



Our Blessed Lady.

Carmelite Review.



VOL. IX.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., SEPTEMBER, 1901.

NO. 9

The Hidden Beauty.

By *Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.*

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God has prepared for them that love Him."*—St. Paul, I. Cor., 11, 9.

O how many forms of beauty
In this world so fair we see !
Streamlets from the primal fountain,
Emanations, Lord, from Thee !
We have seen the rising morning
Lighting, with its roseate beams,
Hill and vale, and waving meadow,
And the crystal mountain-streams ;
Stealing o'er sweet-scented flow'rets,
Sparkling with their dew-drops bright.
Lovely are these rays, dispelling
All dark shadows of the night !
Then how beautiful is twilight,
O'er the calm and slumbering sea
Shines the silvery, faint reflection
Of soft moonbeams ; fitfully
In the tranquil, cloudless heavens
Mildly gleams an evening star,
Like a fair and mystic beacon
To God's restful land afar.
Beautiful are changeful seasons,
Spring's bright hope, and summer's glow,
Gold and crimson tints of autumn,
Whiteness of the wintry snow.
But all loveliness of nature,
Lofty mount and wooded vale,
Rippling seas or gushing fountains,

* The text, which literally applies to Heaven, is here mystically used with reference to the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Altar.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

To His beauty all seem pale.
 Precious pearl of the Altar !
 Treasure of God's holy place !
 Faith reveals to spirit vision
 Hidden beauties of Thy Face.
 And we sigh, with holy longing,
 "Jesus, whom 'neath veils I see,
 Golden visions of Thy glory
 O vouchsafe, dear Lord, to me."^{*}

* " *Jesu quem velato nunc aspicio,
 Oro fiat illud quod tarn scio,
 Ut te revelata cornua facio,
 Visu sim beatus tue glorie.*"—*ST. THOMAS.*

How beautiful the whisperings of night,
 So soft they are and low,
 And gentle murmuring flow
 Of woodland brooklets, glancing in the light.
 O many a soothing plaintive melody
 Sweeps o'er our inward harp-strings tremblingly,
 And echoes music of the earth and sea,
 Or of the blue skies bright.
 Not all the sweetness of each thrilling tone
 Stealing through shadows dim,
 Or glad ecstatic hymn
 Of free souls that from exile-land have flown
 On wings of light . . . can to the spirit-ear
 So breathe of things divine, and sweetly clear,
 As thou, my Jesus, in the silence here
 Around thine Altar-throne."^{*}

* " *Quam dulcota faucibus eloquia tua,
 super mel et favum.*"—*PSALMS XVIII: 2.*

Deep are our thoughts and holy aspirations,
 Wondrous the power of all human love ;
 Yet, is prepared at God's most Sacred Altar
 Bliss for all longings of the soul above.
 Saints have approached it with a holy rapture,
 Gladly from earthly joys they turned away,
 Thirsting in spirit for that mystic fountain,
 Drinking its living waters day by day.
 Yes!—and the weary, and the tearful mourner,
 Souls that earth's pains and burdens still must bear.
 Young hearts, untainted in their pristine freshness,
 All find their rest and sweet refreshment there.
 List, dearest Lord ! Loved Prisoner of the Altar !
 Ah ! Thou hast won us to Thy presence blest.
 Here, at thy feet, may cares all cease from troubling,
 Here may our spirits find their blissful rest."^{*}

* "Come unto me . . . and I will refresh you."—*ST. MATT. XI: 28.*

A Tale of The Indian Days.

By J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

CHAPTER III.

A Decisive Moment.

"Yes, weeper, weep !
'Twill not be evermore ;
I know the darkest deep
Hath e'en the brightest shore."

—Father Ryan.

DAYS, dark, sunless days, passed by and the long expected Indian scout had not showed his face. The fond spark of hope which once shone in Eduard's heart was gradually fading away. Hayward pitied him deeply and would have done anything to have dried the tears in his blood-shot eyes.

"Listen," he began one day, "if that red-skinned rascal has really deceived us, nothing remains but for us to search for the lost ones ourselves. God willing—we will find them both again. Two of my brothers have promised to aid us in our search and others will be sure to follow. But there is no time to be lost. We must set to work at once."

"As you wish," answered Eduard, with bowed-down head.

"Good, then," exclaimed Hayward. "I go to make the necessary preparations. We start at daybreak—until then, goodbye, and may God bless you !"

Hayward turned and left the desolate homestead and walked in the direction of his own house—a log cabin, not far distant. As he walked along he noticed a human form stirring about in a thicket of green cedars, that bordered the dusty road.

"Perhaps this, too, is one of these red scheming devils !" he muttered half loudly to himself, and then felt for his rifle and made sure that it was properly loaded.

The stranger had noticed his com-

ing, and when Hayward approached he extended his outstretched hands to him. Taking this as the Indian sign of peace, Hayward addressed the strange form, from where he was standing. "Man, what do you want ?"

The stranger answered and recognized the voice as that of the Indian, who had been paid the ransom! He said that he had searched the woods patiently for miles around and found only the corpse of an Indian brother. There was no trace of the lost ones—mother and child had probably disappeared.

There was such a tone of truthfulness in the honest speech of this son of the wilderness that it left quite an impression on Hayward.

"Has the woman left no clue as to what became of her ?" asked he, thoughtfully.

"None," came the answer. "Woman go away, poor Indian find no clue. Horse gone too."

"And what do you think has been the fate of the unhappy woman ?" questioned Hayward, sadly.

The Indian was silent for a while and then began: "Had wolves torn them to pieces, Rivenoak find blood; had she run away, Rivenoak find footsteps. Fear, fear Iroquois take her away."

"Can Rivenoak," questioned Hayward further, "show us the village of the Iroquois ?"

"Rivenoak not blind—not blind," murmured he, slowly.

"Will you help white man to find his wife again ?"

"Pale face shoot Rivenoak, when he see me."

"No," promised the hunter, "he would not dare to do that. But stay here awhile and I will go back and tell him all I have heard."

Rivenoak seemed satisfied and sank down on his knees into the

grass and buried his face in his wrinkled, red hands, while the hunter hurried back to Eduard Harrison with the tidings he had just received. They at once decided to set out for the Iroquois village in the morning and Rivenoak, having been promised a great reward, accompanied the little band as their guide.

For four long weeks they tramped the solitary forests and trackless wastes of that country until the wigwams loomed on the western horizon, like one long, black line of color—and then they halted.

"Let Rivenoak go ahead," said the Indian. "He wants to see if the white flower is under the black forest rose."

"Yes, let him," said several of them. "He knows what he is about better than we." But minds differed just then. Some were satisfied, but the majority wanted to approach the village in a body. And so they did, and before long they noticed a stir of excitement about several wigwams, and presently several of the tribe presented themselves armed and ready for action.

"Let us shoot at once," cried Hayward, confused and excited. "Let us shoot before all of them have time to equip themselves." The last word had hardly fallen from his lips when one of the Iroquois came running towards them. Eduard had lost all control of his feelings, his nervous tension was high, and being in the lead, he was certain that this redskin and no one else was the man who had robbed him of his wife and child. He fired his gun, a sharp report followed, and suddenly with a dull thud the Indian fell to the ground.

Eduard's hasty action came as a thunderbolt to the hearts of his more sanguine followers, and the poor man soon realized the fatal mistake he had made. No one was more affected than Rivenoak, who walking up and down muttered to himself strange sounding words of his native tongue and then said: "Iro-

quois friendly — shoot too soon — their red blood is now boiling."

The news of the assault spread like wild fire. Three or four Indians hastened to the side of their wounded comrade, while a few darted here, there, everywhere, inciting the others to avenge the wrong. The air soon rang loud with their cries of revenge, for by this time every wigwam had given forth its occupants, and now they stood, facing the "pale-faced" invaders, who had disturbed their peace and quiet. But another moment and they would have been engaged in deadly combat, had not the missionary priest—a saintly old man, garbed in brown—appeared on the scene. The noises, yells and chattering ceased immediately as he lifted his crucifix meekly in his hands and raised his clear, full voice in protest.

Turning to the Indians, the kind priest addressed them in their own language. They listened attentively to all he said. Then, turning to the strangers he asked them, in searching tones, the object of their coming and why they had disturbed the freedom of this harmless people, and killed the messenger, who had been sent to welcome them with open arms.

His cheek aflame with shame and expectation, Harrison stepped forward to answer the Carmelite's questions. He stood there in utter despair, as he told how his dwelling had been fired by the Indians; how his wife and child had been stolen from him and now he had come here accompanied by his friends in search of them.

The priest raised his finger and then began in sympathetic voice: "No one in my band had anything to do with the abduction of the mother and child, so near and dear to you. The Iroquois have been treated so shamefully by the white people that they are only too glad to stay away from them, but I will inquire, poor man, and do all I can for you. If I can win over the In-

dians by kindness, much may be done—but you see their bitter feelings have now been stirred to a high pitch and when an Indian hates, he hates with all his heart."

"I think," interrupted one of Harrison's men, "that the fallen Indian still lives. I saw his arms and legs move nervously, when they carried him away to the wigwam. I am sure he is not dead. Good Father, I understand the art of medicine. Permit me to soothe the wounds of that suffering one. I would gladly nurse him back to life again. His pain must be unbearable and I know I can help him."

"You are a noble fellow, my son, but I must first suggest the matter to my Indian children."

These children of the wigwam placed all their confidence in the heart of their saintly old priest and he soon returned with the news that they were satisfied and willing.

The missionary had always settled their disputes and in this instance was the means of again uniting the whites and Iroquois in the bonds of friendship for some years to come. They began to love their former bitter enemies and when the doctor pronounced the wounded Indian out of all danger, they rejoiced and their wigwam village rang for many days with the songs of grateful voices.

CHAPTER IV.

Extreme Misery—Unexpected Help.
 "There's a wideness in God's mercy
 Like the wideness of the sea;
 There's a kindness in his justice
 Which is more than liberty.
 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind,
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind."

—Father Faber.

For long, long years Colette had wandered and searched vainly for some road that might lead her to the home she so heartily longed for.

Her lot was a sad and pitiable one. Weakened and fatigued by her daily travels, her health was beginning to fail. The exposure to the many cold nights in the forest had already begun to leave their fatal effects on her delicate constitution. Her child, too—a blue-eyed little girl of six summers—was growing weaker and it seemed to Colette that the tender thread of life, that sustained her little one, might break at almost any moment.

Broken-hearted and hopeless, she had now reached a narrow valley, that faced the blue waters of Lake Ontario, and there sought the sheltering shade of a huge oak tree, that stretched forth its branches so invitingly, so pleadingly.

It had already grown dark and all that stirred the unearthly silence around was the hissing and splashing of the foaming, angry billows below and, broken in spirit, she cried out into the dull, cold night, "Oh, God, will I ever, ever reach my dear home alive. Surely we cannot remain here and die in this gloomy wilderness, alone, with out friend, without help! O thou merciful Jesus! the source of all hope! Have mercy, I pray, on us! O lead us, lead us home!"

During this earnest supplication, Colette sadly turned her tearful eyes into the valley below. Just then Angela moved and folding her sweetly in her arms, she kissed her tears away and still gazed aimlessly, almost hopelessly, into that valley of darkness at her feet. Suddenly a faint, trembling ray of light appeared in the distance, remaining clear and suspended like a lonely star, and on she ran, half praying, half weeping, in the direction of that searching, guiding light. As she approached nearer, she was surprised to find that the light, which had lured her on, came from the flames of a fire that was burning and crackling not far away. A thousand thoughts came upon her and they seemed to crucify her very soul. She stood motionless, her

eyes fixed upon the red, angry flames before her. Could it have been that she had again walked into the arms of the Indians or was it possible that a few white hunters, roaming the woods, were camping there for the night?

Hope rose again within her breast and slowly she whispered to herself, "If God is with me, who can be against me? I fear neither red nor white man, for I know that the arms of God have clasped me in His sweet protection."

Just then she saw something glide through the bushes in front of her, and being unable to control her fear, she gave one wild cry for help.

"What does the white woman want?" came in a sweet, gentle voice.

The strange shape raised itself and stood tall and erect in the light that shone from the glowing fire behind, and then Colette beheld the form and face of an Indian squaw, with eyes that shone into the darkness like fiery stars.

Colette sprang to her side almost immediately and taking the dark brown hand in hers kissed it and pressed it heartily, as if they had been friends for years, and then exclaimed:

"My child dies of hunger and cold. O, take us to your warm fire, that I can warm its little fingers, and O, good woman, give it just a little food—I fear it is dying!"

"Come!" answered the stranger. "Follow Nightstar! Nightstar's child also died," added the squaw sorrowfully.

A few steps and they reached the wigwam. The fire was burning briskly and in the light one could see the kind face of the old squaw. Colette at once brought her dying child to the fire and Nightstar immediately carried a tub of warm water to her side and together they bathed Angela, until she showed signs of life.

The squaw then busied herself with making a bed out of dried

moss and maple leaves, and, having covered it with a warm blanket Angela was placed therein and soon fell asleep with a smile kissing her red, soft cheeks. Colette was happy and for the first time in her long wanderings a thrill of joy pierced that motherly heart, which had known so much sorrow.

And now the two women who had never known each other, sat down together, the squaw thus opening the conversation:

"Your little one good now — but mine, ah! — dead—dead!"

"Poor woman," answered Colette. "Tell me, Nightstar, how was it that thy child died too?"

"My child sick—very sick. Nightstar had no remedy. It grew worse and worse; this morning it was dead, and Nightstar laid it away in its grave."

At these words the tears fell quickly down the poor squaw's cheeks and the fine, sparkling eyes shone brighter still, filled to overflowing. There was a short pause and then she began again:

"But what is the white woman doing from her home? The night is cold and wolves are prowling around looking for food."

Colette told her tale of sorrow and begged Nightstar to aid her in her misery.

"Mahtoree—my man," replied the squaw, "Pawnee chief—good man—very kind; if he near and come, he help woman. Nightstar must put out fire now. Sioux must not know Pawnee is here."

Colette remained sitting and gazed fondly on her little sleeping darling; then she felt for her crucifix and kissing it tenderly, offered her thanks to God. He had sheltered her and protected her when her misery was greatest and she was grateful.

The fire was now burning low, the embers fading rapidly. Nightstar had returned to Colette's side and began to tell her story—having been the wife of the Pawnee chief, she and her child had

been captured by the Sioux tribe, who hated Mahtoree, but he had followed the trail and rescued them and that by this time they would have been safe in their own wigwam. "At dawn," she continued, "we start again. Mahtoree come soon—come soon!" Then she darted off and soon returned with a piece of meat. "Take—eat, poor woman!" she said, offering it to Colette, in such a kind and pitiful voice, "and then go to sleep! To-night Nightstar cannot sleep, she must watch."

With a prayer on her lips, Colette soon closed her eyes in sleep and slept soundly with Angela in her arms until daybreak, when she was suddenly awakened by Nightstar.

"Woman! Your eyes only—hold your tongue! The Sioux are near. Mahtoree will lead us into the village. The Blackrobe will be there and he will tell woman how to reach home. Hurry! The Sioux are near. Hurry, woman! Hurry!"

Colette was silent and listened eagerly to the squaw's broken English, and having partaken of the offered breakfast, she followed Nightstar to the shore of the lake, where a stately old Indian was awaiting them with his canoe. Rising and extending a friendly hand to the unknown woman and placing his finger on his lips lest they might speak too loudly, Mahtoree showed the two women their seat and before long they were speeding rapidly through the sun-kissed waters of Lake Ontario.

They had now disembarked on the opposite side of the lake and in a short time were lost in the woods that encircled it for miles around. Long days they were that followed. The long marches fatigued Colette, but the Indians were used to them. They had often made many such long and tireless marches in their childhood days. Colette was happy, however, and rejoiced in the hope that soon again she would be in the arms of her Eduard, soon again she would feel the cool breath of her

own native, green hills.

Five months they had been on their way, when one afternoon they beheld the little Pawnee village rise dimly on the clear horizon toward the west. Mahtoree was the first to see it and with a feeling of pride he pointed to the home of his ancestors. Walking on, they passed long green stretches of thick, grassy land upon which herds of horses were grazing and as they approached the village, they were greeted by an old Indian chief, and welcomed heartily on their return. He spoke in his native tongue and tears of joy filled his eyes. Mahtoree also spoke in the same language and asked him to bring a horse for Colette, so that she could ride the rest of the way as she was tired and footsore. Angela was wide awake by this time and chuckled lustily as the trusty old chief, with a feeling of triumph, placed them on the prancing horse.

The village was soon reached and a number of Indians—men, women and children—came running to greet them, laughing wildly and joining hands they formed a circle around the newcomers and chanting a strange, weird, muttering strain, they danced round and round again.

Then the dancing stopped and the crowd separated. Nightstar, the interest of Colette at heart, stepped to the side of an old squaw, who was just then passing by, and inquired whether the Blackrobe was in the village. To her great disappointment, she learned that he had left only yesterday, whither nobody knew.

This communication came as a thunderbolt to poor Colette. Nightstar tried to console her in her own simple way. "You look tired, stay with us and rest awhile. The Blackrobe will come again," added she, hopefully.

Colette placed her entire trust and hope in God. "Thou hast protected me so far," she pleaded, "surely Thou can'st not bear to leave me now," and with this prayer ringing

in her ears, she decided to remain with Nightstar until her health was restored.

The last days of summer came and went, the leaves on the maple turned crimson in the sun, and one by one fell off their stem, and still no sign of the priest. Cold winter pur nous jo surors sri qmaw aureo spring, with its tender flowers and warm breezes, found that fond, sweet hope still unrealized, and instead of improving, Colette rapidly grew worse and at last was forced to bed.

Poor woman! The future of her child troubled her keenly.

"What will ever become of my poor Angela when I am gone," murmured the sick woman as she looked beseechingly one day upon her child. Nightstar, the dear old soul, felt how the poor woman suffered and promised on oath to care for Angela (she was eight now), and to return her to her grand-parents in St. Louis in case they would never find the father again. This touched Colette deeply, and with an altered state of mind, she peacefully awaited her end.

The following two years found no change in her condition. One day, when her fever was high and she was delirious, Nightstar knelt at her bedside and wept bitterly. Angela sat near by, her childish eyes upon them both. The face of Colette was pale and bloodless and

very thin and it was evident that she could not live much longer. Perhaps even now the angels were calling her soul into that heaven of peace and eternal rest.

The squaw moaned and watched Colette more closely, and then gave vent to her tears again. Had the end surely come? Angela, too, began to weep. Just then Colette opened her eyes, but not a word fell from her lips. "Mother! Mother!" sobbed forth little Angela, "it is not true. You will not die! Oh, speak — you will not leave me alone!"

"Not yet! Not yet!" came the answer, weak though distinct. There was a short pause. Colette opened her large eyes again and, lifting her finger as if to draw everyone's attention to something, she lisped forth in scarcely audible tones: "Listen! listen!" Angela and Nightstar both listened, yet they heard nothing.

"He is coming! He is coming!" whispered the dying one, her eyes sparkling with joy and her hands folded as if in silent prayer to God. "The priest is coming! O friends, I pray, bring him into the wigwam. I await his coming here with joy."

Just then her eyes closed once more—a smile stole sweetly over her thin, pallid face, and Angela wept bitterly.

(To be continued.)

The recognized hall-mark of the exemplary Catholic is his frequent reception of the sacraments. Unfailing regularity in attending Holy Mass on Sundays and festivals of obligation, with at least habitual presence at vespers, Benediction and other public religious services, may suffice to secure for one the reputation of a practical, as distinguished from a nominal, indifferent, or lax Catholic; but the esteem entertained for the model Christian, for the man whose conduct is consistent with his beliefs, is never won

save by those who, every few weeks are seen approaching the tribunal of penance and the Holy Table. It matters not that less fervent neighbors may occasionally speak slightly of such a practice, that they flippantly disclaim any intention of "setting themselves up for saints," or that they sometimes essay a sarcastic fling at "devotees" and "old women,"—at heart they pay the tribute of their homage to a habit whose excellence they recognize, although they lack the piety or the courage to adopt it.—Ave Maria...

Summary and General Declaration

—OF THE—

RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

—OF THE—

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

OF THE ADVANTAGES AND PRIVILEGES

Enjoyed by all who wear the Holy Scapular of the Blessed Virgin and observe the Rule prescribed for them.

Having closed the exposition and declaration of the obligations of the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters of Mt. Carmel, it is fitting that we should next state and explain the advantages and privileges with which this Third Order is enriched, being preferred above any other;—to the end that, in view of these advantages and privileges, the faithful of both sexes may embrace such a state with great good will and observe with greater zeal and faithfulness the obligations previously stated.

ARTICLE I.

Of the Special Protection of the Blessed Virgin in life, in death and after death.

Although from well-based arguments it is clear that even before the thirteenth century, the Virgin Mary had regarded the Carmelite Order as the very apple of her eye and had shown herself singularly its Protectress, Advocate and Mother, yet she did not publicly declare that she recognized as especially her sons all who should invoke her under the title of Our Lady of Mount Carmel until the time when she gave her Holy Scapular to the Order in the person of St. Simon

Stock, at that time the head of the Carmelite family; against which the demon had raised a fiery persecution, pushing it so far that many sought the complete extinction of the Order. At this juncture the Saint had recourse to Mary as special Patroness of the Carmelites, praying her, with much fervor, to show herself a loving mother to her sons. It was then, also, that he composed and recited frequently this brief but affectionate prayer:

“Flos Carmeli,—Flower of Carmel,

Vitis Florigera,—Blossoming Vine
Splendor Coeli,—Splendor of Heaven,

Virgo Puerpera,—Virgin Bearing,
Singularis,—Singularly,

Mater Mitis,—Meek Mother,
Sed viri nescia,—Not Knowing Man,

Carmelitis,—To the Carmelites,
Da privilegia—Give privileges,
Stella maris,—Star of the Sea.”

The earnest prayers of the zealous Priest did not remain unfruitful. On the morning of that auspicious day, July 16, 1251, in the convent of Cambridge, there appeared to him environed with celestial splendor, the very Mother of God whom he had invoked. Accompanied by innumerable angels, she advanced towards her faithful servant with a countenance of cheer, filling his heart with superhuman delight. Presenting him a Holy Scapular, she thus addressed him: — “Receive most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my Confrater-

nity, a peculiar privilege to thee and all thy Carmelites in which he that dieth a pious and Christian death shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safe-guard in danger, a covenant of peace and everlasting alliance."

Having said these words, she left the sacred Habit in the hands of the fortunate old man and vanished from his sight.

From this celebrated vision, and from the words of Mary to Simon it is clearly seen how far her protection is extended in favor of those enrolled in her Holy Scapular. Leaving for a time the consideration of her other words, let us examine only those relative to our subject and first of all the promise that the Scapular shall be "a safe-guard in danger." Passing in silence over a very great number of miraculous occurrences, which go to support our last statement as to her protection, we would refer the devout, who may be curious as to these, to the volume collected and compiled by P. Grassi. We will content ourselves with saying that history, the voice of the people and the evidence of many distinguished writers form testimony so irrefragable as to be thoroughly convincing. Let us not listen to certain would-be sages who deny all that happens if it displeases them; because such persons, in their eagerness to reject everything, often throw away good sense with the rest.

But if the devotees of Carmel are so graciously favored by their Patroness in life, how much more must they needs be, at the fearful hour of death, when, most of all mortals need assistance to escape the machinations of the devil? Where else could the maternal protection of Mary be so manifest? Where else is fulfilled the pledge of those other words, 'Sign of Salvation'? Just when the servant of the Blessed Virgin of Carmel is about to leave this world, in the last battle he is to fight against the common enemy, she will appear in her

sweetest aspect to console him. And she will equally appear as a terror to the demon, who, clad with confusion, will flee precipitately to the abyss. Thus, in the hour of danger, her fortunate client will conquer death and enjoy, a hundred fold, the fruit of that service which each of her grateful sons offers, in this life, to Mary.

It is very difficult, nevertheless, for any mortal to leave this vale of misery, pure and spotless, as God would have him to be. Even for the client of Mary, during life or at its close it is still difficult to be purified from all stain of sin, or to have perfectly satisfied, and to the utmost, the temporal penalties thereby incurred,—so as not to need further cleansing in the place of expiation prepared by God for this purpose.

But will he who is decorated with the glorious title of Mary's favorite child see himself abandoned by her in that place of punishment? No. The maternal affection of Mary will not be fully satisfied with preserving her sons from peril in this present life, with protecting them in the hour of death and drawing them away as far as possible from eternal damnation; but it even extends to freeing them quickly from the flames of Purgatory,—especially on the first Saturday after death—and she, herself, conducting them to the celestial country.

This promise was made by the Mother of God, herself, to the Vicar of Christ, John XXII., who published it and declared it authentic in his Bull of 1322. This marvellous Bull, called Sabbatine, was afterwards confirmed by other Sovereign Pontiffs; who, therewith, also confirmed this privilege, as granted exclusively to those wearing the Scapular of our Lady of Mt. Carmel. What more can be asked, therefore, in order to become fully convinced of the special protection of Mary in death and after death, to the great advantage of her clients? What more is needed to

move the faithful to participate in so great a favor and to put on with great satisfaction the Scapular of Our Lady of Carmel? Still more, even, ought the faithful to be stimulated to embrace this devotion, when they reflect that the promise of a good death and speedy liberation from Purgatory is a special privilege and precious promise Religious and Brethren of Mount Carmel. The words of the Virgin to our General, St. Simon, are clear and not to be appealed from; since, when giving him the Scapular, she said this was to be the privilege, not of all the faithful, but only of those who should belong in some way to this Order. The tradition comes to us approved, as regards protection in Purgatory, not only by the Sacred Congregation of Rites but also by that most learned Franciscan, P. Giovanni, of Carthage, who says in his Homilies: "This is certainly a most singular grace, in nowise shared by any other Religious Order. Because, although Plenary Indulgence is granted to him who wears the habit of our Seraphic Father, Saint Francis, yet all the other Mendicant Orders and the Carmelites in particular, are sharers in such Indulgence; this being specially granted to said Carmelites by Clement VII., of happy memory. But the privilege of the Sabbatine Bull is peculiar to that Order alone, and not common to the others."

ARTICLE II.

Indulgences which are the exclusive property of the Confraternity, and, with much greater reason, of the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters of the same, who, in the only mode possible to them, observe the Rule already explained:

PLENARY INDULGENCES.

1. Upon the day when, having confessed and received Holy Communion, they are vested in the Habit of the Order and likewise when they make the holy Profession.

2. When, having assisted at the procession usually held on one Sunday of each month by the Religious or by the Confraternity, and having confessed and received Holy Communion, they shall pray for the Pope, for Holy Church, etc.; which Indulgence may be obtained, again, by those who, being unable conveniently to join in the aforesaid procession, shall visit on the same Sunday the Chapel of the Confraternity.

The sick, those in prison, and persons travelling, can also gain the same by reciting on that Sunday the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, or 50 Paters and Ave Marias, provided they be penitent and intend to confess and receive Holy Communion as soon as possible.

3. At the point of death, if, having repented, confessed and received Communion, they will invoke the most Sacred Names of Jesus and Mary from the depth of their hearts.

PARTIAL INDULGENCES.

An indulgence of five years and five quarantines for communicating once a month and for accompanying the Blessed Sacrament, when borne to the sick.

Three hundred days for abstaining from flesh meat on Wednesdays.

A hundred days— 1. For accompanying the dead body of any one of the faithful to its burial. 2. For assisting at the Masses or other Divine Offices in the Churches or Chapels of the Order. 3. For reciting devoutly the Office of the Blessed Virgin. 4. For giving alms to the poor and aiding them in their necessities. 5. For aiding those in danger of sin, or doing acts of mercy, temporal or spiritual. 6. For reconciliation with our own enemies, or making peace between others. 7. For leading back any wanderer into the path of salvation. 8. For teaching the ignorant the things that pertain to the saving of their souls.

In conclusion, the Tertiaries of Mt.

Carmel can obtain the hundred-day Indulgence for whatsoever good works he may go on to do; and in this way, with better right, can claim all the Indulgences, both plenary and partial, granted through the Churches of our Order for the benefit of all the faithful, a summary of which may be seen in other small treatises easy to procure. All the indulgences above indicated may also be applied, in way of suffrages, to the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

Finally, the Carmelite Tertiaries participate, in a distinct and special manner, in all the spiritual works which may be performed, day and night, by the whole Carmelite Order; that is to say, in all their prayers, disciplines, alms, masses, watchings, fasts, canonical hours, mortifications, and austerities, or other meritorious actions. Also, in all the Indulgences granted to the other Regular Orders, and in all the pious deeds done by the faithful throughout the Catholic Church, either as individuals or as united together in Congregations or companies.

By reflecting, therefore, upon these privileges, so many and so great, who would not be led to desire—and that most earnestly—that he might be clothed with the sacred livery of Mt. Carmel, thus making it less difficult for him to attain a glorious and blessed eternity? Who would not pledge himself to perform the works of piety and fulfill faithfully the obligations thereby prescribed, for the sake of obtaining such great benefits? The single thought that the Habit of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel is a pledge of salvation, an alliance of peace and an eternal covenant; that it is, as it were, an earnest of predestination; a distinctive means, whereby Mary rejoices to draw under the mantle of her maternal affection and adopts as her special sons all those who put it on—this consideration, alone, should be more than efficient to interest all the faithful

in this devotion and to make them sustain with decorum the sublime honor and dignity of being children of Mary. Nevertheless, the Tertiary Brothers and sisters ought to make it their duty to imitate the virtues of Mary and all the more to conform themselves to her in the thoughts of their minds and the affections of their hearts, in their words and in their deeds. Then they will be certain that, like a truly affectionate Mother, she will protect them amid the needs and dangers of this present life, that she will be their consolation at death and guide to eternity.

NEW FORMS OF BENEDICTION AND ABSOLUTION

Prescribed by His Holiness Pope
Leo XIII.

(Set forth July 7, 1882 and June
18, 1883.)

General Absolution with the Plenary Indulgence.

To be given on the greater Festivals of the year and also in private to any who cannot attend the meetings. As to the number of such Absolutions and Benedictions and the days upon which these shall take place, information will be found in the Appendix at the end of this Manual.

Antiphon. *Intret oratio meo in conspectu tuo, Domine; inclina aurem tuam ad preces nostras: parce, Domine, parce populo tuo, quem redemisti Sanguine tuo pretioso, ne in aeternum irascaris nobis.*

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison. Kyrie.

Pater noster, etc. (In secret.)

P. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

R. Sed libera nos a malo.

P. Salvos fac servos tuos.

R. Deus meus, sperantes in te.

P. Mitte eis, Domine, auxilium de sancto.

R. Et de Sion tuere eos.

P. Esto eis, Domine, turris fortitudinis.

R. A facie inimici.

P. Nihil proficiat inimicus in nobis.

R. Et filius iniquitatis non aponat nocere nobis.

P. Domine exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Deus, cui proprium est misereri semper et parcere, suscipe deprecationem nostram; ut nos et omnes famulos tuos, quos delictorum catena constringit, miseratio tue pietatis clementer absolvat.

Exaudi, quaesumus Domine, supplicium preces, et confitentium tibi parce peccatis; ut pariter nobis indulgentiam tribuas benignus et pacem.

Ineffabilem nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam clementer ostende; ut simul nos et a peccatis omnibus exuas et a poenis, quas pro his meremur, eripias.

Deus, qui culpa offenderis, poenitentia placaris, preces populi tui supplicantis propitius respice; et flagella tue iracundiae, quae pro peccatis nostris meremur, averte. Per Christum Dominum Nostrum. Amen.

Then shall be said the Confiteor by one alone, or all together, as is the custom, in the following manner:

Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beatæ Mariæ semper Virgini, beato Michaeli Arcangelo, beato Joanni Baptistæ, sanctis Apostolis Petro et Paulo, beato Patri Nostro Eliae, omnibus Sanctis et tibi Pater, quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo et opere; mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideo precor Beatam Mariam semper Virginem, beatum Michaellem Arcangelum, Beatum Joannem Baptistam, Sanctos Apostolos Petrum et Paulum, Beatum Patrem nostrum Eliam, omnes Sanctos et te, Pater, orare pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum.

Then the Priest shall proceed to say:

Misereatur vestri, etc.

Indulgentiam, etc.

Dominus Noster Jesus Christus, qui Beato Petro Apostolo dedit potestatem ligandi atque solvendi, ille vos absolvat ab omni vinculo delictorum ut habeatis vitam æternam et vivatis in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Per sacratissimam Passionem et Mortem Domini Nostri Jesu Christi precibus et meritis Beatissimæ semper Virginis Mariæ, Beatorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, Beati Patris Nostri Eliae et omnium Sanctorum, auctoritate a Summis Pontificibus mihi concessa, plenariam Indulgentiam omnium peccatorum vestrorum vobis impertior. In nomine Patris * et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

If this Absolution is given immediately after some Sacramental, omitting the other prayers, the Priest shall begin with the words, "Dominus Noster Jesus Christus," etc., and thus proceed to the end, only substituting the singular for the plural, as is prescribed by the Decree of July 7, 1882.

If the circumstances do not warrant the use of the complete Form, the Priest, having omitted the rest, may say:

Auctoritate a Summis Pontificibus mihi concessa plenariam omnium peccatorum tuorum Indulgentiam tibi impertior. In nomine Patris, et Filii * et Spiritus Sancti. R. Amen. (As in Decree, June 18, 1883.)

II.

PAPAL BENEEDICTION.

Twice a Year.

This Papal Benediction, by concession of His Holiness Leo XIII., may be given twice in the year, not separately to single Tertiaries, but to the Congregation duly assembled and not upon the same day when one is given by the Bishop.

(Decree of June 18, 1883.)

The Director or other authorized Priest, in surplice and stole of white, without assistance of acolytes, shall go to the altar, and, kneeling, shall say :

P. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.

R. Qui fecit coelum et terram.

P. Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine.

R. Et benedic haereditati tuae.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum, etc.

OREMUS.

Omnipotens et misericors Deus, da nobis auxilium de sancto, et vota populi hujus in humilitate cordis veniam peccatorum poscentis tuamque benedictionem praestolantis et gratiam, clementer exaudi ; dexteram tuam super eum benignus extende ac plenitudinem divinae benedictionis effunde : qua bonis omnibus cumulatus felicitatem et vitam consequatur aeternam. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Then, going to the Epsitle side and standing there on his feet, he shall give benediction with a single sign of the Cross, pronouncing in a clear voice these words :

Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, * Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus. R. Amen.

MODE OF CONDUCTING THE MEETINGS.

The Priest, putting on surplice and stole, shall begin :

Aperi, Domine, os nostrum ad benedicendum nomen sanctum tuum munda quoque cor nostrum ab omnibus vanis, perversis et alienis cogitationibus ; intellectum illumina, affectum inflamma ; ut digne, attente ac devote hoc sanctum exercitium peragere valeamus, et exaudiri mereamur ante conspectum divinae Majestatis tuae. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Then he shall intone the hymn, "Veni, Creator Spiritus," as on page 76, having finished which he shall say :

P. Emitte Spiritum tuum et creabuntur.

R. Et renovabis faciem terrae.

OREMUS.

Deus, qui corda fidelium Sancti Spiritus illustratione docuisti ; da nobis in eodem Spiritu recta sapere et de Ejus semper consolatione gaudere. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

Kneeling again, the Father Director shall say the following prayers:

In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

1. Rejoice, O Spouse of the Holy Ghost, and we will rejoice with Thee, in the bliss thou dost enjoy in Paradise ; since, through thy virgin purity, thou art now exalted, high above all the Angel Choirs. Pater, Ave et Gloria.

2. Rejoice, thou true Mother of God, and we will rejoice with thee, because thou alone hast merited a seat at the right hand of thy Blessed Son, nearest the Throne of the most Holy Trinity. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

3. Rejoice, O Daughter of God, and we will also rejoice, because the Hierarchy of the Angels, with all the Spirits of the Blessed, own and reverence thee, as the Mother of their Creator, and obey thy least commands. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

4. Rejoice, O Handmaid of the Blessed Trinity, and we will likewise rejoice, because, as the sun here below lights the earth and the dwellers thereon, so dost thou illumine Paradise itself with thy resplendent presence, the source of deepest bliss to all its Blessed citizens. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

5. Rejoice, O Princess most serene, and we will rejoice with thee, because thou dost enjoy the Jubilee of having thy will united and conformed to the will of the Divine Majesty. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

6. Rejoice, O Hope of Sinners and Refuge of the Afflicted, and we will also rejoice, because all the graces which thou dost ask of thy Divine Son are surely granted ; since here

below no grace is granted, which does not first pass through thy most sacred hands. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

7. Rejoice, O Mother, Daughter and Spouse of God, while we rejoice with thee, because the joy, gladness and supreme favor thou dost now enjoy in Paradise will never diminish, but go on increasing unto the Day of Judgment, enduring, thereafter, to all eternity. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiae, etc.

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Christe, audi nos.
Christe exaudi nos.
Pater de coelis Deus,
Miserere nobis
Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, mis.
Spiritus Sancte Deus, mis.
Sancta Trinitas unus Deus, mis.
Sancta Maria, Ora pro nobis.
Sancta Dei Genitrix, ora.
Sancta Virgo Virginum, ora.
Mater Christi, ora.
Mater divinae gratiae, ora.
Mater purissima, ora.
Mater castissima, ora.
Mater inviolata, ora.
Mater intemerata, ora.
Mater amabilis, ora.
Mater admirabilis, ora.
Mater Creatoris, ora.
Mater Salvatoris, ora.
Virgo prudentissima, ora.
Virgo veneranda, ora.
Virgo praedicanda, ora.
Virgo potens, ora.
Virgo clemens, ora.
Virgo fidelis, ora.
Speculum justitiae, ora.
Sedes sapientiae, ora.
Causa nostrae laetitiae, ora.
Vas spirituale, ora.
Vas honorabile, ora.
Vas insigne devotionis, ora.
Rosa mystica, ora.
Turris davidica, ora.
Turris eburnea, ora.

Domus aurea, ora.
Foederis arca, ora.
Janua coeli, ora.
Stella matutina, ora.
Salus infirmorum, ora.
Refugium peccatorum, ora.
Consolatrix afflictorum, ora.
Auxilium Christianorum, ora.
Regina Angelorum, ora.
Regina Patriarcharum, ora.
Regina Prophetarum, ora.
Regina Apostolorum, ora.
Regina Martyrum, ora.
Regina Confessorum, ora.
Regina Virginum, ora.
Regina Sanctorum omnium, ora.
Regina sine labe originali concepta, ora.
Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii, ora.
Mater et Decor Carmeli, ora.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Parce nobis Domine.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Exaudi nos Domine.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
P. Ora pro nobis, Sancta Dei Genitrix.
R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

OREMUS.

Omnipotens, sempiternae Deus, qui excellentissimae Virginis Mariae de Monte Carmelo sacro titulo humilem Ordinem tibi electum singulariter decorasti, ac pro defensione ejusdem miracula suscitasti; quaesumus Clementiam tuam, ut per intercessionem Beatae Genitricis Filii tui Mariae Carmelitarum Ordinis singularis Protectricis, sanctorumque Eliae, Elisaei, Petri-Thomae, Angeli, Cyrilli, Alberti, Teresiae, Mariae Magdalenae et omnium Sanctorum mentes omnium illumines, ut et sacratissimi habitus Carmelitici devotio pacifice miro tuae protectionis ordine dirigatur, et Religio Carmelitana tranquilla devotione laetetur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

Here the commemoration is made of St. Elias, the Prophet, and our Father.

Antiphon. Ecce ego mittam vo-

bis Eliam Prophetam, antequam veniat dies Domini magnus et horribilis. Et convertet cor patrum ad filios et cor filiorum ad patres eorum.

P. Ora pro nobis, Sancte Pater Noster Elia.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

OREMUS.

Praesta quaesumus Omnipotens Deus, ut sicut beatum Eliam Prophetam tuum et Patrem nostrum ante communem mortem curru igneo aereum elevasti ad coelum, its nos facias eo interveniente, dum vivimus, a terrenis semper ad coelestia spiritu sublevari et cum eo in resurrectione justorum pariter gaudere. Per Christum Dominum Nostrum. R. Amen.

HYMN.

to Saint Mary Magdalen of Pazzi,
as Protectress of all Tertiaries.

Ave, virgo florentina,
Rosa florens et divina,
Christi manus quam nutritiv,
Atque spinis praemunivit.

Tu es Coeli dulcis risus,
Tu Carmeli Paradisus,
Crucifixi Sponsa cara,
Et inferni Crux amara.

Jesum corde scriptum portas,
Et a Jesu cor reportas ;
Unde sorte geminata
Vivis amans, et amata.

O Maria Magdalena,
Corda nostra fac serena,
Tua magna puritate,
Et ardenti caritate.

R. Amen.

Antiphon.

Magdalena Virgo optimam partem elegit, quae non auferetur ab ea : purissima in vita, adhuc post mortem ab omni corruptione manet immunis.

P. Ora pro nobis, sancta Maria Magdalena.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

OREMUS.

Deus virginitatis amator, qui

Beatam Mariam Magdalenam Virginem, tuo amore succensam, coelestibus donis decorasti ; da, ut quam pia devotione veneramus, puritate et caritate imitemur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Afterwards shall be added the following prayers :

First, a Pater, Ave, Gloria and Salve Regina shall be recited for all the brothers and sisters who may have been benefactors of this Congregation.

A second Pater, Ave and Gloria shall be said for all the sick, Brothers or Sisters.

A third Pater, Ave and Gloria for all those who, for good reasons, are unable to be present at the meeting.

A fourth Pater, Ave and Gloria for all those who rely upon our prayers.

Finally the De Profundis shall be recited for all the dead of our Order.

Psalm 129.

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine : *Domine exaudi vocem meam. Fiaut aures tuae intendentes : *in vocem deprecationis meae.

Si iniquitates observaveris Domine : *Domine, quis sustinebit ?

Quia apud te propitiatio est : *et propter legem tuam sustinui te, Domine.

Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus : *speravit anima mea in Domino.

A custodia matutina usque ad noctem : *speret Israel in Domino.

Quia apud Dominum misericordia : *et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

Et ipse redimet Israel : *ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus.

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine.

Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

P. A porta inferi.

R. Erue, Domine, animas eorum.

P. Credo videre boba Domini.

R. In terra viventium.

P. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

P. Dominus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

PRAYER FOR DEPARTED
BRETHREN.
OREMUS.

Inclina, Domine, aurem tuam ad preces nostras quibus misericordiam tuam supplices deprecamus: ut animas famulorum tuorum Fratrum nostrorum quas de hoc saeculo migrare jussisti in pacis ac lucis regione constituas et Sanctorum tuorum jubeas esse consortes.

Deus veniae largitor et humanae salutis amator: quaesumus clementiam tuam, ut nostrae congregationis fratres, propinquos et benefactores nostros, qui ex hoc saeculo transierunt, Beata Maria semper Virgine intercedente, cum omnibus Sanctis tuis, ad perpetuae beatitudinis consortium pervenire concedas.

Fidelium Deus omnium Conditor et Redemptor, animabus famulorum, famularumque tuarum remissionem cunctorum tribue peccatorum: ut indulgentiam quam semper optaverunt piis supplicationibus consequantur. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum.

R. Amen.

P. Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.

R. Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

P. Requiescant in pace.

R. Amen.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEPARTED
SISTERS.
OREMUS.

Deus, cui proprium est misereri semper et parcere: propitiare animabus omnium Sororum Ordinis nostri, et omnia earum peccati dimitte, ut mortalitatis vinculis absolutae, transire mercantur ad vitam.

Deus veniae largitor, etc.

For a Tertiary Brother or Sister departed shall be repeated the De Profundis: the prayer for a Brother is the following:

OREMUS.

Inclina, Domine, aurem tuam ad preces nostras quibus misericordiam tuam supplices deprecamur ut animam famuli tui N. fratris nostri, quam de hoc saeculo migrare jussisti in pacis ac lucis regione constituas et Sanctorum tuorum jubeas esse consortem. Per Christum Dominum Nostrum.

For a Sister shall be said the following prayer:

OREMUS.

Quaesumus Domine, pro tua pietate miserere animae famulae tuae N. Sororis nostrae et a contagiis mortalitatis exutam, in aeternae salvationis partem restitue. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

At the close of these prayers, the Father Director shall give to all the benediction, saying:

Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis: Patris et Filii * et Spiritus Sancti, descendat super eos, et maneat semper.

R. Amen.

Afterwards, resuming his seat, he shall impose some penance for sins committed between one meeting and the next, assign a virtue to be practised, a Saint as Patron and a topic for prayer through the coming month. He shall remind those present of the fasts, also of the Saints of the Order, whose feasts recur during that time; shall appoint the day of the next meeting and announce any other special services, which may occur during this interval.

Finally, he shall give a brief moral discourse on the obligations of the Brothers or Sisters, or upon the virtues of the Saint, whom he has just designated, or upon the practice of the special virtue enjoined. The service shall close with the singing of the Hymn, "Maria Mater Gratiae," and with kissing the most holy Relics of Mary.

NOVENA OF THE VIRGIN MARY
OF MOUNT CARMEL.

FIRST DAY.

On the Celestial Appointment of
the Holy Habit of Mount
Carmel.

I. At the foot of that throne of measureless light where thou, O Mary, dost shine gloriously crowned, behold us prostrate in all humility and lowly reverence; beseeching thee to bend upon us thine eyes of pity and to fire our cold hearts with a spark of thy holy love, that we may rightly commence this Novena, now to be made in thine honor. May it be so prospered, in all things, as to be advantageous unto ourselves and acceptable to thee. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. O beautiful Mother of grace, what a wonderful refinement of love was that which brought thee visibly from heaven to earth, for the purpose of giving us this sacred Habit, by which the Carmelite Order is singled out from among all others as peculiarly thine own. Oh, if everyone would reflect on the greatness of thy Gift, O Mary, with how much greater regard should we all wear thy Holy Habit and with how much greater devotion should we honor it. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. If we possessed a hundred tongues and should use them all in thy praise and to thine honor, how could we ever, even then, worthily extol the Gift whereby thou hast devised so great distinction for us? And if such an effect springs from thy innate and ever gracious love, grant, O Blessed Virgin, that it may also be a strong motive within us—one and all—to keep us from ever growing ungrateful for thy gifts and thine affection. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. When on this earth, O Mary, with thine own hand thou didst weave garments for thy dear Son, Jesus, and with thine own hand,

also, bring to us from heaven that Holy Habit with which we are graced and adorned. Oh, what a glorious consolation is this for us all, most gracious Virgin! And who could count such a garment mean, when it bears so close resemblance to that of Jesus? Who would not prize above all other treasure a livery so precious and divine? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. Hardly had the joyful tidings of the sacred Habit spread over the earth, ere the eager peoples and nations felt a sudden wish to clothe themselves devoutly therein; and, marvelling thereat, as a special gift come down from heaven, they could but imprint upon it reverential kisses and bathe it in happy tears. O holy kisses, O blessed tears of our first Brothers! How they put us to shame, with our cold responses, O Mary, to all thy graces! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. With what devout emulation these Kings, Princes and Popes sought the precious privilege of wearing thy livery, O Mary, extolling it with pious ardor as the fairest decoration for their august persons, the chief ornament of all earthly majesty, all earthly greatness! O beautiful Robe! illustrious Vestment of Mary! How much dearer and sweeter thou wouldst be to us, if, sometimes, at least, we would consider and ponder thy just merits! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. Thou hast called thy Habit a pledge of special love, O Mary, an eternal covenant of friendship between thine own self and its devoted wearer, whoever he be. Oh, what a sweet consolation is ours, therefore—one shared, besides, by all our Brethren—that we can each say, "I am loved by Mary with a special affection!" But if thou lovest us thus, O Virgin most amiable, grant that we may repay thee with all tenderness of love for ever! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

SECOND DAY.

That the Holy Habit makes us Adopted Sons of Mary.

I. Most Gracious Virgin, if it were great love that impelled thee to present us with thy Sacred Habit, how much greater thou hast shown that love to be, in declaring, also, at the same time, that we were thy "best beloved Sons!" What a sublime dignity is this for us! What greater happiness could we know on earth than that of being among thine elect, O Mary, and numbered with thy most highly-favored Sons? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. Yet thine, O Mary, are these beautiful words, which fell from thine own lips when Thou didst stretch out to Blessed Simon Stock thy loving hand and bestow upon him thy Holy Habit; "Receive, most beloved son," thou didst say, "this pledge of my love, which shall be for thee and for all the Brothers of Carmel, a sure sign of sonship." O sweet, O precious words! Thou art our Mother, O Mary, and we are thy sons! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. All the faithful may indeed boast of being thy sons, O Mary, their spiritual sonship beginning amid the woes of Calvary at the foot of the Cross and in the person of Saint John: yet thy special love for the Brethren of Mount Carmel still remained unsatisfied. Wherefore thou hast begotten them anew from out the heavens that they might be distinguished above all others. O dearest Mother, how tender thy love, how ingenious ever in devising ways of benefaction! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. For further assurance of being dear and acceptable beyond all others unto thee, thou hast been seen, O Mary, in view of an immense multitude, to cause one of thy images to bend its head toward us as in act of salutation, repeating these words thrice over, in a voice both clear and distinct, "Be-

hold my sons! These are verily my sons!" O condescension of Mary! And for us what felicitous destiny! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. The Angels marvel at the extreme condescension of their Queen, because, from a mere impulse of love and without any deserving of ours, she is pleased to honor so highly those who wear her sacred Habit, lifting each from his former humble state to the great dignity of a son. Ah! since thou hast chosen us for such a destiny, grant that we may zealously labor to become, as far as in us lies, thy worthy sons, O Mary. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. Before putting on the holy Habit of Mary we were poor and miserable in the eye of heaven, yet scarcely were we invested with this honored garb and made its devotees than we suddenly became rich within ourselves and precious in the sight of Mary, being regarded by her as well-beloved sons. Beautiful changes, these, wrought by the hand of the Mother of God! O most highly beloved, O most adorable Hand of Mary, be thou ever more and more favorable to us all! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. Is there any glory, any honor, that can equal the fair destiny of those whom thou dost admit to thine own service, those who can claim membership in the Brotherhood of Carmel, those who are beloved of thee, O Mary, and received as verily thine own dear sons? Ah, beloved Mother, leave thy imprint ever on our hearts that we may never fail to love and serve thee with filial tenderness! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

THIRD DAY.

That the fact of being Sons of Mary makes it our duty to love her.

I. O Mother of holy love, who can ever explain thy incomparable benevolence towards the Brethren of Mount Carmel in lifting them, as thou hast, to the lofty rank of thy

best-beloved children? We can never thank thee enough for this condescension; but since thou art pleased to be so kind and so liberal in gifts, grant that this beautiful title of Sons may lead us, in return, to answer thee always with corresponding love! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. Reason would seem to require, O Mary, that the more we learn of thy maternal love descending on us in benefits, the more our filial love should ascend to thee — thus, to requite love with love. But since this is no easy thing to our cold hearts, set them on fire, O Mary, that we may love thee all that we can, though never as we ought! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. Thou hast given us thy sacred Habit, O Mary, and a share in thy sonship, for no other purpose than this, that, being distinguished above all others by thy maternal goodness, we should be distinguished from all others by our more tender filial love. Oh, how great our shame! that under the fair Habit of Mary we should conceal hearts grown corrupt, divided and torn by disordered passions, when they should have been consecrate to thee. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. O dear Mother Mary, we ought to make thee the sweetest object of our affection, of our ardors and of our vows; yea, bearing everywhere thy beloved Name deeply impressed upon us, we ought to honor thee so much the more with new acts of deference. Yet, with the Habit of Carmel upon us, we still think of other things, talk of other things and show ourselves in all our deeds far from being dutiful sons to thee, O Mary. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. A truly devout child of Mary ought to have her honor always at heart and to extol her glory with eager zeal, ready to uphold it at cost of blood or life. Miserable indeed are we, since, neglecting our duties as children of Mary, we fail to visit her churches; nor do we

even recite a prayer in her honor without growing weary! Ah, let us pledge ourselves to honor Mary more, if we would recognize her as our Mother. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. If Mary rejoices to have her sons solicitous for her own honor and glory, how much more does she long to see them loving and respectful to Jesus! He who fails to love Jesus, he who offends Him, will never be a worthy child of Mary. How many times, indeed, have we displeased Him with our sins! O sweet Mother, grant that we may feel it our chief obligation to make reparation to Jesus for our past neglects by so much the more of love and loyalty! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. Of what enormous ingratitude would not the Brothers of Carmel be guilty if, after having been graciously adopted by Mary as her sons, they should dare to insult her by a single act of sin! Ah, it can never be true that they would bring on her such dishonor. We promise thee now, O Blessed Mother, to love thee well and to love thee forever. Nor shall we ever find peace till we have acquired a tender and filial passion for thee, O beautiful Mother of love! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

FOURTH DAY.

That in the capacity of Mary's Sons we are bound to imitate her.

I. O great Mother of God, who art so superior, through the loftiness of thy merits, to all other created beings that these look mean to us when compared with thee, how is it possible for us to call thee Mother? And yet so it is. Thou, who art the Mother of God, when giving us thy sacred Habit, didst declare thyself indeed our Mother. Come, therefore, and show thyself for what thou art! Give us grace and power to recognize thy dignity and to meet our own great obligations as thy children! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. Our duty as thy children includes both readiness and faithful-

ness in imitating thy noble virtues, O Blessed Virgin ! And by making them our own, we shall render ourselves as like to thee as may be possible, in our outward conduct. Now, if this be our duty and our most strenuous obligation, how shall we ever accomplish it ? We boast of wearing the vesture of thy sons ; but where in us are thy beautiful works, O Mary ? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. How pure, how spotless should we be as children of Mary ! Children of her who was so enamored of virginal purity, that, in order to maintain it, she would have renounced the supreme honor of becoming the Mother of God. We are of all men most miserable, since, though distinguished with the character of Sons of Mary, we care so little about purity of heart ! O, Mother of Purity, grant that with our tears we may wash away our past transgressions, rather choosing death itself than any return thereto. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. Amid the immensities of thy worth we ever behold in thee a most profound humility. Though the purest of all created beings, thou hadst no other ambition on earth than to be the humble Handmaid of the Lord. O noble Virgin, full of grace, yet so lowly ! we, the vilest of sinners, are ambitious and full of pride. In thy pity, oh, destroy our self-esteem, that, like thee, we may be humble of heart ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. What invincible fortitude in hours of pain thou hast shown, O Mother, throughout the whole course of thy life ! Mother of Sorrows, in sooth, and Queen of Martyrs, because pierced through the heart with fiery pains and martyrdoms ! Yet we, on the contrary, can not bear patiently a wrong, a bit of suffering, or a vexatious word. May thy example strengthen our feebleness, until, O Mary, through making us sons enamored of thy patience, Thou makest us

more worthy of thy love. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. There dwelt in Mary such zeal for the Divine honor that, at the age of but three years, she left the world wholly, to give herself to God in His Temple ; nor did she ever have a thought, a desire, which was not perfectly united to the Divine will. What shall we say for ourselves—we, so slothful, so negligent in the service of God, we who do so much for the world and so little for Jesus ? Give us, O beloved Mother, such filial hearts that with changed dispositions, changes in our conduct may likewise ensue. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. From that heroic zeal which Mary had, ever seeking to please God more and more, sprang her supreme love for her neighbor, her cordial regard for him, willing succor and the bestowal of every benefit within her power. How far we are from thee, O Mother, in all this ! Fixing our eyes ever on thy good example, grant that we may, through its faithful imitation, become thy Sons and Daughters, not merely in word and garb, but also in deed and in truth. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

FIFTH DAY.

That the Habit of Mount Carmel is a secure defence in Bodily Peril.

I. What graces hast thou not heaped, O Mary, on the Confraternity of Carmel ? Not content with looking down upon its members with a Mother's eye, hast thou not gladly undertaken to defend them, in a special manner, from all the evils which, everywhere on earth, surround and vex our lives ? Ought we not to be comforted, in all our necessities, by the knowledge that Mary is ever watching over us, like a loving Mother, and guarding us for our common good ? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. Who does not see the proof of such a promise in the title thou hast given thy sacred Habit, O Mary, calling it "a defence in all

dangers," even the greatest? Of whom, then, of whom, we ask, ought the Brotherhood of Carmel to stand in fear, since it has assurance from thee that thy holy Habit is its strong shield and secure defence? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. No one of us can ever sufficiently understand the immense and sovereign power, which thou, O Mary, hast communicated to thy sacred Habit, to work wonders and miracles without number or measure! The heavens, the earth and the elements have always been subject thereto and have always shown respect to him who wears it devoutly. Oh, blest a thousand times are the Brothers of Carmel, sure at all times of being happily prospered by thee, O Mary! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. What beautiful and surprising things have been seen upon earth by means of thy Habit, O Mary! Now, perhaps, a fall from some horrible precipice with no hurt resulting; now, one taken out alive from under some enormous weight of huge stones or masonry; now again, a man rendered invisible and saved from the savage blows of some mad assassin. Were we but prompt in our recourse to thee, dear Mother, how eager thou wouldst be to bring us help! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. What great wonders have been wrought on the waste of waters by the miraculous Habit of Mary! The maddest tempests have been turned to placid calms; sailors aided when sinking in the sea, saved when swept away by swift currents, or kept alive, while buried at the very bottom of wells or rivers. How mighty the power of the Habit of Carmel! The members of this, thy Order, O Mary, being clad in such a livery, ought to rejoice and place their hopes therein. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. The invincible might of Mary's Scapular is still more manifest in the air and even amid flames — protecting those who fall

from towers, housetops or lofty trees, also those who happen to be hurt by flying bullets or thunderbolts, or in terrible fires. In all such perilous encounters the true Brothers and Sisters of Mount Carmel can never perish; since thou, O Mary, always and on all occasions, art their sure defence. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. How many, after putting on the holy Habit of Mary, have been suddenly cured of contagious diseases, of incurable maladies, and as it were, recalled from death to life! There is no wonder which the Scapular of Mary has not wrought, no grace it has not obtained, no suppliant it has not consoled. How fair the lot of those who wear this Habit so sacred, so divine! Grant, O Mary, that they may never stain it with sin,—to the end that they may ever have it at hand to their perpetual comfort. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

(To be continued.)

If you have had weeds in your garden and have pulled them up, do not let your memory dwell on weeds. If you have not pulled them up, that is a very different affair, and the more soberly you think of weeds in a flower garden the better. If you have had sickness or death, do not think of graves, but of the house not made with hands. God has been good, and you do well to remember it. If you have been false to yourself and are now faithful, bury "the old man" and rejoice in "the new man." With heaven to look forward to, with a kindly Providence and a host of angels to keep you lest you stumble, you should gratefully face the present and cheerfully look to the future.

The main idea of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was taken from the "Pilgrimage of Manhood," by the Cistercian monk, Guillaume de Guilleville, a translation of which fell into the hands of Bunyan and led him to literary immortality.

The Pope and the Orders.

LETTERS OF HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII,

TO OUR DEAR SONS,

The Superiors of the Religious Orders and Institutes Leo XIII, Pope.

Dear Sons, Health and Apostolic
Benediction :

AT all times the religious families have received from the Apostolic See particular assurance of loving and considerate solicitude, whether they were in the enjoyment of the benefits of peace, or, as in our days, undergoing such trials as those which now assail them. The onslaught, which, in certain countries, has been recently made against the orders and the institutes subject to your authority, cause Us the profoundest grief, and Holy Church is bowed down in sorrow because of it, for it feels itself cut to the quick in its own inherent rights, and seriously impeded in the fulfilment of its work which, for its proper exercise, requires the concurrence of both clergies, secular and religious. In truth, who touches its priests touches the apple of its eye. For Our part, you know that We have endeavored, by all the means in Our power, to prevent this unworthy persecution, and have striven to avert from those countries the consequent disasters which will be as great as they are undeserved. Hence it is that on many occasions, in the name of religion, of justice and of civilization, We have pleaded your cause with all the power at Our command ; but We have hoped in vain that Our remonstrances would be listened to ; for, lo ! a nation which was singularly fruitful in religious vocations, a nation on which We have always bestowed the greatest consideration, has, by the authority of its government, approved and promulgated these unjust and discrim-

inating laws, against which, a few months ago, We have lifted Our voice in the hope of preventing their being put upon the statutes.

Remembering Our sacred duties and following the example of Our illustrious predecessors, We have put the seal of condemnation on these laws as being contrary to that natural and evangelical right which is conferred by constant tradition ; the right, namely, to form associations for the purpose of leading lives which are not only honest in themselves but marked by exalted sanctity ; We have condemned them because they are contrary to that unquestionable right which the Church possesses of founding religious institutions exclusively subject to its authority to aid it in the accomplishment of its divine mission ; especially when, in this instance, the exercise of that right has resulted in the greatest benefits in the religious and civil order and redounded to the advantage of that noble nation itself.

And now We feel moved to open to you Our paternal heart in the desire to give you, and to receive from you some holy consolation and, as the same time, to address to you the advice which the occasion calls for, in order that remaining still more firm in the time of trial you will gain greater merit in the sight of God and men.

Among the many motives of courage which spring from our faith, recall, dear sons, that solemn word of Jesus Christ : "Blessed are ye when they shall revile and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly for my sake." (Matt. 5, 11.) Reproaches, cal-

umnies, vexations of all kinds will be poured out upon you for My sake but then shall you be blessed. It is in vain to multiply against you those calumnious accusations which seek to dishonor you. The sad reality is flashed only the more vividly on men's eyes, that the true reason for which you are persecuted is that deep-seated hatred which the world cherishes against the Catholic Church, the City of God; that the real intention is, if possible, to nullify in society the reparative action of Jesus Christ from which such beneficent and salutary results universally flow. No one is ignorant of the fact that the religions of both sexes form a chosen body in the City of God; that they represent particularly the spirit and the mortifications of Jesus Christ; that by the practice of the Evangelical Counsels they tend to carry Christian virtue to the summit of perfection and that, in a multitude of ways, they powerfully second the action of the Church. Hence, it is not astonishing that today, as in other times, under other iniquitous forms, the City of the World rises against them, and chiefly those men who, by a sacrilegious compact, are most intimately united and most servilely bound to Him who is Prince of this world.

It is clear that they consider the dissolution and extinction of religious orders as a successful manoeuvre in the furthering of their deep-laid designs of driving the Catholic nations into the ways of apostasy and alienation from Jesus Christ and because of that We may say, in all truth: "Blessed are you because you are hated and persecuted." It is only because you have chosen your kind of life out of love for Jesus Christ.

If you followed the maxims and the ways of the world, the world would not trouble you, but would shower its favors upon you. "If you had been of the world, the world would love its own"; but because you are walking in opposite

ways you are assailed and warred against. It is because the world hates you. Christ himself foretold it. Hence, he regards you with all the more love and predilection as He sees you more like Himself in your suffering for justice sake. But if you partake of the suffering of Christ, rejoice. Aspire to the courage of those heroes who went from the presence of the Council rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus (Acts, Chap. 5, 41). To this glory which comes from the testimony of your conscience, there is added, though you do not seek it, the blessing of all honest men. All those who have at heart the peace and prosperity of their country are aware that there are no more honorable citizens, no more useful men, no more devoted patriots than the members of religious congregations, and they tremble at the thought of losing in you so many precious advantages which depend upon your existence. There are the throngs of the poor, the abandoned and the unfortunate for whose sake you have founded and sustained every variety of establishment with supreme intelligence and admirable charity. There are the fathers of families who have entrusted their sons to you, and who, until the present moment, relied upon you to impart that moral and religious education which is strong, vigorous and fruitful in solid virtue, and which was never more needed than in our time. There are the priests who find in you valuable auxiliaries in their important and laborious ministry. There are the men of all ranks who, in these times of apostasy, find useful direction and encouragement in your advice, backed as it is by the integrity of your lives. There are, above all, the bishops who honor you with their confidence, and who consider you as tried teachers of their younger clergy, and who recognize in you the true friends of their brothers and their people, offering as you do for them to the di-

vine mercy your incessant prayers and expiatory sacrifices.

But no one appreciates the exceptional merits of religious orders with greater justice than We Ourselves who, from this Apostolic See are watching over the needs of the universal Church.

Already, in Our acts, we have made particular mention of all this. Let it suffice now, to call attention to that splendid ardor with which these religious bodies follow, not only the directions, but the least expression of wish of the Vicar of Jesus Christ; undertaking every work which may contribute to the advantage of the Church and society whenever He indicates it; hurrying to the most inhospitable shores; braving every suffering and accepting death itself, as many have done in the most glorious manner in the recent upheavals of the empire of China.

If, among the dearest remembrances of our long pontificate, We count the fact that by Our authority We have raised a great number of the servants of God to the honors of the altar, those remembrances are all the more dear to Us because the majority of those saints belong to religious orders, either as founders or as simple religious.

We, moreover, wish to recall for your consolation, that among people of the world, distinguished by their position, and by their knowledge of what society needs there have not been lacking many honorable and upright men who have come forward to praise your works to defend your inviolable right as citizens, and your still more inviolable liberty as Catholics. Surely, one must be blinded by passion not to see that it is unwise and dishonorable to crush those who, hoping for nothing and asking for nothing, give themselves up entirely to the service of their fellow-men. Let it be considered with what zeal these religious apply themselves to develop among the children of the people which, without them, would perish

those germs of natural goodness and leave these little ones to grow up a danger to themselves and to others. These religious have, with the help of grace, cultivate pafrom destruction and have succeeded in bringing them to maturity. Under their influence they developed a splendid fruitage of intelligent love for truth, of honesty, a sense of duty, of strength, of character and of generosity in sacrifice. And all this for the order and prosper-what is there better calculated than ity of the State? Nevertheless dear Sons, since the hatred of the world pursue you so far as to pretend that it is a useful and praiseworthy work to trample underfoot in your persons the most sacred rights and to God, adore with a trusting heart that in so doing, a service is done militly the designs of the Almighty in permitting this. If, at times, He suffers right to succumb to violence He does so only for the purpose of some greater good; but remember that He often comes to Our rescue in unforeseen ways when We suffer for Him and trust in Him.

If He places obstacles and obstructions in the path of those whose state is that of Christian perfection, it is in order to test and fortify their virtue, and it is, more particularly, to strengthen and reinvigorate their souls which might else have grown feeble in protracted peace.

Endeavor, therefore, to correspond to those paternal designs of Almighty God. Give yourselves up with redoubled ardor to a life of prayer and faith and holy works; make regular discipline reign among you; let a brotherly union of hearts prevail among you, with humble and eager obedience, austerity and detachment and a pious ardor for the glory of God. Let your thoughts be always high, your resolutions generous and your zeal indefatigable for the glory of God and the extension of His kingdom. Since by the misfortune of the times, you find yourselves either already

struck or threatened by the fatal laws of dispersion you must recognize that these very circumstances impose upon you the duty of defending with more zeal than ever the integrity of your religious spirit against the contamination of the world and of holding yourselves ever ready and ever armed against all attacks.

On this point you will recall the different instructions which have been addressed to Regulars by the Apostolic See, and these other prescriptions which have emanated from your own Superiors. Let both one and the other keep their full vigor and be most conscientiously observed. And now, Religious of every age, young and old, lift your eyes to your illustrious founders. Their maxims speak to you, their statutes guide you; their examples are before your eyes. Let your sweetest and holiest desires be to hear them, to follow them, to imitate them. It is thus that multitudes of your ancestors have acted in times of trial; it is thus they have transmitted to you a rich heritage of sublime courage and virtue. Long to make yourselves worthy of your sires and of your brethren in order that you may be able, all of you, to say, while justly glorifying yourselves, "We are the sons and brothers of the saints." It is thus that you will obtain the greatest advantage for yourselves, for the Church and for society. By spurring yourselves onward to reach that degree of sanctity to which God has called you, you will fulfill the designs of Providence in your regard and you will merit the abundant recompense which He has promised you. The Church—your tender Mother—who has heaped favors upon you, will obtain, in return for it all, a more faithful and more efficacious cooperation than ever in its mission of peace and salvation. Peace and salvation; they are the two urgent needs of society at the present time, which so many causes tend to corrupt and degrade.

To arouse it and to bring it repentant to the feet of the merciful Saviour we must have men of superior virtue, of living eloquence, of apostolic hearts, and men who possess, at the same time, the power of drawing abundant graces from heaven. You will be such men, We doubt not, and you will thus become the most opportune and the most glorious benefactors of society.

Dear Sons, the charity of the Lord inspires a last word to strengthen in you the sentiments with which you are animated towards those who attack your Institutes and who wish to destroy your liberty. Just as your conscience prompts you to keep a firm and dignified attitude, so by your profession, you must always show yourselves sweet and indulgent; because it is especially in the religious that the perfection of that true charity should be resplendent, revealing itself, as always open to pity, and ever incapable of harboring hate. Without doubt, to see yourselves rewarded with ingratitude and thrust aside by those you have benefitted would naturally cause bitterness of heart; but, dear Sons, let your faith and what it tells you give you comfort. Bear in mind the sublime exhortation, "Overcome evil by good." That faith places before your eyes the incomparable magnanimity of the apostle. "We are reviled and we bless; we are persecuted and we suffer it; we are blasphemed and we entreat." (I. Cor. 12, 13.) Above all, it invites you to repeat the supplication of the Supreme benefactor of the human race, Jesus Christ, suspended on His cross: "Father, forgive them." Therefore, dear Sons, strengthen yourselves in the Lord. You have with you the Vicar of Jesus Christ; you have with you the whole Catholic world, which regards you with affection, respect and gratitude. Your glorious founders and your glorious brothers encourage you. Your Sov-

ereign Chief, Jesus Christ, girds you with His strength and covers you with the mantle of His virtue.

Well beloved Sons, turn to the Divine Heart with a fervent confidence, and fervent prayers. You will find there all the strength necessary to conquer the fear of the world. There is one word which rings through the centuries, always living and always full of consolation. "Have confidence, I have conquered the world."

May you find, besides, some consolation in Our blessing which on this day consecrated to the triumphant memory of the Apostles, We are happy to accord you in all its plenitude; to each one of you, to all of you and to each one of your families who are most true to Us in the Lord.

Given at Rome, near to St. Peter's, on the 29th of June, in the year 1901, the 24th of Our Pontificate.

A Little Crown for *the* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

By *Enfant de Marie*, St. Clare's.

OUR LADY OF DOLOURS—First Friday, September, 1901.

How beautiful this autumnal month, like the calm evening of the year, when over golden corn-fields, and luxuriant vineyards, and the varied beauties of woodland foliage a soft shadow steals of compassion for Mary's sorrows.

It seems a suitable way of honoring them to unite ourselves with her dispositions to seek her aid, when we receive Holy Communion to obtain the Precious graces promised to those who do so for nine consecutive first Fridays.

Thousands of all classes surround the Altar of God, since our Divine Lord assured us of coming as Viaticum in reward of our fidelity to this devotion. And not only for this inestimable grace, but in countless other needs of life His Sacred Heart has poured forth treasures on all who receive Him for light, and love, and strength—in a word for every intention they desire.

Let us remember that if we would have the inevitable close of life

peaceful, and holy, Mary must be its evening star—must watch over our deathbed as she watched on Calvary, must pray for us not only now but "at the hour of death." It is said that after her Assumption, she appeared with her Divine Son to St. John the Evangelist and most consoling promises were made in favor of all who should be devoted to her dolours. These were: true contrition, protection in all sorrows, remembrance of the Passion on earth, and its reward in Heaven, and, finally, that these souls should be in her hands to dispose of, and that she might lavish on them special graces. Let these promises encourage us and increase our love; we cannot be in unison with Jesus' Heart, unless the inward chords of our own vibrate with plaintive melodies when contemplating the mourning Mother. May she obtain for us grace to do so, and hereafter we will exclaim with gratitude and exultation, "According to the multitude of sorrows in my heart, thy consolations, have filled my soul."

The Love of Mary.

THROUGHOUT the works of Doctor Brownson one finds much that is applicable to our own days. In reviewing a little work entitled "The Love of Mary," this great Catholic philosopher wrote in 1853: "Superstition, except as combined with idolatry and unbelief, or misbelief, is not one of the dangers of our times; and as the worship of Mary is the best preservative from idolatry, heresy, and unbelief, so is it the best preservative from superstition. Her clients will never become spiritual rappers, or abettors of modern necromancy. Her devout children will not be found among those who call up the spirits of the dead, and seek to be placed in communication with devils. The devils fly at her approach, and all lying spirits are silent in her presence. She is Queen of heaven and earth, and even rebellious spirits must tremble and bow before her. Demon-worship is undeniably reviving in the modern Protestant world, and especially in our own country, and even in this good city of Boston; and there is no room to doubt that it is owing to the abandonment of the worship of Mary, which carries along with it the abandonment of the worship of Her Son, the Incarnate God. Where Mary is not loved and honored, Christ is not worshipped; and where Christ is not worshipped, the devils have the field all to themselves. The first symptom of apostasy from Christ and of a lapse into heathenism is the neglect of the worship of His Most Holy Mother, and the rejection of that worship as superstition or idolatry; because that involves a rejection of the Incarnation, which comprises in itself all Christianity. Christianity is held only when the Incarnation is held, and when that is held, Mary is held to be the Mother of God, and deserving of all honor as such.

We cannot doubt the propriety of worshipping Mary till we have doubted her relation as Mother of God, and to doubt that is to doubt the whole Mystery of the Incarnation.

"In its bearings on Christian faith and worship, then, we cherish the love of Mary, and are anxious to see devotion to her increased. But we are also anxious to see it increase as the best preservative against the moral dangers of our epoch. Mary is the mother of chaste love, and chaste love is that which in our age is most rare. The predominant sin of our times is that of impurity, at once the cause and the effect of the modern sentimental philosophy. All the popular literature of the day is unchaste and impure, and it boldly denounces marriage as slavery, and demands that loose reins be given to the passions. Catholic morality is scouted as impracticable and absurd; law is regarded as fallen into desuetude; intellect is derided; reason is looked upon as superfluous, if not tyrannical; and the heart is extolled as the representative of God on earth. Feeling is honored as the voice of the Most High, and whatever tends to restrain or control it is held to be a direct violation of the will of our Creator. Hence passion is deified, and nothing is held to be sacred but our transitory feelings. Hence everywhere we find an impatience of restraint, a loud and indignant protest against all rule or measure in our affections and all those usages and customs of past times intended as safeguards of manners and morals, and a universal demand for liberty, which simply means unbounded license to follow our impure or perverted instincts, and to indulge our most turbulent and unchaste passions, without shame or remorse.

The sentimental philosophy

taught by that impure citizen of Calvin's city of Geneva, Jean Jacques Rousseau in his confessions and *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and which is popularized by such writers as Goethe, George Sand, Eugene Sue, Thomas Carlyle, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and, to some extent, Bulwer Lytton, consecrating corrupt concupiscence, has effected an almost universal dissolution of manners and depravation of morals. All bonds are loosened, and the very existence of society is threatened by the fearful and unrelenting warfare waged upon the family as constituted by Catholic morality. The terrible revolutions which for the last sixty or seventy years have shaken society to its foundations, and which have been repressed and are held in check for the moment only by the strong arm of arbitrary power, are only the outward manifestations of the still more terrible revolutions which have been going on in the interior of man; and the anarchy which reigns in society is only the natural expression of the anarchy that reigns in the bosom of the individual. In the non-Catholic world, and even in nominally Catholic countries, impurity has gained a powerful ascendancy, and seeks to proclaim itself as law, and to denounce whatever is hostile to it as and man. Chastity is denounced as a vice, as a crime against nature, repugnant to the rights of both God and the unrestrained indulgence of the senses is dignified with the name of virtue, nay, is denominated religious worship, and we may almost fear that fornication and adultery may again be imposed as religious rites, as they were in ancient Babylon and other cities of the East.

"The last, perhaps the only remedy for this fearful state of things, is to be sought in promoting and extending the worship of Mary. Society is lapsing, if it has not already lapsed, into the state in which Christianity found it some

eighteen hundred years ago, and a new conversion of the Gentiles has become necessary. Christian society can be restored only by the same faith and worship which originally created it. Jesus and Mary are now, as then, the only hope of the world, and their power and their goodwill remain undiminished. The love of Mary as Mother of God redeemed the pagan world from its horrible corruptions, introduced and sustained the Christian family, and secured the fruits of the sacrament of marriage. It will do no less for our modern world, if cultivated; and we regard as one of the favorable signs that better times are at hand, the increasing devotion to Mary. This increasing devotion is marked throughout the entire Catholic world, as is manifest from the intense interest that is felt in the probable approaching definition of the question of the Immaculate Conception. Nowhere is the change in regard to the devotion to Mary as the Mother of God more striking than among the Catholics of Great Britain and of our own country. This devotion is peculiarly Catholic and any increase of it is an indication of reviving life and fervor among Catholics; and if Catholics had only the life and fervor they should have, the whole world would soon bow in humble reverence at the foot of the cross. It is owing to our deadness, our lack of zeal, our lack of true fervor in our devotions, that so many nations and such multitudes of souls are still held in the chains of darkness, under the dominion of Satan.

"There are two ways in which the love and service of Mary will contribute to redeem society and restore Christian purity—the one the natural influence of such love and service on the heart of her worshippers, and the other the graces which in requital she obtains from her Son and bestows upon her clients. Mary is the mother of chaste love. The nature of love is always to unite the heart to the

object loved, to become one with it, and as far as possible to become it. Love always makes us like the beloved, and we always become like the object we really and sincerely worship. If we may say, Like worshippers, like gods, we may with equal truth say, like gods, like worshippers. The love of Mary tends naturally, from the nature of all love, to unite us to her by a virtue kindred to her own. We cannot love her, dwell constantly on her merits, on her excellencies, her glories, without being constantly led to imitate her virtues, to love and strive after her perfect purity, her deep humility, her profound submission, and her unreserved obedience. Her love checks all lawlessness of the affections, all turbulence of the passions, all perturbation of the senses, fills the heart with sweet peace and a serene joy, restores to the soul its self-command, and maintains perfect order and tranquillity within. Something of this effect is produced whenever we love any truly virtuous person. Our novelists have marked it, and on the strength of it seek to reform the wild and graceless youth by inspiring in his heart a sincere love for a pure and virtuous woman; and the most dissolute are restrained, their turbulence is calmed, their impure desires are repressed, in the presence of true virtue. If this is so when the beloved is but an ordinary mortal, how much more when the beloved, the one with whom we commune, and whose virtues we reverence and long to possess, is Mary, the Mother of God, the simplest and lowliest of handmaidens, but surpassing in true beauty, loveliness and worth all the other creatures of God!

"When the type of female dignity and excellence admired is that of an Aspasia, a Lamia, a Phryne, a Ninon de l'Enclos, society is not only already corrupt, but is continually becoming more corrupt. So when the type of female worth and excellence, the ideal of woman, is Mary,

society is not only in some degree virtuous, but must be continually rising to sublimer excellence, to more heroic sanctity. The advantage of having Mary always before the minds and hearts of our daughters, as their model in humility, purity, sweetness, and obedience, in simplicity, modesty, and love, is not easily estimated. Trained up in the love and imitation of her virtues, they are trained to be wives and mothers, or holy virgins, spouses of Jesus Christ, sisters of the afflicted, and mothers of the poor. The sentimentalists of the day tell us that it is woman's mission to redeem society from its present corruption, and we believe it, though not in their sense, or for their reasons. Woman has generally retained more of Catholic faith and morality than has in these evil times been retained by the other sex, and is more open to good impressions, or rather, offers fewer obstacles to the operations of grace. During the worst times in France, when religion was abolished, when the churches were desecrated, the clergy massacred, and the profane rites of the impure Venus were revived, the great majority of the women of France retained their faith, and cherished the worship of the Virgin. We have no sympathy with those who make woman an idol, and clamor for what they call "woman's rights," but we honor woman, and depend on her, under God, to preserve and diffuse Catholic morality in the family, and if in the family, then in the state. There is always hope for society as long as woman remains believing and chaste, and nothing will contribute so much to her remaining so, as having the Blessed Virgin presented to her from the first dawn of her affections as her Mother, her Queen, her sweet Lady, her type of womanhood, a model which it must be the unremitting labor of her life to copy.

"Undoubtedly the love and service of Mary are restricted to Cath-

olics, and to those Catholics not undeserving of the name; but this is no objection to our general conclusion. We are too apt to forget that the Church is in the world, and that it is through her that society is redeemed,—too apt to forget that the quiet and unobtrusive virtues of Catholics, living in the midst of a hostile world, are always powerful in their operations on that world; and that the world is converted, not by the direct efforts which we make to convert it, but by the efforts we make to live ourselves as good Catholics, and to save our own souls. The little handful of sincere and devout Catholics, the little family of sincere and earnest clients of Mary, seeking to imitate her virtues in their own little community, are as leaven hidden in three measures of meal. Virtue goes forth from them, diffuses itself on all sides, till the whole is leavened. No matter how small the number, the fact that even some keep alive in the community the love and veneration of Mary, the true ideal of womanhood, the true patroness of the Christian family, the mother of chaste love, adorned with all the virtues, and to whom the Holy Ghost says, 'Thou art all beautiful, my dove,' must have a redeeming effect on the whole community, and sooner or later must banish impurity, and revive the love of holy purity and reverence for Catholic morality.

'For, in the second place, the worship of Mary is profitable, not only by the subjective effect it has upon her lovers, but also by the blessings she obtains for them, and, at their solicitation, for others. In these later times we have almost lost sight of religion in its objective character. The world has ceased to believe in the Real Presence; it denies the whole sacramental character of Christianity, and laughs at us when we speak of any sacrament as having any virtue not derived from the faith and virtue of the re-

ipient. The whole non-Catholic world makes religion a purely subjective affair, and deduces all its truth from the mind, and all its efficacy from the heart, that accepts and cherishes it, so that even in religion, which is a binding of man anew to God, man is everything, and God is nothing. At bottom that world is atheistical, at best epicurean. It either denies God altogether, or excludes him from all care of the world he has created. It has no understanding of his providence, no belief in his abiding presence with his creatures, or his free and tender providence in their behalf. Faith it assumes is profitable only in its subjective operations, prayer only in its natural effect on the mind and heart of him who prays, and love only in its natural effect on the affections of the lover. This cold and atheistical philosophy is the enlightenment, the progress, of our age. But we who are Christians know that it is false; we know that God is very near unto every one of us, is ever free to help us, and that there is nothing that he will not do for them that love him truly, sincerely, and confide in him, and in him only.

'Mary is the channel through which her Divine Son dispenses all his graces and blessings to us, and he loves and delights to load with his favors all who love and honor her. Thus to love and serve her is the way to secure his favor, and to obtain those graces which we need to resist the workings of concupiscence, and to maintain the purity of our souls, and of our bodies, which are the temple of God. She says, 'I love them that love me,' and we cannot doubt that she will favor with her always successful intercession those whom she loves. She will obtain grace for us to keep ourselves chaste, and will in requital of our love to her obtain graces even for those without, that they may be brought in and healed of their wounds and putrefying sores. So that under either point of

of view the love and worship of Mary, the Mother of God, a mother yet a virgin, always a virgin, virgin most pure, most holy, most humble, most amiable, most loving, most merciful, most faithful, most powerful, cannot fail to enable us to overcome the terrible impurity of our age, and to attain to the virtues now most needed for our individual salvation, and for the safety of society.

"In this view of the case we must feel that nothing is more important than the cultivation of the love and worship of Mary. She is our life, our sweetness, our hope, and we must suifer no sneers of those without, no profane babblings about "Mariolatry" to move us, or in the least deter us from giving our hearts to Mary. We must fly to her

protection as the child flies to its mother, and seek our safety and consolation in her love, in her maternal embrace. We are safe only as we repose our heads upon her bosom, draw nourishment from her breasts. The world lieth in wickedness, festering in moral corruption, and it is a shame to name the vices and iniquity which everywhere abound. Hardly has childhood blossomed into youth, before it withers into old age. We have no youth, we have only infancy and wornout manhood. What is to become of us? Our help is in thee, sweet Mother, and we fly to thy protection, and, O, protect us, thy children, and save us from the evil communications of this world, lost to virtue, and enslaved to the enemy of our souls!"

UNCULLED FLOWERS.

O could I find some uncultured bud !
Some leaf or shrub enshrined,
And breathing mystic fragrance in
The garden of the mind.

How gladly would I twine a
wreath
All fair in purity,
To grace poetic realms of thought
With Mary's imagery.

But ah ! her praises have been
sung
In sweeter tones than mine ;
And rarer flow'rets have been
wreathed
Around her holy shrine.

The beauties of our earth and sky,
And of the sparkling sea,
Are themes familiar to the souls
That sing, my Queen, of Thee.

And yet, 'tis sweet to feel it so,
Whene'er we speak of thee,
There is an echo of our theme
In great heart's sympathy.

—Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.

PRAYER TO THE HEART OF JESUS.

My Lord ! My God ! Grant me
the grace
From Thee, oh never to depart ;
As child in parent's sweet embrace,
Ah ! fold me to Thy Sacred
Heart.

My sins forgive, that grieve Thee
e'er,
Oh ! Gentle Heart, so true to me,
Forget them, in the love I bear
As contrite one, returned to Thee.

Sweet tender Heart, so kind, so
dear,
So patient, meek, oh Love Divine,
E'er guide me, and when death
draws near,
Then closer fold my heart to
Thine.

—Marion F. Hoban.

Ammendale, Maryland,
August 2, 1900.

THE MEMORARE.

Was it the whisper of an angel's
voice

That softly thrilled in Clairvaux'
leafy wold ?

An echo from the golden harps
above,

Vibrating in Saint Bernard's
heart of old ?

Was it the touch divine of God's
own hand,

That, sweeping o'er the chords of
music there,

Drew forth a strain of love so pass-
ing sweet,

Such accents of a tender pleading
prayer ?

That made the silence musical, and
seemed

Like sky-lark in the light of
dewy morn,

To rise on pinions of a glorious
song

To Her whose brow the starry
gems adorn ?

Long ages now have glided swift
away

Since that first "Memorare" rose
above,

But still its tones have lingered in
the Church

And plead with Mary's sweet ma-
ternal love.

And ever through her heart sweet
graces fall

Like pearly drops of glist'ning
summer rain,

Upon the hearts that breathe this
plaintive prayer

To her whose gentle pity soothes
all pain.

There is a pathos in its every tone,
A balm for earthly sorrows, cares
and fears ;

Our confidence of touching Mary's
heart

The "Memorare" to our love en-
dears.

Saint Bernard ; from the fountain
of your love

Poured forth this song in Clair-
vaux silent air,

O ! pray that in our hearts and in
our lips

May oft abide thy "Memorare"
prayer.

—Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.

MUSINGS.

Why are my songs so often sad

Like the mournful night wind's
moan,

Or the waves that sigh on the sil-
very sands

In ceaseless monotone ?

In poetic realms of dreamy thought

Are passing to and fro,

Bright forms of graceful imagery

That whisper sweet and low.

In vain I essay, with a pencil of
light,

To picture those forms so fair,

Or sing of the spirit melodies

That murmur in mystic air.

Away, in idealistic thought,

Like the gleam of a distant star,

A still more perfect beauty shines,

Alluring me from afar.

In Thee alone, O my Lord and God,

Can my spirit find her rest,

When she soars like the song-bird of
early morn,

Away to the regions blest.

So ne'er to the true, the beautiful,

Can I perfectly here attain ;

And ne'er can the plaintive heart-
strings thrill

In tones unalloyed with pain.

—Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.

ENROLLED IN THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

Scapular names received at Falls View from: Drayton, Can.; St. Mary's Monastery, Richardton, N. D.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; Holy Family Ch., Rochester, N.Y.; St. Louis Ch., St. Paul, Minn.; North Baltimore, Ohio; St. Leo's Ch., Ridgway, Pa.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Notre Dame, Ind.; St. Teresa's Ch., Beresford, S.D.; St. Ann's Church, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Mary's Ch., Taylor, Tex.; Dundas, Ont.; St. Boniface Ch., Zurich, Ont.; St. John's Ch., Lowell, Wis.; St. Joseph's Ch., Richmond, Wis.; St. Dunstan's Ch., Fredericton, N. B.; St. Francis Xavier's Ch., Buffalo, N.Y.; Watertown, Wis.; Sacred Heart Ch., Buffalo, N.Y.; Toronto, Ont.; St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, Cal.; St. Patrick's Ch., Hamilton, Ont.; St. Mary's Ch., Lindsay, Ont.; Church of Immaculate Conception, Calais, Me.; Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Angels' Guardian Ch., Orillia, Ont.; St. Boniface's Ch., Java Centre, N.Y.; St. Benedict's Ch., Atchison, Kan.; North Sydney, C.B.; St. Joseph's Ch., Corunna, Ont.; Clay Center, Kan.; St. Nicholas Ch., Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Joseph's Ch., Antigonish, N.S.; St. John's Ch., Oswego, N.Y.; St. Patrick's Ch., Halifax, N.S.; St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, Ont.; Canisius College, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Ignatius' Mission, Montana; Boston, Mass.; St. George's Ch., Louisville, Ky.; St. Michael's Ch., Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Mary's Ch., Rockport, Ohio; Parkhill, Ont.; Holy Trinity Ch., Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Paul's Ch., Worthington, Iowa; Moose Creek, Ont.; Slatersville, R.I.; Halifax, N.S.; St. Helen's Ch., Toronto, Ont.; Holy Cross Ch., La Crosse, Wis.; Beaver Dam, Wis.; St. Mary's Ch., Toledo, Ohio; Church of Bl. Sacrament, Hokah, Minn.; St. Alphonsus Ch., Windsor, Ont.; St. Louis Ch., Buffalo, N.Y.; Mar-

mora, Ont.; St. Francis Xavier's Ch., Carlsruhe, Ont.; Convent of Divine Providence, Castroville, Tex.; St. Regis' Convent, New York City; St. Xavier's Mission, St. Xavier, Mont.; St. Francis' Ch., Traverse City, Mich.; Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, Can.; St. Mary's Ch., Toronto, Can.; Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Holy Angels' College, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Nicholas' Ch., Belle River, Minn.; St. Joseph's Church, Stevens' Point, Wis.; Halifax, N.S.; St. Francis' Ch., Randolph, Neb.; Sarnia, Ont.; St. Michael's Ch., Rochester, N. Y.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Church of Our Lady of Victory, Paris, Tex.; Owen Sound, Ont.

OBITUARY.

We beg our readers to remember in their prayers of the following who died recently:

REV. SIMON WEEG, O.C.C. who, after a holy life, died in a most saintly manner on Saturday, Aug. 17, at St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, N.J. He was a native of Westphalia in Germany, and was born Oct. 24, 1858. He was ordained priest on the 21st of October, 1889. It had always been his wish to die on a Saturday, as he hoped to gain the Sabbatine Privilege. He died, conscious and in prayer at 4.30 a.m. on a Saturday.

MRS. M. McADAMS,

a great lover of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel, as she had desired, died peacefully on Our Lady's Day, Aug. 15, 1901, at Philadelphia, Pa. May she rest in peace.

Falls View.

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