more molested or oppressed. The heretics and the Jews were content to remain inactive.

These happy results likewise made Joanna happy; for the religious and political pacification of her beloved country was dear to her heart. But, let us not forget that she was a Carmelite nun. Let us glance at her interior life, and her relations with her neighbors. To assist at the divine Office; to hear the eloquent sermons delivered; to help her friends, the poor; to work, unceasingly, by her prayers, by her exhortations, and by her charities for the conversion of Jews and heretics was the daily occupation of this pious recluse. She was continually occupied.

To visit the Church of the good

Carmelite Fathers, near which she had chosen her dwelling-place ; to pray, for hours, in holy contemplation and ecstasies, prostrated before the most Holy Sacrament, or the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, constituted her only and sweetest recreation. Her mortifications were extraordinary.

In her profound humility, she regarded herself as the basest of sinners and the greatest of criminals ; desirous to walk in the footsteps of the Savior, who died for us on Calvary to redeem the sins of mankind, she mortified her flesh with a severe discipline. Always disposed to self-immolation, after the example of her Divine Master, she would have been willing to give up her life, and to suffer a thousand tortures for the salvation of souls, and for the return of misled sheep into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

Incessantly she meditated on the mysteries of the Passion, and shed copious tears while remembering and pondering over the ingratitude of mankind, and the infinite mercy of God.

The Cross was the book on which her eyes were always fixed. Thus, the painters all represent her, clad as a Carmelite, bearing in her hands a lily and a crucifix.

To these continual mortifications and meditations, she joined works of the most ardent zeal. We know, from the manuscripts of the Carmelite archives at Toulouse, and from the church-historian, that to her is attributed the foundation in that city of the Third Order of Carmelites. It is said that there were enrolled more than five thousand persons of both sexes into this confraternity, which should rather be called the confraternity of the Holy Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel,

than the Third Order. St. Simon Stock, her spiritual father and protector, had inspired Joanna with this devotion. But, of a sudden, this pious association of Tulousians was threatened in its very existence. Its dissolution was demanded. Saint Simon Stock had passed to a better world ; and who was there to sustain this work ?

The noble daughter of Baldwin of Toulouse was not frightened by these threats. She lived in those supernatural regions which neither the malice of man, nor the rage of devils is able to reach. Her valiant soul was ready to face every storm. God was her support and in Him she hoped. The work of Jesus and Mary was to triumph over the powers of darkness.

#### CHAPTER VII.

ALPHONSUS, OF POITIERS, INCITED BY THE JEWS AND THE ALBIGENSES, FORBIDS THE MEETINGS OF THE CONFRATERNITIES OF THE HOLY SCAPU-LAR. THE JEWS ATTEMPT TO KILL THE CARMELITES, AND TO BURN DOWN THEIR MONASTERY. GREAT MIRACLES WROUGHT BY THE STATUE OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

The meetings of the confraternity of the Scapular of Mt. Carmel excited the anger of the Jews and heretics of Toulouse. They represented to Alphonsus, of Poitiers, that those fervent Catholics were, in reality, no brotherhood, whose occupation was religious practices, but that they were turbulent disturbers of order, and ring-leaders who, under pretense of religion, attacked his authority.

A historian assures us that this prince, who generally resided at Vincennes, wrote to his magistrate, ordering him to forbid those meetings, since they were of a nature to disturb the public peace.

This act, emanating from the brother of King Louis, in the century of St. Thomas Aquinas and of St. Bonaventura, will astonish many. Unhappily, it is too true. At all times governments have, foolishly, protected the revolutionists, whom they feared, to the detriment of the clergy and the religious, who are men of peace, sustaining order, the right and true liberty. However, Christ said to His Apostles, that, as He was persecuted, so they, too, would be persecuted.

The following fact, as found recorded among the manuscripts of the Carmelite archives, is recorded by Catel, and happened at the same period. It was attested by eye-witnesses, and proves, like the preceding fact, though reported by only one historian of that century, who, perhaps had read it in the lost biography of St. Joanna, or in another document not now to be found, how great was the power, enjoyed at that epoch, by the Jews and the miscreants of Toulouse. The Latin manuscript of Father Trenqua says :

"In the year 1265, the brethren were preserved from incendiarism, and delivered from the hands of their enemies ; for the Jews, being angry because the Carmelites honored the Mother of God in the very stronghold of the *juiverie*, (the Jews' quarter) spoke strongly against them, and sought the son of the judge of the Court of Toulouse, one Vignes, and demanded his help to suppress them. This Vignes acquiesced, and, with great chains, closed the church doors, intending to burn down the church. Our brethren placed themselves under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and chanted the anthem, "*Salut et oile du matin.*" While they were singing Vespers, and had arrived at the words of the Psalm, "*Sa race sera puissante*

*sur la terre,*" all the doors of the church were thrown open. Then the soldiers tried to enter, with the intention of killing all the brethren ; but they fearlessly continued to sing the divine Office. Meanwhile, it was seen, that the head of Vignes was twisted in such a way that the face was over his back. His assistants, frightened by this miracle, dared not attempt anything so pre-meditated. The monks, moved by compassion, began to pray to the Blessed Virgin, and chanted the anthem, "*Salve Regina,*" and, at the words, "Turn your merciful eyes towards us," the head of the youth, Vignes, comes again to the right position. Vignes, in order to show his gratitude to the Virgin, adorned her altar, and donated the great church-portal, part of which can still be seen in our time. This has been told to me by Father Laurens, of Figeac, an eye-witness."

In the Inventory of 1676, we find the same incidents reported, though in other terms, under the heading, "Insults of A. B. Vignes towards the reverend Carmelite Fathers." Thus : During the time when the Carmelite Fathers endeavored to get permission from Rome for the enlargement of their Monastery, and to use the place which had been given to them by the flour-merchants, whose names are mentioned in the Bull of Clemens IV., the inhabitants of the city, and mainly the Jews, furious and enraged at seeing the great honor paid to God and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, tried to aim a furious and final blow ; and one Vignes, whom they had besought, early in the month of August, after having tried every means of driving away the Carmelite Fathers, not only from the Monastery, but out of the city, and having failed in all his attempts,

planned a new assault, and secured the doors of the monastery and church with big chains. While this was being done, some of the more timid monks fled through one door which had not yet been secured. The calculations of the judge was, that the monks would leave the place for some other shelter, or would starve to death. The doors, therefore, remained closed for three days. Meanwhile, the monks, inside, incessantly sang, "*Laudes a Dieu*," as if they enjoyed the greatest prosperity in the world.

During these three days, those monks who had fled used all means available to procure liberty for their brethren. They obtained from the judge permission to open the doors of the monastery and of the church. This was on the 6th day of August, the Feast of the Transfiguration. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon, Vignes, son of the judge, having arrived, with soldiers, at the door of the church, to open it, and not finding the keys, and while looking for hammers, etc., wherewith to break open the doors, the monks in the choir sang vespers, and had just begun the Psalm, "*Beatus Vir*," when, at the words, "*Potens in terra erit semen ejus, generatio rectorum benedicetur*," the doors were forced in with such a terrific noise as to frighten all present; but chiefly because they beheld Vignes, son of the judge, and known to be main instigator of this enterprise, with his face turned backward, causing him pains so great that he cried aloud and howled.

The good monks, having been called

to his spiritual assistance, exhorted him most powerfully to give up his Jewish error, and to receive the Catholic faith, promising him that, by the prayers of the Virgin, Mother of God, whose enemy he had been, he would recover his health and former condition. The miserable man promised to become a Christian, abjured his errors, begged to be instructed, and vowed to God and to the Virgin, that, if he obtained his former health, he would donate the most beautiful church-portal that could be seen anywhere.

He had hardly completed this vow, when the Blessed Virgin obtained for him the promised health from her Son, Jesus Christ. After this, he took all pains to show his gratitude for the great benefit received, and tried, to the utmost, to undo as much as possible, the evil he had done to these poor monks, and to love them, and fulfilled his pledge of donating to them the most beautiful church-portal.

This portal, in remembrance of the aforesaid events, is never opened entirely, excepting on the day of the Transfiguration; and, also, in remembrance of this favor from heaven, the monks there have, annually, a procession around the monastery on the 6th day of August."

"This is taken, partly, from the picture which is in the sacristy, and partly from tradition. This miracle, it will be seen took place on the feast day of Saint Sixtus."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)



CHARITY stole quietly into the parlor and seated herself at the piano. To her own andante accompaniment she sang softly to herself

"Out in this vast world somewhere  
A heart is beating for me,  
In tones that blend concordant  
In love's sweet harmony."

Doctor Cutting and Fenton sat together in the studio enjoying a smoke. Charity's playing seemed to hypnotise both of them.

"Ever read Kipling?" asked Fenton, who was anxious to break the painful silence.

"Yes, and don't you think he went rather too far in his apostrophe to the fair sex?"

"In what way?"

"Why," said Cutting, "don't you remember that memorable line of his wherein he addresses lovely woman as '*a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair*'?"

"Yes, and another line," said Fenton. "This modern genius also says somewhere that

'A woman is always a woman  
But a cigar is a smoke'  
or something to that effect."

"I think, Fenton, that your eagerness to get off such quotations is but a safety valve for your own troubled thoughts. You are soured, old boy!

Own up now," said Cutting, as his eyes followed the rings of smoke.

"Oh, I am happy enough, doctor," replied Fenton. "Luck always came my way. Just now I have a home and *nearly* all that makes it a home. The chain needs but one link."

"There's the rub, eh?"

"Exactly. 'One link broken—the whole chain broken,' as the proverb runs."

"In other words, everything is not yet safely anchored. However, don't abandon hope."

"You will help me out in this matter, won't you doctor?"

"Yes, Harry Fenton can always count on my aid."

"Shake hands, doctor. You are what I would define a friend, no matter how you may define happiness. Let's go in and take something for old acquaintance's sake."

Cutting had had no intention of unveiling to Fenton the affairs of his own heart, however, before train time arrived he grew very confidential.

"Remember the ambulance which passed us that day as we stood chatting on the corner?" he asked. "Well, sir, that brought me my star patient. She and I are already great friends."

"Nothing more?" said Fenton, with a sly look.

"Well, old fellow, between you and me, I really do believe that I would marry her, only that I had already made up my mind to remain a bachelor. After all, I am thinking that it might



be better for me if I did get into the matrimonial harness. She can talk—"

"Wouldn't be a woman if she couldn't," broke in Fenton.

"Excuse me," went on the doctor. "What I was going to say was that she was a brilliant conversationalist, and, also, I should say, somewhat of a dreamer. By Jove! these women have a wonderful faculty of hypnotising a fellow."

"I guess I understand the rest, doctor," said Fenton. "Just let me know the date and I will be there as your best man."

"Good-bye! I am off," said Cutting. "There's my train whistling. Take care of yourself; use your queen well, and don't make any false moves if you wish to avoid a stalemate."

The doctor met Charity standing at the gate and she accepted his invitation to walk to the station.

"Fenton's a fine fellow, isn't he?" he asked as a feeler. He seldom had had such a chance to see Charity alone, so he was determined to plunge into deep water at once. His remark brought the color to Charity's face, but nevertheless he was at once determined to find the direction of the wind.

"I have a delicate question to ask, Miss Werker," went on Cutting, unmindful of Charity's blushes.

"You know that my mind is already settled, doctor, but nevertheless let me hear what you have to say," replied Charity.

"Just five words—why do you not marry?" he asked her very bluntly.

Charity did not swoon. She was made of better stuff. She simply exclaimed, "Well, doctor! such a question! Didn't you already hear me say that I would *never* marry?"

"Yes, but you never gave your reasons."

"Why, because, doctor!"

"A woman's reason exactly!" said Cutting.

"Well, doctor, I can speak to you as a friend," continued Charity. "I know well that you are playing Mr. Fenton's part, and you play it well. This is a matter which needs much prayer and consideration. Perhaps under certain conditions I *would* marry Harry Fenton, but remember, this is said in strict confidence."

"May I ask the conditions, Miss Werker?"

"Certainly. In the first place Harry must prove to a certainty that his wife is dead. Secondly, he must live up to his duties as a Catholic."

"Good-bye!" said Cutting, as he jumped on the platform. "If you don't anticipate me, I shall tell Harry that he still has hope."

#### CHAPTER XV.

*"And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep,  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
And leaves the wretch to weep."*

—GOLDSMITH.

Rose Withers was the first to hear Doctor Cutting's genial "Good morning" on the first day after his visit to Boomfield.

"Glad to see you back, doctor," she said. "I was dreaming of you last night. Have a good time?"

"Splendid. Met some old acquaintances. Fine people. But what use is there of telling you of people with whom you are not acquainted? Take your medicine?"

"Oh, yes, the good Sister reminded me of that. The Sisters and I are becoming fast friends."

"Friends, as a rule, are easier to find than to keep."

"That's true, doctor, and I shall lose

a good friend in you when I leave here."

"O nonsense! Surely, Miss Withers, Doctor Cutting hasn't done half what he ought to have done for you."

Rose, at this point, diplomatically changed the subject, when a nurse passed through with a tray dexterously poised in mid-air. Resuming her chat with the doctor, she said:

"By the way, speaking of Sisters, doctor, do you know that I prefer these active nuns to those other walled up religious who give more time to their own souls than to those of others."

"In other words, Miss Withers, the contemplative orders, in your opinion, have no business on this hustling planet of ours. Is that what you mean?"

"Exactly, and you can not convince me to the contrary. There's no use arguing with a man."

"That's what most of women say when they get the worst of an argument. By the way, I have again forgotten to take your temperature. Put this thermometer in your mouth and keep it there long enough to give me a chance to bring a few truths home to you."

"You men are just awful. There's no use talking."

"Of course there isn't. Keep your mouth closed now, or you will drop that thermometer. Now, my dear," continued Cutting, "I want you to know that the old contemplative orders are a necessary part of the Church. They are the complement of the beautiful whole. This is a fast age. We all live at high pressure. It's a grand rush after the almighty dollar. Everything else is forgotten. Little we think of the great soul problems—of heaven or hell. No one reads. We merely scan the stock reports or the baseball

score. We never stop to think or form our own opinion. We buy it ready-made at the editor's bargain counter. Well may we repeat with the Prophet of old: *With desolation is the land made desolate because no man thinks in his heart.*"

Cutting had soared above the realm of small talk. He was serious enough when he continued more calmly:

"God has surely a right to have a few chosen souls exclusively devoted to Him. Pure souls, who away from the noisy crowd, walk and talk familiarly with God. How many of us may He not have spared for their sakes? Don't imagine that the cloistered monks, or nuns, waste their time. Long before the sun has arisen, have these good religious knelt for hours in silent prayer, praising God and interceding for saint and sinner. Little does the world know of their vigils, labors, prayers and many acts of self-denial. Many a soul has been snatched from hell, many a hardened sinner has turned to God on his death-bed, many a saint has become holier, many a family has been reconciled, many a school or hospital has flourished—yea, even purgatory itself is daily emptied in answer to the prayers offered up in the cell of the humble Brother or Sister. Pull back the veil of the cloister, and there you'll see living pictures of purity, poverty, charity and obedience. Mary—the model of Christian virtue—still lives in the monastic abode where you will find faithful copies of her in the persons of those devoted to her."

"What do you think of Father Vincent, doctor?" asked Rose.

"All that is good," replied Cutting.

"He is very friendly to me."

"So he is to everyone. He could not be otherwise," continued the doctor. "Yes, I love and venerate the

priesthood. The priest is our best friend. He is always ready to sacrifice himself, to give up his life if necessary, and he wants no earthly recompense. And how great is his power and authority! I fear we never sufficiently thank God for sending us these good ministers of His. Strange! isn't it, how wicked men will laugh at the piety and learning of the clergy? Ah! they are the apple of God's eyes, and woe to them who scoff at His anointed ones. God alone knows how His priests are hated, persecuted and tempted by the friends of Satan. He will not forget the words written and spoken with intent to lessen respect towards this sacred office. God's mill grinds slow but sure. What a howl of derision goes up from the pharasaical mob if the poor priest, human as he is, should step aside from the path of holiness. Let us, who are so eager to find a blemish in the sacerdotal character remember that it is not our business to pass judgment on those placed over our souls. Our duty is to pray for them."

"Father Vincent told me he was poor, and besides I notice that he does not dress like other priests. I cannot understand this. Can you enlighten me, doctor," asked Rose.

"Why, Miss Withers," replied Cutting, "don't you know that Father Vincent is what we call a religious or regular priest—a monk or friar if you will. He has vowed to practice the strictest poverty, preserve angelic chastity and live in obedience (in all things not sinful) to a lawful superior for God's sake. It is a heroic life. Monastic life approaches the nearest to perfection in this imperfect world of ours. The monk enjoys the greatest liberty, and should be the happiest of men. The highest virtue naturally flourishes in the monastery. The

monastic rules and constitutions are wisdom itself, and cover every detail of daily life. The friar carries a yoke both light and sweet. He lives happy and dies happy. Again, see all the good which has come from the monasteries! How many saints and scholars have not the cloisters given to God's Church. The monks were the first to teach civilization. Witness the millions of souls benefited by the example, prayer and preaching of the friars! Count the many monastic poets, painters and preachers. The monk's life is an object lesson of virtue. He is in consequence an eye-sore to wicked worldlings. No wonder the world hates him like the devil does holy water."

"But the monk's life is a hard one, is it not, doctor?"

"Not for those called to such a life. Love for God makes everything sweet, even crosses. Regular life and plain diet makes the friar healthy and long-lived. Even his picturesque habit is a more rational dress from a sanitary view-point than our carelessly creased trousers and open coats, which are made to catch the eye of our neighbors and pneumonia in the bargain. The monk, moreover, is living in a quiet and peaceful atmosphere which necessarily make him happy and healthy in soul and body. He has his own innocent amusements. He can pass his spare time with brush or canvas. Or he can bury himself in his books, and revel in the domains of theology, history, botany, astronomy, philosophy and the rest. In leisure moments he can pour out his jubilant soul with his violin or at the organ. The monk above all is a child of nature, and finds much to enjoy in the flora and fauna surrounding him. He lives in a polite and genial atmosphere—everything

about him is bound to make him a Christian gentleman. The monk loves his country. He elevates patriotism—but, after all though, it matters not whether his fellow-man is Turk or Jap. He is all to all. Unselfish, sacrificing, altruistic, with rich or poor, learned or unlearned, the monk is a philanthropist and cosmopolitan."

"I remember, doctor," said Rose, "a mother who at one time absolutely forbade her son to enter a monastery, although the boy was determined to do so. She was willing that her son be ordained a priest, but she would not hear of him being shut up among a lot of begging friars. Was she right?"

"She was not. Silly woman! She simply ruined that boy's vocation. That is what I call trampling under foot the designs of Providence and putting oneself and others on the road to perdition. On the contrary, it is the bounden duty of parents to encourage religious vocations if they recognize signs of it in their children."

"That may be all true, doctor, but I do not approve of priest or parent bundling a boy off to the monastery, or a hysterical girl to the convent, when there is no sign of a religious calling—nor do I admire those zealous nuns who go scouring around the country skimming the cream of the parish and persuading girls they were sent into this world to be sisters, when everyone else knows that they have no more calling for religious life than the members of the Sultan's household."

"You are partly right, Miss Withers," said Cutting, "but don't labor under a delusion. Remember that no one is forced inside convent walls—all 'ex-nuns' and fake 'priests' to the contrary notwithstanding. Religious vows made against any person's will are *ipso facto* invalid, and are not bind-

ing. More than this, good Father Vincent told me (and parenthetically I must not likewise forget that he said I must say my beads with great fervor during this month of October)—he told me that the great Council of Trent has fulminated anathemas against those who force—or help to force—unwilling subjects into a convent or monastery. Now, dear Miss Withers, we have made a very long and pious digression. I am afraid I have tried your patience long enough."

"I never in my whole life before talked so much on such grave subjects. It has done me no harm, doctor."

"When we meet again, I'll take the thermometer out of your mouth in time enough to give you a chance to talk."

"Thank you, doctor!" said Rose, with a laugh. "Next time I'll tell you the story of my own life—the story of a naughty girl."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

*"I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres."*

—“HAMLET.”

Doctor Cutting was discontented. Indoor work did not agree with him. Rose Withers alone kept him at the hospital, but as soon as she was convalescent, off he would fly to the country.

"Nonsense!" he would say to himself, "why do I stay here? This person is but a patient of mine whom, like other patients, one meets—parts with and then forgets. Besides, what time I trifle away! Pshaw! Cutting cut yourself loose. Don't be such a slave—be a man for once in your life—for,

"There are things we must throw from us, when the heart would gather strength to fulfil its purpose."

Such were the thoughts buzzing in his busy brain as he came towards Rose Withers with his usual matutinal punctuality. He was going to be very brave all at once. He would be short and business-like—just say a word and then be off. Little had he fathomed the ways of womankind. He was trying to look as grave as an undertaker as he came into the room, but the moment Rose spoke all his feigned gravity vanished as quickly as the rose tint on some ladies' faces when they are caught in the rain.

"Good morning, Miss Withers," he said, in a vain endeavor to be stiff and formal. There was no starch left in his make-up after his patient made sure of her game by saying in her softest tones

"Why, doctor dear, sit down, I have so much to say. Really, one night's absence seems a life-time."

Cutting made one supreme effort to be indifferent by saying,

"Excuse me, Miss Withers, I have no time. I must be off."

And then Rose Withers played her last trump. She seized woman's never-failing weapon and had a good cry. That settled it. Her victim was now as docile as a lamb. No patient on his own operating table was as ever unresisting as he.

"Listen to me," said Rose, as if prescribing for the doctor: "You are not going to slip away as easily as you imagine. I have something to say about that. I am going to remain here as a nurse. Why, my dress is already made. You ought to see it. It is too cute for anything. Oh! no! I am not going to give up old friends so easily. I have experienced enough sad

partings and know too well the truth of the saying that

"To know, to esteem, to love and then to part

Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart."

"You women are cruel," said Cutting, with a laugh, "however go on with your own story since you now have me at your mercy."

"Well, I'll commence at the end—as the girls do when reading novels," said Rose, "and tell you at once that the epilogue to my story will be the history of a wiser and better girl—if I may call myself such—for we women, you know, all expect to remain girls."

"But there are *old* girls, are there not?" broke in the doctor.

"Try your own temperature this time, doctor, and I'll proceed. Let me finish, or rather commence. I was, please understand, not what you would call real bad, but I was both silly and giddy like those moths which flutter around the lamp and get burnt up. I had a lovely mother. I was her pet and always had my own way. (Cutting mumbled something here which was indistinct, since he had the thermometer buried in his moustache—however, it seemed to be an insinuation that Rose was still bent on having her own way.) Nature had given me all that makes attractive the human face divine. I knew it. I felt my superiority and counted adorers by the score. I missed no chance to put my vanity on parade. I thought I knew everything. But I didn't. I could murder Beethoven and at the same time spoil a batch of bread. My sister—I need not mention the darling's name—she often told me that I was a doll—an over-dressed one at that—only fit to be played with, and as for managing children, why, she said, I would

as easily manage a herd of buffaloes. 'Twas all too true. I had received an excellent education, with plenty of religion worked into every corner of it. But my piety soon evaporated. For awhile my conscience troubled me, but by and by it became very elastic. I could soon get over a scruple about eating a juicy cutlet on Fridays, and so on with the rest. The next thing to go overboard was my Beads. But, thank God! I never gave in to the temptation to lay aside my Scapular. If I had, I would not be here to relate all this. Well, doctor, as I was saying, my moral instinct became very blunt. I should add, too, the fact that spicy(?) novels helped me downward. Of course, for a long time I assumed a veneer of respectability—in fact I patronized religion, and even went so far as to take a class at the Muddy Hill Sunday-school. More than this, I even read papers at the Blue Blood Ladies' Reform Club. But, alas! when I was down in the mire my former sky-kissing friends elevated their noses and passed me by. They pretended to pity me, but in their hearts they despised me. Thank God! with the help of His grace and His holy Mother's prayer, I have changed my life. My experience was a bitter one, but it will be, I hope, the stepping-stone to higher things. My last illness was a blessing in disguise. It awakened my thinking faculties. Now I see how false the world is. It allowed me to stay in the spot where I fell. The Sister of Charity

was the first to pick me up."

"God is good to us even when we go astray," exclaimed Cutting.

"Too true, doctor," continued Rose, "and how much gratitude do I not owe to our dear Lady of Carmel, whose holy Scapular I never laid aside. Ah! heaven knows what part these hallowed bits of cloth played in my tragic career. Ah! doctor, each bead which passes through these fingers of mine these October days is an act of thanks to Mary Immaculate."

"I think that during your remaining days you should imitate the example of that great saint of Carmel—St. Teresia," said Cutting.

"How so, doctor?"

"Why, by taking the Blessed Virgin as your mother, which indeed she is to all of us."

Cutting did not leave the hospital. He remained after a little persuasion. He consented to give a course of lectures to the trained-nurses. These professional chats of his were very instructive, and during them no one hung on his lips with closer attention than Rose Withers. Poor girl! Her's was a strange case. Cutting was glad to embrace her among his medical pupils, and there was also hope that one day he would start her again in life.

Rose herself now had but one thought, which ran like this: "Should the past rise to reproach you, Live to make your future well."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE FEAST OF THE ROSARY.

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



**N** the south of France, at the close of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century, there was a heretical sect known as the Albigenses, which took its name from Albiga, the modern Alvi. This city is the capital of the department of Tarn, and is situated on the river of that name, about forty-one miles north-east of Toulouse. It is an Archiepiscopal See, has a cathedral, a magnificent Gothic structure, and is dedicated to Saint Cecilia. In doctrine the Albigenses were closely allied to the Paterini an Italian sect, to the Paulicians, a sect that arose in the East about the sixth century, and to the Manichæans, who had their origin at an earlier period. The two sects differed very little from the latter in doctrine, so they might be considered as its legitimate offspring. Especially the Albigenses, who held the dualism of the Manichæans with regard to the person of Christ, and who rejected the authority of the Old Testament, and repudiated marriage. They held many other absurd doctrines, too numerous to mention here, but their hatred to the Catholic church and its holy doctrine, appeared to be the leading feature of their religion. It is necessary that scandals must come, and heresies go out from the church from age to age, they flourish for a time and frequently wax strong from opposition, but when left to themselves, unopposed, they find that a pure denial of doctrine

is a foundation too weak to lean upon, and they either die of inanition, or dwindle away into insignificance. All heresies have their origin in sin; men forget their duty to God, to their neighbor and to themselves. Morals being corrupt, indulgence is elevated to the dignity of an idol, authority is then despised and heresy and infidelity is the natural result. Had not the first man sinned, there would have been no heresy, no deviation from the truth, but his fall left a permanent wound in his nature and impaired the noble faculties of his soul. According to the Angelic Doctor, actual sin, if mortal, produces the above-mentioned effect on the offender, each time he commits it. We can then easily understand how the repetition of sin hardens the heart, blinds the intellect, and leaves the will to resign itself with complacency to the animal instincts of man's lower appetite. Thus when a people once Christian, through sin fall into this weakened condition, they become an easy prey to heresy.

However, at that distant period, we find the Albigenses occupying the fairest provinces of a great Catholic nation. Not content with the exercise of their own religion, such as it was, they became aggressive and displayed the most fierce passions in their hostility to the church. They set at defiance all authority sacred and profane; neither the holy precincts of the sanctuary nor the sacred rights of home, were a sufficient barrier against their lawless conduct. Nothing was too sacred to escape their sacrilegious hands; persons consecrated to God were the victims upon whom they delighted to pour out



vengeance, and the altar and the sacrifice they were not ashamed to desecrate.

In this lamentable state of affairs the secular power was invoked against them to restrain them, if possible, within the limits of order and decency. It may be said that that power dealt severely with them and that at the instance of the Church. The secular power dealt not more severely with them than it would at the present day, with citizens rebelling against lawfully constituted authority, especially with those desecrating and tearing down places of worship and taking the lives of innocent persons. But this was not a remedy sufficiently efficacious to deal with the evil, the wound was too deep-seated to be reached by such power. In most cases force has the contrary effect of that intended, and this case was no exception to the rule. It only aroused and intensified their hatred and confirmed them in their obstinacy. Simon De Montfort could restrain them with his army from open violence, for the time being; but it was only St. Dominic preaching the Rosary, it was only the grace attending his words that reached down to the depths of the soul and there healed the wound that was grown chronic by the long indulgence of unrestrained passions. The then reigning sovereign Pontiff, Innocent the Third, exhausted all peaceful means to bring them to a sense of duty. As early as the year 1198, he sent delegates to instruct and, if possible, bring them back within the fold of the Church. The two first were Cistercians, Guy and Renier, in the following year they were joined by Peter of Castelnaud, and afterwards by the Bishop of Osma and Saint Dominic. Peter of Castelnaud fell a victim to his zeal, being martyred by his enemies. He sowed the seed of

Christians in a sterile soil and fertilized it with his blood.

Still the missionaries seemed to make but a slight impression on those obstinate people. The Cistercians left, and the Bishop of Osma died while returning to his diocese, so that Dominic for the most part afterwards was left alone. This great athlete of Christ fasted and prayed as only a saint could do, laboring amongst them for many years; he instructed, and by the power of his eloquence convinced them, but he could not change their hearts, and they still adhered to their errors; Under these trying circumstances, when all seemed to fail, and when years of great suffering and labor seemed to be lost, he turned his heart to Our Blessed Lady, and his confidence in her, whom he loved so well, was not in vain. Appearing to him she taught him the mysteries, and the manner in which the Rosary was to be recited and admonished him to explain it to the people. It is needless to say that he joyfully complied with her admonition, and from that day forward his labors were crowned with success. The hearts of a heretical and obstinate people melted when contemplating the mysteries of the holy Rosary, and in a short time, through the labors of St. Dominic one hundred thousand strayed sheep were brought back to the fold of Christ. With regard to the authenticity of the apparition, there is no room for doubt, as the Church examined and set the seal of its approbation upon it. Even as late as the sixteenth century, the venerable Pontiff Gregory the XIII., in a bull dated Anno Domini 1577 bore testimony to the divine origin of the Rosary. The life and sanctity of the saint, his labors and miracles, are a sufficient guarantee against any doubt that might be thrown on this matter.



Born of a noble house in Spain, despising the goods and the honors of this world, he gave, without reserve, his young life to the service of God. And that in no ordinary way. He was devoted with zeal, on fire with the love of God and his neighbor, a veritable holocaust, for nothing of self remained. The Church enrolled him in the catalogue of her saints, and has exalted him upon her altars for the veneration of the faithful. But Dominic did another work of divine origin by establishing one of the Mendicant Orders, the Friars Preachers. To the Mendicant Orders how much does the world owe? Venerable for their antiquity, sanctity and learning, they left their impress on the civilization and religious development of the European nations for the last seven centuries. How many saints and doctors they have given to the Church? But as I am writing of Saint Dominic and the Rosary, I will mention here two of his most renowned sons, though he had very many more. The name of Albert the Great is still green in the memory of every scholar throughout christendom, but what shall I say of Saint Thomas, the Angelic Doctor, who was not only an ornament to the Order to which he belonged, but who is today a shining light in the universal Church, and bids fair to continue so as long as time shall last? This venerable Order is a living testimony and has been for the last seven hundred years of the efficacy of the Rosary. If its members could give us a record of the innumerable miracles that have been wrought during that time, the glory that has been given to God, the sinners that have been converted and the souls that have been saved through it, we would have the whole Catholic world reciting the beads daily for the future.

The Feast of the Holy Rosary was established by Saint Pius the Fifth and the day of its celebration is the first Sunday of October. It was established as a perpetual commemoration of the great victory gained over the Ottoman Empire, at the battle of Lepanto, through the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary. The Pope did not at that time extend the festival to the universal Church, this was done later by Clement XI, in commemoration of another great victory gained through the Rosary over the same power at the battle of Belgrade. For centuries the Cross and the Crescent stood opposed to each other and contended for the supremacy of enemy, on many a battlefield, from the battle of Poitiers in the eighth century to the battle of Lepanto in the sixteenth. The Turks broke the power of the Eastern Empire and entered Constantinople in the year 1453. For a century they pushed forward their conquests, and, elated by success, Selim the Second decided upon the conquest of Western Europe. He would pull down the Cross, and in its place the Crescent would float triumphant over the subjugated Christian nations. For this purpose he collected a mighty army, and over three hundred vessels well manned and well supplied with the munitions of war, rode at anchor in the Gulf of Lepanto. All Europe stood appalled at the threatened danger. Christian nations, divided among themselves, could offer but little resistance; but there was one man who rose to the occasion and that was the then reigning Pontiff, Saint Pius the Fifth, the glorious son of Saint Dominic. How often has the Papacy saved Christendom? How much do Christian nations owe to the Holy See for the civilization and the liberty they now enjoy, but alas, it is needless to say

how ungrateful they are for the boon conferred? With what forces could be collected in the states of the Church, and with all the means at his disposal, the Pope made an alliance with Spain and Venice. He himself was at the head of the coalition, but he appointed Don John of Austria commander in chief of the forces. He called upon Christian people to recite the Rosary and beg the Mother of Mercy for success for the Christian arms. It was a solemn moment in the history of the world; the fate of Europe seemed to tremble in the balance. The Christian army with two hundred and forty vessels, though much less in number than the enemy, advanced and met the Ottoman forces in the Gulf of Lepanto. The battle raged from early morning until evening, and was fought with the greatest obstinacy on the part of the enemy. During this time the confraternities in Rome were reciting the Rosary, imploring the God of battles through the intercession of His blessed Mother, and the result was a glorious victory for the Christian arms. At the moment of victory, the Holy Pontiff was speaking with the cardinals, on a sudden he became thoughtful, going to the window he looked out, and returning he said: "This is no time to transact business, let us go and thank God for the victory that is gained by the Christian army." The victory was complete; the Ottoman Empire as a naval power was broken, and from that time forward began to decline.

On this occasion, in gratitude to Our Blessed Lady, he added to the Litany of Loretto the title (*Auxilium Christianorum*) Help of Christians.

Though the power of the Turks was much weakened, and though they never became as formidable an enemy as they had been, nevertheless they did

not entirely relinquish the dream of subjugating Western Europe. Always a warlike power, they once more became aggressive, and in the year 1683 we find them investing Vienna with two hundred thousand men, Turks and Tartars. Innocent the XI., seeing the danger, called upon the princes of Europe to repel the enemy, but the only one to respond was John Sobieski, the renowned King of Poland. Uniting his army with Austrians, the allied forces drove Mustifa across the Danube, where he lost a great portion of his army. But the last hope of conquest had not yet departed from the Ottoman Empire, for we find them threatening Europe once more by renewing the war of 1716. Clement the XI. called upon Christian nations to recite the Rosary, and send up their prayers to heaven for succor in the threatened danger, and the victory of Belgrade was the response to his confidence and devotion to the Mother of God. In gratitude for such a signal favor, he extended the festival of the Holy Rosary to the universal Church. From that time forward, that once powerful empire began steadily to decline and never after became a menace to the nations of Europe. Our present venerable Pontiff Leo XIII. is not an exception to the great Popes that sat in the chair of Peter before him, and who in time of danger to the Church, had recourse to the Holy Rosary to bring down the protection of heaven and dissipate the enemies who sought her ruin. Only a few years ago we know how earnestly this holy Pontiff besought Christian people throughout the world, to recite the Rosary daily during the month of October. And in his love for this holy form of prayer, and in honor of Our Lady of the Rosary, he has added to the Litany of Loretto the beautiful invocation—Queen of the Most Holy Rosary pray for us!

## A ROYAL TERESIAN.



It is fitting if we give a brief sketch of one of St. Teresa's noble daughters since in this month we celebrate the feast of the mother herself.

"When we turn our eyes upon the court of Louis XV. of France, it appears to be the last place in which a religious vocation might be supposed to grow. Vice seemed to have run wild, and it must have been a greater trial of faith to have lived in those days in Paris than in the worst fury of the Revolution," said a writer in the *Ave Maria*. But God has at all times living witnesses that His grace is sufficient for all temptations and circumstances. In the midst of that corrupt French court, Marie Leczinska, the Queen of France, lived a holy life and had an influence over her children which resulted in their consecrating themselves to God. The most lively and gayest of the four princesses was Louise. She was educated by the Benedictine nuns of Fontevrault, and the holy example of her mother corrected what faults she had. Louise could find no rest in the world. When the King consented to her wish to enter religion, the great desire of the princess was to enter one of the poorest convents of the Carmelites, and having heard that the one at Saint Denis answered the description, she chose that house for her future abode. The same convent had been reduced to poverty, and it was feared the house would be sold. The nuns made a novena to Our Lady begging her to send them a postulant with a true vocation, who would bring them money

to save their house. Before the novena had ended, the Carmelites saw entering within their doors one who would bring with her sufficient riches to re-establish and clear their house from debt. The Blessed Virgin had heard their prayer, and sent them a rich princess with a true vocation. No luxuries or dispensations were introduced into that community. The Carmelites themselves, stunned almost at the event which had rung throughout Europe, that a daughter of the King had come to adopt their poor life, and fearing to make the change from the palace to the cloister too abrupt, tried to soften the rigor of the rule for the Princess. She, however, would not suffer it, and bravely set to work to conquer her natural repugnances. She occupied her time as a novice in washing the dishes and cleaning the candlesticks in the sacristy. She disliked to hear her title of Madame Louise, but loved her religious name of Sister Teresa.

The day on which Madame Louise took the habit was a grand occasion. The Pope sent his Nuncio to give her the habit. Almost all the French bishops, the royal family and many distinguished persons were present. The Princess herself was arrayed in all her royal splendor. She calmly answered all the questions of the ritual put to her, and receiving the habit and veil withdrew from the chapel to lay aside the rich garments of her birth. The mantle of Saint Teresa, which had been preserved in one of the convents, was brought to St. Denis for the occasion, and Madame Louise was seen lying prostrate covered by this mantle, according to the custom

of the Order. Most of the assembly was in tears.

As soon as Madame Louise retired to her convent, the world said she would never remain to be clothed with the habit. When she was clothed, the world said she would never be professed. The day came, however, when the bells of Paris announced that Madame Louise had forever consecrated herself to God by the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. The most fervent nuns were edified by the rapid advance the Princess made in virtue.

Thus passed her life, daily increasing in sanctity, in devotion, in love to God and His most blessed Mother. Her last illness came on, and she showed the same spirit of patience as when in health. When she was too weak to go

to the chapel, it was proposed to erect a chapel in the infirmary. But she did not wish this privilege, saying, "Living and dying I will be a simple Carmelite." Nothing but prayers and holy words flowed from her lips. Keeping the Rule to the last, she would not break the strict silence which is prescribed for the night. She called the community and asked pardon for all her faults against them. "I never could have thought it was so sweet to die," she was heard to say. Her whole soul longed for the holy Viaticum, and having received it she was in peace. On December 23rd, 1787, she went to receive an imperishable crown. Death came to her as tranquil as sleep. Her last words were: "Come, let us arise, and make haste to go to heaven."

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## FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

### An Instance of Our Lady's Power Regarding Those Who Wear Her Scapular.

Having been asked to contribute something to THE CARMELITE REVIEW, I will relate for its readers a wonderful instance of Our Blessed Lady's power to *hold in life*—that is, to keep back from death—those who wear her Brown Scapular. This was told me by a priest of New York, for whom I was giving a mission. He vouched for the truth of it, and said that it had happened in one of the Sisters' hospitals in that city.

One day a woman was brought to the hospital in what seemed—and, to some extent, certainly was—a state of demoniacal possession. She was blaspheming horribly every now and then. And yet she was a Catholic!

The Sisters, after putting her to bed,

were informed by the doctors that she could not live thirty-six hours. This, of course, made them all the more anxious to bring a priest to their patient and get her reconciled to God. But the moment they mentioned a priest, or confession, out came a volley of blasphemy so dreadful that, after two or three attempts, they gave it up and let her alone.

Well, the wretched creature did *not* die within the time allotted by the doctors. She lived on, to everybody's surprise; and gave no sign of dying. Yet she was, evidently, in a constant struggle with something, and was noticed to clutch frequently at the portion of her dress which covered her bosom.

After two or three days had passed, beyond the thirty-six hours—the Sisters

thought they would give her a bath. It certainly could not hurt her, and might do her some good. But when they came to prepare her for the bath, it took two of them to get her dress off. They had to take it off by main force, she held on to it so obstinately. And behold, no sooner was it taken off than—she fell back dead!

Another astonishment. But, on examining the dress, they found the *Brown Scapular sewn to the inside of it, and just under the spot she had been clutching at.*

Our Lady of Mount Carmel had given one proof more of her faithfulness to her promise, and, no less, to her marvellous power. By the laws of nature, this woman should have died within the thirty-six hours; but Our Lady had the right to hold her in life so long as the Scapular was on her—thus, of course, leaving her abundant time for repentance, had she chosen to accept it; and having the right to do this, Mary had the power—for her Son has given her both. But the moment the Scapular was taken off—and it was the Divine Justice which allowed this to be done—the impenitent sinner was claimed by the demon, who had, doubtless, long made her his slave.

There is precious encouragement here for those who wear the Mount Carmel Scapular devoutly and perseveringly, looking up to our sweet Mother to be “delivered always from all dangers”—especially in the hour of death. But there is also a much-needed warning for those who leave the Scapular off in moods of indifference, or of wilfulness, or of despondency. They run a great risk of dying with it off—and dying in mortal sin.

Yet, what a common thing it is for

people to leave it off, and perhaps for years together! How many who have been invested with it at First Communion do not take the trouble to get, or to make, a new one, when (as, of course, must be the case) the one that was put on then is worn out! So, again, young women will leave it off all summer—a time of special temptations to them—because the strings are disagreeable, or because they wish to wear a low-necked dress. They ought to know that the softest satin tapes may be substituted for woollen strings. And these tapes may be made *ornamental*: which reminds me of what that noble woman Mary Anderson did while on the stage. Having to wear low-necked dresses, she attached to her Scapular tapes of silk, wide, and richly embroidered; and thus she was never without that badge of devotion to Our Blessed Lady, or the priceless protection which it gives.

Another lesson, too, may be learnt from our sad story: a warning to *pre-sumptuous* Catholics, who, while wearing the Scapular, go on living in mortal sin—taking no pains to amend their lives, and despising what the Church has to say to them. The Mother of Mercy was not given to us that we might neglect the more daringly to “work out our salvation,” and people who thus presume are sure, sooner or later—unless, of course, they repent in good time—to end by dying with their Scapular *off*, as the miserable woman did when the moment of her judgment came.

REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

ST. MARY'S RETREAT, DUNKIRK, N. Y.,  
FEAST OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA, 1897.

## THE SAINT OF THE BEATITUDES.

BY ENNANT DE MARIE.



### I.

SOFTLY the "gentle air" is o'er him stealing  
From the lone Mount, where Jesus taught of old.  
"Blessed the poor in spirit:" their's the Kingdom,  
Pearly its gates, its streets of purest gold,  
Swiftly his dreams of earthly treasures vanished,  
Like to the clouds of glowing summer's even.  
Calmly the star of hope with silvery shining,  
Points, as a guide, to endless joys of Heaven.

### II.

"Blessed the meek!" O heart most sweet and tender,  
From thy abundance breathes that soothing strain;  
They, e'en on earth, receive thy holy blessing,  
They to possession of the land attain.  
Often the gaze of Francis gently rested  
On that mild image of "the Lamb of God."  
Nobly his spirit soared in contemplation,  
O'er the meek ways our Savior's footsteps trod.

### III.

"Blessed are they that mourn," in earthly exile,  
Moistening with tears the weary upward way;  
Soon shall eternal comfort be their portion,  
Soon shall our God wipe all their tears away.  
Forth from his heart as from a living fountain  
Gushed forth St. Francis' tears of bitter pain  
Mourning the Crucified, on Mount Alvernia,  
Jesus, the Lamb, for us poor sinners slain.

### IV.

"Blessed are they that hunger after justice;"  
Thirsting for grace, as for the crystal stream,  
Pure are the waters that shall e'er refresh them,  
Glorious the light that over them shall beam,  
Burning his thirst for Calvary's sacred fountains,  
Eager his hunger for the altar food;  
Crimsoned his spirit . . . e'en his very body,  
Dyed in the love-marks of the holy rood.

### V.

"Blessed the merciful:" the kind and patient,  
Lightening earth's sorrows with a ray of love.  
Softly on them shall fall the Savior's mercy,  
Like to the dew-drops from the clouds above.  
Gladly the Saint of fair Assisi wandered  
Far o'er the world to win, to soothe, to save;  
Breathing sweet words of Jesus' loving mercy,  
And the great power of His Blood to lave.

## VI.

"Blessed the clean of heart:" the glorious vision  
 Shining eternally, unveiled to them shall be;  
 Dazzling the robes of glory that await them,  
 Sweet is their song before "the crystal sea."  
 Stainless the heart of Francis—while awaiting  
 That happy Kingdom with its vision blest,  
 He saw the beauty of the Infant-Savior,  
 Who came within his loving arms to rest.

## VII.

"Blessed" are they who, like their gentle Master,  
 Calm the heart's storms with words of joy and peace,  
 Holy their title "God's beloved children,"  
 Restful their home when earthly sorrows cease.  
 Joyous St. Francis passed along life's wayside,  
 Singing of peace, as angels sang of old,  
 Offering to men its everlasting blessings,  
 Kindling new love in hearts that had grown cold.

## VIII.

"Blessed are they that suffer persecution:"  
 Likening their spirits to the Crucified;  
 Radiant their glorious crowning in His Kingdom,  
 High amidst the blest who lived for Him and died.  
 Thirsting to suffer for his Lord and Master,  
 Seeking in vain the martyr's holy palm;  
 Ah! but the Passion still awaited Francis,  
 Sealing his spirit with the suffering Lamb.

## PRAYER.

Saint of the "poor in spirit!" we thy children  
 Though in the gloom, by faith thy vision see;  
 Safe may it lead us in the pathway chosen,  
 On to beatitude with God and thee.  
 On to the pearly gates of that fair Kingdom,  
 And to the mourner's comfort 'midst the blest.  
*There* where "the wicked ever cease from troubling,"  
*There* may our weary spirits find their rest.

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

### SECRETARY'S LETTER.

OCTOBER, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The month of May is especially dear to Catholic hearts, and now October in all its autumnal beauty comes to give us added joy because it is dedicated to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary.

While we are young the things of faith are everyday affairs to us. We take them as a matter of course, as part and parcel of our daily lives. It is only as we grow older that we learn to know and appreciate them, because they are our comfort and our strength when all else fails.

The Scapular and the Beads are our treasures, which year by year grow nearer and dearer to our hearts. Fidelity to them will be the assured proof of our fidelity to God, because as St. Alphonsus says, "It is impossible that a child of Mary should be lost."

There is great danger nowadays in a multiplicity of devotions.

People say many prayers and stop at that. St. John Berchmans, S.J., was once asked what form of devotion he thought would be most acceptable to Our Blessed Lady.

"Any little thing," he replied, "only let it be CONSTANT."

Constancy! that is the test of devotion. The faithful wearing of the Scapular and the daily recital of one's Beads would certainly entitle us to the unflinching protection of Our Blessed Lady at the hour of death.

Death is not a very cheerful subject to think about, dear children, but each

day is bringing us nearer to it, and therefore we should give a little thought to that last journey.

Before we go to the country in the summer we make great preparations. For weeks before, we plan and fix things, and the packing of our trunk is a very important part of our preparation.

We are all going on the great journey to eternity one of those days, and it were well if each day would find us thinking of the things we need.

Practical piety teaches us to think only of the *necessary* things. First and last one's duty faithfully done. Many make the great mistake of thinking that piety consists in church going, and that provided one goes to daily Mass and Benediction and attends the various devotions of the parish church, all is well with him before God. Decidedly not. Duty is always incumbent upon us while church going is not.

Very often we indulge our self-love and our own whims in the pursuit of piety, forgetting that the sacrifice of our self-will is, in many cases, the offering most pleasing to God.

Home is the sanctuary which should have our first care, and devotion to its interests is our first duty. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is the only commandment which has a promise attached to it, and the piety which is ever mindful of that commandment is the only one that stands the severest test.

October 2nd brings us the sweet feast of the Guardian Angels.



Devotion to our angel guardian is sadly neglected by most of us. We all *know* that we have an angel, and in a half-hearted sort of a way we recognize his presence. But anything like a constant devotion to him influencing our lives is unknown to us.

This is neither just nor generous. We all need a faithful friend and such, in the highest degree, is our guardian angel. If our faith were strong, we would believe in him more sincerely and trust him more lovingly than we do. Our interests are his, and surely gratitude demands that we have even an ordinary attachment for him.

Anything, any *little* thing, provided it be constant, will do, for a rule for our angel guardian ("more than brother," as Fr. Faber calls him) as well as for Our Blessed Lady.

To ask his blessing each morning and evening; to turn affectionately towards our right side from time during the day to salute him; to talk familiarly to him when we are blue or lonely;—these are the little things that will win for us many happy moments and many precious graces.

Dear children, pray this month for those who are in sorrow. The world is full of suffering hearts, and a Hail Mary each day for the afflicted, is a practice worthy of the saints.

God, in His sweet mercy and loving providence, sends sorrow to each individual soul. Blessed be His holy will which does all things well. That it may be done most lovingly in you and me is the earnest prayer of

Yours devotedly,  
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN SEPTEMBER.

1. Leif Ericson, a Norseman.
2. Hammerfest in Norway.
3. Land of the midnight sun.

4. Bergen in Norway, on account of its rainy weather.

5. Helen Hunt Jackson.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN SEPTEMBER.

1. The second time he cut too little off.
2. When the dove brought the green back to Noah.
3. Just above two feet.
4. The one is missed from heaven, the other is mist from earth.
5. Merely a difference of opinion.

#### FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Where was the largest diamond ever found?
2. Who is called the "Hoosier Poet?"
3. Where was the first temperance meeting held in America?
4. Where is the oldest version of the Holy Scriptures?
5. What country enjoys the privilege of using sky-blue vestments on the feasts of the Blessed Virgin?

#### FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. My *first* is used sometimes on the floor.  
My *second* is a grain.  
My *third* is all desire.  
My whole is one of the united states.
2. My *first* is a kind of butter.  
My *second* is a lickler.  
My whole is used in hunting.
3. What word can be made of the letters in roast-mules?
4. Make a word of the letters in this sentence: Sin sat on a tar tub.
5. For what was Eve created?

#### MAXIMS FOR OCTOBER.

1.  
Ah me! how lovely must they be  
Whom God has glorified;

Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!  
Is ever at my side.

—Faber "on the Angels."

2.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never;  
Death's last kiss has been the mystic  
sign.

Consecrating Love our own forever,  
Crowning it eternal and divine.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

3. A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—Tennyson.

4. God in His goodness mingles purgatory with every day of our life. Let us accept, let us clasp to our breast the cross He offers us.—De Ravignan.

—  
Just Be Glad.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't  
Worry so!

What we've missed of calm we couldn't  
Have, you know!

What we've met of stormy pain,  
And of sorrow's driving rain,  
We can better meet again,  
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour,  
We have known,

When the tears fell with the shower,  
All alone—

Were not shine and sorrow blent  
As the gracious Master meant?

Let us temper our content  
With His own.

For, we know, not every morrow  
Can be sad;

So, forgetting all the sorrow  
We have had,

Let us fold away our fears,  
And put by our foolish tears,  
And through all the coming years  
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Saint Anthony of Padua!

Dear Saint, whose ready prayers  
Have healed so many miseries,  
Have eased so many cares.

"Saint Anthony of Padua,  
Dear Saint"—we oft repeat;  
The sweet child Jesus in thine arms,  
His lilies round thy feet!

—  
Bedtime.

Three little girls are weary—  
Weary of books and of play;

Sad is the world and dreary,  
Slowly the time slips away.  
Six little feet are aching.

Bowed is each little head,  
Yet they are up and shaking  
When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,  
Just for a minute or two;

Then, when they end their chatter,  
Sleep comes quietly to woo;

Slowly their eyes closing,  
Down again drops every head;

Three little heads are dozing,  
Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever,  
Night after night they protest;

Claiming they are sleepy never,  
Never in need of their rest.

Nodding and almost dreaming,  
Drowsily each little head

Still is for ever scheming  
Merely to keep out of bed.

—  
The wound in the side of Jesus is that city of the sun of which Isaiah speaks; because in the opening of the side of our Lord was opened the gate of paradise, whence comes to us the splendor of eternal light.—*St. Anthony of Padua.*

## A GOLDEN MESSENGER.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

*"The earth was fair with blossoms white  
That lovely month of May,  
When Eva Mary's baby-life  
Was ebbing fast away."*



OME youthful readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW may feel inclined to ask: "Is this true? Did it *really* happen?" I have sometimes been obliged to satisfy queries of this nature from petitioners for "a story," so, by way of preface, I assure you all, dear children, it is "really true," and that it happened in "the Emerald Isle," May 12th, 1884.

Eva Mary was about a year old; a fresh flower with baptismal dew-drops sparkling on her soul, like those on the May-blossoms adorning the trees with beauty just then. But *our* blossom was fading that lovely night. God was about to transplant it, by angel-hands, to His garden of Paradise above, and present it to the ever Blessed Virgin, in her own sweet month. The nursery was very still, and the faithful nurse watched patiently by the cradle trying to soothe its dying occupant, well aware that life "was ebbing fast away." Suddenly a childish voice, (that of Eva's brother, not more, perhaps, than four years of age) startled her. "O, nurse! I see a golden man beside baby's cradle." "Lie down, child," she answered, "you are dreaming." "I am not dreaming; he is there," repeated the child earnestly.

The nurse, in alarm, hastened for the children's father, fearing perhaps the scene might be a trying one for their

young mother. He came at once, and took the little babe in his arms, and before morning dawned she passed from them to those of her Father in Heaven.

The brother steadily repeated his assertion. "Nurse said I was dreaming, but I *was* awake, and saw it. He took away baby." When asked if he was frightened, he replied: "O, no! I could not be frightened, he was *so* beautiful!"

There are some lessons for you in this little story, not very hard to learn, and very useful besides. And first: you all know that every baptised infant has a holy angel appointed as guardian, but not only young people, even those who are grown up, have need to be reminded occasionally of the fact, for they seldom think of that glorious spirit or pray to him.

I remember hearing a priest, in time of Retreat, commence an instruction thus: "You are all very ungrateful!" I wondered what was to come next, and then he went on to speak of our guardian angels, and how they are forgotten.

Sometimes children, as in the story just related, or great saints, have been privileged to see their angel. St. Frances of Rome constantly enjoyed this favor, and described his beauty and brilliancy, which was so great that she could read at night without earthly light. If she failed ever so little in virtue, he seemed to fade away, and

only returned when she repented. We, who cannot aspire to such favors, ought, at least, remember that St. Bernard tells us we owe three things to our angel: "Respect for his presence, gratitude for his benefits, confidence in his intercession." I wish you would all learn and daily repeat these lines from one of our Irish poet's Book of Aspirations:<sup>3</sup>

"Good day my Guardian Angel,  
The night is past and gone,  
And thou hast watched beside me  
At midnight and at dawn.  
The day is now before me,  
And as it glides away,  
O help me well to make it  
A good and holy day."

Many of us have little members of our family among the angels of God,

and they are ever pleading before the throne for those on earth. A pious lady, who lost *all* her children, told me she said every day several "Hail Maries" and gave them to these beloved of God, as a bouquet to offer our Blessed Lady. It was a holy and beautiful thought.

Lastly, remember we must all die sooner or later, and therefore we ought by love for Jesus in His most holy Sacrament, and for our Immaculate Mother, to merit having one of their golden messengers sent to bring us home to our heavenly Father, as little Eva Mary was borne on wings of light in the sweet month of May.

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<sup>3</sup>Rev. M. Russell, S.J.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR

### Under the North Star.

The American people have of late had occasion to praise and admire the priests and religious who have braved the snows of Alaska. This, too, should remind us of the work of the monks and nuns now progressing in the cold north—particularly in Denmark. That country has learned now to go beyond tolerating Catholics. It was a sad day for holy Church when the so-called "Reformation" played havoc in that land. At no distant day we hope to treat the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW to an extensive and interesting sketch of a valiant Carmelite, who, single-handed, fought the demon of heresy when he went abroad seeking to devour souls in Denmark during the days of the "Nero of the North."

### To Our German Friends!

On the first of this month appears the first number of the "*Rundschau von Berge Karmel*," a German counterpart of our own magazine. It is to be published by the Carmelite Fathers, and will be the only German periodical gotten out in America in honor of the Blessed Mother of God. It can thus claim the right to fill a long felt want. The contents will be of a high literary order. It will contain 64 pages monthly, thus making a good sized book when bound in volumes. A beautiful work of art will accompany each number. All subscribers participate in the privileges obtained by the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW. His Holiness, the Pope, many Archbishops and Bishops have blessed and approved of this German magazine. As a premium, new subscribers receive a copy of one of the well-known German calendars. The subscription price has been put very low, namely, \$1.50

per annum. For sample copies and other information, address *Rundschau*, 507 Ellicott Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

### Young America.

Last month we again saw the school-boy

"With his satchel,  
"And shining morning face,"

and now he is hard at work. There is nothing new in speaking of the schools. Nevertheless, truths must be repeated until driven home. There are bushels of wisdom in the advice now being given by Catholic editors, and, would to heaven it was taken to heart by parents. Just in season comes the beautiful Letter of the Holy Father on Education. "It is not by any means the first utterance of the Church on the subject of Education," says our esteemed contemporary the *Casket*:

"There never was any excuse for the erroneous views of the professing Catholic who looked with favor on the separation of religious and secular instruction: he must, if he was not quite illiterate, have had at least a strong suspicion that those views were at variance with the teaching of the Church. At the same time he might not know just where his opinions were condemned. Now, however, by reason of the publicity given to the Holy Father's Letter to the Bishops of Austria, Germany, and Switzerland, and of the wonted clearness of his instructions, no Catholic who reads anything can longer be in doubt as to the Catholic position regarding education."

Moreover, to quote the *Catholic Telegraph*, "more than a million of American children attended our Catholic schools last year; and the attendance will be still larger during the scholastic year that is now commencing. Indeed, were there a Catholic school in every parish in the United States, there would be comparatively few Catholic children found in other schools, for Catholic parents realize fully the dangers to which their children are exposed in schools wherein all moral instruction is forbidden."

### Separate Schools.

Catholics in the United States are taking a strong interest in, and some of them use strong language in favor of, the Manitoba Separate Schools. Here are the words of a prominent Chicago gentleman in his general appeal through Catholic journals:

"His Grace Archbishop Langevin, of Manitoba, has made direct appeal to all the Catholics of the United States and Canada, to help his schools, threatened with destruction by the radical and masonic elements, led by Sir Wilfred Laurier who has just been, for his perfidy, lavishly decorated by the Protestant government of England and by the infidel government of France. Catholics of Irish origin have double cause to remember Sir Wilfred, whose English titles come through Ireland's arch-enemy, Joseph Chamberlain: first, because of his efforts to destroy Catholic education in Manitoba, and secondly, because of his flagrant insult to noble old Catholic Ireland, by sending as his Commissioner to that country, one C. R. Devlin, ex-M. P. who imitating the infamous Judge Keogh, swore by his Maker, to stand by the Catholics of Manitoba and then betrayed them. Let every Catholic of Irish origin stand by the brave Archbishop Langevin for God and for the Right!"

### The Monks Came Back.

The hills around Ebbs Fleet, near Ramsgate, in England, were crowded with dark-robed monks on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross—September 14th last. These monks have been there before. Thirteen centuries ago they came to plant the Symbol of Salvation on the soil of Albion. In this year of grace they come to offer thanks on the spot where their saintly predecessors knelt. Now that the loyal Briton has reached the last item on his diamond jubilee programme, Catholics, none the less patriotic, turn their eyes towards the ceremonies com-

memorative of the landing of St. Augustine, who with his holy companions gave Catholicity to England long before a Columbus had given an America to Catholicity. And what pages of history bridges over this great gap between the Sixth and Nineteenth centuries! Bright, glad days there were soon after the landing of Augustine. England was then *great*, if we take the word in its better sense. She then gloried in her title of the "Isle of Saints," but alas! how did she not dwindle down—from a Christian view point—from God's land to a diminutive "isle of man." Great was Britain in the eyes of faith. Well could her monarchs lay claim to the title of "Defender of the Faith" which to-day as it stands on the coin of the realm has, perhaps, as little meaning as "In God we trust" on the dollar of our own republic. History tells us that England was "Mary's Dowry" and that the land was dotted with the Virgin's shrines. We wearers of Mary's livery are likewise well aware that England was the favored place where our Blessed Lady deigned to leave her holy Scapular. But those halcyon days of faith and piety were followed by days of darkness, days of persecution and days of infidelity. The monks were put in the balance and were not found wanting. They cheerfully faced the rack, the sword and the gibbet. And in later days the gloomy clouds were lifted. Then came the days of Newman and Manning. And now at last when the monks once more pour out their prayers at Ebbs Fleet, all roads seem to lead to Rome. Many are they who travel them. It is our prayerful hope the number may go on increasing until the English people return once more to the faith of their forefathers.

## HOSPICE NOTES.

A novena will be made on the nine days prior to all festivals of our Blessed Lady from now until next May, for all our kind benefactors who help us to heat and furnish the finished wing of the Hospice.

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To our many American and Canadian friends who favored us with their presence during the past season, we tender our heartfelt thanks. We are always "at home" to our guests, and they can always expect a hearty welcome to come again and stay all day.

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To many enquiries we beg again to say that our Hospice will likewise be open to lay-men and women.

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All subscribers to the CARMELITE REVIEW participate in two weekly Masses until their subscription expires, as is printed on the certificates sent to each. We still have some delinquent subscribers, and beg them not to forget us for Her sake in whose Name we approach our dear readers.

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To avoid impostors, who make an easy living by representing good works like our own, be sure to demand a letter authorizing persons to collect—or consult your pastor. *All our collectors have credentials from us signed and sealed.*

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Now is the time to send in the names of your deceased friends and relatives if you wish them to be benefited by the Novena of Masses offered up by our Fathers during the coming month of All Souls at Our Lady's shrine.

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Many among the thousands of our friends and benefactors throughout the continent ask how to reach the Hospice at Falls View. In reply we beg to say that all roads lead to the Falls. All those coming over either of the Niagara bridges can take the beautiful coaches of the picturesque Electric road which all stop at frequent intervals, at the Canadian end of the upper and lower bridges. Tell the conductors—who are

all polite—to “Put me off at the Monastery crossing!”

Since we had the good fortune to possess a portion of the precious bone of the great wonder-worker—St. Albert—we have had a great demand for the water blessed with the relic. The cures are many. It will be a pleasure for us to continue supplying the requests of our friends and readers, trusting that those at a distance will generously consider the necessary expense of carriage.

#### Minor Notes.

The Right Reverend Bishop of Leavenworth, Kansas, last month reminded his clergy of the blessing of seeds. It is a good old custom of the ages of faith and worthy of revival. The prayers of faith is more reliable than cyclone-cellars.

The reverend Carmelite Fathers of New York are soon to erect a new Church at Tarrytown Heights. *Floreat!*

In speaking of pilgrimages to Lourdes, Catholic papers reproduce an article calling Lourdes a “Mecca.” “This is an offensive comparison, and an indication of very bad taste,” remarks an exchange. “If there are two creeds diametrically opposed they are certainly the Catholic Church and Mohamedanism.”

Our own and other Catholic magazines are excellent advertising mediums for educational institutions. Speaking of their advertisements the *Catholic Review*, of New York, says:—“If we have any preference, it is one that affects each in its turn, for our preference is for the school or college nearest the student; so that the influence of home may never be lost.”

The reverend editor of the *Rosary*, Father O’Neil, in his review of Rev. J. Talbot Smith’s recently published life of the lamented Brother Azarias, anticipates us by properly informing that author that Brother Azarias was not a monk, as the sub-title of his book calls him.

But a few weeks ago, says the able *Cecilia*, published by Prof. Singenberger of Milwaukee, a certain church choir produced, during Mass, at the Agnus Dei, instead of the rubrical *Communio*, Richard Wagner’s “Wedding Chorus” from Lohengrin. The CARMELITE REVIEW knows also of an instance where “Nearer My God to Me” was sung at the Offertory during a solemn Requiem in a Church which boasts of its *Catholic* music.

In a late proclamation by the leader of the insurgents in the Philippine Islands he demands as one of the conditions of peace that all friars shall be expelled and their lands confiscated; and further that all the land belonging to the Church be sold at public auction. These conditions ought to be acceptable to the enemies of the monks. This is the gratitude of an ungrateful world towards its greatest benefactors. But those who hate Christ must necessarily hate His followers.

The Sacred Heart League this month asks its associates to pray for religious instruction in our schools. Every Catholic should pray earnestly for so important an object. It is only too true what the saintly Bishop Neuman, of Philadelphia, once said, namely: “Our Catholic youth can only be saved in Catholic schools.”

Rev. Fr. Edmund, C. P., the well-known writer in prose and verse, contributes a beautiful little sketch to this number of the REVIEW. We hope our Blessed Lady will inspire him to favor us on some future occasions.

Some of the Buffalo papers lately published a lot of rot from their special correspondent in Ottawa, Ont. With flaming scare-heads the well-padded item told the thread-bare tale of a young lady being forced into a convent. There was a lie on the face of it. The newspaper ought to know better than trying to thrust such rubbish on intelligent readers. It is unprofitable, except to the lucky compositor who gets such a “fat take.”