

ODE

ON THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE

—OF—

POPE LEO XIII., FEBRUARY 19TH, 1893.

For The Carmelite Review.

Hail mighty Pope! Hail spiritual Sire!
The world salutes thee on this festive day,
And kneels before thine august throne to pay
The highest tribute mortal can desire—
The offering of love's perpetual fire!
Thee have the nations gazed on from afar,
As bright thy light, and shining like a star,
Beam'd o'er a troubled world. Love doth inspire
Thine every act, O Pontiff most benign!
To thee, viceregent of the Lord Most High,
The world doth turn expectant for a sign,
And hails thee, beloved Leo, "light in the sky."

O Father of the Faithful! Blessed indeed,
Yea, trebly blest is he upon whose brow
Thou sign'st the symbol of our holy Creed.
Priest, Bishop, Pope, all these do thee endow
With majesty of triple power; but thou
Art even in thy very nature blest;
Thy soul with greatness teems, thy face imprest
With love's sweet smile, doth win the world to
bow,

And on this day to lift their hearts with thine
In glad thanksgiving to the Throne divine.

How glorious record doth thy reign display!
Thy life how bright its day!
O orb of wisdom! ever beaming bright,
Thou illumines the night,
And fillest Earth with transcendental light!
The angel of the Schools thou bid'st once more
Bestow his precious lore
Upon the human mind, which foes assail,
With wisdom earthly, heedless of the soul;
That sea of wisdom pure thou didst unveil,
Its flood-gates yielding to thy sweet control.
The gloomy world that lay in durance vile,
Beneath the tyranny of Sophist minds,
Beheld a beacon light and wore a smile,
As mariners at sea midst treacherous winds.

Then, noble Leo! Blest guardian of the fold!
How fondly, in solicitude for truth,
Thou opened up that mine of wealth untold
The archives of the Vatican, whose lore
Is to the human intellect far more
Than erstwhile was the fabled Fount of Youth,
Or that most precious stone for which, as we are
taught,
The dreamy alchemist so vainly sought.

What time the nations, trembling in unrest,
Beheld the ominous clouds, the surging sea,
That threatened to engulf them in its breast
Like Peter on the sea of Galilee;
Cried out in agony: "Who now our guide will be?"
'Twas thou, like Saviour blest,
Made answer: "Come to me
And I will give you rest."

There came a cry from Afric's gloomy shore
Of souls that slept in bondage, and the sound
Fell sad and solemn on thy loving heart
But thou, benignant father, bore a part
Of that deep wail of sorrow, and unbound
The manacles the nations' pity wore.

Labor was prone beneath a tyrant yoke,
When thou great Pontiff spoke,
And, in bold burning words most eloquent,
A glorious message to all nations sent,
Which straight the burden broke.

Most noble-hearted Leo! whether it be
That nations struggling in a stormy sea
Beset by darkness, or the trodden slave,
Thy holy and far-reaching succour crave;
Whether from treacherous shoals of unbelief,
Or infidelity, earth seeks relief,
Thy mystic light leads gloriously on,
Dispelling clouds and scattering, anon,
The blessings of thy wisdom. Every land
Hath felt the bounty of thy generous hand.
Thy master mind hath led the nations out
From the deep chaos of soul-blighting doubt.
And still despite the dark opposing rocks
Of unbelief, the vain unseemly shocks
Of heresy, the barque of Peter sails
In glorious triumph midst ungenerous gales,
And thou, beloved Leo, bold and brave,
Dost guide her safely o'er the troubled wave.

Hail ever loving father, may thy years
By Heaven protected be!
Beam brighter that "Light in Heaven" which
nobly steers
The barque of Peter over time's dark sea!

—JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Order of Mount Carmel.

[By the Rev. Dr. Farrington, O. C. C., of Dublin.]

THE Christian religion arose in an enlightened and sceptic age; but among a despised and narrow-minded people. It earned hatred and persecution at home by its liberal genius and opposition to the national prejudices; it earned contempt abroad by its connection with the country where it was born, and which sought to strangle it in its birth. Emerging from Judea it made its outward march through the most polished regions of the world—Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and in all it attracted notice and provoked hostility, successive massacres and attempts at extermination. Persecuted for ages by the whole force of the Roman Empire, it bore without resistance and seemed to draw fresh vigor from the axe; but assaults in the way of argument, from whatever quarter, it was never ashamed or unable to repel, and whether attacked or not, it was resolutely aggressive. In four centuries it had pervaded the civilized world; it had mounted the thrones of the Cæsars; it had spread beyond the limits of their sway, and had made inroads upon barbarian nations whom their eagles had never visited; it had gathered all genius and all learning into itself, and made the literature of the world its own; it survived the inundation of the barbarian tribes, and conquered the world once more by converting its conquerors to the faith; it survived an age of barbarism; it survived the restoration of letters; it survived an age of free inquiry and scepticism, and has long stood its ground in the field of argument, and commanded the intelligent assent of the greatest minds that ever were; it has been the parent of civilization, and the nurse of learning; and, if light, and humanity, and freedom be the boast of modern Europe, it is to Christianity she owes them. Exhibiting in the life of Jesus Christ a picture,

varied and minute, of the perfect human united with the Divine, in which the mind of man has not and cannot be able to find a deficiency or detect a blemish—a picture copied from no model and rivalled by no copy—it has accommodated itself to every period and every clime; it has retained through every vicissitude of change a salient spring of life, which enables it to throw off corruption and repair decay, and renew its youth amid outward hostility and attacks.

As this picture is true of the Catholic Church, so may be painted a similar one of the Order of Mount Carmel, for it, too, had its origin among this people, and long before the time of Christianity itself. This Order, which was established on Mount Carmel, whose form rising out of the blue waters of an historic sea and peering gracefully above craggy rocks, woody heights, and undulating plains, gemmed with flowers of every hue, yields, even to this day, a kind of strange fascination over all who, having a reverential faith, behold it either from the side of ocean or land. Although the mountain itself may "languish," and its "top be withered," it has a fragrance and immortality which shall never pass away. How can the name of Carmel die? Carmel, the august scene of one, and probably two of the most awe inspiring deeds of Elias, and the chosen retreat of himself and Eliseus—Carmel, set imperishably as a mystical jewel in the inspired poetry of Hebrew Prophets—Carmel, far eclipsing, at a later epoch, by the erection of its Christian altars, the sanctity of the old, and casting upon the entire Catholic Church a new splendour by the saintly brilliance of its "monastic glory,"—a glory which, tracing back its natal rays to a no less august source than Elias the Prophet, still lives; Carmel, the spiritual heirloom of a religious Order, illustrious by the excellence of its deeds as well as by the continuity of its name. Ages before the Christian era it commenced and was famous among the Jewish people. The virtue of

its members, their great numbers, their extraordinary austerities, their schools of learning, made this name glorious among the nations. When Christianity was preached by the apostles and disciples, they were the most zealous receivers and promoters of it. Then, as time rolled on, their numbers daily increasing, they spread themselves out among the entire East; and as persecutions rose against Christians, they suffered and died in such great numbers for the Faith that a writer says of them, "Count the stars and you may count the saints of the Carmelite Order." In every age when the Virgin's prerogatives and privileges were attacked or denied, they were always to the front to defend her, no matter what the consequence; not satisfied with this, they preached, taught, and spread devotion to her, through almost every portion of the Church. Every age of the Church's history has saints and holy men of this Order, as shall be seen; and as time rolled on and centuries died out, persecutions never relaxed, and still they were aggressive. Persecuted in the East, they fled to the West, where they still became more famous; and to compensate them for their zeal and devotion to the Mother of God, she obtained choice privileges and favors for them from her Divine Son. She gave the Scapular as a perpetual pledge of her protection, and that wonderful favor of the Sabbatine Bull. And behold the consequence: the greatest Kings and Queens and Emperors, Generals, and Statesmen, and men of letters, Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, and Priests, Religious of both sexes and of every Order and Congregation, vied with each other in procuring this badge, this "sign of salvation," that they might be under her protection and have a claim to her favours. Every rank, every country, no matter what their color or language, have a love and veneration for the Scapular, and nothing soothes the savage breast and assists the missionary in his labors of converting the heathen so much

as the bestowing of the Scapular of Mount Carmel; and justly so, for, how many miracles of every day occurrence and in all dangers have there not been wrought through its influence? Sinners converted, fires extinguished, shipwrecks averted, seas calmed, inundations prevented, diseases cured, temptations overcome, virtues practised, devils cast out; in a word, blessings temporal and spiritual bestowed on those who wear it during life, and even after death, a short purgatory.

IN MEMORIAM.

MOTHER M. MECHTHILD BOYD—*Died at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Dec. 11th, 1892.*

"Come from Libanus and be crowned,
Oh! selfless soul Mechthild;"
So spake the Bridegroom in the hour
Which for her He hath willed.

To draw her, as with bands of love,
Unto His chaste embrace;
To lead her through the lilies fair,
To gaze upon His face.

Yes, lilies,—those the flowers He loves,
They woo Him—blossoms rare,
Those souls in gardens all enclosed
Who breathe His native air.

And such was she, this soul retired
In Mary's holy house;
All hidden in the fragrant bed
Of lilies for the Spouse.

And now amid the virgin train
She'll walk, and sing her song;
Her canticle, the Lamb to praise
For e'er, with Seraph's throng.

A trophy of the cross—secure,
A triumph of its power;
The Victor's spoil, Love's conquered one,
Loretto's daughter pure.

New York City.

—M. C.

IN beholding the present splendor of the winter scenery here at Niagara we cannot but repeat those words of the late Archbishop Lynch: "The trees and shrubs around are covered with ice," says His Grace, "and myriads of glassy pendants hang from the branches, reflecting in dazzling brightness the rays of the sun, and by night those of the moon. You will hear a crash. It is the branch of a tree that breaks down under the weight of icicles. Alas! how many souls break away from God, though highly favored with His special graces, and are never again engrafted on the vine that is Christ."

MARCIA'S MADONNA.

BY K. MADELEINE BARRY.

For the Carmelite Review.

HERE had been predictions of a green Christmas in 188—, but as it happens sometimes with unauthorized prophecies, they "went by contraries"—as dreams are said to do. Up to the last moment, however, things were looking well for the meteorological sooth-sayers. The bare streets of the city with their borders of shrivelled grass, the dry, hard roads, the dusty icicles, and out of town the frozen, rugged fallow-land, the bleak fields of unploughed stubble, the seared hedges and the chill river, waited vainly for the all-levelling and enhancing mantle of the "beautiful." On the night of the twenty-third, after old Rime had made clean the way with a day's boisterous blowing of his frost winds, the snow fell thick and fast in a wild impetuous whirl, celebrating with elfin glee its triumph over the forecasts of the weather-wise. On the platform of a country station in one of the sea-coast provinces, a lone passenger muffled in a panoply of unplucked beaver was stalking impatiently, waiting for the I. C. R. express going west. He was the sort of passenger that porters dive at, that station masters treat with an intuitive and quasi-diplomatic courtesy, that young ladies looking wearily out of car-windows brighten perceptibly to discover; the sort of passenger that by the unquestioned right of a faultless and attractive appearance has the difficulties and discomforts of every journey, that of life itself not excluded, reduced to a minimum for him by the obsequious attentions of his fellow-men.

The train arrived panting its apologies and explanations, just as this distinguished passenger had lighted a second cigar. The country station was redolent of it for several minutes after the express had disappeared,

and the telegraph-operator inhaling the whiffs with greedy, envious nostrils, went back into his dingy office and wished that he was rich.

The train conductor knew this passenger, and helped to brush the snow from his shoulders and his beaver trimmings as he boarded the car. "We are going to have an old fashioned Christmas, Mr. Walton," he said in what might have been an over cordial tone, at any other time, and to any other gentleman of Mr. Walton's aspect, but considering that it was the season of universal good will, and that the conductor was one of the constituents by whose suffrage Mr. Walton represented a neighboring county in parliament, the greeting was not unwarrantably friendly.

When the porter had hung up his cap and great coat, and the news boy had brought him the papers, and somebody had looked after the ventilators beside his seat, and things were made as pleasant generally as they have a right to be when a popular legislator rides on a government railroad, Mr. Walton threw himself wearily into the chair allotted to him, and made a rapid survey of the other occupants of the coach. He was relieved to see no one to whom his personal feelings or his professional or political interests constrained him to extend his hand, for he was not in a sociable or complaisant mood, and when a man is not, it is good (for everybody else if not for himself) that he should be alone. He took up the pile of papers that had been left beside him and began to open them listlessly, but one by one he threw down again with a gesture of weariness and irritation. "Christmas, nothing but Christmas in them all!" He turned his chair round to the wall, kicked the footstool into position, pulled his pocket cap down well over his eyes, and telling himself that he was tired to death of these hackneyed old platitudes, he lapsed without effort or protest into a train of Christmas thoughts himself. He began

with a sullen recognition of the rather strange fact, that he had never known a really merry Christmas in his life. As the ward of a gouty uncle, who could not endure noise or rich diet, he had not had a very fair chance to enjoy the festive anniversary as children are commonly expected to do. As a student in lodgings, he had made a few desperate grabs at its fleeting immunities from ordinary decorum, but the headaches and indemnifications of one sort or another that followed, took the gilt off the gingerbread. As an eligible barrister he had eaten prime Christmas turkeys bursting with a consciousness of truffles, and frolicked under mistletoe sprigs in a *moutons de panurge* fashion, because everybody else was doing it, but he could remember nothing distinctly merry or genuinely hilarious about that.

As a cynic, he had moped away two dreadful Christmases before his bachelor's hearth, and they were the worst of all! The loneliness of an unmated man, a cankering sorrow at all times, becomes in seasons of domestic jubilee a humiliation and a reproach. He had grown older in those two bitter years than he ought to have been at seventy! Laughing at love and marriage and the vaunted fruits of both, until the tears come into one's eyes, isn't the merriest device of all that the merry season sanctions. And now here was Christmas coming round again, and here was he posting back to his single-handed struggle with its heart-aches and temptations. He had thought it might be otherwise this year. He had drifted into politics, and the wholesome stimulus of the campaign had quickened his sluggish pulse, had made his blood flow free and warm again. His triumph at the polls had thawed out his frost-bound feelings, and made him a sensitive human being—almost a boy once more. And then his winter at the capital, so full of strange excitement; the fascination of the parliamentary pro-

gramme; the dignified disorderliness of the legislator's life, the late settings of the House, enlivened by the flash-lights of native oratory, and by the smiles and coquetries of native beauty storming the strongest fortresses from the galleries above ought to have bettered things for him. Of course to some extent they did. He was not a cynic now. He had seen fair women that had made him restless and thoughtful by turns. He had looked into calm grey eyes and felt the "Peace, Be Still" of their wise, wistful tenderness, quieting the troubled Rubicon of his mid-manhood; he had winced, too, under the less limpid glances of less scrutible but not less fascinating belles. He had all but touched the quick of life's sovereign mystery. He knew it by the sweet abstraction into which he lapsed so readily of late; by the sort of sonambulistic way in which he went through the common duties of the day, by the deep abiding consciousness with which he now awoke each morning and was soothed to rest each night, that where love was not, or had never been, the equilibrium of perfect manhood or of perfect womanhood was not conceivable; by strange intuitive understandings of the divine conclusion, that it was not good for man to be alone without some helpmate like unto himself, and yet not like! If he could but wake out of this dreamful mesmeric sleep and find his helpmate by his side! Someone to walk with him through the green glades of earthly paradise; someone to read his books; someone to share his hopes; someone to answer when he called in joy, in sorrow, in any human need; someone to take of his exuberant strength, to lean on his right arm, to wear the panoply of his protecting sympathy and sworn devotion; someone to watch with him in his hour of trial and temptation, with a cool hand for his hot brow and calm counsel for his troubled soul. Someone to fill heart, home and life with the joy that is man's birthright and the figure of his last inheritance!

"True! — T—r—u—e! T—r—u—e!" roared the engine. "Quite so! Quite so!" chimed the bell. But the brakes set up a hissing and a sneering that roused Mr. Walton from his reverie, and made the train stand still. They had come to the first junction, and the headlights of other panting and belching engines glared in through the windows at them. He shoved back his cap from his eyes and wheeled his chair about. Then the door of the coach was opened; a lady came in. The color deepened in his dark strong face, and with an amazement and embarrassment unusual in him, stood up to greet her. There were snowflakes glistening in her hair and on her shoulders, and he inhaled the delicious coolness she diffused, when she held out her hand to him, almost greedily. He was not too confused to see how pink her cheeks and ears were from old Rime's rude caresses, and how bright her naturally sad grey eyes looked under the fringe of wind-tossed hair sparkling with frosty jewels. He was a dreamer, a poet, a fool, if you will, this far-seeing, deep-feeling handsome muscular man of five-and-thirty; but he was the sort of dreamer, poet, fool, a woman singles out by instinct from the maddening crowd as a fit and safe depository for her choicest gifts. "This is a delightful surprise Miss Marcia!" he said. He was never afraid to let a woman see when she was pleasing to him.

"Thank you," said Miss Marcia, growing a shade graver and more like her natural self. Then he took her furs and chose a seat for her—beside his own—if he might have that privilege?

She did not answer, but sat in it, withal. She was a slender, graceful girl, with the "pale cast of thought," not only over her fine and even features, but about her whole appearance. Her dress, her manner, her hand, her foot, the tone of her voice, suggested it. She had outlived the first fervors of young maidenhood, if she had ever known

them. But it was a swifter and defter touch than time's, that had sobered her still youthful face and stamped the hall mark of some sacred sorrow upon it. Mr. Walton had known her for some years and was familiar with a portion of her life's sad story. He knew from outside sources, because he could never have gathered from herself, how full of want and pain and harassing humiliations her lot had been. Her gentle birth, her temperament and her profound culture, had made her abnormally sensitive to suffering, and destiny saw to it that she had no dearth of it in her young life. But it was the millstone of a speechless grief which had been hung about her neck. Sad secrets of the hearth which preyed upon the winsome spirit, until all its gladness was absorbed. And still her spartan courage defied the pity of those who knew or guessed her fate. Mr. Walton had been attracted to her from the first, but it was the homage of the heroworshipper that he had proffered—admiration and esteem. Later he used to sit behind her in the little church at C—, where they both lived, and somehow from long looking at her there, until the waving outline of her soft dark hair, and the pensive cast of her oval, creamy face, and the unflinching forbearance in her pure, clear eyes, and the sometimes troubled heaving of her breast, and deepening of the line between her brows were as familiar to him as his own reflection. He had developed a tender interest in her, and began to lend her books, and to walk with her on summer Sundays, and drink tea on the garden-seats of her sombre dwelling, and talk with her about his hopes and fears and private belief about the world and men and things in general. But still, he did not love her; he was sure of that. It never even occurred to him that his visits and attentions might be misunderstood by the watchful gossips of the small town. He only knew that life in so circumscribed a sphere was very dull and lonely, and that Miss Marcia, with her wide,

deep knowledge of the subjects that are always vital to all men, shortened and improved the dreary hours for him, and made him good and vaguely happy—though he knew he did not love her. With his nomination for the county, and the prolonged distraction of canvass and election, however, Miss Marcia dropped out of his life. Weeks and months passed, and he did not see her, and then weeks and months passed and he hardly thought of her. He went to Ottawa and in the whirl of metropolitan festivities he at length forgot her! He met new types of lovely women, and notably one—a bright, vivacious, sparkling handsome girl, who carried him by storm the moment he had set eyes upon her. She was the daughter of a senator, and the comet of his first season at the capital. Her name was on every lip; her beauty and her charms were the uniform topic in the draw-rooms and lobby. She was all life and mirth and sunshine. The world had gone wonderfully well with her. “So unlike poor Miss Marcia,” he thought one night as he looked at the seamless rose-pink happy face; and out of the train of sudden reminiscences the contrast so unexpectedly evoked, he drew this telling conclusion—“After all it is sunshine and song a man wants in his home. Beauty and laughter are the earth-idols for him, and Miss Evelyn has an equal dowry of both. I wonder——” Miss Evelyn’s father came for her just then, and Mr. Walton had a restless night of it. He could not sleep, and yet he was sure he dreamed strange dreams of two fair women—but one was gay and winsome, and the other was very sad! He heard to his dismay next evening that Miss Evelyn had gone home. A sudden wedding in the family (it was sure to be something pleasant) had called her away. She left him a pretty message and hoped they would meet next session. And that was the last he saw of Miss Evelyn. The House closed the week after, and he went back to C— full of

sweet memories and tender regrets, but not without some very fixed designs for future opportunities—when Parliament should meet again!

The sleepy sea-girt town was a lugubrious contrast after the round of gaieties and thrilling excitements of a politico-social season at the capital. Mr. Walton was out of sorts from the day of his return, and everyone could see it. He brow-beat the litigious farmers—the cream of clients—forgot to collect the tradesmen’s dues, dismissed his cook for singing, and came very near swearing in the wrong place in his professional encounters with the bar and bench of his county. It would have relieved him to go and pour his resentful complaints into Miss Marcia’s patient ear, but to add to his discomfiture Miss Marcia had gone away to study something somewhere. He could not remember what or where, but he thought it very absurd of girls who knew enough already to go away and cram themselves with stuff they didn’t need. He wished it was always session with sweet Miss Evelyn deliciously accessible to him! Of course time softened his temper and healed his wound somewhat, but not until he learned from the experience that it was certainly not good for him to be alone. In this frame of mind he had gone on a professional journey into the interior of the province, and how far he was confirmed in it by the reflection of his homeward ride, we have had occasion to see. He was caught red-handed wishing for his allotted helpmate, by none other than Miss Marcia herself!

That he was heartily glad to see her again, and particularly then and there, was beyond doubt to either of them; and she was cordial in her exchange of greeting with him. But for all this he had an uncomfortable feeling that something was awry between them. The conversation would not take the old trend, and to talk differently with Miss Marcia after so many interchanges of private thoughts and general speculations, was a simple farce. Yet in spite of his best tactics, and he had sat a season in a very good school since he saw her last, he could not get beyond the storm, and some of his despised Christmas platitudes, and a few pointless disparagements of poor C—.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

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 REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C.,
 Falls View, Ontario.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, ONT., FEB., 1893. NO. 2.

MANY thanks to the Catholic press for their kind words of welcome.

THE Carmelite Fathers of New York City have just concluded a fair, which was a success financially and otherwise.

A RECEPTION into the Third Order of Mount Carmel was held in the chapel of Falls View Monastery on Sunday, Jan. 8th.

HAVE any of your friends or relations died lately? If so, send us their names and we will recommend their souls to the prayers of our readers.

THE Reverend Father Kreidt will deliver his lecture on Pope Leo XIII before the alumnae of Holy Angels' Academy in Buffalo on February 16th.

It is not generally known that the body of Saint Valentine the Martyr reposes under the high altar of the Church of the Carmelites on Whitefriars Street in Dublin.

POPE URBAN VI has granted an Indulgence of three years to all who call the Order of Carmelites, the *Order of the Blessed Virgin*, or shall call the Carmelites *Brothers and Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary*.

IF you know of anything of interest to our readers do not be afraid to write to us. Your letter need not necessarily be done up in faultless language. Send us the facts and we will do the rest.

WHILST ever ready to fulfill all possible demands, we must at present acknowledge our inability to oblige those who have requested us to send them French and Polish editions of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

SIMULTANEOUS with our own appeared the initial number the *Catholic Register* of Toronto. Under its present able management and the patronage of our most reverend archbishop the *Register* will doubtless rank amongst the foremost Catholic journals of the country.

DURING the past few weeks many letters have reached us from our friends, all of whom have expressed satisfaction and pleasure on their receiving the first number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. Whilst regretting our inability in all cases to reply by mail, we most cordially tender to everyone our sincerest thanks.

THE "Secretary's" advice on "button-holing," in the "Children's Corner," could be read with a great deal of profit even by those who have laid aside hand-sleighs and skipping-ropes. If we observed Lent as the "Secretary" points out we shall perhaps have done more in the way of penance for forty days than merely reducing the butcher's bill to a minimum.

A COPY of the January and February number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW has been sent to all those who have collected for our Hospice. We would gladly send the magazine free to all those unable to subscribe, but our present means do not permit it, therefore we beg to announce that after this month THE REVIEW will be sent only to paid-up subscribers. Anyone unable but willing to subscribe can forward the money when convenient to them, provided they send us notice.

THE premium mentioned in our circulars will be sent to the proper parties as soon as received. We may have appeared to be dilatory in sending out receipts to some of our subscribers, but our tardiness will be overlooked when it is known that we have been so busy that our present chance of earning the sobriquet of "the lazy monks" is a very remote one.

WITH the March number of THE REVIEW we shall send a blank certificate to all our paid-up subscribers. They are at liberty to write *any* name they choose on the blank space following the words "*This is to certify,*" etc. The person whose name is written on the certificate enjoys all the privileges enumerated thereon. Names of deceased persons can be also inscribed.

THE practice of having the throat blessed on the Feast of St. Blaise is becoming more and more universal. It is a very laudable custom. St. Blaise by his intercession undoubtedly prevents many physical evils, but if some wish the aid of the saint they ought first to cure the moral disease that comes from the throat and mouth, viz.: unbecoming words, for which St. Blaise is said to have had a special abhorrence.

OUR Father-General, the very reverend Aloysius M. Galli, who is stationed in Rome, has just written us. After warmly approving of our journalistic venture, he tells us that he has appointed one of our Roman Fathers to send to THE CARMELITE REVIEW a monthly letter, which will be a concise and reliable synopsis of all events transpiring in the eternal City of interest to all Catholics, and especially to the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

IN the second nocturn of the office of the Feast (Feb. 14) of Saint Peter-Thomas in the Carmelite Breviary, we read among other edifying things mentioned in the life of the holy martyr, that in every trouble he flew to the Blessed Mother for assistance. To quote one passage of the

Breviary: "He poured forth incessant prayer to God and His Holy Mother for the perpetual conservation of his Order. While praying on the night of Pentecost he received this wonderful response from the most blessed Virgin:—'Be of good heart, Peter, the religion of the Carmelites shall persevere until the end of time; Elias, its Founder, has already asked this favor of my Son.'"

ON Candlemas do not neglect to supply yourself with one or two blessed candles. Put them where you can find them. With little or no cost you can fix up a miniature Blessed Virgin's altar in some spare corner of the room where family prayers are said. Place the candles there. You will thus have a constant reminder of your Mother, and likewise avoid overturning all the household gods in your fruitless and excited search in a moment of emergency.

JUST as we were closing the forms of the first number of THE REVIEW a kind word of approval came from the Right Rev. S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo. The venerable and esteemed prelate writes: "The Carmelite Fathers of Falls View, Ont., are about to publish a magazine to be known as THE CARMELITE REVIEW, to be devoted to the honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel, and to propagate the popular devotion of the Scapular. *We wish them success in their enterprise and their magazine a wide circulation.*"

P. A. B.

A single day lost should cause regrets a thousand times more keen and cutting than the loss of a great fortune. And yet this time, precious as it is, is a burden to us; our whole life seems to be a continual study of how to lose it; and despite all our attempts to squander it, there always remains more than we know what to do with—*Massillon.*

Be indulgent towards others, and austere towards yourself.—*St. Teresa.*

THE HOSPICE

— OF —

MOUNT CARMEL

— AT —

NIAGARA FALLS.

All letters and communications with regard to this department should be addressed to REV. A. J. KREIDT, G.C.C., FALLS VIEW, ONTARIO.

All legacies, bequests or testamentary dispositions of any kind in favor of the Hospice, should be made to "THE MONASTERY OF MOUNT CARMEL, AT NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO." This is the legal title of our Institute, under which we are incorporated in the Province of Ontario.

Archbishop Lynch and The Hospice.

Most of our readers are familiar with the fact that the Carmelite fathers and brothers on Mount Carmel have built a large Hospice for the accommodation of pilgrims to the Holy Mount. They thus carry out at the present day a custom which prevailed throughout Europe at all our large monasteries, as long as they existed.

It is natural, therefore, on the part of those among our friends who are unacquainted with the history of our foundation at the Falls to attribute to us the project of the great Hospice to be built at this wonderful scene of God's majesty. But this is far from being the case. The idea did not originate with us at all; on the contrary, it was conceived long before any Carmelite father had come to this part of the country.

A great and holy prelate of the church, the late Archbishop of Toronto, the Most Rev. John J. Lynch, whose great zeal for the glory of God and His church was well known throughout the length and breadth of North America, more than thirty years ago, had thought of the necessity of such an institution at Niagara Falls, and had, in pursuance of this idea, purchased a large tract of territory, comprising about two

hundred acres of land, in close proximity to the Falls.

It was more than ten years afterwards that the Carmelites, at his invitation, took up their abode on this site; and it is only within the last few years, after the death of the illustrious prelate, that his great idea was found to be sufficiently feasible to attempt its realization.

How it came about, that the saintly Archbishop's designs could not be executed any sooner, will be explained on some future occasion.

For the present, I will confine myself to the mere proof of the great fact that it was the idea of Archbishop Lynch to make Niagara Falls a place of pilgrimage—a shrine of Our Lady—and to entrust the work of receiving the pilgrims, and providing for their corporal and spiritual needs to the Order of Mount Carmel.

The entire 19th chapter of "The Life of Archbishop Lynch," written by H. C. McKeown, is devoted to this subject. I quote the following:

"Among the many institutions established in the diocese of Toronto by Archbishop Lynch, not the least important are those at the Falls of Niagara. Having so successfully founded the College of the Angels on the American bank of the Niagara River, he at once, on becoming Bishop of Toronto, cast about for a suitable location near the great cataract where he hoped at some future day to be able to erect buildings and establish educational and other institutions worthy of this grand and mighty work of nature and its picturesque surroundings. This he was happily enabled to do much sooner than he had at first anticipated, and the fine building of the Loretto nuns, which now stands overlooking the Falls on the Canadian bank, and from whose balcony is spread out before the spectator a scene unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur on the face of the earth, and the Carmelite monastery opposite—a small building at present, but destined at some future day to give place to a more commodious structure—are the first results of a long-cherished design on the part of the Archbishop. Perhaps no better idea of the location, the nature and object of these institutions, and the hopes and aspirations that gave them birth, can be obtained than by the perusal of the fol-

lowing pastoral, issued by His Grace in April, 1876."

The biographer then gives the pastoral letter in full. I shall only extract those portions dealing directly with the purpose of our foundation, leaving to some future reference the poetic and devout reflections which the pastoral suggests to the pious pilgrim at the Falls:

"The Cataract of Niagara yearly attracts thousands of lovers of sublimity and grandeur. They come to wonder, but few, alas, to pray. The place has been to us from childhood an object of the greatest interest. A picture of it fell into our hands—we were awe-struck with its beauty, and wished that we could adore God there. The vision of it haunted us through life. The providence of God at length conducted us to it, and almost miraculously provided the means of commencing near it the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels in the diocese of Buffalo, N.Y. On our being appointed by the Holy See Bishop of Toronto, it was our first care to secure on the Canada side of Niagara Falls a large tract of land on which to erect religious establishments, where God would be worshipped with a perfect homage of sacrifice and praise, and where the Catholic Church would be fittingly represented.

"It was at the commencement of the American civil war. Our heart was moved with sorrow at the loss of many lives and the prospect of so many souls going before God in judgment, some, it is to be feared, but ill prepared. The beautiful rainbow that spanned the Cataract, the sign of peace between God and the sinner, suggested prayers and hopes to see the war soon ended; and we called the Church 'Our Lady of Victories or of Peace.' A convent was soon erected on the grounds, and Nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, called of Loretto, were installed.

"We have for many years searched for a fervent congregation of men to found a Monastery and a church worthy of the place and its destination. Enthusiastic pilgrims of nature's grandeur come here to enjoy its beauty; others, alas, to droven remorse. We desired to have a religious house where those pilgrims would be attracted to adore nature's God in spirit and in truth, and who would there find, in solitude and rest, how great and good God is.

"The Fathers of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the most ancient in the Church and dear to the heart of our Blessed Mother, have commenced this good work. Our Holy Father Pius IX. has been graciously pleased to confer upon the present little church Plenary Indulgences and other favors granted to the most ancient pilgrimages of the old world. The Fathers also propose, when a suitable house is built, to receive Prelates and Clergy of the Church as well as Laity to make retreats; and to provide Priests, worn out in the service of their Divine Master, with a home where they can quietly prepare for eternity.

"Missions will be also given in parishes by the Religious at the request of the Bishops. A place more fitting for such an Institution could hardly be found. God Himself has made the selection. It is easy of approach from all parts of the country, and on the confines of two great nations. We have full

confidence that God will finish His own good work by inspiring the hearts that love Him, and His Blessed Mother of Mount Carmel, to contribute to the erection of a Church and Monastery there. Those pious souls will lay up for themselves treasures in the bosom of God, from which they will draw in their great need, when about to balance their accounts before His judgment seat.

"The Catholic Church, or to speak more plainly, the sublime religious souls under her influence, always sought the most beautiful and romantic places to erect monasteries and churches to the service of God. Christ Himself retired to the mountain to pray, and He sought the solitude of Thabor to manifest His glory, and Gethsemane to pour forth His sorrows into the bosom of His Father. The soul, withdrawn from the din and the noise and the bustle of this world, breaks from its tension and soars towards God. The Fathers of the desert sought the wilderness and the mountain-caves, there to adore their God. Our forefathers in the faith also peopled the islands in the Atlantic, erecting their monasteries in clefts overlooking the mighty ocean, where the Monks sat and contemplated God in the fearful storms and in the raging waves that dashed over the rocks; and admired the works of His providence in the flight and screech of the ravens and gulls. In a storm they would imagine souls in distress crying out, 'Where is my God?' See them also on the islands of the blessed Lough Erne. They beheld the serenity of the sky above and the peaceful waters below, and were led to sweet and calm repose in God. Again they sought the clefts of the mountains overlooking the smiling valleys, where they could feast their eyes on the riches and bounties of God in the fertile fields below, and pity busy mortals in their incessant toil after the things that perish. Behold the lilies of the field, the birds of the air. God clothes and provides for all. He fills the soul that is empty of this world.

"In Europe there are many sanctuaries, but few in this new world. Niagara will be one, and first of the most famous where God will be adored on the spot in which He manifests Himself in such incomparable majesty and grandeur.

"We exhort you then, beloved brethren, to contribute according to your means to this noble work, and, if possible, organize a pilgrimage to this retreat, accompanied with a few days of retirement, which will add largely to your appreciation of God's works and wonders, and will lead you to greater earnestness in the service of so great and good a Master.

"The peace of Our Lord Jesus Christ and the Communication of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

"JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

"Given at St. Michael's Palace, on the Feast of St. Mark, April 25, 1876."

I have nothing to add to these eloquent words. I can only hope and pray that with the help of God and the charitable aid of our friends we may soon be able to execute this pious legacy.

ANASTASIUS J. KREIDT, O.C.C.

THE PURIFICATION.

For The Carmelite Review

'Tis but a few short days ago
 Since Bethlehem filled each heart ;
 And now our Mother's voice is heard,
 "Arise, let us depart."
 And in her shadow we will go
 Unto the temple grand,
 Where she, as pure as Carnel's snows,
 Before the Levite stands.

Within her arms the Infant God
 She bears with humble love ;
 While in St. Joseph's gentle care
 Nestles the timid dove.
 The Mother's heart with joy is filled,
 In offering up her Son,
 In this, His Heavenly Father's house,
 This well-beloved One.

But with her heaven sent offering flees
 The peace that's in her heart ;
 For Simeon's voice tho' loud and grand,
 Falls like a fiery dart.
 And tho' his canticle of praise
 Ascends in joyful strain,
 Yet on the list'ning Mother's ear
 Fall now the words of pain.

"Thy tender soul a sword shall pierce,"
 And fast before her gaze
 Come now the Passion's awful woe,
 And Calvary's dark ways.
 Ah! seems it not an anguish keen
 That now her spirit fills?
 But sacrifice becomes her food—
 Her life the Father's will.

So turns she now with sorrowing step
 To Nazareth's lowly ways :
 While ever on her Child and God
 Rests she her mournful gaze.
 She presses Him unto her heart
 In mute, yet poignant grief ;
 And tho' his arms now form a cross,
 Their pressure bring relief.

For what if sorrow dark and dread
 Her inmost soul surround,
 While He, her all, with her abides
 In joy she will abound.
 Oh! Mother loved! be this the boon
 We ask on thy Feast Day;
 The spirit meek of sacrifice,
 That marked thy earthly way.

N. Y. City.

—DOLORES.

CANDLEMAS.

For The Carmelite Review.

After the Jews had returned from the Babylonian captivity, and under Zorababel had built a temple, those who remembered the splendor and gorgeous equipment of the Solomonic temple lifted up their voices and wept.

"Who is left among you that saw this house in its first glory? and how do you see it now? Is it not in comparison to that as nothing in your eyes? Yet now take courage. * * I will fill this house with glory. * * Great shall be the glory of this house; more than of the first * * and in this place I will give peace."—Aggaeus II, 4, 10.

This prophecy was fulfilled when Mary, obedient to the law of Moses, offered to-day her first born. The older temple had all the glory of this earth, but the humbler building was more highly honored. In the old temple the power and goodness of God dwelled upon the throne of propitiation, as this rested upon the ark of the covenant, containing the tables of law, the rod of Aaron and manna. This ark was placed into the Holy of Holies, into the house of gold, which Solomon erected. The house of gold and the ark, with its throne, were irreparably lost, when the Jewish people ate the bread of tribulation beside the river of Babylon. Zorobabel's temple contained only poor imitation.

But, behold, when the temple gates are swinging back to-day, there enters a lowly artisan, an humble and modest young mother, carrying in her arms a babe, born 40 days ago. The lowly artisan resembles the buildings of the temple, surrounding and sheltering the tabernacle, for he had received from the Most High the grand honor of being the mainstay and as it were the providence for Mother and Child. The young mother is saluted by the church as "the House of Gold," "the ark of the Covenant." She takes the place of the old

house of gold, the antiquated ark of the covenant. She is the Holy of Holies of the new dispensation, and in her arms rests the Lord of the temple. He and His law take the place of the tables of Moses. This High Priest, according to the order of Melchisedec, renders superfluous the rod of Aaron; this living bread, that came from heaven, supplants the manna of the fathers.

All the figures and types of 1500 years are realized—the shadow yields to light, hope has become possession, and well may the aged Simeon exclaim: "Now, O Lord, thou dismisseth thy servant in peace, for my eyes beheld thy salvation." Great indeed is the glory of this house, more so than the first; what the first could not do is accomplished in the second. "I will give peace."

At what cost? Let the prophecies of Simeon tell you that.

PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

LENTEN LEAFLETS.

For the Carmelite Review.

My soul! what hast thou done for God?

Look o'er thy misspent years and see;

Sum up what thou hast done for God

And then what God hath done for thee.

—Faber.

These are the busy days of ledgers and counting houses, when the never ceasing jingle of the coin of the realm and the voice of the money-changer are heard in the land, and when the still small voice which would lead us apart from the world's great crowd and its strife of tongues is drowned amid the Babel of mint and mart.

But close upon us now are the days of the purple—the sombre-hued hangings, old as royalty itself, casting their salutary shade over souls as well as shrines, and preparing for that inner reckoning to which holy church in the wisdom of her divine economy invites her children. Queries and answers make up the sum of life. Great questions there be, that hold the minds of the multitude—great problems of science

and the school-men on which a world hangs its destinies. But in these Lenten days that are nigh upon us, we, like little children, revert to the first great question that holds in itself the philosophy of the schools and the simplicity of the nursery. Why did God make me? With him of merrie England, and its much loved oratory, the winning Father Faber, of whom 'twas said "He fascinates everybody," let us ask our souls "What hast *thou* done for God, and and He for thee?" One simple sentence, in which we may read between the lines volumes teeming with thought. Thought—ah! well might the prophet Jeremiah have had in mind this great age of ours, this wondrous nineteenth century, when he poured forth his lamentation: "With desolation is the land made desolate because there is none who considereth in his heart." So now in the quiet of the Lenten days, when the shades of Passion-tide invite us, let us go "aside, and rest," and think. With the Mother of Sorrows, our dear Mater Dolorosa, let us turn from the busy haunts of men, and learn of her the answer to the questions that move our souls. She, who kept all things in her heart, will teach us new meanings for sin, and self, and sorrow—will show us the beauty of holiness and the joy of sacrifice, will open our eyes in the clear light of the days of penance to the Dark Continent in the interior of many of us. Above all, will teach us that "the love of creatures soon grows cold—how can the world be kind?" We are all yearning for affection, seeking kindred hearts and congenial spirits. In her, dearest, tenderest of mothers, we find them all. Sorrows makes us all of kin, and so she draws our very souls out of us because of her desolation, who, having all, yet had none, and 'twas we who despoiled her. Such be our Lent, a thinking time, a reckoning time, a settling of the affairs of our own little nation, our many peopled hearts, the Department of the Interior with the dear mother of sorrows as its Minister.

New York.

"SEC."

OUR SAINTS.

The illustrious house of Corsini gave a great saint to the Order of Carmel in the person of the holy Bishop Andrew, whose feast occurs on the fourth of February. The parents of the saint had lived many years without any prospect of an heir. They invoked our Lady of Mount Carmel and vowed if they received a son the same should be consecrated to the service of God and His holy Mother. Their prayer was heard—Andrew was the answer.

The day before his birth his mother dreamed that she had brought forth a wolf, then she beheld it running into the church of the Carmelites where it was changed into a lamb. The meaning of this dream found its interpretation in later years. Andrew's early days were anything but edifying. One day his mother brought him to task, and said to him: "In truth you are like a wolf, and the first part of my dream has turned out to be true." Andrew was surprised and begged his mother to tell him all about the dream. His mother explained the dream, and moreover told him that she had consecrated him to God and the Blessed Virgin. She begged her son to change his ways and carry out what she had vowed. After receiving his mother's pardon, Andrew went without delay to the church of the Carmelites in his native town of Florence. He prostrated himself before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and having bewailed his past disedifying life, consecrated the balance of his life to the service of Mary. He proceeded to the adjoining monastery and begged admittance. He was welcomed by the monks. After an edifying novitiate, Andrew was sent to Paris in order to finish his studies, and returned to Florence with the title of Doctor of Divinity. When he was to celebrate his first holy Mass, his friends decided to expend a large sum of money for music and decoration. In order to prevent all this display the saint quietly withdrew to a little

monastery outside of Florence, where he offered up the holy sacrifice with great devotion. It is said that the Queen of Carmel, to whom he ascribed his conversion and all other graces, appeared to him during the Mass, and addressed him in the words of the prophet: "Thou art my servant; thee have I elected and in thee will I be praised." At this period of his life the saint began to prophesy and to work miracles. By his prayers and blessing one of the friars in his own monastery was cured of dropsy. In later years Saint Andrew was Prior of the monastery at Florence. On the death of the Bishop of Fiesole, St. Andrew was appointed to succeed him. Not wishing this exalted position the saint went to a neighboring hermitage in hopes of escaping the mitre. He was searched for in vain. A new election was about to be held, but Providence had already chosen Andrew for the office of Bishop. One day a three-year-old child was heard to cry out: "God has chosen Andrew. He is in the hermitage and is praying." The child's words were verified and the saint was found. He did not refuse to take the office now, since he had been admonished by God to accept the vacant See. St. Andrew was consecrated Bishop in his 58th year and fulfilled his functions with unabating zeal until his 71st year. He did not change his life as a strict religious, being well aware of the perfection that is required in a Bishop. The daily penances inflicted upon himself were most severe. He always kept in his house a list of the poor of the city, in order that he might overlook none when distributing alms. Imitating our Lord on every Thursday he washed the feet of the beggars who flocked to his door. His exhortations and admonitions had the effect of converting the most hardened sinner, and he was always successful in reconciling to love and harmony those who were living at variance. As the saint was saying Mass on Christmas day of 1372, the Blessed Mother again ap-

peared to him, telling him he was to die on the coming Feast of Epiphany. No invalid could be happier on hearing that he was on the way to recovery, than was our saint when he heard that the hour of his death was near. On January 5th St. Andrew was prostrated by a violent fever. During his illness he refused all refreshments and everything that would soothe his pain, in order that he might suffer for the sake of Christ. After receiving all the Sacraments of holy church he peacefully and happily went to his reward on January 6, 1373. After death his face bore on it an expression of much joy, an indication that death is a comforter when it has been preceded by a holy life. The body of St. Andrew exhaled a delightful fragrance, and his resting-place was illuminated with a heavenly light. The saint, arrayed in celestial glory, appeared to many of his friends. The town of Florence has often experienced his protection, and therefore honors him as its patron Saint. The gorgeous and imposing tomb of St. Andrew Corsini in the Carmelite church at Florence is the admiration of all beholders.

P. A. B.

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C., 1588, MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

Did you ever play at shadows, trying to make donkeys or other animals on the wall in the firelight? or have you watched your own shadow in the sunlight and laughed to see it so much taller than you, and sometimes a double one? Well, suppose we talk about shadows this month. What is a shadow? The black spot on the wall you say. Yes; it is the space from which the light has been shut out; and every shadow has two parts, a dark part and a lighter one. Now, I wonder if our little ones would ever guess what all this has to do with them or their corner? Well, if you'll give up, I'll tell you. On Feb. 14th we will have St. Valentine's day—when, perhaps, some of you will send pretty little offerings to those you love. Then the very next day comes Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent. There are two SS's that often mean the same thing—two "crooked letters," as Tommy said in last month's corner, and they are *sin* and *shadow*. Yes, dear children, the Garden of Eden, the beautiful paradise which God gave to Adam and Eve, was full of glad sunshine until *sin* came—the shadow of the evil one, who has been crawling over all the bright places of earth ever since, shutting out the light and making a black spot on the wall. Now, the season of Lent is another kind of shadow—a holy shadow—such as fell from our dear Lord as He walked the earth, chasing away the evil shadow of His enemy and ours, and we, the secretary and the little ones, are going to walk right in this shadow—not with long faces as though we were in the

"The Sign of the Cross," says St. Cyril of Jerusalem, "is a powerful protection. It is gratuitous, because of the poor; easy because of the weak; a benefit from God, the standard of the faithful, the terror of demons." The Sign of the Cross is the type of our deliverance, the monument of the liberation of mankind, the souvenir of the forbearance of Our Lord. When you make it remember what has been given for your ransom and you will be the slave of no one. If you engrave it on your forehead, no impure spirit will dare stand before you. See the blade with which He has been wounded, the sword with which He has received His death blow.—*St. John Chrysostom.*

dark, but smiling, happy children, tiptoeing after the holy shadow; yes, and ever playing a game. What shall it be? Button-holing! What girl would not like to make a pretty buttonhole? So we will—all of us. (We'll leave the boys out of this game.) We'll buttonhole our lips; that shall be our way of keeping Lent. Never mind the cakes and candies—they are all right at the right time; but, like St. Francis de Sales, the dear sweet saint who said that the little daughter of the great St. de Chantal, little Francois, must have some pretty dresses to go to a party. Think of it, a saint begging a little girl's mother to buy her some "fixins." Like him, we will buttonhole our lips. "Keep the first word a prisoner," he tells us, "and the next cannot escape." No sermons, no preaching, but sweet, pretty little sayings for you, dear children, from the sweetest saint in the great honey hive of the church. Now, just talk to him about buttonholes, and tell him there are to be hundreds of them made in Canada—I mean Carmel—this Lent, and that hundreds of pretty white teeth will snap down on angry words and unkind sayings and make them prisoners, and on Easter Sunday we will bring them to the King, the Son of Justice, who will drive all shadows away. Now, one word more and I have done. Sin and Shadow go together. Lord and Lady likewise, our dear Lady of sorrows. No, you are not to cry. Indeed no, but wipe her tears away this Lent. She wept that we might laugh for joy, because we are her children; so we will be glad and gay all through Lent, but hard at work buttonholing; and the boys, wait on your sisters, my dears, and don't spoil the buttonholes.

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

February, 1893.

Answers to Puzzles.

- I—"Do your little well."
 II—Balaam's ass.
 III—Lot's wife.

"SEC."

PUZZLES.

IV

I am composed of seven words and thirty-one letters.

My 11, 9, 16, 8, 27 is the people

My 1, 20, 3, 5, 4, 29 is the Lenten season in France.

My 24, 25, 6, 17 is the Pope's message.

My 14, 2, 10, 30, 31 is what you will be one day.

My 13, 12, 7, 22 is the queen of flowers.

My 18, 12, 15 is not a good aim to take.

My 19, 23, 21, 3, 5 is a sea-port in Europe.

My 28, 26 will stand for English money.

My whole is a prophecy.

V

What word of six letters contains six words besides itself, without transposing a letter?

VI

Feet I carry, but cannot walk;

Tongue I have, but cannot talk;

Eyes I have, but cannot see;

Now, boys and girls, what can this be?

VII

Where is the Blessed Virgin last mentioned in scripture?

VIII.

How many feet should a thief have?

"SEC."

One of our Little Friends Heard From.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Jan. 10, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We have just received the first number of your CARMELITE REVIEW. I like it very much. I have asked papa to let me subscribe for it, and he gave me a dollar, which I enclose to you. I will keep all the numbers, and at the end of the year will ask papa to get them bound for me. Hoping that THE REVIEW will be a great success,

I am your sincere little friend,

DAVID L. BARRETT, JR.

[Write to "Carmel's Secretary" now and then, David. Her address is given at the head of the "Children's Corner."—ED. C. R.]

Never do anything which you would not do before the whole world.—*St. Teresa.*