



Carmelite



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An Invitation to Carmel.

"Rosa cordis mei, tu mihi sponsa esto!"

"Rose of my heart, be thou my spouse."

—Words of our Lord to St. Rose of Lima.

I.



Didst thou hear a soft low whisper
In the silent "gentle air,"
Like the plaintive night-wind's sighing
Through the trees in moonlight fair?
Did the strains of organ-music
Thrilling in a cadence grand
Echo to thy listening spirit
Like the songs of Angel-land?

II.

Lifting up the aspirations
Of thy youthful, tender love
To the white-robed virgins singing
Sweetly round the Lamb above?
Chosen flow'ret of His garden!
Child of Mary, "Mystic Rose,"*
Thou hast heard the invitation
To Mount Carmel's sweet repose,

* To Rose, E. de M.

III.

Now respond with holy ardor
 Kindled at the Altar fire :
 "I will scale the rugged mountain
 Till the shadows all retire." †
 Ah ! though life, like roseate morning,
 Seemed so fair with hope and joy,
 Yet thine eyes were gazing upward
 To a bliss without alloy.

IV.

Fair the scenes, O Sponsa Christi !
 From that Mount thine eyes shall see :
 On the hill of fragrant incense
 Joys of spirit wait for thee,
 And like silvery star of guidance,
 Mary's love will lead thee on
 Till the golden day is breaking,
 And the shadows all are gone.

V.

Keep thy mystic lamp e'er burning
 Still more brightly day by day :
 Watch the coming of the Bridegroom
 From His fair land far away.
 There a glorious crown awaits thee
 Chosen by eternal love.[‡]
 There thy voice will sweetly mingle
 With the Virgin's song above.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

† "Till the day break and the shadows retire, I will go to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense."—CANT. I.

‡ "Veni Sponsa Christi, accipe coronam quam tibi Dominus preparavit in aeternum."

An Advice.

GO to the home of our "hidden God,"
 And let thy refuge be
 Within that Heart which, on the Cross,
 Its life-blood shed for thee.
 There shall the weary troubled soul
 Find peace. Within that breast
 Is Heaven, itself though still on earth
 Love, joy, eternal rest.

—E. DE M.

"MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

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CHAPTER II.

ST.-CYR. CASTRES. PARIS. LIMOGES. 1844—1854.

The College of St.-Cyr then and now—Gaston at college—*Élève d'élite*—His fidelity to God—Gaston at Saumur—Pilgrimage to Solesmes—His engagement never to refuse anything to God—Sub-Lieutenant of Hussars at Castres—He marries Mlle. Anais Joger—He breaks off his connection with the Masonic Lodge—Domestic happiness—First separation—At Pontivy—The military home—Studies—Birth of his daughter—Gaston at Paris—His sisters—Their union of soul—Solitude—Art—Conferences of Notre-Dame de Paris—Birth of his son—His two sisters become Carmelites—Gaston de Sonis at Limoges—M. and Mde. H. de Lamy—The *Coup d'Etat*—Independence—The Lieutenant's vote—The Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul—De Sonis's action in the Conference—His report to the Bishop—His retired life—He makes his faith respected—His fall at the race course—He thinks on eternity—Progress in Christianity—Contempt of the world—Military piety—His pious exercises—He overcomes human respect—The Blessed Sacrament passes—The Way to the Cross—A holy anger—The nocturnal adoration—Table-turning—His strict fasts—His apostolate—His children—His paternal care—His brother Theobald—Visit to his cloistered sisters—His good advice—Conduct towards his men—His apostolate in the garrison—He is made Captain, and leaves Limoges for Algeria—Adieux and regrets.



HE military college of St.-Cyr at this moment is an admirable one. We may say that it is the refuge of those who prefer serving their country by the sword to sacrificing to a modern

government all their most cherished beliefs and opinions. The young men who enter it can fulfil all their duties as Christians as well as those of sol-

diers, and no one dares say that the one interfere with the other. It was not thus in 1844 when Gaston was admitted. Believing Catholics were rare, and those who practised their religion were more rare still. "We never see the chaplain except at the altar," sadly wrote De Sonis. It was necessary to receive the Sacraments in secret, and the ten or twelve who wished to do so had to wait for their turn to go out to be able to find a priest who would hear their Confessions. De Sonis felt this terribly. Each time that he went to Paris, his first act was

to go to Confession and Communion. But his religious feelings did not hinder his delight at St.-Cyr. and its studies and exercises, which accorded so well with his naturally chivalrous temperament. His companions were not slow to find it out. "*Eloge d'Elite*" was the name they gave him, and his promotion was speedy and brilliant. In consequence of the high place he quickly won, he was appointed to serve in the cavalry. Nothing could have suited his taste better. His passion for horses was proverbial, and on the 1st of October, 1846, he entered the school of cavalry at Saumur. There he distinguished himself above all the rest by his great proficiency, and left it with the reputation of being the best cavalry officer in the college.

The only recollection he has preserved of his life at Saumur is an account he has given us of a visit to the abbey of Solesmes. "It is more than thirty years ago," he wrote in 1875 to a friend who had become a Benedictine, "that I went from the training college at Saumur to Solesmes, with a friend who has also become one of your Religious, M. Ezechiel Demarest. That day is one of the pleasantest recollections of my life. I was most kindly received by them all, and I remember towards the evening a young monk, Dom Leduc, saying to me, 'Why do you not stop with us for good?' I have often felt the echo of those words in my heart, and yet I felt convinced that I had not in me the stuff to make a good Benedictine. God drove my bark into other waters, probably more in accordance with my nature, and I thank Him for it, although I have always preserved the highest idea of the monastic life, for which I ever had a secret leaning."

Is it there that de Sonis made that

vow of fidelity to which he refers in a letter from Africa in 1869? "I know that God has led me by the hand," he writes, "through many dangers; but before running such risks, I had promised my Divine Master that, aided by His grace, *I never would refuse Him anything*. It does not become me to praise myself; but I feel that one cannot *marelander avec Dieu!*"

The year 1848 had scarcely begun when the February Revolution broke out at Paris, followed by events which determined the Provisional Government to break up the school of cavalry before the end of the term. On the 26th of April, de Sonis left Saumur, having got his commission as Sub-Lieutenant of the 5th Hussars. His regiment was quartered in the town of Castres, where he arrived towards the end of the summer of that year.

The arrival of a fresh regiment is always a great event in a small town, and all the world was at their windows to watch the entrance of the Hussars. Sonis rode in front with the advanced guard. An officer, who had remained behind to give up the command, told him about the principal inhabitants, and especially about one family with a charming daughter, living in one of the best houses. Suddenly this young lady herself appeared on the balcony. De Sonis was struck by her from the very first moment, and she also had remarked this young and distinguished-looking officer, whom soon after she met at the house of a mutual friend. Her name was Anais Roger, and she was the daughter of a lawyer living at Castres. Very soon they began to understand each other. "Our feelings were pure and simple," she wrote, "and we only asked that God might bless our union." But Mademoiselle Roger was only seventeen, and Gastou

was but twenty-three. Neither the one nor the other was rich; so that, though the parents gave their consent, they were told that they must wait. However, Gaston's noble character speedily won every heart; so that prudence was forgotten, and on the 18th of April, 1849, Louis Gaston de Sonis and Jeanne Antoinette Anaïs Roger were united together before God for life,—“and also for eternity,” adds the Christian wife.

It was about this time that God opened his eyes to an illusion into which he had fallen through simple ignorance. One day at Saumur he had been enrolled in the sect of the freemasons, believing that it was a purely philanthropic and charitable institution. He had never set foot in a lodge and had never heard of any ecclesiastical censures being pronounced against it, when one day his commanding-officer asked him to take the duty of an officer who was going to a great masonic dinner. “I wonder,” replied de Sonis, “why they did not ask me too.” “But, surely,” exclaimed the Colonel, “you are not one of them?” “Yes,” answered de Sonis. “Is there any harm in it?” “Go and see, and judge for yourself,” was the Colonel's reply. De Sonis went. Except some mysterious and symbolical signs about the dinner table, he saw and heard nothing at first; but then began the speeches. One spoke of the end of superstition, of the religion of the future, of the emancipation of the conscience, and so on. Then another attacked Catholicism, its mysteries, and its priests. De Sonis could stand it no longer. Starting up from the table, he exclaimed:

“Gentlemen! into what trap have I fallen! They told me you respected religion, and you insult it! You have

not kept your promises. I am freed from mine. You will never see me again; good night!” and with an emphatic gesture he threw down his napkin, and stalked out of the room, leaving the guests as surprised as they were furious. Twenty years later, in 1871, this very lodge boasted of having caught him in its nets, and tried to turn the fact against him in the legislative elections of Tarn.

His domestic happiness consoled him for everything.

“We were indeed very happy,” writes the poor widow, who daily weeps for his loss, “and I really think our happiness was as complete as can be dreamed of on this earth. Every day we thanked God, Who had given us to one another. We really had but one heart and one soul. That of my beloved Gaston was a real treasure of goodness and tenderness; his heart was most exquisitely sensitive; yet he united with it a strength of soul and a firmness of purpose which are as rare as they are admirable. Any one will easily understand what such a husband was to me, and how gladly and joyfully I consecrated my whole life to his.”

The day came, however, when they had to be separated. A quarrel which broke out between the inhabitants and the garrison, obliged the Hussars to leave the town, and they were sent to Pontivy.

De Sonis started, leaving his young wife at Castres till he could prepare for her a fresh little nest in Brittany. But this absence seemed too hard for her; and scarcely had he arrived when she followed him with her father to Nantes. In the interval, the young couple had written almost daily to each other, which they never failed to do when separated by the exigencies of military service.

Gaston now began a serious course of study, especially of military history, thinking it was the duty of every young officer to become thoroughly conversant with all that regarded his profession. He read and annotated all the works of General Jomini, of which he analysed each volume. His young wife shared in his studies, and was delighted to find that she could follow them with him without too much difficulty. Thus she early became associated with her husband in all his work, and gave a valuable lesson to other young married couples. At the end of a few months they came back to Castres for Madame de Sonis's confinement, and on the 15th of February, 1850, she had a little girl, who was baptised "Marie," and who is now a nun of the Sacred Heart. During this time, the 5th Hussars had been sent to Paris, and there de Sonis and his wife and child joined them. We need not be surprised at these constant changes of residence; it was their fate to the end of their days. All his family were now in Paris. His sister, Celine, was about to marry Dr. Flandin; the two others, Josephine and Marie, were to follow a higher vocation. On the 30th of November, 1850, he was promoted to be Lieutenant.

Their life in Paris was much the same as in Brittany. "We lived far from the gay world," writes his admirable wife, "and entirely for one another." Their pleasures were in the galleries, as de Sonis had a great taste for painting, and in the churches, where Lacordaire was electrifying the congregation of Notre-Dame by his wonderful Conferences on *The Divine Government*, and on *The Action of Jesus Christ on humanity*. "We used to come away from the sermons in a state of enchantment," writes de Sonis, "and

filled with the love of God and of His Church."

On the 4th of June, 1851, a little boy was born to them, who received the name of Gaston. Soon after they left Paris, where they had only spent eighteen months, and at the end of October were settled at Limoges, where the regiment was then quartered. Then his two sisters became Carmelites. Josephine, having paid a visit to her father's relations in Poitou, there became acquainted with the monastery at Poitiers, and found there her real vocation. Marie, who liked the world and enjoyed everything about it, had at first no idea whatever of following her sister's example. But having gone in 1853 to pay a visit to Josephine, she herself received the grace of a vocation, and determined to follow it. De Sonis simply states the fact in a letter to a mutual friend: "Two of my sisters have become Carmelites. One was professed a week ago; the other took the habit last year and will make her profession in October. They are two angels."

At Limoges he had met with the warmest welcome from his old college-friend, Henri Lamy de la Chapelle. He, too, was married, but had no children. The two young wives became intimate friends, and very soon agreed to form but one family. Nothing ever interrupted this warm friendship on both sides, and de Sonis spoke of it afterwards as one of the great joys of their lives.

M. de la Chapelle was one of a group of fervent, practising Catholics, such as are still found in France, and quickly associated de Sonis with all their works of charity. He introduced him also to a very holy priest, M. l'Abbe de Bogonet, who became his director.

At Castres and at Limoges he was

the same Christian soldier which he continued to be to the end of his life : faithful to his convictions, firm in his conduct, severe towards himself, indulgent towards others, esteemed and loved by all from the straightforward loyalty of his character, edifying the whole town by his practice of a simple piety which no ridicule could touch, and devoted to his profession. His virtue was strengthened by that love of which he often said, "When one begins to try and love God, one finds one can never love him enough !"

He had soon to give a proof of his strength and independence of character. It was the moment of the *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon, and the army, as well as the rest of France, were to vote "Yes" and "No" to the question of the Presidency. The army was prepared to vote "Yes," seeing in the act only the apparent re-establishment of order and authority. De Sonis, on the contrary, declared that his vote would be in the negative. It was to expose himself to lose all chance of promotion, and his Colonel remonstrated with him accordingly. But he stood firm.

"Lieutenant," he exclaimed, "you are not fit for the present day !"

De Sonis knew it, but had chosen the line he thought right and kept to it.

On the 3rd of May, 1852, he became a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and very soon was distinguished as one of the most devoted of the brothers. Not only did he attend the Conferences with great regularity, but he specially delighted in visiting the sick poor in their own homes. He would sit by their bedside, find out their wants, console them body and soul, raise their courage, fill them with hope and charity, and make the sacrifice of what he liked best to help

them, for he himself was very poor. Writing to his bosom-friend, Count Louis de Seze, about this time, he says :

"I am delighted that you have started a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul in your parish. It is a work which does immense good, and especially in reconciling the poor to the rich and bringing back souls to God. My life here with my dear wife and children is a most happy and peaceful one. I have got over the money difficulties which were such a trouble to me at Versailles, and I do not owe a farthing to any one. I live very simply, it is true ; but we can live without running into debt, and that is a great thing : there are so many who have not bread to eat ! I am even able to save a little for my dear poor, but I am often terribly sad at having nothing to share with them. Those who are rich and give nothing have much to answer for !"

It is incredible how his energy and zeal were felt in these Conferences. First he proposed a plan for instructing the young soldiers, which was carried out ; next he inaugurated a military fete, which brought in a good deal of money for their works ; then he wrote a pamphlet on the observance of the Sunday, pointing out the best way of enforcing it ; and this move was so warmly approved of by the Bishop, who attended the Conference, that he founded an association to carry out his plan, which had an extraordinary success. Another day he got leave to take one of the regimental waggons, and himself went round with it through all the principal streets of the town, collecting old clothes, linen, and other things, with which he was able to supply the wants of almost all the most destitute among his poor. On

the 21st of January, 1853, the General Assembly of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was held at the Bishop's Palace, on which occasion he was selected to read the report, and made a magnificent speech, in which this humble and good soul set forth the origin of the Society and the incalculable benefits which it had produced.

In addition to his charities, M. de Sonis devoted a certain portion of his day to study, not only of military works, but also of philosophy and religion.

"I have access to some excellent libraries here," he wrote, "where I can get as many books as I want. But to read steadily, I have given up my painting. I only made sketches after all, and what sketches! Perhaps I should never have done anything better, though such is the vanity of man that I have had some difficulty in persuading myself of this fact!"

In his relations with his brother-officers de Sonis was always the most charming of comrades, but he did not follow their habits. "I only meet them on parade," he writes, "but rarely enough at the Cafe. They think me very strange, I fancy, and I have no doubt declare I am a 'Jesuit,' which is the general title given to those who love our good God." If ever he went to their circle, it was to get the military news. If religious questions were started, he would avoid discussions, and go to some corner of the room with his newspaper or a review. "I have never had quarrels on this subject," he adds, "nor can I say that I have ever had anything to complain of, though this does not prevent my pitying with all my heart these poor young officers who do nothing but eat and drink and smoke their pipes. What a life!"

We have alluded to de Sonis' passionate love of riding. "We used often to go out together, writes Madame de Sonis, "for, to prevent his giving up this exercise which he was so fond of, I had learned myself to ride; so that we made charming expeditions into the country round Limoges, which we both enjoyed immensely."

De Sonis had at that time a very fine English mare, whom he called "Miss Anna," and he thought he would enter her for some races which were to be run in Macy. With this view he used to go every day and exercise her at a race-course which was a few kilometres outside the town. One day, having made a round of the course and being about to take a second, the animal, seeing the gate open, made a violent bound in that direction which threw de Sonis with such violence against the gate, that he had his ribs broken, and remained unconscious on the spot. Two men working on the road saw him, and hastened to carry him to their hut. It was some time before he recovered his senses; but then he exclaimed directly: "I will not die here; help me into my saddle, so that I may get back to the town. I will manage it somehow." Accordingly, he got on his horse, though in great agony and almost bent double, and fainted away on arriving at the barracks. Some one hastened to tell his wife, and a few moments after he was brought into his house on a stretcher, unconscious and speechless. The moment he came to his senses, he sent for a priest, made his Confession, and prepared himself for death. He realised then, as he had never done before, how little this life is worth compared with that which is to follow. A month of horrible suffering followed, which to

him was a month of continual meditation on eternal truths. What passed during that time between his soul and God? That is his secret; but all we know is, that he rose from that sick-bed more full than ever of generous resolves and of the warmest love of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In 1853 he wrote to his most intimate friend, Louis de Seze: "The longer I live the more I see that everything in this world is vanity."

On New Year's Day, having come to pay a visit to Madame Lamy de La Chapelle, he said to her, with that frank, sweet smile which was habitual to him, "Madame, I come to wish you a happy death." Such a wish would have seemed strange in the mouth of any one else; but, knowing him as she did, it only touched and pleased her.

Another time, when the two young wives were boasting about the good taste of a certain dress which one of them had bought, de Sonis, at their request, good-naturedly went to fetch it, and holding it up said with his fine smile and a shade of contempt in his voice: "Ladies! *sic transit gloria mundi!*"

His friend Louis de Seze having congratulated him rather prematurely on his promotion, he answered: "Your felicitations, my dear good friend, instead of coming too late, come too soon! But I fancy I shall soon have a change of position, though nothing is yet settled. It must be as God wills. Some will say: 'This man is a philosopher.' I only pretend to be a Christian, which title is worth many others, and which every day I appreciate more and more."

But what he does not say in this letter is his extreme and almost scrupulous delicacy, which so often came in the way of his advancement. His

Colonel, who had a great esteem for him, said to him one day: "De Sonis, I am going to present you for promotion." "Do not think of it," he quickly replied, "I do not want to pass over the heads of my comrades." As a Christian, he thought he had a special reason not to appear the object of any particular favor. This was well known, and one day, when his wife and her friend ventured affectionately to remonstrate with him about it, he answered gravely: "There are certain feelings which a woman can never understand!" Yet this young officer was a man of no fortune, with a wife and two children, and expecting a third in the autumn!

"I strive to work hard for God and heaven," he wrote about this time. "God knows I do it very badly, but at any rate it is my sole wish and intention."

This piety found an outlet especially before the Blessed Sacrament. After his serious accident, de Sonis determined to go to Mass daily whenever possible. He went to Holy Communion every week—it had become a necessity to him. He also never failed to spend a short time in meditation and pay a visit daily to the Blessed Sacrament. He called it his "waiting" before the throne of the great King, and he never failed to give public homage to Him in all places and at all times. He used to laugh over one instance of this which he described as follows:

"One day," he said, "I was doing my duty with the other officers in the mess-room and leaning against the chimney-piece with a newspaper in my hand, when I heard a little bell ringing at intervals, which I fancied was for the Blessed Sacrament being carried to some sick person. I had a

moment's struggle. Should I stand like the rest, or kneel? But then I thought, 'If it were the Emperor, or even the General of Division, passing, would not every one salute him? And this is my God!' Accordingly I went to the window, quite determined to kneel on both knees as It passed, when, what do I see?—a vulgar cart, which an itinerant hawker was driving through the town with this hypocritical bell! Well, our Lord, I hope, was satisfied with my good will."

One Sunday, coming back from a Review in full uniform and passing before the parish church of St. Michael, he went in to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament according to his usual habit. It was just the end of Vespers, and the congregation was dispersing; but all stared at this handsome young officer in a way which made him rather shy and uncomfortable. However, conquering his disinclination to remain, he said to himself: "Why should I not do the Way of the Cross here? Why should I blush for adoring Jesus Crucified?"

Upon this he knelt down, and did all the Stations from the first to the last. Then he was seized with a scuple. Had he not made too great a parade of his religion? He went to find M. de Bogenet, and told exactly what had happened.

"You wished to break yourself of human respect," that wise director replied, "you did well. But do not try it again."

It was dangerous to scoff before him at anything relating to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. One morning in July, on the Feast of St. Vincent of Paul, M. de Sonis was going to the General Communion of the members of the Conference, when in the square

before the Bishop's Palace he met the Holy Viaticum, which was being taken at that time with great ceremony and respect to a dying man. The young officer in uniform knelt in the road in the midst of the dust, to adore his God. At that very moment a young lady passed in an open carriage and, seeing him on his knees, burst out laughing. De Sonis heard her, and, horrified at this insult to his Lord, rose and exclaimed: "You dare to laugh—you!" The young lady turned pale at his indignation and the contempt expressed in his voice; but de Sonis felt himself so upset by the occurrence that before receiving Holy Communion he went again to Confession to conquer the emotion he had felt. But he was to render a still more effectual homage to his Eucharistic Lord by establishing the night adoration, which he thus describes in a letter to M. de Seze dated 1853. "I must tell you, my dear Louis, that we have had the idea to unite once a month in the nightly adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. We began on Shrove Tuesday this year, to try and make reparation to our Lord for all the insults offered to Him. There are eight of us, and we meet very quietly, almost like conspirators. We thus pass delicious nights in a chapel of the convent of the Oblates of Mary. This evening, which is the feast of our Lady Help of Christians, we meet again for the same purpose, taking care in each month to choose the vigil of the greatest feast. I have written to my Carmelite sisters, so that they may join us in this our little act of reparation."

When each of these nights was over, de Sonis seemed to have acquired fresh sanctity, and a still more vivid realisation of the presence of God. No foolish or bad example had any power

to influence his conduct.

At that time there was a mania for turning tables, and one evening at a friend's house he found them all engrossed by this superstitious game. They wanted him to join them, which he civilly declined. "But the Church has not forbidden it," they exclaimed. "No, not that I know of," he replied. "But the Church mistrusts it, and that is enough for me." They went on, therefore, without him, and he stood quietly by in an attitude of grave reserve. But they tried in vain—this time the tables would not budge! Was it owing to the presence of de Sonis? Every one thought so. This same firmness made him observe the precepts of the Church with the utmost strictness. Often during Lent he was detained on horseback from early in the morning till two in the afternoon on military duty; yet he kept the fast rigidly all the time, not allowing himself a morsel of food, although, of course, he could easily have been dispensed on account of his service. De Sonis was, in fact, a real apostle, by example even more than by precept. Madame de Sonis speaks of this in a touching manner.

"My husband," she writes, "was always encouraging me to advance towards perfection, for he loved my soul more than anything in the world. Sometimes—I am ashamed to own it—I was jealous of his piety. He used to reproach me tenderly, saying that I could not be jealous of our Lord; that the more we loved Him, the more lasting would be our own affection for each other; and that the reason why so many marriages did not go on being happy was, that in such cases God was not the great link and centre. I felt he was right, and admired him more and more, while I strove to follow him

—but at a great distance!"

The education of his children had the same character. His eldest daughter writes: "Owing to his ardent faith which respected our baptismal grace, he never would *intoyer* us, as most parents do. With what care did he watch over our young souls, and correct the little faults of our childhood!" Among those faults, the one he hated most was a lie. "The smallest approach to it was punished in a way which made us remember it," she continues; "and as the blessing of a father always brings happiness to his children, so, in the evening after our night prayers, our much-loved father always made a little sign of the Cross on our foreheads, (as he had marked us in our cradles), before giving us our last kiss."

His brother Theobald, who has lately died, like his brother, a General and a fervent Christian, was at that time indifferent to all religious matters. This was a great sorrow to Gaston. "How happy I should be," he wrote to M. de Seze, "if Theobald were not an exception amongst us. I am ready, I hope, to accept all the sorrows God may send me with calmness and resignation, but this I cannot accept! Please pray for him, dear Louis!"

His sisters found in him a loving guide in all their difficulties. The eldest, Josephine, had already won the admiration of the whole convent by her superiority both in nature and grace. But Marie, with her quick temper and natural impatience, had a harder battle to fight. One day when he had been to see her and found her mortified and discouraged at some fault which her Superior had reproved, he tenderly consoled her, and revived her courage, saying:

"But, my dear little sister, would

you sadden the heart of our dear Jesus, Who claims you as His spouse? When one has given oneself altogether to such a Master, can one refuse Him anything henceforth?"

His words were felt and understood. Marie turned to the Blessed Sacrament, and there poured out all the love of her young heart. She took the name in religion of "Marie du Saint-Sacrament," and had a sensible realisation of her Lord's Divine Presence in the Blessed Eucharist.

His regiment was looked upon by M. de Sonis as another family. His soldiers found him strict, exact, even severe as regarded their military service; each felt that his duty must be done, and he was the first to set the example. But, on the other hand, he was honorable and just in his treatment of them, so that they both respected and loved him. He insisted upon his men being treated with consideration and humanity. "To abuse one's authority over those under one," he would often say, "is as mean as to flatter those who are above one." His soldiers knew his strong religious feelings, and respected them; several imitated him, which gave him great pleasure. "I can never think without emotion of some of my young soldiers," he wrote, after having left them. "They often edified me greatly, and were really in the regiment the grain of mustard-seed mentioned in the Gospel." The least religious amongst them respected the faith of their chief, and that less from religious motives than from affection for himself. One day when he was superintending some operation to the horses of his squadron, one of the men uttered a foul blasphemy. Then, quickly turning round and seeing that de Sonis was too far off to have heard him, he exclaimed:

"Ah, so much the better. If he had heard me, it would have hurt him too much!"

Several of the officers became his neophytes. We see his anxiety for them by his letters after he had left Limoges to M. Lamy de Chapelle, begging him to watch over them and confirm them in their good resolutions.

Yet his discretion was as striking as his zeal. He never worried them by premature advances, or forced religious subjects upon them. His own frank and modest piety was what attracted those around him the most, together with his sweetness of manner and great charity. It was his daily life which worked miracles.

But de Sonis was getting impatient at not being employed in active service. He ardently wished to go to the Crimea, and one day wrote joyfully that he was going to embark with his regiment for the East. But the orders were countermanded, and he remained at Limoges. However, on the 1st of May, 1854, he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and his regiment was ordered to Montpellier on the way to Africa. He was obliged to leave his wife and three little children in France, for Madame de Sonis was expecting a fourth and could not travel. It was a bitter separation, but duty called, and the young Captain had to start. It was for France and God.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For every one of us there is an upper room, away from the world's bustle and strife, into which we may enter, and where we may bar the door. And there, as we sit and pray, One in Whose hands are the print of the nails, on Whose brow the scars of the thorns, shall come in, saying, "Peace be unto you."

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites:

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XX. (Continued.)



PETER THOMAS was accorded a welcome reception at the center of Catholicity. The good tidings, which he was fortunate enough to bring, were received all the more joyfully that such happenings were becoming rare. For, from one quarter tales of disturbance and vacillation would come, from another payments delayed or perhaps repudiated, from a third some unforeseen misfortune which seemed to carry a more fatal one in its train. The death of the Commander-in-Chief was followed by that of Cardinal de Talleyrand, Legate of the crusade. Their loss was deeply felt by the Sovereign Pontiff, who therein beheld the fading from earth of one of the most brilliant lights—one of the greatest glories of the Roman court. His diplomatic talent, and the immense influence which he exerted in favor of the crusade, justly inspired the most sanguine hopes for the holy war. The cordial relations, based upon mutual esteem, existing between the Cardinal and the

Galic prince then ruling Perigord, was a pledge that the former would persuade his suzerain to take part in the glorious expedition. Small cause for wonder, then, that his death was so keenly felt!

The "Black Prince" had received from his royal father—King Edward III.—the government of Aquitaine, and held his court at Angouleme or at Bordeaux. According to an English author, it was the most brilliant court of that epoch. Called as he was the "flower of Chivalry," he evinced only the most elevated sentiments, and his example had something magnetic it would seem, especially for men of war, whom it could have influenced by thousands. Unfortunately, after the death of Cardinal de Talleyrand he turned, with his warlike inclinations, to Castile, embraced the cause of Peter the Cruel, and prepared an expedition to aid him. The King of Cyprus visited him, but could not change his decision. The heroic Lusignan had gone far and wide, but met with disheartening disappointments. But the palaces and the mansions once peopled with valiant advocates of the sacred cause now seemed empty, for the spirit of holy chivalry had flown. The Chris-

tian provinces were naught but sterile fields where the noble sentiments he had implanted had never fructified, although they had given such hopes in the past.

The short-sighted politicians could see nothing beyond their own frontier, they could not comprehend that the perils of one Christian kingdom were common to all the rest. If Mahomet were to invade Cyprus and the other isles of the Mediterranean, might not Italy, Germany, France and England in turn fall under his dominion?

But, alas! faith slumbers and wisdom languishes, materialism prevails. The generous ardor of the Pontiff, the noble enthusiasm of Lusignan are disdainfully styled chimerical. Royalty recoils, kings show themselves frightened, disunited, parsimonious. They place political interests—national, so called—above the demands of honor and humanity. Their lives are filled up with petty scheming, not ennobled by putting great principles into practice. Their vague promises will never bring forth any fruit. A deadly LETHARGY had taken possession of Europe and paralyzed her energies until she knew not what she intended or desired.

Alas for the gallant promoters of the crusade! They beheld vanish every point of support they had placed under the edifice of their aspirations. Those upon whom they had every right to rely failed them, one after the other. Circumstances went against them with a relentless and persistent cruelty, with a vigorous fatality. The cause for which remains a secret known only to the Most High.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SKIES BRIGHTEN—PIERRE DE LUSIGNAN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—PETER THOMAS, PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND LEGATE OF THE CRUSADE—PACIFICATION OF THE GENOESE—RETURN TO VENICE—JULY 1364—MAY 1365.

The true minister of God's holy Church, veritable hero as he is, can never be vanquished by discouragement. In proof of this, witness the superhuman virtue with which the saintly Pontiff Urban bore up under his various disappointments. As successor to King John, the Good, he named Pierre de Lusignan. This valiant hero was as worthy to be General-in-Chief of the Christian army as King of Cyprus, while to fulfill the duties of Legate of the Crusade in place of the Cardinal of Perigoid, he appointed Blessed Peter Thomas. Could his choice have fallen upon two more worthy or more capable men? The choice of the Legate especially gave promise of a fortunate termination and superabundant blessings. His incomparable zeal and the experience he had acquired in his intercourse with mankind rendered him by far the one most fitted for so difficult a place.

The Bull naming him Legate plenipotentiary of the Holy See for the Christian army bears the date July 7, 1364. The eulogies contained therein from the Sovereign Pontiff are almost equivalent to a canonization. Urban V. says that Peter Thomas is *a man after his own heart, of remarkable virtue, tried faith, and very great learning; that his humility has in it something sublime, his gentleness is infinite; he is prudent and circumspect and deeply versed both in the law of God and the Catholic faith.*

The Pontiff gave him, anew, auth-

ority over all the Orient, and over all the dioceses of the Greek empire and the Kingdom of Cyprus; also over the territories of Smyrna, Patras, Athens, Thebes and Corinth; over the isles of Crete, Rhodes, Naxos, Corfu and others. His jurisdiction included all the powers which could be delegated by the Holy See. As an additional token of his esteem, and to give the Legate greater prestige the Pontiff gave him the honorable office of PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE, at that time the most august title within the Catholic hierarchy after that of Sovereign Pontiff. Brilliant honors! Just discernment! St. John Chrysostom could not have had a more worthy successor. At the time of his investment into these spiritual powers, considerable sums were placed at the disposal of the Legate to aid in sustaining in a fitting manner his eminent dignity, and to provide for a suitable retinue. For this the Sovereign Pontiff confirmed, for the rest of his life, his title to the sees of Coron and Crete. He also assigned him ten florins a day from the private coffers of the apostolic treasury. Even with all this assistance, the way which the finger of God marked out for the Patriarch was none the less hampered with obstacles, and the horizon which stretched before his view was vast and almost without limit. From the coldness now accorded to the renewed movement of the Crusade, it was easy to perceive that the Legate, laden with honors and splendid titles as he was, would be none the less subject to the most bitter trials, and would even be, perhaps, sacrificed to the holy cause. But he—full of confidence in God,—the filial protégée of a miraculous Queen, would he for a moment hesitate when called upon to give a proof of love and de-

votion without limit? His theology was not content with wandering in the region of abstract theories. In the daily walk of life he never forgot the strengthening principle which teaches us that the power of the Christian for great duties as well as for small is the power of the grace which imposes them.

Urban V. made known his desire. Peter Thomas heard the appeal and responded. Yes, to hear and to respond were with him one and the same. "*Ad sumus a vos ordres, St. Pere,*" was at once upon his lips, the eager cry of assent.

The actual situation besides appeared to him most specially alluring. To immolate himself through obedience: twofold happiness! Irresistible attraction for his passion for sacrifice!

It was then, even more eagerly than usual, if that were possible, that he obeyed unreservedly. He was giving the whole of his time, his strength, his heart and his life to be consumed upon the altar of the Church with a joy equal in magnitude to the labors which he foresaw. A few days after therefore, taking up once more the pilgrim's hat and staff, he set out upon his journey. According to the custom of mendicant friars, he travelled generally as a pedestrian. Neither his dignity as Legate, nor the debility which was the result of an utter disregard of his strength when upon duty, nor the burden of sixty years, seemed to him sufficient reason to dispense with this custom.

He would be indeed utterly prostrated by fatigue to consider himself exempt from this rule, and then he would accept only the most unpretentious equipage.

Preaching the Crusade as he went, he directed his steps for the seventh

time perhaps, to Venice, the centre where the great body of the expedition was to form.

There he found assembled a certain number of the nobles and the people. His arrival gave occasion for demonstrations of heartfelt satisfaction. The entire city united in venerating him as a Legate *a latere*, and all obligations were publicly renewed. But this satisfactory state of affairs died away in a sad series of discouraging delays.

The King of Cyprus had promised to be at the general rendezvous towards the end of summer, but not having been able to effect any favorable concurrence on the part of the kings whom he had consulted, he could not overcome his disappointment. However, even after fifteen months' vain solicitations he could not resign himself to give it up. Winter was approaching and the new generalissimo had not made his appearance. And now the feeling that there was something wrong—some deception being practiced, began to creep in amongst the troops stationed at Venice. One after another the leaders withdrew, notwithstanding the best efforts of the Legate, and every day witnessed the departure of one or another portion of the troops. In the city itself the mercantile party, which had always been opposed to the Crusade, resumed its caustic criticisms, and the doge entirely suspended all preparations. O! what a trial for the Patriarch!

Happily the saints have for one of their maxims to hope against hope, and never to believe themselves stronger than when they are despoiled of all. "When I am weak I am powerful," says St. Paul, and such was the strength of Blessed Peter Thomas. "It was his invariable way," says Mezzieres, "in whatever he had

to do, that when human means failed him to a greater extent than usual, he redoubled his prayers, and renewed his confidence both in God and in the divine Patroness of his Order. He practiced greater mortifications than ever to counteract by a more austere life the influence of the malicious demon to whom he attributed the greater portion of the troubles. The consolation which he derived from these practices of penance and piety not only aided him to overcome all anxiety for future success, but also to raise the drooping spirits of those who well nigh "had fainted by the wayside." Thus it was that he could bear him self bravely though a thousand hostile forces raged against him. The month of February, 1365, beheld the advent of a new tribulation. Up to this time the Genoese had been favorable to the sacred cause. But is there anything more variable than the methods of a democratic government? More rapid than the swift turns of a bird upon the wing are its frequent changes. At the unexpected termination of a lawsuit at Cyprus, between some officers of that kingdom and some Genoese merchants, the latter indignantly left the island and suspended all future relations with it, whilst the Republic, jealous of its dignity, resolved to declare war against Cyprus.

Strongly moved at this intelligence, Pierre I. sent ambassadors with assurances that all proper reparation should be made, but "Genoa the superb" would listen to no overtures of peace. She began to get her galleys in order for an attack upon the kingdom with a view to delay the Crusade and thus deprive the gallant Lusignan of some well-merited glory and additional strength.

In this extremity the Sovereign

Pontiff in concert with the King of Cyprus selected as a mediator the holy Carmelite who had so often changed the angry lion into a gentle lamb. For success in this difficult mission they could surely rely on the intelligence, energy and faith of him who never despaired because his appeal for aid was always from above.

More than once Blessed Peter had been received at Genoa with marked deference, especially by the doge Simon Baccanero. But the Genoese, with that changeable temperament of which we have spoken, united the fickleness of the child to the petulance of age, the vagaries of the boaster with the brigand's base treachery. Baccanero had been poisoned early in the year 1363. Gabriel Adorno who had succeeded him inherited his power but not his firmness. He sanctioned the passing of an edict "by the Republic" refusing to pay honor to any one sent by Pierre I. Nay more. Although the chief of this embassy bore also the title of Legate of the Holy See it was intimated to the citizens that they would probably be prohibited even from giving him lodging.

The spark thus carelessly thrown enkindled more speedily than had been anticipated. The masses were only too ready to work themselves up to fever heat, and it was not long until with threats upon their lips and stones in their hand they stood before the Legate, crying out violently "for war."

Upon hearing the cries and execrations of the frantic mob, the majority of the Cyprians drew back. They might well hesitate to face that rain of falling stones, but the valiant Patriarch, who had faced so many dangers with no shadow upon his reputation for courage, had no thought of flinching

now. Tracing the route to his companions, he penetrated into the city, and by main force took up his position at the commanderie of St. John's Knights.

To be received even there and secure food he had to bring forward all his prerogatives as Legate of the Holy See.

The popular effervescence having somewhat subsided, the Ambassador went to the ducal palace to confer with the doge and the council. Those prejudiced spirits who had already shown themselves insensible to the conciliatory letters of the Holy Father and of various princes breathed nothing but animosity and vengeance. To lead them to thoughts of religion and justice, sometimes using the most persuasive exhortations, and again placing to view international threats and the punishment of heaven, the former experience of Peter Thomas taught him how, with exquisite tact, to conduct long and difficult negotiations. His angelic patience and communicative charity finally succeeded in changing their acrid hearts and inclining them to concurrence.

A letter of Urban V. to the Genoese, which came towards the end of March, gave definite assurance of the triumph of peace. The confirmation of this great boon was, according to Wadding, taken to the Sovereign Pontiff by Peter Thomas himself. Nothing need astonish us on the part of this intrepid traveler. Being half way between Venice and Avignon, he went to entreat a final benediction from the representative of divine authority, and to obtain from him additional assistance. The passage must have been made with unusual celerity. A few days later the holy Religious, tearing himself from the loving arms of

his brothers of Avignon, gave them rendezvous upon the celestial Mount of Carmel's lofty heights. He repaired to Venice to devote himself with an ardor henceforth to be uninterrupted to spiritual preparations for the Crusade. The men at arms who had not been totally discouraged by so much disappointment and so many delays were indeed a comparatively small number, for even the most reliable amongst them had begun to lose courage and hope. But from this hour a new spirit of faith and confidence seemed to re-animate the army of the *holy passage*. Whilst the veterans drilled the recruits in handling the lance or using the bullets, the man of God gave the Cross to those who had not as yet received it. His exhortations began to inspire all with a spirit of prayer, to lead them to the practice of Christian virtues, and to fill their hearts with sentiments appropriate to the true Crusader.

As for Pierre de Lusignan he had for a long time borne bravely the burden of an adventurous and busy life. From Aquitaine he had returned to Paris, where he wished to confer with the King of Navarre. He was at Rheims at the consecration of Charles V., May 19, 1364. But wherever he went the hoped for concurrence failed to materialize. Certainly his solicitations merited to be taken into consideration! Thanks to the mediation of the papal ambassadors peace now reigned throughout Europe.

And all this while the singular apathy on the part of the Christian states towards the holy cause remained the same.

"O! what a burning shame," cries Mezzieres. "What paltry excuses unworthy the lips of Christian princes do they offer to the brave and chivalrous de Lusignan. Unmoved by the earnestness of his entreaties as well as

by the dangers to which his Christian kingdom is exposed they would leave him alone in his peril."

Alas! the will was wanting, and the world with its false glitter and wicked ways had ensnared their hearts, and blinded their vision to the grandeur of that Christian idea to regain possession of the Holy Sepulchre!

Deceived in his hopes the Generalissimo finally resigned himself—long after the intended time—to set out for Venice. The royal reception prepared for him could not compensate for his long and difficult journey—for his adventures—which had only the trifling result of giving him a little glory at the tournaments held in his honor. So much travelling had exhausted a great portion of the sum—by no means munificent—which he had in reserve—and failed to give him any in return. He deplored his fruitless exertions, his wasted time and the loss of his golden begans.

But Peter Thomas, who grew more determined as circumstances grew less promising, hastened to console him with the sweetest words of encouragement, and the most comforting promises taken from the sacred Scriptures. And the Christian King, realizing that victory comes from God, rather than from riches or the multiplicity of warriors, decided to pursue his intention and to unfurl his standard, a blood-stained lion, with golden crown. All who had remained faithful enrolled themselves beneath its glorious folds.

Discouragement and defection were over. The departure was announced to take place at an early day; everything was bright and prosperous. Noble and heroic soul of the saintly Legate! Its influence seemed to enliven the spirits and raise the hopes of every warrior in that valiant little army!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lilies of July.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



O! the snow-white lilies blooming
In the glowing summer-air,
And on zephyrs soft is wafting
Sweetest fragrance everywhere.

Oft I gaze upon their beauty
When I seek the garden shade,
For they image one fair lily,
Purest which His hands have made.

See those fragile waxen blossoms,
(Far above all works of art),
Round the dear and holy statue
Of our Saviour's loving Heart.

Near the silent sacred altar,
Breathe those flow'rets stainless white,
Emblems of the blessed angels
Watching through the day and night.

All the convent seems so perfumed
With those lilies snowy fair,
Whispering of mystic flowers
Which should ever blossom there.

For the souls so dear to Jesus,
Spouses of that Lord of light,
Should be like the Summer-lilies,
Sweetly fragrant, purely white.

Ah! yes, pure and very stainless
Fragrant with His holy love,
Waiting till His hand transplants them,
To the gardens far above.

July 16th. Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

"THE whole of Mary and all the benignity of her quondam, and all the glory of her exaltation, and all the splendor of her graces, and all the mystery of her motherhood are because of the Precious Blood.

"No part of creation has been made so white by its redness as her unspotted heart. She is the creature of the Precious Blood, its daughter, its mother, its servant and its queen."

These beautiful words of Father Faber seem especially worthy of remembrance on the feast of Carmel, coming as it does in the glowing days of July—a month dedicated to the Precious Blood. She is indeed its mother, for it sprang from the pure fountain of her heart, and all "the splendor of her graces" and exaltation were because of it. She is its queen, for the empire of grace purchased by Its outpouring on the Cross, is placed by Jesus under His Blessed Mother's powerful intercession, under her gentle jurisdiction.

Saints have "washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb," but Mary's robe was ever Immaculate from the pre-ordained merits of that price of our Redeemer.

She is the fairest flower refreshed by Its celestial dew, and Its most glorious trophy in the eternal kingdom.

Mary was present at the first Bloodshedding, which the devout writer from whose beautiful work we have quoted calls, "those real snow-drops of His Infancy, the first blossoms of His Precious Blood."

She was present also at some, if not

all, the stages of His Passion, and when "all was consummated," she watched with unspeakable anguish, the last drops that "stole gently down the Side of Jesus, kissing the Flesh it had animated so long."

How pleasing, then, to our sweet Mother will it not be when contemplating her Immaculate Conception, her maternity, her dolors, her glorious throne above where, like another Esther, she intercedes for her people, to remember that Divine love poured forth copious streams from the fountain of that Precious Blood, by which we are redeemed.

"It flowed from thine, Immaculate, And made thee all thou art."

The spirit of Carmel is one of prayer and praise and "zeal for the Lord of Hosts." And what prayer more efficacious than that by which we unite with the voice of His Blood ever pleading for mercy? What praise like that which anticipates the celestial hymn, "Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood, etc.?" What zeal like the fire enkindled in Apostles of the Word and hidden apostles, of cloistered atonement and prayer, by the contemplation of how precious to Jesus are the souls of His creatures, when He paid for each one an infinite price? Not content with one drop, which would have more than sufficed, He shed even the last that remained in His Sacred Heart.

Let us ask our Blessed Mother for this Carmelite spirit of love, of prayer, of ardent zeal, in order that we may one day join in praising forever the "Lamb that was slain," and who loved and washed us in His own Blood.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

BY A. W., O. C. C.

ROME, June, 15, '99.

OUR most Rev. Father General Aloysius Galli is about to give another proof of his activity and zeal for the Order of which he is supreme ruler. No sooner was he raised to this supreme office, than he began to embellish the church of S. Maria in Transpontina here in Rome, adorning the nave and chapels with pictures and precious marbles, thus making the church, which before was so empty and bare, appear very beautiful and rich. After this was completed, he built a new monastery in the town of Nocera Umbra, in the province of Perugia, and last year he restored and enlarged the old monastery of Albano, which he bought from the government. At the time when the Italians took Rome from its lawful ruler, they also seized upon the monasteries and convents of the Religious Orders, together with all the precious things they could find, among these the libraries containing many valuable books and manuscripts which the friars had for many preceding centuries gathered with so much trouble and care.

Until the year 1894, however, only a part of our monastery of S. Maria in Transpontina was occupied, the remaining part having been left the few friars that remained after the oppression. But in that year the last portion of the monastery was taken also and used for barracks, and the expelled friars together with the Father General had to seek for another habitation. The house which they rented and which they occupy up to the present was not fitted out for a monastery, and is in-

sufficient to hold the number of the students, and for this reason Rev.

Father General has determined to build a new International College. It will be situated near the mausoleum of Adrian, now the castle of Sant'Angelo, not far from the church of S. Maria in Transpontina, and within view of the Vatican. The ground has been bought and all the plans and designs are arranged so that in a short time we can expect to see it completed.

As announced before, on May 28th the feast of the Most Holy Trinity the council of the Latin American Republics was opened. It began with a solemn High Mass, at which all the Bishops, about 50 in number, assisted. The council is being held in the Ecclesiastical College of the Latin American Republics overlooking the Tiber, where most of the bishops have taken up their lodgings during their stay in Rome. The first few days were spent in electing the officers of the council. They asked the Pope to appoint a Cardinal to be president of the council, but the Pope, desirous of giving them as much liberty as possible in their discussions, entrusted the presidency of the council to the Archbishops, whom he constituted his delegates.

On the feast of the Ascension, May 11th, the Bull announcing the Jubilee during the coming year was solemnly published in the four large basilicas of Rome having the Porta Sancta, viz.: St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, St. Paul's and St. Maria Maggiore. These are also the four basilicas which must be visited in order to gain the Indulgence.

A Recent Favor of Our Lady.

THE following personal experience just mailed to us by a zealous priest is most edifying and appropriate for publication in this month in which we solemnly commemorate our Blessed Lady of the Scapular :

Attending a patient whose mind was so affected that I had all reason to fear the most distressing results, I promised to the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel that if the investiture with the Brown Scapular would help, I would publish the case which is as follows : I was called to see a person on a certain afternoon. The person was reported very sick. On entering the sick room I was greeted very unceremoniously by the patient. He asked me in gruff terms what I could do for him, since he had only a few hours to live. He told me that he was condemned to die at a certain hour. He was anxious to receive the last Sacraments, but I saw no reason whatever to give them. After trying in vain to dispel this fiction of a diseased mind, I had to promise that he would receive the Sacraments as soon as it was necessary. Being told by an attendant that on a former occasion the patient had succeeded in firing six balls into his body before the revolver could be taken from him, his violence, his threats against his attendant and myself alarmed me some. Suddenly it came to me to invest him with the Brown Scapular. As none was at hand I took off my own and invested him with it even against his will. When I was putting the Scapular on him he said to me, "If you think anything of it you had better keep it!" He then raised himself on his bed and said, "If you two do not wish to be

hurt, get out of here." Had he wished to put any such threat into execution he surely could have done it. He was a very strong man and not wasted by disease, since he had only been in bed a half-day. Confiding in our Blessed Mother of Mount Carmel I left. A short time after the patient, who had not slept for a number of nights, fell into a good sound sleep. Two days after he came to me in person and asked pardon for having treated me so rudely. I found out subsequently that on that very day when I was called the patient had left the house intent on committing suicide. A voice had told him to return home and go to bed which he did. Having promised to publish the fact if all went well with my patient, I now fulfill my obligation.—REV. F. A.

A Favor of the Scapular.

From Badacsony-Fomay (Hungary) comes the following: A man of suspicious appearance had penetrated into a lonely house, where at that time the servant was alone. The criminal intending to kill her, seized her; but as his hands touched the Scapular, he was repelled as by an invisible power and released her saying: "I see, you are a pious girl; I will do you no harm." He then went away in a hurry, whilst the young servant rendered fervent thanksgiving to our Lady of Mount Carmel for having preserved her from a cruel death.—*Stimmen v. Berge Karmel.*

He is a wise man that can avoid evil; he is a patient man that can endure it; but he is a valiant man that can conquer it.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JULY, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

One word is on the tip of your tongues just now—I might better say all tongues—Vacation! Yes, it is only work that can win the reward of rest; and as we have all worked, we may justly rest.

For us of the school room it means a long, long rest. Ten weeks of sweet doing nothing, as the Italians call it. Well, long ago I think we decided that the hardest kind of work is, doing nothing. Therefore it would be very wise to make a sort of plan for the vacation, not for work's sake, but for pleasure's.

Most of us revel in reading, so let us talk of that. No, not preach—far from it, but talk sensibly and reasonably and so be sure to meet those who will agree with us.

Don't read novels all summer, but do try to get in some solid and yet delightful reading. I will not join the army of those who are going around with their placards, "One hundred best books!" No, you all have hosts of friends who will tell you what to read. The Secretary will rest contentedly after saying. Don't read trash!

If there is one thing for which you will be truly grateful in the future it is having cultivated a fine taste in reading. That is one of the many things which a Catholic education does for a boy or girl, cultivates good taste in literature. Don't go to public libraries for their lists of "500 best books." Take your own people for

guides; your priests and professors and teachers who know what is good and solid, yes and elegant too. The best in art and science and literature—the standards of good taste in all things you will find in the Catholic Church—so don't go abroad like the "new rich," looking for good things. Stay at home. No better guides can be found than the priests and doctors and professors of our own land. So be proud of them and be led by them and so be safe.

Only one word about the vacation. Keep out of danger. Don't commit sin and then do what you like. St. Philip Neri tells us that. Don't go in the country where you cannot hear Mass on Sundays. People die, you know in the country as well as in the town. One can't afford to die without a priest. Be faithful to our Lady's Scapular. Stick to it all summer and keep her feast on July 16.

May you have lots of fun, dear children, sweet innocent fun that God can bless,

Wishes your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR JULY.

1. Her heart to God, to her neighbor the hand she lends.—Visitation—Southwell.
2. Blessed be God for the freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free.
3. The price of our ransom is the Precious Blood.—St. Ignatius.
4. The Scapular is the livery of the predestined.

5. St. Martha! Saint of the busy hand and heart.—Faber.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. At what season did Eve eat the apple?
2. What is good diet for a wise man?
3. How do bees dispose of their honey?
4. What has never been seen by the eye of God?
5. Where lies the path of duty?

ANSWERS FOR BIBLE CLASS.

1. Maker of nets.
2. Father of a great multitude.
3. Because of his Gospel beginning with Divinity of Christ—flying so high that more is not possible.
4. "Horn" means strength and power—hence powerful salvation.
5. Jacob, whose brother was Heli.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Because all the rest are inaudible.
2. Paper stainers.
3. Nominative case.
4. Because they give us wax, pens and parchment.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

All the Children.

I suppose if all the children
 Who have lived through the ages
 long,
 Were collected and inspected,
 They would make a wondrous throng.
 O, the babble of the Babel!
 O, the flutter and the fuss!
 To begin with Cain and Abel,
 And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women
 Who are now and who have been—
 Every nation since creation
 That this world of ours has seen;
 And of all of them, not any
 But was once a baby small;

While of children, O how many,
 Have not grown up at all!

Some have never laughed or spoken,
 Never used their rosy feet;
 Some have even flown to heaven
 Ere they knew that earth was sweet.
 And, indeed, I wonder whether,
 If we reckon every birth,
 And bring such a flock together,
 There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?
 Who their saucy ears will box?
 Who will dress them and caress them?
 Who will darn their little socks?
 Where are arms enough to hold them?
 Hands to pat each shining head?
 Who will praise them? Who will
 scold them?

Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
 Little savage children too,
 In all stages, of all ages,
 That our planet ever knew;
 Little princes and princesses,
 Little beggars wan and faint—
 Some in very handsome dresses,
 Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
 Such a motley crowd would make,
 And the clatter of their chatter,
 And the things that they would
 break!

O, the babble of the Babel!
 O, the flutter and the fuss!
 To begin with Cain and Abel,
 And to finish off with us.

Story of a Shoe.

"Yes," said a new morocco shoe, as
 it lay under the bed last week, to its
 companion, an old slipper, "I have
 travelled about a great deal, and seen
 life in many strange varieties."

"I should like very much to hear
 the story of your life, if you are not

too tired," said the slipper, in a low voice, weak with age.

"Oh, I should be only too happy to accommodate you, replied the shoe. He was a great talker, and never so well pleased as when thus engaged. "Well," continued he, "my first recollections are of growing on the back of a goat near Buenos Ayres, in South America. Those were certainly the pleasantest days of my life, for I had nothing in the world to think of but how to enjoy myself. But pleasures never last long; at least, I found it so in my own case. One day the owner of the goats came to the pasture, and selected twenty-five of the best, the poor goat of which I formed a part being among the number. We were driven to the slaughter yard, and I shudder even now when I think of what followed; so I will not attempt to describe the process. It is only necessary to say that after sufficient time had elapsed, I found myself a bare hide, packed in a bale with hundreds of others, on board of a steamer bound for Boston. Though very much crushed and in need of fresh air, there was one evil I was free from, and that was sea-sickness. Arriving in Boston, I was quickly disposed of to tanners and carried to Peabody. Then commenced my days of suffering; I was soaked in water, pounded and whipped, and dressed with sumac. I went through so many different changes that you would be astonished; so I will pass them by, till the day I first appeared as a shining piece of morocco. To tell the truth, I did feel a little vain; but I didn't have much time to admire myself, for I was sent over to the shoemaker's at Lynn, not many miles from Peabody. Here I was brought into a room where there were a great many men, all working as fast as they could.

One of them took me and cut me into a pair of number three ladies' shoes; then I was sewed on a machine, fastened on something called a sole, and finally I appeared as I now am. Then I was packed in a box with others like myself and sent to Boston, and placed in a large boot and shoe store. There I remained about three months, when a western merchant came in to purchase goods for his store in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He took quite a fancy to me, and the result was that I soon found myself again on the wing, bound for "the land of the West." After coming to Milwaukee, I spent a year very peacefully on the shelf of the shoe store; then the merchant sent one of his agents still further west with samples, and I happened to be among them. After travelling about for some time, we came to the beautiful city of Fort Dodge, Iowa. The agent, after much bantering, sold me to a merchant keeping a store on the corner of Market and Sixth streets. He put me on a shelf in the back part of the store, and here I staid for nearly six weeks, when one Saturday night a girl came in to purchase a pair of shoes. The merchant was tired and cross after his day's work, so he said quite sharply, 'Saturday night isn't a fit time to buy shoes; you will have to wait till next week.' 'But school commences on Monday,' replied the girl, 'the Sisters' school, too, and they are so particular.' 'Oh, that alters the case; go down there, and pick out a pair.'

"The girl obeyed very quickly, and began tossing the shoes about, and complaining that now-a-days it was almost impossible to find a good pair of shoes. However, the minute she saw me she changed her style of talking, and began praising me so much that only for my complexion I should have blushed forty colors. She took me home, and since that time I have been in constant use. And now my dear Miss Slipper, this is the 'Story of My Life'; so I will say good night, and wish you pleasant dreams."

Editorial Notes.

The Consecration of Mankind to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

By an encyclical letter dated May 25th ult., the Holy Father ordained, that "on the 9th, 10th and 11th of June, in the principal church of every town and village, certain prayers be said, and on each of these days there be added to the other prayers the Litany of the Sacred Heart, approved by our authority. On the last day the form of consecration shall be recited which We send you with these letters." It is to be regretted, that owing to the distance, most of our congregations on this continent did not receive the official translation of this encyclical letter in time to prepare the faithful for this triduum of consecration to the Sacred Heart. But in Europe, and in all the centres of the League in the United States and Canada this beautiful act of consecration was made and the new litany recited. The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for this month contains a most devotional musical setting of this litany by the gifted Jesuit composer, Father Bonvin, S.J. For the benefit of our readers we publish the Act of Consecration sent by the Holy Father and the Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, approved by him for public and private devotion. They will be found at the foot of these notes.

The Holy Year.

The bull of the Holy Father proclaiming the jubilee of next year has now been published throughout the country. The synopsis given by us last month was correct as far as it went, although based on an unofficial report. The Holy Father calls attention to the great need of prayer at the

present time for the conversion of men's minds, and of penance to wash out the faults each one of us has committed. He then dwells most feelingly "on the solemn homage which is to be paid all the world over on the confines of two centuries to Jesus Christ, our Saviour," by the various devotions in connection with the jubilee. After stating the conditions necessary to gain the Indulgence of the jubilee viz.: the reception of the Sacraments of penance and of the Holy Eucharist, a pious visit of the basilicas of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major, at least once a day for twenty days for residents of the city of Rome, or on ten days for pilgrims from a distance, and the usual prayers for the intentions of the Holy See, the Holy Father ends his letter by a magnificent tribute to the city of Rome, as the seat of Christ's empire on earth. The Papal letter exhorts all the pious Christians of the world, who are able, to visit the city of Rome during the jubilee, and there fulfill the conditions laid down. It makes no provision for those who will be unable to visit Rome but, no doubt, in due time the usual extension of the Indulgence to the world, together with the commuted conditions for those unable to go to Rome, will be communicated to our bishops.

The Papal Delegate to Canada.

According to the latest dispatches from Rome, the Holy See has not only determined to send a Papal Delegate to Canada, but has fixed its choice upon the Bishop of Aurenco in Italy. His name is Monsignor Diomedeo Falconio. He is to have an authority

in Canada similar to that of Archbishop Martinelli in the United States. Monsignor Falconio is a friar also. He belongs to the Franciscan Order. He was born in Pescocostanzo, Italy, in 1842, and is therefore in his 57th year. He joined the Franciscans at an early age, and was elected to various more or less important positions in his Order until in 1895 he was appointed Bishop of Aurengo. For some time the question of an Apostolic delegation to Canada has been before the Church and Government of Canada, especially since the visit of Monsignor Merry Del Val a few years ago. The position of Apostolic Delegate in Canada is attended with many more delicate relations to the civil government, than that of the Apostolic Delegate in the United States. The Church in Canada can have so much influence, on account of its numerical strength in the Lower Provinces, on the action of the Government that every one of her movements is closely watched by a bitter and prejudiced opposition. Hardly a day passes in Parliament that the religious question is not dragged into partisan debate and nearly always provokes heat and passion. Under such circumstances the new Apostolic Delegate will have to be "wise as a serpent" without sacrificing the simplicity of Christ.

The Great Scapular Feast.

One of the feasts most dear to the heart of every wearer of the Scapular is the annual commemoration of "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel," which the Church celebrates on the 16th of July. This year the feast falls on a Sunday. Great preparations are being made to celebrate it with becoming splendor in all our Carmelite churches throughout the country, but especially at the shrine of Our Lady at Niagara Falls, Ont.

Our readers will find full particulars of the pilgrimage organized for that day on another page, and we hope to welcome a large number of our subscribers among the army of devout pilgrims. It is a source of great consolation to us to witness the gradual increase of devotion to "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel" throughout the country, and it is our most ardent desire that this love of "Our Queen" may manifest itself in its highest degree at the shrine of the "Scapular" here at the Falls. We wish to make this sanctuary the official centre of the devotion to "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel" in America, and in time to build a church worthy of her and in harmony with the sublime surroundings. May our Dear Lord, who loves to see His Mother called Blessed by all generations, inspire the hearts of all the faithful wearers of the Scapular of "Our Lady" to aid us in this great tribute of homage and devotion to the "Queen and Flower of Carmel."

The Act of Consecration.

The following is a translation of the Act of Consecration which the Holy Father has issued with his encyclical letter on the consecration of the world to the Sacred Heart:

"Most sweet Jesus, Redeemer of the human race, look down with favor on us humbly prostrate at the foot of Thy altars. We are and we wish to be Thine; but in order to unite ourselves to Thee by the strongest ties, we consecrate ourselves to-day to Thy most Sacred Heart. A vast number of men have never known Thee; they have despised Thee and transgressed Thy law. Have mercy on them all, O Sweet Jesus, and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart. Be Thou, O Lord, the King not only of the faithful, who are

near to Thee, but also of the prodigal sons who have abandoned Thee, and grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house, lest they die of wretchedness and hunger.

Be Thou King of those whom erroneous doctrines have deceived, or who have strayed away from the Church in a spirit of heresy; bring them back to the harbor of truth and unity of faith, so that there may be but one fold and one Shepherd.

Be Thou King of all who are plunged in the old superstitions of the Gentiles, and draw them from darkness into the light and the Kingdom of God. Grant to Thy Church, O Lord, assurance of freedom and immunity from harm; give peace and order to all nations, and make the earth resound from pole to pole with this one word: Praise be to the Divine Heart of Jesus that wrought our salvation; to Him be honor and glory forever. Amen.

Litany of the Sacred Heart.

(By decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites dated April 2, 1899, the following Litany of the Heart of Jesus is approved for the entire world, and the Holy Father has attached an Indulgence of 300 days to its recitation in public or in private.)

NEW LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Lord, have mercy on us. Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us. Christ, graciously hear us.

God, the Father of Heaven, have mercy on us.

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us,

God the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us,
Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us,

Heart of Jesus, Son of the Eternal Father, have mercy on us,

Heart of Jesus, formed by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin Mother,

Heart of Jesus, substantially united to the Word of God,

Heart of Jesus, of Infinite Majesty,
Heart of Jesus, Sacred Temple of God,

Heart of Jesus, tabernacle of the Most High,

Heart of Jesus, House of God and Gate of Heaven,

Heart of Jesus, burning furnace of charity,

Heart of Jesus, abode of justice and love,

Heart of Jesus, full of goodness and love,

Heart of Jesus abyss of all virtues,

Heart of Jesus, most worthy of all praise,

Heart of Jesus, king and centre of all hearts,

Heart of Jesus, in Whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,

Heart of Jesus, in Whom dwells the fullness of divinity,

Heart of Jesus, in Whom the Father was well pleased,

Heart of Jesus, of whose fullness we have all received,

Heart of Jesus, desire of the everlasting hills,

Heart of Jesus, patient and most merciful,

Heart of Jesus, enriching all who invoke Thee,

Heart of Jesus, fountain of life and holiness,

Heart of Jesus, propitiation for our sins,

Heart of Jesus, loaded down with opprobrium,

Heart of Jesus, bruised for our offences,
Heart of Jesus, obedient unto death,

Heart of Jesus, pierced with a lance,
 Heart of Jesus, source of all consolation,
 Heart of Jesus, our life and resurrection,
 Heart of Jesus, our peace and reconciliation,
 Heart of Jesus, victim for sin,
 Heart of Jesus, salvation of those who trust in Thee,
 Heart of Jesus, hope of those who die in Thee,
 Heart of Jesus, delight of all the saints,
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, spare us, O Lord.
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, graciously hear

us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

V. Jesus meek and humble of heart,
 R. Make our hearts like unto Thine.

LET US PRAY.

O, almighty and eternal God, look upon the Heart of Thy dearly beloved Son, and upon the praise and satisfaction He offers Thee in the name of sinners and for those who seek Thy mercy; be Thou appeased and grant us pardon in the name of the same Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

Unculled flowers.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

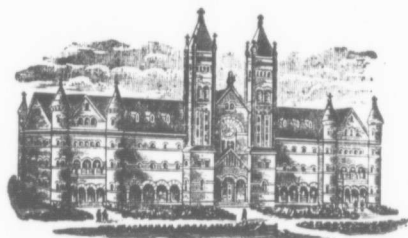
O could I find some uncultured bud!
 Some leaf or shrub enshrined,
 And breathing mystic fragrance in
 The garden of the mind.

How gladly would I twine a wreath
 All fair in purity
 To grace poetic realms of thought
 With Mary's imagery.

But ah! her praises have been sung
 In sweeter tones than mine;
 And rarer flow'rets have been wreathed
 Around her holy shrine.

The beauties of our earth and sky,
 And of the sparkling sea,
 Are themes familiar to the souls
 That sing, my Queen, of thee!

And yet, 'tis sweet to feel it so!
 Whene'er we speak of thee,
 There is an echo of our theme
 In great heart's sympathy.



The Hospice of Mt. Carmel.

V. REV. A. J. KREIDT, O.C.C.

Our Annual Pilgrimage.

Events

The feast of "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel" on the 16th of July this year will be celebrated on a Sunday. We have made arrangements with the Michigan Central R. R. to run the usual pilgrimage train from Buffalo. It will leave New York Central depot on Exchange street on Sunday, July 16th, at 7.30 a.m., arriving at the shrine about 8.30. As it is a Sunday, and therefore essential that every one should be able to hear Mass, we will have a Solemn High Mass in the open air. The altar will be placed under the arcade of the Hospice and a sermon appropriate to the occasion preached by Very Rev. Dean Harris, of St. Catharines. There will be Low Masses in the church from the time of the arrival of the pilgrims until noon. Holy Communion will be given only in the church.

In order that there may be sufficient protection against the heat of the sun, and unexpected rain, we will have large tents erected on the grounds of the Hospice, and intend to provide this shelter at all future pilgrimages.

In the afternoon the Papal Benediction will be given from the altar in the arcade, followed by a sermon in

German and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We will provide cold meats, bread and coffee for the pilgrims; also iced drinks, ice cream and cakes.

The Great Indulgence of Mt. Carmel.

All those who visit a Carmelite church from the time of Vespers, 2 p.m. on July 15, until sunset of July 16, can gain a Plenary Indulgence as often as they repeat the visit. The Indulgence is applicable to the poor souls in Purgatory. In order to gain this great privilege, the faithful must make a good confession and receive Holy Communion, and at every visit pray for the intentions of the Holy Father. Five times the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary* and *Gloria be to the Father*, etc., is sufficient for the purpose. Pilgrims can obtain a booklet containing the necessary prayers at the Hospice. It is not necessary to receive the Sacraments at the shrine. Confession at home and even Holy Communion in the parish church is allowed. Only the visits must be made at the Carmelite church.

There will be Confessions heard at the shrine on Saturday evening, July 15th, and Sunday morning until 11

a.m. Holy Communion will be given at all Masses.

The Pilgrimage Train.

The pilgrimage train will leave N. Y. Central station at 7.30 a.m. and convey the pilgrims to the grounds of the Hospice. It will leave the grounds for Buffalo at 6 p.m. Tickets for the round trip will be only 50 cents for adults, 25 cents for children. They can be obtained beforehand at the Catholic Union Book Store, at the office of the "Rundschau," 218 Broadway, and at the office of the Michigan Central, 219 Main street, Buffalo.

Blessing of the Hospice.

On Thursday, June 15th ult., the new Hospice of Mt. Carmel was solemnly blessed by His Grace, Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto, assisted by Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough, and a large concourse of clergymen from the United States and Canada. A steady downpour of rain, which lasted nearly all morning, prevented hundreds of the faithful, who were anxious to be present, from attending the ceremony. It also prevented the outdoor procession and all the ceremonies were held indoors.

At 9 a.m. His Grace the Archbishop said Mass for the pilgrims, who had come in spite of the rain, at the shrine of "Our Lady of Peace." At 10 a.m. High Mass was sung by Rev. Bernard Fink, O.C.C., of Englewood, N.J., and at 11.30 a.m. the ceremony of blessing the building took place. The visiting clergymen formed in procession, singing appropriate psalms, and passed from floor to floor of the building along the spacious corridors, while the officiating Archbishop sprinkled all the rooms with holy water. On returning to the portal the Te Deum was sung and the

ceremony concluded with the episcopal blessing.

In the afternoon at 4 p.m. Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough, who had been pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Peace long before the Carmelite Fathers came to the place, preached an eloquent sermon on the many privileges and indulgences accorded to the shrine of "Our Lady of Peace" by Pope Pius IX., on the mission of the Carmelite Fathers to conduct retreats and inspire the faithful to a life of prayer, on the solemn ceremony of blessing the new Hospice, and on the object and work of this institution. He sketched in beautiful language the peace and happiness of a soul, reconciled to its God and animated to new love for the Creator of all the surrounding wonders of nature, after a period of retreat in this, the most desirable spot on earth. He spoke of that still nobler purpose of the building, to provide a home to those veterans of the clergy, who had worn out their vigor and strength in the vineyard of Christ, and would come here to spend their declining years in peace and comfort. Finally he exhorted all to spread the knowledge of the existence of such a beautiful haven of rest and refreshment for body and soul among their friends, asking them to spread the news still further, until the whole country would become aware of this house of prayer and spiritual blessings.

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto then gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to the assembled pilgrims, and the congregation joined in singing the hymn: "Holy God, we praise Thy name," concluding the ceremonies by this public act of thanksgiving.

Visitors to the Hospice.

Among the clergy assisting at the blessing of the Hospice we noted the following: Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto; Rt. Rev. Richard A. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough; Very Rev. M. P. Connelly, Vicar General of Buffalo, N.Y.; Very Rev. V. Marijon, Provincial of the Basilian Fathers; Very Rev. James McGill, Provincial of the Vincentian Fathers; Very Rev. Deans Harris of St. Catharines and Egan of Barrie, Ont.; Rev. Fathers McHale, rector of Niagara University; Allain and Canning, of St. Catharines; Sullivan, of Thorold; Smythe, of Merriton; McColl, of Fort Erie; Hand and Cline, of St. Paul's, Toronto; Rohleder and Healy, of St. Michael's, Toronto; Minehan, of St. Peter's, Toronto; Brennan, C.S.B. of St. Basil's, Toronto; Dollard, of St. Mary's, Toronto; Laboureau, of Penetanguishene, Ont.; Kilcullen, of Adjala, Ont.; Gallagher, of Pickering, Ont.; Jeffcott, of Oshawa, Ont.; Kiernan, of Toronto Gore, Ont.

From other dioceses there were present: Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford; Rev. Fathers Crinnon of Dunnville, O'Reilly of Hamilton, Gnam of

Hesson, Ont.; Downey, of Mitchell, Ont.; Oberholzer, of Rochester, N.Y.; Beherimi, of Detroit, Mich.; Hamel, of Olean, N.Y.; Weber of Buffalo, N.Y.; Faber, S.J.; Buffalo, N.Y.; Schauer, C.S.S.R., Buffalo, N.Y.; Celestine Engelbrecht, O.S.B., and Athanasius Hintenach, O.S.B., of Erie, Pa.; Leddy of Warsaw, Conway of Norwood, Ont.; P. J. Harold, New York City; D. T. O'Malley, O.C.C., and Fink, O.C.C., Englewood, N.J.; Bruder, O.C.C., Pittsburg, Pa.; Feehan, O.C.C., Niagara Falls, Ont.; Brennan, O.C.C., Niagara-on-the-Lake, and Bros. Odo and Patrick, Toronto, Ont.

Notice.

The Hospice is now open to all visitors. There will be but one retreat during the month of July, very probably the last week, during which the clergy of the diocese of Toronto will hold their annual retreat at the Hospice. During the time when no special retreat is published, the building is open to all Catholic men and women who choose to visit the shrine. Write to us: *Hospice of Mt. Carmel, Niagara Falls, Ont.*, for particulars.

Flos Carmeli.

A metrical version of St. Simon Stock's miraculous prayer to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

MOST holy Virgin, beauty of Mount Carmel!
O Virgin Flower, blooming evermore!
Bright ornament of heaven! Maiden Mother
Of God Incarnate, Whom we all adore!

Mother of holy love, of mercy, meekness!
Mother, above all mothers, honored far!
Be gracious to thy children dear of Carmel,
And all who wear thy Sacred Scapular!

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

PUBLICATIONS.

"Our Monthly Devotions," by Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings, published by Benziger Bros., New York, 635 p.p., cloth, gilt title, red edge. Price \$1.25.

This devotional book, by the author of "Our Favorite Devotions," will at once recommend itself to the pious reader on account of its comprehensiveness. It is just the book you have long wished for. The Litany of the Sacred Heart on page 275 for *private* devotion can now be used *publicly*.

One can read and re-read with profit all that Katherine Conway has written in her Family Sitting Room Series. "Bettering Ourselves" means all that the title suggests. This dainty little book can be had from the Pilot Publishing Co., Boston.

B. Herder, 17 So. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., puts on the book market "Christian Education" or "The Duties of Parents," by the learned Jesuit Father William Becker. The work is a book of German sermons on Christian Education. A second edition was called for in the original and we are sure there will be a great demand for this valuable work. Price, \$1.25.

The Herder house also publishes "In the Turkish Camp and Other Stories," translated by Mary Richards Gray. It is good for summer reading and sells at 50 cents.

Mrs. Isabel Nixon Whiteley, the author of the "For The French Lilies," recently reviewed in the columns of THE CARMELITE REVIEW, has transferred the publishing rights of her novel, "The Falcon of Langeac" to B. Herder of St. Louis, which firm will have the exclusive right in future to issue the book. Mrs. Whiteley is a sister of Mary F. Nixon, author of "With a Pessimist in Spain," and a well-known writer in Catholic magazines.

In the June number of the *Irish Rosary* Thomas More Madden writes interestingly of the ruined abbeys and monasteries which in times of yore lined the historic Shannon. The writer merely mentions an old Carmelite

shrine in Ireland, viz., Loughrea Abbey in the County of Galway. This shrine, we are told by Dr. Madden, was founded in the year 1300 by Richard De Burgo, for the venerable Order of Carmelites—or White Friars. Like most of the other monasteries of Ireland, it was suppressed and destroyed in the blood-stained reign of Henry VIII. Within comparatively recent years, however, its desecrated site has been again blessed by the successors of the exiled priests, and the town again become the scene of the labors of the Carmelite Fathers.

The famous Taber Prang Art Company of Boston have turned out a very pretty and unique souvenir for the good Carmelite Sisters whose Rose Festival on July 1st next is attracting the attention of thousands. The Sisters have kindly consented to send one of their beautiful June Roses to those applying for them. Write at once if you do not wish to be disappointed. In doing so you should enclose at least ten cents in coin and a stamp. Address, Rev. Mother Prioress, 61 Mount Pleasant avenue, Roxbury station, Boston, Mass.

THANKSGIVING.

- For half-pay instead of quarter-pay granted a retired policeman.
- For spiritual favors granted to a young man.
- For blessings conferred upon a family.
- For relief from troublesome illness.
- For strength granted to avoid a dangerous companion.
- H. H. of Pittsburg returns thanks for a spiritual favor.
- For spiritual favor.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—*St. James, v. 16.*

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

- For the welfare of two young girls.
- For the conversion of a Protestant young lady.
- For the return of a family to their religious obligations.
- For the return of a father to his religious duties.
- For the return of a missing husband.
- For the special intentions of four young persons.
- For the reformation of a brother.
- For the speedy recovery or happy death of two persons.

For the conversion of a brother.
 For success in a great undertaking.
 For restoration of sight.
 For the return of a wayward son.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received for registration at our Convent, New Baltimore, Pa., from: St. Augustine's St. Louis, Mo.; St. Vincent's Seminary, Germantown, Pa.; St. Hubert's, Danville, Pa.; St. Boniface's Peoria, Ill.; St. —, Sparta, Wis.; St. Edward's, Austin, Texas.

Names received for Scapular registration at Leavenworth, Kansas, from: St. Kevin's Church, St. Louis, Mo.; St. Mary's Church, Kansas City, Kas.; St. Leander's Priory, Canton City, Col.; St. Joseph's Church, Beatrice, Neb.

Names received for Scapular registration at Scipio, Kansas, from: St. Charles's church, Charleston, Ill.; Carrollton, Ill.; Argentine, Kansas; St. Mark, Kansas.

Names received for Scapular registration at our Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from: Church of the Visitation, Elm Grove, Wis.; St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, O.; St. Vincent de Paul Church, Mt. Vernon, O.; Frenchtown, Ind.; Monastery of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Priory, Somerset, O.; St. Thomas', Mo.; St. Teresa's Church, P.E.I.; St. Peter's Church, Wheelersburg, O.; St. Joseph's Church, Freeport, Ill.; St. Francis' Church, Naugatuck, Conn.; St. Bridget's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mt. Angel, Ore.; Island Pond, Vt.; Berdan's Church, Bradock, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Vincent de Paul Church, Mt. Vernon, O.; St. Thomas Aquin Church, Coal Centre, Pa.

Names received for Scapular registration at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., from: St. Michael's, Camelton, Ind.; St. Francis', Frankford, Ont.; St. Charles', Suters, Pa.; St. Patrick's, Alpsville, Pa.; St. Peter's, London, Ont.; St. John's, Minta, Ky.; Jesuit College, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Rose, Lima, O.; Decarah, Ind.; St. Leo's, Ridgeway, Pa.; St. Stephen's, Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Columban's, Ont.; Egaline, Ont.; St. Augusta, Minn.; Idaho Springs, Colo.; Java Centre, N.Y.; Tillbury, Ont.; St. Ann's Church, Gaston, N.S.; North Baltimore, O.

Favors for the Hospice.

Miss M.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss B.G., St. Louis, Mo.; F.C., Boston, Mass.

OBITUARY.

"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:

THOMAS MURRAY, a Christian gentleman of amiable and sterling qualities, who went to his reward at Buffalo, N.Y., on June 20th.

HANNAH GARVEY, who died at Syracuse, N.Y., last month, clothed in the livery of the Blessed Virgin

MRS. J. RONAYNE, who died last month in County Waterford, Ireland.

JAMES J. FARLEY.

FRANK KANE, JR.

HUGH KELLY, who died 1872.

JOHN J. CORNEY, a subscriber to the REVIEW, who departed this life May 19th, after an illness patiently borne for several months.

MRS. WM. TURNER, who departed this life Feb. 18, '98.

JAMES PRENDERGAST, lately deceased.

MRS. MARY DENNIS, who departed this life March 2nd, '99.

CORNELIUS WHALEN, who died March 6th, '99.

JOHN DUNGAN, lately deceased.

THE PRAYERS of the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW are asked for the repose of the soul of Bridget Corrigan, widow of Daniel Devlin of New York. Mrs. Devlin reached the age of 76 years, and met her Creator with her hands filled with the charitable deeds of a lifetime. Her death occurred June 13th, '99, at Elizabeth, N.J.

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.