

Resurrexit Sicut Dixit! Alleluja!

"If thou confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him up from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Rom. X: 9.



Address communications and make orders payable to The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Easter: The Meeting of Jesus and Mary.



I.
SCENE of beauty haunts my prayerful hours,
A fragrance softly breathes of white Spring-flowers,
A song resounds—it is the grateful strain
That wafted o'er Judea's listening hills,
And through the cycles ever sweetly thrills
"Magnificat!" our Mother chants again.

II.

A scene of beauty! Yes! A vision bright
Illuming Mary with its golden light;
"The Lord is with thee," Mother of the Lamb!
All Passion-shadows now have passed away,
In golden radiance of this festal day,
Thy sea of anguish sleeps at last in calm.

III.

"Magnificat!" Celestial melody!
It echoes o'er the earth and sunlit sea,
Like chime of sweet bell's mystic silvery voice,
"Christ rising from the dead, now dies no more!"
And glorious are the Sacred Wounds He bore,
* O Queen of love! in Him thou doest rejoice.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* "Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo."—MAGNIFICAT.

Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Specially Prepared for THE CARMELITE REVIEW by VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BEAKELY,
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Bethlehem.

Numerous minor objects of interest are shown the pilgrim in the vicinity of Bethlehem; and whilst he does not feel in any sense obliged to credit the alleged proofs of their authenticity, he is, nevertheless, quite convinced of the solid character of the same, resting, as they do in many cases, on authority which is above suspicion. I was much impressed in this connection with a remark of Disraeli's in his *Tancred*. "Tradition," he observes, "perhaps often more faithful than written documents, is a sure and almost infallible guide in the minds of the people where there has been no complicated variety of historic incidents to confuse and break the chain of memory; where their rare revolutions have consisted of an eruption once in a thousand years into the cultivated world; where society has never been broken up, but where their domestic manners have remained the same; where too they revere truth, and are rigid in its oral delivery, since that is their only means of disseminating knowledge." To no other country is this reflection of the gifted statesman and author more applicable than to Palestine; and we are disposed, consequently, to accept with respect, and even reverence, the local statements made us in regard to various sacred sites, particularly when we find that there has been no variation in them for centuries—from the beginning of the Christian era, in fact,—and that (what is more,) there has been no successful effort made to contradict them by attempting to establish rival claims for other sites or objects. Naturally, therefore, I was not averse to taking as fact, *inter alia*, the situation vouched for as that of the "Grotto and Field of the Shepherds," and handed down as such from generation to generation even unto our time. We may readily believe, indeed, that the good and highly favored men just mentioned would not be slow in making known to their

contemporaries the spot whence they saw and heard the angelic messengers who announced to them those "good tidings of great joy, that were to be to all the people." (St. Luke, II. 10.) It is quite probable, moreover, that "all the people," for whom these "good tidings" were intended, would hold so sacred a spot in constant veneration; wherefore it is extremely unlikely that its location would ever be forgotten, or that it would be allowed to drop entirely out of sight even with the lapse of ages. When, then, the pilgrim is shown, as were we, the field in which the "Shepherds were keeping the night-watches over their flock" (St. Luke, II. 8.) on the first Christmas night, he will not, if he be a sensible man, pooh pooh the tradition as absurd or as an invention of interested parties, priest-craft, and the like; but he will be more inclined to say to those who do doubt it: "Show me another site with equal or superior pretensions to be what is claimed for this one, or else hold your peace." These were my sentiments on occasion of seeing the "Field of the Shepherds," and they were confirmed, when, later on, I read up what has been said on the subject by divers authors whose probity is unimpeachable. The Grotto referred to is now an underground structure, which is reached by a flight of twenty-one steps. It is said to have been the crypt of a church built by St. Helen over the original grotto, in which the shepherds were wont to take refuge from storms, and in which they gathered their sheep at night, etc., as is common in the East. This church was consecrated, under the invocation of St. Joseph, to the sublime event which has rendered this spot for ever memorable, viz., the announcement by angels to these humble men of our divine Saviour's birth and mission. About the middle of the edifice are still to be seen the remains of an ancient mosaic pavement. The

field of the Shepherds is about a mile from Bethlehem. An ancient writer, Daniel the Igomene, speaks of it as follows: "On going in an eastern direction from this locality (meaning the site of 'St. Joseph's house') at a little more than a verst (a Russian measure of 1166 yards) from the place of our Saviour's birth, at the foot of the mountain we find the spot where the angels announced this great mystery to the shepherds. Here there is to be seen a cavern surmounted by a church consecrated to St. Joseph, the spouse of Mary. Formerly, there was a beautiful convent likewise, but it is now in ruins. Around about this site one sees a fertile field, where the harvest is abundant, and which produces a plentiful crop of olives. It is called *Agia Pimena*, i.e., the Holy Pastures." After stating that most of the ancient writers agree upon the site just mentioned, Frère Liévin says: "Furthermore, it seems impossible to me that Bethlehem, which has always been inhabited by Catholics, and which has been able to preserve unto this day its primitive church, built by St. Helen, should have lost the true and correct tradition on this point."

Our party can, then, rest secure in the undisturbed assurance that it saw the veritable "Field of the Shepherds." Bethlehem is noted for more modern attractions, however, principal among which are the many, many stores where objects of vertu and of devotion are sold at a wonderfully low rate. *Exempli gratia*, for a dozen of beautiful mother-of-pearl rosaries, which would retail in New York, etc., at not less than fifty cents a pair, I paid only six cents a piece, and I was given to understand, afterwards, that I had been overcharged! Then, there are cute little pictures for sale, representing our Saviour in the manger, surrounded with a wreath of real flowers, grown in Bethlehem and said to have been laid in the "Crib." It is certainly well worth one's while to visit these booths and stores, even if one does not intend to buy; for they are most interesting. The people of Bethlehem are not mean artists, by any means, being quite skilful in carving and in all kinds of fancy work. But anyone who can get out of their clutches without leaving some of his cash in their hands must certainly be

a prodigy. And now I will inflict on you a description, in part, of the Basilica, which, as you will remember, I spared you in my last letter.

This superb edifice was, says Frère Liévin, one of the most beautiful jewels which the Franciscans possessed in the Orient. But now, unfortunately, it is held by the Greek and Armenian schismatics, who make use of the "choir" (sanctuary) and transept as a parish church. The "naves" (aisles), sad to say, have been converted into market stalls and into a place of rendezvous for loiterers. This grand church is situated at the extreme east of Bethlehem, and without the ancient enclosure of that city. Many buildings, which hide it in a measure from view, have risen up around it. On one side, for example, is the Franciscan monastery, which stands on a high terrace dominating the valley called by the Turks "Ouadi Djemel." On the other side are the Greek and Armenian monasteries, which serve largely to hide the noble structure. Only the pointed gable of the roof, in fact, is visible from all sides. Of the three doors which formerly led into the atrium or vestibule, the middle one alone is now to be seen, the two side entrances having disappeared under later alterations. Even the main door is greatly obstructed on the outside by vast buttresses; whilst on the inside it is all walled up, save a narrow space which resembles a ventilator or "air-hole" more than a place of ingress. The vestibule runs the entire width of the body of the church, and rises to the beginning of the lower or side-roofs. It is dark, and without adornment, being divided by partitions into three compartments, and leads into the church proper by one sole door. On passing through this a magnificent spectacle bursts upon the eye. With a glance, one takes in the five spacious aisles of thirty-five yards in length, formed by four rows of splendid columns (each a monolith) of a reddish hue, veined with white. These columns, which appear to be marble, are crowned by Corinthian capitals. At the farther extremity of the aisles—if by an act of the imagination we suppress for the moment the partition walls running across the building, which mightly

obstructions were raised by the Greeks—we behold the huge transept and "choir" (sanctuary), apses, etc.,—all brilliantly lighted by a series of windows in the superior walls of the edifice. Each colonnade, according to the architectural rules of ancient times, supports an architrave, whose borders, highly ornate as they are, carry us back to the classic times of art. On the lower sides these architraves serve as a support to the joists of the side roofs. In the central nave they carry upon themselves two walls, from nine and a half to ten and a half yards in height, on which, in turn, rests the framework of the main roof. The superior part of these walls is pierced by a suite of semi-circular windows. During the twelfth century these walls were also adorned with mosaics, some traces of which still remain. After the manner of all the ancient basilicas, that of Bethlehem is not vaulted, but is covered by a simple wooden pitched roof, the great rough timbers of which, discolored by age, are fully exposed and plainly visible from within. The present roof was constructed in the seventeenth century. Frère Lieven thinks it probable that in the primitive covering of the basilica the beams were hidden by a ceiling of wood adorned with paintings, gilding, etc., in keeping with the magnificence of the rest of the interior. Towards the western end of the sacred edifice, there are two iron side doors. The one on the north opens into the monastery of the Franciscan Fathers; that on the south into the monastery of the Schismatic Greeks. The five aisles of the church, composed of eleven arches resting on twelve massive pillars, are of equal length. The centre one is itself as wide (its width is eleven yards) as those of the sides combined. The breadth of the transept is equal to that of the central nave, and with it forms a Latin Cross. The two extremities of the basilica are terminated by semicircular apses. Finally, the centre of the sanctuary ("choir") is raised about a foot and a half above the level of the floor of the building, and it is beneath this elevation that the "Grotto of the Nativity" is found. I may mention here that in the left portion of the vestibule of the church I have just

described, there is a Turkish "corps de garde," or guard-house, where a number of soldiers are constantly on duty, as is the case in the basilica of the Resurrection at Jerusalem, etc. These, it would seem, are a necessary evil, their presence being required in order to prevent the rival claimants of the several sanctuaries from coming to blows in defence of their respective rights, real or imaginary. I was, I regret to say, the witness of one of these unpleasantnesses (to put it mildly), the participants being a number of Greek priests and Armenian monks—all Schismatics. One of these parties took possession of a chapel at an hour assigned to the other. The latter, coming a little late, and finding that their opponents had taken advantage of their tardiness, sought, first by argument and next by physical force, to maintain their claim. This occasioned a general "scrimmage" and afforded no end of entertainment (!) to the crowd of loungers who, having nothing to do and plenty of leisure to do it in, spend their time in the basilica. While this disgusting brawl was in progress, some one gave the alarm, and within a very brief interval, half a dozen Turkish soldiers were on the scene. On their appearance the contending parties calmed down somewhat, though each chattered away like so many magpies, whilst trying to convince the poor perplexed Turkish officer in command of the justice of their respective claims. If I remember aright, the outcome was that the late-comers were dismissed with the injunction to be more punctual another time, and the first-comers permitted to finish the service they had begun. Such edifying (?) scenes as this are not infrequent in the holy places—the Schismatics always being the dramatis personae in them. Thus, where the "Prince of Peace" was born and where the celestial heralds of His coming sang: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will" (Luke, ii. 14), strife and contention reign, and that, too, among men calling themselves priests of the Most High! Evidently, "good will," or, in other words, the spirit of union and divine charity, which can exist only among the children of the "One Fold," is wanting to

these unhappy men, whose aim seems not to be "glory to God in the highest," but rather self aggrandizement under divers forms—that which the Apostle calls *turpe lucrum* seemingly predominating. Matters are likely to continue as they are in this respect. The Greeks and other "dissidents" have gradually wormed themselves into the sanctuaries of Palestine by every means possible; and the indications are that they have come to stay. Little by little, slowly but surely, they are crowding the "Latins" out. Great odds are on their side—the power of might against right, and of gold against poverty. The issue, however, is in the hands of God, wherefore we may hope for the best.

On leaving Bethlehem, finally, we set out for "St. John in the Mountains," the birth-place of our Lord's precursor, the "Baptist." This excursion was a most delightful one, taking us along the outskirts of Jerusalem and thence by the "Jaffa Road" to that leading directly to our destination. Altogether, from Bethlehem to "St. John" we were some three hours on the way, carriages being our mode of conveyance. Once arrived in the mountains, we proceeded to the "Sanctuary of the Visitation," where our Blessed Lady met her holy cousin Elizabeth. Tradition tells us that Saints Zachary and Elizabeth had their country-seat here. A chapel was built on this spot in 1861, and one of the notable objects it contains is a rock which bears this inscription: *Dum infantes ab iniquo Herode mactabantur, Elizabeth in hac rupe abscondisse filium suum Joannem continua tenet traditio. Anglice, "Whilst the babes were being put to death by the impious Herod, Elizabeth, so says a constant tradition, hid her son John in this rock."* It is said that, fleeing with her precious little son to these mountains for safety, she laid him upon this rock, and that it immediately became soft like wax and received the imprint of his body. The altar of the chapel is most appropriately called after the

Magnificat, in memory of the entoning of that glorious canticle on this spot by our Blessed Lady. (St. Luke, i.) Next, we visited the "Grotto of the Nativity of St. John"—a rock-hewn cave, which receives no light from without, but is illumined by six lamps. Under the marble table of the altar is this inscription: "Place of the birth of the Precursor of our Lord Jesus Christ." This cave, formerly one of the chambers of St. Zachary's house, is now an oratory. There is a church over the grotto, served by several Franciscan Fathers. We did not omit a passing visit to "The Fountain of the Holy Virgin," to which, tradition says, our Blessed Lady went for water during the time she spent with her holy cousin. It is even yet the sole spring possessed by the village of St. John, and it is so abundant, that it not only suffices for the ordinary wants of the inhabitants, but is conveyed by trenches throughout the neighboring fields, much to the advantage of the crops raised on them. We finished our sight-seeing at "St. John in the Mountains" by a visit to the convent of "Les Dames de Sion," an order of women founded by the noted Ratisbon brothers.—both converts from Judaism, and, later, faithful and zealous priests. These good and hard-working Sisters have quite an extensive establishment here, including a school and an orphan asylum. The little girls belonging to the latter entertained us very sweetly with French songs and recitations, and the hospitable Sisters treated us to lemonade, etc.,—a most acceptable refreshment. I assure you, after the jaunt of the day and the heat incidental to Palestine in the summer season. We bade good-bye to "St. John in the Mountains" rather late in the evening, and set out once more for Jerusalem, delighted and consoled by the varied experiences which had fallen to our lot since our recent departure from that city for Bethlehem and other points.

(To be continued.)

The Philippines.

Having been honored by the editor of the "Review" with an invitation to contribute an article on the Philippines, I hasten to comply with his request. The topic may be considered an old one, but in my humble opinion the Philippine Islands will form the subject of much congressional discussion for many moons to come.

In the acquired territory in the orient, the United States has an elephant on its hands that gives promise of great restlessness. There are many islands and many different classes of people inhabiting them. Their tribal customs are vastly dissimilar, and they prefer to rule separately, but if they are ever to be brought under one government, they desire the government to be composed of their own race.

After a stay of nearly two years and a half on the Island of Luzon, the largest island in the Philippine archipelago, I think I may venture to give my impressions of the country, its climate and products, for the benefit of readers of the "Review,"—

The area of the whole group almost equals that of California or Japan, estimated roughly from 120,000 to 160,000 square miles. It is claimed Luzon alone is about 56,000 sq. miles, the size of Illinois. The population of Luzon is said to be almost 7,000,000. The second largest island is Mindanas, covering about 24,000 square miles.

It may be of more than passing interest to readers of the "Review" to know that the city of Manila was held by the British for nearly two years, about two centuries ago. England occupied the town by virtue of her victory over Spain, and the latter was forced to promise to pay a ransom to her conqueror of \$5,000,000, but owing to Britain's complications in Europe at the time, the levy was never enforced. To-day, however, many people believe English statesmen look with covetous eyes on the fertile islands of the orient. Typhoons are often to be encountered in the waters of the Philippines, and many lives and vessels have

gone down in the China Sea,—the white man's grave—as sailors call it. Earthquakes are not unknown in the islands, and the writer experienced a shock in the town of Dogupan, about 18 months ago. I was with several others, quartered in a convent building adjoining the parish church. The edifice rocked to and fro for about a minute, and the occupants hurried out of doors as rapidly as possible. The people in the adjacent church ran to the plaza, and throwing themselves to the ground began to pray fervently. My sensation on the occasion was one akin to sea-sickness.

There are numerous large and beautiful churches throughout the island. All the natives are Catholics and good ones at that. On feast days they flock to the place of worship in thousands, and I have known of several thousands of people tramping over the mountains for the purpose of attending the Christmas ceremonies at a large church many miles from their humble homes. The ceremonies are conducted on a splendid scale. The choirs are made up of male singers and their musical accomplishments are fully up to the standard of our own people. The Filipino padre or priest, is honored and beloved by his many people, and they work in entire harmony. The pioneers of the Catholic faith in the Philippines were the Augustinians. They were closely followed by the Dominicans, Religious Devotees, Jesuits and Capuchins.

The Jesuits did not, I believe, go far into the interior, but contented themselves by establishing a large university, to-day without a peer, in Manila, where a host of natives received a brilliant education, fully fitting them for the society of any nation on earth. In connection with this it may be said that many erroneous statements have been made to the effect that the Filipinos are semi-savages. It may be here asserted without fear of contradiction from reliable sources, that before the city of Chicago was founded, Manila was the seat of colleges, observatories and technical schools, and the assertion is upheld by

the Hon. John Barrett, a former United States Minister to Siam. It may be further stated that before the Pilgrim Fathers set feet on Plymouth Rock, pious padres carried the true gospel to the heart of the tropical jungles.

Hemp, sugar and tobacco form the material wealth of the Phillippines and coffee promises to be also an important factor in her commercial circles. One may see in the forests logwood, ebony, iron wood or *ligna vitæ*, sapan wood, gum trees and cedar. The principal fruits are oranges, mangoes, guava, tamarina, and cocoanut, cotton, bananas, vanilla, cassia, ginger, pepper, indigo, pineapples, cocoa, wheat and corn are also to be had in plenty. It is said the minerals include gold, copper, iron, coal, quicksilver, sulphur and saltpetre, though none have been found who claim to have made a fortune along these lines.

The sea contributes amber, tortoise shell, mother of pearl and coral. Goats, sheep, swine, sturdy little ponies, and water buffaloes are to be met with everywhere. Alligators, spiders, ants,

snakes and lizards abound, but there are few beasts of prey. The flora of the country is very rich and birds of beautiful plumage are very numerous.

Space will not permit of a full detail of the richness of the islands under a propitious government, and the writer is limited to time and space at the present time.

At the present writing the country is really in an unsettled state, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The natives and American soldiers, Catholics, attend mass as regularly as possible and good feeling exists between them on such occasions, but between Sundays it is a different story.

I cannot close without publicly thanking Our Lady of Mount Carmel for her watchfulness over the writer during his long campaign in the islands. Over 20 years ago I was enrolled with the Scapular of our Blessed Lady.

Under the promise of more anon, I am,

Gratefully,
John S. Ormsby.

Fragments in Honor of St. Joseph.

Next to "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel" there is no one amongst the Saints so dear to Carmelite hearts as her glorious spouse, St. Joseph, and the following examples of devotion to him will, therefore, we trust, be acceptable.

Very near Dublin a humble school mistress lived such a holy, edifying life, that it may be well spoken of as one of those F. Faber tells us are in "the diamond mine of Holy Church." Rich, indeed are the gems that will be revealed to us in eternity "hidden with Christ in God," in these humble paths during life. This soul ardently loved St. Joseph, and collected £40, for the purpose of placing a beautiful statue of him in her parish church, which is attached to a Presentation Convent. Out of her limited means she supplied oil for a perpetual lamp in his honor, and even in her last illness remembered and gave directions regarding it. She desired

that her death should be in March under his special protection, and the prayer was heard. In that month, 1901, this favored soul passed to her everlasting reward, leaving £100 for a new altar in the same beautiful church, in honor of St. Joseph's Immaculate Spouse.

The life of this servant of God is unknown to us, as it was merely in connection with devotion to St. Joseph, the above incidents were related by letter, but we felt they were worthy of shining before men, and encouraging them to honor this great Saint during life, and confide in his protection for their last hour.

Another example was related of a young man who had in childhood received first Communion on the 19th of March, and desired that his death should occur on this cherished anniversary. So, indeed, it happened. As nearly as we can remember, consump-

tion, "the death of the predestined," was the illness which took him away in early manhood, but it mattered but little, when his death was "precious in the sight of the Lord," embalmed with the sweetest remembrance of life,—overshadowed by the paternal love of St. Joseph, patron of a happy death.

One more incident, and here the writer was intimately acquainted with the subject. A nun, greatly devoted to and bearing in Religion, the name of her glorious Saint, was for years in consumption, and at last, in March 18—, the end seemed near, and we felt surprised that, as she so loved St. Joseph, he did not take her home. The days went slowly by, still she lingered,

at last, the 31st dawned, but for her, earthly life was fading, and before the evening shadows fell, her soul had gone to swell the chorus of virginal-voices singing before the Lamb.

I will conclude by a little extract well remembered, though the name of its writer is forgotten.

"St. Joseph drew joy from every sorrow, O calm and happy Joseph, obtain for me this gift that I may find joy everywhere and leave it behind me when I go. Let me never forget that without speaking it preaches Him; that its odor is as the odor of His Presence."

Infant de Marie,
St. Claris.

The Sorrowful Mysteries.

We have said in a preceding number that flowers are ever blooming in the "enclosed garden" of Holy Church for God's altar, and so, in the wintry month we may gather roses more beautiful and fragrant than those of Sharon.

Let us seek them in Gethsemane and linger 'neath its olive trees until we know more intimately and love more ardently and resolve to follow more closely our dear Lord's example. Let us when kneeling in spirit before this Divine Victim in his cruel scourging, offer our flowrets of compassion, remembering that in a revelation to St. Gertrude He showed her that such aspirations were like roses of wondrous splendor. We may contemplate them blooming in His thorny crown, and exclaim with a holy lover of the passion, "Thy thorns are my roses and Thy sufferings are my Paradise." Yes! a "Paradise" for souls "weak and humble," for it is to these He has promised rest. All along the "via crucis," they spring crimsoned with Precious Blood, Roses of patience, silence, fortitude— "obedience even unto death."

Above all on Calvary faith sees the

full bloom of love in Jesus and our own charity exhales new fragrance in union with our "Mater Dolorosa." Listen to the words of a spiritual writer, most touching in their sweetness and persuasive to excite sympathy for the Son and Mother.

"And worse than all His Mother's eyes are there, piercing His breaking heart with her speechless agony; for she too must suffer with Him, and not a blow can reach His soul but through her virgin bosom; and she must hear the nails crash through his hands and feet and see the tortured frame stretched living on the framework of the cross."

Beautiful roses of the Passion, glistening with the mystic dew drops of trees, and exhaling "the good odor" of Christ. May we in the daily sorrows of exile gather those springing in our path, and uniting ourselves to His sacred Heart, and the most pure heart of Mary, twine them into chaplets of unfading beauty, to lay at our Blessed Mother's shrine.

"Infant de Marie,"
St. Clares.

The Power of Kindness.

It was late in March. Everything was dreary in Lennox Street; the sky was leaden; slush was underfoot; the air was damp with a chilling fog, and one could hardly see twenty feet ahead. The light grocery wagons scurried by, and the shrill voice of the newsboy called out, "Telegram? Morning Telegram?"

But in spite of all discomforts, the poor must go to their work. Through fog and slush, past newsboys, a thin struggling line of operatives wended their way to the street car, which was to carry them ten miles down town to their daily work. Down in the morning, back at night, day after day, year in and year out, Sunday sometimes excepted, sometimes not,—such was their life. Holidays had often no other meaning to them than extra or special work. If they fell sick, well, there were others to take their places. They were cast aside as broken parts of the great human machine. Other workmen stepped in; the broken parts were forgotten, and the human grind went on and on, with never-ending clock like regularity.

At number 507, Lennox Street, dwelt one of these poor working people. The building at this number was a narrow three-story wooden house of a dull red color. On the ground floor was a grocery store; on the second floor lived the proprietor of this store, and on the third floor, a poor working girl, and her widowed mother. The third story was reached by a covered stairway on the outside of the building. One glance at the house would have told the most careless observer that its inhabitants were the poorest of the poor.

It was sadly in need of repairs. Broken window panes, rag-stuffed sashes, rickety stairs, rudely fitting doors, crumbling gables,—all these make us certain of this; no need of entering the place to assure ourselves of the fact. But to see its misery we must.

On the third floor is one of the small, dingy rooms,—the dining room if such we may call it—sat a pale, emaciated

girl of some three and twenty years, eating her breakfast. A cup of weak tea, a crust of bread and a bit of dry cheese composed her meagre meal. Her mother hustled about the room, busy preparing a lunch for her daughter. The mother was as thin as her child, but more wiry, and with all her bustling work, she never ceased to look at the sickly girl and to urge her to eat her breakfast.

"Don't be in a hurry eating your breakfast. You've lots of time. Won't you have some more tea? No?"

Here Stella burst out coughing and it was some minutes before she was quite recovered. Her mother looked at her anxiously and sorrowfully.

"I must get something for that cold" she said to Stella. "I must do it to-day, because I have delayed it so long already. I'll get——" she stopped abruptly and her eyes became moist for she recollected that she had only thirty-three cents in the house, and Stella would need ten to-day for car-fare.

"O, never mind, mother," answered Stella, "it will soon be warm weather, and then the cough will leave, and I'll be better."

Having finished her breakfast, she rose and prepared to go. She kissed her mother, and taking the small lunch, went down the creaking, rickety stairs into the cold, foggy air, to take her place again as one of the wheels in the great grinding machine.

At the factory door she entered — one of three hundred,—and was registered by the recorder in the hall. At seven o'clock work began, and continued without cessation till noon; then time was given for dinner; after this work was resumed till six o'clock.

The factory in which Stella worked made men's clothing. Stella's particular work was cutting. She had formerly been an expert at this sort of work and earned high wages, but lately, her health failing, she had not been able to do nearly so much work, and consequently did not receive so high a salary. In fact, at times, her harsh and unfeeling

overseer had threatened to discharge her on account of her "laziness," as he termed her inability to do more. The damp weather of March had brought on her coughing fits very frequently, and to the annoyance caused by the dampness, was added that occasioned by the fine penetrating dust that is often present in a large factory. The overseer had inhumanly reprimanded her for delaying, by her coughing, those next her. This day she was coughing almost continuously.

"Miss Margrave," said the overseer to her, "if you don't work as you should, I'll discharge you. I'll not stand it any longer. Remember."

Poor Stella almost sobbed aloud, but exerting herself with a heroic effort, she managed to brace up sufficiently to avoid being discharged, though she still received some severe and menacing glances from the foreman.

Coming home in the evening she passed the parish priest's house. Father Prince was standing at the top of the flight of stone steps that led to the front door. He was amiable to everyone, and no deserving man ever turned away from the good priest's door with an empty hand. Stella glanced up at him as she passed and was greeted with a friendly "Good evening," that went straight to the poor girl's heart. It was the first word of true friendship that she had heard since leaving home that morning. It greatly gladdened her poor soul, and made her feel that, after all, life could have some soothing balm in it, if people would only be kind. She answered "Good evening," and walked on with a lighter step.

As she opened the door of the house, her mother was sitting near the little stove and sewing away, thus helping to eke out the small dole that her child earned.

When Stella entered the good mother immediately rose and took a bottle from the shelf above the stove.

"There's the medicine," she said joyfully, "I told you I'd get it to-day. You must take some right away, and then you'll soon be better."

Stella smiled and looked around the room anxiously. Her quick glance

soon told her that there were only three chairs in the room now, whereas in the morning there had been five. She said nothing, but she felt her heart sink as she realized how poor they were fast becoming.

In silence, she took the medicine her mother held out, thanked her sweetly, and then recollecting the "Good evening," of the priest, she said,—

"Oh, mother, I saw Father Prince this evening, and he spoke to me. He is the only person, besides you, dear mother, who ever speaks kindly to me. I don't see how his religion can be bad and wicked as we are told. Anyhow I know that it hasn't made him bad yet."

"No telling what it may do, my child," said her mother. "Those Catholics aren't to be trusted. I've heard awful stories about those priests, that don't say anything good about them."

"But mother, do you think all these stories are true? You know people tell such lies sometimes. They've told frightful ones even about us, and surely we don't harm any one."

"No, no, my child; God knows we haven't. But these Catholics——." Here she shrugged her shoulders and was silent.

"I don't think," remarked Stella, "that we really ought to believe what people say of Catholics. I know some Catholic girls who work in the factory with me, and they're just as good as the other girls. Annie Hanin, a Catholic girl, gave me half of her lunch the other day, when I forgot mine. They don't hate us; they can't. I don't believe it, and when I get a chance I'm going to ask Father Prince about his religion. I'm sure we can believe him."

Mrs. Margrave answered nothing, but busied herself preparing their scanty supper. This eaten, they sat down near the little stove, and by the aid of a yellow flickering light endeavored to piece out their poor income by sewing till ten o'clock.

Thus we have seen the daily monotonous life of this little family. Day after day, Stella went to her work, while Mrs. Margrave stayed at home and sewed. The good priest's kind sal-

ute was almost the one ray of bliss that shone in this humble household.

As summer drew nigh, and the weather became warm, Father Prince used to sit outside under a maple tree on the lawn. Here he read, and spoke, in his kindly way, to the passers-by. Little did he know what an instrument of grace these words were destined to become. But as with him, so with us, the little things we think not of, are often the means employed by the Almighty God to spread abroad the light of faith, and to lead wandering souls into the sheepcote of His Divine Son.

This is what we so often forget—the power of little things. A tiny drop of water is indeed small and innocent looking; yet drop upon drop forms those huge billows that you see rolling in from the ocean, and that mock the power of man. Man's genius has wrought great wonders: it has piled stone upon stone till that huge pyramid of Cheops, stands forth the wonder of man's power; it has dyked the ocean back from the land till fertile Holland looks up to the sea o'ertopping it and smiles; it has fathomed the secrets of the ocean's depths and soared aloft into space,—but it never could and never shall, of itself, escape from that fell shadow which broods over every human soul. Yet one tiny, insignificant drop of crystal water does that which man's genius is unable to do—it cleanses the spirit of man till that spirit is as white and chaste as the sunned snow.

Summer came and went; autumn succeeded with its falling leaves, dank woods, and chilling fogs. Stella's cough had left her in peace during the summer months, but when the raw, damp weather returned, it came again,—and worse than ever. She felt that she could not stand it much longer, and her loving mother sought in vain for means to allay it.

Finally Stella had to give up her work. Cough, weather and overseer had reduced her to a pitiable state. The world was fast gliding from her. She was obliged to remain in bed. Her weekly wages ceased, and of an evening, she could sew no more. She and her mother were in dire straits.

Stella lay on her bed coughing from morning till night, from night till the morning. Her mother sewed and sewed, but she could not earn enough to keep even the soul and the body of herself much longer together. Death from starvation, and from cold stared them in the face. They had no friends,—no one cared for them.

When Stella had been in bed about three weeks, she felt that she could last but a few days, if help did not come. She dreaded death; she knew not what it meant. She had never been taught to look beyond this life to live for something higher and nobler. She had, indeed, heard of a life beyond—a life of happiness or of misery; but she never had realized what it all meant. Others had told her that death is the last of us, that after it "all is silence." She had heard several ministers preach, but they had given forth no definite tangible belief on life beyond the grave. They had spoken on "The Fellowship of Man" on "Character," on "Anti-Christ at Rome," or on some similar subject. But what did these subjects teach her? What did they tell her of a life to come? They did not tell her how to gain it. The vitality of a true spiritual life was lost in vague and formless assertions.

One morning she called her mother, and said, "Mother, I would like to see Father Prince. Please go and ask him to come and see me. I'm sure he will if you only ask him."

Mrs. Margrave demurred at first, saying that no good could ever come of it; but, seeing the earnestness of her daughter, and hoping to please her, she went to get the parish priest. Father Prince was not at home, but the servant promised to tell him when he returned in the afternoon, that she had asked for him.

When told about the old woman who had come for him, Father Prince wondered which one of his parishioners lived at 507 Lennox Street. He could think of no one; yet, since he was called, he must go.

As he clambered up the crank stairs, he knew that it must be a poor family that lived in so tumble-down a place. When he knocked, Mrs. Margrave opened the door to let him in. A glance at

the room he entered, confirmed him in the estimate of the inmates' condition.

"Good evening, ma'am," said Father Prince, "so you sent for me this morning, and what can I do for you, my good woman? Do you go to St. Anne's?"

"No, sir; but my daughter, who is sick, wanted to see you. She knows you," said Mrs. Margrave, as she led him into Stella's bedroom.

The priest at once recognized in the sick girl, the one who used to pass his place so regularly in the summer. He recollected that he had not seen her lately.

"So, my child, it is you," he said, holding out his hand to her. "You look very sick. I know your face, but what is your name?"

"Stella Margrave, Father," answered the sick girl, already feeling better at the kind manner of the priest. "It is so kind of you to come and see me. I was almost afraid to send for you."

"Afraid? Well, well! Afraid of a poor old man like me! Am I so very dreadful to look at?" asked the priest laughingly.

"Oh! no, Father, I didn't mean that" said Stella. "I mean that I didn't like to ask you to come to see me."

"Well, now, my good child, what can I do for you? Are you a Catholic?" asked Father Prince.

"No, father; mother and I don't belong to any church, but I feel I would like to become a Catholic before I die."

"Very well, and why do you think that? What put such a thing into your head?"

"O, Father, you've been so kind to me that I thought if your religion made you so, it must be good," answered Stella.

"I kind to you," said the priest. "My good girl, you must be mistaken. I never did anything for you in my life."

"O, Father, don't you remember how I used to go by your house every evening?" asked Stella.

"I do, but what has that to do with my kindness?"

"And you remember how you used to say 'Good evening' to me each time?"

Father Prince nodded.

"Well, that was the one kind word

that a stranger spoke to me the live-long day. I used to feel happy when I found you sitting on your lawn, because I was sure of receiving a kind word and look. When you were not there, I came home with a heavy heart and could not feel happy. Did you notice how I used to cross over the street before I came to your house?"

"No, I did not," said Father Prince.

"But I did, in order to get your kind word, though it would have been shorter for me not to have crossed the street in coming home."

"I am glad I caused you some small joy, though it was very small, indeed," said Father Prince. "But now are you really sincere in your desire to become a Catholic on this frail reason?"

"Yes, Father, I am truly sincere," replied Stella. "I feel that I could be happier if I were a Catholic, like you, and I wish you to tell me about your religion. I've heard some things about Catholics, but I don't see how they can be true. Can I become one?"

"Certainly, my child," answered the priest; "but first I'll have to teach you the truths of our holy religion. Were you ever baptized?"

"No," said the sick girl.

"Do you know anything about the Catholic religion at all?" asked Father Prince.

"I have heard some things about it, but I don't think half of them can be true. Won't you have time to teach me all, Father?" asked Stella, looking wistfully at him, for she began to think it would be impossible for him to waste so much time on her.

"Oh! yes, my good child," answered the priest, "I'm only too glad to do so. I'll come every day to teach you, and then in a few days you'll become a Catholic."

"Oh! thank you, Father," said the poor girl, now in tears. "I'm sorry to give you so much trouble."

Father Prince, seated upon a box, which Mrs. Margrave had brought him, began to tell the sick girl of the religion she so longed to know and to make her own. The mother, with pinched and hunger worn face, sat on the opposite side of the bed, and both mother and daughter were attentive listeners to

the explanation. Having thus begun the instruction, Father Prince promised to come every day.

Whilst in the house he had noticed the dearth of everything needful to life. The stove was cold from lack of fuel; the poor patient had nothing but a broken glass partly filled with water, and standing beside her; she had a thin quilt over her: in the corner of the room lay a straw mattress,—evidently the bed of the mother. In the dining room, or sitting room were three boxes, but no chairs or table. He knew it was useless to ask whether they had a doctor. At the thought of all this he felt sorely grieved, and resolved to do something at once.

He went into the store on the first floor and ordered a supply of groceries. Taking them in his arms, and ordering the clerk to follow him with a bucket of coal, he went upstairs again. He lighted a fire, told the shivering mother to get herself and daughter something to eat, and said that he would send some more groceries, and that he would also send a doctor to see her daughter.

The doctor came but gave no hope of final recovery. Stella rallied, however, under the influence of the food and warmth, and was able to listen, with a small degree of physical comfort to the instructions. Mrs. Margrave soon became as eager a catechumen as Stella, when she too began to feel the kindness of Father Prince.

In three weeks both mother and daughter were baptized, and then Father Prince brought Stella her first Holy Communion. She received this with fervent devotion, and before the priest left that day, she thanked him with tears in her eyes, for all his kindness to her mother and herself.

As the cold weather came on, Stella grew worse, and it was soon evident that she could last but a few days. Accordingly she received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction.

"I'd be happy to die now," said Stella, after receiving the last sacraments. "God has been so good to me and given me such hope. Mother and I had to bear much in our poverty and sickness,

but it is worth all these troubles and trials, and a thousand times more, to be brought so near God in the end; and I'm sure," continued Stella, turning to the priest, "that you will take care of mother when I'm gone."

* * * * *

It is seven o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of November, eight months since the day we first saw Stella Margrave going to her work. The morning is as foggy as it was then, but underneath it is dry.

The door of number 507 opens, and four men carrying a narrow deal coffin, issue forth. Regardless of these the thin line of working people make their way through the fog. The newsboy still calls out, "Telegram? Morning Telegram?" Grind,—grind,—grind, the human machine runs on. A wheel has been broken, cast aside, replaced.

But amidst all this din and turmoil, amidst all this strife and struggle, amidst all this human surging to and fro, the Almighty God reigns supreme. By ways unseen and unthought of, the grace of the world's Redeemer is spread abroad, leading souls from the darkness of joyless error into the light of the living faith, whence they are wafted on the wings of eternal love to the realms of everlasting joy and peace on high.

C. J. A.

Chicago.

INCONSISTENT CHRISTIANS.

Do you know that Christ denounced the rich, exclaiming, "Woe to the rich!" And yet you look upon wealth as a blessing, and cringe to those who are found with the gifts of fortune! Evidently you did not learn such sentiment in the school of Christ. You are aware that Christ said, "Blessed are the poor"; and yet you regard poverty as a curse, and look down in contempt on those who do not possess the riches of earth. Oh! the sad, the unaccountable contradiction between the faith and the conduct of many Christians!—Catholic Record.

The Catholic Church Among the Choctaws.

The first records of the Catholic religion among the Choctaw nation, date from about the beginning of the eighteenth century. St. Valice, Bishop of Quebec, sent in 1698, Francis Pollick De Montigny, a man of vast designs and boundless zeal. He was invested by his bishop with the powers of Vicar-General; he had as companions Anthony Davion, a priest of the seminary of Quebec, Michael Anthony Gaulin and Geoffry Thierry Erborie. Father Erborie labored without any success among the Choctaws and Natchez till 1709, when he returned to Illinois. About 1727 Father Le Petit, S.J., founded a Choctaw mission, the fourth of those begun by the Jesuits in Louisiana territory; this was the most exposed and difficult of all. Father Le Petit was replaced before 1730, by Father Baudouin. The Choctaws, though allies of the French, and battling with them against the Natchez, were a wild and lawless band and could not be relied upon. The missionary acquired no ascendancy over them; he could not even obtain from them the church plate and vestments, taken by them from the Natchez and Yuzons. Desperate, however, as his mission was, Baudouin persevered for 18 years in this unproductive field. Of his struggle during that period, as well as those of his successors, we have no record. * Prior to February, 1764, all missions were closed. The Jesuits were dispersed at the point of the bayonet by the Royal officers of New Orleans, without awaiting the royal decrees in form. * Since that time no serious attempt of establishing a mission has been made; until His Grace, the late Archbishop Jansens, became bishop of Natchez, in the year 1881. The bishop animated by his zeal for souls, made, the same year, a trip through the territory of his diocese. Moved by the sad lot of the Indians, he resolved to bring them into the fold of

Christ, and established among them a mission. To execute this noble plan, he needed beside the blessing of heaven, two things, i.e., missionaries and money. He found both in 1882, on his trip to Holland, his native country. We may say that the bishop was fortunate in starting a mission for the Indians, because they were somewhat forced to make settlements, on account of the lack of fishing grounds. If there was an opportunity to bring to the Catholic church, it was now, for as long as they were a wandering people, all endeavors would be vain. When the first missionary was sent among the Choctaws, a tradition, current among them, was fulfilled. This tradition is as follows: "At the first appearance of a white man (La Salle entered in 1682, Mississippi) a prophet arose and foretold that the Choctaws would be in servitude for two hundred years, when a "Mingo Chitta" (great chief) would arise to set them free and to restore the nation. ** The first missionary sent to the Choctaws was the venerable Father Bekkers, now pastor at Meridian, Lauderdale Co. He labored with boundless zeal for fifteen years. He built a church under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin —of the Most Holy Rosary, a priest's house, a little cottage of three rooms, and gave his former house to the Sisters of Mercy in 1885; enlarged the Sister house in 1888. Briefly, all that Tucker has and is, is the work of the zealous pastor, father Bekkers. We relate here the testimony of His Grace, late Archbishop Jansens, about Father Bekkers: "The mission is a work whereof the success far surpasses my expectations, and Father Bekkers is a priest of solid piety, of much intelligence, and moreover endowed with an iron will and iron constitution. *** Bishop Heslin promoted this worthy priest in 1901 to dean and canon.

* Shea. History of the Catholic Mission of the United States, p. 439, 441, 450, 457.

** N. Y. Freeman's Journal, May 16, 1885.

*** Londagsblad vive sal Koth Huisgezijn, June 6, 1886.

From the very beginning, the life of Father Bekkers was a life of hardships, trials and disappointments, as we shall see in his diary. On the 19th of November, 1883, he set out from Natchez for Meridian, being comforted by the blessings and good wishes of his Bishop. He stayed over for a day in Meridian, and on the twenty-first he took the train for Macon; here he expected to meet Rev. Father Yule Van Hoover, who would accompany him to the mission. Here he met the first disappointment; Father Van Hoover was not there, and, unacquainted with the roads, he wisely went back to Meridian. Late Father Valley, eager to help Father Bekkers, picked up information about the road, and got the address of Mrs. Holland, at Tucker. With this information in mind he set out from Meridian on the twenty-third, on a wagon with a spring seat. His trunks and all his earthly goods were also on the wagon. He hoped to reach Mrs. Holland's that night, but he missed the road, stopped over at Union in the hope of reaching his destination the next morning. This hope proved to be a sad illusion. The next morning he started early, and by 7 o'clock arrived at a certain Mrs. Holland's. Alas! only to find out that he had gone to the wrong place. This time he got correct information and started again on a trip of 25 miles, with some crackers for breakfast and dinner. At 4 o'clock, Saturday evening, the twenty-fourth, he arrived at Mrs. Holland's, forgetting the disappointments in the cordial welcome of the late Mrs. Holland and her kind family. Father Bekkers started at once on his mission work. The next day he became acquainted with the few Catholic families and with some neighbors. That day he picked up information about the Indians. He heard they were good people and that Tom Billy (5 Aug., 1900) was their leader (chief). These informations were of little use, as Catholics had no considerable influence over the Indians, as they said. The next day he set out on an exploration trip; he found Tom Billy's cabin and told him that if the Indians wished, he would build a church and school for the Indians, and would do all the good possible for them.

The chief received him very politely and said little, although his son, Willy Billy, by name, promised to come to mass next Sunday. The Rev. Father soon found out that he was not the only person looking after the Indians, for the Baptist preachers had been already among them. A preacher had been among them and a free school had been started that very summer. We heard that a certain John Smith, although not their chief, was a man of great importance among the Indians. We endeavored to meet him; first he went by himself, unacquainted with any of the roads, through the woods, he failed to find him. The next day he went, accompanied by Willy Philip, an Indian well acquainted with the English, to see John Smith, but he was not home. Hearing that a white man by the name of Clark was a friend to the Indians, he went to see him. This trip, alas! proved to be a complete failure, for Mr. Clark was a bigoted Baptist and consequently of no use for Father Bekkers' work; moreover, he told him the discouraging story, that he himself had started that school among the Indians; that their preacher was succeeding wonderfully in Newton Co., also Lake Co., but had not succeeded very well here, still he would try again, and that, as a matter of fact, he, a Catholic priest, could not expect any help. With truth wrote Father Bekkers, on the twenty-eighth of November: "This encounter did not encourage me much." On the 2nd of Dec. being Sunday, there was no Indians at mass, although some had promised to come a few days ago. Monday following, he went again to see the chief, Tom Billy; he was not at home; the next day, after having walked a couple of miles, he found the honorable chief. This day, Father Bekkers was told by the chief that John Smith would open a school that very same week, and, of course, under the auspices of the Baptist church, there was no solace at all for Father Bekkers. On the fifth of December he went up to Philadelphia, to see whether he could buy a small piece of land, on which to build a little school house and to teach the Indians himself. This was a vain trip; he did not succeed in buying land.

On the eleventh of December he heard some encouraging news from Mr. John Holland, who told him that he had met Mr. James Welsh, the best friend of the Indians, who assured him that he would assist the father to his utmost, which he did. The following day they met, and their meeting was very satisfactory. The father felt relieved and greatly encouraged, and gave heartfelt thanks to God. "Now," said Father Bekkers, "everything went on very well, the Indians knowing that Mr. Welsh was my friend, became less distrustful. "An Indian, Tim Billy by name, took sick at that time, and Father Bekkers visited him often and showed him kindness. At the close of that year he felt certain of succeeding, though many difficulties stared him in the face. Father Bekkers, the man of solid piety and iron will resolved to pursue his work, although up to this time he had no considerable success. He began the new year in bright expectations, and according to the plan agreed upon by the Rt. Rev. Bishop and himself, he began to look out for land. In order to give stability of the mission, they intended to build up a colony of Indians. He bought, at different times, large tracts

of land, whereupon the Indians promised to settle. Two thousand and thirty seven acres were bought; some families settled, but some left on account of mutual discord. They did not appreciate the colonization plan, so it proved a complete failure, to the great disappointment of Father Bekkers. He spent the winter in showing interest in and kindness to, the Indians, in order to gain their good will and to become more and more acquainted with them and their affairs, but without real success. On the seventh of April he quitted, for a while, the mission, to take the place of Father Bawer at Paulding, because he could not yet do much good, as he himself said. During his stay at Paulding he wrote in the Catholic Dutch newspaper "De Tyd," giving a report of what he had done and had still to do. His friends in Holland sent him \$710.40, as a means for the building up of the mission; without the generous support from Holland it would be an impossibility to maintain the mission. Father FenBrink could justly write in the "De Tyd" on fifteenth of June, 1891: "The mission is wholly the work of the Catholic Netherland."

To be continued.

Little Crown, or Chaplet of the Infant Jesus.

This devotion owes its origin to the zeal of the Ven. Sister Marguerite of the Blessed Sacrament, a Carmelite nun who died in the odor of sanctity at Beaune, France, May 26, 1648, aged 27 years. This worthy daughter of St. Teresa was distinguished for her devotion to the Holy Child Jesus. Inspired from above she composed a chaplet, consisting of three Our Fathers, to honor the Holy Family, and of twelve Hail Marys, in memory of the twelve years of our Lord's Infancy. Before each of the Our Fathers, are said the words:—"And the Word was made flesh"; and before the first Hail Mary, the words:—"And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

The Divine Infant revealed to His faithful servant how pleasing to Him is

this Holy practice. He promised her that he would grant special graces, above all purity of heart and innocence, to all who carried the chaplet on their person and recited it in honor of the mysteries of His Holy Infancy. As a sign of His approval, he showed her these chaplets shining with a supernatural light.

Parents, do you wish to preserve the baptismal innocence of your children? Inspire them with a tender devotion to the Infant Jesus. Have them carry about them and devoutly recite this little chaplet, which recalls so well the Divine Model which they should love and imitate.

Mission of Our Lady of Pity,
526-530 Sycamore St.,
Cincinnati, O.

St. Joseph.

As the foster father of Jesus Christ, St. Joseph might well serve as an example of paternal solicitude to all fathers of families. Jesus was the object of all his cares and solitudes. In Him he recognized the greatest treasure he possessed in the world. To watch over Him, to serve Him, to provide for Him and His Blessed Mother constituted the joy of his life and the happiness of his days. To guard this heavenly charge against the murderous weapon of a bloody tyrant, he fled to a far distant country, whose inhabitants were given to the grossest forms of idolatry and superstition. Notwithstanding the way thither being long, wearisome and perilous, yet nothing was able to daunt or terrify St. Joseph, the man of faith, who knew that he was doing but the the will of God, and that he stood under the protection of Heaven. In heathen Egypt he labored for the support of the holy family in the sweat of his brow, remaining there till God commanded him to return into his own country.

Moreover, St. Joseph was obedient to God and to man. After the departure of the Magi, an Angel of the Lord appeared to him saying: "Arise, take the child and his mother and fly into Egypt and be there until I shall tell thee. Who arose and took the child and His mother by night and retired into Egypt." Simple words, but full of spirit and life! No murmurs, no complaints cross the lips of this just man; no curses, nor imprecations are heard against his persecutor, Herod, the real cause of his flight. Joyously he obeys, and that very night repairs to that strange country pointed out to him by the angel. But, St. Joseph will not only be obedient to God, but also to man. When the decree of Caesar Augustus went out, that the whole world should be enrolled, every one in his own city, St. Joseph immediately betook himself to Bethlehem to be enrolled, doing so with as much alacrity as if God himself had commanded him to go there.

In imitation of St. Joseph, we must do the will of God in order to come

thither, where endless joy and supreme beatitude abide. Under the immense vault of heaven a countless multitude of stars revolve, all of them pursuing steadily and unerringly the course that God has mapped out for them. In this way does inanimate nature execute God's adorable will. So, likewise, is there a sacred obligation incumbent on all men to perform conscientiously the duties of their state of life. We are not called upon to do great things and to make a name for ourselves, but we are called upon to do what Almighty God demands of us in our state of life.

Christian parents have to see that their children grow up in the knowledge and fear of God, and woe to them if they neglect this most essential duty. If they set it aside they have lived in vain, their life is meaningless and the curse of their children will sooner or later fall upon them. Children whose early education has been neglected, will become disobedient, proud and stubborn as Holy Scripture testifies, saying,— "A horse not broken becometh stubborn, and a child left to himself becometh head-strong. **** Beat down his neck while he is young and bend his sides while he is a child, lest he grow stubborn and regard thee not, and so be a sorrow of heart to thee." These are the words of the Holy Ghost addressed to Christian parents whereby they are taught how to educate their children properly.

Servants should obey their masters in all fear and reverence, as if they served Christ. The Apostle gives them the following advice: "Wast thou called being a bondsman? care not for it," for God so wills it. If they honor their masters and serve them in all fidelity, God will reward them abundantly, and at the hour of death he will say to each one of them: "Well done thou good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It is the duty of subjects to have high regard for authority. Because all

power cometh from above, from the God of Might, as St. Paul says: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation."—(Epist. Romans xiii, 1-2.)

These golden words of the Apostle deserve special attention in our own days wherein a spirit of disobedience and rebellion against lawfully constituted authority so universally prevails, and where each one strives to throw off the yoke which he imagines weighs too heavily upon him.

In imitation of St. Joseph, all Christians should try to fulfil their several

duties faithfully and conscientiously and learn from him how to do God's will in all things and under all circumstances of life. Call upon him frequently and he will assist you in all trials and afflictions. If prayers full of confidence are addressed to him, he will always hear them, as St. Teresa testifies. In the sixth chapter of her life she writes thus: "I chose the glorious St. Joseph for my patron, and I commend myself in all things to his intercession. I do not remember ever to have asked of God anything by him which I did not obtain. I never knew anyone, who, by invoking him, did not advance exceedingly in virtue, for he assists in a wonderful manner all who address themselves to him. Go, therefore, to Joseph, and he will give you all you need."

The Mecca of Michigan.

As it is said of books and other things, so it can be said that of the making of health-foods, health-clothing, and health resorts—there is no end. To-day the land is bristling with so-called sanitariums. It is not in our province to use these pages as the advertising medium of any of them. But for the bodily benefit and information of inquiring readers and friends, we make an exception. We take pleasure in calling attention to an institution which has proved itself a boon to suffering humanity. It stands on its own merits, and the purpose of its existence is not a commercial one. We refer to St. Joseph's Sanitarium at Mount Clemens, in the State of Michigan. The "Bath Town," as it is called, has a world-wide renown, on account of its salt-springs and fountains of perpetual youth which have made more than one crippled mortal throw down his crutches and walk away rejoicing and rejuvenated.

This commodious, well appointed and up-to-date sanitarium has been erected and brought to completion by the Sisters of Charity from Cincinnati. The handsome structure is practically fire-proof, and is an ornament to the city.

No hard work, no difficulties or discouragement dampened the zeal of these good Sisters. To-day their sanitarium stands second to none, and once known is eagerly patronized. St. Joseph's Sanitarium has none of the disadvantages of a hotel, but all its advantages and more. Neither is it a hospital—nevertheless, attached to it will be found a hospital department which is fully equipped and attended by the best of trained nurses. In a word, this sanitarium is an ideal home, quiet, refined, convenient and having the very best of menus,—in fact, suited to the most exacting taste. In spite of the great outlay necessary to equip and sustain it, the rates are low enough to suit the most economic purses. The rooms are elegantly furnished to suit individual guests, families or parties. Every attention is paid day and night, to the wants of the guests. Each room is supplied with an electric call-bell and the whole house lighted with electricity. It has all sorts of baths, particularly mineral baths, a specific for persons afflicted with rheumatism. Some remarkable cures—seemingly beyond medical aid—are frequently recorded.

Moreover, guests can take advantage of vapor and other baths, also of electric treatment. Those desiring it can also take the full Kneipp treatment, administered by expert and reliable operators. Elevators bring patients to all parts of the handsome structure. The carriage of the sanitarium meets every train and electric car. The Grand Trunk Railway runs direct to Mt. Clemens. A convenient way is to reach Detroit via the Michigan Central Railway. At its Jefferson Ave. station, close to the main exit, will be found the electric cars of the "Rapid Railway," which run direct to Mt. Clemens. When you arrive be sure to look for the carriage, which runs to St. Joseph's Sanitarium.

To insure the carriage meeting you at your destination announce your coming by calling "number 69, Mt. Clemens," by telephone. One of the many advantages of this sanitarium is that, although it is in touch with all parts of the country, it is sufficiently removed from the town as to assure the patient the desired quiet and rest so absolutely necessary for rapid recuperation. A post card with your address thereon, mailed to "St. Joseph's Sanitarium, Mt. Clemens, Michigan," will promptly bring you any further information. The Carmelite Fathers gladly approve of and heartily recommend St. Joseph's Sanitarium to each and everyone who seeks bodily relief, rest and recuperation.

The Confession of a Murderer.

(Translated from the German.)

Innumerable people owe the salvation of their souls to the holy Scapular. Every century tells us of hundreds of examples of this kind. I will only tell of one fact here, which has happened lately to a young man, who was of a respectable family, and who once was my pupil, when I was professor of rhetoric at a certain flourishing school. This young man, after ending his school days followed the practice, which is so common amongst young people, viz., the reading of bad literature, the frequenting of bad company, the indulging in all kinds of sensual pleasures, and the neglecting of their Christian duties. Giving himself over to such a life, he was gradually sinking lower and lower, until finally he reached the bottom of all this, viz.,—despair. But since the outcome of despair is, according to the general rule, nothing less than suicide, he also proposed to put an end to his life.

One day he was with his aged mother in a small town of the west. Here he managed to get hold of a revolver, went out into the country, and drove a bullet through his head. A man, who was working near by, heard the shooting, went to the spot and recognizing the self-murderer, went to the mother of the unfortunate, and he gave her the deadly weapon, saying, "Madam, here is the re-

volver which has killed your son but a few moments ago." These imprudent words struck the heart of the mother so heavily, that she was on the point of losing her mind, and the bystanders had all they could do to keep her from throwing herself out of the window. Whilst some were consoling the mother, others went to get the body of her unfortunate son.

Did he die suddenly? No, he is respiring! The priest and the physician are called. The latter examines the wounds. The bullet went through the brains, and consequently there is no hope, no salvation for his earthly life. The sick man now recovers consciousness, and the priest hears his confession and gives him the last Sacraments. After that the poor man makes one more effort and consoles his mother, who, bathed in tears, is standing by the side of her dying son. He opens the clothes which cover his breast, and shows the Scapular, the only sign of religion, that he retained during his life of sin and vice. "In my earlier days," said he, in a broken voice, "I used to pray to Mary, and this is the reason why she showed me mercy to-day." These were his last words, and all who heard them were convinced that the Scapular had been the anchor of his salvation.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.

It cannot be our purpose to give to the readers of the Review a connected history of the Order of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel.

In fact, it might prove an impossible undertaking, because we have to speak of times so remote, and of places so distant, that we need not wonder, if the records in the course of time have been lost.

For the history of Carmel is an history of continued persecutions, pillage, banishment, death and the destruction of houses and records.

Besides, historians in olden times cared more for the description of some prominent person, than for an exhaustive picture of the time in which they lived; they did not write for posterity, but for their own time and place. All this contributes to render the picture deficient in completeness and obscure.

Hence we have to content ourselves with giving such scraps of information as could be gleaned, trusting that even they may prove of some interest.

The prophet Samuel had gathered a number of young men into communities, where they spent their time in prayer, study of the Mosaic law and other Asiatic writings and the singing of hymns, with musical accompaniment. These young men were called, "Sons of the Prophets." Saul was, against his will, carried away by their chants, and chanted with them. David sought refuge amongst them against the persecutions of Saul.

In the year 930, B. Chr., Elias, the Thesbite, of the inhabitants of Galaad, is first mentioned in Sacred Writ. The Bible does not tell us anything about his parents or his youth. But Epiphanius, in his book on the lives of the

prophets, records: "Whilst his (Elias') mother was carrying him under her heart, his father, Sobac (or Sabbacha) had a vision. Men clad in white habits, saluted a fire brand, whilst the breasts of the mother were surrounded by fire, and gave fire instead of milk, as nourishment. The father travelled to Jerusalem and put the vision before the priests. The Chrematism (the oracle) answered, 'Take care not to make this public; for fire will be the domicile of this child, his language convincing, his words few, and he will judge Israel, as it were, in fire and with power.'"

The Hebrew tradition says, that his original name was Jaberschyt, which was changed into Elias, when the people exclaimed on Mount Carmel: "The Lord is God," for the meaning of the word Elias is: The Lord God. S. Jerome interprets it as meaning: "The strong one of the Lord."

S. Jerome, S. Augustine, the Patriarch John of Jerusalem, and S. Peter Damian, defend the opinion that Elias was sanctified in his mother's womb, like John the Baptist, to whom he was similar in all things, and Patriarch John maintains that Sabbacha, when seeing the vision mentioned, understood by inspiration, that his son was to be a founder of a body of religious, whom the men appearing imitated in their habit.

This Elias appeared before Achab, the King of Israel, in the year 930. How old he was at the time we do not know, but as the fathers of the church find in him the figure and precursor of the Messiah, it appears probable that at the time of his public appearance, he was about 30 years of age. He addressed to Achab the words: "As the Lord, the God of Israel liveth, before whose face I stand, there shall be in these years neither dew nor rain, but according to the words of my mouth." Achab, who for the first time saw and heard the prophet, considered and treated him as insane. But when everything, for the

want of rain, dried up, the prophet's life was no longer safe, since Achab would have attempted to force him by tortures to speak the word that would bring the desired rain. But, "there came the word of the Lord, 'Go away from here and go towards the east, and hide beside the brook Carith, which is over against the Jordan, and there drink of the brook, and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee.'" Sacred writ records how the ravens brought him bread and meat, morning and evening.

In the year 929, B. Chr., Elias was hidden in the caves near the brook Carith. Finally, says Patriarch John, of Jerusalem, the historian of the beginning of the Order of Mount Carmel, "Elias formed the resolution to leave, after him successors to the monastic eremitical life, which he had commenced as the first of all. In order to be the first father of the monks he selected for his disciples some men, who had escaped to him whilst in hiding at Carith, that they might not be compelled by the impious Achab and Jezabel to worship Baal. For these men, filled with the fear of God, when they saw that Elias, by his word, closed the heavens, so that they would not give any rain, came to him by stealth, as to a true worshipper of God, in order that under his instruction they might continue in the adoration of the true God, and avoid idolatry. These devoted men therefore, Elias had for his first disciples for his monastic life, as shown to him by God, and his true followers, whom he taught to prophecy, that is, to sing the praises of God in canticles, hymns and psalms, with musical instruments."

Who these men were, is not known. But as we know that Abdias, a royal officer, saved one hundred prophets from the persecution of Jezabel, hiding and feeding them (III Kings 18), it is probable that they were these 100 Nazarenes, sons of the prophets of Samuel, whom Abdias sent to Elias, because he considered them safer there.

Here, as Patriarch John says, Elias instructed them in the essentials of monastic life, as shown to him by God, without, however, introducing monastic life yet, as the place was not suitable.

These preliminaries developed later on into an eremitical community on Mount Carmel, therefore his disciples were not called Carithes, but Carmelites.

Naturally the essentials of religious life during the reign of the Mosaic law, could not be entirely, what they were in the law of grace, but as everything else of the New Testament had its figure and type in the old, so this Elianic community was to be the germ and nucleus of the christian monastic communities.

Year 928.—As in consequence of the continued drought the brook Carith dried up, Elias was sent to the widow of Sarepta near Sidon. Here he multiplied miraculously the flour and oil, and the same year raised the son of the widow from the dead, the first miracle of the kind on record. This son, according to the traditions of the Hebrews, was Jonas, the prophet, whom his mother confided to the care and education of Elias, so that he became one of the first Religions of Mount Carmel. Both S. Jerome and Patriarch John mention this tradition.

Year 927.—Three years and six months had passed without rain. Achab and Abdias, in person, went about in the country, seeking water and fodder for the horses. Then, by order of God, Elias presented himself, asked to have the people and the priests of Baal assembled on Mount Carmel, called fire from heaven upon his holocaust, got the prophets of Baal killed, in order to exterminate idolatry, and had the vision of the little cloud rising from the Mediterranean in the shape of a man's foot. By prophetic inspiration, he herein saw the figure of the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, and later on explaining this mystery to his disciples, bade them venerate the future mother of the Messiah.

Year 926.—The wrath of Jezabel, over the killing of the prophets, rendered the life of Elias precarious, therefore he fled to Mount Horeb, where he was encouraged by the vision of God, and commanded to return by way of the desert, anoint Hazael, as King of Syria, Jehu as King of Israel, and Eliseus as prophet, and his successor. He did the former through his disciples, but anoint-

ed Eliseus as prophet, and threw his mantle over him, making him hereby an associated monk.

As he knew, by inspiration, that he was safe from the anger and vengeance of Jezebel, he settled with Eliseus and his other disciples on Mount Carmel, and in this year the Order of Mount Carmel had its beginning. In this step Elias but obeyed an internal inspiration; 2—he yielded to the fervent desire of a retired and contemplative life for himself and his followers; 3rd—he wished to obtain for all greater perfection and hence greater merits, and 4th—he wished, after the glorious victory over idolatry, to establish a rallying centre for those Israelites, who had not yet bent their knees before Baal, or repented having done so, and sought instruction and encouragement for a sincere and religious life, since the Israelites were debarred from the temple at Jerusalem by their impious Kings, and hence had no place where they could be certain to find the true worship and assistance in their trials.

Thus the Carmelite Order was a bulwark against the enemies of God from its cradle, as from its cradle it maintained the veneration of the Blessed Virgin, and taught the world, that true happiness was to be found in renunciation, not in aspirations and pleasures of the world and the flesh.

The reasons for selecting just this mountain are given by Patriarch John in these words,—“As from this time and not before Elias knew that he could live with his disciples in the Kingdom of Israel in liberty and safety, he undertook to plant the Order begun before, in a convenient place, and hence selected for their abode Mount Carmel, as the best for prophetic discipline, and the teaching and practice of monastic life. For this mountain, by its solitude, gives the hermit silence and quiet, by its caves a suitable dwelling, by its woods, recreation; by its height, an healthy air; by its herbs and fruits, sustenance, and by its fountain of fresh water, a sweet draft. For all these reasons Elias not only elected it for his home, but he also built there a house of prayer, called Sennion.”

The name of the first disciples of the prophetic order is unknown, save that of three, viz.: Eliseus, Jonas and Michaeas. Jonas was a Hebrew, at least on the father's side. Michaeas should not be confounded with the prophet Michaeas, one of the mission prophets, who lived 150 years later. The father of our Michaeas was called Jembla, and was famous through his spirit of prophecy in the time of Achab. Also the Abdias, the royal chamberlain, belonged to the followers of the prophet.

Of this time, already it is asserted that Eliseus and his followers lived on Mount Carmel, Jonas and his companions in Sarepta, Abdias in Samaria; others in Galgala, Jericho and Ephraim—therefore in six different houses.

Year 925.—The Patriarch John tells us, that Elias taught his followers to gather three times a day, morning, noon and evening, in the Sennion, the house of worship he had built, in order to offer up praise to God. That also the pious people from among the inhabitants of the country used to go there for religious purposes, is proved by the husband of the Sunamite woman, who tells her, when she announces her intention of calling upon Eliseus. “Why do you go to him? To-day is neither the Calends nor Sabbath.”

Their Oratory was the centre, around which the disciples of the holy prophets gathered even after, so that the Popes, Sixtus IV, Julius II and Gregory XIII, speak in their bulls of the Carmelites as holding the hereditary succession of Elias, Eliseus and the other fathers, who inhabited the holy Mount Carmel near the fountain of Elias. Thus the constant tradition of the Order has received papal sanction, and though it is far from us to conclude, that in consequence the uninterrupted succession of the Order has become an article of faith, yet the sovereign Pontiffs do not use words which they have not carefully weighed, and hence their dicta constitute a very strong human evidence.

Of the succeeding five years the chronicles are silent. But without doubt this time was used by the holy founder to instill more and more the principles of religion and monasticism into the souls

of his spiritual children, and by the force of example and the efficacy of intercession, to reclaim of the people of Israel all those, who sinned more through weakness and cowardice than through malice. In this way the years of retirement were a blessing to the institution itself and the inhabitants of the surrounding country.

Year 919.—In this year a number of wars commenced, with the invasion of Samaria by Benadab, the King of Damascus, and other 31 kings. When Achab was beside himself with fear and terror, a prophet appeared before him, asking him, "Dost thou see this enormous multitude coming against thee? To-day I shall give them into thy hands, that thou mayst know that I am the Lord." According to the tradition of the Hebrews, sustained by Patriarch John and other Catholic writers, this prophet was Michaeas, whom we mentioned before as one of the distinguished pupils of Elias. "Through whom," asks Achab, "shall I be victorious?" "Through the footmen of the princes of the provinces," replies the prophet, showing thereby, that the victory was God's, not Achab's. The result justified the prophecy.

Year 918.—The Syrians attacked Samaria again in overwhelming numbers but Michaeas prophesies a second victory, and 100,000 Syrians are killed in one day. The King himself is captured but allowed by Achab to escape, for which the prophet rates him, and in consequence is imprisoned.

Years 917-916.—In these years Achab possessed himself of the vineyard of Naboth, by a crime of his wife Jezabel. Elias appears before him, upbraids him for his crime, and announces the downfall of Achab and his house. Achab, well knowing the efficacy of the words of the prophet, is terrified and does penance. Therefore God sends Elias a second time to Achab to announce to him, that for the sake of his penance and voluntary humiliation, the judgments announced against him will be postponed till after his death.

Year 915.—Achab, supported by Josaphat, the King of Juda, waged war against the Syrians also this year. The prophets of Baal prophecy victory to

the allied Kings. But Josaphat wishes the word of a true prophet. Hence Michaeas, the son of Jembla, is sent for, and he foretells the defeat of Achab and his death. Achab, irritated at the prophecy, commands Michaeas to be incarcerated and given a small allowance of bread and water, until the King returns from the field in peace. But he is slain in battle, and Ochozias, his son, rules in his stead.

He tries to capture Elias, but the prophet twice calls fire from heaven to destroy the soldiers sent against him. Then by order of God, he appears himself before the sick King, and announces to him his death, and then returns to Carmel, whither Abdias, the treasurer of King Achab, followed him, leaving his wife and children in Samaria.

Year 914.—This year is memorable in the annals of the order, because it is the year in which Elias was taken away in a fiery chariot, and his spirit and the government of the order descended upon Eliseus. The history of this departure is familiar to all, and hence it would be superfluous to repeat it here. Not only Eliseus, but others amongst the sons of the prophets knew of the event beforehand, for they asked Eliseus: "Dost thou know that this day the Lord taketh my Lord from thee?" In rising, Elias dropped his cloak, which Eliseus took as a token of his succession, and the same day he miraculously divides the waters of the Jordan with it. The sons of the prophets see this from afar understand its significance, and render their homage to Eliseus, the second superior of the prophetic order.

Before we proceed, we may say a few words about the place of abode of Elias, and his present condition. Sacred writ says, that Elias went in a whirlwind into heaven. This cannot be the heaven of beatific vision; 1st—because no one, before his death, can see God face to face; 2nd—because the Bible expressly declares, that until the ascension of our Lord, the heavens were closed against man, and 3rd—because Elias would have enjoyed a prerogative, which was even denied to the Mother of God. But where is he? That he did not die, but is reserved for the last days of the world, when, in company with Henoah,

he will convert the world, and especially bring the Jews into the church, is more or less plainly stated in the Bible and defended by the fathers of the Church. Some maintain that he is kept in the air, others believe that he is in the terrestrial paradise, others leave

the question open. Ann Catherine Emmerich places both Elias and Henoch upon the mountain of the prophets, which, by her description, would be somewhere in Thibet. However nothing certain is known.

To be continued.

I Am Mary's Evermore.

My Scapular,
More precious far
Than earthly robes most white,
I love to wear,
The fiends to scare,
Who tremble at its sight.
What queen can dare
Their robes compare
With Mary's livery?
She gives to bear,
To those who care
Her children fond to be.

I kiss it oft,
With heart aloft,
To where my Queen's above;
And I think I hear
Her sweetly cheer
Me on with pledge of love.
She says to you,
Now bid adieu
To all that looks most fair;
For soon shall be
The day for thee
With me true joys to share.

In death I'll stand,
With angel band,
To soothe thy fevered brow;
Then fix thy throne
Close to my own,
For love you bear me now;
Ah! what joy will
My poor heart fill,
At home beyond the skies;
When on me beams
The love that gleams
From my sweet Mother's eyes.

Ave Maria.

Benefits of the Scapular.

The following letter of Father Amand, a Carmelite missionary in France was published in the July number, 1899 of the *Chroniques du Carmel*, although a little after date, our readers will be interested in its contents, as it furnishes another proof of the efficacy of the scapular.—

Bagnères de Bigorre,
June 22, 1899.

Reverend Father :—

While engaged in preaching the Lenten services in Paris last Lent, I received many persons, at various times, into the confraternity of the Scapular of our Holy Order. I also preached a sermon on the subject, as I always do on such occasions. Generally speaking, the Parisian is either all good or all bad. I cannot describe to you the fervor, the noble simplicity and the sincere devotion of the hundreds who responded to my appeal. I have given the scapular at the same time, to women of the people and to society ladies, to laboring-men and gentlemen of the upper classes, to simple soldiers and to the superior officers, who came publicly to ask to be enrolled.

I can still see before me a captain, who, on leaving the altar railing, turned to me to ask a question,—“Father,” he said, “you spoke of two obligations

and two privileges.” I repeated the explanation of the Sabbatine Privilege “Thank you,” he answered, and I saw a big tear stealing its way into his fierce mustache.

A landlady could not resolve on a necessary sacrifice, “and yet,” I told her “you must do it. It is necessary. Take the scapular of Carmel and you will see a miracle.” A few days later, the miracle had been accomplished, and her idol lay broken on the ground.

From the same Parisian parish, a servant girl sent me the following letter : “Reverend Father,— An humble domestic wishes to thank you for receiving her into the Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. For years I have suffered from a cruel disease. I am so happy to-day, to be able to tell you that since I wear the scapular all suffering and pain has ceased. I suffer no longer. I made a novena of thanksgiving to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel ; nor do I forget every morning and evening to thank her for the grace which she obtained for me. How happy I am to have received such a favor from the hands of Our Blessed Mother Mary.—J.—V.—, Paris, 10 June, 1899.”

Yours, etc.,

F. Amand, Carmelite,
Miss Apost.

Mater Dolorosa.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

I.

O Mother, Queen! great was the pang of pain,
That pierced thy heart, when sad thy tearful eyes
Beheld the clouds of suff'ring round thee rise
To kiss the cross, that bore the Christ's sweet name

II.

No lips of thine to murmur gave relief
They moved ; yet 'twas in sorrow's silent prayer
Upon the cross, thy Son fast nailed there
And in thy soul, a Calvary of grief.

Antonio : A Tale of the Street.

J. William Fischer.

He stands at the corner in sun and in rain
While the heart of the city beats free ;
Upon his young lips lies the imprint of pain,
His eyes full of longing, you see.
His cheeks are as pale as the lilies that bloom,
In his own sunny land over the sea ;
He stands there forlorn—all alone in the gloom,
And sings sweet a love-melody.

And there, at his side, stands his harp, old and worn,
That has lightened his sorrow for years ;
Sad, homeless—an orphan—with jacket all torn—
He kisses it oft with his tears.
And filled with emotion, his song often steals
Into hearts that are gen'rous and rare,
And lingers entrancing and sweetly reveals
The fond homes of pity left there.

One ev'ning he sang a sad, low, tender strain,
And the harp played its cords in between,
And crowds gathered round him to hear the refrain,
So sweet was its musical theme.
For the song he sang in his own native rhyme,
Thrilled the pulses of past, weary years ;
And the minors of grief found pity this time,
And melted one heart into tears.

For close at his side, stood a man richly drest,
And he wept 'neath the spell of that strain ;
It recalled to his mind a grassy grave blest,
On sunny Italia's plain.
"O mother, farewell !" came that clear voice again,
And the stranger looked up with a start,
And said, while the harp notes sang o'er the refrain :
"Come, laddie ! your song's won my heart."

The bells of St. Patrick's are ringing, and slow,
A fond message to us they do bring ;
They recall to our minds that night long ago,
When we heard an orphan-boy sing.
To-day at the altar Antonio stands—
God's priest—and his lips move in prayer,
And mass being over, he raises his hands
And blesses his friend, kneeling there.

Favors Obtained Through the Scapular.

The following incident in the life of Father Badour, S.J., is an extract from a biographical notice which appeared in the annals of the Society of Jesus. It was sent to the "Chroniques du Carmel," by a relative of the venerable religious.

One of the most terrible railway accidents in France occurred on the Versailles Railway in 1842. Among the few passengers who escaped with their lives was a young barrister from Ussel (Correge), Francois Badour, who was preparing for his degree as Doctor of Laws in Paris. At the depot something happened which made him change his compartment. He had already taken his seat in the coach when he noticed that the conversation of his fellow-passengers, three libertines, was worse than loose, and at the risk of not finding another seat, he stopped the conductor, who came to close the door, descended and with great difficulty found a seat in another compartment. "I shall be less comfortable," he thought, "but I would rather suffer some inconvenience than to be obliged to be in bad company."

At the moment of the terrible collision at Mendon (Bellevue), although bruised, he succeeded in disengaging himself from the wreck, and jumping on the roadbed, just as his coach was enveloped in flames.

Drugging himself along on hands and knees he succeeded in climbing up the embankment, and crawling through the fence. A little further on he fell exhausted and lost consciousness. After a while, when the sharp pain in his foot made him conscious again, he found himself stretched on the ground in the midst of a vineyard, without help in sight. He began to pray. Finally, as night approached, noticing a lantern, he shouted for help and was heard.

He was brought to the Necker hospital. While Dr. Natalou was examining his foot, he himself was looking for his scapular, and when he found it on his breast, showing the image of the blessed Virgin, he said, "Behold the one who saved me." Several papers of the period relate these words.

The coach, which he had abandoned

on leaving the depot, was completely annihilated with all its passengers. But Francis Badour was not yet out of danger. The fracture of his foot extended from ankle to knee. Several little bones were crushed. For awhile it seemed as if gangrene had set in, and the sick man was placed before the alternative of choosing amputation or death. He accepted all with perfect resignation. But God destined Francois Badour for a long life to be spent in His service, and in promoting His glory, and was satisfied with his acceptance of the sacrifice demanded. The skill of Dr. Natalou triumphed. The foot was saved, but remained feeble, often painful.

Seven weeks after the accident the young barrister, walking on crutches, came to the Jesuit church, there to make a public communion of thanksgiving. An interior voice kept urging him to consecrate the life which had been so wonderfully spared, to the sole service of the great God, who had been so merciful.

He made a retreat in secret and concluded to give himself to God without reserve. Returning to Ussel, he gave all his possessions to the poor, and succeeded in gaining the consent of all his people, excepting his father. Not being able to overcome the opposition of his father, he escaped his vigilance one night, by crawling out of a window on the first floor of the house. He went to his older sister, Mrs. Boulet, and begged her to console his father, took the stage coach, and arriving at Toulouse, entered the novitiate of the Jesuit Fathers. Soon after a happy change took place in the heart and mind of his father, and the young man was left undisturbed in the peace and tranquility of his religious life.

Towards the close of the year 1847, a few days after his ordination, the young Jesuit was sent as a missionary to Syria. After forty years of a zealous Apostolate, on the 20th of June, 1889, at Beyrouth, in Syria, God called to his reward Fr. Francois Badour, who had been saved from death on the 8th of May, 1842, by Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

One of the Carmelite missionaries in India narrates the following facts in a letter published by the "Chroniques du Carmel,"—

"The evil one, seeing his reign diminish day by day, and that especially the dying escape him, seeks to revenge himself in a thousand ways. His most common and most perilous attack consists in suggesting to the dying neophytes to take off the Scapular of Our Lady. I will tell you of two cases in my experience, one consoling and the other terrible.

Marie, the mother of my chief catechist, Jean, was on her death bed. All at once she lifts her hand to her shoulder, and pointing at the scapular of Mt. Carmel, she cried out,—

"Take it off! take it off! it is burning me; it is that which is making me so sick. It is killing me."

"No, dear mother," said her son Jean "it is the devil who is deceiving you. To drive him away, we will all say the rosary for you."

The attendants fell on their knees and recite the rosary. The prayer being finished the poor sick woman persisted in wishing to have the scapular removed, which, as she said, was burning her most painfully. Again the rosary was said, without rendering her more quiet. It was only after the rosary had been said eight times, that she ceased to importune the assistants to remove the scapular. She became more and more tranquil and her cries, her sufferings and her struggles ceased, when suddenly she fell into a kind of ecstasy and cried out.—"Oh, look, look, behold the Blessed Virgin coming to me. She recognizes me as her daughter, because I wear Her scapular. Oh, thank you my dear children, a thousand times, for keeping it on me."

And the child of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel expired calmly and peacefully.

* * * *

Alas! Paul, one of my christian children, unfortunately did not find such charitable souls around his death bed. The poor boy became seriously ill. I visited him day after day, and administered the last Sacraments to him, which he received with the utmost de-

votion, answering himself all the liturgical prayers.

Obliged to leave him in order to continue my round of sick calls, I recommended to his parents not to take off the scapular, and the little crucifix hung around his neck. After he was gone he entered his last agony. Suddenly, Paul, who had been completely exhausted and immovable, makes a supreme effort, and with feverish hands tries to seize and pull off the scapular and crucifix. But his dying hands are powerless. He moves his lips and tongue, plainly asking to have these blessed objects removed. His pagan mother hastens to take off the cross and the scapular, and a moment after Paul dies.

The news of Paul's death, and the distressing circumstances attending it, soon spread through the whole district, and filled my Christians with fear. Only to-day, at one of our meetings, one of them, in the name of all, addressed me on the subject.

"Father," he said, "when we fall sick, we beg of you to give us strong scapulars and to fasten them well around our necks. And, we pray, do not leave us to the mercy of our pagan relatives. Appoint some fervent Christians to remain on guard at our bedside, relieving each other from time to time, in order to keep us from falling into this terrible temptation, and to prevent us from losing our faith at the last moment.

* * * *

An American general, well known for his military skill and bravery, became a convert to the Catholic church during the Civil War. The circumstances which accompanied and followed his conversion were so peculiar that they deserve to be recorded.

One day, while a big battle was raging, and the deafening noise of the booming guns and the sharp rattling noise of the musketry, mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying, the general saw a soldier fall near him. He sent help to him at once, and demanded information as to his condition. To his surprise, he learned that something very strange had happened. The ball, which went straight for the heart of the soldier, had been deflected by a

scapular, which the soldier wore, and turning aside, had inflicted only a very slight flesh wound, which would soon be healed.

The general, a Protestant, was so struck by this incident, that he carefully investigated the fact, and was convinced that only the goodness and power of the Mother of God could explain this wonderful happening. He found no rest until he had become a Catholic.

At the end of the war, he returned to his home, a little troubled about the reception which his Protestant wife might give him, if she heard of his conversion. He had not the courage to tell her. The first Sunday after his return, he heard the bells of the Catholic church ring for mass. Saying something to his wife about the need of a barber, he left the house and went straight to the church. The usher brought him to a

pew, and assigned him a seat. The General, bending his head devoutly, said his prayer with profound recollection. A lady arrived who took a seat in the same pew, but the general was so absorbed in his devotions that he did not notice her. It was only when the priest had said the "Ite missa est" and given benediction, that the general, rising and making the sign of the cross for the last gospel, noticed the lady at his side, who also signed forehead, lips and heart with the cross. It was his own wife, who, unknown to him, had joined the church some time before. They had been hiding from each other the sweet "secret of the King." Our readers can imagine the holy joy which filled their hearts at the discovery that they were thus reunited in the same holy faith, as they had been united before in marriage.

Editorial Notes.

Now is the time to renew good resolutions, to be more zealous in doing good.

* * * * *

Easter is a day of joy only to those who have carried their cross of suffering patiently and manfully.—No cross, no crown.

* * * * *

Virgin Mother of God, Mary, pray to Jesus for me. (St. Philip Neri)— (50 days' indulgence.)

* * * * *

All hail to St. Patrick, Ireland's Apostle, on March 17th. His dying prayer was: "O, Erin, my own dear land, mayst thou never lose the true faith, which thou hast so joyfully received."

* * * * *

All Catholics know their duty to do penance and change their lives during these holy days. Everyone should go to the Holy Sacraments at Easter. Easter is Easter indeed to the families in which the father and mother and all the children go to the Table of the Lord on Easter morn. The Lord is, indeed, in such homes, and in the souls of such people. They may rejoice and be glad for the Lord is there. He liveth in their souls.

* * * * *

"Peace be with you."

Many foolish people are carried away by sorrows, troubles, poorness, by foolish ideas and false teaching, but all men are looking for peace. Only in Christ the Lord can true peace and rest be found for our soul. Sufferings and troubles can be borne, and borne for and with Christ; such will be the harbingers of the spring-time of peace for our souls, and the token of our eternal resurrection. Only in Jesus Christ can we find peace. By listening to the word of the Holy Church, we will hear the voice of Christ, and we, being submissive to the command of Christ, shall find peace.

* * * * *

All good Catholics will remember during these days the dolours of Our Blessed Lady. She, the mother of sorrows,

Beginning with Holy Saturday, the faithful may gain the indulgences of the Angelus, by saying instead of the later prayer, the "Regina Coeli," as follows,—

Queen of Heaven, rejoice, Alleluia;
For He whom Thou wast made worthy to bear, Alleluia,

Hath risen, as he said, Alleluia.
Pray for us to our God, Alleluia—
Rejoice and be glad, O, Virgin Mary, Alleluia.,

For the Lord hath risen indeed, Alleluia
Let Us Pray.

God, who through the Resurrection of Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, hast vouchsafed to make glad the whole world, grant us, we beseech Thee, that, through the intercession of the Virgin Mary, His Mother, we may attain the joys of eternal life. Through the same Christ, our Lord. Amen. (The New Raccolta.)

* * * * *

suffered with Her Divine Son during the days of the Passion. Our Blessed Lady shows us how the innocent also most suffer. She was so pure and so loved by God, and when we behold Mary's beauty, innocence and goodness, and remember that she became our mother through an ocean of sorrow, under the foot of the cross, we, as her children, should imitate our mother's strength, patience and resignation in sorrow, and her purity and innocence in the days of our life. Doing so, we may expect the victory and gladness that were hers on Easter Morn.

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The terrible crimes of even children and youths in their teens, call for serious reflection of all parents. The maudlin pampering of children by their parents, the want of early correction and kind chastisement are the causes of unbridled passion in the young and old. Christian fathers and mothers who have the fear of God, know that their children are put in their hands as a sacred trust by God, and, from their earliest youth, they bring them up in the fear of God. God fearing children learn to

curb their passions, to put up with troubles and sorrows and sickness for God's sake, knowing that there is a hell of torments to avoid, and a Heaven of eternal joys to gain,—and that the narrow road only, leads to Paradise.

* * * *

OUR HOLY FATHER, THE POPE.

Catholic hearts are filled with joy when they hear of the beginning of our Holy Father's silver jubilee, as Pope. In the year 1903, our Holy Father will celebrate His Silver Jubilee as Pope, his golden jubilee as Cardinal, his diamond jubilee as Bishop. On March 2nd Our Holy Father celebrates his 92nd birthday, and on March 3rd, the beginning of the silver jubilee, as Pope. All Catholics will be generous in contributing offerings, and praying and beseeching God to grant our Father, Leo XIII, many years yet to live and rule the Church of God, as the "Light in the Heavens." May our Blessed Lady preserve our Bishop of Bishops to watch over the Church of God.

* * * *

The Feast of the Resurrection brings joy to the whole world. As Christ died, showed himself to be truly man, so by rising from the grave, he proved himself really God. Without the resurrection of Our Saviour, our faith, and hope and religion would be in vain. The Church sings out to-day, "Let us rejoice and be glad." "This is the day that the Lord hath made, let us rejoice, and be glad therein. The soul of our Lord comes, accompanied with the holy souls out of Limbo into the grave, where it was united with His Sacred Body. He arose—glorious and immortal, from the grave. The soldiers on guard were bribed by the Jews to hold their tongues. We hear the angels saluting the holy women; we are thrilled with the joy of the Magdalen, the gladness of the Apostles, and, we contemplate the joys of our Blessed Mother Mary, who before all, saw, adored, embraced, and rested in peace and jubilation in the arms of Her Risen Son and Saviour. We poor mortals, in the spirit of the church, should cry out with gladness—He has arisen—The stone has been rolled back—He is not in

the grave; he is not there—He is alive, immortal, glorious. Death shall no longer have any power over him. He is the life and the light. In him alone, shall we find our resurrection, our peace, our life and eternal joy. We should drive from our hearts the blackness of sin and insincerity, and awake from the death of sin and evil ways, roll back the stone of obstinacy and habitual wrong doing, and feed upon the bread of the strong; receive the Body and Blood of Our Saviour,—him who was sacrificed as the Paschal Lamb for us. Christ has risen, and He dies no more, that we may arise and die no more by sin, but may live a new life in Christ Jesus, our Risen Saviour.

* * * *

Men, powerful in word and deed, have repeatedly appeared upon the world's bustling stage, drawing the attention of thousands of amazed spectators upon the greatness of their persons. Warlike leaders have arisen who have electrified and inspired with a noble courage whole armies by a mere glance of the eye; others by a word of encouragement; others by the good example they gave their troops. Philosophers, poets and orators have made for themselves an immortal name, by an uncommon profundity of thought, by a singular grace and beauty of style, by an exhibition of reasoning powers, such as are not found among the common class of men. Even in the church of God, saints have arisen, who by the performance of astounding miracles astonished the whole world. Their names were in the mouths of all and will remain so even unto the end of ages. To-day, however, another man is presented to our view, a man whom neither greatness of talent, nor heroic exploits, nor wondrous deeds, nor external advantages, render conspicuous and praiseworthy. This man is the glorious St. Joseph, the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin, and the foster father of Jesus Christ. Among his own people he was little known, and not much thought of, because the part he played in life was seemingly insignificant, and the work by which he supported himself was of the poorest and humblest kind. But what made him a saint and rendered him glor-

ious in heaven and earth was his doing the will of God in all things. The will of God was his rule of life. It was his daily food and drink. He took to heart the words of our Lord: "He that doth the will of my Father in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Math. 7:21).

The children of men have but one supreme office to fulfill, viz., to know, love and serve their creator all their lives long, so as to become hereafter partakers of an eternal bliss in the kingdom of Heaven. This lofty end may be attained in divers ways. For, just as there are many roads leading to the same city, so there are many different states of life in which men can work out their salvation. All men are travelers on the rough road to heaven. Many a one will faint on the road, another will turn back and another wander off completely; but the one that bravely pursues his journey, overcoming all obstacles, especially such as he meets with in the fulfillment of the several duties of his state of life, he it is that will obtain an immortal crown and carry off the proffered prize.

St. Joseph gives us a noble example of how to live holy in any state of life. As the spouse of the Blessed Virgin, he is no sooner informed of the wonderful mystery of the Incarnation, as performed by the Holy Ghost in her blessed womb, than perfectly submissive to God's will, takes her to himself. Henceforth his sole happiness consists in guarding, supporting and providing for that tender Virgin, whom God had entrusted to his loving care. A love springing from the depths of the charity of God, a love chaste and holy, purer than gold, united these two hearts, forming a bond, which death itself could not separate.

* * * *

Blessed Joanna of Toulouse.

This holy virgin, a child of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, drew upon herself from her very childhood, the admiration of all who knew her.

From her infancy she despised the empty and transitory pleasures of this mortal life, and gave herself up to the practice of the virtues of penance, charity or the love of God, and holy pur-

ity. Our Holy Mother, the Church, in exhibiting to us this bright example of penance and charity, wishes her children to learn to walk in the footsteps of this holy virgin, and become acquainted with the peace and repose which the practice of these virtues, alone, can give.

Fr. Thos.

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Blessed Louis Morbioli, Carmelite.

When a doctor wishes to cure a patient from an obstinate sickness, he frequently prescribes very bitter medicines. In the same way when God wishes to recall a sinner to a change of life He often sends him severe trials and afflictions. This was the case with B. Louis Morbioli, who in his youth had given himself over to a life of dissipation and vice. God strikes him with a burning fever, which brings him almost to the point of death. He recognizes the punishing hand of God and resolves upon a radical change of life. What he had resolved upon he put into execution. From this time on he practised the greatest austerities to satisfy the divine justice for his former offences. He died the death of a Saint. After his death he was honored and invoked by the people, who soon experienced in him a powerful intercessor by God. From a great sinner he was converted into a great Saint. Never say to yourself, "It is too late." The truth is that the greatest sinners may often become the greatest Saints.

* * * *

St. Jacobinus de Canepaciis.

In the life of Saint Jacobinus de Canepaciis, we have a model of true perfection, whose life bloomed forth pure and spotless as a lily before its creator. Despising the world and its allurements, he entered an order most closely devoted to the Blessed Mother of God. There it was that he spent his mortal life; secluded from the world, amidst poverty, and fasting and sufferings, until God, unwilling to suffer so spotless a soul to remain in this painful world, called his pure soul to His own Eternal Presence. In the life of this holy saint, we Catholics have a shining example for our imitation, especially so in this holy season of Lent, when Holy Church ex-

horts us to do penance for our sins. Let us endeavor to imitate the suffering of this holy saint, so that when we come to die, our Lord may say to us, as he did to St. Jacominus, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will place thee over many. Enter thou into the joys of the Lord."

* * * *

The Holy Archangel Gabriel.

All the ascetical writers tell us, that we should love and venerate God's friends in heaven. The holy angels and the Saints implore their intercession, and ask for their help and assistance, because they have great power with God, who loves them so much, that He will not deny them what they ask. We should therefore place great confidence in the intercession of St. Gabriel, as he is "one of the seven who stand before the Lord." (Job, xii 95). It will certainly be ever so profitable for our spiritual welfare to place ourselves as well as our children under the special protection of this great friend of God. The feast of St. Gabriel is celebrated on the 18th of March. He is one of the protectors of the Carmelite Order.

* * * *

Blessed Romaeus.

In the person of the Blessed Romaeus, whose feast we celebrate on the fourth of this month, we have an example of true obedience. On account of his eminent virtues, he was obtained by St. Avertanus, as a companion on a pilgrimage, which he was about to undertake. Having received the command from his superior, Romaeus, without any resistance, set out on his troublesome journey, in which he suffered many hardships from the inconvenience of travel that existed in those days, and from the want of the necessities of life. A few times even his life was in danger. All this he suffered patiently and even with joy, and at the same time trying to emulate his companion in the practice of virtue.

On their way home, St. Avertanus died, and Romaeus consoled by a vision of the Saviour, with many Saints, among which he recognized St. Avertanus, the

following week departed from this life, to join his companion in a better country, where they would be separated no more.

The world laughs at these lessons of obedience, but people would be much more happy if they imitated these holy men in the practice of this noble virtue.

* * * *

S. Berthold.

The example which the Saints have given to the world is for us a powerful incentive to the practice of virtue; and by their lives, each one teaches us some special lesson.

S. Berthold, an illustrious champion of Mary, whose feast is celebrated on the 29th of March by the spirit of retirement and penance, which characterizes him, has put into practice the divine saying, that whosoever will follow Christ, must renounce all and deny himself. A man of great learning, whose prospects in a worldly career were bright; he left all and retired to the solitude of Carmel, solely intent on obtaining the all important object of man's life here below,—the salvation of his immortal soul, which affair, amidst the distractions of the world, we are so liable to forget, and thus endanger our temporal and eternal welfare.

* * * *

St. Cyril of Constantinople.

On the sixth of this month we commemorate the feast of St. Cyril. He was born at Constantinople, where he was also ordained priest, and flourished as a great teacher and preacher. In order to avoid a disruption with the patriarch of Constantinople, who taught the error of the Greeks regarding the Procession of the Holy Ghost, he retired to Mount Carmel, where he joined the order, and afterwards became the sixth Latin General of the Carmelites.

If we only imitated him, how many quarrels and disputes would be avoided, for as the old saying is, it takes two to make a quarrel. If, instead of exciting and provoking others by our stinging words, we would be silent, or retire to another place, all disputes and quarrels, which often have such terrible consequences, would be avoided, and much ill feeling and enmity would be spared.

New Publications.

Everyone capable of judging, who has had the pleasure of reading Katherine E. Conway's last work, "Lalor Maples," must admit that this is the best from the pen of this bright American writer. The first edition was soon exhausted, and a second is on the market. There is nothing dry in "Lalor Maples"—the book is full of mental meat, good thinking, much entertainment, common sense, sound theology, and will be a compensation for time lost in the perusal of other books with only catchy titles to recommend them.

Instructions and Prayers for Catholic Youth. The publishers of this work are to be praised for the good work they have done for youth in the publication of this book. The prayer book in the hands of the young is a silent but chastening companion, whose quiet advice and devotion in cold type has a great influence on the young. This book will have a great success, for it is most carefully prepared for young minds, and it cannot fail to make a lasting impression and to bring forth a hundred fold of blessings in the increase of the devotion to youth. If the advice and admonition of this excellent work are impressed on the minds of the young, we will have no fear for the growth of our youth along the lines of purity and truth. By Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. Net 60c.

Enfant de Marie writes: "How wonderful are the ways of God's providence over souls! The following instance was related by an American priest as having occurred during his missionary labors. One day an Irishman requested him to visit an old negro, who was dying, as she was crying out for a priest. The good father hastened at once and found that she had made her first confession and Holy Communion at the age of ten, and afterwards was sold (as it was in the years of slave-trade) and brought to a remote district where there was no opportunity of religious consolation. She lived a hundred years from that date, and never forgot that God who

had rejoiced her youth. Now the end was near and He heard her cries, and thus wonderfully and sweetly disposed that one of His ministers should gladden the fading hours of a long and, no doubt, faithful suffering life.

Words of Encouragement.

Almonite, Ont.

Dear Fathers:

As long as I live I hope to be able to take your paper, "The Review." It should be in every home. Wishing you every success, I remain,

Your humble servant,
C. M. Mc.

Dundas, Ont.

Rev. Fathers kindly continue to send the Review, as I feel it a duty I owe to our Immaculate Mother to take it.

With best wishes for a happy and prosperous year, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
M. S.

Rev. and Dear Fathers:

I enclosed \$5.00 for a special favor granted through the intercession of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. I was very sick, and promised her if I recovered, that I would donate the above sum to the building-fund of her shrine. I am very happy to write that she has heard and granted me my request, and I am very thankful to her for this.

From one of Mary's Devots.

Dear Rev. Fathers:

I promised the little Infant Jesus, that if my wife had a happy delivery, I would have a mass of thanksgiving said in His honor and in honor of His Immaculate Mother. Thanks to them, I obtained my favor. Therefore I enclose a dollar for a Mass, and please say the same as soon as possible; and so as to spread the devotion of the little Infant and His Blessed Mother, I wish it published in the Carmelite Review.

Yours faithfully,
C. O. C.

Let the child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what you wilt.—Franklin.

Favors Received.

Dear Fathers :

I wish to return thanks through the Carmelite Review, to our Blessed Lady for favors granted me.

M. A. S.

Rochester, N.Y.

Rev. Carmelite Fathers :

Please find herein enclosed one dollar for which kindly say a Mass in honor of our Lady of the Scapular, in thanksgiving for a favor received, and for the success of an undertaking.

C. E. M. D.

Riverside, O.

Dear Father :

I have obtained a special favor through the intercession of St. Expedit; help me to make him better known by publishing it in the Carmelite Review.

M. K.

Petitions Asked For.

For a special intention, for a person afflicted with eye trouble; success for a young man in medical studies, that he might be temperate and avoid bad company; for three young men who are intemperate, and neglect their religious duties; for the health of a family and conversion of a husband; for a special favor; for the cure of a troublesome sore in eyes; for cure of an annoying sore on neck.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at Falls View, from our Lady of the Sacred Heart; Watertown, N.Y.; Trinity, Nfld; Mankato, Minn.; North Sydney, C.B.; St. Michaels Church, Belle Island, Nfld; East Margaree, N.S.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Dickinson Landing, Ont.; Trinity, Nfld.; Rm. C. Mission, Cala, Tembuland, S. Africa.

Names received at New Baltimore, Pa., from: St. Louis, St. Louis University.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the following deceased :

Mrs. Rosanna S. Mallow, who died January 16th, 1902, at San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Amanda Lane, who died at Astoria, Oregon.

Dennis Keleher, who recently died in Ireland; Walter W. Spillard, of Elgin, Ill.; Charles Ferry, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. J. McDonald, who died Jan. 2nd, 1902.

Bro. Telesphorus Sigl, died Saturday, February 22nd, and was buried in the shadow of our Lady of Peace, on Feb. 24, 1902.

May these souls and all the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace! Amen.

PERSISTENCE.

The quality which counts for more than intelligence or talent in the accomplishment of a purpose is persistence. The aims of young men are various, but whatever their aim may be, it may be described in the one word, success, and success cannot be achieved except by persistent labor. It is perhaps for this reason that people who are accounted dull sometimes outstrip those who are credited with high intelligence or talent. It is the old story of the tortoise and the hare. There is no royal road to success in any calling. Talent, quick intelligence, the ability to learn new lessons without study, are qualities much to be desired, but they cannot altogether take the place of persistence, which in the long run serves as a useful substitute for abilities generally reckoned to be of a higher order. — Pittsburg Observer.

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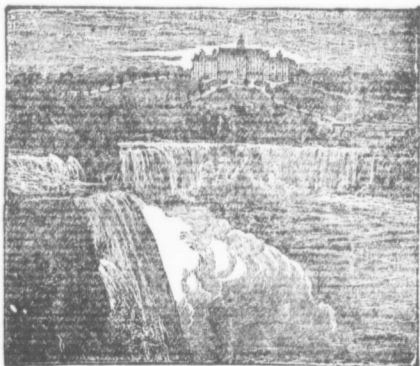
TERMS: Board, Tuition, Washing, and Mending of Articles Washed, per term, \$100. Vacation, if spent at the Seminary, \$20.

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