



The Madonna



St. Dominic's Heritage.

"I know . . . thy poverty, but thou art rich."—APOC. II, 9.

I.

"RICH!" but not in sparkling diamonds,
Nor in precious Virgin-gold,
Glorious Saint! not thine the treasures
Which the deep blue seas enfold.
Beautiful its rare white pearls,
Meet to grace a royal brow,
But more beautiful those chaplets
We are contemplating now.

II.

They have purchased peace and blessings,
They have dried the mourner's tears,
And the music of their "Ave,"
Oft has soothed our pains and fears.
Countless graces have they brought us
From our Lady's hands above,
Glistening, like celestial dew-drops,
In the blossoms of our love.

III.

Ever are they gently falling
O'er the far-off land of pain,
Soothing dear soul's wistful longings
Till God's light and bliss they gain,

And those radiant Saints now shining
 In His firmament divine,
 Seem, like fair, unfading rose-buds,
 Round the angel's Queen to twine.

IV.

Yes! dear Saint, thou hast enriched us
 With the holy Rosary.
 Praise, and love, and thanks to Jesus,
 To His Mother blest, and thee!
 May we prize our precious chaplet
 Still more dearly day by day,
 May it lead us safely onward
 To the blest home far away!

—ENFANT DE MARIE

"Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii ora pro nobis."

Our Blessed Mother in the Temple.

UNSEEN angels near the portals
 Hovered as there entered in,
 Mary, child of veneration,
 Ever free from taint of sin.
 Ne'er the Temple's sacred precincts
 Held a flower of greater worth,
 She, the Lily pure of Israel,
 Sharon's Rose of heavenly birth.
 To her God she vowed forever
 Life itself, that near His Heart
 She might dwell in loving union
 Midst pure joys that ne'er depart.

Notre Dame, Roxbury.

—MARGARET M. VERLIN.

"MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr Bounard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER V.

MOROCCO. OCTOBER, 1859.

Fresh campaign—De Sonis asks for it—Incursions of the tribes—Their cruelties—Departure from the frontier—Oran—Colonel Arthur de Montalembert—The 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique—The cholera—De Sonis' Fiat—Junction of the expedition at the camp of Kis—Ravages of the cholera in camp—The enemy disappear—De Sonis devotes himself to the cholera patients—The assault of Ain-Taforalt—Submission of the tribes—Return—Colonel Fenin taken with cholera—Colonel de Montalembert seized—His order of the day—De Sonis helps both the dying officers—He brings them a priest—Pere Mermillod in camp—The return by Isly—The dying Colonel's adieu—Death of Colonel de Montalembert at Maghnia—Terrible losses in the army from the disease—Official report—Return to France—De Sonis is appointed chief of a squadron—Holiday at Castres—His wish to defend Pius IX.—He enters the Third Order of Mount Carmel—Pilgrimage to P'ibrae.



ON the 22nd of August, 1859, de Sonis' regiment returned to Algiers, when both men and horses certainly needed a rest. But this was not granted to them. AN expedition against Morocco had been decided upon, and the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique were selected for the service. In reality, de Sonis was not obliged to take part in it, as his squadron had not been included in the order. But he considered himself bound, in the interests of his family, to go where there

was most chance of advancement, and therefore gave up, for the present, the thoughts of rejoining his wife and children, though he felt the sacrifice terribly. The objects of the expedition was to punish certain tribes from Morocco, who, under the leadership of a pretended Cherif, or Prophet, had gathered a number of men together under the pretext of a holy war, had pillaged the French camp, killed thirty or forty of their soldiers, and declared that, thirty years having elapsed since the French conquest of the country, their occupation of it, according to Mahometan prophecies, must now cease.

In order to destroy this fanatical prestige, the French War Minister de-

cided to send an expeditionary corps to avenge this attack, under the orders of General Martimprey, who was Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Algeria. This corps consisted of two divisions of Infantry, and one of Cavalry, commanded by General Desvaux, to which de Sonis belonged. The Colonel of the 1st Chasseurs, M. de Salignac-Fenelon, had been made a General, so that Lieutenant-Colonel Fenin took the temporary command of the corps. On the 30th of September they left Algiers with the cry of "Vive la France!" Their route was towards Oran by the great military road which follows the course of the Chelif, and Oran was reached on the 15th of October. There the new Colonel was presented to the regiment, M. Arthur de Montlembert, the brother of the great Catholic author and orator. He also had had to leave his young wife (who was a Mademoiselle Rochechouart), and five little children, so that he and de Sonis were in the same dispositions both as regarded their hearts and their faith. Everything, in fact, tended to draw these two men together; but it was death rather than life which was to unite them more closely.

The march was continued to Tlemcen by mountain roads, on an arid soil and under a sky of brass. All the rivers were dry; not a drop of rain had fallen for weeks. The Cavalry followed in the track of the Infantry, and were dismayed at seeing the number of dead or dying mules on the road, and commissariat waggons empty and abandoned. When they arrived at Tlemcen, these gloomy forebodings were confirmed. General Desvaux was alarmed at the death-rate among the men, four or five per hundred falling out each day; and Lieu-

tenant Bailloeuil could not help showing some anxiety before Captain de Sonis. He was astonished at his quiet resignation. "But, after all, my dear Captain, we are not immortal," he exclaimed. "That is quite true," replied de Sonis. "But it will always be as God wills. Let us do our duty first; and, as for the rest, may God's will be done!"

The next day, while going through the town of Nedroma, they found that the Agha had died that very day of an epidemic which was ravaging the country. It was the cholera! The army was confronted by a far more dangerous enemy than the Arabs. On the 23rd of October, they passed the Kis, a river which marks the boundary between Algeria and Morocco, and rain fell for the first time since leaving Algiers. As soon as the troops found themselves on hostile territory they were ordered to shoulder arms, so as to be ready for any unforeseen attack. But the enemy were nowhere to be seen. Thus they arrived at the great bivouac of Kis, which was to be the point of concentration for the forces, which amounted to between 12,000 and 15,000 men, all in perfect order and with first-rate officers. But the real enemy had already sown its seed in the camp, and mowed down the men without mercy. In vain skirmishers were sent in every direction; the Arabs had disappeared. "After these useless reconnaissances," wrote one of the officers, "we were always obliged to return to this terrible camp, where the cholera carried off a hundred men a day."

Death, in fact, spared no one; the officers fell by the side of the soldiers. One of the first victims was General Thomas, and his funeral added to the general sadness and discouragement

of the men. De Sonis alone seemed to have lost none of his tranquillity of soul. He had made the sacrifice of his life from the first, and now the only thing which drove him to despair was that there was no chaplain and no priest of any kind to be had. "My poor fellows are dying like flies," he wrote, "and there is no one to say a word to them of God or of their souls. Colonel de Montalembert is as angry as I am at this neglect on the part of the Government. I do what I can for the poor dying men, and oh, what noble souls there are among them! The moment they feel themselves attacked they turn to God, and many die as I should wish to die myself. Poor young fellows! They confide to me all their last wishes for their mothers, for their wives, for their friends; it is quite heart-breaking. In spite of their terrible sufferings they all strive to die as good Christians. I do all I can to encourage them, to speak good words to them, to give them my crucifix to kiss, and so on, and the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been my great help." Very often during the night he got up to assist one or other of his comrades, whose cries of suffering he had heard from his tent. An officer or soldier whom he had parted with quite well the night before, would be dead before the morning. Even to Madame de Sonis he would not speak of all he had done and suffered during this terrible time. One of his officers wrote: "Everything is wanting here, chaplains, doctors, infirmaries,—even water, for everything is dried up around us. But in the midst of all these miseries, Captain de Sonis is in his element, which is charity. The more violent the epidemic, the greater is his self-abnegation. The only temporal or

spiritual consolations the poor sufferers received were from him, for he never left the ambulances day or night. Even after their deaths it was he who performed all the last sad offices for them. One day he exclaimed to me: 'My dear Baillœuil, for the honor of humanity let us try and forget what we have all day before our eyes!' But he never said a word of his own self devotion. Once at mess, some one mentioned the death of a Chasseur in our squadron who had expired that night, and Captain de Sonis was visibly affected. But he never said (which we afterwards found out) that he had passed the whole night by the bedside of that man, and had never left him till he had breathed his last."

It was absolutely necessary to leave this infected spot, and an encounter with the enemy was looked upon as a deliverance. On the 25th of October, at four o'clock in the morning, the army marched to the heights of Aintaforal, which was eight hundred metres above the bivouac of Kis. At the head of the 1st Chasseurs Colonel de Montalembert had placed the band, who raised the spirits of the troops every evening. He did all he could to encourage his men, looking after their food, taking his coffee with them, and the like. On the 27th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the attack began; at five o'clock the French flag floated over the heights, and the victory was won. Fourteen men were killed on the French side and thirty wounded, among the latter being three officers. The Sheik presented himself on the 30th with a certain number of hostages, and engaged to pay a capitation grant. At the same time General Durrieu, who had made a successful attack on the tribes to the south,

received their submission; and Commander Colcomb had defeated the turbulent tribe of the Beni-Guil to the east; so that the object of the expedition was attained.

But the invincible enemy, the cholera, did not diminish. In vain the Commanders gave a brilliant fete in honor of the two-fold victory, and announced that, peace having been declared, their return home was at hand. The 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique were attacked, and fifteen men fell out the first day. During the night of the 30th, Colonel Fenin, who had led the regiment to Oran, was himself seized by the dread disease, and at once felt that his end was at hand. De Sonis flew to his bed-side, and encouraged him to make willingly the sacrifice of his life by filling his thoughts with hopes of eternity. M. Fenin had only been married a few months, and life was dear to him; but de Sonis had taught him to love God above everything. He called in vain for a priest, and then begged de Sonis to hear his Confession and transmit it to the priest, if he came too late. Seeing several of the officers round his bed, he spoke to them beautifully of his military life and his Christian hopes. He recommended to them, also his young wife, and giving his purse to Colonel de Montalembert, begged him to transmit it to her with his tenderest farewell. "But will no one go after a priest?" exclaimed M. Decroix, and, saddling his horse, he went through the whole camp in vain. Colonel de Montalembert was indignant. "It is a sin and a crime," he exclaimed, "that an army of 15,000 men should be deprived of all spiritual consolation by the neglect of the French Government, at a moment when her troops are

dying for her in a barbarous country!"

Alas! he was speaking also for himself, for already he felt ill. On leaving Colonel Fenin's tent, he gave the purse to M. Decroix. "It is not I, but you, who will have to fulfil that sad duty," he said, "as for me, I feel I am done for."

The next day was the feast of All Saints; and, while at breakfast with his officers, M. de Montalembert was seized with cholera. The dismay was great; but both officers fell in the arms of God.

Colonel de Montalembert, like his brother, was a true son of the Crusades. On the 29th, feeling the premonitory symptoms of the fatal malady, he wrote an order of the day to his men, to raise their courage by the higher views of faith, hope and charity, with which he was himself animated. We will give this his last will and testament in full, for it was also his farewell to his troops:

TO THE 1ST. REGIMENT OF THE CHASSEURS D'AFRIQUE.

Order of the Day—October 29, 1859.

My brave Chasseurs,

We are severely tried by God, but have confidence in Him and pray. He will not abandon the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique. Let us put all our confidence in Him; and if some amongst you are to fall, let them not forget that in dying they fulfil a mission, that they are martyrs, and will go to Heaven. If your Colonel were to be among the number, do not forget that he will pray for you. In the meantime, let us brave death; it is our trade, and we must not allow ourselves to be discouraged. God always does well whatever He does;

and we must not forget that we are
His children.
Your Colonel,
DE MONTEALEMBERT.

As soon as he fell ill, he had implored that a priest should be sent for from the ambulance of Lalla-Maghnia; but the distance was great, and the priest did not arrive. M. Decroix, a man full of faith and piety, was by his side, and he implored him in the meanwhile to make a perfect act of contrition. "Will you lend me this cross?" asked M. de Montalembert, pointing to the crucifix which the officer wore. He received it with sensible pleasure, pressed it to his lips, and began making his Confession in a low voice. M. Decroix left him, and de Sonis came in. "Captain," exclaimed the dying man, "the priest has not arrived. Please to hear me, and then you can repeat what I say to him; for I feel, when he comes, I shall no longer have the strength to speak."

De Sonis excused himself, saying that he had not the power to take the priest's place, but that he would do his utmost to help him to prepare for death by inspiring him with ardent sentiments of faith and love of God, and by praying with him with all his heart that the priest might come in time. The following evening, to de Sonis' great joy, the Jesuit father arrived. He was Father Mermilloid, of the congregation of Oran. De Sonis took him first to Lieutenant-Colonel Fenin, who was still alive, and who died in the most admirable dispositions and with the absolution which he had so earnestly desired. Then M. de Montalembert was visited and administered. But we will give a quotation from the letter of the Jesuit

father to his widow, written on the 21st of November.

"It was on the 2nd of November, on the heights of Ain-Taforalt, that I first saw M. le Comte; it was about eight o'clock in the evening. I found him in bed, in his tent, his rosary and crucifix in his hand, and a scapular round his neck. I remarked also a prayer book by his side.* I gave him a medal with the sacred hearts of Jesus and Mary, which he reverently kissed. . . . The Count spoke to me of you and his children, madame, letting me see how keen a sorrow he felt at being so far away from you and at your anxiety; which feelings, I fear, aggravated his sufferings. Then he said: 'Father, I beg your pardon for having made you come so far and so late; but I was most anxious to go to Confession.' He told me that he had been to his duties on his return from the Italian campaign, and had been to Holy Communion before starting; but he wished to make another Confession, so as to be quite tranquil. After he had done, he pressed my hand. 'Now,' he exclaimed, 'may God do with me according to his holy will. I am ready for everything.' I could not see him the next day, for they had moved him, that he might not witness the funeral of poor Colonel Fenin, about whom he was perpetually inquiring. He did not receive Holy Viaticum, unhappily, for none of the cholera patients could, from the impossibility of preserving the sacred hosts in a moving column. But he never ceased offering up his martyrdom, as you justly call it, to God."

* M. de Montalembert had written a day or two before his death: "I bequeath this book to my son Andre. He will find in it all that is necessary for salvation." Count Andre de Montalembert entered the Society of Jesus, and died in it, being only twenty-three years old, on the 13th of July, 1870.

He sent for M. de Sonis to express all his gratitude to him, and that in the most moving terms. "Thanks, my dear Captain!" he exclaimed. "Ten thousand thanks! Tell the whole regiment that I die happy and content, because I have fulfilled my duties as a Christian. Nothing remains but that. Tell them, also, that I shall never forget them, and that I hope to meet them all up there. Adieu! Adieu!"

The Colonel lived a few days longer. The Cavalry having begun its homeward march, he tried to mount his horse once more, supported by his Sub-Lieutenant M. de Restignac. But after an hour's trial he was compelled to come back to his litter. In that way he followed his regiment a little longer, but every day saw him weaker and weaker. On the 9th they arrived at the battle-field of Isly, where there were military rejoicings of all kinds. But this was the end of the noble Colonel's existence. On the 10th each of the officers of the regiment came to press for the last time the hand of their beloved Colonel; all of them were in tears. M. de Montalembert tenderly embraced M. de Sonis. Then they took him to the ambulance of Lalla-Maghnia. For a moment, seeing himself surrounded by Arab burnouses, he fancied himself in the midst of the enemy, but he was quickly reassured. Unhappily, the ambulance was so full that they were obliged to put him in a little inn for the night. Once he called for his wife and children, and cried; but then he recovered his calmness, kissed his crucifix, and making several times the sign of the Cross, repeated: "I trust that God will pardon me all my sins." F. Mermillod was at hand when he sank into a quiet sleep, which was his last. Towards three o'clock

in the morning, Count Arthur de Montalembert, without pain or struggle, breathed his last.

When his regiment arrived, all was over. They had been truly a funeral march. "Every morning," wrote an eye-witness, "we had to dig the graves of those who had died during the night before breaking up the camp. On our road, the men fell from their horses, when this fearful epidemic seized them. They were convulsed with agony for a few moments, and then died before any help could be brought to them."

At last they passed the frontier. The campaign was at an end. The General-in-chief took leave of his troops, and in his proclamation announced that a quarter of his army had perished from the cholera. "Never," exclaimed one of the witnesses, "have I seen a battle which made so many victims!"

As for de Sonis, the love and veneration which was felt for him by the troops had enormously increased; and it was with real joy that they heard on their return to Algiers that he had been appointed to command the squadron of the 2nd Spahis. A few weeks later, de Sonis had the consolation of returning to his wife and children at Castres for a short holiday. On the 10th of February, 1861, he wrote these few lines to his old friend M. de Seze:

"My dear Louis,

"What great events have happened since I last wrote! I have made two campaigns—in Italy and Morocco; and having in both cases escaped death as it were by a miracle, I have ended by obtaining the Cross of the Legion of Honor and my promotion as chief of the squadron of the 2nd

Spahis. I need not tell you what happiness it was to me to be able to return once more, safe and well, to my dear little wife and children, after having been separated from them for more than a year. God has preserved me for the sake of these dear little ones, whom I hope to bring up in His faith and fear. If I could only meet you at Blois, how happy I should be to see you again and to tell you what great mercies God has shown me during the struggles through which I have lately passed !”

But other matters quickly absorbed his interest. The war against the Holy See was declared; the *Univers* was suppressed for having written in its defence. “It is a terrible blow for us Catholics,” he wrote in February, “but I feel sure it will only revive our faith and courage. If I were not the father of a family, I should be already at Rome. But God will not abandon

His Church.”

The same letter announces that he had placed his eldest girl, Marie, at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Poitiers, and his two eldest boys, Gaston and Henry, at the Jesuit College there. He had also joined the Third Order of Carmel, in which he continued till the end of his life. After each great event in the career of de Sonis, his love of God seemed to be redoubled. “I prayed much for you in the Communion I made in the Carmelite church yesterday,” he wrote to M. Lamy de la Chapelle; “it seemed that in that holy spot one’s prayers had wings and mounted straight to heaven.” He saw Limoges and his friends, Toulouse and its Archbishop, and made the pilgrimage to Pibrac in honor of the Blessed Germaine Cousin. But on the 15th of March he took ship again from Marseilles, for Africa was to be his home for another ten years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Salve Regina.

HAIL, Queen, holy Mother, whose mercies ne'er fail!
 Our life and our hope and our sweetness, all hail!
 To thee we are crying, poor children of Eve,
 To thee we are sighing, our woes to relieve.

Thus weeping and mourning in this vale of tears,
 We pine in dark exile for long, weary years!
 Oh, clement, oh, pious, oh, Virgin most sweet,
 Thy merciful eyes on us turn, we entreat!
 And after this exile, when laid in the tomb,
 Then show us Christ Jesus, the fruit of thy womb!

Reminiscences of a Beautiful Life.

*"Our lives ought to be like foot-prints in the snow-fields,
which leave a mark, but not a stain."*

—MADAME SWETCHINE.

THESE "Reminiscences" whisper softly to me, like strains of music; plaintive indeed! yet, their pathos is soothing and restful—and why? Because the early promises of that life have been fulfilled, and she has gone to the "far-off land" where, alone, all beauty is perfected.

This loved companion of my childhood was highly gifted intellectually, and had rare artistic talent. Notwithstanding habitual delicacy, she was ever bright and like a sunbeam in her home, and was much loved by its inmates. Her piety was truly admirable, especially in devotion to the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Mother, the Holy Souls were also very dear even in her childhood, and she frequently asked her Guardian Angel to show her their abode of suffering. This request seemed to be granted one night in a beautiful dream, which, perhaps, some readers of the "Carmelite Review" may remember under the title of, "A Child's Dream."

Her talent for painting was highly cultivated, and the distinctions so deservedly bestowed on the young artist, far from elevating, served only to humble her, remembering as she did well, that to God alone the glory was due.

She looked on this gift as a precious deposit for which she must account, prepared for her pictures by prayer; and sometimes wrote beneath them, "La genia non puo stare, scompagnato dalla pazienza": "Genious cannot be unaccompanied by patience."

Intent on loving and serving God, it is not to be wondered at, that, for a time, her thoughts turned to religious life; and she earnestly prayed for light and guidance in her vocation. It was not the will of God, this fervent soul should leave the world. She was to be all for Him in the beauty, and utility, and unselfish sanctity of home life, and this once decided, she was quite happy and at peace.

It seemed as if the Sacred Heart pleaded: "I pray not that thou shouldst take her out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep her from evil. She always had great love for the religious life, and rejoiced in the happiness of those members of her family who were called to it. Some of these preceded her to their heavenly home, and of them as well as of dear ones it was her privilege, (and sorrow at the same time) to attend, when dying, she wrote and spoke in beautiful expressions of Christian resignation and hope. One of them said to her: "It is a beautiful thing to die!" Another, gazing higher still, "How beautiful Heaven must be!" And of a third it is said she heard a strain of lovely music the night this dear and saintly sister was going to her celestial Spouse. Afterwards she dreamt that Angels were weaving a pure white robe for this soul, through which stars appeared to shine. A dream, indeed, but at least tinted with the purity and beauty of her own soul, which cast the light of faith and hope over "the valley of death." Devotion to the Sacred Heart was a special

characteristic; and she loved to keep a lamp ever burning before it as a silent prayer for the wants of life, and an act of love, gratitude and devotedness. Needless almost to say, this "Enfant de Marie" had a tender, childlike love for our Immaculate Mother, and delighted in visiting a little shrine of "our Lady of Lourdes," and getting Masses said in her honor. She used to say, (and really believed in simplicity), that the marble statue smiled when our Lady was about to grant requests, also that she was *frightened* sometimes to see how readily the answers came to her prayers. She was actively engaged in works of piety and charity, wearing out her fragile strength in the service of God and of His poor. Not merely by painting, but also by exquisite vestments, and other Church embroidery, visiting the sick; and in many other ways, her time and talents were fully employed. It seemed that she lived for others, not for self, so little did she care for rest or self ease. But God Himself gave her rest, sooner than those who loved and depended on her thought He would. Several attacks of influenza weakened our dear one, and, at last, her spine became seriously affected, and she lay down never to rise again. For several months she lingered on, unable to change her position. Bright, cheerful, unselfish as ever, our gentle invalid tried to cheer and comfort those who lavished every spiritual and corporal care, and left nothing undone to alleviate her pain. She desired neither life or death, but abandoned herself completely to the Will of God. And death was an echo of life. . . . Surrounded by loved ones, having received every consolation of Religion, with the light of the Sacred Heart lamp shining, and the

Beads, that scarcely ever were out of her hands, clasped in them to the last, she passed away to her well-earned rest.

It was the opinion of her confessor, that she entered very soon into the enjoyment of everlasting happiness. Many masses, communions, prayers, etc., were offered for her repose. And how deeply was she mourned by all! It was touching to see the grief of those in whose interests she had so soon worn out her delicate frame. They came to gaze on the peaceful face, and to offer pure white flowers of early Spring, emblems of the dear soul liberated from its frail earthly tenement.

A short time before she had written of a beloved sister, words that were now applicable to herself. "She has the 'peace which surpasses all understanding,' and there is a smile on her dear face, as if to tell us that all is well with Mary's child." Was it not a beautiful life? All we have said is little, but we hope to see the "golden harvest" of its beauties in the eternal light of God.

Resting at last in the "sleep of peace,"
Beautiful, calm, and still,
Pray that the mourners' heart may rest
Deep in God's Holy Will.

Resting at last where the loved ones lie
Low 'neath those shady trees
Where snow-white flowers of early
Spring
Droop in the gentle breeze.

Resting at last with thy Mother blest,
"Our Lady of Lourdes" dear child!
Gazing, in God's unclouded light,
On purity undefiled.

Resting at last in the Sacred Heart!
Ah! thou hast loved it well!
Gone to a bliss no eye hath seen
A peace that no words can tell!

Resting at last! O most loving Lord!
Illumine her soul we pray
Comfort the mourners with holy joy
And wipe all their tears away!

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

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 XXV. (Continued.)

BITTERNESS!—ALEXANDRIA ABANDONED—LETTER OF THE SAINT TO THE
POPE AND TO THE EMPEROR—TEMPESTS FROM HEAVEN, AND
CENSURE FROM EARTH—OCTOBER, 1365.



SOME slight delay necessarily intervening before the departing army took to the sea. The fugitives—certainly they may be called so—already had evidence that their determination to leave Alexandria was most ill-advised and inopportune.

The impression produced by their bravery had sunk so deeply that the Saracens, although they ventured near enough to watch the movements of the enemy, did not attempt to regain possession of the evacuated city. Not daring to prevent the preparations for departure, they contented themselves by observing them from a safe distance. The sight, to tell the truth, was a balm to the humiliation they had endured.

That long line of chariots conveying from the city to the port the rich booty of the despoiled and van-

quished ones was in charge of a flying foe, who had, of their own free will, changed the glory of a brilliant victory into what, even to unchristian eyes, was an ignominy of the deepest dye.

Leaving Alexandria, Raymond de Berenger took the route to Rhodes, whilst Pierre de Lusignan and the greater portion of his army, also the Legate and his friend Mezzieres, steered at once towards the isle of Cyprus. The event was for de Mezzieres like the darkness of a starless night where not the faintest ray illumines the deepening gloom. It was to him an occasion of such mighty grief that there seemed no solace to be found, and, at last, hot tears for which he had no cause to blush relieved his overcharged heart. And the poor Legate, the ardent, enthusiastic, untiring disciple of the Cross? What an unutterable disappointment after preparations which gave promise of such an increase of virtue, and alas! it was the very reverse. So many prayers, so many

sermons, such journeying—all—all to end—so it appeared to him—in nothing. So much effort—labor which could never be realized—the fruit of a whole life cast aside as if it were of no more value than a few drops of water in a fountain's copious flow! We can imagine him, this venerable athlete, as, silent but sad, he was constrained to lay down his arms. Dignified and self-contained, his hand clasping the hand of his brother, he remained upon the deck of the vessel, which, despite his most cherished wishes, was steadily bearing him away.

All the life within him was concentrated in that steady gaze directed towards the land. With one long last look he scanned the fast receding object of his hopes. In that fruitful country he had for a brief but happy period the sweet assurance that he would see Christianity flourish and all Egypt rally to the standard of the Cross.

But the last—the very last tower is fading from his view. No more land. It has disappeared! . . .

Raising his eyes to heaven the holy religious invoked strength for the sacrifice. Then he bowed submissive to the will of God. He had offered his *consummatum est!*

Faithful to the end he resigned himself to communicate the sad tidings to the Sovereign Pontiff and to the Emperor. Of course they must be informed correctly regarding an expedition which had been so entwined with the wishes and hopes of faithful and loving children of the holy Catholic Church.

The letter which he wrote collectively to them during the voyage has been preserved intact by Mezzieres—Ch. XVII. After telling how, in the be-

ginning, leaving Rhodes and favored by impetuous winds, the fleet had anchored in the bay of Alexandria, the Legate went on thus:

“ . . . On that day when the people of Israel fought against Amalec, when Moses, overcome by fatigue, permitted his arms to fall, death cut down the people; but here, neither the priest nor people had time to be weary, here the combat—(general)—lasted but for one hour. *Not one of our soldiers perished, not one met his death.* All were invincible. When Jesue joined battle the walls fell before him, and the people entered the city, but here, O! my God! the towers and ramparts were abandoned like ordinary entrenchments. Why do I make so many words? From that moment the infidels offered no resistance. The flames burst forth, and before their devouring wrath the iron gates melted away; part of the citizens were massacred, the rest, panic stricken, took refuge in flight. Thus was captured a city, populous as Paris, beautiful as Venice, and wealthy as Genoa. A city full of delights, intersected by large canals and frequented by the mercantile world; a city which is the Queen of Egypt, and the boulevard of the infidels,—a city which would be to-day the most important citadel of the Christians in the Orient, if they had only retained possession, after it had been taken by our forces. But our joy has been changed into mourning. Wherefore it is that my heart fails me, and my lips almost close in telling the tale. I suffer from a most poignant grief, yet no one compassionates me. I have kept myself constantly employed to stifle my sorrow, but to-day I can do no more than give vent to my desolation to you, and thus relieve my grief-stricken soul.

Tears would be a solace. Grief is like a fire. If you wish it to burn with greater intensity, gather its force together in one spot and thus concentrate its heat.

Had the dear Lord afflicted me with the loss of temporal property, by the death of my friends, by physical tortures I would bear it with greater tranquility. *But I feel a wound which I know has weakened the very thread of my existence.* Had they torn out my heart I could not feel more intense pain. What do I say? I am amazed that I still live after having witnessed the infamous conduct of some of the Christian chieftains. . . . "

Then the Legate branded the English, for upon leaving Rhodes at the outset they had made the most show, and were even ostentatious in proclaiming their bravery, yet when the hour for decision came they were the most eager to depart. It was they who had sustained and excited to greater insubordination their first captain, thus aiding what would be to all Christendom so sad a result. The Legate could not refrain from censuring the admiral of St. John, who had at his disposal one thousand men, and who by his pessimistic provisions, contributed greatly to the discouragement of all the troops. Finally with a filial confidence and respectful liberty, he in the most touching manner, exhorted the Pontiff not to give up the Crusade, but to open all the treasures of the Church and from their munificence encourage the faithful by granting them indulgences. "It was the Church," continued the writer, "who would be humiliated by the faults of her children." It was her honor which must now receive reparation. If the Christian people had arisen in greater numbers at the first signal they would

not have hesitated to guard Alexandria. Let them now hasten to repair their fatal indifference. "And you, mighty emperor," he said in conclusion, addressing himself to Charles IV., "all the gaze of Israel is upon you. You it is who must set the example for other monarchs to follow. God has granted to you, as unto Solomon, the gift of wisdom. Like Phaaro He has given you power, He has endowed you with riches. The kings will lend you aid by sending troops, the Venitians, Genoese and other maritime cities will supply ships. The Holy Father will sustain you by spiritual assistance, the clergy by their prayers and by their sacrifices, and all Christendom by a newly awakened enthusiasm. Show forth your power to the world. Come on nobles! Be the deliverer of that Jerusalem which, for too many years has languished in the fetters of slavery, and whose pathetic cries to you for aid even now ascend to heaven. If you turn a deaf ear and close your heart to the appeal, I fear—and many fear the same—that the wrath of the Almighty will rise up against you, and cut you off in the midst of your days.

He has overwhelmed you with favors, and endowed you with privileges far greater than your predecessors have enjoyed. And wherefore? That having studied what would be most agreeable to Him, you will find means to accomplish it for his glory. And the most precious offering would be the deliverance of Jerusalem that henceforth a pure sacrifice might be offered up to Him within its walls.

May the living God—the one, true and only God in three divine Persons deign to grant you this grace. Amen." . . . By these eulogiums addressed to the Emperor, who in reality

did not merit them, we perceive that bishops and even saints can scarcely refrain from making use of the language in vogue at court, dictated as it generally is by "les convenances." In this letter, however, it will readily be seen that throughout its text there is a courageous mingling of admonition as to what was the duty of his majesty. It was a lesson under the form of praise,—a suggestion elicited by the recent promises from the imperial court. This urgent appeal which reached Pope Urban after the death of Blessed Peter Thomas, was to the Pontiff as a voice from beyond the tomb, and had the effect of confirming him in his resolution to make every effort compatible with the new necessities of his pontificate to continue the work of the Crusades. Meanwhile the punishment of heaven seemed to overtake those mercenary creatures whose base instincts had been the blight which overcast one of the most brilliant exploits ever known. They had dreaded the discomforts of a protracted siege, and would fain fly from the angry menaces of the Mamelukes: Well! They were delivered to the terrors of a voyage which seemed interminable, and to the merciless fury of a tempestuous sea. Scarcely had their fleet left port than the storm burst forth, and the vessels scattered by its force went hither and thither the sport of the waves. Some of them, tossing thus upon the deep for several weeks, more than once made the route between Alexandria and Cyprus without being able to land. Overwhelmed with dismay and misfortune there perished fully as many men as might be lost in a naval battle. Eventually, the survivors, moved to repentance, acknowledged that all this was only a just dispensation of

heaven for their disobedience to the man of God. They openly declared that it would have been far better to have remained within the walls of Alexandria than to have consented to this disastrous retreat. Yes! for seven years! Nor was the judgment of public opinion upon those avaricious souls other than a scathing one. A cry of execration arose from every part of Europe against them. The more enthusiastically was the capture of Alexandria announced—as was but right—and the more joyfully received the more indignant were the comments upon its abandonment. Petrarch expressed the universal sentiment when he wrote Philip de Mezieres. "It was not merely Alexandria which would have belonged to the Christians, but Memphis, Antioch, Damascus and Babylon. An avarice fit only for savage tribes, a vile love of gold, the dread of losing a moment's pleasure gained the ascendancy over the virtue and honor of the Crusade. Laden with booty, or rather covered with dishonor and sinking under the burden of their shame, they ignominiously took to flight."

Truly they merited, those unworthy crusaders, the appellation of cowards, and "*men of little faith*," as the Legate had called them." They had in their midst a *veritable saint*, that is to say a power which would have been equal to battalions. They closed their ears to his counsels. They fain would have falsified his authoritative voice as he earnestly called aloud to them: "Hope in God! Hope in Mary! Everything is possible to him who believes." They did not understand that the worst of all dangers is a wavering faith, that the source of cowardice and dishonor is unfaithfulness to the divine light.

Thus their expedition, brilliant in its beginning as the aurora of a beautiful day, came to naught amid the midnight darkness of disappointed hopes. No result arising from it, it was even as a crusade which had never seen the dawn of day, or was stifled at its birth. History gives it scarcely a passing notice—and posterity is glad to throw over it the veil of silence and seclusion—of oblivion—nay, almost of the grave.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAST LABORS—REPENTANCE—PETER THOMAS ENDEAVORS AT CYPRUS TO PAVE THE WAY FOR ANOTHER EXPEDITION—MERCANTILE ANTIPATRIOTISM—HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST ITS ENCROACHMENTS—SANCTIFICATION OF HIS INFIRMITIES—TOO RIGID MORTIFICATIONS—MORTAL ILLNESS—NOVEMBER—DECEMBER—1365.

The terrible storms at sea seemed to our tempest tossed mariners as though they would never end. The reflection of the dark, sullen, and angry-looking waves overshadowed the faces of the voyagers and despair almost reigned supreme upon the ships. There was one noble exception, however.

Peter Thomas tranquil and unmoved accepted all as coming from the divine hand, and resigned himself to meet death at any moment. Weighty considerations occupied his mind: The fatal repercussion which would result to religion from the mercenary flight of the Crusaders; the aggravated fury which the Mussulman could now, so much more readily, vent upon Smyrna and Satalia, upon Cyprus and Rhodes, upon Macedonia and Constantinople; the sudden check to the efforts of the Holy Father for

the sacred cause; the thought of the indefinite triumph of Islamism. These and many other similar subjects presented themselves to his sensitive and enthusiastic soul. And still he suffered silently, offering up everything to his dear Lord. Our evil counsellor—nature—is eager for us to vent our feelings in any trial or suffering, if it be possible, upon the cause thereof. But Blessed Peter knew how to banish such suggestions. He treated those who had wrought so grievous a wrong with kindness and refrained from reproaching them with what they now saw too well themselves, and regretted. He would not add to their humiliation lest he would drive them to despair, and thus stifle forever all hope of their retrieving conduct which—he charitably thought—might have been due to a moment's mad infatuation for gain. His wise course eventually led them to true repentance.

It is not rare in the military world to see soldiers who are in reality not cowards, but who, under some sudden and powerful influence, have temporarily shown the "white feather." And it often happens that those same warriors will most valiantly seize upon the first occasion to redeem their honor, no matter how great the risk, and merit a place with the bravest in the ranks. It is the same in the world of education and culture. Many a youth from want of reflection rather than malice has yielded to the promptings of a passion to his bitter and immediate regret. Fortunate for the erring if a just and fatherly direction considers that the prodigal merits consideration rather than harshness, and benevolently extends to him a helping hand. He will return to the path of right, and be ever after, perhaps, amongst the most edifying examples of a virtuous life.

After a long and tempestuous passage therefore, the disabled fleet arrived at Cyprus. The King, happy to

meet the holy Legate upon landing, urged him to accompany him to Nicosia, the capital, where Blessed Peter was regarded with love and veneration. His presence there would tend greatly to allay the outcry which would surely arise upon their return from an expedition which had accomplished so much, only to return covered with an ignominy far worse than defeat. The Legate would know how to soften the blow to them and to negotiate for the continuance of the Crusade, which, all told, was only interrupted. He would be a most powerful auxiliary in the restoration of courage and confidence, and the renewal of a favorable decision of the people. For Peter Thomas never assumed the attitude of a weeping willow. Despite his bitter disappointment he would not meet his friends with a dejected visage. He knew how to prove to them that every event, even the most adverse, might hold something good for them within its depths.

Immediately after his arrival at Nicosia he organized a solemn procession, and rendered public thanksgiving to God. In an eloquent discourse he felicitously congratulated the King, and that portion of his army which deserved praise. The recent expedition was not merely an ephemeral skirmish. Even at its worst it was a point gained, a victory on the very soil of the enemy, and a demonstration which proved the cowardice of the Moors.

The Apostle of the Crusade by this means restored public opinion, banished wavering and doubt, and disposed his hearers to valiantly continue the war. To promote this it was unanimously agreed upon that the Legate should go to Avignon as soon as possible. After having given a verbal account of the recent happenings he was to solicit new aid from the Sovereign Pontiff.

Although greatly enfeebled through the immense exertions he had made both before and during the Crusade, and exhausted by a strain of constant enthusiasm, his moral energy never

failed and the Legate willingly began his preparations for the journey. In the early part of December, having taken leave of the King, he repaired to Famagouste in which port, the most frequented of the kingdom, he soon found a vessel ready to set sail for France.

The companion assigned to him for the passage was his friend Philip de Mezzieres who, having some affairs of state to attend to, had to delay somewhat before joining the Legate at Famagouste.

In that city there were certain Venitian merchants, who, on account of their suspicious bearing during the late events, were suspected of grave disloyalty in the affair of Alexandria. It appeared upon good authority that they had worked secretly to foment the disturbances which eventually obliged the Generalissimo to abandon his conquest. What was their object? Did they perhaps hope by such base intrigues to ingratiate themselves with the Sultan, and obtain from him more favorable treaties for their affairs? Certain it is that animated by the greed of gold, they were going in December to Alexandria, *intending* to procure a special peace.

The faithful Legate, hearing of this insolent determination was justly indignant. To punish them and render null and void their designs, he fulminated a sentence of excommunication against any one who would enter into commercial relations with any city of that empire where the Sultan ruled. Notwithstanding this prohibition, one of the party, having actually set sail for Alexandria, was driven by contrary winds to the Cyprian coast. His ship was dismantled, his cargo swallowed up by the waves, and he himself narrowly escaped with his life. Such baseness was a new source of bitterness to poison the last days of Blessed Peter Thomas. The holy patriarch since that fateful time at Alexandria bore within an incurable wound which never could be relieved—and his brow was stamped with an air of melancholy which, try as he would, he was not able entirely to banish. His emaciated

countenance and mournful eye betokened a grief which neither art nor virtue could hide. Never more would he manifest that charming gayety of heart which had so endeared him to his friends. Scarcely touching the threshold of old age, not yet sixty, he already felt the burden of years. His slow step and painful gait, his head slightly bent forward gave evidence of this but it must not be imagined that he remained inert and discouraged, for his life was all the more active in the sight of God:

Having taken up his abode in the secluded cloister of the Carmelites the holy mystic spent long hours in the sanctuary where more than ever he conversed interiorly with his divine Master, and kissed with transports of love the hand which had so vividly engraven upon those portions of his being which still lived, the image of the crucified Savior.

Humble and submissive, so far from inveighing against the faults of others, he reproached himself for *his own* as having been the cause of the failure. Expiatory victim, offering himself a holocaust to divine justice, all that he desired was to sacrifice himself anew. Despite the increasing infirmities which showed that his days were numbered, he prepared to set out for Avignon.

But He who holds in His fatherly hands the destinies of His children, judged that His servant had furnished a model of Catholic devotion and religious fervor during a sufficiently long cycle of years. He reserved for him a happier voyage by far at the termination of which all his labors and trials would be gloriously rewarded.

It was Christmas eve—Wednesday, 1365. The fervent prelate went to the cathedral of Famagouste, and as he walked over the frozen ground his feet became cold as ice. Not heeding this, he assisted at all the office, and on the festival, chanted the three solemn masses of the day—one at midnight, one at day-dawn and one toward the middle of the morning.

That evening he felt quite ill, but

did not pay any special attention to the fact. He neither sought any aid, nor made any change in his clothing. It was always his custom to wear the same in winter as in summer.

On St. Stephen's day he also celebrated Mass (Pontifical) in another church, and on St. John's day, wishing to make a pilgrimage in honor of that privileged son of Mary, he went to a chapel situated outside of the city walls, the chapel of Notre Dame de Cana.

Already very weak and trembling, despite all this he again exposed himself to the mercy of a most frigid temperature. In his penitential fervor he made the pilgrimage bare-foot, and whilst the solemn high mass lasted, he remained upon the marble aisle. His confreres represented the danger to his health of such excessive mortification but for all reply he said that the ancient fathers of the desert never went otherwise than barefoot, and that their example was worthy of imitation.

Alas! this austerity was no longer commensurate with his strength. His emaciation had reached such a degree that his bones were almost on the point of piercing the tender skin. He could, indeed, not endure such penance. Exhausted nature gave way, and a burning fever seemed to consume his wasted frame.

Resisting with all his energy, however, despite its inroads, he had the happiness of celebrating the holy sacrifice on Sunday, December 28, and also on the following day.

But on Tuesday the fever returned, with redoubled vigor, and the alteration in the features of the venerable invalid revealed to his spiritual brethren that the danger had now become imminent. They forthwith sent word to the chancellor, who started at once for Famagouste, where he arrived on Wednesday with the physician of the king.

Under the influence of this faithful friendship, a slight amelioration became visible, and continued for several days.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Convincing Argument.

BY S. X. BLAKELY, FROM "CONTES D'UN PROMENEUR."



THE forest of Fontainebleau has ever been a favorite resort of mine, and when time permits it is generally to this enchanting spot that I turn my willing steps. I love to watch the graceful motions, for instance, of a joyous band of squirrels as they leap from branch to branch of the woodland trees, while the pretty rabbits, with furtive mien and ears alert, off at the first sign of pursuit, always awaken my sympathy. Then the brilliant costumes of some gay hunting party, making merry over the trophies of skill they are sure to win, or the wondering admiration of a group of peasants upon this their first visit to the forest, all these, kind reader, which by you might be passed unnoticed, serve to entertain me during the hour of my stroll. My favorite time would be the morning, but upon the day of which I intend to write, circumstances prevented my leaving my apartment until almost noon.

I wandered slowly through my beloved forest, pursuing some fugitive fancy, when I found myself at that isolated spot where Nature in all her rugged grandeur, scarce, if at all, touched by the hand of man, still holds sway. I allude to what is known as the gorge of Apremont.

I was about to retrace my steps and seek the welcome and inviting cool-

ness of the shaded allies, for it was not the heat of noon that my weary brain required, and although the waning year registered October, old Sol had lost none of his ardor. Suddenly my gaze was arrested by the sight of two men, not one hundred paces from where I stood, who had sought the shelter afforded by the almost leafless branches of a juniper tree. The coat of the one had been carelessly thrown upon the ground, and his hand bound up in a piece of linen had evidently been bleeding freely. He was on his knees beside his companion who, as I saw upon a closer inspection, wore the soutane of a priest and the *sombbrero*.

I perceived near the coat of the penitent, for the man was certainly making a confession, a little phial, two twigs of the wild hazel, and the severed trunk of a serpent whose spotted skin glistened in the sun. "Truly a strange confessional" I confided to myself, as I hastened to leave, when the layman arose, and the priest, hearing the sound of my footsteps turned towards me. We recognized each other. It was the vicar of Avon, and in compliance with his gesture of invitation I drew near; "not sorry" I fancy, kind reader, you are not slow to exclaim. It does not enter into the scope of so brief a narrative to give a description of Monsieur the vicar of Avon. You have certainly known many good priests. Search amongst them for the most excellent. Give him from thirty-five to forty years of age, the face of an angel and the holiness of a saint, and you will have my

friend. The other was about the same age. But while a noble serenity marked the priest, his companion was greatly agitated, and one could see that at all times he was swayed by turbulent emotions and tempestuous passions. Still, upon his broad brow, and in his clear eye there appeared a nobility of soul, an elevation which re-assured the spectator. "Badly directed that man might be dangerous; turned towards good, of what might not that ardent soul be capable?" While I stood there with these thoughts coming unbidden, it was quite natural for me to feel somewhat embarrassed. The Abbe hastened to relieve me. "Dear friend," said he, "you could not have come more opportunely." "Are you a Christian, Monsieur?" cried the other, scarcely perceiving that he was interrupting the priest. "I am, I am happy to say." "I am almost tempted to say: *so much the worse*, for you are not in special need of what I am about to relate. And yet, if you were not a Christian you might not understand me. Have you ever witnessed an instantaneous conversion?"

"Yes, but it was a conversion *in extremis*. Indeed I have known of several, but one stands forth vividly in my mind. An old renegade, who had been false to the teachings of his youth and now swore only by Voltaire and Jean Jaques, was suddenly called upon to meet his Judge. Our Lord bestowed upon him just one hour for repentance. He was happily Christian enough to respond to the grace. The priest was at hand, and through the munificent mercy of God the sentiments in which that man closed his eyes upon this world were those of a saint." "Well! That is something similar to my experience, except that I am not dead, and I am far from being a saint." Then upon my assurance, in reply to his question, that I would be glad to hear his narration, he began: "Educated with a view to my becoming a priest, I found out before very long that I had not the slightest vocation, and upon my return home, a course of the pernicious literature, so

popular at the time, went far to lead me astray. I gave up the practice of my religion, and even became a freemason. I inveighed against priests, yet sought every occasion to argue with them, and made a point of boasting to friends as vile as myself that never yet had I met one who could get the best of me in a discussion. Whether they were so foolish as to credit it I know not. This morning I was fortunate enough to meet this excellent Abbe who was with me in the seminary. He proposed a stroll through the forest, and we began to converse upon our life at college, how widely our paths had diverged, and the like. I was determined, however, to enter upon the field of argument, or controversy, which the Abbe perceiving, amicably gratified my wish. Before long, however, I realized that I had found my master. With the freedom of an old comrade, with the acumen of the priest who saw that this was no case for gentle dealing, he told me among other things that I reasoned like an escaped lunatic. "But that is nothing," continued he. "To be insane is not a sin, but to lie to your own conscience, which is what you are doing, *is*. You only speak so loud to deafen that monitor so that its reproaches will not be heard. I know at least of one in whose presence you would hesitate to utter your sacrilegious impieties." "Name him," I cried proudly. "Were it the Emperor, or even him whom you call the Head of the Church I would not withhold a single view."

"The one of whom I speak takes precedence of the Pope," said the Abbe, and is over us all."

"O! you mean the Virgin Mary. There has been some new apparition at la Salette?"

"No," said the priest, with impressive earnestness, "I mean the presence of *death*. I have known men as irreligious as yourself, whose arrogant boast was, too, that nothing could make them change their impious views, and who yet at the approach of death have had the grace to retract their false opinions and to return to

God with contrite and humble hearts."

"Afraid of death I am not," said I. "I have always been an upright, honest man. I have injured no one. God would be unjust were He to punish me."

"As to never having injured any one, you admit that you have disseminated your views as widely as you could, and who can calculate the spiritual ruin and wreck you have wrought? My dear friend, I maintain my point. If at this very moment you were to find yourself face to face with death you would change your tone."

I opened my lips to express my utter contempt of such cowardice, when suddenly I felt a sharp and agonizing pain in my right hand, which rested upon the back of the rustic bench whereon we sat. At the same moment a viper crawled with sinuous windings in and out of my fingers, whilst the Abbe hastened to beat it off with his hazel stick. I felt myself grow pale and cold. From the flat head of the serpent and its inky color I knew that it was one of the most venomous type. It had bitten me. We were far from any aid that could come in time. I was about to meet death, led into that presence by a crawling reptile's venomous fangs. Scarce had I time to make these reflections, when the Abbe drew from his pocket a flask of alkali and a pen-knife whose well sharpened blade glittered in the sun. "I never travel without these," he remarked. He seized my hand, moistened with saliva the venomous bite, then made an incision and poured the alkali therein. "God be thanked that I was with you, my dear old friend. Had you been alone, all would have been over with you."

As for me, I was speechless with terror and gratitude. Nevertheless it was not either of those emotions which dominated my heart.

In that supreme moment which passed between the attack of the reptile and the aid of the Abbe, I believed myself doomed. This—this was the moment which my com-

panion had assured me would place my wasted life and pernicious views in an entirely different light. It seemed as if the Lord wished to verify the truth of his words by placing me in this terrible predicament.

The Abbe had indeed spoken truly. As if the thick veil which had hidden the truth were suddenly withdrawn, I beheld what that religion which I had constantly vilified now meant for me. I had no longer any passions to cater to, nor human respect to cringe before. I was about to appear before God. How would I wish to present myself? Certainly with my conscience relieved of the burden, whose weight had increased so immensely since I had broken with heaven. I could not be grateful enough to God Who, while inflicting upon me a death so sudden and cruel, had so provisionally placed a priest at my side.

When this priest, therefore, had been the physician of the body, before being that of the soul, when he had saved me from certain death, it was not *he* who asked for the result of my experience, nor enquired whether I was content to die as I had lived. It was *I* who cast myself at his feet and made my confession to him with a sincere and contrite heart. And if all my infidel friends had been present they could not have deterred me in the least.

"You are a writer," said the Abbe. "Do not forget what you have just listened to. In this vain world of ours there are many more who go about boasting of their impious views which are often superficial, than there are those who are heart and soul given up to infidelity. But God does not favor all as He has my very good friend here, with a serpent, a vicar and a flask of alkali. They laugh and jeer at those who return to Him on their death bed. Let them pause and reflect that they may not even be granted a death bed, but that a withering thunderbolt will send them without preparation to render their terrible account to the Sovereign Judge!"

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

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

THE feast of the Assumption, Our Lady of the harvest, is one of the favorite feasts of Rome. Whatever the Italians may do or whatever accusations are made against them, they are still firm in one point, their devotion to the Blessed Virgin. This being one of her principal feasts, all good Catholics did their best to celebrate it worthily. During the whole day the city was alive, and the churches were crowded with people. In the evening the greater part of the city was illuminated, many houses were full of lights, and in some rooms opening into the street, or in the corners of the streets by the voluntary contribution of the people altars were erected, adorned with a large picture of the Madonna, and many fresh flowers and resplendent with numerous brilliant lights of various colors.

On Sunday, the 20th August being the feast of St. Joachim, father of the Blessed Virgin, was also the feast of His Holiness Leo XIII., (Joachim Pecci). On that day the Holy Father received a greater number of telegrams than usual from all classes of people and from all parts of the world. All the Cardinals present in the Curia were admitted into audience by His Holiness and after offering their congratulations were entertained for some time in private conversation. The feast was celebrated with great solemnity in the church of that name under the care of the Redemptorist Fathers. This church which was built in commemoration of the Pope's episcopal jubilee is now entirely completed on the outside; in the interior

the high altar and nave are finished, and are certainly very grand, but the side chapels are mostly unfinished. Each of these side chapels has been given to a different country, which is at liberty to adorn them in whatever manner they wish, and can dedicate them to the saints of their own country. A few countries have already begun the work on their chapels.

According to a liberal Italian newspaper, the Italian government has recently received two rebuffs, one being the letter of the Queen of Holland to the Pope, the other, the answer of the Pope to this letter. Against the wishes of the other countries they would not allow the Pope to send a representative to the Conference of Peace, and having succeeded in keeping the Pope at a distance, they thought they had gained an everlasting victory over Papacy and Clericalism, when suddenly the scale of war changes, and they suffer a disgraceful loss, whilst the Pope gains a glorious victory. The Queen of Holland, a protestant, in whose dominions the conference was held, writes a letter to the Pope, expressing her regret that he, the universal peace-maker, should have no representative at the Conference. To this letter the Pope replied in dignified language, and so independent of all political questions that in the end the liberals see their purpose defeated and they themselves constrained to confess it. The same liberal writer, continuing in the same line, says that the power and influence of the Pope have increased much

during the last thirty years, because they persecuted him. So the liberals and all the anti-Catholic sects have, although unwillingly, contributed to the glory of the Pope, and have caused his paternal authority to be felt throughout the whole world.

Here we clearly see the hand of God turning evil into good, using the very enemies of the Church to exalt it, and make its influence felt. Although late, yet even now these persecutors should follow the advice of Gamaliel, the master of St. Paul, who, when the Jews wanted to persecute the primitive Christians, said they should not disturb the new institution, for, if it be from God, it is impossible to fight against God, if it be only the work of man it will fall together of itself, so in either sup-

position it would be useless and even foolish to persecute them. The liberals should reason thus, and then they would at least have the consolation of not having increased the glory of the Holy Church.

A very great number of pilgrims are expected at Rome during the coming year of the Jubilee; some say there will be from three hundred to five hundred thousand during the whole year. Very many especially of the French will be here in May, when it is said the canonization Blessed La Salle will take place. This holy man is already so universally known by the zeal and labors of his devoted sons, the Christian Brothers, that the occasion promises to be a very solemn one in which people from all parts will take part.

Souvenir, October, 1899.

The month of October brought with it many beautiful thoughts and holy affections.

The fragrance of Our Lady's roses makes it, as it were, another May; and the frequent benedictions remind us of those bright days of June when we consecrated ourselves, in answer to the desires of our Sovereign Pontiff irrevocably to the Adorable Heart of Jesus.

The following lines, written in the sunshine of those days may therefore be welcomed by souls devoted to the Sacred Heart, and, through the intercession of its beloved disciple, Blessed Margaret Mary, awaken an echo of love. May He unite us more and more to Himself by every renewal of our act, and in "the land afar off," may we "see the King in His beauty," and praise His loving Heart with our Blessed mother, the Angels and Saints for all eternity!

GLADNESS.

Souvenir of the Consecration of Mankind to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. June, 1899.

There is gladness in the sunshine
That so beautifies the earth.
There is gladness 'midst bright Angels,
As of old at Jesus' birth.

They are singing of His glory,
And of everlasting peace,
Far beyond those golden portals
Where all earthly sorrows cease.

There is gladness deep and thrilling
In God's Holy church to-day,
With her faithful loving children
Round the Altars watch and pray.

And in Him what wondrous gladness
Like a boundless, blissful tide,
Overflowing with love's wavelets
Those dear souls for whom he died.

Dearest Jesus, meek and humble!
O make our hearts like thine!
And like a wreath entwine them
Gently round Thy Heart Divine.

Bless our act of consecration,
And inflame us with Thy love,
May we contemplate thy beauty
In the land of light above.

Where dark shades shall not o'ercast us,
And there breathes no sigh of pain,
But soft canticles of rapture
To "the Lamb that once was slain."

O, how blissful the remembrance
In our souls eternally,
Of the bright June days of gladness
When we gave our hearts to thee!

ENFANT DE MARIE.

Favors Obtained Through Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

FROM Castelnandary, France, we have received the following:

My little god-daughter, named Germaine Le Chartier, who was thirteen years old, fell dangerously ill with typhoid fever to which were added other complications of various kinds, as vomiting, weakness of the heart, and so on, in June, 1899.

The assiduous care of two doctors, friends of the family, did not succeed in checking the evil; for, on the evening of the 15th of July the bronchial tubes and the lungs were congested; extreme unction was administered to her.

"Nothing else," said one of the two doctors, "can now avail except the help of God and the course of nature."

Then we recollected with remorse that Germaine, although she had received the Holy Scapular, did not wear it. I searched immediately among my holy relics and then put around the neck of Germaine a Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which the Most Rev. Father General, Angelo Savini, of happy memory, had given me.

At the same time, we inwardly recommended the dear sick one to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, promising that, if she should regain her health, we should give an account of the recovery to the *Annales du Carmel* and to the "Carmelite Review."

The night between the 15th and 16th of July was awful. Each moment seemed to be her last one. . . .

The father of the girl, an energetic Christian, prepared her with true Breton faith to appear before God. We recited the Recommendation of the Dying and soon went to hear the first mass in the cathedral at the altar of

the Confraternity of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, where he received Holy Communion. This was on a Sunday, on the day also of the great feast of the Order.

In all the Catholic world the Religious and virgins of Mt. Carmel celebrate the glory of their Queen and Mother. We joined them in their praises and prayers, hoping thus to obtain through the intercession of the saints her recovery, if it should please God to preserve her life.

Two hours passed by, when she all at once opened her eyes and smiling upon us, asked for some food, which she was able to swallow without any difficulty whatever.

"She is not the same as yesterday at all," said the doctor; "the heart beats freely and the lungs are clear. This is extraordinary indeed."

The convalescence, which, as we were told before, should have been a slow one, was accomplished within a short time, and Germaine retains no sign of the cruel sickness, often so terrible in its consequences.

Glory, thanksgiving to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.—NANCY BOUIS, Castelnandary (Aude) France, July, 1899.

The Blessed End.

After Love's dawning
Clouds hanging deep,
Roses tear-laden,
Mourners who weep.

After our sunset's
Passion-lit bars,
Tremulous darkness,
Quivering stars.

After our Eden,
A fiery sword,
After our grieving,
A pitying Lord!

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

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, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

The glorious autumn days are again our portion, and we are having a daily feast at the hands of Mother Nature. October has been well styled the queen month of the year, because of its exquisite beauty of earth and sky ; and the Church, knowing so well how to make use of nature as an aid to grace, has chosen October to supplement that other month of beauty—May, the darling of the Spring.

In October we renew the joys of the month of Mary, and gather around her altars to hail her Queen of the Holy Rosary.

Dear children, although we are pre-eminently devoted to the Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, yet we are only too willing to be missionaries in the cause of the Dominican Rosary. Who among us does not love the blessed Beads almost as if they were a part of one's self? How we cling to them and feel that they are indeed a link with heaven.

The Scapular and the Beads are the keepsakes of our Blessed Lady and they will carry us safely to her arms at last.

The Secretary will gladly renew her promise of long ago to send a pair of Beads blessed by the Dominicans and enriched with the marvellous indulgences of the Church to any reader of the "Carmelite Review" who will send name and address to her.

Not long ago a bunch of a dozen

pairs was sent to the far western part of the United States to a family who had only lately come across the old number of the "Carmelite Review" in which the first promise about sending the Beads was made.

What a help to us in our journey to heaven is the feeling that we are not alone. The communion of saints is one of the most consoling doctrines in the Church, because it brings the comfort of friendship and sympathy in our struggle.

It is not an easy thing to live from day to day, suffering and worrying, and very often taking one step forward and two steps backward.

It is then, when discouraged and down-hearted and often on the point of giving up entirely that the fellowship of the saints in heaven and our brethren of the faith on earth is like wine and oil to the traveller in a desert land. We are strengthened and soothed and comforted by the thought that others are praying for and with us—yes, and struggling too, up hill work from day to day, even as we are.

Now in October, the millions of Catholics the world over are all united, Beads in hand praying to her who is indeed "our life, our sweetness and our hope."

How beautiful is the Salve Regina! One never tires of it, as indeed one can not of any of the prayers of the Church. Take the preface of the Mass for instance. What a wonderful thing it is! Was there ever music which lifts the heart to heaven so delightfully as the preface, when well

sung at a High Mass. It is a heavenly song and is worthy the voice of an angel.

So with the *Salve Regina*—the Hail Holy Queen which is in itself an act of desire, a cry of the longing heart for heaven. Say it very fervently and very lovingly during the evenings of October and be sure that when you pray "turn then most gracious advocate thine eyes of mercy towards us," that Mary, whose eyes are like stars—myriads of stars—will turn to look at each one of her children who crown her in October days with roses of prayer. Hold on to the blessed Beads, dear children; carry them in your pockets, save up a few pennies and buy a dozen pairs in October to distribute to the poor in prisons, in hospitals, in poor mission churches.

Be missionaries of Mary; her agents are paid a commission of 100 per cent.

The fifteenth of October will bring us the feast of St. Theresa, the great doctress of the Church and the beloved saint of Carmel.

Pray to her for good common sense, which is another name for practical piety.

The watchword of St. Theresa, one of them—for she had many—was "Duty!" We hear her quoted as saying, "to suffer or die." Well, that is not for you and me, dear children. Our imitation of St. Theresa must be to follow her in praying when she did not feel like it, simply because it was her duty. In her life we read many wonderful things—but none to my mind more saintly than this, that she prayed, kept on praying for I forget how many years—I think eighteen, without any comfort, any feeling of or taste for prayer. Only a saint, a strong woman such as she, could do

that. We know how it is with us. To-day we are in heaven because we feel like praying, feel like being good, and to-morrow we are like Mr. McGinty, "at the bottom of the sea," so blue, so hateful, so cranky, because we don't feel like praying or being good, or doing our duty.

Is it easy? you ask.

Not a bit of it—the hardest thing on earth to keep on doing the right thing in spite of feelings, in spite of dark days and the blue devils and a thousand and one other things which stand between us and duty, so beg St. Theresa to get you a ton of good common sense and that ton will kindle a fire of love for God and duty which will be better fuel than anything else in the world.

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who was the greatest of Flemish painters?
2. What is his most famous Biblical picture?
3. Of what American poetess was it said, "her verses have the swing of the sea"?
4. What famous Italian painter is always associated with the city of Naples?
5. What is called the heart of Venice?

ANSWERS TO THINKERS.

1. Turkey. Emperor Nicholas of Russia in 1844.
2. Trinity College.
3. Plutarch.
4. In Butler's *Hudibras*.
5. The toast: "Au bon pere" drunk daily to the Popes, when England was Catholic.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Hatton (hat on) Gardens.
2. Because we find them in Seine. (insane).
3. A Winter's Tale (tail).
4. Out of debt.
5. Hooker.

Editorial Notes.

A Holy Month.

The month of October has been dedicated to the "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary." Our Holy Father, the Pope has written more encyclical letters on this one subject than on any other, it is so dear to his heart. There is not a Catholic church or chapel that will not witness some manifestation of this love for the Rosary during the month of October. Even in the far-off Phillipines this Catholic devotion is cherished by the natives. In the fiercest conflict between Spaniard and Tagal no dishonor was shown to our Blessed Mother. It was left to the civilized Anglo-Saxon brute, who has covered the name of American soldier with shame and disgrace, to lay sacrilegious hands upon statues and pictures of the Blessed Virgin, and to tear Scapulars and Rosaries from the necks of pious and innocent maidens. Let us frequently, during this month, while kneeling at the feet of our Queen, weaving and binding our wreaths of roses, white, red and golden roses, think of these children of Mary in the far East, and breathe a prayer for them. And for the poor Catholic boys who were unwilling witnesses of these outrages perpetrated by the men and officers of their own companies, good American boys who wear the Scapular themselves, and, let us hope, have a Rosary stuck away somewhere in their military outfit. There is something devilish in the hatred of the Blessed Virgin displayed by the enemies of God's Church. She is the "woman who crushes the head of the serpent."

The Angels.

Our holy mother, the Church teaches us that we are under the guardianship of angels, and during the month of October she celebrated a special feast in honor of the Guardian Angels. This month has therefore been called the month of the angels, and special devotions are practiced by pious Catholics in their honor. Our Lord speaks of the angels of children, and St. Paul refers to the Guardian Angels. Converts have assured us that long before they found the full grace of faith, they had cherished this particular belief. It seems so natural that our Lord "whose delight it is to be with the sons of men," who gives us His own Blessed Mother as our mother, should detail ministering angels to all the souls purchased by His Blood, raised to princely estate and made heirs of heaven. We would not need the many revelations made to the saints to convince us of their presence. Whether we see him continually, as St. Catherine of Sienna, or see the Guardian Angels of others, as St. Francis of Sales, or see them only by the eyes of faith, we know that such a faithful companion follows us from the cradle to the grave. He is honored by having this charge committed to him, and we can piously imagine angels asking for this favor at the hands of God, whenever His Divine breath gives birth to a new human soul. Christian mothers and fathers should make friends with the angels of their children, teachers with the angels of their pupils; aye, and priests with the angels of their wayward and sinful parishioners, and they

will soon find the great help these heavenly messengers can give them in their respective charges. What a pleasure it will be for all of us one day to make the personal acquaintance of our lifelong companion, our most constant friend!

The Saints.

We call this month a holy month, because it is the month of the Rosary and the month of the Holy Angels. But for us children of Mount Carmel it has another great claim on our homage. It is the month of St. Teresa, the great Carmelite saint. On the lofty heights of Carmel prayer and contemplation are the rule, but, in spite of its solitude and retirement the great saints of prayer have been made known to the world by Divine Will and command. This was the case with St. Andrew Corsini, the Carmelite bishop, with St. Peter Thomas, the Carmelite legate of the Holy See, with St. Albert, the Carmelite thaumaturgus of Sicily, with St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, the ecstatic Carmelite nun of Florence, and with St. John of the Cross, the Carmelite mystic of Spain. But St. Teresa is known more than any of the others, on account of her monastic foundations and her extraordinary writings. Ordinary Christians, in reading the usual lives of these saints and hearing of their wonderful familiarity with God, are disheartened at the great discrepancy between their distracted prayers and the ecstatic prayer of these favorites of heaven. But these great saints were of the same flesh and blood as we, they had the same weak human nature to serve as a foundation for the heavenly graces given them. Lately a professor of the Sorbonne in Paris, Professor Henry Joly, published a

book called, "The Psychology of the Saints," in which he has a most charming chapter on the "Human Nature in the Saints." He shows how natural dispositions arising from nationality, from associations, from temperament and even from weaknesses, entered into the formation of their supernatural greatness. Here are some of the delightfully human traits he discovers in St. Teresa.

"St. Theresa," he says, "was another great lover of Jesus Christ, but in her way of showing her love we recognize her Spanish blood. Her birthplace was Avila, surnamed Avila of the Knights. The women of that town stood a siege in the absence of their husbands, and their brave commandress had conferred upon herself and her descendants the right of voting in the public assemblies. The saint may have had these events in her mind when she described so naturally the fortress on the top of which she has planted the 'banner of God,' and when she spoke of women who were so full of the Apostolic spirit that they envied the liberty enjoyed by men of serving 'the God of battles' in the midst of this world. There was nothing combative about her, however, nor did she love to rule and despise her own sex. 'My son,' she said one day to a religious, "when I was young I was told I was beautiful, and I believed it; later on I was told I was wise and I believed that too, far too readily. I have often had to accuse myself in confession of these two vanities.' Even when favored with ecstasies and the most sublime revelations, she never forgot that she was a woman. . . . She was naturally as proud as she was shrewd, loving and attractive, and so careful of her honor that, even at the time

when she still loved the world and the reading of romances, that feeling was strong enough to protect her against temptations and even importunate imaginations. When, in later years, Our Lord said to her, 'My honor shall be your honor, and your honor My honor,' it may well have seemed to her that she guarded both with the same confidence and noble sense of security with which, in former days, she watched over her own youth! Her dislike of the 'way of fear,' and especially of 'servile fear,' in the service of God, came, in great measure, from the natural character which she had inherited. She wishes us to follow in Christ's footsteps with 'manly courage,' an expression she constantly uses, and she was fond of saying that He ought to be served 'gratuitously,' as great nobles serve their king."

Around the World.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when we considered our country about as big as we wanted it. In fact it was our boast that it was the biggest thing, take it all in all, in the world. But we are over that feeling now. Our bars have been let down and we have tasted blood. The little scrap with Spain did not satisfy our newly aroused savage instincts; we must have more blood—blood until our sight becomes blurred with it, and our eyes are unable to distinguish between right and wrong. What a howling farce it would all be were it not for the horribly tragic consequences! The whole nation goes into hysterics, all the papers shriek themselves hoarse, petitions are sent to the President to interfere and threats are made to boycott a great World's Fair because a Hebrew soldier of very shady

antecedents is seemingly not meeting fair play. And all this time our government is sending shipload after shipload of soldiers and war materials to the Phillipines, to murder and annihilate, if necessary, thousands and thousands of Christians who are asking their rights. Anglo-Saxon righteousness is dumbfounded at the rascality of French judges, and at the same time is deliberately and openly plotting to wipe off the earth a noble little republic in South Africa, which only asks to be left alone. They hold a Peace Conference, and although they will not disarm, they talk most seriously about arbitration, and agree to accept it in principle. Oom Paul must have thought that there was some truth in it, for he declares his extreme willingness to settle by arbitration, but he knows now that the only argument used by the so-called civilization—Anglo-Saxon civilization, if you please—is a brutal demand to stand up and deliver, and why should Oom Paul be treated better than Spain or Aquinaldo? They didn't wish to have the Pope to be represented at the conference. Thank God that he was not asked to that comedy. He would have been the only one in dead earnest. No, the beautiful letter of Wilhelmina, the Queen of Holland, to the Holy Father, and his still more beautiful answer, are worth infinitely more than all the deliveries of the conference. Canada has a little question to be settled also, and hinted at arbitration. She ought to know better, as an Anglo-Saxon colony. Her only hope lies in the newly-cemented friendship between England and the United States. Let her get what she can and not ask too much, above all things, not ask for fair play.

A Catholic Layman.

In Catholic countries, it is customary to invoke the blessings of the Church at the beginning of public works and at their completion. Thus, in our neighboring republic of Mexico, the Archbishop of Mexico was asked to pronounce a blessing on the opening of a new railroad. Recently at the opening of a new electric traction line between Dayton and Xenia, Ohio, a Catholic layman was invited to make the opening address at the beginning of the work of construction. He concluded his address with the following words and prayer:

"And that God may shield this undertaking from great mishap and preserve from bodily harm all who may, when completed, make use of its beneficial workings, let us commit it to His holy keeping, remembering also the words of St. Paul (1 Cor. x, 31) 'Therefore whether you eat or drink or whatsoever else you do: do for the glory of God.'

"In conclusion I ask all present to join with me—in spirit at least—in the beautiful little prayer which I learned in my youthful days, and which I deem very appropriate for this occasion. 'Direct, we beseech thee, O Lord, by Thy holy inspiration all our actions, and carry them on by thy gracious assistance; that every prayer and work of ours may always begin with Thee and by Thee be happily ended, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'"

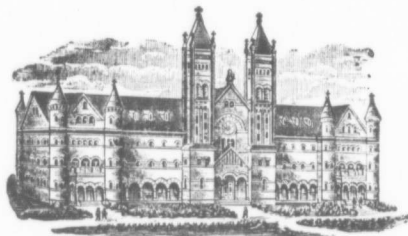
All credit to the man who thus makes use of the Catholic teaching he has received, to lift up the minds of his fellow-citizens to higher ideals and show them that all human effort should be consecrated by the invocation of God, and be made subservient to His Divine Will. Most of our Catholics

would be too timid to proclaim thus publicly their dependence on God, and would prefer to keep their piety to themselves. And yet, we have often been witness to the good effects produced by a bold and apostolic profession of faith. A layman, respected as a citizen and known for his integrity in business, by a simple act of unostentatious faith, free of cant, produces a far more profound impression on ordinary worldly people, than the most fervent protestation of faith by one who is officially ordained to preach it.

This same Catholic layman has lately made an earnest appeal to the faithful of this country, to aid him in spreading an apostolic work, which he has begun years ago in honor of the Sacred Heart and which has been personally approved by the Holy Father, in a letter to this zealous apostle. The appeal was published in last month's issue of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. We hope that it will be generously answered, and that the meritorious work may not be interrupted through lack of means.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Catholic Home Annual by Benziger Bros., New York, comes to us again as a magazine well qualified to fulfill every condition. As such it will be read over, at first cursorily, to satisfy everyone's curiosity, but it will be picked up again and again during its long sojourn in each home, and in the nature of such a publication, it must be able to stand the test. Its contents are varied and interesting. Dr. Egan furnishes a pretty story, while Carinus, the plot of which is taken from the early persecutions, is cleverly written. The "History of the Usulines," and several other stories, with many pictures, give us large value for the small sum of 25 cents.



HOSPICE NOTES.

BY VERY REV. A. J. KREIDT, PROV., O. C. C.

The Hospice opened only a few months ago without any notice or advertisement in our Catholic papers or periodicals, has gained scores of friends. All our visitors were surprised at the stately beauty of the building and at the perfection of its appointments. The universal verdict was that the Hospice, with its complete electric equipment is ahead of the age. From the time of the clerical retreat mass was said daily in the chapel, and the Blessed Sacrament was kept there. The chapel is very simple and unadorned, as we are going to strain every point to begin the erection of the new church, and intend the chapel only as a temporary substitute.

The time has come to build a sanctuary in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, second to none in the country. No spot in all the New World could be found more appropriate for this purpose. Niagara Falls is the most popular spot in America. Every traveler, sooner or later, wends his way thither. No devotion in the Church is more universal than the devotion of the Scapular, and therefore it is fit that it should have its official shrine at this famous spot. After its completion, the Church

of our Lady of Mount Carmel will form the most conspicuous feature of the beautiful Canadian shore of the Niagara. Just above the Horseshoe Falls, its twin towers will rise into the air, and the statue of our Lady of Mount Carmel surrounded by a halo of electric lights will be visible day and night to every visitor at the Falls. The Holy Father accords a special Apostolic Blessing to all those who will aid, abet, and support this work. In order to raise the necessary funds, with the approbation of our ecclesiastical superiors, we have established the "Pious Union of Mount Carmel," and will at once begin the good work by appealing to all our friends and benefactors to join us in our noble undertaking.

The following circular will be sent to all our solicitors.

PIOUS UNION OF MOUNT CARMEL.

This Union has been established with the approval of the Holy See and other ecclesiastical authorities for the erection of a suitable sanctuary in the New World in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The Carmelite Fathers have charge of a Pilgrimage church at Niagara Falls dedicated to Our Lady of Peace. This church was endowed with

all the privileges of the most famous shrines of Europe. The small little building serving as the sanctuary now, is on the verge of collapse and the Fathers find themselves compelled to make an appeal to all the wearers of the Scapular for help. It is no more than proper that the Scapular of Mount Carmel, the most widespread of all Catholic devotions should have an official centre in America, and that Our Lady of the Scapular of Mount Carmel should have one of the most beautiful sanctuaries on the continent. No locality could be more appropriate than the beautiful Canadian shore of Niagara Falls.

The Fathers have lately opened the Hospice of Mount Carmel for the accommodation of pilgrims to the shrine and all other lay people—men and women—who wish to make a retreat or spend a few days at Niagara Falls.

What is needed to complete the noble pile of buildings is a church in harmony with the sublime surroundings and worthy of the great Catholic devotion to our Lady of the Scapular of Mount Carmel.

The late Archbishop Lynch, of saintly memory, authorized a perpetual foundation of 100 yearly masses for contributors to this noble work.

The Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., grants a special Apostolic benediction to all who aid, abet and support this undertaking.

We have made arrangements to also have masses said for all our benefactors at the following sanctuaries:

1. One hundred masses every year at the shrine of our Lady of Peace, at Niagara Falls, Ont.

2. One hundred masses every year at the Novitiate of Mount Carmel, New Baltimore, Pa.

3. One hundred masses every year at the sanctuary of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, in the church of Santa Maria Transpontina, Rome, Italy.

4. One hundred masses every year at the sanctuary of Mount Carmel in Palestine, Asia.

5. One hundred masses at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, in Canada.

Besides these annual masses, we celebrate a monthly mass for all our solicitors.

All those who contribute 25 cents a year until the church is completed will, from the time of its dedication, become sharers in the perpetual foundation of masses without further contributions.

Until that time certificates are good only for one year.

We enclose a sample certificate and ask you for the love of our Blessed Lady, to act as our solicitor. Write to us for further information and address: The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ont.

THANKSGIVING.

"Enfant de Marie desires to return thanks for many favors obtained through the Most Pure Heart of Mary during August, the month specially devoted to its honor, and after a promise of publishing gratitude in THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

Let us have unbounded trust in that Most Loving Heart, in all needs spiritual and temporal, remembering St. Bernard's exhortation, "Look at the star, call on Mary," and echoing his touching "Memorare," to secure for ourselves and all that are dear to us, her "omnipotent intercession" in life and for the hour of death.

"Look up to the far blue heavens,
And breath St. Bernard's prayer."

E. D. M

Our Lady of the Rosary,
What name can be so sweet
As what we call thee when we place
Our chaplets at thy feet?

—Adelaide A. Procter.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mission Tracts by Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., B. Herdes, St. Louis, Mo., price 5 cts., per hundred, net \$3.50.

Although this is universally considered the age of reading, as far as the doctrines of Holy Church are concerned, the opposite would be nearer the truth. Even Catholics are for the most part satisfied with hearing them preached from Sunday to Sunday, and the ignorance of our separated brethren on the same points, remains proverbial. Father Sherman has done a good work in giving us these short but pithy tracts on well chosen subjects. The very titles will recommend them: 1. The Old Religion; 2. The Church; 3. The Real Presence; 4. The Rule of Faith. We hope to see more of them till the whole field be covered with these splendid weapons of truth.

Eternal Religion: Its Use and Abuse, by Rev. George Tyrell, S. J., B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo., price \$1.00.

This prettily gotten up book has greater beauty and strength in its contents. The author, with a master hand, touches a few great questions which are soon to become burning subjects. Though written for students it will be a valuable addition to every priest's library and no one who essays to preach on the great moral truths can afford to overlook it. Its opening chapters must be carefully studied, since the others are logical deductions from them. Religious communities will find in its pages a new stimulus to understand the essentials of their holy state, while the laity will have the means of overcoming many a doubt as to their spiritual condition. But it is not a prayer-book; it has to be read and pondered over. It is the work of a deep thinker and profound theologian. It is such a work as might be expected from a brilliant son of the illustrious Society of Jesus. We predict a large sale of this book and the Catholic world owes another debt of gratitude to the publisher.

"Mary is a radiant star who bore the eternal Light, the Son of God.—
St. Bonaventure.

PETITIONS.

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

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

For good health and recovery, Stratford, Ont.; several conversions, New York; for grace to know vocation; for the conversion of a husband; for spiritual favors. 5; for employment, 6; for success in business 1; for favorable settlement of a lawsuit; for strength to reform, 7; for recovery from sickness, 6; for happy death, 3; for reconciliation of a husband and wife; for reconciliation of a father and son; for peace in a family; for reformation of a husband who drinks 2; for the conversion of a father and son who have not approached the sacraments for years; for peace in a family; for the grace to overcome the temptations for drink for a husband and sons; for the reformation of a person who has become a victim to the use of drugs; for several ecclesiastical students; for health, 7; for temporal assistance, 3; for prosperity in a family; for the conversion of several persons of a family; for the conversion of a husband; for grace to overcome an evil habit; for assistance in finding honest employees, 3; for the recovery of a prelate who is dangerously ill; for a little boy who is in danger of losing a limb; for the return of thirteen persons to the church, together with their families.

The name Rosary was chosen to indicate its character. As the rose is composed of leaves, thorns and flowers, so the Rosary supplies subject for meditation on the joyful, sorrowful and glorious mysteries of the Redemption.

"Mother, now I'll say my beads,
For my soul some comfort needs.
And what better could there be
Than to raise my thoughts to thee,
Sweet Mother!"

—FATHER RTSSEL, S. J.

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 have been received at our monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular Registry from: St. Bernard's Church, Akron, O.; Brook Village, Nova Scotia; St. Joseph's Church, Snyder P. O., Ont.; St. Joseph's Church, Cresk, O.; St. Agnes Church, Debec, N. B.; St. Michael's Church, Bell Island, N. F.; St. Boniface Church, Zouch, Ont.; Our Lady, Star of the Sea, Canso, N. S.; Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto; St. Andrew's Church, Antigonish.

At our Monastery at New Baltimore from: Convent of the Good Shepherd, Cleveland, O.; Goodwin, Wash.; St. Francis de Sales Church, Chicago, Ill.; Mt. Calvary, Wis.; St. John's Church, Bellfonte, Pa.; Boise, Idaho; St. Peter's Ind.; Philadelphia, Pa.

Scapular names received at our Monastery at Pittsburg, Pa., from: Immaculate Conc. Church, Moberly, Mo.; St. Paul's Catholic, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Michael's Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Louisville, Ky.; Holy Cross, Church, La Crosse, Wis.; St. Joseph's Church, Mount Pleasant, Pa.; St. Francis' Mission, Rosebud, S. Dakota.; Immaculate Heart Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Jasper, Ind.; St. Peter Claver's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, Cal.; St. Aloysin's Church, Linn, Mo.; St. Mary's Church, Akron, O.; St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, O.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Andrew's Church, Richmond, Ind.; St. Ambrose's Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Ignatius' Col.; Cleveland, O.; St. Joseph's Church, Johnstown, Pa.; St. George's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Boniface's, Allegheny, Pa.; Sts. Andrew's and Thomas' Church, Milwaukee, Wis.; Holy Rosary Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Bonaventura's, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Michael's, Janesville, O.; St. Jerome's, Charleroi, Pa.; St. Patrick's Settlement, O.; St. Michael's, Pittsburg S. S., Pa.; New Berlin, Wis.; Oldenburg, Ind.; Elm Grove, Wis.; Earlington, Ky.; Jefferson, Wis.; Cleveland, O.; Wilkesbarre, Pa.

ORITUARY.

"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. SHANNON, an old benefactor, who died at Niagara Falls, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1899. R. I. P.

MRS. HELEN CHARLOTTE O'KEEFE who died at Toronto, Ont.

MRS. A. KENNY, who departed this life on the 11th August, aged 75 years, at Brickby, Ont.

JAMES ROCK, aged 78, who died at Niagara Falls, N. Y., July 28, 1899.

SISTER M. ALPHONSUS POCOCK, who died Aug. 22nd at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Ont., aged 51, and of her religious profession, 28 years.

CAPT. RODERICK McNEIL, PATRICK HERR, MR MICHAEL MEEHAN, who departed this life on Aug. 11, after a very painful illness of three months. John Fitzsimons, Paul Burke, T. A. Hannify, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Honora Kylie, who departed this life Sept. 7th, 1899.

WM. DEE, who died March 21st, 1899.

REV. JOHN McDONAGH, who died at Picton, Ont., on Aug. 20, 1899.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Falls View.

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