



Saint Theresa.



WITHIN the cloister by the waning
 light,
 Theresa walked absorbed in silent
 prayer,
 Alone in spirit with the Presence
 there,
 And full of wonder at His mystic
 might ;
 When from the shadow stepped into
 her sight
 A little child so simple, sweet and
 fair,
 Such radiant glory round His
 shining hair,
 That all about Him glowed in beauty
 bright.

"And who are you?" rang out His
 joyous cry.

"Theresa of my Jesus," answered
 she.

"But Thou, my Love" she trembled
 in reply.

"Jesus of my Theresa," whispered
 He.

Then all her heart went out in a
 happy sigh,

"Oh ! that my King should come
 so near to me !"

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

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

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

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PILGRIM—HIS DESTINATION THE HOLY LAND—HIS SEVERE ILLNESS IN
CYPRUS—MOUNT CARMEL—JERUSALEM—SURPRISE OF THE
SARACENS—THE HAPPY RETURN—1358.



HERE is the Christian possessing the treasure of a living faith who does not cherish in his heart the desire—more or less latent—of one day visiting the Holy Land?

And Blessed Peter, in an eminent degree, had long wished that that great privilege might be his. Since his sojourn in the East, the idea seemed destined to become a reality, his ardent longing was apparently about to be gratified, the time for beholding the object of his veneration, the Holy Land, and pressing his foot upon its sacred soil was at hand.

The mission to Constantinople was over. The ambassadors of the Emperor, bearing the letter of which mention has been made, went to attend to the Court of Avignon the Bishop of Chrysopolis who was prepared to give a graphic account of affairs in the East.

The Bishop of Patti was then at

liberty to avail himself of the permission which, with all due deference, he had already solicited from his superiors, to set out upon the great expedition.

Access to the Holy Land was especially difficult to Occidentals during those first centuries immediately following the fall of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem (1187).

To risk disembarking upon the Syrian coasts and proceeding into the interior of the country was to expose one's self to be pillaged by Arab plunderers, and suspected by Mussulman authorities ever ready to look upon strangers as coming amongst them with no other purpose than to spy.

In spite of these impediments there were always some devout souls of the laity, principally noble chevaliers, who would never abandon the time-honored practice of the pilgrimage. But for a Religious (unless it were a Franciscan) for a Bishop, *above all* for a representative of the Pope, the enterprise was indeed a hazardous one.

But nothing could daunt the intrepid Peter Thomas. After cordial expres-

sions of good will and gracious adieux on the part of the Emperor, he embarked for the island of Cyprus where his intention was to consider the best method of penetrating into Palestine.

The long reign of Hugo de Lusignan of which thirty-four years had passed away was still in force when our pilgrim landed there in 1358.

Renowned for his wisdom and love of religion, Hugo had been at the head of the Catholic movement in the Levant. The renown of the man of God had not failed to reach him, and, having learned that he had disembarked at Famagoste, the king not only gave orders that every attention should be shown to him but even went himself to call upon him at the Carmelite convent in that city.

The humble monk would fain have eluded such signal marks of respect. His term of office as nuncio had ended when he left Constantinople, and he would have considered himself a usurper if he had permitted himself to be treated as a representative of the Pope. "I am no longer a nuncio nor a legate," said he, "but a simple mendicant friar, eager to visit the holy sepulchre of our Lord. I therefore entreat your majesty to refrain from attentions of which I am unworthy."

Ingenious error of humility. What matters the absence of titles as nuncio or legate when one stands in reverent awe before a model of sanctity?

The evidences of respect and veneration could not be suspended. Is it not written, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted"? "My Lord Bishop," replied the King, "I do not act unadvisedly. My information is exact. You are he chosen by heaven to operate numberless marvels. Nay more. Though you are indeed

neither nuncio nor legate—and were you indeed not a bishop but a "simple friar," on account of your virtues and because you are a master in theology we would insist upon honoring the doctor and the saint."

It was in vain then that Blessed Peter made use of every pretext which his ingenious wit could devise. He could not dissuade King Hugo from his course. The conqueror bore him triumphantly away to Nicosia, the capital of the kingdom, and assigned to him a suite of apartments in the royal palace.

Blessed Peter therefore eventually resigned himself to the attentions of the courtiers and the people, and in order to reciprocate their good will, and be of some real benefit to them, he at once entered upon his office of preacher. He delivered many sermons in presence of the king and the archbishop in the Metropolitan church. But whilst he was devoting his time and energy to this beloved work, he was suddenly stricken down with an illness which threatened to terminate fatally and thus deprive the Church of one of her most efficient children.

However, whilst he had to suspend his labors, he still found means to edify those around him, for his patience and utter resignation to the divine will united to preach a silent sermon which bore the richest fruit. Meanwhile, throughout the capital city deep sadness prevailed and one might have thought that some public calamity was at hand. The Queen was so concerned at the illness of the saint that she ordered a suspension of the usual court festivities, and even gave up everything herself in order to attend to the servant of God. Pious and charitable, she united to the supplications which she offered up for his

recovery, constant ministrations upon the invalid. She prepared his medicines and gave them with her own royal hands. Nothing was omitted to maintain the vital spark of an existence so precious, and at last heaven was propitious and Blessed Peter recovered.

The rapidity of his convalescence was remarkable, and as soon as he could proceed on his pilgrimage the Bishop of Patti, with grateful acknowledgments to God, and heartfelt thanks to his royal hosts, went to Famagoste to look for a vessel destined for the Holy Land.

The Venetians, by virtue of some special treaty, maintained commercial relations with various ports of Syria. By going in one of their vessels, one might indeed reach Syria, but the danger would by no means be over then.

Might there not even be cause to fear the presence on board, amongst the merchants, of some traitor who, hoping to receive a reward, would reveal to the Saracens that there was a legate of the Pope upon the vessel?

But despite those fears, suggested by human wisdom, Peter Thomas, inspired by his invincible faith, hesitated not to trust in divine Providence, a confidence which was rewarded by a happy passage and a distant glimpse of the promised land.

History does not tell us the port at which he landed. Was it Kaïpha? O! surely his heart would be drawn towards that little city near which rises the lofty mountain of Carmel, so grand in its solitude, so rich in its souvenirs of the past. At this period, since the massacre of the monks by the Mussulmans (1291), the deserted mountain seemed mourning for those so cruelly murdered—but to the con-

templative soul those ruins would still possess a deeply sad charm. The disciple of St. Elias would not fail to pray in the grotto of the holy prophet, nor to weep over the devastation of the birthplace of his Order.

At nine or ten leagues from Carmel we find another grotto even more sacred in its memories.

There dwelt the holy Family at Nazareth, and there the WORD was made flesh in the Virgin's chaste womb. O! how irresistibly all this would appeal to the heart of our fervent pilgrim!

From this point it would be easy to attach himself to some caravan, and thus happily attain the supreme end of his journey. In vain would we attempt to depict his feelings at the sight of Jerusalem. Veneration the most profound must seize upon every reflecting soul at the view of that ancient city. Joy and hope must animate all regenerated spirits, when in the midst of that silent city the Basilica of the holy sepulchre arises to view!

O! thanks forever be to divine Providence for the marvelous solicitude which has preserved for us this most precious of relics! The very tomb wherein our Saviour was buried and whence he rose gloriously in testimony of his divinity! To such fervent sentiments others of a different nature again awakened in the heart of Peter Thomas his former cherished dream of a crusade. A holy wrath flamed up in his chivalrous breast when, from the tower of David, he saw the Mussulman colors floating triumphantly aloft! There being no longer at Jerusalem a monastery of his Order, he sought admission at the Cenacle on Mount Sion, where he was received and welcomed by the Franciscans who then had their *Casa Nova* there. With what

overwhelming emotion he saluted that admirable body of militia officially authorized by the Church to be the guardians and ocular witnesses of the preservation of the Holy Sepulchre throughout all ages!

With what holy rapture he afterwards hastened to the venerable Basilica, whose vaulted dome shelters Calvary and Christ's Sepulchre! In the fervor of his love he knelt, his eyes raised towards heaven and his arms stretched out, in imitation of the Saviour.

As his tears fell upon the stone which the precious Blood of that Saviour had moistened, he could have willingly died there, so great were his contrition and love.

There is reason to believe that during his brief sojourn at Jerusalem, he accepted several nights of retention in the Basilica by the Mohametan jailers. Prolonging thus his precious vigils, he was enabled in the quiet hours at day dawn to celebrate Mass upon the very marble which shelters the sacred tomb.

Notwithstanding the annoyances and even persecution to which they were subjected, a little band of Catholics were to be found at Jerusalem. They were overjoyed to honor the man of God, whose renown had long before been borne across the sea. And he, willingly responding to their desires, preached to them on several occasions.

He encouraged them to be firm and steadfast and to cherish in their hearts a willingness to die for the faith, if necessary, and thus win the martyr's crown.

All who listened were deeply moved and affected even to tears.

He himself, like St. Francis of Assissium, of whom the same was said, would have thought it the greatest joy to win the palm of martyrdom in the Holy Land.

Many Christians begged him not to appear so often in public. "O Father!" they said, "you will be

recognized as a nuncio of the Sovereign Pontiff. The infidels will put you to the torture, and you will not 'escape with your life.'" But no consideration of danger could induce Blessed Peter to turn aside from the path of duty wherein, full of confidence in God and his Blessed Mother, he had desired to walk.

After having venerated alike the tomb of the Blessed Virgin at the Basilica of the Assumption in the valley of Jehosaphat, and the mountain of Olives whence Christ ascended all gloriously to Heaven, Blessed Peter, we may be sure made a pilgrimage to Bethlehem, that little city so interesting with its precious memories, so consoling to the Christian who goes thither to visit—and to pray.

The Bishop of Patti then prepared himself to bid a regretful adieu to the Holy Land. Before leaving he, without any effort at concealment, called together all the Christians of Jerusalem—the Latins and the Greeks, the Armenians and the Copts. They responded to the call which was not to be answered after the shades of night had fallen, but at *three* in the afternoon, when the bright clear light of day illumined the world. And then in the Church of the Cenacle he delivered one of the most fervently eloquent discourses which they had ever heard.

And when, in conclusion, he gave to those tried and constant souls his blessing, with the promise of a perpetual remembrance in his prayers, and all the assistance which he could obtain for them from the charitable. The evidences of deep emotion were visible everywhere. Such unusual ceremonies could not fail to attract attention, and some of the Saracens contrived to obtain entrance precisely as the orator had begun his discourse. They murmured at first and the Christians were apprehensive, but before long a change was evident to all, they listened with attention—nay, rather

they seemed enraptured—some of them went so far as to say that a man with such a heavenly gift of speech must surely be the friend and favorite of Allah.

Meanwhile, the object of their eulogiums, having given a last and loving embrace to the fathers of the Holy Land, departed as if by magic without any difficulty whatever, whilst the infidels remained transfixed with amazement at his audacity and his religious enthusiasm. With all speed he reached the seashore, and availed himself of a vessel which was on the point of sailing to Cyprus.

This celerity was by no means unnecessary as was, later on, discovered. The Sultan of Egypt (then master of Syria) having learned that a Carmelite monk—a nuncio of the Pope—Bishop Peter Thomas—had come to Jerusalem, had preached there, and then left the city unmolested and unharmed, fell into such a violent rage that he gave orders that the Emir who ruled in his name over Jerusalem should be beheaded. So heinous a crime, in the despot's eyes, it was to permit so fine an opportunity of grieving the Sovereign Pontiff by the seizure of his legate to escape!

Upon his return to Cyprus, Blessed Peter considered it a duty to pay his respects, in the capital, to King Hugo, who could not sufficiently express his interest in the narrative of the happy pilgrim. But not all his persuasions could not induce the latter to lengthen his brief stay at Nicosia.

He longed for the quiet of the cloister where he could the better thank God for His blessings, and therefore went to the Carmelite Monastery at Farnagonste, there to await the departure of a vessel for France.

More and more firmly did divine grace take possession of his heart, and lead him higher and higher on the way to perfection. His pilgrimage to the Holy Land had sensibly increased his already fervent piety, whilst mortification, the spirit of recollection, love of our Lord and His Blessed Mother shone forth in a most eminent degree. His prayer now became more sublime, his

vigils more protracted. Half the night was spent upon his knees in his cell where his soul became so intimately united to God that visions and ecstasies were of frequent occurrence.

He knew nothing whatever of what was passing in his vicinity. One night his chaplain coming into his room, which was in darkness, came in contact with an inert form lying prostrate upon the floor, and fell over it. It was the saint, whose soul had soared aloft into the realms of ecstasy, and who, when discreetly interrogated on the following day, had known nothing of it whatsoever.

Several times the Lord of light, to glorify him still more, caused to appear over the cell of his servant in the silence of the night luminous globes all radiant with heavenly brightness. Those outside witnessed this marvel. Schismatics as well as the monks remarked those brilliant meteors and gave public testimony thereof. Then to perpetuate the memory of the favors of which their house had been the scene the Carmelites of Farnagonste established the perpetual celebration at day-dawn of a Mass of thanksgiving for the same. Blessed Peter Thomas found the hope of spending a few happy days in silence and solitude a futile one, for, as was his unflinching rule, he sacrificed his wish to the welfare of the people who, having heard that his Lordship, Bishop Peter Thomas had come again, begged that they might hear his sermons once more.

King Hugo came to Farnagonste to listen to the words of the saint, and to have special conferences with him.

The words—the prayers—the example of Blessed Peter were looked upon as a veritable benefit from heaven by that valiant little kingdom.

Thus love and gratitude followed the vessel which bore Blessed Peter to far away Provence, and fervent prayers went up to heaven that God would permit the saintly monk one day to revisit the Orient and whisper words of consolation to the deeply tried children of the Church.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Lady's Gift of Roses.

[ADDRESSED TO SAINT DOMINIC.]



AS it in the restful evening
With its sunset red and gold,
That the scent of mystic roses
Wafted o'er thy soul of old?

Or, perchance, in silent night-time,
When soft beams of moonlight fair
Stealing through monastic windows
Lighted up thy form in prayer?

Didst thou hear sweet strains of music
From the far-off angel-land
When, before thy raptured vision
Shone that gift of Mary's hand?

Chaplet of celestial beauty,
White, and gold, and blushing red:
Joyful, glorious, and *so* plaintive!
Emblems of the Blood He shed.

And the Queen with sparkling star-gems
Wreathed around her royal brow
Seeks on earth for humbler garlands:
White-robed Saint! we cull them now!

In our lightsome days of gladness,
And in sorrow's deepest shade,
We will twine our Lady's rosebuds
Sweetest blossoms of the glade.

May their fragrance e'er refresh us,
Raise our minds and hearts above,
May they bloom in fadeless beauty
Round that fair Queen of our love.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)



HERS, however, was but a part of the tangled thread of human life. He recalled faces of his Frankfort congregation, high bred, proud, reposeful, and remembered how their hearts, shown to him as children carry their wounded hands to their mothers, were crushed by hidden sorrow; and coming from one of the busy marts of the world to one of its obscure corners, he found it is still true that from no portion of the human family has the curse of Adam been lifted. Mrs. Logan, tortured by the knowledge that Judith Sander's estate was lost to her son, whose fortunes she had guided since his infancy, unless some means were devised for counteracting the evil influence contained, she believed, in the two rows of dark-bound volumes that Brian, the unapproachable had left, was not as interesting as Judith, standing in her barren, unbeautiful life, alone; no future before, no past behind. Yet the old woman's fears were slowly eating away all the peace of mind and quietude of soul that should accompany advancing years. Mrs. Lacey, witty, philosophical, irrepressible as light or air, could never thrill his innermost soul with a sense of helpless, hopeless, unending misery as did Mrs. Sharkley, looking across her baby's cradle at her cousin, her husband now for the past

three years, whom she had married, believing it was her dead father's wish, and whom she had grown to fear with the fear that comes with knowledge; still, he realized the suffering of the light-hearted Irish-woman, bound to such an existence so foreign to her nature, was as unquestionable. No wonder if, recalling all these things, as he sat on the hotel piazza, or walked slowly under the great trees that bow their strong branches over the smooth, white road, realizing how few give thought to the dignity of each individual human life, work to alleviate its misery, the old question of the purpose for all this seemingly needless pain would present itself; if the heart that embraced mankind with that affection that was in the mind of the great Lawgiver when He commanded: "And love thy neighbor as thyself," suffered such sorrow as if it were his own. But always after such hours of sadness, of battling with the doubt that would thrust in its sinister face and subtle voice, he would lift his face to the sky drooping over him blue and cloudless, and the old faith would question if his love for these were greater than Christ's, if God who marks the sparrow's fall could forget one of these ransomed human souls. And each after moment was a new consecration of his life to ministering to their needs, to continuing Christ's work on earth.

The influence of such a life on one repressed, blunted, misunderstood as was Judith Sander's, must be strong

and far-reaching. She was constantly contrasting herself with him, and where her clear sense of justice showed her the higher holiness and finer beauty of his aims and efforts, her misused humility would not permit her the excuse of early circumstances and harsh environments, and while he marvelled that such a character as hers should have developed itself under such conditions, she looked upon that character and half despised it. For she knew the creed by which he regulated his life was wrong and that hers was right; and that he, by error, could reach that sublimity, and she, guided by truth, fall so far below it, lashed her soul unmercifully. To keep this knowledge from him she was constantly turning toward him the harsh side of her nature, for she did not know that where charity is so great, patience is never weary; it never doubts of finding good somewhere hidden. After a brief acquaintance she began to avoid him and turned to her books again, as a drunkard to his wine. When she saw him crossing the low stile, she would steal away, unobserved by him, and leave Mrs. Lacey to take her place as hostess. In vain the elder woman remonstrated or asked a reason for such conduct. Finally, driven to the point, Judith had answered sharply:

"If you will have it, hear it: Because he is the only really good person I have ever known, and before him I am ashamed of myself—and of everybody!" she finished, throwing out her arms, passionately.

The quick hit sent an answer to the old woman's lips, but there was that on the tragic young face before her that stopped their utterance.

"Was not Uncle Brian good?" she asked softly instead. Her answer was an outbreak of tears, for then, against

the young man's all-comprehending love and pity for every human creature, there rose up her dead uncle's scorn and detestation of the people from which she sprung, and in that moment Judith tasted the dregs of life's bitter cup; for past all grief of death, or loss, or desertions, the anguish that comes when putting our great ideal to the final test we discover, after all, it is only human.

One Sunday, as was her custom on the days when Mass was celebrated in Carlisle, Mrs. Lacey rode Bluebell over to the Springs where she was wont to meet some of the Catholics who, having wagons or other conveyances, gave her a seat, as the long ride on horseback was too much for the not overly robust woman. On such occasions, Bluebell, the bridle rein fastened to the horn of the saddle, was left to find her way home alone, and at a gait suited to her spirits. When these were high she was wont to tear over the rocky road, and clearing the yard fence, make for her stall in the log stable with the agility of an untamed colt, while at other times she would saunter slowly along, pausing to crop the rare tufts of bluegrass, or choice bits of clover, and wait leisurely at the stile until Judith, answering the low neighing, would open the gate and conduct her to her waiting meal of corn and oats. On this particular Sunday morning, however, the brown mare did not return, and Judith's fears rose up in alarm. Repeatedly she quitted her reading and went to the low door to listen for the familiar footfall but it broke not the breathlessness of the summer Sabbath morning. Once standing there, she suddenly remembered that other morning when she had waited for Bluebell's coming, and with the sickening of heart that was always

hers as she recalled the horror that had followed, she turned hurriedly and taking her white sunbonnet, drew, without fastening, the door after her, and turned her hastened steps in the direction of the Springs; and as she went over the stony way, the last line of what she had been reading from the Book of Job ("Short years pass away as I am walking in a path by which I shall not return") beat itself on her brain with painful reiteration. As she progressed, a sense of coming calamity oppressed her. Had something befallen her cousin? she questioned; or had the mare been captured on her return by some of the lawless characters that at this season of the year made their appearance in the vicinity of the Springs. Where a curve in the road hid the prospect, she thought she heard the well-known impatient stamping of the steel pated hoofs, and running forward, her heart gave a leap of joy to see Bluebell standing by the side of the road, the rein, which had slipped its fastening, securely caught on one of the shrubs by which she had paused to gather a mouthful of clover. Scenting her mistress' approach, the mare turned her brown neck and straining her great eyes whinnied low and pettishly, and for very joy at finding her safe, Judith laughed aloud.

"You little darling!" she said, passing her caressing hand along the sleek back. "Do you see to what your greediness brought you and such anxiety to me? It should be a lesson to you, my Bluebell, to come straight home, unheeding the temptations that surround you."

As she was disengaging the rein, Bluebell rubbed her velvety nose against the girl's shoulder, and then began to nibble at the long braid of the reddish brown hair, falling below the

white skirts of the sunbonnet.

"Stop that Bluebell!" commanded Judith, reaching back an arm and drawing away the shapely head, and then, through the opening in the foliage, she saw the minister walking slowly up the hill, behind which, far down the valley, was the house that had been Jake Sharkley's, but which was now the home of his daughter, her husband, Will Sharkley, and their infant child. His head was bent low on his breast, his hands were clasped behind his back and his face, in the distance, showed paler than usual. So deep was his thought that he was blinded to the obstacles in his way, and as he reached the large stone Judith had seen placed there by the strange looking man on the afternoon of Jake Sharkley's murder, he stumbled over it and only saved himself from a hard fall by clutching at a young sapling that had since sprung up by the unfrequented path. Looking toward the road he saw Judith's white bonnet, and as he hurried forward the pleasure the prospect of seeing her alone dispelled the shadow that had overhung his face.

"This is an unexpected and happy meeting!" he exclaimed, as he crossed the old rail fence partly hidden by wild grape vines. "How is it I find you here at this hour and dismounted?"

"My cousin went to church to-day. We both cannot go together and when the weather is fine, and she feels equal to the trip, I generally stay at home. You know our arrangement — how Bluebell is sent home? She evidently was hungry this morning and had some trouble getting at her wayside feast, for when I got here (I was anxious over her long delay and came to look for her) she had her bridle all tangled up in the bushes."

"I am certainly glad of Bluebell's greediness," he said, "for I had begun to despair of ever getting to see you again. Where is that favored rook where you succeed in hiding yourself whenever I call? You will not tell me? Then I intend looking over your place some day, and will not rest until I find it. I should feel quite aggrieved at your treatment of me. Not a companionable person anywhere but yourself, and you give me the slip on every occasion. I half believe you put those books of yours before every friend you have, Miss Sanders," he concluded.

"I do," she said without looking at him.

"That is not right," he said, gently, and after a pause, "Books were intended to help, not injure us, as they do when we allow them to come between us and our duty. While you are absorbed in your reading, there may be a hungry soul at your door to whom the words you are so chary of might bring some little help or soothing."

"You do not know these people," she replied, a laugh in her voice. "Little they want, or care, for your words if they are not gossipy."

"Were they 'gossipy,' the ones you gave to Mrs. Sharkley in the times of her direst need?" he asked, looking on the dark face, partly hidden by the bonnet. She flushed at his words and turned her head away with a gesture of impatience.

"One doesn't go with gossip to a person half-crazed by sorrow," she said.

"And, has no one else 'half-crazed by sorrow' crossed your path, save Mrs. Sharkley?" he asked. "Miss Sanders," he continued, leaning slightly toward her, while his voice unconsciously took on a softer, sadder cadence, "I

was not three days at the Springs when I received news that was my 'Sorrow's crown of sorrow.'"

She had been bending lightly a wiry elm twig and he noticed that at his words the brown fingers trembled slightly, the first outward emotion he had ever seen her display; but the half-averted face was still carefully hidden from his eyes. A silence followed.

"What could I have done for you?" she asked, at length, in a husky voice.

"You might have done much," he said, thinking of the bitter, lonely, hours he had spent in this solitude, where sorrow's front wears its most appalling aspect. She now turned her face toward him fully. The flush had deepened on her usually pale cheeks, and the yellowish-brown eyes were dilated under the curling dark lashes. The sudden transformation of the face made it almost beautiful.

"I did not know," she said quickly, "I did not deem it possible. I am sorry." And she turned again her face from his surprised glance.

Little dreaming how his words were to carry her on against her own heart, against every effort of her will, to what was to be the beginning of her great final sorrow, he said, softly answering her:

"For myself, much sorrow has made me strong, as it always does if rightly borne; and then we learn to do without human sympathy, though its help and soothing none will refuse. But there are others who have not so schooled themselves. And there are the young and untried. Do you know what it means to them?"

"I do," she said, interrupting him. "I was not two years old when a sorrow of which you cannot form the full conception, seeing that you are not a woman, with a woman's more tender

susceptibilities, was pressed into my baby heart, and by the one I loved best—loved above all things on earth, oh, maybe in Heaven, too!"

She unfastened the strings of the white bonnet as if they were choking her, and pushed it back from her face. It fell over her shoulder and he saw she had grown white and that her eyes were moist with unshed tears.

"Will you tell me of it?" he asked, his heart aching for her pain.

At his question, her uncle seemed to rise before her, a living human presence. She could see the scorn curving his firm lips and lighting the blue eyes, scorn of the blood in her veins, that sent her talking thus of her dead to a stranger. She threw up her hand before her eyes, and in the passing moment that lay between that act of the will and the one that made it fall again to her side, the old love fought its first battle with the new, which latter, being lately born, was conquered.

"I cannot," she said, stooping and gathering up her bonnet which had fallen to the ground.

He continued to look on her changed face, and impelled by the magnetism of his eyes, she lifted hers. The all-comprehending sympathy of the blue ones bent on her, melted away the harshness that years of repression and bitterness had frozen on her face, and there came over it instead the light that falls once and once only over a woman's face, the light that comes with her heart's first awakening to the mysterious whisperings of love. She did not know why he had changed, in the last few minutes, from an ordinarily handsome man into the very impersonation of all her well-read poets had so lucidly pictured for her of godly proportions worn in human shape; why the echoes of his tones on her ear

was like the heart-pulse of joy that comes with morning's breaking which holds the song-birds' music, the next instant ten thousand feathered choirsters will be claiming; why to stand thus before him was more restful, more soothing than to lay her head on the clover-carpeted meadows at the sunset hour and wait for the voice of night-time stealing out on the crimson-lighted silence. But the man, looking down, saw only a face alive with feeling, awakened, he supposed, by the memory of her unkind, though well-beloved, dead.

"But you will permit me to sympathize with you, he asked gently, and the responsiveness of face and eyes made it unnecessary for him to await her spoken answer. "And will you mind if I, who am so much older than you, say do not let it warp your life? My friend, I have seen life in every phase—all ministers must, more clearly, more perfectly, than men of any other calling—and we know that sorrow is the only universal heritage. Joy comes, but so fleeting is its passage we are scarcely aware of its presence when it is gone. Gods knows I would make light of no one's sacred grief, but if it threw each one thus back on himself, shut up his heart against his fellow creature, blinded him to the claims of duty, who could long inhabit earth! It is the setting aside of self that is to yet redeem the world. This will come in time when each one will have for his guide and rule not the commandments which Moses, with veiled brow heard, while the thunders broke over Mount Sinai, but that to which the disciples listened, face to face with the Master, while He lived with them on earth."

Here he caught himself up and a whimsical smile crossed his lips as he thought how the preacher will always

find a pulpit ; but her face was so still under his words, her eyes fixed on the nearby elm shrub had in them such a listening expression, he did not interrupt himself lightly. If words of his would make her face always show soft and tender as it was now, he thought ; if they could smooth away the hard lines pain or pride, or both, had written there, then, if he did no other thing here, he had not spent his vacation vainly. And, little dreaming how easy it is for a woman to follow teachings that do not conflict with conscience (and alas ! sometimes too often when they do !)—if she loves the teacher, he asked :

"If you can, will you tell me why you remained in this place when, as your cousin has informed me, you were free to pitch your dwelling where you chose?"

Yesterday she would have resented such a question ; now, after a moment, she answered :

"Maybe because I felt the hills and trees are a part of my life ; maybe, because as my uncle loved this place and left it to me above all his other neices and nephews, I felt I should keep it for his memory's sake."

"And what is the certainty?" he pressed, gently.

Instantly her eyes came back from the shrub on which they had rested as she was speaking and they flashed with the old hard light, as she answered :

"Because I wanted to live right out here among them, surrounded by the very conditions that even they admitted were hard—a life that would force my uncle's people to see one of my father's name could reach a higher plane intellectually than any of them had ever achieved, an equal one morally. Caring for neither of my parents' people especially, I yet determined to

right my mother's choice. And I succeeded!" Her eyes then went back to the shrub and the old hard lines were about her mouth.

"Pride, pride," muttered the minister, though in his heart he applauded the dauntlessness of such a spirit.

"What do you call success?" he asked, after a moment's thought.

"The achieving of one's end," she answered.

"You have done this in as much as you have proven conclusively that 'Honor and shame from no conditions rise,' that what our forefathers were, what our relatives are, or what our offsprings will be, is no concern of ours. We have only to 'act well our part' and more than that neither God nor man expect of us. You have done this, and admitting this is success, could it not have been accomplished with a less entailing of suffering could it not have been accomplished with a less entailing of suffering to yourself? The world was before you. What you have achieved in literary pursuits here by yourself, with a few possibilities and no congenial friends, is indicative of what you might have done with your talents in a wider sphere of life. Was it right to thus bury yourself? Was it right to waste your life?"

In the poignant grief of after days he remembered how, as the last words were uttered, she had quickly withdrawn her eyes from the low, green elm shrub, and lighted them to him with a sudden, direct glance, the while the pale lips half unclosed to make an answer ; and then in the bitterness of soul he understood ; now he thought it was a warning that he was approaching dangerous ground, that she resented his inquiries as to her purpose and pleasure in mapping out her life to suit her own views. He felt a

momentary disappointment but blamed himself that he could not more fully comprehend this strange character. A silence followed. Bluebell was sleeping in the sunshine, her bridle resting lightly on her mistress' arm. A rabbit stole from the thick undergrowth and hopped across the road, and then a blue-bird flashed its vivid coloring across the green, and balancing its slender body on the swaying branch of a young ash sapling, unseeing his audience, lost itself in a passionate outbreak of song. And immediately this scene was swept from his eyes and again Silas Gray was sitting in the little old cemetery at Carlisle watching the sunlight and shadow playing on the green grave, while the blue-bird sung and a new love looked into his heart from the shadowy presence of a dark-veiled sorrow. He heaved a deep involuntary sigh and the girl again looked at him. With the memory of a lost love in his eyes, they fell on her almost unconsciously and the light they showered over her soul awoke it fully and forever. The baptism of joy worked its magical grace on her countenance, and it seemed to grow divine under his gaze. The coloring came into face and lips, hints of smiling ran around the mouth, overshadowing the hard lines; the eyes took on a liquid depth and beauty, the very form lost wiry agility for womanly grace and loveliness; for the story of Pygmalion is not a fable. Not knowing the marble was growing into life under his touches, the minister said, recalling himself from his own past to their present surroundings.

"I was down at Sharkley's this morning. The baby is ailing."

"Do you think," asked Judith, and her voice had sweeter, lower tones, "it will live?"

The minister shook his head.

"I have grave fears," he said.

"Then God pity Lucy Sharkley!" cried Judith, while a bright tear stood in each eye.

"What is the secret sorrow that is eating away that woman's life, Miss Sanders?" asked the minister.

A shiver ran over the girl's face and he noticed the figure seemed to droop under sad, dark knowledge thus asked to reveal itself. She passed her hand mechanically across her low brow, and said, then:

"My knowledge may be only suspicions; yet whichever it may be, it was received by me in the sacredness of mental and physical anguish, and I may speak of it to no one. You say you know life," she cried, suddenly. "Perhaps you do; but if you have known suffering greater than that woman has endured for the past three years, I only say the soul that has to bear it must indeed be beyond the pale of God's pity!"

Her words and emotion startled him.

"Is it like that?" he asked. I felt she was unhappy but not so wretchedly so. Can you tell me one thing; is it because of her father's murder?"

She made no answer but stood looking at him helplessly, while her face changed under his gaze. Then she turned from him and walking across the road, Bluebell, aroused from her nap, following her, took a seat on the grassy bank.

"Since I was ill," she explained to the minister, as he joined her, "I cannot stay any length of time in the sun."

"That was my thoughtlessness keeping you standing there," he said quickly. "Do you feel faint?"

"No, no," she said. There is nothing the matter. For fainting, I never did that but once in my life."

"Yes," said he, taking a seat beside her on the grassy bank, Mrs. Sharkley once told me of that evening after her father's burial how she came in from the kitchen and found you lying on the door-step like dead. She also told me of the long illness that followed. Mrs. Sharkley thinks you saw her father; I know that could not be, but whom, or what, did you see, Miss Sanders?"

His eyes were on her and their intensity seemed to force her to speak; but, as she hesitated, he, as if aware of the struggle going on in her mind, said:

"Can you not confide that much in me?"

"I saw," she said, and the horror of the remembrance showed on face and in her eyes, "I saw her father's murderer."

The minister gave a start.

"That could not be," "he then said. "That was the night after the attempted lynching and the negro was in his cell guarded by an armed band of soldiers."

"I had gone down to stay over night with Lucy," she went on, not heeding his interruption, and as one compelled to speak, "for her superstitious kinspeople, and other neighbors, were afraid to remain there. She was in the kitchen preparing supper. The front door was open and I was sitting on the step. Just as the sun was setting, I noticed a man's shadow lying on the grass near that quince shrub, the foliage of which hid him. Gradually the brim of a straw hat appeared around the shrub, then the hat and then a man's head and shoulders. He caught sight of me watching him and withdrew his head quickly. I knew no more until I woke with poor frightened Lucy bending over me. But the brim of that straw hat was lined with red.

I saw it distinctly."

The minister could hear his heart beating in his ears. Was Pete to be at last righted?

"Do you know to whom that hat belonged, Miss Sanders?" he asked quietly.

The face of the girl was growing more colorless as the conversation proceeded and had he not been so engrossed with other thoughts he must have seen she was racked by some terrible emotions.

"I do," she answered, in a voice so feeble he scarcely caught the words.

"Do you know who wore it?"

"I did not," she replied.

"Do you now?" he questioned, quickly, noting her change of the tense.

For answer she looked at him helplessly, drew a quick, hard breath, clutched desperately at Bluebell's bridle rein, and then, for the second time in her life, Judith Sanders fainted.

He caught her as she swayed forward and she lay like dead in his arms. There was no one within hearing distance to whom he could call for assistance, no house nearer than her own home; he had no simple remedies at his command, and he could only chafe her cold brown hands and fan her white cold brow, while the fear that she might die thus froze the blood in his veins. Bitterly he reproached himself. Why had he been so brutally direct? Why had he striven to wring from her a confession of whatever secret she possessed? Suppose this slender frame, lying so terribly still in his arms, had by some sudden breaking of the high tension under which it lived, let out the spirit, then so surely was he a murderer as the man she had seen crouched in the quince-tree shadow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin.

OCTOBER 16.



HOW fair the morning's pearly beam
O'er earth, and sky, and sea !
'Tis but an emblem, Mother mine,
Of thy own purity.

How sparkling are those dew-drops bright,
That gem the flowery vale !
How beautiful soft moonbeam's light !
To *thine* they all seem pale.

The snowy flakes which robe the earth
In virgin purity,
Are not so white, Immaculate !
As God's dear grace in thee.

And though our crystal streams reflect
Those azure skies above,
Far brighter in thy spirit shines
The reflex of His love !

Thou knowest, O most Sacred Heart !
How very dear to me
Is this sweet, holy festival
Of Mary's purity.

And memories of dear dead years
Around it still entwine,
With mystic fragrance breathing soft
Of *her* pure heart and Thine.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

THE LOVE OF CONDOLENCE.

(CONTINUED.)

*"For gold must be tried by fire
As a heart must be tried by pain."*

—A. A. PROCTOR.



HERE is great beauty in sorrow well borne, and the blessing of the Incarnate Word sheds a golden ray over its shadows. "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."

(St. Matt. v. 5.) What shall we say of Mary's sorrows, "Great as the sea," and their vast expanse of waters ever murmured plaintively on the shores of the Sacred Heart, and were absorbed in the abyss of its Passion. "The seven dolours of Mary are as seven lives of sweet sorrow . . . to soothe God for the transgressions of His children." * What a bright and beautiful morning was that on which Mary offered her Divine Infant in the Temple! And how overcast it became at the prophecy of Simeon! She folded Jesus tenderly in her arms, but the vision of Calvary was before her, and those delicate Infant-hands seemed pierced, and a thorny crown encircled His brow. Time drove in the sword more deeply. "Weeping she hath wept in the night" as she fled with Him to Egypt; and the peaceful years at Nazareth were interrupted by His loss for three days, when she sought Him sorrowing.

Each day of that hidden life brought the inevitable parting nearer, and, at last, she was left alone. Too swiftly

* Fr. Faber.

the three years of his public life ebbed away, and the Passion came at last. She was present, in spirit, if not in reality, at His agony, and it is piously believed, at the cruel scourging and crowning with thorns, and we meet her on the "via crucis," following her Beloved on His way to die. For three hours the mourner stood making reparation to the Victim of sin. With loving reverence, and most bitter pain, she received Him when dead into her arms, and watched Him laid in the tomb—then indeed was she desolate! We are merely indicating her dolours, for each is like a world of unspeakable beauty, of sublime conformity, deepest anguish, and, above all, most loving condolence. The Passion was reflected in the mirror of Mary's soul, and incense of reparation ever ascended from the burning fire of love and suffering. She "learned compassion" by the things she suffered—compassion for Jesus, and for us poor exiles in this "vale of tears," and so we may be always sure of a mother's loving sympathy.

How beautiful, plaintive, unselfish is this condoling love, grieving with, and consoling the Sacred Heart of Jesus! It seems as if it echoed all those acts we have already considered in a most touching way. It mourns for the preference which creatures too often show of earthly things to their Creator: for the coldness of their desires, and that ingratitude which so sensibly wounds the Adorable Heart.

It turns away from earthly pleasures, in reparation for sinful complacency too frequently taken in them, and delights in the Lord. It rests not there, but by benevolence pours itself forth in ministrations for His glory. Above all, being essentially a suffering love, it is also one of conformity to His will, ever echoing the words of Mary, the abiding attitude of her spirit: "Behold the hand-maid of the Lord!" We cannot love her without in some degree possessing this spirit. "Blessed," indeed, is this mourning! It will be soothed by Jesus and Mary, and its shadows beautified by the golden light of their compassion. At last we shall exclaim, "According to the multitude of sorrows in my heart, thy consolations have filled my soul." "And God shall wipe away all tears . . . and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more for the former things are passed away," Apoc. xxi., 4.

ADORATION.

And now the seven acts of Divine love harmonize in a grand chord of adoration, for as melody is the succession of sound, harmony is its union and perfection.

We have said that condolence seems to echo *plaintively* the preceding acts, but in adoration the echoes are full of sweetness, and preludes to beatific love. Father Faber calls it "the perfection of all other loves," and says: "The operations of grace are simplified into one . . . and that single action is the production of an unspeakable self-abasement. It cannot be told. But such was the humility of the Sacred Heart, and such the strange loveliness of the sinless Mother, who so mightily attracted God, and drew

Him down into her bosom." She was indeed an adorer "in spirit and in truth," from the instant of her Immaculate Conception, and all through the hidden, public, and suffering life of Jesus, and of His sacramental life, when He had ascended to Heaven.

And she seems, as it were, to whisper gently to her children, "Venite adoremus!" When we kneel at the crib of Bethlehem in the joyful Christmas-time; when we mourn on Calvary with the "Mater dolorosa;" above all, when we approach the holy altar, let us, with Mary, abase ourselves in silent adoration, or if we speak, let our tones be those of praise. "We adore thee, we glorify thee," etc.

We have said little in comparison with what might be said out of the abundance of hearts more inflamed with Mary's love. Still it is sweet to contemplate her beauty, and praise it even though unworthily; and to feel confident that every word would find a response in Carmelite-love.

O thou gentle Virgin-Mother!

From thy pure heart's shrine above
Shed upon Mount Carmel's children
Rays celestial of fair love.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

Endeavour to the utmost of your power to acquire perfection and devotion, and whatever you do, let it be done perfectly and devoutly. When you are out of spirits and troubled, do not on this account abandon the good works of prayer and penance which you are in the habit of performing: for the devil intends, by filling you with uneasiness, to get you to leave them off: but, on the contrary, perform even a greater number than before, and you will see that Our Lord will be ready to assist you with His graces.—ST. THERESA.

ST. THERESA'S LIFE.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE FROM A NON-CATHOLIC.



DOCTOR WHYTE, of Edinburgh, Scotland, delivered a lecture on St. Theresa not long ago before the young men's and young women's classes of Free St. George's, a Presbyterian church. In the course of his remarks, which, of course, were not entirely free from purely Protestant views, he said, eloquently and truthfully:

"The sense of the reality of divine and unseen things in Theresa's life of prayer is simply miraculous in a woman still living among things seen and temporal. Her faith is truly the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. Our Lord was as real, as present, as near, as visible, and as affable to this extraordinary saint as ever He was to Martha, or Mary, or Mary Magdalene, or the woman of Samaria, or the mother of Zebedee's children. She prepared Him where to lay His head; she sat at His feet and heard His Word. She chose the better part, and He acknowledged to herself and to others that she had done so. She washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. She had been forgiven much and she loved much. He said to her, Mary, and she answered Him, Rabboni. And He gave her messages to deliver to His disciples, who had not waited for Him as she had waited. And she was able to say to them all that she had seen the Lord and that He had spoken such and such things within her.

"And hence arises what I may call the quite extraordinary piety and spirituality of her life of prayer. And, then, for all that, it surely follows that no one is fit for one moment to have an adverse or a hostile judgment on the divine manifestations that come to Theresa in her unparalleled life of prayer; no one who is not a man of like prayer himself; no, nor even then. I know all the explanations that have been put forward for Theresa's 'locutions' and revelations; but after anxiously weighing them all the simplest explanation is also the most scientific, as it is the most Scriptural. If our ascending Lord actually said what He is reported to have said about the way that He and His Father will always reward all love to Him, and the keeping of all His commandments; then, if there is anything true about Theresa at all, it is this, that from the day of her full conversion she lived with all her might that very life which has all these transcendent promises spoken and sealed to it."

In alluding to one of St. Theresa's descriptions of her experiences in prayer, Dr. White takes occasion to say:

"He who can read that, and a hundred passages as good as that, and who shall straightway set himself to sneer and scoff and disparage and find fault, he is well on the way to the sin against the Holy Ghost. At any rate, I would be if I did not revere and love and imitate such a saint of God. Given God and His Son and His Holy Spirit; given sin and salvation and prayer and a holy life; and, with many drawbacks, Theresa's was just the life of self-denial and repentance and prayer and communion with God that we should all live."

THE SERAPH OF CARMEL.



ON the banks of the Adaja, in old Castile, surrounded by lofty mountains, lies Avila, one of the ancient cities of Spain. Celebrated in former times for its fine weaving, its university and cathedral, Avila is now of minor importance. It was under the shadow of its stately old cathedral in 1515, that Theresa Sanchez was born, she who was to be the Seraphic St. Theresa, the reformer of Carmel, and one of the greatest of modern saints.

From her earliest years Theresa had the example of her pious parents, Don Alonzo Sanchez and Beatrice Ahumada, to guide her; and piety under its most amiable forms was daily held up to her for study and imitation. She gave much time to prayer; she read the lives of the saints and martyrs and admired the victories they gained over themselves. But in her estimation the martyrs reached heaven all too easily. A brother, Rodrigo, almost the same age as herself, shared her pious views and aspirations, and together, resolved to buy heaven cheaply, they started out to look for martyrdom among the Moors. They had got as far as the bridge that lies outside the city of Avila, where they were met by an uncle who brought them both home.

This childlike fervor was kept up with uncommon vigor till the age of twelve or thirteen, when it began to wane. Fabulous stories of knight-errantry, fictitious tales of adventures, were much in vogue in Spain at that time, and Theresa indulged in this dangerous reading. The conversations, too, of a worldly cousin who used to visit her father's home, made a great

breach in her piety, and the maiden gave herself over to the girlish vanities of dress and show, and the desire of pleasing others. She neglected most of her devotions. Without the formal wish of offending God, Theresa was, however, in the occasion of sin. In after years she recalled the condition of her soul during this period, and she earnestly exhorted parents to watch over their children's reading and company.

She was placed in a convent, where, in a short time the exhortations of the nuns brought her back her former fervor. One of her good resolutions was to give herself to God in the religious life, and she selected the convent of the Carmelite Nuns within the walls of Avila. She made her profession in 1534, at the age of twenty. God gave her a great tenderness of devotion, which rendered her religious duties light, but He was preparing to purify her, as He does all chosen souls, in the fire of sufferings. She was visited with an illness which lasted nearly three years. Sharp pains from head to foot, fainting fits, burning fever, to which must be added extreme spiritual dryness, and disrelish for piety, afflicted her almost constantly during that time, but she bore them all with incredible patience.

These sufferings made her realize acutely how frail is the thread of life. The utter nothingness of earthly things filled her with a contempt for them, and she had only pity for those who vainly sought such empty baubles.

Strange to say, even these convictions grew weak in her convent home. Although, a religious, frequent contact with outsiders again led her into many faults, which she afterwards deplored. Useless conversations dissipated her mind and infused earthly inclinations and affections; she took greater pleasure in conversing with strangers than

with God. She lost all taste for mental prayer, contenting herself with vocal. The devil made her believe that her bodily ailments would not permit her to apply herself to meditation. But she afterwards wrote: "The reason of bodily weakness was not a sufficient cause to make me give over so good a thing, which requires not physical strength, but only love and habit. In the midst of sickness the best prayer may be made, and it is a mistake to think it can only be made in solitude."

Theresa lived in this lukewarm state for years, pursuing amusements innocent, but distracting. God, now and then, was pleased to visit her in her devotions with sweet consolations, in order to draw her away from her imperfect way of living. This was a great grace, but Theresa failed in generosity. She declared later that while in this state she neither enjoyed the sweetness of God's consolations nor the distractions of the world. Like so many in the present day, her desire was to belong entirely to God, but she had not the courage to make the sacrifices that would enable her to give Him an undivided heart.

After twenty years spent in the imperfect exercise of prayer, and burdened with many defects, Theresa found a happy change of soul. Going one day into her oratory and seeing a picture of Christ covered with the wounds of His Passion, she was exceedingly moved; so that she thought that her heart would burst. Casting herself down near the picture, and pouring forth a flood of tears, she earnestly besought Our Lord to strengthen her that she might never more offend Him. At which the generous Savior poured His graces into her soul. He strengthened her against future falls and raised her to sublime heights in prayer. "I never presumed," said she, "to desire that He should give me so much as the least tenderness; I begged only for grace never to offend Him again, and for pardon for my past times." But God who will never be outdone in generosity continued to shower extraordinary graces on Theresa. Her visions, ecstasies, raptures were those of a

seraph, and her heart became inflamed with one passion, that of possessing God.

She withdrew more and more from worldly contact, and under the universal self-denial in body and soul to which she subjected herself, made extraordinary progress in virtue. She insisted on the spirit and practice of poverty, condemning those who live at ease in the world. Her humility, patience and spirit of penance were admirable. In the midst of the struggles she engaged in for the reform of her order, she bore much contumely in silence and even with joy. When slanderously attacked at Seville, she also held her peace, saying only that those who reviled her were the only ones who knew her. Notwithstanding her superior qualities and the supernatural gifts with which God favored her, she was most docile to the will of her superiors. One of her favorite axioms was that a person might be deceived in discerning visions and revelations, but could not in obeying superiors. She called obedience the soul of religious life, the short and sure road to perfect sanctity.

To these virtues St. Theresa joined that admirable gift of prayer which has made her so famous. All her biographers say that if she remained so long imperfect in virtue and so slow in completing the victory over herself, it was because she did not apply herself to the practice of prayer. Prayer assiduously practiced and properly directed is the source of that spirit of devotion in the saints which works reformations in their affection and changes them from carnal to spiritual men.

St. Theresa spent the last years of her life working the reformation of the Carmelite Order. When her death came, sixteen convents of reformed nuns were in existence and fourteen monasteries of friars, who all looked up to her as their mother in Christ. She breathed her last on the fourth of October, 1582, having lived sixty-seven years, of which forty-seven were passed in the religious state. She was canonized in 1621 by Gregory XV.—From *The Canadian Messenger*.

Fra Celestine.

(From an incident related in *THE CARMELITE REVIEW*, October, 1895.)



LN the stillness of the night-time
When our church was hushed and lone,
Knelt Fra Celestine enraptured,
Near the Sacred Altar throne.

Softly, like a silvery star-gleam,
Shone the fair lamp's wavering light,
With its gentle ray illuming
Garb of brown and mantle white.

Happily the prayerful watching
Glided—ah! too swift away.
Chimed the midnight—but the Frater
Knelt unmoving still, to pray.

O'er those holy heart-communings
Mystic veils were closely drawn,
Till the bell for morning office
Echoed through the early dawn.

Careful was the meek religious
Secrets of his King to keep,
Bearing silently a penance
For his long *apparent sleep*.

But a glimpse of golden glory,
And a wondrous inward grace,
Seemed to shine forth in the brightness
Of his peaceful joyous face.

And when shades of earth o'ercast us,
When our hearts were sad or lone,
Oft-times would his accents cheer us
With the sweetness of their tone.

“O my brothers of Mount Carmel!
Raise your thoughts to Heaven above.
Great the bliss reserved by Jesus
For the service of your love.”

"Did you know the glorious beauty
Of that everlasting prize
Offered to our Lady's servants
There beyond the azure skies.

"Oh! how sweet these passing sorrows,
Light the burdens of each day,
When, before our mental vision,
Shines that fair land far away."

Were its pearly gates uplifted
To that glad ecstatic gaze,
Ere a holy peaceful transit
Closed our brother's saintly days?

Ah! we know not—all was hidden
In his deep humility,
But the secret of that rapture
In God's light we hope to see.

Daughters of St. Theresa.

"O Beauty of God, too little known! O Beauty of God, surpassing everything earth has of fair and sweet! ravish our hearts to thee! *This* is why the Carmelites are in Boston. Not only to pray for us, as night and day they do pray; not only to comfort and counsel and hearten us by their holy words, when we seek them in hours of need; not only to keep up among us that magnificent tradition of a religious Order that dates back to Elias and Mt. Carmel in the Holy Land, and was old when the Cæsars first held sway. They are here to teach us the lesson taught by Mary the Immaculate at her Presentation in the Temple, that there is a divine Lover of souls who calls us to him, and that it is possible to be content with him alone. They are here to repeat to us by their very presence the words which St. Theresa kept constantly in her Breviary:

Let nothing disturb thee.
Let nothing afflict thee.
All things pass away.
God alone remaineth.
Patience possesseth all things.
Who hath God loses nothing,
For God is his all."

—The Sacred Heart Review.

TRIBUTE TO ST. THERESA.

"Whoever has read the wonderful story of St. Theresa's life as written by herself cannot but be struck by her extraordinary common sense. It pervaded her whole being; it was the warp and woof of her intellectual nature and was the ferment in which her motives and actions found their vitality. She had thoroughly sounded the keynote of human nature and had run her finger over its gamut from the lowest to the highest note. And she knew how to deal with it in all its varying moods and phases. She could look into the heart chambers of her contemporaries and see there what springs were in motion, what secret recesses were being stirred, and, without revealing to them her deep intuitions, could so determine their conduct that her heaven-inspired purposes would be fulfilled. For all that she had a profound distrust in her own judgment and constantly sought to direct it by heavenly guidance through prayer. She took counsel with her Maker in all her plans, and while her words were marked by cool deliberation and by the sharpest acumen of worldly thought, her imagination was even then kindled to white heat, and her soul poured itself forth in raptures at the foot of the altar. Therein she proved herself a true child of the mediæval Church, one in whom a fervent faith was first and foremost, and gave tone and color to every fibre of her moral and intellectual being.

She reasoned with nuncios, heads of religious houses and papal commissioners, in fearless and convincing tones, and won over to her views the most obdurate listeners by her plain and matter-of-fact statements, and

while her whole exterior gave evidence of a cool head and an unimpassioned heart, her soul was often either a prey to torturing misgivings, or was wrapped in ecstasies of heavenly delight. Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother repaid the saint's heroic fidelity to duty by numerous consoling apparitions, and assured her that her noble and unselfish work was welcome in their sight."—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

I Have No Time.

Out of ten persons who do not fulfil their religious duties, there are at least six or seven who will say to you when you speak to them about it, "I should be glad enough to do so, but I have no time, every one must gain his living. Religion is good for people with nothing else to do, who can live without working."

Nothing is more false than such reasoning as this, nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of Christianity; religion is made for all, even as God is the Father of all.

This is a very common error amongst the working classes, especially in large towns; and we must say it entirely results from ignorance. They have an absurd idea of religion—they believe that it solely consists of a very great number of outward observances; and the daily work which is absolutely necessary to workmen in order to gain a living, being evidently incompatible with such practice, they solve the difficulty by habitual words, which they lay down as an axiom, but which are in truth an unconscious blasphemy: "*I have no time.*" But tell me, my friend, *how much time* do you need to love God? *How much time* do you need to think of Him sometimes during the course of the day; to ask Him to bless you, to crown your efforts with success, and give you the rest of heaven after the sorrows and weariness of earth?

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

OCTOBER, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

We never grow too old to welcome the month of Mary with almost childish delight; and we have learned to feel the same about the Month of the Holy Rosary. St. Alphonsus is the saint above all others who teaches perfect confidence in our Blessed Lady. He says, "Sinners, brethren, if we find ourselves debtors to the divine justice, and condemned to hell by our sins, let us not despair; let us have recourse to this divine mother; let us put ourselves under her protection and she will save us."

Surely there is a world of comfort in his words; and we may well believe him, since he is a doctor of the Church. Now that the glorious month of October has come, with its delightful days full of sweet cool air and golden sunshine, it is a perfect joy to wend one's way to the church each evening, not worn out with a long, hot, weary day, but fresh and fervent and willing to find sweet rest before the altar of the Queen of the Holy Rosary.

Dear children, how many of you know, that in his gospel St. Mark tells us that our dear Lord said to His Apostles, "Come apart and rest a little!"

Can you not picture to yourselves that very beautiful scene, when the tired friends of our Lord gladly availed themselves of His sweet and gracious invitation? Imagine *your*

joy if He should say the same to you. How quickly and willingly you would leave everyone to go with him and not find the time long spent with Him.

Well, now here is the month of October and every evening our Blessed Lady will bring you an invitation, the very same that her Divine Son gave to His Apostles: "Come apart to My Mother's altar and rest a little."

Yes, go dear children, one and all go to the Rosary devotions every evening in October and pile up treasures for yourselves. After crowning our Blessed Lady with the roses she loved best, the Aves of your Beads, she will show you Jesus in His own holy Sacrament, and you will receive His Benediction which is always in itself a foretaste of heaven.

Fr. Faber used to say at Benediction, "And all good things with her," meaning, "Give us Thy Mother and all else will come." Now, in her own sweet turn Mary says to us—"and all good things with Him," in the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. In one of his instructions on the Rosary, Monseigneur Dupanloup, of Orleans, France, told a beautiful story of the death of a young girl whom he had formerly prepared for her First Communion. She was twenty years of age, and just a year before the holy prelate had blessed her happy marriage. She was rich, brilliant and her crowning happiness had come—she was a mother.

"I found her," says Mgr. Dupanloup, "with a smile upon her lips.

Death was close at hand, she knew it, she felt it. Nay, her face seemed to light up with joy at its approach. 'Do you not believe,' she said, with inexpressible sweetness, 'that I am going to heaven?' 'My child,' I replied, 'I have great hope of it.' 'And I,' she said, 'am sure of it.' When I made my First Communion, you recommended me to say the Hail Mary every day and to say it well. I have said it every day, and since I was about four years old, I never passed a single day without saying my Rosary, and that is why I am sure I am going to heaven. 'I can not believe' she added gravely, 'and it is a thought that has cheered me since I have been ill, I cannot believe that after saying, since I was four years old, fifty times a day to the Blessed Virgin—'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me a sinner, now and at the hour of my death,' that now when my death has come she could stay away from me. She is here, I know she is. She is praying for me, and she will conduct me to heaven.'" "Her death," continues Mgr. Dupanloup, "was truly heavenly," and so, dear children, I leave you to read over this true story of how beautiful are the death beds of those who love our Blessed Lady and are faithful to her holy Rosary.

Say one Hail Mary of it once this month for

Your devoted friend,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLERS.

1. In the archives.
2. He can raise them.
3. The king who did murder most foul.
4. In Richard III.—"who will guard my safety while I sleep?"
5. In the dictionary.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS

1. Caroline Herschal.
2. Catharine Howard.
3. Elizabeth Linnaeus.
4. Queen Victoria.
5. Zenobia.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What color should the wind be painted?
2. Why is it easy to break into an old man's house?
3. What relation is bread to the locomotive?
4. What is better than God and worse than the devil? the dead eat it, and if the living ate it they would die.
5. What group of islands proclaims that a goddess is out for a canter.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What is the origin of foolscap paper?
2. How came four I's on the dial of the clock?
3. Who made paper cannon for the German army?
4. What flower was named by the Greeks after one of their gods?
5. Name two distinctly American blossoms.

MAXIMS FOR OCTOBER.

- I.
Ah, me! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified;
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
Is ever at my side.—Faber.
2. Let thought go before speech, not
speech before thought.—Ullathorne.
3. "Theresa and one son, are not
much, but Theresa and one son and
God is everything."—St. Theresa.
4. No soul can be happy in trying to
escape from God.—De Ravignan.
5. It is a blessing to have our Pur-
gatory in this world.—Fenelon.

Editorial Notes.

Priest and People.

A correspondent, writing from Mexico, says "That the greatest respect is always shown to the priest, or *padrecito*, as they call him. Not only do they take off their hat and salute the priest, but, if permitted, they will kiss his hand. This practice is not only used by the Indians but also by those placed in command over them." What a lesson for us. "The man who stands between the people and God, who exercises the sublimest of ministries, must receive from every Christian respect and reverence," says the *Catholic Record*. "He may not be an orator, but the words of a simple holy priest will, because God is with him, produce fruit in human souls. The labors of a priest who is living with his Master will fructify a thousandfold. The words of a priest who has not forgotten his place in the school of the Crucified are burdened with benediction. We should help him, indeed, but we should never permit our lips to frame the words of censure. Parents should bridle the tongues of their too precocious offspring."

The Natural Arbitration.

Nations can be united but under one head. Who is that head? The Pope, naturally. Everywhere his spiritual authority is recognized. He is of no nation; he is the father of Christendom. He is, to quote the *Church Progress*, the foremost representative of the moral and religious forces of the world. He is, therefore, the natural arbitrator of mankind, and his Curia is the only body exercising absolutely world-wide legislative and judiciary functions. All sorts of questions, in-

volving every phase of human interest, are constantly being referred to it from all parts of the planet, and one of its courts, the Rota, was for centuries in actual exercise of the functions of the Supreme Court of Christendom." Let all nations settle their disputes at the court of the vice-gerent of the Prince of Peace, and wars and international disputes will be but matters of history.

Pray for Peace!

The glorious victory at Lepanto owes much to the devout recital of the holy Rosary. In our days, too, we can confidently hope for much from our dear Queen of the Rosary. On the one hand well disposed Christians are craving and praying for universal peace, and on the other threatening war clouds overshadow this earth of ours. If ever we needed heaven's help we need it now, therefore it behooves us to join in united prayer to our blessed Lady of Peace. But we have not so much to fear from them who destroy the body as those who would destroy our souls by robbing us of our precious faith. After imploring the aid of our divine mother we are eager to join in the October prayer to St. Joseph. Let us remember how strongly our own St. Theresa urged us to put our hope in the good Saint Joseph who never fails to help those who cry to him.

A Labor of Love.

The interesting and highly important sketch of "Jerome Savonarola" by the amiable and learned Dominican, Father J. L. O'Neil, is surely a labor of love. This new biography is a worthy tribute to his great Dominican brother. Great men are misunderstood, and Savonarola was no excep-

tion. Much has been written of late to bring out the great Dominican in his true colors. The best is kept for the last, and is now given to us by Father O'Neil. His sketch gives us a correct idea of the life and labors of the martyr-friar. Savonarola may have failed in obedience to Rome through a misunderstanding, but, nevertheless he lived a faithful Catholic and died as such. He was unsparing in his condemnation of the evils of his days, but no one can show proof of any disrespect to the authority of the Vicar of Christ. Even Catholics are apt to get false notions of Savonarola and his times from the writings of those not of the household of the faith. Let them set their minds right now, and listen to Father O'Neil who will tell them the truth and nothing but the truth about so pure and illustrious a man as Savonarola.

October Devotions.

Our Holy Father Leo XIII. enjoins that in all parish churches and chapels dedicated under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, the following prayers be recited from the first of October to the second of November: At least five decades of the Rosary, with the Litany of Loretto, either every morning during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass or in the evening during exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; such exposition to be followed by the customary Benediction. The Holy Father has granted an Indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days to all who attend any one of these religious exercises; and also a Plenary Indulgence, with the usual conditions of confession and Holy Communion, to all who shall attend at least ten of these exercises in the Church, or who shall say the prescribed prayers in private when they cannot attend the public devotions. His

Holiness also grants the like Plenary Indulgence to all who, on the festival of the Holy Rosary or on any of the subsequent eight days, shall receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist and pray to God and the Blessed Virgin, in any church, for his intentions.

Danger to Faith.

St. Theresa tells us that "all things pass away." It is a time-worn aphorism. The same can be said of the words of our Lord, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" What gain is there in an education which alone fits us for this world. Liberal Catholics say the clergy go too far in condemning secular schools. They point out schools where immorality and bigotry are unknown—schools where Catholic boys and girls are ever welcome and treated as becomes ladies and gentlemen. All very true. There may be no danger as to faith or morals, but where shall the child imbibe the true Catholic spirit? What shall give him strength to preserve the faith handed down to them by religious ancestors? There is always danger outside of a Catholic atmosphere. There are negative dangers, if not positive ones. Listen to a learned Jesuit—Father Rickaby addressing a class of young Oxford students. "Danger," he says, "consists not in anything you hear from lecturers and tutors, not in attacks made by your equals upon your religion, but in that urbanity and courtesy, and gaiety, and good humor and truth, and friendship, and vigor of mind and body, in that host of natural virtues which you admire in the society around you, all independent, it appears, of the grace of Christ and the faith and sacraments of His Church. Then the question

arises in the heart: What is the need of faith and sacraments and the restraints of Catholic belief and practice when such fair gifts are to be had without them? Who wants more than what we can find here, where the Church is not? . . . The natural goodness that you see flourishing without the Catholic faith is a snare and a temptation. Some power behind it seems to cry: "All these things I will give thee if thou wilt resign thy part in Christ and thine inheritance in the Son of Mary!"

Satan on the Stage.

No Christian, nor any decent person can without a blush be a witness of most of the theatrical entertainments now being put on the stage. Vulgarity and immorality stalk abroad and it is frequently noticed in the so-called "cake walks" and the like. Such shows are filled with immoral suggestions. No Catholic can conscientiously be present at such entertainments. Without sin he cannot be a voluntary witness, and the one who becomes a habitual spectator of such low scenes cannot escape being degraded himself. Now, at the opening of the theatre-season, it is good to sound a warning. Catholics who patronize these shows endanger their souls—give grievous scandal and are condemned by decent people. In such matters Catholics will be called to a severer account hereafter, because they sin against light. An esteemed exchange, the *Church Progress* of St. Louis, suggests an excellent remedy—appropriate too for this month—it says: "Meditate on the Seventh Mystery of the Holy Rosary—the Scourging at the Pillar—, and remember that every scandalous spectacle that you witness, every bad book that you read, every improper conversation in which you

take part, is another blow given to the Sacred Body of your Divine Saviour.

Sisters and Seculars.

In these days of small talk when many people have their opinions made to order in the newspaper sanctum, we hear plenty of superficial expressions on education. We are told that the members of the religious teaching orders are not up to date, not progressive and the like. The nun does not mingle with the crowd and hence knows nothing of the world. The teacher in the cloister has to learn nothing from the teacher in the world. In truth, taken as a class, "the teaching nuns," to quote a bright exchange, "have forgotten more about education than the secular teachers ever knew; even as instructors they are superior. If the great American writing and cified public only knew what things were done in the name of education by the young men and women in the country districts schools, they would stop talking about "the bulwark of our Republic." America has not been discovered yet. But even taking the city secular teachers at their best as a class—we are not speaking of the dazzling exceptions—the fact still remains that they have not and cannot have that wondrous hold upon the heart of the child, which would seem to be a part of the teaching sister's vocation. Now it is a commonplace (not overworn, you may be sure in a century and country of fads and follies) that so-called education which fails to reach the heart is a failure." People honest enough to express their opinion are crying out against the crimes committed in the name of education. In plain Anglo-Saxon a well-known Canadian school inspector lately vigorously protested against teaching methods in vogue outside the cloister.

Ecce Vere Carmelita!

An event of great interest was the celebration last month of the *diamond* jubilee of a venerable Carmelite, the Reverend Father Cyril Knoll, who reached sixty years of life as a priest on August 26, last. The jubilarian celebrated the great event at Scipio, Kansas, and it was remarked that on that auspicious day he sang Mass in a strong, clear voice, notwithstanding his having reached ninety years. His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. sent the aged monk the Papal Blessing for the occasion. The jubilarian is not only a pioneer priest but indeed the *Father of the American Carmel*. Through his labors and zeal were founded in the United States our monasteries at Leavenworth, Kansas, Cumberland, Maryland, Pittsburg, Pa., and New Baltimore, Pa. His prayers and assistance also helped to build up our Canadian convent at Niagara. God grant our venerable confrere another decade, so he may round out a century and in the meantime encourage his brethren by his exemplary life and ripe experience. Finally, may our Blessed Lady conduct her true disciple to the summit of the true Carmel to celebrate an eternal jubilee.

Truth is Mighty.

St. Anthony's Messenger records the names of six Franciscans, all priests, who died victims of duty in the Philippines during the late insurrection. The *New York Evening Post* tells us that "when the great government of the United States was sending its soldiers into the field without adequate provision for them in case of sickness, Padre Antonio Millon gave his time, his care, and his thought to nursing, feeding, and caring for the sick soldiers

of the United States army." And now comes the publishing house of *Scribner's* publicly apologizing for a "mistake" of one of the contributors to the magazine. And thus by degrees the truth is told, and some justice done to the real friends of humanity, the long-suffering and much-abused friars.

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There is much truth in the saying of an exchange that the "average American Protestant in these days is a well-meaning person, who is rather friendly to the Church and has a suspicion that Catholicity is the true religion, and who is still very ignorant of it, and, owing to his Protestant training, has too little logic and too little sense of personal responsibility to investigate the question until it is brought home to him in some very forcible way. Even those most prejudiced against the Church, with the exception of a few malignant fanatics, who are often rotten at the core, are simply the innocent heirs to the false traditions of Protestantism, and need only to have their ignorance removed."

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It is said that when the Carmelite Cardinal Gotti was quite young an aged monk marked him out as a future Pope, and that the old prophecy which tells the mottoes of each Pope would once more be verified were Cardinal Gotti elected. The successor to Leo XIII. on that fateful scroll bears the motto, "Ignis ardens," and the Carmelite son of a Roman shepherd has a burning torch in his coat of arms.

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The *Illustrated London News* lately gave a picture of a quasi-Masonic apron worn by some of the Philippine insur-

gents on the battlefield. The apron depicted, which was found on the dead body of one of the insurgents after an engagement, represents a gory human head and dagger, indicating pretty clearly that the brotherhood to whom it belonged aspired to deeds of blood. What a contrast to the monastic brethren in those ill-fated islands who love their enemies, do good to them that hate them, bless them that curse them, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate them, as becomes true followers of the crucified one.

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During this month, dear to our holy Mother, all the Carmelite fathers and sisters throughout the land will fervently pray for all the intentions of our friends and benefactors. Members of the Scapular confraternity should always remember that they participate in the spiritual fruits of our Order, resulting from the recitation of the divine office, fasts, prayers, mortifications and other good works, not to speak of the many Masses.

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James R. Randall, the Southern poet, truly diagnosed the situation in France when he lately wrote saying, that nation "is beginning to understand that no true permanent glory or prosperity can come to an immoral nation, that is, a nation governed by infidels, anti-Christian financiers, secret society emissaries and social disorganizers. Italy is groaning under the same conditions and is rotten to the core officially. France must travel the same road or retrace her steps. The latest revelations of the Dreyfus affair would seem to indicate—whether the Jewish officer be innocent or guilty—that the civic and military establishments of France are as unsound as that large body of the people, who,

trusting more to the Code Napoleon than the Lord of All, make war on the family and invite malediction." Germany, too, according to the same writer, is "travelling a thorny road. She multiplies her race, but the fabric reared by Bismarck may totter in social revolution, unless the Catholics of the empire save what may be good in it nationally."

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November is fast approaching and we beg our readers to give us timely notice of the names of dear departed ones whom they wish remembered at the altar of our Lady's shrine at Niagara.

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One of your good works during October would be to honor our dear Queen of Carmel by sending us a renewal of your subscription to this little magazine. It will be an act of kindness much appreciated by us.

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Not long ago His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, officiated at the solemn blessing of the O. & N. Y. Railway. Would that more of these edifying Catholic customs were revived! It would bring us back to the grand old days of faith when men confided more in the divine blessing than in automatic couplers.

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An event of great interest to the devotees of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel will occur this month on the Sunday within the Octave of St. Theresa, namely the dedication of the new church erected by the Carmelite Fathers at Tarrytown, N. Y., under the auspices of His Grace Archbishop Corrigan who will officiate on the auspicious occasion.

PUBLICATIONS.

A splendid story entitled, "The Last Crusade," is running through the "Irish Rosary." If this excellent magazine becomes better known it will create a large circle of cis-Atlantic readers.

An interesting sketch of Catholicity in Pittsburg by Dr. Laumbing, and other good things, make up the table of contents in the September number of the "Records of the American Catholic Historical Society" of Philadelphia.

"The Flight" sold for only fifty cents a year is published by the zealous "Mission Helpers 412 W. Biddle St. Baltimore, Md." These good sisters are doing heroic work, and as far as temporals are concerned have nothing to look forward to for support. May the Divine Heart send them many helping friends!

Beautifully bound in green and gold and faultlessly printed, there comes to us from the press of Messrs. H. L. Kilner, of Philadelphia, a delightful collection of poems by a sweet songstress in the city of Brotherly Love. The author, Emily R. Logue, will take her place in the front rank of American poets. After reading her last collection, entitled, "At the foot of the Mountain," one can hear, to quote the author, the "Sweet music of a far-off day vibrating in the chords of memory."

"The young woman in the world plods her way along life's thorny path, unseen and unknown, except by those who reap the benefit of her ministrations. Oh! they are the hidden saints, and they know it not," says the good Passionist Father, the Rev. Xavier Sutton who has truly gathered some "Crumbs of Comfort" in a neat and cheap little volume just issued by H. L. Kilner & Co., of Philadelphia. This little work breathes the delicious odor of the cloister and it reveals a long experience in the care of souls, above all a heart moved with compassion towards those self-sacrificing and generous souls who forego the pleasures of life to be a help and solace to others.

Wm. Bellinghausen of Freiburg, (Baden) Germany sends a request to all Catholic authors, editors, writers and translators for all the names and addresses deserving of a place in the forthcoming "Catholic Authors' Directory of the English Speaking world."

"Ah me! without trying—by merely being gentle and human and tender to souls astray, what good priests can do!" An autographic quotation from Father Ryan in the September *Rosary Magazine* wherein some more unpublished Thoughts tell us "just *how* gentle, and human, and tender, and loyal the sweet singing Poet-Priest was."

"Via Crucis," by Mary Winefride Beaufort is a devotional poem, descriptive of the Stations of the Cross. Three verses are devoted to each Station; and these verses describe in simple but forcible language, the leading features of the Station. The illustrations are beautiful, halftone reproductions of the Stations of the cross by Overbeck. Each picture occupies a full page, and on the opposite page are the verses descriptive of the Station. The booklet is beautifully printed on a very fine quality of paper. A most tastefully designed border surrounds each page. The reproductions of Overbeck's beautiful pictures are alone worth the price asked for the booklet, and the verses, while simple are of a high order of merit.

A complete Church Manual has been issued by the press of the "House of the Guardian Angel, 85 Vernon street, Boston, Mass." The book is all that it claims to be. The proceeds help the orphans. The work is edited by Rev. A. Police, S. M. Musical accompaniment can be had for one dollar. The full title of the book is, "The Parochial Hymn Book, Complete edition, containing devotional exercises for all the faithful, and for different confraternities.—The Ordinary of the Mass—complete Vespers and compline—The Liturgical Hymns for the Year—also more than three hundred beautiful hymns—A Mass for Children—The Little office of the Immaculate Conception. The Litany of the B. V. M.—Antiphons and Mottets, etc., for the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament."

Send one dollar to Marlier, Callanan & Co., 172 Fremont street, Boston, for the elegantly gotten up work on "Jerome Savorola," by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.

A western manufacturer of Church goods sends us for inspection a sample of the brown Scapular sold by his firm. The sample is cheap and of the proper material. But something more durable is a desideratum.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Names received at Carmelite Priory, New Baltimore, Pa., from: New Koeln, Wis.; Pittston, Pa.; Koeltztown, Mo.; South Bend, Wash.; Wilkes Barre, Pa., Dane, Wis.

Names received from Church of the Visitation, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Ann's Church, Newark, N. J.; St. Cecilia's Church, Englewood, N. J.; St. Mary's Church, Manayuck, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Chatham, N. Y.; St. Augustine's Church, Lebanon, Ky.; St. Mary's Church, Newark, N. J.; St. Mary's Church, Rondont, N. Y.; St. Joseph's Church, Petersburg, Va., ————— Newark, N. J.; St. Francis Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.; Immaculate Conception Church, Baltimore, Md.; Immaculate Conception Church, Everett, Mass.; St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J.; Sacred Heart Church, East Orange, N. J.; House of Good Shepherd, Roxbury, Mass.; St. Joseph's Convent, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Jersey City, N. J.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. Patrick's Church, Raleigh, Ont.; St. Benedict's Church, Decorch, Pa.; Church of Sacred Heart, Walkerton, Ont.; Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Louisville, Ky.; Church of St. Francis de Sales, Smith's Falls, Ont.; Church of Immaculate Conception, Bridgeport, N. S.

Names for registration received at Carmelite Convent, Pittsburg, Pa., from Cappuchin Convent, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Joseph's Church, Appelton, Wis.; St. Francis' Church, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Freeport, Ill.; St. Mary's Church, Akron, Ohio.; St. Leo's Church, Ashley, Pa.; St. Brendan's Church, Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis Church, Makamis, Ill.; St. Mauru's Church, Biehle Perry Co., Mo.; St. George's Church S. S., 31 Ward, Pittsburg, Pa.; Church of the Holy Family, Dodon, Md.; Ridgely, Md., Frederick, Mo., Barton, Wis.; Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, V, 16.

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

Special intentions, 2. That a student may pass successfully to a higher grade. That a young lady may overcome stoppage in speech. That two children may overcome certain weaknesses. Special graces, 2. For final perseverance. That a young man may have the grace to overcome temptation to drink. That two families may obtain the grace of conversion. That a reader may obtain a better position in a Catholic family; also money that is due. That a reader may be cured of a sore leg. Spiritual and temporal blessings for one, and the grace of a happy death for two. That a brother may get a good situation at once. That a lady may obtain a good and suitable house. That a very important business matter concerning two children may be settled in their favor at once. Religious vocation, 1. Prayers for a young lady about to enter the convent. That a debt may be paid. Recovery from an illness. For grace of a happy death. Health for two. That a nurse may obtain a good and permanent position. For the success of several nurses. That two members of the medical profession abstain from liquor and build up a practice. That a lady may be guided for the best in a very important step. That God may watch over two

children and keep them from all harm. That two women who have deserted their husbands may make atonement. That the executors of an estate may make good the money lost. That brothers may pay their sisters money owing to them. That a father may return to his family, abstain from liquor, and obtain a position. That a lady's tooth may cease troubling her. Health for many. That several ladies may obtain good domestics. That a lady may be guided for the best. Success in business for many. For the spiritual and temporal welfare of several families. That a brother may abstain from drugs, get a position, and pay all he owes. That a young wife may obtain a large sum of money owing to her, and that her husband may reform and support her. To obtain news of an absent brother. That a brother may cease persecuting his sisters. Prayers for several deceased persons. Several spiritual and temporal intentions. That a subscriber may regain health. That a family may be enabled to pay their just debts.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix, 21.

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

MR. DEVLIN, Feb. 13, Woburn, Mass.

MRS. DENNEHY, of New York City.

MRS. McAULIFFE, July 14, Woodslee, Ont.

MISS MARY HAYS, Aug. 18, Pittsburg, Pa.

MRS. ELLEN FITZGERALD, Aug. 9, Sunderland, Ont.

MISS MARY CULLEN, who died lately at her home in Ottawa. She was one of our old subscribers.

SYLVESTER TOPPER, a devout client of our Blessed Mother and wearer of her livery, who departed this life at his residence in Camden, N. J., on Aug 1.

MR. JOHN P. KEENAN, Sept. 1, Cortland, N. Y.

Mrs. M. D. MARKOE, Aug. 15, St. Paul, Minn.

We beg the prayers of our pious readers for the eternal repose of the soul of the late Major Creery, Surgeon, U. S. A., who died on board the transport Catania, returning from Cuba Aug. 23, and was buried at sea. He was a model Catholic, devoted to his country, a martyr to duty and a loving son who leaves behind him a good and pious mother, who deserves the prayerful sympathy of every reader of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received favors from Mrs. E. M. R., New Baltimore, Pa.; Mrs. F. S., Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; W. D.; Miss E., Washington, D. C.; J. J. O'R., Philadelphia, Pa.; F. W., Paterson, N. J.

Thanksgiving.

CARMELITE FATHERS, Niagara Falls :

You offered prayers on my behalf last spring that I might obtain a certain position. Those prayers have since been answered.

K. McC.

Caledonia, N. Y., Sept. 12, 1898.

Bear calumnies and insults patiently ; oppose to them meekness, silence, and forgiveness, and the victory is yours.

There are few more efficacious ways of atoning for our sins than by bearing unjust censure meekly. Let us avail ourselves of it.

Falls View.

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