



St. Teresa.



TRIUMPH OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

(Souvenir of the Assumption, 1901.)

BEAUTIFUL, this harvest festal day.

"Hail," O Mary, "full of grace!"

Rising to thy regal glory

From a "pathless, desert place."

Through those tranquil, star-gemmed heavens,

With the crescent 'neath thy feet,

And thine aerial path is balmy

With the scent of rose-buds sweet.

White, and gold, and deepest crimson,

Mysteries of a life Divine.

Joys, and pains, and glories, twining

Round the heart of God and thine.

O how precious is this chaplet

Which, in light of faith, I see!

This thy festal coronation,

Triumph of the Rosary!

We, thy children, humbly greet thee;

"Salve!" Advocate above!

Wilt thou not accept fresh roses

From the gardens of our love?

Joys and sorrows intermingle

Light with shadow blends each day.

Lead us to the home celestial

Where all cloudlets pass away.

Beautiful this harvest feast-day!

Thrills melodiously a voice,

And the listening earth and heavens

Echo, "Let us all rejoice!"*

—Enfant de Marie St. Clare's.

* "Gaudemus omnes," etc.—Missa.

With Both Hands.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

FATHER Lemoile looked and felt discouraged. His kindly face had lost its usual brightness,—but then, what would you have? He was a young priest and found Endicott a hard town to handle. His Hibernian sheep and those of French Canadian birth had small influence in the community,—which was overwhelmingly Protestant,—and worse than all, disturbed the fold with energetic attacks on one another. The effort to quell dissension had been too great for him,—his last spark of enthusiasm seemed dead within him, as if only its funeral remained; so he now brought his great bundle of trouble to the palace and flung it desperately at the Bishop's feet.

That genial prelate did not fail to sympathize. He had seen similar bundles,—many of them! In fact a shadow of perturbation bedimmed his own placidity, as he listened. "Yes, my son!" he murmured softly, answering the last worry in Fr. Lemoile's catalogue. "The woes of the poor! I know them! I do understand! They come surging up in endless waves at our feet day by day, and they do wear on our nerves and make us feel helpless. We are but human, ourselves. Our best efforts, save for the Christ-help, end in pure failure."

"Yet we must try," urged Father Lemoile, "and keep on trying! We can not 'go by on the other side' like the Levite in our Lord's story of the Good Samaritan."

"Yet the unlucky man who fell among thieves did get help at last" said the Bishop with one of his rare smiles. "The parable is cheering after all! The aid came, too, from a most unexpected quarter. The Spirit of God had been at work silently molding the heart of that poor Samaritan, we may reverent-

ly imagine, for many long years, perhaps, till it wrought in him that wondrous growth of Christian charity, which has breathed its sweetness through the parable for ages since. It may be working, now, silently, my son, somewhere in your own parish, though you wot not of it."

"It may be—God grant it!" murmured the young clergyman. "The help that is done upon earth, He doeth it, Himself."

Father Lemoile was brightening a little. The Bishop had an uncommon faculty for cheering the downhearted. His genial face held strength and help in every line of it.

A silence ensued during which the clouds before the young priest were imperceptibly growing thinner; he could feel the sun-glow behind them trying to struggle through.

Then the Bishop put a direct question. "In that parish of yours, my son, are you at work with both hands?"

Stephen Lemoile was puzzled. What could his Superior mean?

"I will explain," pursued the Bishop cordially, answering his look. "You are struggling with the needs of the poor and they overwhelm you. But are you not swimming with one hand? How about your well-to-do sheep? Are there none among them whom you could use, in this matter, to your own great relief and the salvation of their own souls? Are not the rich and cultured people your other hand? Try making all use of it—all that may be possible! Then, come back and see me again."

The Bishop rose and Father Lemoile saw the interview was over. He had it on the tip of his tongue to say that his little parish had no such element to lay hold of; but he remembered the Asquiths and the

good Professor. How could he forget all they had done? Had they not saved Arthur Osborne from a downfall of despair? What a fine piece of Lenten work that had been, only last spring! And now, in his turn, Arthur himself was up and doing. But those two or three people—the old spirit of discouragement was now lifting its head anew—what were they, he said to himself, among so many?

No, counting closely, there were not more than half a dozen well-to-do people on whom he could really depend. The Healeys, to be sure, and the O'Callaghans, with Bridgeen Donovan, who had a tidy sum in the bank, and Peter McCabe. But the Bishop had said "people of culture." "Poor Peter and Bridgeen! They were miles away from answering such inconsiderate demand. His thoughts flew to Miss Dormer, who was lovely enough to make the wicked world love her, wherever she went. But she was away now, doing charity work in New York—he did wish she would come back! Well, perhaps she would, some day. Meanwhile, there was Elise Vandervere.

He uttered the name with a quiver of hesitation. He was a little afraid of her. The culture, beauty—for she was beautiful—and elegance that surrounded her like an atmosphere dazzled and disturbed the shy priest, used to the ways of his plain parishioners. Not that Miss Vandervere refused Church duty—not at all! She opened her purse when required, and obeyed Church regulations. But though among his flock, she was not of them. Her heart, her real life, were elsewhere. She had her recognized sphere in the great world outside of Endicott—she had only come thither for temporary rest and mountain air, therefore her religious ties lay outside of Saint Vincent's. How could he "work with both hands" when the work itself was very rough and the other hand so white and flashing with diamonds?

He smiled at the incongruity. Miss Dormer's lovely simplicity he could approach and work hand in hand with. It never repelled him, in point of fact, rather soothed his cares and drew him near in a modest, daughtery way. But Miss Vandervere's splendors, her coolness and knowledge of society, her broad touch in dealing with all things, startled and overawed him. His heart sank. How could he expect her to aid in his sordid struggle with poverty and narrowness, at St. Vincent's?

So he only went on worrying. It was his besetting sin, this propensity to worry. Though he encouraged his people brightly, so that they thought him a fount of cheer, when of duty re-action came, the enforced gladness left him and utter weariness triumphed.

At last, however, Heaven answered his cry in a most unexpected way, as, indeed, is often its wont. He was wandering about in his little churchyard, where a few autumn flowers still brightened the grass, like elfin tapers a-glimmer. The slanting sunbeams of late afternoon touched their gold into strange brilliancy, like a thought of Paradise. The dead, now in peace and glory, as he hoped, forever with their Lord—the blessed Saints, who had reached their reward—how he longed for their rest! The Church Militant, in its struggles, might well appeal to the Church Triumphant! He thought of All Saints' Day, which was fast approaching, of his Masses for the dead at St. Vincent's and wondered if the Saints would and did look down propitiously on his poor parishioners. As he thus mused, he saw one of them coming—old Maggie Ryan. She was bent with age and infirmity, yet the paralysis which seemed to have touched her with its stroke had certainly spared her tongue. She was an unwearied talker and just now Father Lemoile wanted to think, undisturbed. But, with an unspoken prayer for grace he came forward,

addressing her kindly, and prepared to listen patiently. Yet his glance wandered away and he found himself idly spelling out the name on the base of a low, white cross. Half hidden by shrubbery, he had never noticed it before; so he read, idly, mechanically, its half-effaced inscription — and then he started. "Vandervere," he murmured.

Old Maggie had followed his glance. "Vis, yer Riverence, I do be rememberin' her—ould Madam Vandervere. She died before iver ye came to the parish, but a good woman she was, God rist her sowl!"

"Elizabeth Vandervere?" questioned the priest, thoughtfully.

"Sure an' that was her name, father! And a saint in Heaven she is now! Her daughter, here is little kin to her in looks—or in goodness, ayther!—handsome as she be. Och, she is that proud! An illigant peacock of a girl! But she has na' forgotten her mither; see, yer Riverence!"

And the old crone pointed out a magnificent mass of fresh roses heaped behind the cross in darkling shadow.

It was as if the priest had a bright glimpse of the soul which had hitherto kept its own secrets. Miss Vandervere seemed no longer splendid and repelling in the new light of this hidden tenderness. He took heart of grace.

"I will go to her now," he said within himself. "She will not make refusal. No! Has she not in heaven a sainted mother?"

How strange he had not known it before! He had wholly missed the silent, secret tie, which had drawn Miss Vandervere to Endicott. She was in one sense an accidental newcomer, to be sure, yet bound to St. Vincent's by ancient family relations, which antedated his own pastorate, even. He turned to old Maggie and thanked her so warmly for her bit of information that her aged face flushed with sudden pride. "It isn't often one knows more than the

praste, bless him," she muttered to herself, and went her way rejoicing.

Yet, on the morrow, Elise Vandervere had to repress an honest outburst of impatience when she perceived Father Lemoile slowly making his way past her rose-garden up to the side door opening on her verandah. He was not a handsome ecclesiastic and his usual shyness with women was intensified by a dull self-consciousness which somehow always hampered him in his intercourse, slight as it had been, with this New England princess. Just now she had other affairs on her mind, and it was hard to stop and hear a slow rehearsal of parish needs.

She was polite, of course, but in a mechanical fashion which her visitor felt at once as rebuff. Yet he must make appeal to this beautiful personage—nay, more—must win her over, and that in earnest, to his cause. He knew not, of his own volition, what to say or where to begin. Previous failure came up to paralyze him. So he merely stood still, his earnest gaze taking in every point of her rich costume, even the pattern of the lace she wore. He felt the grace of her form, admired the slender neck with its exquisite curves, the statuesque head with its little poise of haughtiness, wondering the while how he could awaken the soul within. He did not comprehend that his heart was in his eyes, until he saw a dainty flush of color suffuse the delicate face, and Miss Vandervere smiled at her own embarrassment.

"What is it, this time, Father?" she inquired, more graciously than usual. The soft rose-flush had crept into her voice. He answered gravely.

"I was thinking of the gifts the Lord has given you, so many and so lavish. Wealth, and home, and beauty—and a kind of power also—I can hardly describe it—but a power that might win over souls—that might do much in the Church and in His service. And what are you

doing with it all? No, I am not preaching — do not think that. I was only meditating in my own way." Then he spoke, abruptly, "How should one look at you and not think?"

Miss Vandervere gave him a searching glance in her turn.

"No, you are not preaching now" she admitted. "This is not perfunctory, not merely professional. Nor are you simply paying compliments. No, I believe you sincere, so you shall have the reward of sincerity. Well, now, speak frankly. What can I do that I am wrongfully leaving undone?"

Her air of laughing condescension had given place to a more serious mood. Father Lemoile saw that his hour had come.

"You can use your glorious gifts for Him who gave them; use them to the full, as the angels do. It is not enough to stand aloof and offer a little—open your tiny silver purse when requested, and then sail away like a queen who has bestowed largess. You must give your whole life, heart and soul, to the Christ-work, doing it gladly and in the spirit of humility."

"That is very hard, Father."

"I know it. Hard for you, I am sure, in a special sense! Yet herein is the very essence of sacrifice."

"Tell me just what, in particular, you would like me to do, Father."

She wanted to reach the point and end the interview.

His spirits fell as he marked her compressed lips. It would be the same with her as in previous vain discussions. Yet he patiently went over the old ground, parish needs, parish poverty, the dilapidated church, the shabby church-yard. "The other day I came upon a cross there bearing the name of Elizabeth Vandervere." His listener started; he had caught her attention now. "And I heard from an old parishioner many sweet things about your beloved mother. It seems she was called 'Saint Elizabeth.'"

The haughty eyes fell beneath his

own. He felt they were filling with tears. "I heard of her charities, fragrant as the roses heaping the basket of the great Saint Elizabeth of Hungary,—and then I thought of you."

"No, her daughter is not worthy of comparison with her," murmured Miss Vandervere, sadly. "But the Saints in light can help us. Honestly, Father Lemoile, tell me what to do and I will try to do it." Then a new idea came; she spoke out eagerly. "I know what you need in this parish—you need Sister Elizabeth, who used to be in our convent!"

"I need Elise Vandervere," retorted the priest. "Will she serve? That is the question."

Her gesture of assent was in earnest this time.

"It would be a good beginning for you to go and see poor Eileen McGilvray."

"On St. John street?"

"Yes, number fifty-four."

The good priest did not know it, but in this he surely had an inspiration. For although Miss Vandervere tried to smile at her small task and called it a case of the mountain and the mouse, she could not, even to herself, dispose of it so lightly. A verse of Scripture came back to her,— "If the prophet had bidden thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" How much more, then, this slight attempt at duty! As the priest foresaw, this beginning proved good seed, sown in good soil. Miss Vandervere was not one of those narrow people described as "ready enough to do the Good Samaritan, but without the oil and twopence." She had been liberal in doing charities by proxy; she was liberal still, now that her ministrations were about to be personal.

"Saint Elizabeth's loaves turned into roses," she said with a kindly smile, "but my roses would do better in the shape of loaves." Her practical arrangements, therefore, took this basis.

But the patient invalid to whom she was sent needed the giver more than the gift. Eileen McGilvray was lonely and faint at heart. What better remedy than the tonic brightness of a new face? Miss Vandervere saw herself empowered to stir the Dead Sea waters of daily suffering, saw what a boon it was to break into that monotonous succession of days and nights with warmth and light from without, as if with largess of sun-steeped roses.

The actual roses had their place, also, yet poor Eileen cared more for the visitor herself. The mere vision of her beauty was all the sufferer could take in, at first—it was so dazzling!

Later on, she found Elise Vandervere capable of sweet ministry to the hunger of soul—and of the intellect as well—which was gnawing upon her day by day.

"Let me sing to you!" suggested the new-found friend. She wanted to quiet the quivering nerves and lessen their tension, which, on this occasion, seemed unusually strong. She had forgotten the greatness of her own powers—forgotten herself altogether—and the miserable tenement house was startled by a wondrous joy of song. A quick stir followed. Music-loving Germans, eager children with sharpened faces, dark-eyed foreigners of one type and another began to appear, crowding the corridors and stairways of this human bee-hive. The golden notes had pierced its black, dilapidated walls, and the whole neighborhood was soon on the alert. Her impromptu audience startled her. She was used to the brilliant decorated circles of concert rooms, but here she felt herself directly ministering to hungrier souls. It was a fresh experience, as new to her as to them. As the silver trills circled and soared, she thought of Father Lemoile and his word of parting benediction, "May the Holy Spirit in all things direct and rule your heart!" "Amen!" she cried in utter submission. Then inspiration

came. Her song ended, she began the Evening Hymn to the Virgin. All the quivering power and pathos of her soul rang out into that strong adjuration,

"Hear the heart's lonely sigh—

Thine, too, hath bled."

Then came the solemn white minor of the final, uttermost sorrow known to life,—

"Thou that hast looked on Death,
Aid us when Death is near!

Whisper of heaven to faith,

Sweet Mother—sweet Mother—
hear!"

Every face seemed to answer. Some of the women sobbed and tears sprang to the eyes of unhappy men. All alike—Protestants, Catholics, and Jews—caught the consolation.

Out of that breathless silence and the thankful faces—too full of love to applaud—came another inspiration. Miss Vandervere was traveling fast and far on the road she had taken so unexpectedly. Why not sing to these souls again? Why not often? Would it not be a divine ministry, like the ministry of angels?

And again Miss Vandervere thought of her mother.

She was beginning to rouse herself. The small work of visiting Eileen McGilvray entered upon so languidly, was but a door swinging open into larger spaces. The great fields white to harvest, the great fields of the Church's work, began to shine irresistibly before her. And she was quick to heed the call thitherwards.

"I will give a series of concerts," she said to herself, "and give them here. Why not? Endicott has a good population, eager for novelties. The hall would be filled, I am sure. Helen Salisbury will come to sing and Mary Keith to play for us, and it shall be Catholic music—all of it—every single bit! Helen is a Protestant, if anything, but so intensely musical! She will sing herself into a love of it and of us!"

Thus it came about that Endicott

was surprised with a series of concerts, as novel as they were beautiful. The Protestant music-lovers of the place came en masse. And all were delighted.

Father Lemoile stood amazed at the energy and magnetism of Miss Vandervere. She swept all before her, yet lost none of the refined elegance which he had felt as her charm. What an Elisabeth of blessed visitation she was proving to his parish! He could scarcely believe it.

For the needs of St. Vincent's were supplied, one by one; money began to flow in. The Healeys and

other well-to-do parishioners caught the fire of Miss Vandervere's enthusiasm, and new ventures were entered upon; better than all, his own courage, his own faith, found its needful uplifting and steady upholding.

When his Bishop next visited Endicott there was no mistaking the prosperity of St. Vincent's.

"Working with both hands, now, Father Lemoile?" he inquired with a mischievous smile.

"Yes, yes!" said the priest, soberly. "Thanks to Heaven and its Blessed Ones in glory, I have found a new Saint Elizabeth."

"Those sensational sheets are filled to the brim with sporting news" says the Midland Review,—"accounts of slugging matches, gambling bouts, police records, murders, rapes, robberies, gutter politics, seductions, suicides, divorce-mills, embezzlements in high place and low place. These papers are read around the lamp at night, and the young drink in the sin, the shame, the irreligion of the world. Under such influences farewell to all holy and noble ideals! The Church sows seed all day; the devil sows seed at night. Every thoughtful father, every reflecting mother, knows this statement is true."

A contributor to the Hastings Observer draws attention to a rather remarkable fact—namely, the use by the Puritan town of Rye of a Catholic common seal. The writer, who signs himself "Argus," says: "It is not a little curious that Rye's town seal should be, of all municipal corporations, perhaps the most Papal in the whole kingdom. It is composed of an enshrined figure of the Madonna and Child, around which are the words: 'Ave Maria gratiae plena Dominus tecum.' I mentioned to a well-known High-Church clergyman in Hastings the fact that through centuries of hard

and fast Protestantism Rye's town council has been using this seal, when the reply came, 'Well, poor people, it didn't hurt them. We may well suppose they didn't understand it.' I am not prepared to indorse this, as it may appear to some readers, cynical observation. I merely mention it as a strange fact that while, through generations, the ancient town should be condemning what it called 'Mariolatry,' in all its shapes and forms, it nevertheless, on its every important legal document, had impressed a figure of the Mother of God encircled with the invocation, 'Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.' The local historian may by-and-by have something to say on this point."

Pittsburg, Pa., particularly that portion of the great Iron City composing Holy Trinity parish, sent a large delegation to the Niagara Hospice this season. Everyone has expressed herself—or himself—pleased beyond compare.

Every section of the United States and Canada was well represented by the large concourse of guests which flocked to the Hospice during the July and August months.

A Tale of The Indian Days.

By J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

CHAPTER V.

Joy and Grief.

"Oh, Life ! Oh, Death ! We know not which is best, The day of toil, or night's unending rest."

—James Clarence Harvey.

"THIS has been a rough and gloomy day for us, yet I am sorry it is at an end," said a man, in an undertone,—a member of the caravan which is winding its way across the deserted prairie. "I think that by tomorrow evening quite a bit of snow will have fallen and then—may God lead us safely out of the territory of these wild Osage Indians ! They are our bitterest enemies."

"Are they, then, such bad friends of ours ?" asked one. He was a finely built man and the long black garb he wore was undoubtedly that of a Catholic missionary priest.

"Certainly," was the answer. "It was only yesterday that a battle took place between ourselves. We must therefore be strictly on the 'qui vive.'"

While both were speaking, a young Indian came riding up to them and in the rough dialect of the Jaways, yelled out that he had noticed foreign footsteps not far off and they were those of Indians.

"Osage footsteps ?" hastily asked one of the guides.

"No !" replied the scout. "I have examined them closely and, finding the tracings of moccasins, I concluded that they must be those of the Pawnees."

"Pawnees ?" returned the captain. "Good, my friends ! We can breathe easier now. Surely they won't harm us."

Just then a second scout came riding rapidly toward them with the

news that he had met a Pawnee chief, who had addressed him in the following words : "Good man, is the Blackrobe coming with the caravan that is moving towards the village ? If so, tell him I wait to speak to him."

"Wishes to speak with me ?" asked the priest. "Strange ! But take me to him. No doubt he is afraid to come here." And saying this the Indian and the good priest departed and in the distance three or four Pawnees awaited his coming patiently.

The scout suddenly interrupted the silence and, pointing to the little group of Indians, he began : "They also said, 'O, tell the Blackrobe to come at once, that he might assist a dying white woman in her wigwam.'"

Just then the Indians came to meet the priest and one of their number stepped forward and, making a gracious bow, spoke thus : "Will my Father follow me to my wigwam, where a dying mother awaits his coming with joy ? Mah-toree and his red children will lead thee back in safety to your people, who wait you yonder."

The priest kindly bowed his assent and in a short time reached the wigwam. Here lay the dying woman—her face pale and emaciated, and her large dark eyes staring into space. Several squaws and Indian maidens were kneeling silently around the bed, their eyes all filled with tenderness. At the side of the sick woman stood a young child, beautiful beyond expression, and it seemed as if an angel had suddenly entered the room. It was Angela, with trembling lips and watery eyes.

The priest entered and he was visibly moved. His face turned red, then pale ; his eyes met those of

Angela. Her face haunted his inmost soul. Where had he seen that face before, the tender smile, the soft blue eyes, that looked so beseechingly into his own?"

He stood motionless and his heart beat slowly within him. He was confused—ideas flashed through his throbbing brain and he was seized with a feeling of faintness and would have fallen to the ground had not the strong arm of Mahtoree caught him.

"Poor man!" whispered the old Indian chief, under his breath, "the journey was too much for him."

In a moment he was himself again and his calmness returned, when the dying woman feebly exclaimed, "O, good Father! I am so happy to see you—give me your blessing."

At the same time all those standing sank down upon their knees and bowed their heads gently.

And now for the first time in eleven years Eduard and Colette Harrison stood face to face, but the years of sorrow and longing had left such deep lines on their young faces, that neither recognized the other. But it was not long, and a thought rose in Eduard's soul, as he whispered within himself, "O, how this dying woman resembles my lost Colette!"

But he wanted, he could—he dared not give this thought prestige at so critical a moment, when duty called him to soothe a dying soul on its way to its God.

One moment passed and with the help of God he conquered his heart and his feelings and in a loud voice spoke a gentle blessing over the dying woman and the little Indian band, which had welcomed him with open hearts. Shortly afterwards Colette, calling the faithful Nightstar to her side, whispered in her ear, "My good friend, ask your Indian children to leave me for a while. I want to be alone with the priest to confess my sins and to receive the last sacraments. Dear Nightstar! I die happy."

Then the priest gently put on his

stole and sitting upon an old stump near the bed, he began to prepare Colette for confession. The dying woman, her crucifix in hand, continued her prayers, in which the good priest joined. And now silence reigned again.

Angela had not left the wigwam with the others and now she stood at the entrance, sadly staring skyward. The moon lit up her soft, young face and now Father Harrison's eyes fell upon her and again that strange feeling rose within his soul. He saw in the little child the likeness of his long-lost Colette and again that thought rose within him and seemed to overwhelm him completely. Every throb of his wildly beating heart told within him the same words, "This child is thine." Eduard's eye moved rapidly from mother to child. Hope! Doubt! Certainty! Fear! — all battled wildly within him.

"Angela"—he at last broke forth and his eyes stared searchingly into hers. Again he tried to call her name, but his lips would not move.

"What, Father?" answered the little one. The mother, who had heard the voice of her child, then said: "I thought you were gone. I did not know, Angela, that you were here. Go, now, dearie, and let me spend a few minutes in conversation with the Father. I will soon call for you again."

Eduard Harrison felt relieved. Angela's answer had removed all shade of doubt. The awful moment had come in which he was to appear as husband and father. A glance at the dying woman before him recalled an image of Colette, and his thoughts flew back to the lone, green hills, where years ago they had been so happy. A wealth of joy filled his heart, but again he suppressed it. He did not care to disturb the sacred peace of the departing soul. He was not desirous of robbing God of the honor of taking this lonely heart all to Himself but he was desirous as a Christian and as a priest to make an offering to

his Master of it all.

Colette little dreamed of the hurricanes of thought that were raging wildly within the former self of Eduard Harrison. She was happy to think that a merciful Jesus had sent her a priest to comfort her and steer her soul into that eternal sea beyond, where the storm-wings lie folded for all time. Looking at the saintly form before her she saw not the man but the gentle priest—the mediator between God and man. Father Harrison raised his priestly hands in blessing and having heard her confession he gave her absolution. Then he called in Angela, Mahtoree, Nightstar and all those noble sons and daughters of the wilderness, and in their presence administered to the dying one the last consoling sacraments that the Catholic Church ever grants her faithful children.

The Indians had never before witnessed such a solemn ceremony. They knelt there stricken with awe and astonishment. Angela alone answered the prayers of the dying.

When it was all over the priest asked the Indians not to disturb the poor woman and slowly and sadly they filed out, all knowing full well that before long Colette would be no more. For a while he remained kneeling at her bedside, absorbed in prayer, and then rising he asked her if she had any wish to make—if she had anything more to say.

"Yes, dear Father," she answered. "Above all I pray you that you take my child—my Angela—to yourself and if possible lead her back into the open and outstretched arms of her searching father." And then she told her sorrowful story—how she had been carried away and how she had searched patiently eleven long years for her husband, Eduard Harrison. She was growing weaker and she spoke more slowly as she continued in a trembling voice: "Ah! I could die happy knowing that the child was safe in the arms of its father."

"Be comforted! It will be so,"

stammered the noble priest, turning slightly in order to hide his feelings.

There was a momentary silence and he went on: "I know your husband. I have heard your story before and Angela shall rest in the arms of her father, God knows, before long."

These words brought the sunshine back to Colette's eyes and, gathering together all her strength, she raised herself and exclaimed joyfully:

"Is it true, dear Father, that you know Eduard? Do tell me why he has not searched for us."

"He did," came the reply, in trembling tones. "He searched long and patiently, but to no avail."

Then he told of Harrison's visit to the camp of the Iroquois and all that happened there, and of how for many years he had searched, with several Indians, for some clue that might lead him back into the sunshine of her smile. He also told how Eduard came upon his faithful dog Moro, starved and well-nigh dead, in one of the valleys near Lake Ontario, and of how they had traced footsteps from an old wigwam there, to the lonely shores in the neighborhood of which they found a horse, starved and weather-beaten, and of how they had concluded then and there that the unhappy ones had either been drowned or had been borne away by fate on the bosom of the cold, blue waters.

"Eduard Harrison," he continued "his heart sick with sorrow, had hoped against hope, and longing for that peace which the cold, empty world could not give him, he decided to search for it in the heart of his Saviour alone. After he had thought deeply within himself over the serious step he was about to take, he offered his whole life to God and swore eternal allegiance to his Master, and ever afterward gave his services for the uplifting of his fellow creatures."

"So, then, my husband became a monk," interrupted Colette, her

voice choked in tears.

"Not that," he answered. "He became not a monk but a priest, who gave his whole heart to Indian missions."

"Ah dear God," cried Collette, piously folding her hands. "Oh, that I could only see him once, I would die happy."

"Collette!" called the priest, in a voice that was filled with the feelings of his gushing, happy heart.

Astonished, surprised, she raised her eyes to his, and, pulling away the tear-stained handkerchief which covered his face, she exclaimed, in the fullness of her joy: "Eduard! Is it really you to whom I speak? Great God! What love! What happiness! Oh, how thankful I am!" Then she fell back, exhausted, upon her bed. Eduard, fearing that the sudden emotion had broken the silver threads of life that held her fast, quickly called to Nightstar and other Indian women for help, but before long her eyes opened again and, placing Angela's hand in her own, she said, in loving tones "Angela, my child! Here is your father."

"Calm yourself, Colette," said the priest. "You must not be stirred up anew." And then taking the child to his arms he kissed her and, raising his eyes heavenward, gave her his priestly blessing.

The priest did not leave the sick bed in those last moments and administered "the Bread of Angels," for the end was rapidly drawing near. After she had finished her prayers a smile of peace flew over her whole face and she said: "Eduard, that I have seen thee again has been to me the sweetest consolation. I die in peace, for I know that you are happy, consecrated to God. But grant me one wish. Have mercy on these poor Pawnee children! Take them into your heart. They have been so good to me. Oh, I am sure you will care for these, my red children, just as much as you will for your own child—for our own Angela. Promise me!"

"Yes," answered Father Harrison. "I promise it with all my heart. Your wish shall be fulfilled and these children of the wilderness will not be abandoned. I offered my life for them, years ago."

"And you, my Angela," continued the dying mother, "you my dear child—you are a child of the mission. Never forget in all your life these words! With heart and soul, ever look after the welfare of these poor wild children."

"Yes, mother!" answered the sobbing child. "I will never forget their kindness to us."

"Mother!" interrupted Nightstar as she made her way slowly to the bed. "Mother, I ask you in the name of your red children, that you will bless us again before you go to meet the Great Spirit."

Father Harrison then rose and said: "Let as many Indians enter the wigwam as possible—the rest may kneel down outside."

The Indians came quietly and knelt down. "Faithful Colette," answered Eduard, as he lifted his crucifix into her hands, "Nightstar and I will support you—grant the wish of your pleading people!"

The priest held her trembling hands as she made the sign of the cross with the wooden crucifix. This was her last movement. Weak and exhausted, she sank back. The missionary raised his eyes to heaven and, just as he had finished his blessing, her soul had flown homeward, into the arms of its Creator.

All wept except Angela; her heart was so oppressed that an outburst of tears would have done her a world of good. For the first few days she ate little, but her tender heart-wounds soon healed under the kind words of comfort, which daily fell from the lips of Father Harrison, who found sweet consolation in prayer and praised God in his priestly heart for His tender mercy.

When the burial was over, Father Harrison rudely constructed a cross out of birchwood, and gently placed

it upon the grave of Colette and upon it he burned the following words: "Seigneur, Je chanterai vos tonanges avec les anges." (Ps. CXXXVII). "O Lord! I will sing thy praises with the angels."

CHAPTER VI.

Sunshine Again.

"Be still, sad heart, and cease re-
pining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still
shining."

—Longfellow.

For the following three months Father Harrison remained with the Indians, daily preaching to them, and in a short time they were all converted and baptized. Mahtoree and Nightstar were the first to receive the sacraments and to them Father Harrison in gratitude gave the names of Joseph and Mary. One morning the good priest, Angela, Mahtoree, Nightstar and several Indians carrying canoes departed for St. Louis. The journey, by land and water, was tedious.

At last they saw St. Louis in the distance, sleeping as it were with the last rays of the sun upon her face. Father Harrison was happy and exclaimed, "Noble children! Stay here with Angela until I return. I go to the city to make preparations."

Father Harrison was no stranger to St. Louis, as the following will show.

Colette Harrison and her only sister Bernice Franks, were left orphans by their parents, while quite young. Eduard's father, a rich lumberman of St. Louis, and as an intimate friend of the Franks, adopted the two orphans and they grew up together with Eduard. From boyhood, Eduard had shown a great love for books and study and he was so pious that his parents always thought he would enter the priesthood. But as he grew older, these thoughts left him and, desiring to settle down in Canada, he asked his father for money, that he

might be able to purchase a home. His father was delighted with the idea and also consented to his son's marriage with Colette Franks and together they left their St. Louis home, full of hope, full of promise. Dark clouds of sorrow soon overshadowed the brilliant future of this youthful couple and we have already noted them in the foregoing pages of this story.

After Eduard had searched vainly for his wife and child, he returned to St. Louis and his father and mother, now white with age, greeted him with open arms, and while he remained there, an intense longing to enter the priesthood again took possession of his heart. The burning fire, which had been extinguished in his youth, again shone forth in all its brightness and it seemed to consume his very soul. With great zeal he began the study of theology and in due time was ordained priest. His superiors were pleased and with their blessing he departed for the homes of the different tribes, who were scattered here and there for miles around.

His parents did not expect the sudden return of their son and wondered what had happened. Before bringing his little guest to them, Eduard was desirous of preparing them for the surprise. Bernice had also married a rich merchant of St. Louis and the old people stayed with her. She also had a little daughter, whom she called Colette, in memory of her own unhappy sister, whom she had loved passionately.

The welcome news that Angela was still alive and well brought a thrill of joy into the family. Father Harrison with his grandfather and uncle soon set out for the place where the Indians were awaiting their return and ere long little Angela was being greeted with a shower of kind words and hearty kisses.

"Now you belong to us!" exclaimed the happy old grandfather. Nightstar and Mahtoree stood

near and when the last word had fallen from the old man's lips, they both exclaimed — and their words had a tone of sorrow in them—"But surely the 'lily of the prairie' will never forget us?"

"No, no!" stammered Angela. "I am nobody's child — mother is dead. I am a child of the wilderness — a child of the mission. Mother always told me so. O, take me home to the mission!"

"That cannot be," answered Father Harrison. "Angela, your mother asked me to bring you here to grandmother and grandfather. Will you not love them for your mother's sake?"

"Yes," said Angela, sobbing loudly, "but will Nightstar and Mahtoree also remain here with me?"

"Later on we will see each other again, Angela," came the answer, "but Nightstar will stay a few days." Thus speaking, Mahtoree placed Angela in the arms of his wife and with the word "Wachcondah" (which means, the Great Spirit protect you) on his lips, he darted off with the Indian guides, and was soon lost with lightning rapidity in the dark, green woods which bordered the dusty road. The others then entered a wagon going in the direction of the city, and in a short time Angela lay safely in the arms of her grandmother and her aunt. "She is really a gift sent from heaven," they both uttered, under their breath, their eyes wet with tears of joy.

Father Harrison, knowing that Angela would be well taken care of, now smothered those paternal feelings in his bosom and bade good-bye to the world forever, and true to his promise that he would serve God in the calling of a missionary priest he left for those distant fields in the course of a few days with Nightstar, who had been richly rewarded by old Mr. Harrison.

Colette and Angela, the children of both sisters, soon learned to know and love each other, and they grew like summer roses, their red

cheeks aflame with love—a joy and a consolation to parents and grandparents.

Father Harrison had learned and realized the great eternal truth and he was grateful. To good people afflictions are but crosses, laden with thorns and blessed on the altar of Love, sent from heaven in order that the despairing ones may not tear themselves away recklessly from the fraternal bosom of their heavenly and merciful Father. Sweet indeed are the words of the poet when he sings:

"Sometimes, I think, the pitying tears,

Like rain on parching sod,
Bring forth new life from bygone years,

And bring a soul to God."

THE END.

LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

New York, August 17.

Dear Fathers, — Enclosed please find an offering for the Holy Sacrifice in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel as a thanksgiving for a special favor granted through her intercession.

A DEVOTED CHILD.

Brooklyn, Sept. 1.

Rev. Father, — Enclosed you will find \$10.00 towards the building fund of the hospice, in honor of our Lady of Mt. Carmel in thanksgiving for obtaining for me my request, after promising to give a donation towards the hospice fund.

W. B.

Albany, N.Y.

Dear Fathers, — I wish to thank our Dear Lady of Mt. Carmel for a great favor obtained through her intercession. I promised her to ask you to publish it if obtained.

Yours faithfully,

A READER OF THE REVIEW.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 13.

A child of Mary wishes to return grateful thanks to our Blessed Mother for a favor obtained through her intercession.

Summary and General Declaration

— OF THE —

RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

— OF THE —

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

SIXTH DAY.

That the Habit of Mount Carmel is
a Sure Defence for the Soul.

I. The Sacred Habit, brought to us as Mary's gift, is a pledge of salvation; and this, not to the body alone, but to the soul as well. Wherefore, it is always a great comfort to us and a potent defence against our common enemies. Thy solicitude, O Mary, for our needs — how plainly it shows thee fain to deal with us ever like a loving Mother! How it ought to strengthen our faith in thy most powerful protection! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. If subjects ask aid only of their Queen, sons, only of their own Mother, to whom should the Brothers of Mount Carmel have recourse with greater confidence, in severe and painful spiritual conflicts — whence should they more earnestly expect strength and assistance to bear and to quell the cruel assaults of our common spiritual foes and from whom, we ask, but from thee, O Mary, and thy most holy Habit? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. Many in number and very terrible are the foes, that with cruel attack continually besiege us, without, within and on all hands. All within us is tumult, all is confusion, all is up in arms, to sweep away the beautiful peace of our hearts. None the less, let the afflicted Brothers and Sisters of Mt. Carmel lift their eyes to their propitious Star! Let them invoke the

Blessed Virgin of Carmel with all fervor! Then, their troubles and their stress of anguish will, of a sudden, find surcease. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. Who can better curb the force of evil passions within us, calm their ill-controlled expression or subject them to the sway of reason? Who can keep us from being overcome by a delusive world and its vain allurements? Who can turn our hearts away from their clinging to vile pleasures, here on this earth, and thus rushing straight to ruin? Who, if not our great Mother Mary, with her extended hand of love and power? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. With loving foresight, O most clement Advocate, thou hast wished thy Holy Habit to cover the heart,—that it might be a mighty shield against those unseen foes, who seek and strive in such manifold ways to seduce us and prevail against us. Oh, never refuse us thy grace and protection, that our hearts may be always closed against our fierce enemies and only open to thee, O Mary, and to thy love! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. Encouraged by the mighty influence of the sacred Habit of Mary, how many Brothers and Sisters of Carmel have gained the victory and triumphed over strong temptations! By merely pressing it to their hearts, they have been kept faithful to God in the midst of great perils, when they were on the brink of losing Divine grace. O Vir-

gin most pitiful, our only hope!—whenever the need comes, extend to us, also, a similar aid! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. How many poor sinners, sunk in deeps of iniquity and for a long time buried, as to their souls, in the black shadows of Death, have at last put on the Holy Habit of Mary! And scarcely were they clad therein, when they suddenly became filled with compunction, weeping over their old sins, and were led back to a salutary penitence. Ah, sweet Refuge of Sinners, protect us ever more, and among the perils of this miserable life never leave us nor forsake us! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

SEVENTH DAY.

That the Habit of Mount Carmel Brings Great Comfort in Death.

I. The greatest peril of the soul, that which puts it in bitterest need of opportune aid, comes at the extreme point of death. But what consolation the Brothers of Mount Carmel then feel, coming from thee, O Mary! For thou hast promised that whosoever wears devoutly, in life, thy sacred livery, shall feel in death all the tenderness of thy maternal love and thy maternal protection. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. Against the foes of our life thou hast given us thy holy Habit, O Mary, because it renders us formidable, and, likewise, restores us again after all errors and offences. If, with such special concern, thou dost deign to shield us through the stress of life, with how much more reason may the Brothers of Carmel hope for thine aid—thy willingness being proportionately greater—in the tremendous and perilous passage of death! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. If a good Mother, seeing her own son in great danger, runs anxiously to save him, thou, O Mary, who dost glory in being our most tender Mother—the best, in sooth, and most charitable of all mothers—how couldst thou fail to

show thyself such, at that perilous moment whereon our eternal felicity depends and in which thy maternal love ought to prove its full efficacy? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. Yet Satan, like a roaring lion, rages round us, full of wrath, taxing the extreme force of his malignant fury,—eager to make the soul his prey and drag it to the brink of destruction. Yet, with our hearts fortified in that hour of trial by the potent Habit which thou hast given us, we can bear with firmness the fearful threats of the common adversary and in thy great Name face him, secure of victory. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. Terrible to evil demons is the sacred Habit of Mary. At the mere sight of it, even as the wild beast at sunrise retreats to his lair, these hellish furies, vanquished and panic-stricken, flee with precipitation to the depths of their abysses. Ah, Virgin most compassionate, hide us beneath thy salutary vesture, both now and in the great hour of our mortal extremity, that, having quelled our foes, we may freely pass on to our Celestial Country! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. What timely and precious consolation the sacred Habit of Mary sheds on the heart in the hour of death,—preparing us to bear meritoriously the bitter pains of our last agony! How it helps us to make fervent acts of faith, and of holy love, and of hope, made more courageous by the nearness of salvation! It is sweet to die in the Habit of Mary. How the Brothers and Sisters of thy Carmel rejoice, O Mary, at the last! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. It is beautiful to see so many good Sons and Daughters of Carmel, despite the anguish of their tremendous passage from earth, in sweet communion with the Blessed Virgin,—basking her for having numbered them among her children, kissing often and earnestly her holy Habit; cheerful,—nay, rejoicing,—to die thus in peace therein! O

Virgin most amiable, make us constant and ever faithful in our loving service of thee, that we also may deserve to die this fair and happy death ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

EIGHTH DAY.

That the Habit of Mount Carmel Greatly Abbreviates the Pains of Purgatory.

I. Most generous Virgin, thy partial affection overpasses comprehension ! How attentive it renders thee to the common good, to the common advantage of the Brothers and Sisters of Carmel ! Not content with aiding and protecting them continually in life and in death, thy maternal love would continue its special care of them even in Purgatory. This grace, O Mary, the crown of all other graces, is indeed worthy of the Mother of Mercies. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. Other friends, forgetting us in a very short time, perhaps, after our death, will leave us to suffer in Purgatory, un comforted. Mary, on the other hand, will look upon us even there with loving eyes, when, through flames and torments, we lift our hands to her for timely aid. Blessed a thousand times be thy holy Habit, O Mary, which makes us sons of so tender and pitiful a Mother ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. While the remembrance of our excessive debt to God brings with it no ordinary dread—in case, even, of the Christian soul, aware that it has to expiate all in the fearful fires of Purgatory, — the Brothers of Mount Carmel, on the contrary, only rejoice, still putting their trust in Mary. For she will be to them that cooling air, which alone can mitigate the flames of its fiery furnace ! She can also break its strictest chains and fetters and draw them forth from the flames, loosed and set free unto salvation. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. Like a tender mother who feels the sufferings of her children, thou hast assured us, O Mary, that thou wilt promptly aid and succor

thine own clients amid the torrents of Purgatory ;—and, being softly troubled for them, thou hast promised thine ever effectual intercession with thy Divine Son that He would condescend to receive them, as reconciled children, into the bosom of His mercy. O Mary, thou art indeed a Mother truly amiable and ever worthy of our love ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. For the greater strengthening of our hopes, the Blessed Virgin has indicated Saturday as the day when she will herself appear in visible form to her devoted clients of Carmel doing penance in Purgatory, and, taking from their souls all woe and anxiety, conduct them in triumph to the realms of glory. O Mary, our sweetness and our hope, lead us to honor this day with especial reverence and devotion, that it may become the day of our blessed liberation and our eternal repose. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. How fair and luminous will be the dawn of that Saturday in Purgatory for the Brothers and Sisters of Carmel ! With what exultant joy their hearts will swell at the hope of that glorious day, which will change their tears to everlasting bliss. O Blessed Advocate, full of pity, help us to observe faithfully the obligations attached to so great a privilege that we may attain and ever safely enjoy the fruits of thy dear promises. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. Oh, how many Brothers and Sisters of Mount Carmel, — having been in life the tender clients of their dear Mother Mary, and freed, at the point of death, from all punishable sins, thanks to her holy Habit and its treasure of Indulgences, — have seen themselves, on that great day of Saturday, borne directly from earth to heaven ! But, if we ourselves do not merit this at thy hands, O Mary, grant that we may at least hope for it, that in this hope we may daily live and in this hope serenely die ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

NINTH DAY.

That the Habit of Mount Carmel is a Sign of Eternal Predestination.

i. For the glorious completion of thy great beneficence toward the Confraternity of Carmel, after giving them thy holy Habit, thou hast also vouchsafed to give them, therein, a special sign of their eternal Predestination. O Virgin most generous, how truly is it said that the Order of Mount Carmel is privileged above all others! It shows thy maternal love pushing out, as it were, into sweet excess!—Verily, thou couldst not grant nor could we ask a greater grace than this, O Mary! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. All this Mary gave, when she promised us that, having entered her Order and ever worn virtuously her holy Scapular, we shall have entered, also, the fortunate band of the elect to glory. What a distinguished prerogative is this for thy Holy Habit, O Mary! How we ought to exult and piously rejoice that thou hast covered us with such a vesture, potent to bring eternal salvation! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. If it be impossible for anyone, whosoever he be, to be eternally lost after having lived and reposed in peace under the care and protection of the great Mother of Mercies, how much less have we to fear as to our own happy destiny! For thou, O Mary, hast, thyself, in behalf of thy Confraternity, covenanted with God for their deliverance from eternal flames and in the person of Blessed Saint Simon assured us of thy pledge to exert all thy power for our sure salvation. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. Even the demons have to confess that the true Brethren of Carmel can never perish. The cries of hell often arise with frightful shrieks. "How many souls, O Habit of Carmel," they exclaim, "thou hast stolen from us and snatched from hell!" Fortunate indeed, are we, if through right living on earth

we have never lost our devotion to Mary. So, at that critical time, shall our souls also be among those which, in virtue of thy holy Scapular, are snatched from the infernal Serpent. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. What would have become of us, even now, but for the Devotion of thy Holy Habit, O Mary? How often we have hung over the very brink, the horrible brink of hell; and while its demons with open arms, stood around, awaiting the fall of our souls, thou hast obtained salvation for us, just as we were on the point of dropping into perdition. To thee, therefore, Virgin most loving, we inwardly commit ourselves, sure that thou hast more interest in our salvation than the powers of Hell have in our fall and ruin. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. The many beautiful flowers of sanctity, which have so gloriously adorned the Order of Mount Carmel here upon earth, and which now shine, even more resplendent, in the Kingdom of Heaven, thou, O Mary, hast transplanted them, as the beloved of thy Carmel; and from the propitious shadow of thy Habit hast thus exalted them, to afford the fellow members of thy Order an evident earnest of their own predestination. O Mother of our Salvation, succor us, even us! also—that we too may deserve to be made some day, thy joy and thy crown. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. To ensure our eternal salvation, thou, O Queen of Carmel, hast received us into this most privileged Order, and art, thyself, even now standing before the throne of thy Son in supplication for us. Yet though each one of us, up to this time, has answered thine affection with ingratitude we would still lean in amendment and contrition, on thy maternal breast. Preserve us, O Mary, and keep us in thine own family! Continue ever to protect us! And bring us, one day, unto our Blessed Companions in Paradise,—there to exult with them in perpetual song, lauding thee and all

thy glories, and the Holy Habit of Mount Carmel. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

On each day of the Novena the Litanies may be said, as on page 95—after which the following Antiphon is to be sung :

Flos Carmeli,
Vitis florigera,
Splendor Coeli,
Virgo Puerpera,
Singularis,
Mater mitis, sed viri nescia,
Carmelitis da privilegia,
Stella maris!

P. Sancta Maria Mater Christi audi rogantes servulos.

R. Et impetratam nobis coelitus tu defer indulgentiam.

OREMUS.

Deus qui Beatissimae semper Virginis et Genetricis tuae Mariae singulari titulo Carmeli Ordinem decorasti, concede propitius, ut cujus solemnem commemorationem praeveniemus, ejus muniti praesidiis, ad gaudia sempiterna pervenire mereamur. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum. R. Amen.

OTHER PRAYERS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

OREMUS.

Defende, quaesumus Domine, Beata Maria semper Virgine intercedente, istam ab omni adversitate civitatem et familiam tuam, et toto corde tibi prostratam, ab hostium propitius tuere clementer insidiis. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

PRAYER FOR THE POPE.

OREMUS.

Deus omnium Fidelium Pastor et rector, famulum tuum N., quem Pastorem Ecclesiae tuae praeesse voluisti propitius respice: da ei, quaesumus, verbo et exemplo quibus praestitum proficere, ut ad vitam una cum grege sibi credito perveniat sempiternam. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

PRAYERS FOR THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT.

P. Panem de coelo praestitisti eis.

R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

OREMUS.

Deus, qui nobis sub Sacramento mirabili Passionis tuae memoriam reliquisti, tribue quaesumus, ita nos Corporis et Sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari ut redemptionis tuae fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis et regnas, etc.

Prayers of Thanksgiving — Te Deum, as on page 84.

P. Benedictus es Domine Deus patrum nostrorum.

R. Et laudabilis, et gloriosus in saecula.

P. Benedicamus Patrem, et Filium cum Sancto Spiritu.

R. Laudemus et superexaltemus eum in saecula.

P. Benedictus es Domine Deus in firmamento caeli.

R. Et laudabilis, et gloriosus et superexaltatus in saecula.

P. Benedic anima mea Domino.

R. Et noli oblivisci omnes retributiones ejus.

P. Domine exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Deus, cujus misericordiae non est numerus, et bonitatis infinitus est thesaurus: piissimae majestati tuae pro collatis donis gratias agimus, tuam semper clementiam exorantes: ut qui petentibus postulata concedis, eosdem non deserens, ad praemia futura disponas.

Deus, qui corda fidelium Sancti Spiritus illustratione docuisti: da nobis in eodem Spiritu recta sapere, et de ejus semper consolatione gaudere.

Deus, qui neminem in te sperantem nimium affligi permittis, sed pium precibus praestas auditurum: pro postulationibus nostris, votis-

que susceptis gratias agimus, te piissime deprecantes, ut a cunctis semper muniamus adversis. Per Christum Dominum, etc.

FORMS AND CEREMONIES

At the Taking of the Habit by Brothers and Sisters.

Over and above the small pilaster of Holy Water with the aspersory, there shall be prepared upon the Altar by the Brothers the long habit, of a dark brown color, the girdle of leather, the scapular, the cloak, the crown and the candle; for the Sisters, the leather girdle, the scapular, the white cloak, the crown, the white veil of simple muslin and the candle. Then, the Director, vested in his surplice and white stole, seating himself, shall question the postulant, as follows:

P. What do you desire?

R. The mercy of God and the habit of the Third Order of the most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel.

Having given a brief discourse upon the holiness and obligations of this state of life, he shall proceed by asking:

P. Can you observe the Rule and the mode of life enjoined in the same?

R. Trusting in the help of God and in the intercession of Mary SS., I hope to observe whatever is therein contained.

After this the Director shall rise to his feet and turning towards the Habits, shall bless them after the following manner:

BENEDICTION OF THE HABIT, CLOAK, AND OF THE SCAPULARS.

P. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.

R. Qui fecit coelum et terram.

P. Sit nomen Domini benedictum.

R. Ex hoc nunc et usque in saeculum.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Domine Jesu Christe, qui trabeam nostrae mortalitatis induere dignatus es, obsecramus immensam tuae largitatis abundantiam ut hoc genus vestimentorum, quod sancti patres ad humilitatem cordis, contemptum mundi et candorem mentis significandum ferre saucerunt, ita bene * dicere digneris: ut hic famulus tuus qui eo usus fuerit, te Christum induere mereatur. R. Amen.

BENEDICTION OF THE LEATHER GIRDLE.

OREMUS.

Omnipotens sempiternae Deus, pius et misericors, qui peccatoribus pietatis tuae misericordiam quaerentibus, veniam et misericordiam tribuisti; oramus immensam clementiam tuam, ut hanc corrigiam bene * dicere et sancti * ficare digneris: ut quicumque pro peccatis suis cinctus fuerit et misericordiam tuam imploraverit, veniam et indulgentiam tuae sanctae misericordiae consequatur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

BENEDICTION OF THE VEIL.

(For women only.)

OREMUS.

Bene * dic, quaesumus, Omnipotens Deus, velamen istud famulae tuae capiti imponendum: ut in ipsum bene * dictio tuae pietatis descendat: ut sit in ea sanitas, sanctitas, castitas, virtus, victoria, sanctimonia, humilitas, bonitas, mansuetudo, legis plenitudo et obedientia, ac Dei Patris, et Fi * lii et Spiritus Sancti perpetuo auxilio protegatur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

BENEDICTION OF THE BEADS.

(It shall be handed to him by the Priests.)

OREMUS.

Domine Jesu Christe, qui discipulos tuos orare docuisti; suscipe,

quaesumus, bene * dicendo orationes lamuli tui, et eum aspirando praeveni, et adjuvando proseguere; ut cuncta ejus oratio a Te semper incipiat et per Te coepta finiatur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

Then shall be sprinkled with holy water first the Habits, and then the postulant. Then, those who assist shall take to the same each portion of the vestments, and at the same time the Father Director turning towards him shall say:

Exuat te Dominus veterem hominem cum actibus suis, qui secundum carnem natus est, renovare spiritu mentis tuae et induere novum hominem, qui secundum Deum creatus est in justitia et sanctitate veritatis: in Christo Jesu Domino nostro. R. Amen.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Adesto Domine, supplicationibus nostris; ut famulum hunc bene * dicere digneris; cui in tuo nomine habitum sanctae Religionis Virginis Mariae imponimus, a mundi impedimento vel saeculari desiderio defende: et concede ei in hoc sancto proposito devote persistere et remissione peccatorum percepta, ad electorum tuorum valeat pervenire consortium. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

When it is a question of vesting a brother the Director shall put the Habit upon his back, with the words:

Immittat in te Dominus Sanctae Religionis amorem, ut sancto fervore succendaris et ardeas coelestium bonorum desiderio. Amen.

Afterwards, taking the girdle, and having turned toward the Altar he shall say:

Accinge, Domine Jesu Christe, lumbos mentis ejus, ut serviat Tibi in tabernaculo Tuo. Qui vivas et regnas in saecula saeculorum. R. Amen.

He shall give the girdle to whoever may assist in the vesting,

since, especially for the Sisters, she who assists has the special office of putting the vestments upon the postulant, and so, following; meanwhile, the Priest shall say:

Accipe corrigiam super lumbos tuos; ut sint lumbi tui praecincti in signum temperantiae et castitatis. In nomine Patris et Fi * lii et Spiritus Sancti.

R. Amen.

Delivering the Scapular, he shall say:

Tolle jugum Christi suave et onus ejus leve. In nomine Patris et * Fi lii et Spiritus Sancti. R. Amen.

Taking in his hand the white cloak and turning to the Altar, he shall add:

Mortifica, Domine Jesu Christe, famulum tuum; ut vestimento humilitatis et salutis circumdetur. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum. R. Amen.

And in delivering the aforesaid cloak, he shall say:

Accipe chlamydem albam in signum puritatis et continentiae; ut Deo servias in simplicitate et caritate. In nomine Patris et Fi * lii et Spiritus Sancti. R. Amen.

Then shall he take the crown in his hands, and, turning toward the Altar, shall say:

Septies in die laudes dicat tibi, Domine Jesu Christe, ut mens ejus ad super coelestia erecta, tibi, qui es omnium in te credentium salus sempiterna, inhaereat. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum.

R. Amen.

Delivering it, he shall say:

Accipe signum orationum in manibus tuis, ut more contemplantium, contempta felicitate terrena, praesentem vitam habeas in patientia et in desiderio futurorum, cupiens dissolvi et esse cum Christo. In nomine Patris et Fi * lii et Spiritus Sancti. R. Amen.

Afterward, taking the lighted candle and turning to the Altar, he shall say:

Domine Jesu Christe, qui illuminas omnem hominem venientem in hunc mundum, illustra faciem tuam

super famulum tuum : ut te verum lumen agnoscat et ardenti caritate te diligat. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum. R. Amen.

Delivering it to the Novice, male or female, he shall say :

Accipe candelam in manibus tuis, in signum supernae illustrationis et inflammatae caritatis. In nomine Patris et Fi * lii et Spiritus Sancti. R. Amen.

Next, taking the veil, if it be a question of vesting a Sister, and turning toward the Altar, he shall say :

Averte, Domine Jesu Christe, et aperi oculos ancillae tuae, ne videat vanitatem, ut in corde suo veram vitam conspiciat et in omnibus actibus suis ardenti dilectione perquirat. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum. R. Amen.

Then, causing her to come nearer to the Altar, after she has kneeled, he shall add :

Veni Sponsa Christi, accipe coronam, quam tibi Dominus praeparavit in aeternum.

And, placing the white veil upon her head, he shall say :

Accipe velum candidum super caritatis et obedientiae. In nomine Patris et Fi * lii et Spiritus Sancti. R. Amen.

Then the Father Director, kneeling, shall intone the following hymn and shall follow it with the appended versicles.

Hymn.

Veni, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita ;
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creasti pectora.

Qui diceres Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Digitus Paternae dexterae,
Tu rite promissum Patris,

Accende lumen sensibus,
Sermone ditans guttura.
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic te praevio,
Vitemus omne noxium,
Pre te sciamus, da, Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum,
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In saeculorum saecula.

R. Amen.

P. Kyrie eleison.

R. Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

P. Pater noster.

P. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

R. Sed libera nos a malo.

P. Emitte Spiritum tuum et creabuntur.

R. Et renovabis faciem terrae.

P. Nihil proficiat inimicus in eo.

R. Et filius iniquitatis non apponat nocere ei.

P. Ora pro eo, Sancta Dei Genetrix.

R. Ut dignus efficiatur promissionibus Christi.

P. Domine exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Deus, qui corda Fidelium Sancti Spiritus illustratione docuisti : da si in eodem Spiritu recta sapere et de eius semper consolatione gaudere.

Concede famulum tuum, quaesumus, Domine Deus, perpetua mentis et corporis sanitatem gaudere et gloriosa Beatae Mariae semper Virginis intercessionem, a praesente liberari tristitia et aeterna perfrui laetitia.

Adesto, Domine, supplicationibus nostris, et hunc famulum tuum quem in sancto Religiosis flamine sociamus, perpetua tribue firmitate corroborari, ut perseveranti proposito in omni sanctitate tibi valeat famulari. Qui vivis et regnas

in saecula saeculorum.

R. Amen.

Having sprinkled him with Holy Water, the Priest shall add:

Et ego, auctoritate qua fungor et mihi concessa, te recipio ad nostram sanctum Religionem et investio ac participem te facio omnium nostri sacri Ordinis. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

Then shall be sung the hymn,
Maria Mater gratiae.

Meanwhile the Novice, having given the candle to the person assisting, shall advance and kiss the Altar, and afterwards the hand of the Father Director, saying to him, "Father, pray to God for me." Then shall he kiss each one of the Brothers, beginning with the eldest and saying, "Brother, pray to God for me." And that which is said here for the Brethern is also intended to apply to the Sisters, among themselves.

FORMS AND CEREMONIES

for the admission of Novices to the Profession

All things needful for the rite shall be made ready as on occasions of Receiving the Habit (see page 69), except that the Brothers will not find it needful to prepare the habit or long garment of brown cloth, since it is proper that they should be clad therein when they present themselves at the Altar.

The Novice (or the Sister) who is to profess, shall write his or her Profession on a sheet of paper, and if either know not how to write, it shall be written for them by another; but each shall, at least, add thereto a cross, made by his or her own hand.

The formula of the Profession runs as follows:

I, N.N., make my Profession and promise obedience and chastity to Almighty God, to the Ever Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, to the Most Reverend Father, Head and Prior General of the whole Order of the Most Holy Virgin Mary

of Mount Carmel, and to his successors, according to the Rule of the Third Order, until death.

The Father Director, vested in surplice and stole, shall begin in this manner:

P. What do you desire?

R. I ask for the mercy of God, and to make my Profession in the Third Order of the Most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel.

Then the Father Director shall make a brief address on the topic of the vows which the Novice is about to make, and shall conclude with this question:

P. Are you disposed to observe the Rule, and in a special way the two virtues concerning which you make promise to God?

R. Trusting in the mercy of God, in the intercession of the Virgin Mary and in the prayers of the Confraternity Brethren (or Sisters), I hope to become worthy of this holy state and to persevere therein until the end.

Then he who is to make the profession, kneeling before the Director, shall take the paper containing it by its lower portion, leaving the upper part in the hands of the Director; and in a clear, distinct voice shall pronounce the words of profession three times over, in the mode above indicated.

After this, the Father Director shall rise to his feet and say:

Immola Deo sacrificium laudis.

And those present shall answer:

Et redde Altissimo vota tua.

He who has made the profession shall add:

Vota mea Domino reddam in conspectu populi ejus, in atriis Domus Domini.

Leaving the paper containing his profession in the hands of the Director, he shall return to his kneeling attitude; meanwhile the Priest shall say:

Deus, qui te inceptit in nobis, ipse te perficiat. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Then he shall give his blessing to the newly professed, saying:

P. Dominus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Sempiternae Deus et Omnipotens Pater, qui humanae fragilitatis infirmitatem agnoscis, respice, quae sumus, super hunc famulum tuum, N., et larga tuae benedictionis abundantia imbecillitatem ejus corroborare digneris: ut promissa vota, quae praeveniendo aspirasti, per auxilium gratiae tuae, sancte, pie ac religiose vivendo, valeat vigilanter observare et observando vitam promereri sempiternam. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Then, turning to the Altar, he shall bless the Habits and impose them anew, as at the Reception thereof (see page 70): only except, that if any Sister, with previous consent from her own Confessor, having been sufficiently proven and so of well-tested piety, be disposed to take the vow of chastity, not only according to her state present and future, — as set forth in Chapter V of the Rule, — but perpetually, without future change of state, he shall also bless a ring, as the sign of her perpetual consecration to Jesus Christ, who is the Spouse of Virgins. In such case, the ring shall be blessed immediately after the Blessing of the Veil: and it shall be placed on the finger of the Sister, thus professing during the repetition of the Antiphon, Veni, sponsa Christi.

BENEDICTION OF THE RING.

OREMUS.

Creator, Conservator et Salvator humani generis, Dator gratiae spiritualis, benedictionem tuam super anulum hunc immitte, ut quae eum gestaverit coelesti virtute munita, fidem integram, spem firmam et caritatem perfectam teneat: sicut sponsa Christi votorum suorum proposita custodiat et castitate atque humilitate perpetua in finem usque vitae perseveret. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

Having completed the Vesting,

the Father Director, turning towards the person who has thus specially professed and holding his hand outstretched over her, shall say:

OREMUS.

Dominus Jesus Christus, Pater Misericordiarum et consolator peccatorum, qui dixit; nolo mortem peccatoris, sed magis ut convertatur et vivat; et qui non venit vocare justos, sed peccatores ad poenitentiam: Ipse sua ineffabili misericordia et solita pietate ad veram cordis contritionem te vocet et gratiam devotae poenitentiae inspiret; ut digne habitum sanctae Professionis gerere, et votum tuae Professionis et promissa Sancti Ordinis valeas adimplere, ac in suo sancto servitio perseverare et cum electis ejus ad aeterna gaudia feliciter pervenire. Qui cum Patre et Spiritu Sancto vivit et regnat Deus in saecula saeculorum. R. Amen.

Moreover, it is to be observed that the hymn Veni Creator with its versicles is to be omitted and in its place shall be said the following hymn:

Hymn.

Te Deum laudamus; * Te Dominum confitemur.
Te aeternum Patrem: * omnis terra veneratur.
Tibi omnes Angeli: * tibi coeli et universae potestates.
Tibi Cherubim, et Seraphim: * incessabili voce proclamant.
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, * Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra: * majestatis gloriae tuae.
Te gloriosus * Apostolorum chorus.
Te Prophetarum * laudabilis numerus.
Te Martyrum candidatus: * laudat exercitus.
Te per orbem terrarum, * sancta confitetur ecclesia.
Patrem * immensae majestatis.
Venerandum tuum verum, * et unicum Filium.
Sanctum quoque, * Paraclitum Spiritum.
Tu Rex gloriae * Christe.

Tu Patris * sempiternus es Filius.
 Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem : * non horruisti Virginis uterum.
 Tu devicto mortis aculeo : * aperuisti credentibus regna caelorum
 Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes : * in gloria Patris.
 Judex crederis * esse venturus.
 Te ergo, quaesumus, tuis famulis subveni : * quos pretioso Sanguine redemisti.
 Aeterna fac cum Sanctis tuis, * in gloria numerari.
 Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine; * et benedic haereditati tuae.
 Et rege eos, * et extolle illos usque in aeternum.
 Per singulos dies, * benedicimus te.
 Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum : * et in saeculum saeculi.
 Dignare Domine die isto, * sine peccato nos custodire.

Miserere nostri, Domine : * misere nostri.

Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos : * quemadmodum speravimus in te.

In te, Domine, speravi : * non confundar in aeternum.

P. Salvum fac servum tuum.

R. Deus meus sperantem in te.

P. Domine exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Deus, cujus misericordiae non est numerus, et bonitatis infinitus est thesaurus : piissimae majestati tuae pro collatis donis gratias agimus, tuam semper clementiam exorantes ; ut qui petentibus postulata concedis, eosdem non deseris, ad praemia futura disponas.

The Rosary.

THE month of October, so beautiful in its many tinted foliages, so rich in the abundance of its fruits, has been devoted by His Holiness to Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary. In these modern times, in public and private, many doctrines are disseminated in which either the name of God is passed over in oblivion or even blasphemed, and many things are said every day against faith and morals, and moreover in many persons there has arisen a kind of weakness in their faith, which if not an entire falling away from the faith is to all practical purposes as if they had no faith.

Therefore our Holy Father Leo XIII., in his encyclical, offers us the remedy for these evil times. He tells us there is nothing more powerful than the duty of piously and perseveringly praying, especially if it be joined with a study and a practice of a Christian life, both which

things we can find most assuredly in the practice of the rosary of Our Blessed Lady.

The glorious St. Dominic had worked indefatigably for ten years against the Albigensian heretics. At last, seeing that all he had done seemed in vain, he betook himself to prayer to his divine Mother and in the woods of Toulouse with prayer and with severe acts of penance he begged the blessed Mother for assistance. After three days and nights the most glorious Virgin appeared to him and said to him :

"Thou knowest, beloved Son, what means God used in order to redeem the human race. The first thing was the salutation with which the angel Gabriel saluted me. Then followed the Birth and Life of Jesus Christ ; then His most bitter Passion and Death, and finally His glorious Resurrection and Ascension, and by these means the world was saved and the Gates of Heaven

opened. These mysteries of the Life and Suffering of Christ encircled with the angelical salutation and the Lord's Prayer are my Rosary. Proclaim this my Rosary to those who have fallen away, and this will be the beginning of their conversion."

St. Dominic, consoled with confidence, began his fight at the Cathedral of Toulouse. The church bell rang and the church was filled with people. St. Dominic spoke to the people of the Divine chastisement, to avoid which the safest means would be to use the Rosary, which he explained to them. The heretics who were present felt insulted that St. Dominic treated them as children, teaching them the Our Father and Hail Mary, and rushed out from the church, but a terrific thunder storm drove them back and they were forced to listen to the preacher, who speaking more powerfully and more feelingly, finally knelt down before the image of the Blessed Virgin. He said the Rosary and all those who prayed together with him received mysterious strength and those that were erring came back in great numbers to the church. The heavens cleared up and those devoted ones were filled with joy and formed the confraternity of the Holy Rosary and great wonders are related of the power of this prayer.

The feast of the Rosary was instituted by Pope St. Pius the Fifth in thanksgiving for the naval victory which the Christians gained over the Turks at Lepanto. Through the special assistance of Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary, many other victories too numerous to mention have been gained by means of the Holy Rosary, and if we consider the many Christians who have been blessed and the many fallen away ones who have been called to the grace of God by the means of this holy Rosary, well may the nations cry out, "Blessed art thou, Mary, Queen of Victories." Clement the Seventh says, "the devotion of the

Rosary is the salvation of Christians," and as Pope Adrian the Sixth says, "The Rosary scourges the devil." Therefore our Holy Father, whose voice is the voice of Peter, calls upon all the faithful to practice the devotion of the Rosary.

If we consider the Rosary in its oral prayers we find in it the Creed, the Our Father, and the Hail Mary, the most excellent of our prayers, and if during the recitation of these prayers we meditate on the joyful and sorrowful and glorious mysteries, we indeed pray as we ought to pray, and we must be improved in our life after we have considered the life of our Divine Saviour from the time of His Incarnation to His Ascension, and the life of our Blessed Mother up to the time of her glorious crowning in heaven.

The Rosary is a form of prayer most perfectly suited for the high and low, for the learned and ignorant, for the high contemplative and for the child who begins to lisp its prayers. In these days no Catholic will be so rash as to say that the Rosary is not the most excellent and proper prayer for him. The saints, the pious and the learned of the world have found in their Rosary their chief consolation and delight.

By the Rosary God is always glorified, for as often as we say the Rosary we make known the works of His Omnipotence. To relate the wonders and the works of God shows forth His power and greatness. Thus God's Might was glorified in the old law in the signs and wonders which He wrought on Pharaoh in Egypt and the people of Israel in the desert and in the promised land. Now this also happens through the Rosary, for it is a sign which reminds us of the mysteries of our religion and the power of God, and the works of the new creation, our redemption. The Rosary shows to us the love of God, who so loved the world that He gave up His only begotten Son for

our redemption. In the Rosary we consider what the Son of God suffered for us as we think of His bloody sweat, of His Scourging, His Crowning with thorns and His Crucifixion. In the Rosary we also consider the wonderful ways of God's wisdom in the choice of the Mother of Jesus—her unspotted virginity, her visit to her cousin Elizabeth in order to sanctify the precursor of Jesus, her Assumption into heaven and her glorious Crowning. We see God's wisdom when we consider that Jesus Christ was conceived and born of the Blessed Virgin Mary and that He was offered up and found in the temple by Her and through all the days of His sufferings even to the time of His ascension she was near to Jesus Christ.

By the Rosary Mary is honored, for in it we speak of the excellence of Her graces. "Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee, Holy Mary, Mother of God." We think of the Incarnation and the Birth of the Son of God without detriment to her virginity and her assumption and glory in heaven, and we praise her as holy and blessed among women; and all her other excellencies of which the Holy Scriptures speak. We consider the excellencies of her virtues, her purity, her fear of God, her motherly solicitude, her union with Christ, "The Lord is with thee" always was; her holiness we cry out: "Holy Mary." We consider the excellence of human nature, we call ourselves sinners whilst Mary alone is the only child of Adam without stain. We call upon her full of confidence to pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.

Through the praying of the Rosary we receive the greatest blessings, for we see therein the great works of the goodness and wisdom of God. We see what great things God has worked, can work and will work if we are faithful. We see what we should be and what we are and thereby are spurred on to virtue. We learn humility and place

our trust in the Blessed Mother of Jesus as our intercessor with her Divine Son.

In this month of the Holy Rosary every Catholic in public and in private will pray the Rosary most devoutly every day and thereby ask our Blessed Mother to protect our Holy Father from all enemies of the Holy Church. For those who pray the Rosary, the Blessed Virgin will obtain every grace. If we offer up these spiritual roses, praying with our lips and raising our minds in prayer our Blessed Lady will be charmed by our prayers as she was when Gabriel saluted her, "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee."

SOME OF ST. TERESA'S SAYINGS.

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

I.

"To suffer or to die."

When spent with sorrow or o'erwhelmed with pain,

Upon our cross in agony we lie,
Oft do we weep, and, weeping, oft complain:

"Give ear, O God! Though grief and death were gain,

Let me not suffer, Lord, nor let me die!"

Not so the saint of love and brave desire—

Not so Teresa.—In the days gone by,

(Heroic rival of the Seraphs' choir!)

Oft 'mid her pains, she cried, with heart of fire:

"Oh, let me suffer, Lord, or let me die!"

II.

"He loves not!"

Once, in the saintly presence Of Avila's sweet nun,

They spake of cruel Satan, The dread, infernal one;

Of all his bitter malice,

His snares, his treachery—
His rancor, cold and callous,
His base malignity;

But while against the demon
The speakers fierce inveighed—
"Alas! poor wretch, he loves not!"
Was all Teresa said.

III.

St. Teresa's Book-Mark.

"Let nothing disturb thee" — the
peace of thy spirit
Is something too sacred for care
to destroy ;
"Let nothing affright thee," save
sin—if we fear it,
Naught else can deprive us of
grace or of joy.
"All things are passing ;"—Time's
stream never falters,
Wealth, honors and pleasures, it
sweeps with its tide ;
"God never changes ;" He fails not
nor alters,
Though life's fairest dreams into
rubbish subside.
"Patient endurance to all things at-
taineth ;"
Who God possesseth, for nothing
shall want ;"
"Alone God sufficeth" — the soul
where He reigneth
Earth's joys cannot tempt, nor
earth's miseries daunt.

ROSARY GEMS.

"Accept these autumn wreaths—our
chaplets bright
With crimson-yellow stained, like
sunset skies,
O star of morn, be still our star at
night,
And bless our failing years as
thou didst bless their rise."
—Rev. A. Ryan.

We have come to the Rosary
month—"the autumnal May," as it
is styled—and gladly lay our "Fif-
teen Saturdays" tribute at Mary's
shrine.

Rosary Sunday is a triumphant
feast instituted by Holy Church in
thanksgiving for the memorable vic-
tory of Christian forces at Lepanto,
October 7th, 1571, over the Turkish
enemies of Holy Church. The holy
Pope, Pius V., attributed this glor-

ious victory to our Lady's interces-
sion. Again, this is also a floral
feast, because of that beautiful cus-
tom in the Dominican Order of
blessing roses in her honor. It is a
restful one on the eve of this Holy
Year, and is illumined with the ra-
diant constellations of fifteen mys-
teries. May we not hope she will
triumph over all obstacles to the
fulfilment of our prayers, all ene-
mies of our salvation? And will
not the fragrance of Mary's virtue
embalm us, and the guiding rays of
her example light up evening shad-
ows darkly falling round us? We
venture to think no one can look
back on Saturdays consecrated to
this sweet Mother without feeling
grateful for many choice graces and
perhaps feeling urged to re-com-
mence in order that she may be
crowned with the "glory and hon-
or" of a living acknowledgement.
Let us joyfully lay at Mary's shrine
these precious chaplets, these rare
gems, these flow'rets of exquisite
beauty, and then indeed our heart-
strings will vibrate in harmony
with Holy Church, and even with
the golden harp-strings of angels
praising their Queen.

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary,
inspire souls with gratitude for the
past, devotedness in the present,
trust for the future, and may all
who have twined "Fifteen Satur-
days" in thy honor hear at last thy
sweet welcome, and the celestial in-
vitation, "Come, receive the crown
which God prepared for you from
eternity."
—Enfant de Marie, St. Clare's.

During the late annual convention
the headquarters of the Grand
Council officers of the C.M.B.A.
was the Hospice of Mount Carmel
at Niagara Falls.

On the Feast of the Assumption
many devotees of Our Lady of Mt.
Carmel came to the Shrine of Our
Lady at Niagara and were invested
in the habit of our Third Order.

Notes on Books and Other Things.

On October the second we celebrate the Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels and during October all devout Christians will try to increase their devotion to the Holy Angels. It is another sign of the Fatherly solicitude of the Good God for us that He appoints for each of us a special angel to watch and take care of us. This heavenly spirit is ever at our side; he loves us and protects us. We should therefore be thankful to God for His kind providence in sending an angel to be our companion. Some of the saints ever saw their guardian angel near them. This angel hates the least sin or imperfection, and loves virtue, innocence, and works of penance. How we should love our angel, and feel our relationship to him, and remember we were created to live with the angels for ever and ever! How strong and courageous we should be in well-doing! How innocent in all our ways! We should try to lead angelic lives, and if we have sinned we should do penance all our life-time and thus give pleasure to the angels. This month is also devoted to Our Blessed Lady and she is the Queen of the Angels. The angels without doubt think very much of us, though we are so weak and so full of faults and since they salute Our Blessed Lady as their Queen, full of grace and all lovely and fair, and she is not only our Queen but also our Mother, the angels love us so much the more as being the children of their Queen. So we should love and reverence the angels and never do anything to offend them, and cry to our guardian angel, "Holy Angel, protect and help me," and also call on Mary, Queen of the Angels, to protect us. If our Lady prays for us, all her court, the angels and saints will also join their voices in harmony with their Queen.

On the first Sunday of October Holy Church celebrates the solemnity of the Most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. We should redouble our fervor in reciting the Holy Rosary, enlarging our hearts and praying in union with the whole Church for the exaltation of the Holy Church, and that Our Lady may obtain from God the blessing that Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., may yet be preserved for many years as our Chief Pastor and Father to direct the whole Church.

On the second Sunday of October we celebrate the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin. Mary is the Mother of God and our Mother. "O Mary I show thyself a Mother to us."

On the third Sunday of the month we venerate the Purity of the Blessed Mother of God. "O Ever Virgin-Mother of Jesus, keep us ever pure and free from sin."

The Feast of St. Teresa, October 15, reminds us of the glorious Patriarch, St. Joseph. St. Teresa's love for St. Joseph has brought into Christian hearts a reverence and love and study of the great St. Joseph. He was the husband of Our Lady, the Foster-Father of Jesus, the Son of God; Glorious Joseph was a just man; he was a hard laborer, a manly man, a man of deep prayer. God committed to the care of St. Joseph the Holy One Jesus and His Divine Mother. Pray during October each day, and every day of your life, "St. Joseph, obtain for me a happy death like thine."

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are paying their royal visit to Canada. The Royal Duke, the Crown Prince of the British Empire, surveys the vast territories of British America and all give him a royal welcome. Canada, gifted and blessed with immense territory, fer-

tile lands, virgin forests, unexplored mines filled with riches, greets the son of her King in her boundaries. May God grant that Canada prosper before the face of God and that the Royal Duke may ever be ruled by the Hand of the King of Kings.

The Hospice of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls has been forging ahead during the last season. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen have enjoyed their stay at the Hospice. People from all directions have been under the roof of our guest-house and much encouragement has been given us. The generosity and kindness of our many visitors have given us the hope that Our Blessed Lady's hand will see to the success of our work at Niagara Falls. The site of the Hospice is the most perfect at Niagara Falls. On the bluff, with pure fresh air, with pure, deep rock spring water, outside of the belt of the spray, the Hospice—a large, magnificent stone structure—opens its doors, during summer and winter, to our friends, that they may rest there, or if they wish, make there a retreat. Niagara Falls is beautiful at all times. During the fall months the weather and the scenery is proverbially beautiful. In winter with the ice-bridge and the beauties of fairy-like lace-work of the frost on all surrounding nature, the rainbow of the Falls is seen not only over the Falls, where it ever dwelleth in sunshine and moonshine, but even on every little twig and shrub it is reflected.

The Hospice of Mount Carmel is built in honor of Our Blessed Lady and we have instituted the Pious Union of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls, the object of which will be the erection of a shrine in honor of our Blessed Lady, so that the visitors to Niagara Falls may turn their wearied steps to the Hospice and at the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady worship Nature's God and honor our Blessed Lady of the Holy Scapular.

The whole world stands aghast at the murder of the late President Wm. McKinley. He was a man of unblemished private life. His death showed how he was revered and beloved by the American people. It is a great humiliation to the great American nation which has opened its doors to all peoples of the world and proclaimed that all men are brothers. It was not the death of Mr. McKinley that was sought by the abominable assassin so much as the attempt to destroy all lawful authority. All minds are thinking of the trend of the doctrines of the anarchist, "Free speech is a gem of liberty." So speak many. But has not the wicked tongue perverted thousands and caused destruction throughout the ages.

The murderer of Mr. McKinley was educated in our public schools; he grew up without religion and the fear of God; he imbibed false doctrines; he was not trained in his heart and in the practice of virtue, and his hands were steeped in the blood of the Chief Executive of a glorious nation.

Parents who neglect to correct their children are as bad as idolators. Sentimentality, the fear of hurting and chastising, a maudlin fear of physical correction of children is a growth of atheism. "Spare the rod and you spoil the child." There is lacking a wholesome respect for authority. Parents suffer for their own omissions in the correct way of bringing up their children. For the wilful child, the criminal and culpable one, there is nothing so good as correction with severity moderated with reason and charity.

Mr. McKinley as a citizen and soldier of his country, as a kind, loving husband, as the beloved President of the United States, will always be remembered. His last farewell, "Good-bye to you, good-bye. This is God's way. His Will be done, not ours," gives us the keynote to our ears and hearts. Be we high or low, we must also die.

The general intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for October is "Christian Generosity." As followers of Christ we should imitate the lesson of generosity which His Sacred Heart teaches us. He was so generous that He could not do more for us than He has done; He has given everything to us and gives to us Himself in the Most Holy Sacrament. By our Christian generosity we prove ourselves to be genuine children of God and true children of the Holy Church. We should be generous in all our ways—in keeping the Commandments, in loving God and our neighbor for God's sake. Narrowness and stinginess in character is hateful to all men, and a narrow-minded, shallow-hearted, long-faced piety is not the spirit of our Saviour. Our heart should be large and generous when it is a question of work for God and our neighbor. Love is the fulfillment of the Law. Nowadays, when there is much blindness, so much false doctrine disseminated daily by the sensational papers, so much immorality, so many wicked devices spoken of and even whispered into the ear of our youth, when even the sanctity of our families is often threatened by the perverse whisperings and gossiping of the worldly and materialistic, as Christians it is our duty to be generous. Fathers and mothers should be generous in raising their families in the fear of the Lord and teaching their children to be generous in all things noble, teaching them to love God and Holy Things. If we love God and His Holy Church, we shall then be generous, for love is the mother of generosity.

A RULE OF DAILY LIFE.

A generous Christian should begin his day with God.

1. When we awake in the morning we should bless ourselves and say, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and soul." Then offer up all your thoughts, words

and actions of the day through the Immaculate Heart of Mary to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

2. Then kneel down and say, "O, My God, I adore Thee, I love Thee with all my heart. I thank Thee for all Thy blessings. I offer Thee all my thoughts, words and actions of the day."

3. Say three Hail Marys in honor of the purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. If you have time say the Our Father, Hail Mary, the Apostles' Creed, etc.

During the day work diligently and avoid all sin and occasions of sin. Remember, God is everywhere. Life is too short. In temptations, say "Jesus, Mary, help me."

At night retire at a seasonable hour. Examine your conscience, make an act of Contrition and acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, say three Hail Marys in honor of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin. Say any other prayers you wish, especially the Holy Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and a little prayer to St. Joseph, the Patron of a Holy death. When you retire, think that some day, perhaps very soon, you must die. Kiss the Holy Scapular and say, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I commend my soul to you."

ST. TERESA—OCT. 15.

St. Teresa brings to our mind the thought of Prayer. She was the Saint of Prayer. She worked for years striving to pray perfectly and at last she lived in continuous prayer, contemplation and ecstasy with God. She shows how any one can pray properly, if he so wishes, and what a stringent obligation there is on all to pray and for those who are specially called to any perfect work, what an obligation on them to strive to pray perfectly.

St. Teresa tells us in "The Way of Perfection": "I say that it is very important—it is everything to have a strong and firm resolution not to stop till we arrive at the

living water (which is in true prayer.)" We are often told that "there are dangers; that such a one was ruined thereby, and another was deceived, and such a one fell who prayed often," etc. If you tell me you may be speaking with God when you recite the "Our Father," and yet be thinking of the world, then I am silent." The Saint tells us first that we should think when we pray, to whom we speak, and who we are, and comport ourselves accordingly, when we pray. When for instance we say the "Our Father," we should join oral with mental prayer, keeping our minds fixed on God whilst with our lips we pray. If we would consider when we say the "Our Father," who is our Father, who is in Heaven, and what kind of children we are of our Heavenly Father—if we would thus in saying our prayers, e.g., in saying the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary," take our time and deeply place ourselves in God's presence and consider Him and the words we pray, we would then be making a beginning in the way of prayer. If we would resolutely pray in this style, and if we use a book of prayer and read a few lines of it at a time and place ourselves in the presence of God and speak to Him from the depths of our hearts, talking with Him about His greatness and our smallness, and at another time place before our minds the Passion of our Saviour, or taking our Rosary meditate slowly over the Divine mysteries, as we pray the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," we would day by day advance in virtue. For either as our Saint says, "We would either give up our meditations and become worldly," or "give up meditation and one will not need the devil to take him to Hell," or keep to our meditation or mental prayer and we will be forced to leave sin and lead a perfect life. If we say the Holy Rosary, both mentally and orally, and always pray as St. Teresa did,

and faint not and we will gain the crown.

A QUESTION OF FIGURES.

A bit of a mathematical problem. How many Catholics will be in the world's census of 2000 A.D.?

Here's the rate of progression for nineteen centuries, on the authority of a German Protestant statistician:

First century	500,000
Second century	2,000,000
Third century	5,000,000
Fourth century	10,000,000
Fifth century	15,000,000
Sixth century	20,000,000
Seventh century	25,000,000
Eighth century	40,000,000
Ninth century	48,000,000
Tenth century	56,000,000
Eleventh century	70,000,000
Twelfth century	80,000,000
Thirteenth century	85,000,000
Fourteenth century	90,000,000
Fifteenth century	100,000,000
Sixteenth century	125,000,000
Seventeenth century	175,000,000
Eighteenth century	250,000,000
Nineteenth century	315,000,000

What a procession of faith! The table shows that in times of great persecution our holy religion has made the most progress. This proves that indeed "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christianity." Altogether, more than 1,500,000,000 have lived and died in the arms of holy mother church.

The census of the faithful in the year 2000 may swell the stupendous aggregate to the most inconceivable total of 2,000,000,000—two thousand millions of Catholics. — Church Progress of St. Louis.

Father Thomas Sherman, S.J., tells of a story of two non-Catholic gentlemen who were looking at the dome of St. Peter's. One read aloud the inscription that circles the dome translating slowly as he read from the Latin: "Tu es Petrus"—"thou art Peter," etc. Then continuing

"To thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven, etc.'" When he had finished, he turned to his companion and remarked, "Why, it was to one man Christ was speaking! Thou and thee! How personal and direct it all is. Peter held the keys of heaven." The two men looked each other in the eyes and saw the flash of conviction reflected there. Both became Catholics and both attributed their conversion to the force of the text calmly coned from its most appropriate page, the dome of the world's cathedral.

The polished manners, the high-bred bearing so difficult of attainment,—all that goes to constitute a gentleman; the carriage, grace, gestures, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy; the talent of not offending, the generosity and forbearance—these qualities, some of them come by nature, some are found in any rank, some are the direct precept of Christianity.—Cardinal Newman.

Gotthold, a devout farmer, had accustomed himself to contemplate everything in a religious sense, and to compare the doings of nature with the doings of men, in order to draw wholesome lessons from everything that came under his notice. This becoming known, he was often sought out by persons who wished to profit by his study and meditation. Thus a friend one day told him that he had seen a hawk descend from the air for the purpose of stealing a fowl, and asked whether such an incident could suggest any good or useful thought. "Why not?" rejoined Gotthold. "That bird is a figure of a worldly-minded man, who, while wearing an appearance of godliness, denies the power thereof. That bird soars aloft, and would seem to aim at heaven, while its sharp eyes are constantly turned towards the earth, watching for prey. Such are

all hypocrites. Their conversation is on sublime topics; they go to church, and even approach the Sacraments; they pray, read and sing, but their hearts are on the earth."

BOOK REVIEWS, ETC.

Catholic Home Annual for 1902. Benziger Bros., New York. Price 25 cents.

This charming and progressive annual, now in its 19th year, comes again in bright attire, replete with good things for its many admirers. Pretty and well-selected pictures, bright instructive stories, large and curious information on pertinent subjects, as heretofore, characterise its make-up. A new feature has been added in having prominent writers give short original stories. This will prove a boon to our largely increasing number of young writers in thus affording them correct models of pure English. It will also teach these aspirants to a pure style how to strike the salient fact in a brief essay—by no means an easy thing. Another point not to be overlooked is the catalogue of books of devotion and instruction and entertainment, many of which ought to be in every growing family. Yet it is the constant cry of pastors for years past that the Catholic home is ill-provided with proper literature to meet the wants of the times. We cheerfully recommend this little Annual to all our readers, hoping also that it will find its way into every Catholic home.

Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament, by Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S., Part I. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, 1901. Price \$1.50.

It would seem at first sight that a book like this should be put exclusively into the reviewing department of a magazine specially devoted to priests and seminarians. Time was when that would be the truth and the fact. But we have lit upon

happier times. Thanks to the summer schools, reading circles and the work of zealous priests in writing text books and primers, etc., the study of the Holy Scriptures has received a new and inspiring impetus, and everything tends to shew that it will be lasting. The many reasons why this study was passed over rather than neglected in the past decade by a large majority of English-speaking people, are now proverbial. The publication of such a work by Father Gigot, for general use from the wide-awake publishers that print it, proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that the present century will witness a marked and steady increase in the knowledge—not merely superficial—of God's revealed word to mankind. And every Catholic good and true must hail that day.

To fully appreciate this work, a former work of the Rev. Father, "General Introduction," must be read and studied. We have no doubt that a large number of our readers already possess the work, of which this is a sequel. Procure this one, also. We are bound to know God here on earth. How can this be better done than by studying Him in His inspired works?

OBITUARY.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers Mrs. Alice Ryan, who died on June 8th, 1901, in the 79th year of her age, at Paterson, N.J.

Mrs. Margaret Duggan, who died July 3, 1901, at West Brighton, Staten Island.

Ven. Sr. M. Bernard Dinan, who died on September 20th, at Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto, Ont. fortified by the Holy Sacraments of the Church, in the 72nd year of her age, and in the 52nd of her religious life.

Mr. Patrick Hoban, aged 82, died Aug. 27th at Cincinnati, O. The de-

ceased was a good friend of ours and a subscriber to our Review. May he rest in peace.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr.—In the passing from earth of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the noted art critic, author and loyal Catholic, we lose from our midst one of our most devout and earnest converts. Born of real New England stock, and educated in New England schools, her life broadened, however, into wider sympathies, for in Philadelphia she received the light of the true faith, and in Chicago her later years were spent. A visit to Italy resulted in her remarkable work, "Pilgrims and Shrines," which ought to be in every cultured household, for it is singularly productive of a love for what is true and beautiful in art, history and religion. She has left behind her the memory of a holy life, built upon lofty ideals, vivified with the love of Christ, and sustained by daily union with her Lord in His Sacrament of Love. When the University of Notre Dame conferred upon her the Laetare medal, it performed not only a graceful but a praiseworthy act, for it thus did honor to a woman who had followed faithfully the guiding star of truth, and had, so far as in her lay, lifted up literature and art to their rightful place as handmaids of God and glorious ministers in His realms of divine and unfading loveliness.—The Sacred Heart Review.

ENROLLED IN THE SCAPULAR.

Scapular names received at Pittsburgh, Pa., Priory from New Coeln, Wis.; St. Martha's Ch., Martinsville, Wis.; Franciscan Fathers' Ch., Chicago, Ill.; St. Ferdinand's Ch., Ferdinand, Ind.; Immaculate Heart Ch., Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Francis Mission, Rosebud, S.D.; St. Bonaventura's Ch., Philadelphia, Pa.; New Brighton, Beaver Co., Pa.; St. Louis' Ch., Caladonia, Wis.; St. Louis, Mo.; Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa.; St. Jos-

eph's Ch., Braddock, Pa.; St. Mary's Ch., Cleveland, Ohio; St. Boniface Ch., Allegheny, Pa.; Guardian Angel Ch., Manistee, Mich.; St. Mark's Ch., Chicago, Ill.; St. Peter's Ch., Wulzburg, Ohio; Capuchin Convent, Appleton, Wis.; St. George Ch., Pittsburg, S.S.; St. Vincent's Ch., Kansas City, Mo.; All Saints' Ch., Bridesburg, Pa.

Names for registration received from Scipio, Kan.; Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala.; Reveraux Vases, Mo.; Olpe, Kansas; Kansas City, Mo.; Ashton, Dane Co., Wis.; St. Dominic's Monastery, San Francisco, Cal.; St. Mary's Church, Kansas City, Mo.

Scapular names received at Falls View from: Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Paterson, N.J.; Thorold, Ont.; Ch. of St. Michael, St. Michaels, Alaska; Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, Cal.; Georgetown, Minn.; Chicago, Ill.; Vincennes, Ind.; Trinity, Nfld.; Ch. of St. Francis of Assissi, Mildred Pa.; Ch. of Immaculate Conception, Seattle, Wash.; St. Ignatius Mission, St. Ignatius, Mont.; St. Brendans Ch., Bonavista Bay, Nfld; LaSalle, Ill.; Mount Carmel, Ont.; Holy Cross Mission, Deer Park, Ont.; St. Basil's Novitiate, Deer Park, Ont.; St. Peter's Ch., Lewiston, N.Y.; Holy Angels' College, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Francis Convent, Dubuque, Ia.; Grass Valley, Cal.; McHenry Ill.

Editor of Carmelite Review:

Kindly ask your readers to pray for the success of an examination.

A READER.

Niagara Falls.

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, 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 Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

(For Children.)

I remember a quaint old legend,
(Will the children ask "Is it true?")

Which tells why this queen of
flow'rets

Is oft of a crimson hue.

She reigned 'midst the primal
beauty

O! Eden, in snowy bloom,
And the dawn of creation's morning
Was balmy with her perfume.

Alas! the dark cloudlets gathered
O'er souls who had lost their
grace,

And her delicate petals crimsoned
Like blushes on maiden-face.

But when, after lapse of ages,
The Life-Blood of Jesus flows,
How softly its glistening dew-drops
Are shed o'er the drooping rose.

Restoring her pristine fairness,
Like dawn after shady night,
She blooms for His Easter gladness
Arrayed in her robe of white.

Yet some, like the Wounds of Jesus,
Their petals of red retain.

We twine them through Mary's
chaplet

In mysteries of love and pain.*

May our hearts be like queenly rose-
buds,

Snow-white in their purity,
Yet, blushing at times with crim-
son

Through love, dearest Lord, for
Thee.

Yes! love and a deep compassion
For all Thy most bitter pain,
And then shall Thy glorious mys-
teries

Illumine our buds again.

—Infant de Marie, St. Clare's.