



**D**oulce dame de mi  
sericorde de mere de pi  
e fontaine de tou  
biens qui portastes nostre seig

OUR LADY OF MERCY.



A SIMPLE STORY.

(Why I Love the "Memorare.")

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



It is only a simple story  
Of happy childhood years,  
But often it has soothed my anguish  
And calmed my trembling fears.

I loved a little song-bird,  
And cared it day by day;  
But alas! my yellow favorite  
Got free, and flew away.

Away through the streets of the city  
The crowded haunts of men;  
What hope was left that the truant  
Would ever come back again?

My heart was full of sadness,  
But dear ones implanted there  
A trust in the "Memorare"  
St. Bernard's touching prayer.

So I knelt near Our Lady's image  
And prayed with trustful love;  
Did she smile at my childish pleading  
In her blissful home above?

## THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

But see! through the open window,  
As if to a mossy nest,  
Flies back my tired rambler  
To its olden place of rest.

How I thanked our Blessed Mother  
Who heard me though far away,  
And her beautiful "Memorare"  
Was dearer from that bright day.

Years passed—and the darksome shadows  
O'er cast life's early dreams;  
But oft in the night of sorrow  
A starry radiance gleams,

And I see through memory's vista,  
An image white and fair,  
And the tones of a "Memorare"  
Are echoed in mystic air.

And I think, "Is her heart less tender  
When like to the wave's white foam,  
My soul is engulfed in sadness  
Afar from her glorious home?"

All "ye who pass by the wayside,"  
With many an anxious care,  
Look up to the bright blue heavens,  
And breathe St. Bernard's prayer.

It will soothe each pain and sorrow  
That is passing to and fro,  
As it soothed my childish grieving  
In days so long ago!

# LIFE OF ST. JOANNA OF TOULOUSE, CARMELITE NUN.

BY L'ABBE BAURENS DE MOLINIER.

## CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL OF THE CARMELITES AT TOULOUSE. THEIR ESTABLISHMENT AT FERETRA. LATER IN THE JEWISH QUARTER. BULL OF CONFIRMATION OF THIS LATTER ESTABLISHMENT. APPROBATION OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS AUTHORITIES. GREAT AND NUMEROUS MIRACLES WROUGHT BY THE IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN BROUGHT FROM MOUNT CARMEL.



SAINTE JOANNA had now entered on her twenty-fourth year. This was in 1238. In the archives of the monastery of Grands Carmes of Toulouse we find an

old manuscript, composed in Latin in the year 1320 by Rev. Fathe. Trenqua. From this we quote :

"In the year 1237 the Reverend Father Alanus called together a general Chapter of our holy Order on Mount Carmel. At this Chapter permission was given to the Carmelite monks to pass over to Europe from Asia in order to escape the persecutions by the Saracenes of the Orient."

"In the year 1238, Brother William Anesias, a born Toulousian, together with six brothers, embarked for France. They took with them the image of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, which, during their voyage, delivered them from a multitude of dangers. In the same year, at the beginning of the month of July, these monks arrived at Toulouse, where Brother Raymond, of the order of the Preaching brethren, received them with great kindness and gave them for their establishment, in

the neighborhood of the city a place in the quarter which was called Le Feretra and which to-day is known as the Faubourg St. Michel. There they built a little church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary and blessed by the same bishop. There the image of the Blessed Virgin became famous by its numerous miracles.

"In the year 1241, the walls of the belfry, of the cloister and of the cells collapsed. The same catastrophe was repeated in the following year 1242. In the year 1242 a newly converted Jew of Toulouse gave his house to our brethren, on account of the frequent apparitions of the Virgin, by which he had been favored in his garden. Having heard of this miracle some citizens of Toulouse wished to erect at their own expense a church and a monastery at the same place where the Blessed Virgin had appeared to the Jew."

"In the year 1246, four years after the work had begun, the councilmen of the city opposed the completion of the church. This opposition lasted to the year 1247. In the year 1263 the construction of the church was completed. In the year 1264 the brethren were installed in the new monastery by the people, the councilmen and by the Bishop of Toulouse, Raymond, of the

Order of the Preaching Brethren. They abandoned their old monastery in the neighborhood of the city."

Another manuscript chronicled in French language, as it was written and spoken in the year 1676, narrates the same facts, but with some variations. The anonymous chronicler says:

"In the year 1248, King Louis, after having summoned some of our Fathers from Mount Carmel, in Palestine, a land over the sea, and after having brought them into his own kingdom of France, by request of the Count of Toulouse, sent some of the monks to this city of Toulouse, in order that they should establish themselves there in one of the suburbs of Toulouse, namely that of Faubourg St. Michel, commonly called Feretra. At that place there still stands a chapel, erected in honor of the glorious St. Roche. But in the course of time the brethren, seeing that they were too far removed from the city, and consequently being unable to satisfy their ardent zeal for the conversion of infidels and especially Jews—they besought most earnestly the bishop and the magistrates, to grant them a site within the city. Their desire was complied with, though the place given to them was very unhealthy, on account of malaria and bad odors. Nevertheless the brethren without any objections most willingly accepted the place offered to them. They did not mind this pestilential spot, because their highest interest was the glory of God and the salvation of souls. The brethren had hardly established themselves there when by the good example of their sanctified lives, by their teaching and by their learned sermons, the infidels were converted and left that place entirely to them. After this the brethren moved their

oratory, or chapel, which they had at the foresaid Faubourg, on account of the great atrocities and blasphemies which the above mentioned Jews incessantly committed against the honor of God and His holy Mother. It now became a place of benediction and sanctification of souls by the great wonders which God worked there, and by means of the wonderful miracles which happened there during a very long time afterwards. These wonderful beginnings were nothing but a result of the zeal which the glorious Saint Louis had shown by bringing the above mentioned monks into his kingdom and there placing them in different regions, principally here in this place. He was recognized as the real founder, and in the same way did his successors act by bestowing favors and privileges upon us which can be seen in the documents of Kings Charles, Louis and Francis, and in their royal letters, given in the chancellor's office of this city, dated in the year 1313, the sixteenth year of the rule of King Louis of France."

The Bull confirming the establishment of the Carmelites in the interior of the city of Toulouse, was issued in the year 1261 by Pope Clements IV: of sacred memory.

This is the translation of the Bull:

"Clement Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our well beloved sons the Prior and the brethren of the church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Toulouse, of the order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, greeting and Apostolic blessing.

"Every time when a just and honest thing is asked for, equity and good order demand, on account of the solicitude incumbent on our office, that this supplication obtain its necessary effect. Therefore, your petition which has been

presented to Us, states that Our well-beloved sons, Arnold, called the Gas-cognard; Frenayre of Poutz-Clautz; Arnold, called Germier; Peter, called Vaditeur; Arnold, Calvet and Pelhe, citizens of Toulouse, desirous of exchanging their earthly goods for heavenly ones, as joint proprietors of some houses in the city of Toulouse, in a place commonly called Judaygues (Judaic) have piously and generously ceded them for all times to come, to you, Prior and to the brethren of the church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Toulouse of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, and to your Order. Since you assure Us that this is plainly contained in a public deed, in good and due form, therefore, according to your wishes, We confirm and approve by Our apostolic authority the pious and wise action of these citizens, and grant to it the protection of this present document.

“It shall not be allowed to any mortal to infringe on, or to contradict by audacious temerity anything which this page of Our confirmation expresses.

“And if anyone should have the presumption to render himself guilty of such an attempt, may he know that he incurs the indignation of the all-powerful God and of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul.”

“Given at Perouse (Perugia) the tenth day of Our Pontificate.”

In the year 1264 the councilmen, the representatives of the Bishop of Toulouse, the Bishop of Aire, the Abbot of the Praemonstratines by the grace of God, the Grand-Master of the military order of the Templars, and the Grand-Master of the military order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, equally approved the establishment of the Carmelites in the interior of the

city of Toulouse.

This is the translation of the solemn act of this approbation:

“Be it known to all those who will read this writing that the Carmelite monks, recently established outside of the walls, and in one of the suburbs of the city of Toulouse, on account of the frequent inundations from which they had to suffer in that place, on account of the too great distance from the city, and mainly because they could not so fruitfully work for the salvation of the souls—have transferred their habitation and their oratory within the enclosure of the city, into a house, situated in the the Jewish district with the particular intention and firm resolution, that through them the most Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of the Savior, our Lord Jesus-Christ, to which Virgin they profess to be particularly consecrated—would be greatly exalted, honored and devoutly praised in this place, in which during so long a time the same most Blessed Virgin, mother of the most glorious and most illustrious fruit of her womb had been blasphemed by the perfidious Jews; hoping, that through her, they would teach all men devotion to her very sweet name, to exalt those who profess the Christian faith, to repel the enemies of faithful Christians, to refute Jewish error by erecting in our city and in this place by the privilege of a special grace, an impugnable fortress, the oratory of which we have spoken, where she has wrought and still is working almost continually, openly and visibly, by day and by night, very great miracles, giving back the sight to the blind, healing the lame and cripples, giving hearing to the deaf and speech to the dumb, and by working many other miracles, the divine and good fame of which has been

spread in the diocese of Toulouse and the neighboring provinces—and has caused numberless Christians to do works of piety, and has inspired pious souls to come in pilgrimage to this fountain of sweetness—all of which should fill with joy the hearts of the truly faithful and cause us to bless the Blessed Virgin and her most merciful Son, conceived in her womb by the operation of the Holy Ghost.

"In praise, honor and testimony of all these things which we just have mentioned—we, the councilmen of the above named city, we De Gritens, archdeacon of Villemur, and representing the venerable Father, the Lord, Bishop of Toulouse, and we, Raymond of St. Martin, by the grace of God Bishop of Aire, and Abbot of St. Quitterie, and we, Brother A., by divine mercy humble Abbot of the monastery of Grace-Dieu of the Order of Praemonstratenses, situated in this diocese, and we, Brother William, master of the military house of the Temple of Toulouse, chaplain to our holy father the Pope, and we, Brother B., master of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, at Toulouse—have signed and sealed with our seals this present document, in order to bestow on it greater value."

"Given at Toulouse, Saturday after the feast of St. Michael, in the year of Our Lord 1264."

The anonymous chronicler of 1676, after having abridged all these pieces which we have translated, adds.

"The Latin memorial below and the authentic act of the transfer of the oratory, in which was the miraculous image of the very Holy Virgin, evidently show that this image had been brought from Mount Carmel. These acts attest that this holy image wrought and does work miracles. To-day it was placed in the centre of

the high-altar of the choir, in an niche, embellished by beautiful mirrors from Venice. In troublesome times the people most earnestly beseech us to take it down. This we have granted them after having received the permission of the Ordinaries. Then we erected an altar below the lamp, on which the image was placed during eight days. There the divine Office was celebrated with great solemnity. Every day after vespers or after complines, the litanies of the Holy Virgin or the prayers are sung. The devotion to this holy image is so great that from morning till evening great crowds of people are coming there to offer their prayers, and every time, after leaving the church, they obtained by the intercession of this divine Virgin, whatever had been asked of God.

#### CHAPTER IV.

SAINT JOANNA PROTECTS THE CARMELITES—APPARITION OF THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN TO A CONVERTED JEW—THE CARMELITES HITHERTO ESTABLISHED IN THE QUARTER OF FERETRA MOVE INTO THE CITY TO A PLACE CALLED TO-DAY *Place des Carmes* AND *Fout-aigues*—OPPOSITION OF THE COUNCIL—THEY FINALLY YIELD.

In the midst of the wars and massacres of the thirteenth century many religious events, which had taken place at Toulouse during that period, passed by unobserved by profane historians. Thus, at the time of Cæsar Augustus, no writer speaks of Christ and His mission.

Josephus himself, though a Jewish historian, in his famous work on Judæa and Jerusalem, mentions Jesus and His work only in a few words. The same is the case with our local historians, regarding religious events which are not connected with political events.

None, excepting Catel, in his *Notes on the History of Languedoc*; either mentions the arrival of the Carmelites in Toulouse or the miracles wrought by the miraculous statue brought by the monks from the Orient.

This community of pious monks, especially consecrated to honor Mary and to spread the devotion to the Mother of the divine Savior, became the beacon light of salvation and hope to the Catholics of Toulouse, who hitherto had been very much oppressed. It became the signal of salvation and conversion for the perfidious Jews and the misled heretics.

Saint Joanna, raised in the midst of so much sorrow, removed from the world, breathing only for God and souls, understood better than anybody else the importance of this grace which heaven had bestowed on her family and on her fellow-citizens.

The piety, the fervor and the modesty of the members of this new Order of the servants of Mary made a deep impression on her.

She often went to the quarter of Feretra, where she prayed and sought spiritual strength at the Carmelite hermitage, situated on the bank of the majestic Garonne whose waters are as clean and pure as crystal.

Contemporaneous writings of incontestable veracity, affirm that in this place unheard of miracles were wrought: The blind received sight, the lame walked, the deaf heard, the dumb spoke; innumerable conversions followed the preaching of the Carmelites which was supported by the authority of the miracles wrought in their oratory.

But in two consecutive years inundations of the river, the waters of which wash the adjacent land, undermined the cloister, the oratory, the cells of

the hermits. The statue of the most Holy Virgin alone remained intact.

Then suddenly the report spread that a recently converted Jew, who had a house in the interior of the city, was favored in his garden by frequent apparitions of the Queen of Heaven.

This converted Jew offered his house as a resting place for the image of the Virgin Mother of Carmel.

Animated by holy emulation, five citizens, whose names are preserved in the Bull confirming the establishment of the Carmelites in the city of Toulouse, likewise offered several houses they possessed in the same quarter, in order that the monastery of the Oriental monks should be transferred from the quarter of Feretra into the Jewish quarter.

The Bishop of Toulouse, Raymond of Falgar, successor of the blessed Foulquis, protector of the new institute, approved of this transfer.

Saint Joanna, on account of her position among Catholics and prompted by her desire to see the devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel increased, since to her she had vowed her heart, used all her influence to hasten the realization of this project. The wishes of Our Lord Jesus-Christ and of His most holy mother appeared manifest to her.

On one side, the repeated destruction of the monastery of Feretra, which had been inundated so often; on the other side, the necessity to convert the Jews and the heretics, were for her and all her faithful fellow-citizens a proof of the desire of God, that the Mother of His Son should be honored in the city of Toulouse and in the Jewish quarter where she had appeared.

Work was begun at once, notwithstanding the opposition of the sons of Israel and, chiefly, of Raymond VII.,



who had succeeded his father in the year 1233.

In the year 1246 the councilmen forbade the continuation of the work.

Who knows but that this order was aimed at Saint Joanna, the daughter of Baldwin, whom the young count desirously called the daughter of the traitor,—Saint Joanna, the zealous propagator of the devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel?

Who knows whether she did not also visit Raymond of Falgar, the Dominican, whose troubles with Raymond VII. were known to everybody?

In the year 1247 the orders, which forbade the continuation of the work on the church and monastery were providentially recalled.

The old chroniclers tell us that St. Joanna was always found there watching the work so dear to God.

Chaste dove, escaping from the deluge of general corruption, sheltered in the holy ark of Carmel under the protection of the Queen of heaven, she often went to the hermitage at the extreme end of the Faubourg of St. Michel, as a peaceful messenger, carrying the branch from the garden of Olives and of Calvary. She implored the good fathers

to accede to the wishes of the Catholics and for the good of souls to give up this solitude with its verdant foliage and flowers, this poetical dwelling, situated at the feet of the hills of Pech-David, whose declivities are covered with rich vineyards that slope down gracefully to the grassy shores of our beautiful river. She implored them to take away from there their cherished trust, the miraculous statue of Our Lady, and to place it into the oratory which the piety of the faithful and of the holy Bishop Raymond prepared for them in the interior of the city, that they may work there more efficaciously for the conversion of the Jews and heretics.

The venerable fathers yielded to the fervent wishes of St. Joanna and of the Toulousians. They tore themselves away from the charms of this beautiful quarter of Feretra, and brought their monastery and the statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel into the interior of the city, to the place still known in our days under the name Place des Carmes.

Heaven had heard and granted the prayers of St. Joanna.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## DURING THE ECLIPSE.



**I**N company with four astronomers, Messrs. Pritchett, Nipher, Engler and Valler, Father Charoppin, S.J., of St. Louis, Mo., left for the Pacific coast in December, 1888, in order to make observations of the eclipse of the sun on January 1st, 1889.

The good Jesuit's experience whilst

at the Golden Gate may be of interest to the clients of Mary. Let us follow the priest's own account, which he has been pleased to make public.

"I was the only Catholic in the party," says Father Charoppin. "My four companions were Protestants. After we had worked hard for five days and five nights in order to get our instruments into position, it looked as if our labor would be all in vain. On

December 31 it was very cloudy. My astronomical friends were disheartened. I tried to cheer them, and told them they would have a clear sky for at least two minutes.

"Are you a prophet, father?" asked Professor Pritchett.

"No, nor the son of a prophet," I replied.

"Why, then, are you so emphatic in your assurance of clear weather?"

"I am certain of it," I answered.

"It is no use to tell you my reasons. You would not understand them."

"Tell us what they are," every one asked.

"All right, gentlemen, as you will. We Catholics have a good mother in heaven, whom you Protestants know not. This mother can obtain of God any favor we ask. When I want some special favor I ask a lot of innocent children to pray for my intention. My petition is always granted. Now, gentlemen, to-day there are hundreds of children in St. Louis who have prayed 'Holy Mother, give Father Charoppin two minutes of clear sky,' and I am sure that the prayers will be heard."

"The astronomers laughed heartily.

"Father," said Prof. Engler, "will you promise that, in case the whole eclipse is continually hidden by the clouds, you will go on foot to the Oregon state line?" (About 500 miles.)

"Certainly," I replied. "I have served the Blessed Virgin all my life and she is not going to have me walk that great distance. No, let me ask you to promise to kneel down and acknowledge Mary's power in case my prediction comes true."

"They all agreed to this.

"In the morning things did not look very encouraging. The blackest clouds filled the heavens, and my scientific

friends lost all hope. About ten o'clock all hope departed. I took out my beads and prayed earnestly. I told the Blessed Virgin her glory was in the balance. I felt that my prayers would bear fruit. The time for the first part of the eclipse had gone by. The others commenced to take their instruments apart, when just ten minutes before the total eclipse the clouds parted. There were shouts of joy. There stood Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Mercury in the glorious sunlight. The outer circle of the sun shone in all its glory. A total eclipse is indeed one of the greatest natural wonders. Our observations were most valuable. We saw the eclipse for *exactly two minutes!*

"The eclipse had scarcely passed from view, when all the learned gentlemen approached to shake hands with me. In the meantime the clouds had covered the sun.

"At dinner I was invited to say grace. After the meal every one of those astronomers knelt down as they promised, and thanked the Blessed Virgin for the wonderful favor granted.

"Professor Nipher frankly said to me, 'That is the first time that I ever prayed.'"—P. A. B.

"Life is too short!" exclaimed a *man of science* lately. This is nothing new to the *man of religion*. In truth, people are too apt to forget that they are mortal. They want to live long but not to become old. But there is no chance to keep clear of the grim reaper, Death, who shatters all plans with one stroke. In fact none of the great human problems can be solved without the proper key which shuts out time and opens the gates of eternity. Ripeness, maturity and perfection are terms misapplied to things on this planet of ours, Spring and autumn we have, but we shall only find an eternal summer in the future world. The man who strives after virtue, or knowledge, should convince himself of this truth. Yes, dear reader! life here below *is* too short.

## A STALEMATE.

### A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

*"A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand."*  
—Old Proverb.



CUTTING hurried on, and overtook the ambulance at the door. He helped the surgeon to gently carry the patient to the ward. The sick person was a woman who had not as yet reached middle age. The face was worn with care and pain. She had evidently seen better days. The case looked critical.

"There's hope yet," said the surgeon to Cutting. "You better take charge of this poor crushed flower. It will be something new for you."

It was too early to diagnose the case. It seemed rather hard to know how to define it. That was what Cutting thought, as he glanced over the list of cases in the hospital register. There was variety enough to choose from. All kinds of patients were there. Absynthe fiends, sewing girls with sore fingers, pugilists with broken jaws, sexagenarians with gout, love sick maidens and the thousand and one ills to which poor humanity is heir.

"A little different from a hay-fork stab, Cutting," said one smart young physician.

Cutting thought so too. After his patient, who was yet in a comatose condition, was put to bed, he commenced to fill out the blank for the

direction of the nurses. But he had very few items to put into the blank spaces. He picked up a dainty little silk handkerchief on the corner of which was embroidered what appeared to be the new patient's name. So when Cutting left, at the head of the bed and beneath the picture of Saint Mary Magdalene, was seen this chart, which all could read:

Name of Patient—Rose Withers.

Residence—Unknown.

Complaint—Doubtful.

Treatment—For the present rest and sleep.

N.B.—If pulse shows abnormal decrease do not delay calling chaplain.

P. M. CUTTING.

In the morning bright and early Cutting was around to see his patient, who was yet in an unconscious state. The young doctor took very much interest in Rose Withers' case, particularly since his reputation was somewhat at stake, and again why would he not be attentive, since the woman appeared to be friendless.

Among the other physicians Cutting was popular, and the patients liked him for his quiet and kind way of treating them. When he called to see his patient on the morning spoken of, he found the chaplain, Father Vincent, ahead of him.

Cutting had great respect for the chaplain, in fact for all those of the cloth. But every physician is not a Cutting.

The chaplains in many cases are looked upon by hospital attendants and physicians as necessary evils. Too often it happens that many an unfortunate is often put on the operating table without a thought of the patient's spiritual interests, and this has occurred when it was a question of life or death. And again, sad to say, how many are prevented from preparing for eternity by being left in an unconscious state? They must be made to rest easy, and not to disturb their surrounding fellow-sufferers, and the doctor is always at hand with his too-handy hypodermic needle.

The chaplain of a hospital has a large field in which to do good. No matter how infectious or loathsome the disease may be, the man of God is at the bedside to absolve from sin, to administer the Bread of Life and console the dying, and others less dangerously ill are consoled by the priest's kind words and cheering countenance. And many there are who would not think of making their peace with God had they not been thrown on sick beds. To these too is the chaplain a god-send.

"Beg pardon, father," said Cutting to the priest, "I hope I am not intruding. I guess I am a stranger to you. My name is Cutting—Doctor Cutting in these wards, and at home the boys, who sing so merry as they plough, call me plain 'Doc.'"

"What do you think of this case, doctor?" asked Father Vincent.

"A mild case of fever, father," answered Cutting. "She will pull through all right. Temperature is down to 99½ now.—it was 102° last night. Poor soul! I guess it was brought on by trouble or worry. Another case of trying to fly too high. We'll probably have a large flock of injured doves here this winter."

"She is a Catholic," said the priest.

"No question of that," said Cutting.

"See that Scapular there! It does me good to see something which shows that there is faith left. It's my opinion that the Blessed Virgin often does more for a person's cure than we do, father. It may seem strange to hear a doctor preaching piety, but I am not ashamed to say it, that I have unbounded confidence in prayer. More than once I have asked people to pray for my patients. I think the prayer of an innocent child, for instance, works wonders."

"Too true, my dear friend, said Father Vincent, "and faith has much to do in curing the sick. The only obstacle is a want of faith on the part of the patient. A very beautiful custom used to be in vogue when people yet lived the simple life of faith—the custom I speak of was to take the medicine to the priest in order that he might bless it. The only remnant left of this practice is the prayer which yet stands in the ritual."

Cutting's patient showed signs of consciousness when he made his next round. She commenced to feebly question the doctor. She was anxious to know where she was, and how she got into the place.

"Don't worry, my dear friend," said Cutting softly. "You are in good hands, don't fear. Perhaps it is fortunate that you got here. You might, indeed, have been much worse off, Miss—or Mrs. Withers. I suppose I have your name correctly."

"Yes—no—oh, well, call me as you please," said the patient.

Cutting smiled, saying "makes little difference, I suppose, as 'tis said

'What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.'"

"I am trying to recall the dream I had last night," said the woman. "I remember being carried along the main street of a city. I was mounted on a gorgeous chariot. On all sides was I surrounded by myriads of brilliant lights, and there was wafted on the air the sweetest strains of music. I noticed that all eyes were directed towards myself, and my two companions. Well do I remember how I stood as a queen receiving the homage of thousands. Suddenly I was seized by a strange giddiness. My whole weight fell on the large anchor of hope which my hands tightly grasped. My grasp became weaker and weaker. Suddenly the anchor and its flowers left me, leaving in my hands but a few twigs of withered forget-me-nots, and I heard the voice of a sister grace—she who held on her bosom a golden heart symbol of love—her I heard, as she vanished, singing

'One faded flower I keep for aye;  
In memory's book 'tis laid away.  
Far backward to the burial day  
I plucked it from the grave where lay  
My fondest hope.'

"And then deeper and deeper I fell. All was quiet. Then I heard a voice saying, 'take the body to the house set apart for the unknown dead,' and another voice said 'no, the pulse still beats—take her quickly to the Hospital of Mercy—for while there is life there is hope.'

"Then I was borne along again,—but when I awoke the lights and music were no more. I clutched what surrounded me, and methinks I felt bandages, linen and such things as one uses when attending the wounded. And I heard another gentle voice saying, 'Lie quiet—it will soon be passed—don't fear, I am a doctor,' and his hand pressed to my lips an exhilarating cor-

dial. This man seemed to accompany me on a long passage. Again I heard him say 'Drive gently there! We are approaching a curve.' By that time the cordial had given me a moment's strength. I raised my head and caught one glance of two persons standing in conversation as I passed. One of the faces was yours, doctor, or it seemed so, and the other countenance was not strange to me. It seemed to be the face of one whom I had wronged in some far-off day, and I was about to throw myself at his feet and ask forgiveness—but I then swooned away again into my old dream.

"Then I thought was put to rest—all was peace around me. 'What place is this?' I asked of some one and he answered the Friedenhouse; and I looked around I saw two men sitting at a table—they appeared to be very intent on something. Some one said it was a game of chess. Few words were spoken except about exchanging pieces and a captured queen. 'That is the queen,' said some one as one of the players carelessly threw a playing figure among the useless pieces. And then those men spoke of being even with one another. They spoke of what sounded I think like—well do I remember the word—but its meaning I know not—that word was "Stalemate," and do you know, doctor, the face of one of those players resembled yours—and the other—Oh, my head. A little more of that camphor, please. That's it, thanks."

"Now take a rest and don't mind any more of that dream, it's a little delirium," said Cutting, who himself looked as if he had been in a trance. When Rose Withers commenced to speak of her dream he had started to try her pulse and he had forgotten that his hand was on her wrist until she finished her story.

Rose Withers, ill as she was, commenced to smile at something. Cutting was alternately shaking and looking hard at his thermometer. He must have been awfully distracted. He laughed out loud when his patient said "Why, doctor, take the cover off the thermometer."

"I must be going," said Cutting, who was red in the face.

"Wait until I finish with my dream, doctor," said Rose Withers. "After all what occurred I felt again at ease. Everything became dark and quiet. I seemed to become lighter than the air. All that heaviness which one at times feels in the body left me—I seemed on the threshold of a brighter and warmer atmosphere. The vast universe was quitting me or I quitting it. I was standing at the entrance of a new land; but there was a barrier to my entrance. Then I beheld a sister spirit—like her who stood with me on that car of gold and crystal—she who bore aloft the Symbol of Redemption. She approached me saying 'sweetest sister, you cannot follow me as yet.' And then high above us appeared a scene most glorious—indeed beyond compare—my tongue cannot describe it. Image the gorgeous tints of an autumn sunset with all its enchanting crimson, gold and purple, as if some artist saint had spilled all his paint adown the western sky—imagine this a thousand times more glorious, and then you have a feeble idea of the light which burst from heaven earthwards. And all this brightness was obscured—yes overshadowed by one who stood in the midst. She was some great queen unlike anything dreamed of here below. We have no words by which I could give you any idea of that transcendently beautiful apparition—no, doctor, 'her person beggared all de-

scription. No painter could stand the light of that vision.'

"Then, the beautiful maiden, Faith, knelt before the vision, and opened her lips in a beautiful prayer, which ran

*Hail holy Queen, Mother of Mercy!*

*Our life, our sweetness and our hope.*

Faith paused while the winged spirits surrounding the vision took up the words, the echo of which seemed to die off into endless space. And then, she who held the cross of lilies, roses and forget-me-nots continued her petition. 'O! Mother,' she prayed, 'show thyself a mother to her who approaches our gates.' Then Faith took from my shoulders a Scapular which rested there. Raising it aloft she prayed: 'Behold, O mother! Thou ornament and Flower of Carmel—behold, O! august Queen! this sign of thy love—this pledge of thy eternal friendship. Let it not be said that one who ever wore this sacred sign should be deprived of thy sight,' and then with a loud voice the angel choir sang,

*Regina et decus Carmeli*

*Ora pro nobis!*

After this, one clad richly in brown and shining white received a sweet approving smile from the queen, took the Scapular from Faith, and once more returned it to my shoulders. Then the vision vanished, and Faith came to bid a long farewell. I begged her to stay. I even struggled with her—but she vanished leaving the cross with me. I clung to it, and as I held it to embrace and kiss, the face of a priest stood before me. I could see and hear, but was unable to move lip or limb. To my lips was held a cross—a real one in the hands of good Father Vincent, who came to visit me that night when I entered the hospital. The priest evidently saw my dangerous condition, and hurriedly administered the last rites of holy Church.

Well do I remember the last words he whispered in my ears—they were so soothing: 'Be of good cheer, daughter. God is good. Tell Him you are sorry for having offended Him, and say, 'O my Savior, I believe all Thou hast revealed. I hope in Thee with all my heart, and love Thee above all.' Say to Mary, 'O, Mother! stay and help thy unworthy child!'

"The priest looked consoled and pleased when he saw my Scapular. When he was leaving he whispered, 'Before I go to rest I am going to say my beads for you, and in the morning I shall remember you during the holy Sacrifice.'"

And thus ended Rose Withers' story. Cutting was much interested. He simply said:

"You have to thank God and His holy Mother for many things. When you are well you will perhaps be renewed in body and soul, and live many years in which to enjoy much happiness and make others happy too. But as to those dreams, don't bother about them. Such hallucinations come to everybody in your condition."

Do what he would, though, the dream of Rose Withers haunted Cutting. He tried to philosophize and explain it all away, but back it came to him. Ah, doctor,

"There are more things in heaven and earth

Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

*"How bitter a thing is it to look into happiness through another man's eyes?"*

—As You Like It.

When he entered his room, Cutting found a note awaiting him from Fenton. It was brief. It read:

"DEAR DOCTOR,—We anxiously

await you. What's up? Too much absorbed in your patients? Take care! We are to have a real old-fashioned country supper this evening—buck-wheat cakes galore! Charity would like to show you what she can do. She is made of the right stuff, old boy!

'She can bake, she can broil, she can fry:

Ne'er a cake does she spoil, nor a pie.

She's perfectly neat,

Her temper is sweet,' so

Don't disappoint your old chess-partner

FENTON."

"He is in good humor, but he is unhappy," said Cutting to himself. The doctor could judge one's character by the handwriting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cutting went in to see Rose Withers.

"I am going to take a little trip, and will see you in the morning early. Try to rest well in the meantime. I am going to inspect a little treasure-house which a friend of mine is blowing about so much" he said as he left.

"Safe journey, doctor! Don't let your eyes run away with any of the treasures," said Rose.

\* \* \* \* \*

The train soon landed Cutting in Boomfield. Fenton met him at the station, and no time was lost in getting to the house.

It was indeed a happy surprise to meet Charity and her mother. Cutting reminded Mrs. Werker of all the big bowls of butter milk he drank at her house in New France, and a great laugh did they have over old times. Cutting wanted to know if Charity was as bashful as ever.

"Why," he said, "she used to be afraid that the young doctor was going to run away with her in those days."

"Yes, there was a little danger of



that, but there's no fear of your getting her now," said the old lady.

"By Jove! fine child," said Cutting, as he shook hands with Faith. "I am sure she had a lovely mother," continued the doctor, who would have gone on quoting all his favorite poets on beauty and what not, had he not been cut short by Fenton who quickly shouted "Supper is ready!"

"You are living in great style, Mrs. Werker," said Cutting, as he escorted the widow into the dining room. "Why," he said, "we poor hayseeds are not up to date with the big suburbanites. But, after all, I honestly think you enjoyed better health in the country."

After the meal everybody came together in the dining room, and a real happy time they had of it. It was a glorious evening—twilight, an hour when men seem to grow full of pathos and sympathy.

The old lady sat in her rocking chair knitting and preparing questions for Charity to put to Cutting.

"Do you like hospital work, doctor?"

"Isn't it time you were married, doctor?" came the questions simultaneously from mother and daughter. Cutting was somewhat surprised, but was equal to the emergency. He had learned how to act quickly many a night when called out of bed at the hospital.

"I suppose it is age before beauty in this case," he said, "so I'll answer Mrs. Werker first. Yes, I do like my work. It is such a pleasure to help the afflicted. O, yes, I am happy—in fact, I am getting quite attached to my patients. Of course at times I feel a strong desire of running back to New France. No place like home, you know.

"Now, as to *your* question—it's a

rather delicate one, Miss Werker. No, I no more think of getting married, than running for the presidency of these United States. I believe a physician is better off when single, besides his attention between wife and patients is not divided."

"Sometimes undivided, doctor," said Charity.

"Joking aside, Miss Werker, I mean what I say," said Cutting. "I am going to hunt up a good boarding house, and fix up a nice little room for my books. And if you are still here, I shall come out now and then and bring Grandma Werker some good recipes for her rheumatism—something better than the goose oil she used to send around to her neighbors at New France."

"Well," said Charity, "I think a person ought to follow the vocation which brings the most happiness to themselves and to others. For my part I have long since concluded that single blessedness was the better portion. What think you, doctor?"

Just then Fenton jumped up, knocked over his chair and nearly upset the table. The noise he made completely drowned the doctor's reply to Charity.

"Beg pardon," said Fenton, returning from the kitchen, where he had made a mad rush—"beg pardon, I thought I heard the cat at that meat again."

"Why, Fenton, you seem to be in clover here. I really envy your happiness," said the doctor, who was merely drawing Fenton out.

"Oh, yes," said Fenton in a tone which could also be interpreted "Oh, no."

"Every man has his own definition of happiness," said the doctor.

"What is yours?" asked Fenton.

"Let's see," said Cutting. "Well, I'll illustrate it by a little incident in



my own life. I must tell you first that I worked for a short time in a printing office—that was before I dabbled in medicine. I was doing a little reporting for a small paper called *Fairplay*. Well, the editor wanted to boom the subscription list. To do this he offered fifty dollars in gold to the boy or girl who would write the best Christmas story. Every youngster in town competed—and we had waste paper to burn for a year. And those academy girls did perpetrate an awful amount of stuff. Big words? Well, yes, and I think Noah Webster, had he seen it would have stood aghast. Of course, I saw none of the manuscript. I learned all this from the big mogul himself—the editor. The time drew near to a close, and no one knew who would be the lucky one. That was the editor's secret. In the meantime, a young fellow was taken in the office as our 'devil.' He was kept busy washing rollers, sweeping up 'pi' and dusting the cases. The other boys treated the new comer very unkindly. For this reason I took his part—in fact, I liked him since he was so refined and polite—one of those rare products—a boy brought under the refining influence of a good sister. I noticed that clearly. One day I saw the boy crying. 'What's the matter, Johnny?' 'Oh, it ain't much. One of the boys stole my dinner,' he replied. I gave him the price of a meal. He told me it had happened before, but when he went home he pretended he had had his dinner in order not to make his mother feel bad.

"Never mind, Johnny, I said to him, I'll get you a little present at Christmas, —little knowing what it would be, since I had not a spare cent myself. But a thought struck me. 'Look here,' I said to the boy, 'why don't you try to write

a Christmas story. I'll help you; or more than that, I'll write it, and you can sign your name to it. You may come out the winner.'

"Johnny thought this was too good, and nervously said, 'the editor would know your hand-writing.'

"'Well,' I said, 'sit down and write and I'll dictate to you. Now begin—make the heading: '*Charity Well Rewarded*'—put a capital 'W' in 'well.' That's it. Now let it go. 'Christmas cheer does not enter every door'—got that? All right, put a period there,'—and so I went on to dictate my thoughts as Johnny wrote. I went on to speak of a poor family. The only support, a seamstress, was badly hurt in the hand and thus became unable to do her sewing. Things became desperate. The mother commenced to speak of a miserable Christmas. Then a little boy spoke up and said he could work, and work he did. He earned enough to make himself, mother and sister happy. When I stopped dictating, there were tears in the boy's eyes. 'What is the matter, Johnny?' I asked. 'Oh! nothing, except that it looks as if this story was about my mother, sister and me.' It was a strange co-incidence and I told the boy to let it go. He did so. He won the prize and what is more got promoted by the editor at New Year's.

"That was a dull Christmas for me. In the morning I just had time to go to Mass, and at noon take a hurried lunch. The rest of the day I passed in the office. I had been detailed to write up a murder case. I had forgotten Johnny's story which had appeared in the paper of the preceding night. Outside was a cold drizzling rain and I felt miserable. I was slinging ink in all directions. Before me lay a stack of copy. I was just winding up my murder case with the words: 'It is awful to

think that such blood-curdling deeds can occur on the day when we hear 'Peace to all men.' Speedy justice will be meted out to the brute, mis-named *father*. May God console the poor motherless little ones. Verily, this world is degenerating. Where can we look for happiness and—'

Just then I heard a gentle rap. I looked up and thought I saw a vision. 'Twas if one of Murillo's madonnas had stepped out of the frame, as I beheld a young woman standing in the sanctum.

"'Excuse me, sir,' said my visitor. 'A thousand pardons for intruding. My name is Miss X—. I am the sister of John who works for you. You are Mr. Cutting, I presume? I am so glad to meet you. I come to thank you for your kindness to my brother and our-

selfs. God reward you! Remember that my mother and I will fall on our knees to-night and beg God to bless and reward you. Thanks, Mr. Cutting, a thousand thanks!'

"With this she vanished. It was not so much what she said, as the way in which she said it. I can hear that sweet voice yet. There was music in it, and the smile on that face—well, it was divine!

"'That was the happiest day of my life,' said Cutting, as he ended his story. 'Why, I actually danced around the office for sheer joy. The part I played was nothing. However, I made others happy, and was rewarded a hundred-fold. So, Mr. Fenton, you have *my* definition of happiness.'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

### I.

An Example From the Daily Press.

The New York Herald of the 4th of April, 1894, contained the following: "One of the most remarkable examples of preservation from imminent death happened in our city (New York) yesterday. A young man fell from the fifth story of a house without any evil consequences. Frank Smith, 17 years old, is employed at the printing office of Davis & Christie, 66 Pine street. Frank is a bright and lively boy. He had just taken his dinner when he raced with another lad belonging to the establishment through the great room in which the printers' desks are. This room is situated on the fifth story, the top floor of the building. In one corner of the room is a trap-door which

is no more used. In order to prevent accidents, a few planks were placed over the opening. Frank jumped on these planks, which gave way under the weight of his body, and he was precipitated into the depth. People saw how he turned several times while falling, and then he fell motionless on the floor of the basement. A physician was summoned at once. Two minutes after this awful fall Frank opened his eyes and seemed fully conscious. The astonished physician declared that not one bone in the body was broken. Two or three bruises were all that could be discovered. All who had seen when and how the boy fell could not believe that Frank was alive and not hurt at all. The boy was brought to his parents, who live at Brooklyn, Atlantic

avenue 1077. A reporter of the New York Herald went to that house and there he found the boy moving about as if nothing had happened. He says that he remembers nothing from the moment when he fell till he opened his eyes on the ground-floor of the building. The parents of the boy declare that he owes his miraculous escape to the Scapular he wore.

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II.

A Boy Saved.

In the year 1854 a little boy of Ypres, Belgium, took a walk with his parents. Arrived at a spot where the road is very high above the surrounding plane the boy stopped to watch an itinerant musician who was collecting small coins from the people who had listened to his music. Meanwhile the parents had gone ahead, leaving the boy behind. Suddenly they heard a shriek and turning around they saw that the child was missing. The boy—while watching the itinerant musician—inadvertently had stepped over the brink of the declivity and rolled down the abyss. The poor mother fainted and when she recovered asked her husband "Where is my boy?" The father had not the courage to say what he thought. He was morally sure to find his darling dead. The descent took a long time. When the excited parents arrived at the plane they saw their boy alive and hearty. The Scapular of the child was ripped and a medal of the Blessed Virgin, which the boy wore around his neck, was broken.

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III.

An Escape From Drowning.

At Pitgam, a little village in Flanders, an event took place which is a new illustration of the protection the Blessed Virgin bestows on her devotees. The

report is written by a woman, the mother of the child, who was so visibly protected by the Queen of Carmel.

"My daughter Mary, ten years old, coming from school, crossed a pasture at one end of which is a pit filled with water. My daughter seeing a flower on the water wished to take it and bent over the little balustrade which is there to prevent cattle from falling into the pit. The railing, which was rotten, broke, and my little girl fell into the pit, in which the water is about nine feet deep. A ten year old boy, coming from school, was about 150 feet away from the spot when he saw Mary fall into the pit. He at once ran to the girl's rescue. She had still her head and one arm above the water. The boy took hold of the arm, dragged the girl out and brought her home. Undressing the child I was astonished that all her apparel was dripping wet with exception of the Scapular of Mount Carmel, which was entirely dry. My husband and I are convinced that the Blessed Virgin saved the life of our dear child."

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IV.

Saved by the Scapular.

N—D., ONT., July 22, 1897.

It is with deep gratitude to God and His holy mother that I write, for publication in THE CARMELITE REVIEW, a short account of a great blessing, a miraculous escape from drowning. I and a few of my friends availed ourselves of the opportunity of bathing during the intense heat of this month (July). We were very anxious to learn to swim, and after being about an hour in the water three of us came ashore. We were soon terror-stricken at seeing the remaining two get beyond their depth. We at once rushed to the rescue, but, alas! we too thought for a

time that our fatal moment had arrived. We, however, were all enrolled in the Scapular and remembered the promise of our Blessed Lady to all who wear this emblem of her protection. In this our hour of need we had recourse to her and her divine Son and soon three of us reached the shore—we know not how. Still our two companions were in their perilous position, one of them having gone down twice. We called to them to place their trust in the

Blessed Virgin, and they succeeded in keeping their heads above water until a little boy came to their assistance. He seemed a messenger from God, for had he not arrived just at that moment they would have sunk forever.

Dear readers, I beg of you to place confidence in the Scapular, and I hope that this little incident may be an encouragement to all to invoke the intercession of the Blessed Virgin.

A. O'R.

## DEVOTION OF THE ORDER OF CARMEL TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.



HE devotion of the Order of Carmel to mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin is traditional. The children of this Order, which is dear

to Mary, always have been zealous in defending this glorious privilege of their sublime Sovereign.

In the Third Book of Kings we read: "Elias went up to the top of Carmel, and casting himself down upon the earth put his face between his knees. And he said to his servant: Go up and look towards the sea. And he went up and looked and said: There is nothing. And again he said to him: Return seven times. And at the seventh time: Behold a little cloud arose of the sea like a man's foot which rose from the sea." (III Kings.)

What is this cloud, rising from the sea, up to Mount Carmel? The interpreters say, that it is the image of Mary, the image of the Immaculate

Conception. As the cloud rises from the midst of the waters without retaining the water's weight and bitterness, so Mary came forth from the human race, which was crushed down and corrupted by sin, while she remained unsullied.

This is the mystery into which the prophet Elias was initiated. Elias communicates this to his disciple Eliseus, who in his turn founds on Mount Carmel the Prophetic Order, which continuing in the Old Testament, in anticipation salutes her, who is blessed among women and whose inimitable purity had been heralded by a glorious sign.

In this way was Mount Carmel predestined and blessed. This Carmel, from the very first days of the New Covenant, became a retreat dear to Mary. There even was indicated the position of the first temple dedicated to the Virgin, and there was preserved the prophetic tradition of her Immaculate Conception.

At all times the feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated with extraordinary pomp by the Order of

Carmel, and even before the establishment of the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, it was considered as the principal feast. At the General Chapter at Toulouse, in the year 1306, it was ordered, that the Carmelites should celebrate most solemnly the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Father John Bacon, a Carmelite, who died in the year 1346, reports, that according an old custom, which existed already before the time when he wrote this, the Roman court with the College of Cardinals, on the feast of the Conception, went to the Carmelite Church at Rome, and there were present at a solemn high Mass and listened to a sermon referring to the celebration. Father John Hildesheim, who died in the year 1375, says the same. Father Lezana, speaking of this feast in his *Annales* (Tom. IV.) says: "Regarding the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, we know that among us the devotion to this mystery is not only very old but also very famous, as we can see by the decree of this Chapter,—and, mainly, from an ordinance by which several general Chapters imposed a certain duty on the different Provinces of the Order to celebrate solemnly this feast as the principal one of the Carmelites.

Several Popes granted to the churches of the Order numerous Indulgences which could be gained on the day of this feast. Pope Leo X. confirmed, in the year 1520, a confraternity established in the Carmelite Church at St. Omer in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. The devotion of the Carmelites to the Immaculate Conception is further proved by the ancient breviaries of the Order. In the office of the feast we find at the first vespers the following anthems:

"As the lily among the thorns, thus, my most beloved, has appeared among the children of Adam, Alleluja. Thou art all beautiful, Mary, and in Thee is nothing of original sin, Alleluja." At the matins the following invitatory was sung: "Let us celebrate the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary—come—let us adore Christ, who has preserved her from every stain." The prayer was the same which the Church recites at the present time.

But the Carmelites were not satisfied with exalting the Immaculate Virgin in prayer. They always distinguished themselves by their zeal in sustaining and defending, by words and writings, the belief in the Immaculate Conception of the sublime Mother of God. She herself had said to St. Cyril on Mount Carmel: "It is the wish of my Son, as well as my own desire, that the religion of Carmel should be a beacon-light, not only for Palestine and Syria, but for the whole universe." Thus Mary spoke to her faithful servant; thus she stirred the fervor of the apostles and defenders of her Immaculate Conception. Father Mary Anthony Alegre de Casanate, a Spanish Carmelite, reports that in the Province of Aragon, at the Provincial Chapter held at Valencia in the year 1624, with Anastasius Garcia as its head, it was solemnly resolved that all the Monks of the Province, without exception, should swear to defend everywhere the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and that they should continue doing this until forbidden by the Apostolic See. The rules for the scholastics of the discalced Carmelites insisted that they should be taught the belief in the Immaculate Conception.

A great number of Carmelite writers have published excellent works in

defence of the Immaculate Conception. We only mention : Osbert, of Pickemgam, died in the year 1330 ; Hugues, of St. Meots, died 1340 ; John Bacon, of England ; St. Peter Thomas, Patriarch of Constantinople ; William, of St. Foi, died 1372 ; Bernard Oleri, died 1390 ; Michael Agriani, died 1400 ; Philip Kersbert, of Ghent ; Francis Martini, from Catalonia ; Philip Albert de Nussia, of Cologne ; Godefrey Candelarius : John Polsenoydore, from Holland ; Daniel, of the Virgin Mary, author of the *Speculum Carmelitarum* ; Gregory Candel, a Spaniard, who wrote a treatise on "The Antiquity of the Feast of the Conception in the Carmelite Order ;" Francis de Bonne-Esperance, Provincial of the Flemish-Belgian Province, wrote a book, "Vision of the great Prophet Elias, Founder of the Order of Carmel," in which he gives one hundred reasons in favor of the Immaculate Conception ; John-Baptiste, called "The Mantuan," in his poem on the Assumption, also praises the Immaculate Virgin.

By all this we see that Mary had in her Order many defenders of the privilege which is so dear to her. Who can tell the many favors she has showered on the children of Carmel thus honoring her ? The Venerable Father Dominic, of Jesus-Maria, who lived in the seventeenth century, one day asked the Blessed Virgin why the truth of her Immaculate Conception had not yet been declared a dogma ? Mary answered that the promulgation of this dogma would take place *at the saddest time of the Church*. And in our century, after this dogma had been promulgated, Mary gave to the children of Carmel a new mark of her good

will by appearing to Bernadette on the very day of the feast of Our Lady of Carmel ! It was, in fact, on the 16th of July, 1858, that she, who had appeared to the pious child during five months, said to Bernadette, "*I am the Immaculate Conception.*" May the children of our Order, walking in the footsteps of their predecessors and inspired by their sentiments, honor and invoke the Immaculate Virgin, and be convinced that by venerating her under this glorious title, they will obtain the most precious favors for the body as well as the soul. In proof of this it is sufficient to remember the example reported by our holy mother Teresa in the fifth chapter of her autobiography. She says : "In a transport of confidence somebody disclosed to me the state of her soul. Alas ! It was most dangerous ! For the last seven years this person had neglected her duties. I endeavored my best to speak to her of God. It seemed as if she awakened from a deep sleep. The picture of her soul during those last years was unrolled before her eyes. She was afraid of her own self. She bemoaned her guilty life and was seized with horror. Then Our Lady, I do not doubt the least, made her feel her powerful help. This person always had been devoted to the mystery of the Immaculate Conception and used to celebrate that feast in great solemnity. Mary, as a reward, broke those sad chains of the penitent, who who did not cease to thank God for having enlightened her with His light." Let us turn with confidence to the Blessed Virgin, especially in the moment of temptation. Then will she surely help us, and crush the serpent's head beneath her virgin-feet.

## TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1792, was literally a "red" letter day in the history of Carmel. On that day the livery of brown became one of scarlet and the Prophet's mantle of white was dyed in deepest crimson. The monastery of Carmel in Paris could well be compared to the Roman amphitheatre whose walls of old resounded with the cry, "The Christians to the lions!" Now the diabolical shout was "Death to the Carmelite!"

For two weeks two hundred valiant priests of God, who refused to deny the true faith, had been heaped together as so many sheep prepared for slaughter. Undaunted and long suffering, these monks were forbidden to speak to each other. Their sole diet was bread and water. The hard floor was their bed. Chief among them was the saintly Archbishop of Arles.

For several days the blood-thirsty guards, who hovered around the sacred convent walls, filled the air with cries that the sacrifice was about to take place. On the festival of St. Brocard (Sept. 2)—first General of the Carmelites, there appeared no doubt of the approaching end. The fathers gathered together, made their confessions, blessed each other, and then partook of the same holy Bread. The jailors entered and commenced to call the roll just as the priests were singing the hymns of Benediction. How true in a few moments would be to them those words which now fell from their lips:

*Nobis donet in patria.*

Bishop, priest and friar now fell upon their knees and chanted the prayers for the dying. The sight of the praying priests for a moment—and only a moment—arrested the fury of the executioners. The first victim was Father Gerault, who was at the moment reciting the divine Office. His breviary, pierced with a bullet and stained with blood, was afterwards found when the Carmelites regained possession of their monastery.

A general massacre followed. The executioners delighted themselves by shooting at the poor victims as they ran here and there at random. When a friar fell, the guards rushed upon him and gloated over his prolonged agony.

To each Religious life was offered on condition of his selling faith and conscience. Not one accepted the conditions. Whilst the assassins, adding blasphemous shouts to their murderous strokes, were demolishing crosses and tabernacles, the monks forgave their murderers and prayed for them to the Queen of Carmel—in whose name they suffered. It was eight o'clock in the evening when the holocaust was ended.

That you and I, dear reader, may draw a lesson from the foregoing sketch let me quote the words of a saintly monk—Thomas a Kempis. He tells us, you remember, in the first book of the *Imitation* to

"Look upon the lively example of the holy fathers, in whom true perfection and religion were a shining light," and that "Thou wilt see how little and almost nothing that is which we do. Alas, what is our life if compared to theirs?"—P. A. B.



## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

### SECRETARY'S LETTER.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

#### MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The holidays are over and once more we find ourselves in the work-a-day world.

The rest was delicious while it lasted, but I think we are all glad to be busy again, because, after all, doing nothing is a very tiresome pastime.

Perhaps some of you will take exception to my saying that you are glad to be busy. I sincerely hope that none of you, dear children, belong to the great army of grumblers, who make everything in life a burden, and who force even the most charitably disposed people to vote them a bore.

Many times you have been told that true piety is common sense put into practice; and it seems to me that making the *best* of everything in life is something very near to sanctity.

Piety need not be a stiff, straight-laced sort of business. It does not depend on a long face and serious air, which is always leaving the sunny side of the street to walk in the shade—playing the Dead March from Saul. No, no.

Now, one and all of us have work to do this year. September calls the roll for the school children, and their elders to turn again to the great business of life—*Work!* In the garden of Eden thousands of years ago the edict of God went forth:

"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread."

The penalty of sin must be paid; and

much reason have we to bless God for the gracious permission to pay it so easily.

Some of us do not like our daily work and it is a great misfortune.

Now suppose we begin one and all to be Christian philosophers.

Doubtless it is the will of God that we do just what we are doing.

Circumstances speak most plainly in indicating the good pleasure of God in each one's particular case. Now, if the work is pleasing, well and good. Suppose it is not; will it help matters to be constantly grumbling about it? Far from it. People make a huge mistake in thinking that fault finding helps the trouble. It does not, but adds to it a hundred-fold.

In the morning offering of the League of the Sacred Heart we say, "I offer the prayers, works and *sufferings* of this day for all the intentions of the Divine Heart." I wonder how many of us consider the real meaning of those words? The Sacred Heart *has* an intention for every individual soul in the world, and we know that Its will is, that *that* intention be accomplished.

Now, think of God permitting us to *help* carry out His intentions in the world. Could any vocation be higher or holier? He Himself, while on earth, said, "I came not to do my own will, but the will of Him who sent me." There is matter enough in that sentence to furnish food for thought for the world.

Very often it is very much *against* our will that we do our daily work. It



is hateful and disagreeable to us in the highest degree. Well, if the morning offering means anything at all to us, it will help us turn the *sufferings* of our work into genuine merit.

How foolish we are to lose our time as we do. Vain regrets and silly complaints and eternal fault finding make up the sum total of many of our lives.

"If you can not have what you like, like what you have," may seem a senseless bit of advice, but there is very high wisdom in it. We unlearn many things as we grow older. It would be very wise to begin early to learn the lesson which is the drop of honey in our daily dish of bitter herbs. Make the best of everything. That one axion joined to the morning offering will make saints of the worst of us.

On the third Sunday of September we celebrate the touching feast of the Seven Dolors of our Blessed Lady.

Dear children, a tender heart is a gift from God.

To be able to show sympathy; to make others feel that we care for them when they are in sorrow; not to be thoughtless, or worse yet, selfish when others are suffering is a quality which will gain much love for us as we go through life. We never heard of a cold hearted saint; no, because every saint is fashioned, in his own peculiar way, after the warm loving tender heart of our Blessed Lord.

Cultivate a devotion to our dear Lady of Sorrows. You and I, dear children, were the cause of them; so it is only just to share them by sweet and loving sympathy.

Go simply to the feet of the dear Mater Dolorosa. Don't try to say much to her. Very often the look in our eyes says more than many words. Seven Hail Marys every day in honor of the Seven Dolors would do much to

prove that we feel for and with the Queen of martyrs. Dear children, sorrow comes to us all sooner or later. No friend, after the compassionate Heart of Jesus, will be as much to you when sorrow comes as the dear Mater Dolorosa.

Go to her then daily and prove it to yourself. She will prove it when you most need her comfort.

Devotedly,  
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

#### FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who was the first white man that ever trod on the soil of North America?
2. What is the most northerly city in the world?
3. What name is given to Norway?
4. Which city is called "the Weeping City?"
5. Who is buried on one of the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains?

#### FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. A carpenter cut a door and he cut it too large. He cut it again and cut it too little. The third time he cut it he made it just right. How did he do it?
2. When was paper money first mentioned in the Bible?
3. How high should a lady's skirt be held in wet weather?
4. What is the difference between a shooting star and dew?
5. What is the difference between an eagle with one wing and an eagle with two?

#### MAXIMS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Anxiety is the worst evil except sin.—St. Francis de Sales.
2. In heaven we shall be no longer believers; we shall be only thinkers. Let us then cultivate intellect, because it is a divine and eternal gift.—Joubert.
3. Hurry is detestable.—St. Francis de Sales.

4. The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

5. Holy Mother pierce me through,  
In my heart each wound renew,  
Of my Savior crucified.

—(Stabat Mater.)

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN AUGUST.

1. A planter.
2. When there is a canon in the pulpit.
3. Isar.
4. They fall to earth and become *terrapins*.
5. When the dove brought the green-back to the ark.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN AUGUST.

1. Herbert Spencer.
2. The Bastille.
3. George Washington.

4. Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

5. Corsican women who carry water-jars on their heads.

#### To a Little Friend.

Little girl blue, just raise your eyes  
And watch the sunlight flood the skies.  
Those clouds up there, do they remain  
Or vanish in the summer rain?

And so, the blues beneath God's eyes.  
The grave not always are the wise.  
The sweetest soul is she who tries  
To smile and chat whate'er her pain,  
Little girl blue.

Look outward suave; within there lies  
Idle and dull and sad surmise.

Count every trifling deed a gain  
That lends to others heart and brain.

Forget; forgive; don't criticize,—  
Little girl blue!

—M. L. SANDROCK REDMOND.

## MARIAN'S TEMPTATION.

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.



WINTER set in early that year, and the snow as it fell in feathery flakes filled the children with delight. Marian was sent to take home some fine laces. She felt unusually sad that day, and as she went to her little room something impelled her, before putting on her hat and faded cloth jacket, to look at a picture found in her mother's trunk, and which she had ever considered her greatest treasure. It was a small painting representing an angel leading a child away from a rose bush from which she was about to cull a flower, and showing the little one that around the stem was twined a serpent. With

one hand the bright being pointed to the spot, where stood Our Lady of Mount Carmel holding the Scapular, to the child. A card had been placed in the reverse of the frame with the lines: "Finished for my little Marian's third birthday, May 1st. Our Lady and her guardian angel protect her!" It was a good likeness of Marian as she was at that age. The earnest angel eyes seemed to pierce her soul as she turned away. Had she at that moment uttered a response to the prayer penned by a loving mother, how differently might she have acted! But no! On the contrary, her heart rebelled at the "fate" which had cast her lot with the humble family of the Maloneys. She left the laces with Mrs. Sanford's maid, who

bade her warm herself before she left. Suddenly she heard her name called, and Mrs. Clifton appeared dressed for a sleigh ride.

"Why, darling, what a pleasant meeting! I came from the city in my sleigh. Now you shall have a sleigh ride," and in a few minutes they seemed to be flying over the road, the spirited horses appearing scarcely to touch the ground. Marian enjoyed it greatly, but after awhile she asked to be taken home, as they would be uneasy at her absence. Then did Mrs. Clifton unfold her plan. "Marian," said she, "if you say the word I *will* take you home, not to that wretched cottage, but to a beautiful house, where your every wish will be gratified, where a mother's love will be yours. Decide for yourself. Will you come with me?" And as Marian, her brain in a whirl, her fancy captivated by the picture, spoke the fatal "yes." Mrs. Clifton urged her ponies on to so great a speed that it looked as though she were afraid of pursuit.

Marian's temptation had come! Was there no memory of the kind hearts at her humble home, of the heroic parents whose dirge was chanted by "the sad sea waves," *above all* of the great happiness to be hers in a few months? Yes! but she resolutely put it aside and tried to believe herself happy.

And now, let us return to Elmwood. Wild with anxiety as the hours passed, Kate went "to meet the child"—but, of course, search was futile. A sleepless night was passed. Nora, now a well grown girl and a great help to her mother, had recently gone to her first place as a servant. Her mother had called at the house to enquire if Marian might have stopped there on her way home, and Patrick (who, by the way, seemed to have left all his failings in New York) also entered into the search with his whole heart.

With the dawn Kate was on her way to Mass, after which she told Father Morris the whole affair. He suspected the truth and bade Kate go to Mrs. Sanford to enquire. And when she did so later on, that lady had received a telegram from her friend which, while it relieved the anxiety as to Marian's

safety, was in another way a source of inexpressible grief. Mrs. Sanford sympathized with Kate and expressed her disapproval. Father Morris wrote to Mrs. Clifton, but received no answer to his letter. A month later, the first moment that he found time, he went to the city and called at the residence of Mrs. Clifton but was told that both she and "Miss Marian" were out of town.

Meanwhile how fared it with Marian? True enough, every wish was gratified. Her beauty was set off by the daintiest dresses, the loveliest hats. She was to learn music and whatever else she wished, Mrs. Clifton, who had taken a violent fancy to the pretty child, assured her. She went every Sunday to a fashionable church, not a decidedly Ritualistic establishment, but inclining that way, and she tried to persuade herself that she was happy. Happy? She was the most miserable child in the world, as she acknowledged every night when, in her beautiful little room, she knelt and uttered some incoherent prayers to the Blessed Virgin and her "good angel," for what she scarcely could tell. But all the time fervent prayers went up for her from those she had left, and her angel never wearied in his efforts to lead her back.

And so the months flew by. Mrs. Clifton had not visited Elmwood since that memorable time, but one day she decided to go, and bade Marian accompany her. It was with conflicting feelings that she obeyed. Remorse—shame—and a little wish to "show off" her improved appearance—agitated her as she stepped into the carriage, which formerly had been the object of her admiration. Mrs. Sanford welcomed her friend, and after a slight hesitation greeted the little girl. Next morning Mrs. Clifton took out her fancy work and was soon engrossed in its mysteries. But suddenly, discovering that she had forgotten some not-to-be-dispensed-with essential, she bade Marian go to the village and see if it could be procured at a fancy store lately opened therein. Successful in her quest she lingered, affecting to be looking at the pretty things, but in reality enjoying the approving glances of the children loitering near. The attention of the

latter being attracted to something in the street, she turned to see what was in progress. Oh! faithless child of the church! Why do you tremble and turn pale?

It was a procession of happy girls and boys, under the guidance of two Sisters of St. Joseph, on their way to church, and at that moment the first bell for Mass sounded sweetly upon the summer air. Like the pain of a knife thrust, the thought, "this is the feast of the Assumption" pierced her heart. The day upon which those faithful ones would receive their Savior in the blessed Sacrament and be enrolled as children of His dear mother, by admission into the confraternity of the Brown Scapular. Ah! Marian, grace has at last touched your heart. She followed at some distance and singled out each child in the ranks. There was Patrick. O! What if he would see her and call out "turn-coat" as he had once, to a man who had fallen from grace. But no! She saw by his earnest face and devout mien that his whole thoughts were on the great work of the day. But Marian observed that the first girl had no partner, and she reflected: "I then am the Judas the sisters warned us against!"

Marian went into the church. Her tears fell fast as she selected a place, somewhat screened from view by a pillar, and when the happy moment arrived—when the "Holy of Holies" rested within the hearts of those favored ones, she wept so violently that wondering looks were directed to her. When Mass was over, thanksgiving made and the last echo of the hymn of praise had died away, Father Morris was surprised to see a little form rush in and, under some great stress of feeling, kneel down before him. At first he did not recognize Marian in her gay attire, and long bright hair flowing over her shoulders. But great was his joy the next instant and he gladly welcomed the wanderer.

He took her to his house and sent for Kate, who willingly forgave her. Marian could not sleep that night, she said, until she made a penitent confession. She could not sufficiently express her sorrow for the scandal she had

given, even though the real facts of her absence were known to the fewest number.

It was thought best for her not to see Mrs. Clifton again, so Father Morris called upon Mrs. Sanford and explained matters to her. Her guest drove away very much chagrined, no doubt.

So our little Marian went back to her place in the parochial school, again wore the ill-fitting or ordinary attire as of yore, and took home the fine ironing and laces for Mrs. Maloney.

It was hard for her, children, was it not? But her humble frieds were so truly kind and considerate and the loving angel eyes looked such earnest approval upon her efforts "to be good."

She resumed her preparation for first Communion with such great fervor that she attracted the notice of Miss Alice Herbert, a young Englishwoman of ample means and foremost in every good work, who with her aunt had lately moved to Elmwood.

She begged Kate (who referred her to the pastor) to give up Marian to her, promising that every advantage should be hers. But Father Morris said: "Not yet. She must be tried longer before anything so very satisfactory could be awarded her. After she has made her first Holy Communion I will most heartily consent. Do not say anything, however, to our little penitent about your desire."

One thing must not be forgotten. Before leaving for America, Mrs. Hamilton had her little girl invested with the SCAPULAR, which all the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW are aware can be given to *children*. And during all her waywardness she never laid it aside. Even when Mrs. Clifton bade her do so she positively refused, so that lady thought better not to insist. This with a medal of Our Lady of Victory she always wore, so the Blessed Virgin did not desert her erring child. Meanwhile she evinces such tender piety and ardent love for her religion that her friends often bless the day on which our Lord thought fit to weaken her trust in *herself* alone, by sending "Marian's Temptation."

THE END.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR

### A Day of Joy.

As a rule we poor mortals have little reason to rejoice on our birthdays. Such an anniversary is but another mile-stone passed on our road to eternity, and the grave approaches nearer. When our friends are pouring in their congratulations we perhaps are unhappily reminded of an unpleasant past. In truth our birth was but

“our death begun

As tapers waste the instant they take fire.”

But there is one birthday—our divine Mother's, on which we can all rejoice. Her birth is our life, for her Son's birth was contingent on her Nativity. The Blessed Virgin's Nativity, too, is appropriately the titular feast of our Mother-convent in Rome. In Carmel Mary was born to her clients, so to speak, for there did devotion to her first take root. There too is Mary born in the hearts of her million clients.

### What the Friars Did.

A few days since the writer had occasion to hear a passing remark about Cuba and other South American countries being in “darkness” as to the civilized manners of the North. Of course the friars are again to blame. Would to heaven these people did remain unenlightened as to some dark methods which play havoc in our beloved country. There are cases where ignorance is bliss. “Plant the press there!” was the climax to the remark mentioned above. But we all know that we got our books from the monks long before Caxton set up his press. We know too that in this age of invention a poor Dominican friar has given to the world the most marvellous of type-

setting machines. Now let us listen to a few plain facts as to “darkest” South America. The truth is that the first printing press was set up in America by Don Fray Juan Zumarraga, Archbishop of Mexico, in 1540, less than fifty years after the discovery of America. John Pablos was the name of the first printer to cross the Atlantic, and the first book issued by the press in the New World was an abridgement of Christian doctrine, in both the Spanish and Aztec languages. “When you see those enormous sheets on which the *Herald* is printed,” says the present Bishop of Linarez, Mexico, “when you admire the beautiful engravings which adorn the splendidly printed books issued daily in New York and Philadelphia, please *do not forget the poor friar* who brought to the New World this wonderful art; and you may well feel proud of belonging to the Catholic church, which has ever been, and ever will be at the head of civilization.”

### Books and Books.

Lovers of books are commencing to make a rather startling discovery. They find that none of the books now being printed will be in existence by the middle of the next century. The truth is that books made in the monasteries that have survived for two or three centuries were not made of shoddy. The paper was hand-made and the material used was honest rags. The ink was made from nut galls. The books were in early days more substantially bound than now. In our own and other monastic libraries will be found many treasured volumes made by the monks of the 15th and 16th centuries, which, although frequently

handled, are in excellent condition and will be so for many years to come. Does it not seem but a just survival of the fittest? Nowadays, most of the paper is of wood pulp treated with acids, and the ink is composed of substances that are foreign to paper and eat into it. Such books threaten to rot away. And a small loss it will be in many cases. It will be a blessing to posterity if it is spared all the drivel now exposed on the book-stands and the filthy literature scattered broadcast by the "yellow" journalists. Perhaps the people of the next century will have cause to be grateful to the paper-makers and ink-compounders of our day. It will be sad to see the good books fall into decay, but on the other hand the bad ones will also meet a well deserved fate. It is an ill wind that blows no good.

#### A Word of Explanation.

Nothing is left undone at this office to send out our magazine in the best of condition and to insure its prompt delivery to our subscribers. In spite of this we are in receipt of complaints. One subscriber in the east tells us that some mail-carriers fail to deliver THE REVIEW to persons living within their district, and in some cases leave bundles of the magazines at corner stores to be called for by subscribers. We do not suffer alone in this respect. An esteemed contemporary in our neighborhood can show proof that carriers have even dissuaded persons from taking certain Catholic publications. We beg our friends to promptly send in their complaints, and we shall immediately communicate with the authorities who can remedy the evil. There is room here for concerted action on the part of all our Catholic contemporaries.

#### A Domestic Boon.

We never fully appreciate a thing until we are absent from it. A traveler has said that he never so loved his country's flag as when he saw it waving over a foreign port. Leaving sentiment aside, we think that we can justly apply this truism to the neighborhood of Niagara Falls. Visitors to our Hospice invariably exclaim "What a healthy place!" Now, be it remembered that this exclamation mostly comes from persons who have followed all points of the compass in search of health. They have enjoyed the ocean's bracing breeze and climbed the rugged mountain side, and, nevertheless, Niagara loses nothing in comparison. Thousands come here and depart in a day. The hurry of catching trains and studying guide-books occupies most of their time during this flying visit. Such persons are hardly aware of Nature's beauties hereabouts. But those who remain for a week or more, soon discover that there is a physical gain. There is a buoyancy in the air. It is bracing and vivifying. Experienced medical men say it is caused by the great quantity of ozone released by the rushing waters. Nature could not be more generous to us. If, notwithstanding, ill-health finds its victims, we must blame it to human carelessness. If the health authorities in the towns hereabout do their duty—and we believe they do, and people take ordinary precautions—in a word live natural, then if we wish to drink at Nature's fountain we can do so, and it will cost us nothing. We all know the influence of locality—we know too, that climates strengthen or weaken the vitality of the people. Volumes have been written on this subject. Everything has not yet been said of the scenic beauty of Niagara. Books cannot do justice to it.

Niagara is its own book and we must come here to read it. But too little attention has been paid to it as a health resort which in truth it is. Our only regret is that we are not yet been able to accommodate *all* our guests at the Hospice. But the day will come. We know, too, that our readers will help to hasten the day. Yes, Niagara is beautiful and it is peaceful. It is also healthful. We know of what we speak, and are determined that American and Canadian Catholics shall reap the full benefit of it. But of this, more anon.

### September the "Seventh."

September, strictly speaking the "seventh" month, is a misnomer for the ninth month of the year. Nevertheless, it is a happy reminder of the month of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin. A special devotion to Mary's sorrows necessarily fills our souls with consolation. The experience of thousands proves this. In these days we hear and read of many poor souls being on the brink of despair. What a great work of Christian charity on our part if for such we did some small act of devotion in honor of our dear *Mater Dolorosa*! Her Nativity reminds us that she was born to make us happy—but she was to earn it for us along the way of the cross. And does not the very name of Mary, which we honor this month, remind us of a grief and bitterness far transcending our own? Again, pray to the sorrowful Mother for the dying and those about to render an account of their stewardship. We are here forcibly reminded of a non-Catholic petition to Mary Sorrowful—from Rudyard Kipling, whose writings command so much attention. He thus addresses the divine Mother:

"O Mary pierced with sorrow,  
Remember, reach and save  
The soul that goes to-morrow  
Before the God that gave."

### The New Carmelite Convent in Boston.

The following description of the new convent of the Carmelite nuns in Boston, which is now nearing completion, appeared in the "Sacred Heart Review" of July 17.

The dedication of the new Carmelite convent in Roxbury will take place in September. The building is rapidly approaching completion. The architecture is of Italian renaissance style and is somewhat similar to Carmelite convents in Spain and Belgium. The material is dark red brick, ornamental terra cotta and brownstone. The convent proper is treated with monastic simplicity in accordance with the life of the Carmelites. The chapel from Mt. Pleasant avenue is lighted with five large stained-glass windows, while a large window set in a tower floods the sanctuary. The tower is low with a belfry enclosed by colonnades, square in design, and surmounted by a plain gold cross. An ornamental wrought iron gate marks the entrance to chapel. The chapel will be for the use of the public. It will accommodate 225 persons. The nave is arched and the sanctuary is directly under the tower, and is crowned with a dome, behind which the main altar will stand. For the nuns' devotion is a smaller altar on the gospel side of the sanctuary. Beyond the chapel are the reception rooms for visitors. Beside the aforesaid there is a common refectory and recreation hall, small separate cells, which will be meagrely furnished, and a substantial laundry and kitchen. The interior work is nearly complete. A brick wall capped with terra cotta will be built to encase the entire structure and will have two gateways, one of which will be for the public. The building will be opened for the inspection of the public the latter part of August or the first of September.