

OUR QUEST.

FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

They tell us of flowers that are found in the valley,  
That nestle so lowly in spots all unknown ;  
But we to the heights of snow-tipped Mount Carmel,  
Will climb for the sweet Flos Carmeli alone.

As radiant as rose-clouds from out the west shining,  
We find her in garden securely enclosed ;  
In beauty so regal, in splendor so queenly,  
On the mount where the prophet Elias reposed.

We greet her with hearts all aglow with their ardor,  
We hail her as queen of this glad natal day,  
Which comes to us bearing a new gift for Mary,  
In leaflets of praise and of love's happy lay.

O, Lady of Carmel ! what boon wilt thou give us—  
Thy children, who come with love that is old,  
To tell in new accents the ever sweet story,  
Which hearts with delight have long since oft told.

To speak of thy tenderness, tell of thy power,  
To sing of thy liv'ry, rich with its glory ;  
To plead and to promise, be grateful and suppliant,  
Be this the sweet burden of song and of story.

Oh ! yes, thou dear, "whisper of gentle air," breathing  
On Carmel's slopes, leading from earth and from sense,  
Speak unto our hearts of sweet hope and its promise,  
Of God and of Heaven—the soul's recompense.

Oh ! lure us, our Mother, from creature love daily ;  
Oh ! lead us with saints of the gay Carmel band  
To the mountain of holiness, hill-top of Zion,  
Eternity's rest—to the true Carmel land.

*New York.*

—DOLORES.

## The Legend of the Scapular.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

THESE were troublesome times in "merrie England." The Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ upon earth, had vainly remonstrated with the infamous monarch John, who at that time wielded the scepter upon the English throne.

Innocent III, in consequence of the scandalous conduct of the king, had deemed it proper to set aside the custom which had, up to that time prevailed, of consulting the ruling sovereign upon the appointment of a bishop to any of the vacant Sees. The Bishopric of Canterbury being vacant he placed therein one eminently fitted for the exalted position, but in so doing he incurred the wrath of the rebellious prince. John, venting his rage upon all who supported the Pontiff, or loyally tendered their ready submission to the holy prelate, sent his minions to despoil an adjacent abbey, and banish the monks from their much loved home.

Nothing remained but to place the kingdom under an Interdict, a punishment which was never resorted to save when gentler measures had been tried in vain, and mild persuasion been laughed to scorn. The nature of an interdict is, generally speaking, well known, still it may not be a-miss to devote a few moments time to say that it is a something calculated to strike terror to the strongest heart, and fill with anguish the devoted clients of our holy church. During its continuance none of the exterior rites of religion can be observed. The spacious cathedral and the simple village church must alike divest their altars of the adornments with which piety or wealth had decorated them. The symbol of man's salvation must be entirely concealed. The dear pictured faces of the saints, so loved and venerated, are lost to view. Their mild, compassionate glances and sweet smiles so consoling to the sorrowful heart are hidden

away, for crucifixes and pictures, saints' relics and statues alike are covered with thick black veils. The belfries seem to mourn for the loss of the sweet toned bells whose chimes are silent now, and none can go forth joyfully to attend the holy mass. No, for the divine sacrifice could not be celebrated until the portals of God's holy temple were closed and barred. Baptism and communion were permitted only to the dying, youths and maidens going to unite their hearts and hands in wedded love were met with pitying glances as they stood in the church yard to speak their vows away from the altar they loved so well, and mourning relatives were forced to bury their dead in soil unhallowed by our mother Church.

Yes! faithful hearts were sad in England. But our Lord who never forgets His own devoted children, sent into the world about this time one who was destined to command an army by far outnumbering the mighty array of the infamous John—an army which would welcome beneath its standard the great and lowly, the monarch upon his throne, and the beggar at the gate,—decrepit age, scarce able to bear the burden of years, and innocent youth, carling for pure joy that it had never known a grief.

The mightiest intellect was glad to assume the insignia, and the poor ignorant children of the church were consoled when admitted to the band.

ST. SIMON OF THE STOCK was the one called by our Lady of Mount Carmel to work such marvels, not in "Merrie England" alone, but, as time rolled on, wherever the symbol of salvation proclaimed that the faith was there.

He was born in the County of Kent, and when but twelve brief years had passed over his head, at an age when childish sports occupy so large a space in the heart of the growing boy, he left his home and for twenty years dwelt in the hollow trunk of an ancient oak. From this circumstance he was called "St. Simon of the Stock." \* \* \* Our blessed Lady, for whom he had always

cherished an extraordinary devotion, revealed to him that he was eventually to enter an order which as yet was not established in England.

Patiently therefore in prayer and penance, beneath the spreading foliage of the oak, hidden from all in his narrow retreat, he awaited the dawning of that day. He entered the Carmelite Order, and in the year 1245, so great was the sanctity of his life that he was unanimously chosen by his brethren as their Prior General. It was in the year 1251, however, that this devout client of Mary was called to be general of the army of which I have spoken of above.

One day when in the chapel of the Convent at Whitefriars he knelt wholly absorbed in prayer and contemplation of his dear lady and queen's perfections, a wonderful favor was vouchsafed to him. The blessed Virgin appeared to him wearing an aspect of loveliness, far greater than it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive; celestial strains of music soft and low were heard, and the chapel was filled with a fragrance so sweet that it could only have come from heaven.

She presented him with the Brown SCAPULAR—that dear badge with which we are all so familiar, and assured him of her never ceasing protection.

The saint made known the favor he had received, and the new devotion was welcomed with universal acclaim. The sovereign Pontiff placed upon it the seal of his approbation, and enriched it with indulgences, an example which his successors have, up to the present day, followed with unvarying unanimity. The beneficial effects were soon made manifest, especially in England, the land of our dear saint's birth. In the year 1251 this great servant of God was called to meet his eternal reward, but not until he had seen many marvels wrought in behalf of those whom he had invested with the colors of his beloved queen.

\* \* \* \* \*

The year 1245 which was such a bright spot in the annals of the Carmelite Order dawned upon France and beheld its saintly sovereign, Louis IX, full of holy enthusiasm, preparing for that seventh crusade which, alas, ended with disaster and defeat.

In one of the loveliest spots of that sunny land, far removed from the city's busy turmoil, lived the Count Felix de la Roque, and his young wife, Blanche.

Everything tended to make their lives bright and happy, and grief with careless kindness seemed to pass them by. A beautiful home, tenants who looked up to them with admiration, respect and love; an idolized child, and above all, the priceless treasure of a living faith. These were the gifts lavished by a bountiful Providence upon this happy pair. The countess was the god-child of the illustrious Queen Blanche, and the count was devoted, heart and soul, to his king. In the education of the little Felix his loving mother always took as a model her royal god-mother, and many a time she would assure the boy that, deeply as his death would grieve her and cast a gloom o'er their now happy home, she would far rather give him to God in his guileless innocence than see him live to stain and blacken his soul with sin. \* \* \* The poor regarded Lady Blanche as an angel; her purse was ever open to relieve their wants, her aid was ever at their service in sickness, and the most repulsive malady did not deter her from hastening to their side. The rich admired her for her beauty and grace, but still more for the bright example she set them. They sometimes tried to imitate it, or resolved to walk in her footsteps "at some future time." Thus the days passed happily away, but the cloud of separation was overshadowing them, even now.

Count Felix was too loyal a subject and too good a christian not to place his services and his purse at the disposal of the king. Desolate as his departure would make their

home, his noble wife, far from seeking to change his resolution, urged him on rather, and frequently by her wise suggestions aided her beloved soldier of the cross. They conferred earnestly upon the course she was to pursue in his absence, especially with regard to their child.

And then came the bitter hour of separation. After a most loving farewell the count, noble chevalier that he was, followed by a numerous and chivalrous retinue, set out full of high hopes and ardent resolves.

History tells us how the king was accompanied by his heroic wife, his three brothers, and all the bravest knights of France. How he lost the half of his army by disease and defeat, how he was taken prisoner and languished for a time under the Saracen iron rule. Then he ransomed himself and the remnant of his troops, and spent several years in promoting the welfare of the christian colonies. The death of his mother, to whose care he had entrusted the government of his kingdom, eventually recalled him to France.

It is, however, the fortunes of Count Felix in which this little brochure is most specially interested, and you will learn of his wonderful escape, wherein the efficacy of the Scapular was so unequivocally displayed. He had borne himself all through that fateful seventh crusade with a bravery and heroism which scarce can be described. "Our Lady's Knight," his soldier comrades styled him, for he never went upon the battle field without specially recommending himself to Mary, wore a large silver medal next his heart, and had a small picture of our Blessed Mother painted upon his shield. At last he fell, pierced by the lance of a Saracen chief, and was left upon the field for dead. Here the protecting care of the Queen of Heaven was first evinced, for when, later on, the cruel foe began to heap indignities on their lifeless victims, it was found that Felix still lived. The lance had glanced aside, turned from its course by the medal which lay next his

heart. And now his misfortunes began. His captors dragged him to prison, thrust him into a dungeon, and tore from his bruised form whatever of value met their gaze. One of his most precious treasures was a rosary with golden chain and ruby beads. The rubies had always reminded the pious count of the drops of blood, which, in the Garden of Gethsemane, "ran trickling down" from our agonized Lord, and the large ruby in the centre of the crucifix, of a drop of blood from His Sacred Heart. This they took, also a miniature of his wife, exquisitely painted and set in a frame of precious stones. The Count seemed to have inspired his captors with a special hatred, for not another prisoner was treated with such unvarying cruelty. When the king sent to enquire as to his fate, and offered to ransom him regardless of the cost, he was invariably met with the assurance of his death.

And the weary months dragged on. The foul air of his prison cell affected his health, and the work which he was led forth to do was too much for his strength. In hunger and thirst, in much watching, beneath the burning rays of an Egyptian sun, this heroic soldier of the Cross toiled on. Not a murmur escaped his lips. To the jibes and jeers of his tormentors he uttered not a word; and to their assurances of freedom and a happy meeting with wife and child, if he would but mock and scoff at the christian's God, he had but one fearless answer to give.

Meanwhile, the Lady Blanche: What of her? Hoping almost against hope, she clung to the belief that Felix still lived. All her works of charity, all her prayers, tended to this one end. She was very devoted to the holy souls, and after praying for them or assisting at mass for their release, she would beg them not to forget the dear prisoner she loved so well.

At times when her courage, well nigh faltered, the saintly chaplain of the castle would bid her renew her prayers to the

"Comfortress of the afflicted," who surely would protect her husband and watch over him in that far off land.

But the world awoke to the year 1257, and the fame of the new devotion resounded throughout the church. It penetrated to France, and Lady Blanche was amongst the first to have herself enrolled in the confraternity, together with her child. She had the name of her husband inscribed therein, that he might have an additional claim on the protection of Mary. And her confidence was not misplaced. Not a day elapsed when the wanderer clasped his beloved ones to his heart.

As the legend runs, after a day upon which the ferocity of his tormentors surpassed even *itself*, Count Felix fell upon his knees, and with a fervent prayer to the Blessed Virgin and her divine Son, in whose honor he had become a soldier of the Cross, he resigned himself wholly into their sacred hands to live or to die. At that moment a venerable man in the garb of a monk appeared before him, and placing a *scapular* around his neck, opened the prison door and bade him "go in peace."

He knew nothing more until he found himself in his home—his own dear home. Thanks to the interposition of our Lady of Mount Carmel and her devout client—  
ST. SIMON OF THE STOCK.

S. X. B.

St. Mary's, Pa.

### THE QUEEN OF ART.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

ONE day while conversing with a gentleman who had spent much of his life in the centres of European culture, the talk drifted in the realm of art. "Why, the Madonna has been the inspiration of all true art. The greatest pictures have been painted in her honor," said he. This thought has dwelt with me ever since, while an appalling vision has come before me, a vision of the world swept desolate of all the churches, the pictures, statues and

carvings which have been achieved in honor of Our Lady. No human brain can compute the influence exerted over the entire race by great pictures—by even one of Raphael's Madonnas. None but an angel of light could see the ebbing to and fro of the ocean of human love, attracted by that Ideal Woman who inspired the painter. Can you fancy the blackness that the lack of sacred art would leave, or the dreary waste that would surround us, should all the devotional pictures of Our Lady be blotted out? Such a catastrophe would extend from Rome itself to the huts of the Aztec Indians. Not a country on the globe where the Gate of Heaven has been turned but would lose a ray of divine light. Thus we see how the Rose of Sharon has been wreathed about civilization, or rather how culture has followed the Ave Maria.

The recent excavations in the catacombs reveal pictures, if not portraits, of Our Lady, beautiful and ennobling—the centuries bring their varying types, but ever the same idea. In vain we try to build a history of art without a view of the old time monks illuminating their parchments, and with them the world. What chain but the Rosary binds the centuries from the days of our dear Lord upon the earth until now? The Blessed Virgin adds poetry to art, lifting it from the material into the beautiful and real. But Catholics can alone understand catholic painters; thus they have a special field of study and delight that should not be neglected. Even the English woman, Mrs. Jameson, whose books of art have been generally accepted, blunders over the "Worship of the Virgin," not knowing the difference between the Star of Heaven and Heaven itself. We may each recall some beloved picture of the Assumption, but do we know that the artist received his inspiration from that text from the canticles, which recalls "A woman clothed with the sun, having the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars?"

Have you ever thought that there is a region of art well worth the trouble of studying? Or that a picture may contain much more than that we can see? There is indeed a world of art and the queen of that domain is the ideal woman—the Virgin Mary.

JOSEPHINE LEWIS.

## SONNET TO THE NEW YEAR.

[BY REV. P. DILLON, D. D., PH. D.]

*For The Carmelite Review.*

Hail, thou new epoch! hail thou infant year!  
 Thou comest newly from the womb of time,  
 Amid the dying cycle's snow and rime,  
 Thine infant radiance shadowed by its sear.  
 Soon shall these wintry shadows disappear  
 When timidly thy shoots of vernal prime  
 Peep forth, and onward, in thy summer, climb,  
 Till autumn's radiance bursts upon the sphere,  
 And if, to us, who pass thee on our way,  
 Thine opening hours seem shadowed o'er by care,  
 May gladsome hope dispel our dark dismay  
 A hope of summer bright and autumn fair—  
 Or here, or where thyself and thy compeers  
 Shall merge in endless joy that counts no years.

## A ROMAN LILY.

*For the Carmelite Review*

**N** the twenty-first of January, one year after Diocletian issued his first edict against the Christians, fanatical hatred crushed out of existence a flower, the perfume of whose wounded petals has been wafted down to us throughout the ages. Time and nations powerless to diminish the pristine sweetness of its being, to-day, in every part of the globe, loving hearts confidently seek her aid, and the tender voices of little children joyously sing the praises of the little Roman maiden, St. Agnes—the Lily of Jesus.

Although only thirteen years of age, when she bent her head to receive the executioner's cruel stroke, Agnes had lived no uneventful life. Rich and belonging to an ancient, noble family, she had passed her days surrounded by all the pomp, splendor, and comforts of extravagant Rome.

Her parents were Christians, but did not dare proclaim their faith, and no pagan suspected it. Like all Romans of wealth, they entertained largely, and so it was an easy matter for christian friends to assemble at their house to assist at the most consoling sacrifice of the mass, there daily offered, and to fortify their souls with the Body and Blood of their Crucified Leader.

Her biographers tell us that Agnes was especially devout at these secret gatherings, and that after her first Holy Communion she begged to be allowed to receive our Lord every day.

No wonder, lingering in such an atmosphere, feeding upon such priceless food, that her heart turned from earthly pleasures and companions. The radiance of a pure soul shone from her eyes and perfected a singularly beautiful face. Jesus was constantly in her thoughts, and this entire forgetfulness of self combined with her personal charms to produce an ideally graceful girl. Her beauty was the theme of every tongue, and no entertainment seemed complete without her.

Agnes was her parents' only child, and as in those days a girl assumed social duties at an earlier age than is usual with us, she was frequently seen at banquets and other assemblies. A characteristic simplicity of dress made her a striking contrast to the richly adorned Romans, and many wondered why her robes were always of the purest white. But christian friends knew that this style of dress was chosen as the most appropriate for the child-spouse of Jesus; and with many a prayerful sigh and anxious fluttering of the heart did they witness the surprise and chagrin expressed on every side as Agnes persistently refused all offers of marriage. Her rejected suitors determined to discover her reasons for pursuing a course at that time so unusual. They studied her face and conversation, watched her actions, followed her stealthily wherever she went, and finally discovered the truth—Agnes was a Christian. She was confronted with the charge and entreated to abandon the practice of her religion. They urged her to marry and become a leader in the gay Roman society she was so well fitted to grace. The child firmly refused, was reported to the governor, rudely torn from her happy home, and thrust into a filthy prison filled with hardened criminals.

The governor anticipated no difficulty in making the child offer incense to the gods, and being irritated at the fruitlessness of his persuasions, delivered her into the hands of rude soldiers and an infuriated rabble—loathsome temptations, cruel blows, bitter words, and the most subtle flattery were all powerless to alter her purpose.

The little Agnes unceasingly called upon Jesus to protect her body and soul from their relentless fury, and her cries met a loving response. Exasperated at her courage, the soldiers redoubled their torments and then threw her again into prison.

Another night in dismal confinement, and again, calmly beautiful, Agnes appeared before the judge. A murmur of disapproval could be heard in the crowded room as she entered, attended by a strong guard. Pagan mothers shuddered as they looked upon their dear ones companioned in such a place, and upon such a charge. Christian men and women silently wept and prayed God to grant the dear child continued courage and confidence in His love. The tribunal was determined to break the strong will that upheld her, but Agnes resisted everything, and died for Jesus. As St. Jerome expresses it—she overcame the cruelty of the tyrant and the tenderness of her age, and crowned the glory of chastity with that of martyrdom. When the baptismal waters were being poured upon her head, was it a prophetic vision of her sad but glorious death that suggested to her parents the name of Agnes, whose Greek significance is *chaste*, and its Latin meaning *lamb*?

What a flood of serious thoughts fill the mind as the memory fondly dwells upon the great faith and heroic virtues of this child-martyr. Her great courage reminds one of those words of Cardinal Gibbons: "The Lord would have a woman gentle and good; but He loves a woman to be *valiant* as well. To those qualities add purity and

truthfulness, and we have a woman whose very presence is a continual blessing."

To see those qualities so fully developed in a child of thirteen, shows of what a soul is capable who puts her trust in God. And in St. Agnes, Catholics, especially Catholic girls, have an example which is perfectly possible to imitate. Her temptations and many of her trials were the same as their temptations and trials. She overcame them—do they intend to? In attending any religious exercise outside of her own home, St. Agnes ran great risks. Living in a pagan city, and in a time of savage persecution, she nevertheless kept her soul pure, and firmly guarded her faith. Surely we, who live in peaceful countries, enjoying freedom of worship, can do as much. For two days and nights shocking torments and cruel death stared her in the face, but she looked on them unflinchingly. No one heard her call piteously for a priest to absolve her from her sins. She was always prepared for death, and when God called her, St. Agnes went to Him with confidence and love.

After her execution, friends of St. Agnes reverently buried her sacred remains near the Nomentan Road, a short distance from Rome. During the time of Constantine the Great, a church was built over the spot, and in it her relics repose in a rich silver shrine, the gift of Pope Paul V.

This church and the memory of its lovely namesake are especially honored by the Holy Father, who, accompanied by many ecclesiastical dignitaries, and the students of the Propaganda, pays a solemn visit to this celebrated shrine every year. It is here, too, on the Feast of St. Agnes, Jan. 21, that two white lambs are blessed at high mass by the Abbot of St. Peter's Chains. These lambs are then carried to the Pope, who also blesses them. The Capuchin nuns of St. Lawrence then receive them, and with the wool the nuns

(Continued on page 12.)

—THE—  
**Carmelite Review.**

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,  
 DEVOTED TO  
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.  
 PUBLISHED BY  
 THE CARMELITE FATHERS  
 FOR THE BENEFIT OF  
 THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Terms: \$1 per Year.

Address all communications to  
 REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C.,  
 Falls View, Ontario.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, ONT., JAN., 1893. NO. 1.

**SALUTATORY.**

IN sending forth the first number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW we are fully aware that we have ventured on dangerous ground. But it is a step taken only after much consideration.

This magazine is to be devoted to the Queen of Carmel, under whose auspices THE REVIEW is started and to whom it is dedicated; authority approves and our many friends encourage the undertaking, and hence are we hopeful of success.

Carmelite periodicals are not a novelty, as we have long since had in German the "*Stimmen vom Berge Karmel*;" in Spanish, the "*Revista Carmelitana*;" in French, the "*Chroniques du Carmel*," and others, but THE CARMELITE REVIEW is the first of its kind to appear in an English dress, so without presumption we can say we shall try to fill the "long felt want." We do not mean to say that in America the "art preservative of arts" has not until now

been made use of to honor our Mother, for we gratefully acknowledge that we have publications in the language devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Our province shall be to treat of our dear Lady in her relations to Carmel. The press has always been potent in propagating particular pious practices, and we hope that our REVIEW will be no less a means of augmenting the Devotion of the Brown Scapular.

It shall be our duty to honor Mary, the Flower of Carmel, to unfold the beauty of that lovely flower, to spread its sweet fragrance far and wide, and to screen it from every foul breath that would dare pollute it. We shall endeavor to bring to light everything that will enhance the loveliness of this flower par excellence, which will be a worthy posy to offer our Queen, and a sweet smelling nosegay for her clients. We shall be naturally led to speak of the other flowers which bloomed in Carmel, the luxuriant "Garden of God," our sairts. THE CARMELITE REVIEW will give everything of interest to all the children of our Lady, and by degrees bring them, as the Prophet says—"to feed on Carmel," and enjoy all its fruits. THE CARMELITE REVIEW will likewise be a medium of intercommunication between English speaking Carmelites, viz: First, between our brothers and sisters of the 1st and 2nd order; secondly, by our Tertiaries, and thirdly, by the vast outer circle of our family, which embraces all who wear the Brown Scapular.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW will treat of our Lady's Feasts, the Saints of Carmel—their lives and sayings. The holy Scapular and its wonderful and manifest effects shall receive a large share of attention. We in-



tend from time to time to publish interesting correspondence from our Monasteries at home and abroad. Everything of interest appearing in the European journals of our Order will be carefully noted. From month to month the reverend superior of the Monastery here at Niagara Falls will have something new to say to his many friends who are interested in our Hospice.

Our young friends will not be overlooked. Their corner will be committed to the care of one well able to make that part of the magazine eagerly sought for. We trust that the acquaintance which the little ones make to-day with "Carmel's Secretary" will be a lasting one. We ask our readers to overlook the deficiencies of the first number of this monthly. We beg all the clients of our Lady of Carmel to second our first endeavor by increasing the circle of our readers. This will be an encouragement to us, and a sure evidence of the future success of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. Having now launched forth on the hazardous sea of journalism, "Our Quest" shall be the discovery of the old and a new world of subjects for our Queen. The new gifts and treasures to be brought to Mary's court shall be, we hope, an increase of love and devotion.

Following our Holy Rule, which, in the words of St. Paul, bids us to do all things "in the Name of the Lord," we go forth in that sweet Name which the Holy Child to-day received in the temple. Jesus is ever accompanied by Mary, and in this holy company we feel safe. Our "Santa Maria" will carry us safely through, and we shall always be sure of success when with the pious Columbus we behold on our banner "*Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via.*"

Finally, we hope all our friends will experience during the New Year the truth of the saying of the Blessed Virgin that the holy Scapular will be for them "a safe-guard in danger," and, we trust, a source of many blessings.

We now take our leave by again wishing all a Happy New Year and recommending our readers to the protection of the "Queen of this glad natal day of ours."

---

NOTES.

"THE Carmelites and the Brown Scapular," and other interesting articles by the eminent Irish Carmelite, Dr. Farrington, of Dublin, will appear in these pages at an early date.

\* \* \*

THE first installment of a beautiful serial entitled "Marcias Madonna," written expressly for THE CARMELITE REVIEW by a gifted Canadian author will appear in our February number.

\* \* \*

HAVING made our first appearance on the first day of the New Year, we have the pleasing duty of wishing twelve months of unalloyed happiness to all whom, for the first time, we greet as our readers.

\* \* \*

THE Episcopal Jubilee of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., will be one of the notable events of the New Year. We owe a debt of gratitude to the present worthy occupant of St. Peter's chair, who, like many of the illustrious Pontiffs who have preceded him, has been ever ready to bestow favors on the Order of Mount Carmel. We invite our readers to unite in the prayers which are daily offered in the Carmelite convents throughout the world for His Holiness.

---

— Speak to every one with cheerfulness.  
— St. Teresa.

# THE HOSPICE

— OF —

MOUNT CARMEL

— AT —

NIAGARA FALLS.

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

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

## INTRODUCTORY.

IT is a very pleasant duty that I am called upon to perform upon this auspicious day, when, for the first time, I may greet our numerous friends and benefactors from the pages of our own modest little REVIEW. I hail this opportunity, for I have much to say.

For more than a year I have been in private communication with hundreds of persons throughout the United States and Canada. In most instances, what began in a mere formal and business-like way, soon ripened into something warmer, and to-day I know that I am addressing a large circle of readers to whom I am no stranger, and who sympathize with us and our work.

I knew that the appeal to all wearers of the Scapular of our dear Mother of Mount Carmel, which had been sent forth from this house, would not find unwilling ears; but even my most sanguine hopes did not lead me to expect such a general and generous response.

My first duty, therefore, is to thank you all publicly in as fervent a manner as I can. You may not look for it, nor desire it, satisfied that the Queen knows the motives which inspired you, and the manner

in which you tried to honor her, but this does not dispense me from my duty.

All the more am I obliged to acknowledge your generosity, as there can have been nothing personal in it. To most of you our Carmelite fathers are strangers. Few in number, and comparatively unknown, we could but make our appeal in the name of her, who is our Mother, the special patron of our order. It is, therefore, to her that we owe your sympathy and kindness, and it is in her name and for her sake that we owe you thanks.

Ours has been a blessed experience. In the midst of a world which seems to be growing every day more and more blind to its final destiny, less and less susceptible to divine influences, we have discovered that the name of Mary has still its charms for thousands of Catholic hearts, and that hundreds of thousands still honor her by wearing her livery, and are thus united with her order in a union of prayers and good works.

Could any experience have been more delightful to a Carmelite?

In the name of Our Dear Lady, therefore, we thank you.

We thank His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, for the great favor he has shown us and our undertaking, by bestowing his special Apostolic Benediction upon all our benefactors—upon all those who have helped us in the past as well as upon those who will help us in the future.

We thank our own beloved Archbishop of Toronto, who from the beginning gave us his full, warm-hearted support, and whose letter, printed on the inside of the front cover, gives evidence of his tender devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

We thank His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, who was among the first of the American prelates to wish us God speed in our undertaking. We thank the many other archbishops and bishops who have encouraged us so much by their kind words of approval, and in several instances even

generously aided us with their contributions.

We thank the hundreds of priests who wrote to us, or visited us, and joined the ranks of our benefactors. We thank the Catholic papers and periodicals which have with true Catholic charity, spoken of our work and recommended it to their readers.

And finally, we thank the many, many benefactors among the laity, who, while not neglecting the more authoritative calls at home, did not hesitate, for our dear Lady's sake, to come to our assistance.

May the choicest blessings of God be your reward! I utter this New Year's wish with more assurance than usually accompanies a New Year's greeting, for I know beforehand that God will be kind to those who love His mother. No one can be really unhappy who guards a deep affection for Mary in his heart.

And not to forget that which more immediately has made us acquainted with each other—the effort to erect a great Hospice of Mount Carmel, similar to the one in the Holy Land, in our own continent and on the banks of our own glorious Niagara. Let us wish it success. May your kindly interest continue; may the number of its friends and benefactors keep on increasing, so that we may not only be able to begin to build it, as we intend to do, in the early days of spring, but also bring it to a rapid completion in this great Columbian year. May the CARMELITE REVIEW, founded in the interest of our work, find many friends and subscribers, to whom I may speak from month to month about the progress of the Hospice. One by one, I shall explain its name, its location, its object, its manifold advantages, etc., and answer in these pages whatever questions may be addressed to me of general interest. And, since it is our mutual work, I shall give a list of each preceding month's contributions. This time it begins with the 12th of November and ends with the 12th of December, 1892. I regret

not to have space in which to give a list of all contributions from the beginning, but every contribution was acknowledged at the time of its receipt, and it shall be so in future. To insure prompt answers, always give your full address when ever you write us. The list of contributions will be found on inside of back cover of THE REVIEW.

A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

---

### Our Lady of the Calendar.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

The days that pass are thine, my Queen,  
And thine the days that once have been.  
Each weaves its wreath of praise for thee  
And claims a meed of sweet pity  
For all the griefs that heavy lean.

The love envelops earth in sheen  
Of silver and of gold. Serene,  
We pray thou cherish tenderly  
The days that pass.

Not one day lacks the crystalline  
Glory that seraph's vision keen  
Discerns in happy hours that free  
Sad earth, through thee, of misery.  
For thee the year attunes in pean,  
The days that pass.

—MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK.

THE escutcheon of the Carmelite Order, which appears on the back cover of THE CARMELITE REVIEW, is of very ancient date: its shield is emblazoned with three stars typifying the three principal epochs of the Order—the Prophetic, Greek and Latin eras—the first before Christ and the last two since His coming. The dark ground of the shield represents the Mount of Carmel. The Carmelites also adopted, in remembrance of their Founder, the Prophet Elias, an arm holding a flaming cimeter, and his motto: "*Zelo zelatus sum pro Domino Deo exercituum.*" "I burn with zeal for the Lord God of armies." This inscription incircles the crown, surmounted by its twelve stars, of Mary Immaculate, the Queen of the Order of Mt. Carmel.

## A ROMAN LILY.

*(Continued from page 7)*

make the Palliums worn by all archbishops. Inside the walls of Rome is another church, dedicated to St. Agnes. This church is superbly decorated, and is rich in rare marbles and ancient mosaics. Here the feast is joyfully celebrated. One pleasant feature of the ceremony is the custom of sprinkling the entire floor of the church with evergreen box.

Eliza Allen Starr tells us that next to the representations of the Apostles and Evangelists, no saint appears so early in pictures as St. Agnes—that her effigy, with her name inscribed below it, was found on the glass and earthen wear used by the christians in the fourth century. In early pictures St. Agnes is always represented carrying a palm in one hand, and sometimes she is crowned with olive. Later artists, however, appropriately represent her accompanied by a lamb, either lying in her arms or standing beside her.

Not only have the great artists of the church vied with one another in honoring this lovely girl, but the greatest doctors and saints of the church have resounded her praises and imitated her virtues. The great St. Ambrose and St. Austin were noted for their devotion to her, and Thomas à Kempis chose her for his especial patron. When the author of "*The Imitation*," that most profound and consoling book, petitioned for the favor of St. Agnes, surely we could do no better than follow his example. None of us will likely die for our faith. Our privilege is to live for it. Faith will shine with added lustre, boys and girls become better men and women, if we persevere in trying to reproduce in ourselves the heroic virtues of our Lily of Jesus.

MARTHA MURRAY.

## EPIPHANY.

JANUARY 6th, the one thousand eight hundred and ninety-third anniversary of the happy day on which the God-Man revealed Himself to the three pious and princely travellers, ought to us be a day of thanksgiving. If anything awakens feelings of gratitude Epiphany should. How much did our fate, "to be or not to be," christians, depend on that journey of those pious kings? We owe much thanks to the great christian mariner, Columbus, who, faithful to the north star's guidance and full of hope in the "Star of the Sea," discovered for us a vast continent, but we likewise owe a debt of gratitude to the three holy kings who, amid difficulties untold, were faithful to the guiding star which opened up to them another world—the Kingdom of Christ—not only to them, but to all of us. If astronomy be an uncertain science one thing will be always certain, and that is, we all have our guiding star. Its course is a particular one for each of us—God's will. Woe to us if we heed it not! Let us now, at the threshold of a new year, resolve to follow God's star and none other. Do you feel unable? Then look for light, guidance, strength and consolation in another star towards which St. Bernard directs your attention, viz., to the Star of the Sea—Mary.

My religious habit and poor clothes show that I despise from my heart the gaudy pomps of the world. The honors and riches of a king, who must shortly die himself, are no temptation for me.—*St. Anastasius, the Martyr.*

What man can celebrate the most praiseworthy Mary according to her dignity?—*St. Cyril of Alexandria.*

I never was angry but once in my life, and I have always regretted it.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

## CANONIZED CARMELITES.

A YOUNG soldier in the Persian army figures first in the calendar as a Carmelite, viz. St. Anastasius the Martyr. At the time when Chosroes, the King of Persia, was carrying the true cross as plunder from Jerusalem, our saint became very inquisitive concerning the christian religion. Prior to his conversion he lodged with a pious christian, and whilst there was exceedingly moved by the holy pictures which adorned the walls of the house, and from this on Anastasius inquired daily into the true faith—was duly instructed and baptized. Soon after baptism the saint joined a community of monks, successors of the Prophet Elias, whose monastery lay about five miles from Jerusalem. After seven years spent in great perfection in this monastery, he obtained permission to make a pilgrimage. Whilst on his journey he was apprehended and cruelly tortured at Caesarea because he had the courage to reprove some public sinners. After many sufferings, borne with great patience, the saint was strangled, and afterwards beheaded. His body was left to be devoured by dogs, but was left untouched. The head of the saint is to-day preserved with great veneration at Rome. The rest of the relics are preserved in the chapel *ad Scalas Sanctas*, near St. John Lateran.

---

 OBITUARY.

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

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the souls of:

**Adam Meyer**, who lately died in Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Mother M. Mechthildis**, who died at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont. on December 11th.

## THIRD ORDER.

LIKE the Third Order of Sts. Francis, Dominic and Augustine, there is also a Third Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. Our tertiaries are those persons who, not being called to the first or second order, (the monks and nuns who observe the principal Rule,) try to imitate the religious as far as circumstances permit. Several Popes have approved the Third Order of Mount Carmel. On some future occasion we shall explain the Rule of the tertiaries in detail, and give other items which will be of interest to all the members of the Third Order in the United States and Canada.

WE are in receipt of an interesting letter from the Pittsburgh branch of the Third Order, in which we are informed that it has survived a hard struggle for existence, and now stands on a secure footing. The first two of the present members received the holy habit on the Feast of the Annunciation in 1884. Subsequent to this the Third Order community has reached a membership of about fifty, with a prospect of a large increase before the end of 1893. The very reverend Pius Mayer, the present Provincial of the Carmelites in North America established the Third Order in Pittsburgh, and, was moreover, its Director for many years. To quote the letter referred to, "The Third Order owes its origin and existence to his untiring zeal, so that he might indeed be called its Father". Rev. Fr. Ferdinand followed the reverend Fr. Pius in the directorship, and was in turn succeeded by the present zealous and energetic Director, the Reverend Father Ambrose E. Bruder O. C. C. under whose direction the Third Order in Pittsburgh and vicinity is sure to prosper.

---

Little children love one another.—*St. John of the Cross.*

## OUR LADY'S WEDDING DAY.

How few live to celebrate their golden wedding! Such an event is considered memorable, and an occasion of much joy and congratulation. But memorable as it is, that day soon passes into obscurity. The joyful occasions of one generation give place to others, and the red letter days of the domestic circle are soon forgotten. Such are human events, nevertheless there is one wedding day which will always remain green in our memory. It is more than a golden anniversary—it is the commemoration of that happy day of more than a thousand years ago when our Holy Mother was espoused to Holy Joseph about the middle of the sixteenth century, in order to remind us of this joyful event, holy church instituted the Feast of the Espousal of the Blessed Virgin, which we celebrate on the 23rd of this month.

We read that a French Princess Johanna de Eyreux, wife of Philip the Fair, was very much devoted to our Blessed Lady, and was one of the principal benefactors of the church of our Lady of Mount Carmel in Paris. On one occasion the pious princess decorated the statue of the Blessed Virgin with a beautiful golden crown, which was set with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. In addition to this, the royal devotee placed on the statue a veil rich with pearls and skilfully wrought lilies. We too should bring some suitable wedding gift to our Queen. We may not be able to imitate the French princess in the wealth of our gifts, but we can nevertheless make an offering just as acceptable to our Blessed Lady. Mary had vowed to live a life of virginity. What a sacrifice of her own will did she not make in obeying her parents and entering the married state. Free-will is man's noblest gift—that which makes him the crown-work of creation, and when we give it back to God we can offer Him nothing more valuable. On this account did God also reward Mary's sacrifice, and was

pleased to give her a spouse who was to be her protector and the guardian of her holy purity. Thus was our mother crowned. We, too, can offer our wedding gifts. Let it be also a crown, viz, a sacrifice of our own will; let us offer her, too, a wreath of pearls and lilies—that is to say, according to our state in life, to imitate her angelic purity. Such presents are the most acceptable in the eyes of our Holy Mother.

Now that Advent is past, weddings will again be the order of the day. Let those who are entering this holy state take Mary as their model. In order that God may bless their union, let them receive the holy sacrament in a way becoming christians and Catholics. How unchristian to see so many fulfilling all the fashionable requirements, but neglecting to receive the nuptial blessing at Holy Mass. Mary's example is a reproach to many—she did not on the score of royal extraction claim exemption from being married in the temple,—follow her example and each anniversary of the nuptial-day will be an occasion of joy and happiness.

THE make-up of the front cover of THE CARMELITE REVIEW may not appear appropriate. Nevertheless it will remain as it is at least during this year, first for economical reasons, and secondly because by associating our projected Hopice with the great cataract and showing the building on its future site, will be a means of attracting the attention of many who otherwise might be unaware of our location.

CHARITY and gentleness should be a law for whoever writes for a Catholic journal; as moderation in style and argument is an evidence at once of a christian-like spirit, of true mental culture and of gentleman-like breeding.—*Archbishop Feehan.*

Praise everybody, and find good in everybody.—*St. Philip Neri.*

## Cerasola's "Cor Cordium."

- "Behold, my soul, thy God who loves thee best,  
Whose heart was opened by the cruel spear;  
This is thy resting-place, thy nest is here—  
Poor wandering dove! fly to the nest, the nest!
- "Behold, while life's false sea thou sailest o'er,  
Thy God has placed a shelt'ring haven near,  
Where thou may'st nevermore the tempest fear—  
Poor shattered bark! fly to the shore, the shore!
- "Behold, to quench thy thirst Christ opens wide  
Neath the rude lance a fountain in his side:  
Poor panting fawn, the river, to the river!
- "Thy river, O my soul! thy port, thy nest,  
Thy Heaven itself is in the Saviour's breast,  
Ah! whither fly? To Heaven, to Heaven for ever!"

## A SAFEGUARD IN DANGER.

THE *Chroniques du Carmel*, a magazine published by our confreres in Belgium, relates the following incident which ought to increase our confidence in the protection of our Lady of the Scapular:—A christian named Joseph Gemonat was on his journey towards Bagdad. He traveled on horseback unaccompanied through the desert of Killa, in which there are many lions. Whilst nearing Samona Joseph suddenly heard the roar of the dreaded beast and in another moment saw it furiously rushing towards him. The poor traveller abandoned all hope of escape, and his horse stood still and shook with fear. Death appeared certain. Gemonat recommended his soul to God, and then taking his Scapular from his breast held it before the lion and said: "In the name of the Blessed Virgin I command thee to do me no harm." At this the lion stood still, ceased to roar, turned and fled. The Prefect-Apostolic, together with many people of Bagdad and Borsozali listened to the story of Gemonat and bore testimony to its veracity. Thus, as on many occasions, was verified the promise of our Mother that the Scapular is "a Safeguard in Danger."

A spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a barrel of vinegar.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

## A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

THE late Cardinal Howard had a great devotion to the Scapular. He showed it when he was yet an officer in the Guards. It happened that one of his fellow-officers found a Scapular in the guard room and carried it to the mess room, where he held it up to ridicule. Finally he suspended it on the gas jet overhanging the table. Lieutenant Howard came late that evening to supper, and as he entered the room someone shouted, "Howard, here is something for you; is it not something belonging to a papist?" "Of course," said Howard, "it is something belonging to my religion—something which I reverence and esteem, for the honor of which I would be ready to draw my sword." Thereupon he drew his sword from its scabbard and held the Scapular on the point. He then most devoutly kissed the Scapular, afterwards placing it on his breast. None of his comrades dared to say a word. After this Lieutenant Howard was more than ever esteemed by his fellow-officers since he was not ashamed to give expression to his religious convictions.

## DANGEROUS FICTION.

PARENTS generally should understand that the general output of novels embraces many books of tendencies so immoral that it is quite worth their while to supervise current literature that may fall into the hands of their children. Many young people go to book-shops and buy novels innocently, because of their titles, which contain suggestions of the most unwholesome character, while in others may be found the bold advocacy of the most vicious doctrines and theories. A boy or girl, on purchasing a novel, should be required to submit it to the inspection of his father and mother, and the bookseller should be made to feel the weight of paternal displeasure if the book be unfit for the young to read. These books make a mockery of marriage, and a jest of the most holy relations between the sexes. They instil a doctrine as absolutely fatal to the welfare of society as it is disastrous to the youthful mind.

## Children's Corner

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

### Our Lady's Letter Box.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

Have you heard the big folks talking about the new magazine, and saying how glad they will be to have a real messenger from our dear Lady of Mount Carmel, coming to knock at their doors on the first of every month?

Perhaps you little prattlers have said to yourselves, "Oh! 'tisn't for us. We don't care for old people's books."—Well, now, even though Christmas is over, let us give you a New Year's surprise. THE REVIEW is to be yours as well as your parents'; and we want you to watch for the first of the month just as eagerly as if you were sure that our Lady, with that beautiful blue mantle of hers, which we all know and love so well, were coming to play post-man with her own REVIEW. What a welcome she would get—what bright eyes, and smiling faces, and open arms would meet her, if the dear Mother came to your door.

Well, dear little ones, she is coming like a fairy god-mother—in disguise—and she will have her wand too; yes, and her gifts for her god (good) children. What shall they be? Now, we all love to get letters. First, she is going to send you a letter every month, written by her secretary. You know a Queen never writes her own letters. She always dictates what she wishes to say, and her autograph is always considered a very precious and much sought for treasure. Now, all loyal subjects—those who love and serve the Queen—think a great deal of everything concerning her, and if she were to send them a letter—a monthly letter—why, they'd think they were really a part of the royal family. That is just what you

are! Children of the King and his Empress—Mother—Queen Mary.

Then you, too, may write letters to be dropped into the Queen's letter box.

You may send riddles, puzzles, ask questions, write wee little stories—anything you like for *your* "cor-ner." No one else but the little ones shall have a claim there.

Now, let us see what a heavy mail will come in for Purification Day, that sweet feast of our Lady which makes us think of the gentle doves that she carried to the temple, and of Him, her own white dove and Blessed Baby, that was cooing so sweetly in her ears and St. Joseph's that they wanted to hear no other sounds, no matter how sweet. So hurry up now, dear children, and tell the letter box what you think of your "corner" and all you are going to do for it.

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

### PUZZLES.

I

- I am composed of four words and sixteen letters.  
My 13, 12, 8, 6; 1, means unearthly.  
My 15, 14, 2, is the name of a reigning sovereign.  
My 3, 5, 7, 14, is a delightful season.  
My 4, 13, 16, is a stupid creature.  
My 9, 8, 11, 10, is a knightly sport.  
My whole is an easy way to get to heaven.

II

- On earth she walked,  
On earth she talked,  
Rebuking man of sin:  
She's not on earth  
She's not in heaven  
Nor ever can get in.

III

What character of the Bible, whose name is not mentioned, died a death which no one else ever died or can die, and the material of whose shroud is in every house?

Oliver Wendell Holmes on being asked what he thought of a girl's five o'clock tea, replied:—'Tis giggle, gabble, gobble, git.

Teacher—Tommy, spell Mississippi.  
Tommy—M, i, crooked letter, crooked letter, i, crooked letter, crooked letter, i, p, p, i.

[Answers to puzzles will appear in the next number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.]