

..THE..

Carmelite Review

A CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount
Carmel.

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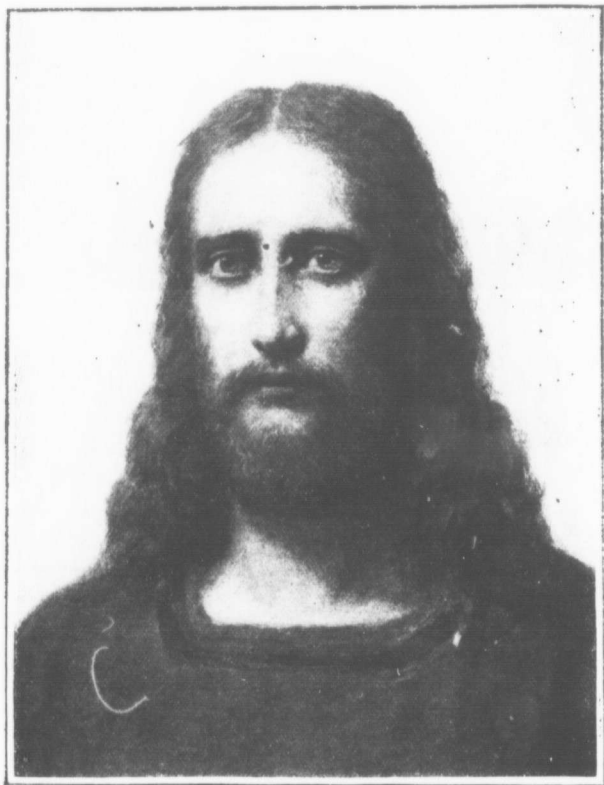
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Jesus Christ, Our Redeemer.

"We Thy people, and the sheep of Thy pasture, will give thanks to Thee forever. We will show forth Thy praise unto generation and generation,—Psalm LXXVIII, 13.

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NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JANUARY, 1901.

NO. 1

JESUS.

[These lines were written while the exceptional grace of Midnight Mass was still fresh, and His Name, like the incense of our Sanctuaries, lingered in the aisles of spirit, and soothed us with its celestial odors.]

BY ENFANT DE MARIE, (OF ST. CLARE'S.)

O WHAT shall be the first sweet song
To greet this "Holy Year?"
O let it be an echo soft
Of Jesus' Name most dear!
"No thoughts can reach, no words can say" *
The beauties of that Name,
O Holy Spirit, touch my heart,
Its coldness now inflame.
And may our Saviour's Blessed Name
In spirit-aisles resound,
While steals celestial melody
His lowly Crib around.
O Splendor of the Father's light!
O King of realms above!
And yet, the Virgin Mother's Son,
How wonderful Thy love!
Thou "Father of the world to come,"
Where we may hope to rest,
Art lying now a gentle Babe
So calm on Mary's breast!
She murmurs low Thy glorious Name,
And knows our God Thou art,
She contemplates with wondrous light,
Thy meek and humble Heart.
O Jesus! Name "like oil poured out!" †
O mystic, soothing balm!
O Precious drops of Infant Blood!
O Sacred, spotless Lamb!

* St. Bernard. ; Cant. 1. 2.

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We pray Thee wash our sinful souls
In this pure Blood Divine ;
And in this holy, glad New Year,
Make them for ever Thine.

As changing seasons come and go,
—Like wavelets ebb and tide—
O may the memory of Thy Name
Within our souls abide.

When shades of death have gathered round
At close of life's sweet day,
With Thy loved Name upon our lips
O may we pass away

To that bright land of restfulness,
Of joy, and peaceful calm,
To sing before "the crystal sea,"
Glad praises to the Lamb !

DIXI, CUSTODIAM.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

I SAID : " I will take heed
Unto my way : "
Jesu ! my going speed
From day to day.

I said : " I will keep ward
Upon my tongue : "
So let Thy praise, Oh Lord !
By me be sung.

I said : " I will refrain
My lips from speech : "
Lest it should be in vain
O ! Jesu ! teach,

Teach me Thy silence : keep
My tongue from ill ;
Help me, awake, asleep,
To do Thy Will.

Keep Thou, my lips, my heart,
My every thought ;
Jesu ! Thy grace impart
So dearly bought.

I said : " I will take heed : "
Take heed for me ;
I shall be safe indeed
If kept by Thee.

From Jerusalem to Jericho.

From "Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," etc.—Prepared Especially for
The Carmelite Review

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,
Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

OUR carriages announced, we set out from Casa Nova, and were presently speeding along, outside the walls, toward the "Gate of St. Stephen," whence, crossing the Torrent of Cedron and passing between Mount Olivet and the Valley of Jehosopha, we kept on until we reached Bethany, which is about two miles distant from Jerusalem. Here we halted in order to visit the places for which this little ruined village is celebrated: namely, the tomb of Lazarus; the site on which stood the house in which he lived with his sisters, Martha and Mary, and which was the scene of their hospitable entertainment of our Lord and His disciples, as described in the tenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel; and finally the "House of Simon the Leper," immortalized by Mary Magdalen, who, whilst Jesus was at table under its roof, broke an alabaster box of precious ointment and poured it upon His head (St. Mark, XIV.). Of these three venerable objects only the first is still extant. In order to reach this sepulchral cave, which was approached originally from the side of the hill in which it was excavated, we were obliged to mount to the summit of the latter, and then to descend an almost perpendicular flight of stone steps, twenty-four in number and badly worn, leading directly to the anti-chamber of the tomb, in

which, it is said, Jesus stood when He bade Lazarus come forth. The reason of our forced detour on this occasion arose from the fact that the Mohammadans, about the early part of the fourteenth century, built a mosque in such a position as to enclose the primitive entrance of the sepulchral vault; and as they refused to allow any but their co-religionists to make use of it, the Franciscan Fathers—the guardians of the holy places—were compelled to pierce the hill from above, and to make a species of shaft, in which they placed the stairway already mentioned. About the period just mentioned there was a church standing on this hallowed spot, which, indeed, was an object of veneration from the beginning of Christianity. St. Jerome, writing about the end of the fourth century, tells us that there was one in his day, and Bernard, surnamed the Wise, makes a like statement in 870. But this latter sanctuary is believed to have been destroyed by the ferocious Hhakem, and to have been rebuilt in 1103. These several churches were dedicated to St. Lazarus, and many of the bishops of Jerusalem were buried in them. Now, however, there is but little to show that they ever existed, if we except some scant ruins of the basilica erected by St. Helen, consisting of a portion of the apse and some remnants of the mosaic pavement,

both entering into the construction of one of the hovels of this miserable hamlet, once the flourishing "burg" which Jesus and His disciples loved to visit. But we have descended the dark stairway by the aid of our lighted tapers, and are now standing in the chamber sanctified by the presence of the God-man, and rendered forever memorable by the miracle which He wrought there at the tearful prayer of His two most devoted and faithful friends, Mary and Martha. What tongue can express the emotions of our hearts during those rapturous moments! We seemed to see the majestic form of the Saviour, and to hear His fervid cry to His heavenly Father: "*Father, I give thee thanks that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always, but because of the people who stand about have I said it; that they may believe that thou hast sent me.*" (St. John, XI. 41-42.) Alone, He, the author of life, stood here in presence of the dead, whilst the sorrow-stricken sisters of the deceased, surrounded by the friends and neighbors who had accompanied them, waited tremblingly without. "And Jesus wept," says the Beloved Disciple (St. John, XI. 35.);—a fact which caused the Jews in attendance to exclaim, "Behold how He loved him!" (Ibid., 36.). "Then," continues the evangelist, "He cried with a loud voice: Lazarus, come forth! And presently he that had been dead came forth." (Ibid., 43-44.). With what reverence and devotion did we not kiss the walls of this thrice holy spot, pausing before the altar erected there to invoke Sts. Mary, Martha and Lazarus, and thrilled to our inmost souls by the august memories that crowded upon us. *

* NOTE—A Solemn High Mass is sung every year upon this altar on the feasts respectively of Sts. Lazarus and Mary Magdalen.

In another moment we were in the tomb itself, which is reached by a further descent of three steps. It is of the same size as the anti-chamber, namely, three yards in length by as many in width, but its vaulted roof is somewhat lower. Around its walls, excepting that of its entrance, are three stone benches, destined originally to receive the bodies of the dead who were to be interred there. Whether these are the identical couches of our Lord's time—one of which was occupied by the remains of Lazarus—it would be difficult to say. But the thought came quite naturally that provision had been made in advance for the last resting place of the sainted trio whose names are inseparably interwoven with this sacred shrine, and who, having been so tenderly devoted to one another in life, had doubtless so arranged that they might not be separated in death.

Visitors are cautioned against remaining more than a few minutes in this tomb, so unwholesomely damp is it; but before I left it I managed to secure a bit of stone from one of the walls—a treasure which, needless to say, I shall preserve as a precious relic as long as I live. With minds deeply impressed by the sacred recollections which came upon us so vividly within these hallowed precincts, and with hearts touched by the sweet manifestation of human affection given there by Jesus, we silently groped our way up the steep, narrow stairway, and found ourselves once more in the light of day. There being little else of interest in Bethany (for I will not stop here to speak of the once flourishing Benedictine Nunnery, of which some ruins still remain, nor of the great Monastery which also existed there in the happier times), we re-entered our

vehicles and continued on our way to Jericho.

After riding quite a distance, and at a grade which verified in all its literalness the text: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," our guide brought our carriages to a standstill, and invited us to scale the eminence which towered above the roadside on our left,—a veritable mountain of white chalk, honey-combed with suspicious-looking caverns, and so cut up into ridges by the torrential rains which fall betimes in that region, as to make its surface anything but pleasant or safe for pedestrianism. From the summit of this height we had a view of the river "Carith," which hundreds of feet below rushes on towards the Jordan, and whose waters were the beverage of the Prophet Elias during his sojourn in these parts. ("And the word of the Lord came to him—Elias the Thesbite—saying: Get thee hence, and go towards the East, and hide thyself by the torrent of Carith, which is over against the Jordan. And there thou shalt drink of the torrent: and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there. So he went, and did according to the word of the Lord: and going, he dwelt by the torrent Carith, which is over against the Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the torrent." (III. Kings, XVII. 2-6). This is truly a weird spot, a profound solitude, unbroken save by occasional caravans or by bands of marauding Bedouins; and we would have felt ill at ease but for our mounted escort of these same children of the desert, armed as they were to the teeth and looking savage enough to frighten away even their own kith, some of whom loomed up on the

horizon from time to time, only to disappear, however, as mysteriously as they had come, on receiving the signal that our convoy was under the protection of the sheik of their tribe, resident in Jerusalem,—an aegis which no Bedouin would think of violating. One object of special interest which claimed our attention on this halt was an ancient monastery, now inhabited by Greek schismatic monks, and which for picturesqueness surpasses anything I have ever seen of a similar character. Across the torrent mentioned above, and midway up the perpendicular wall of rock, which rises to a great altitude on the side of the valley opposite that on which we were standing, we beheld this marvellous structure clinging, as it were, to the precipitous surface, and apparently inaccessible. But a closer inspection with a powerful field-glass showed it to be resting upon arches upheld by columns some fifty feet in height, the entrance to the cloister being effected, we were told, by means of an invisible stairway leading from the vale below to its first floor. A reflection naturally suggested by this and similarly placed religious institutions of the "Orthodox" Church—some of which crown the summits of mountains, whilst others are in the depths of forests, and still others on islands in the sea—is, methinks, that, whatever may be said of the interior spirit, etc., of those who inhabit them, their rigorous adhesion to the idea of monasticism as expressed by the Greek word *monos*, or *monaxos*, i. e., solitary, retired, *et al. sim.*, is all that could be desired even by such fliers from the haunts of men as a St. Paul the first hermit, or a St. Anthony the Abbot. Having seen all that was to be seen in this wild, romantic spot, we clambered down the rugged sides of the chalky

mountain (though, owing to the unevenness of the ground, we were far from walking a *chalk line* as we did so,) and started once more for our objective point—Jericho.

But ere we had proceeded very far, we were stopped again, and were not sorry to find ourselves this time at the "Good Samaritan Inn," built, the proprietor would have us believe, on the site of the incident recorded in the parable of that name. (See St. Luke's Gospel, chapter tenth.)

Here we found "refreshments for man and beast"—this latter portion of our party needing the same more perhaps than we did; for though there had not been much *up-hill* work for them to do, they were flecked with foam and quite jaded, by reason of the excessive heat which prevailed. We ourselves were glad to get into the de-

lightful shade of the large, cool and airy "salon" of the hostelry with the historic name, and were pleasantly surprised to learn that its modest bar was well supplied with soda water, lemonade, and other mild beverages wherewith even the most devout pilgrim might quench his thirst without hesitation or scruple. (I won't say anything here about certain mysterious black bottles which were produced from divers capacious wallets, a portion of the contents of one of which found its way into my glass, "*just*"—as my generous Samaritan would have said, had he been an Irishman,—"*to take the color of death off the water.*")

A grateful rest of about half an hour found us ready to resume our onward march, and this time it was to Jericho without further interruption.

Another Milestone Passed.

BY REV. STEPHEN J. McDONALD, O. C. C.

A WAKENING New Year's morning we find ourselves in a new century, the twentieth of the Christian era. Beyond our own knowledge of the seasons united with the testimony of our time pieces, there is nothing strange and novel to advise us of the fact. Nature cuts no capers in celebration of its birthday, the sun looks as commonplace as ever, nor does the moon give any sign—except perhaps in the imagination of its votaries—that it has entered upon another century-run. Nevertheless our minds are naturally impressed by the consideration that another hundred years have dwindled into a mere chronicle, and that we are speeding on-

ward over the course of time towards the happenings stored up for us in the new century. It touches, moreover, a chord in our memory which, by its sympathetic associations, sends us back through the long series of centuries that now exist only in history's pages, and are peopled only by the children of our fancy. As these centuries pass one by one in review before our mind, we are able to read the chapter-headings of a work as yet unwritten, a history of the human mind. We have histories of wars that ruined and established dynasties, that have changed the maps of nations or have obliterated them completely; we have the history of inventions and the history of the

progress of education. But these works give us but a long series of facts and events arranged chronologically without once referring to the great active principle, the human mind, from which these happenings flowed. There is logic in history, it is true; but this logic is not apparent in the bare enumeration of facts. We must go deeper, must search behind the cold words of the phlegmatic historian if we would discover the law of cause and effect in activity.

There is no such thing as a century in nature; but we are so accustomed to speak of periods of time, of months, years, and decades, as if they were concrete existences, that we usually end in regarding them as such. They are mere inventions of man adopted for convenience in recording facts and events, and are no more independent realities than are the different systems of weights and measures. Still, as the centuries recorded in history pass in review, we note that each one of them is remarkable for something peculiar to itself, for some tendency of the human mind to devote itself to developments of a certain order; and this tendency we see pervading the whole race.

It is owing to inattention to this fact that a great many people speak almost contemptuously of our forefathers, who lived and paid their tribute to nature when civilization was in its early teens. They look upon this, their own blessed age, with conscious pride; they boastingly note its points of superiority over passed times, and with an innocence that would bring tears of vexation to the eyes of a saint, speak of ancient master-minds as men whose upper story was but half developed. The wonders worked by steam and electricity so completely fill their shallow

minds that there is no room left for a thought of progress of any other kind. Steam-cars running with lightning rapidity over the land, water-craft, secretly propelled, gliding noiselessly through their element, electric cars, which, like stimulants in the human system, keep the population of our large cities in circulation, slender little wires flashing intelligence from continent to continent, all make an overwhelming appeal to their poor minds, and almost lead them to believe that science is gradually doing away with some of the disagreeable effects of Original Sin.

But this is all material progress, and has developed in our times simply because the human mind received an impetus in that line in the beginning of the century. If this impetus, this accidental suggestion, if we may so call it, had come sooner, are we not to suppose that the same results would have been had? What if it had come in the thirteenth century, and the sublime minds of that age had applied themselves to harnessing Nature's forces? Would we not be justified in asserting that the results would have eclipsed those of the present day? At that time man's mind was progressing rapidly in another line, and did not have time for steam engines. What if Aristotle had undertaken to solve the rapid-transit question in Greece? Wouldn't he have surprised the old pagans!

Thus, if we glance at the different phases of progress recorded in history, we find that mankind does not advance in two lines at the same time. One age gives itself up to the art of warfare, another to philosophy and historical research, the next to literature, poetry and the higher arts; one yields itself to selfish luxury and

apathy, whilst the other prys unrelentingly into Nature's secrets. And as in all other cases, so also in this, after too much indulgence comes re-action; the mind becomes tired of keeping to one line of thought, and after a while rebels and throws it aside for something new. Mankind revolts against prevalent ideas; and after, as history can bear witness, this revolt assumes the form of bloody revolution, laying waste whole countries, destroying at one fell blow the results of many peaceful and prosperous years, and inflicting deeper wounds than centuries can heal.

History will repeat itself in our times, at least, let us predict, before the close of this new century; there will be a revolt, and now-prevalent ideas will be cast aside for others. But will the change come? Will it be a gradual one? Or will the mistakes of our times have to be washed away in blood? These are questions which would puzzle even American politicians. Affairs will change, however; we cannot expect to foist our ideas on a self-willed posterity. And certain it is that we are now in all seriousness doing and thinking many little things for which we will be heartily laughed at by the children of A. D. 2001.

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

PATRON—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.—*1st Friday in January, 1901.*

BY ENFANT DE MARIE—ST. CLARE'S.

AS this century has been consecrated in a special way to the Adorable Heart of Jesus, we trust a few simple thoughts for every recurring first Friday, will be acceptable to our readers. We intend associating with them, some one or other of Its saintly lovers as a model for imitation, and an intercessor with Jesus for the virtue designated. The patrons chosen, may not always belong to that month in which we have placed them, but this matters not, for in the wide realms of God's eternal Kingdom, there are no fetters of time or space.

An eminent writer (Aubrey De Vere) calls the saints "divine works of art," and the great Jesuit annalist, Father Ribadeneira, says: "The saint is His image, His temple, His friend, and His child." In this opening month, when rays of light shine over the mysteries of Bethlehem, we are especially attracted to the silent lessons of humility, simplicity, meekness, and look up to

the sweet Saint of Annecy who so perfectly reflected these in his soul, and so assiduously labored that they should illumine his Order of the Visitation. May he obtain for us these child-like virtues, so dear to the little Babe of Bethlehem! Let us contemplate the Divine Infant—"no room" for Him but a stable! circumcised as if a sinner, offered as a victim—flying from His creatures who "received Him not," to Egypt. The year is unfolding its unwritten pages, and we know not the vicissitudes, joys, sorrows, veiled by God's wisdom and love, but awaiting our acceptance. O what need there is to enter that meek and humble Heart and unite ourselves to all its dispositions, and say with generosity, confidence, abandonment: "Behold, I come to do Thy will!"

When kneeling before Him at Exposition and Benediction, let us pray thus:

Sweet Lord Jesus meek and humble!
By Thine own dear name Divine,
And Thy Bethlehem Blood-shedding,
May this year be wholly Thine!

One of His Brethren.

The Story of a Christmas Dream.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

THE Reverend John Smithson, Rector of Middleton-Mendip, a strict "Evangelical" of the old school, was sitting, one memorable Christmas eve, in his study, trying to think out his sermon for the morrow's Feast. Trying, he was tired, for he had been, day after day, for many days past, visiting his sick parishioners, of whom there were but too great a number, in this wet, foggy, unhealthy weather. So that, try as he would, he could only think of his people, not of Christmas joys or Christmas lessons, and, tired as he was, could not fix his mind on the task before him; no less a task, as he honestly believed, than that of setting before those committed to his charge "the full meaning of the Incarnation."

The fire burned cheerily in the grate, for his sister, who lived with him—he being a bachelor—took good care of him; his arm-chair offered welcome rest and comfort to his tired body, so it was not to be wondered at that he fell asleep. And, as he slept, this was his dream:

He stood, he thought, in the humble room of a Jewish maiden, whose face, familiar to him from many masterpieces of art, was that, he knew, of Mary, the Mother of Jesus. He watched her at her tasks and at her prayers, and saw that, in work or in devotion, she was indeed, the crown and model of all women. Suddenly, as he watched, a brightness greater than that of the eastern sun at noon, a brightness such as that which must have

shone on Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, filled the little room, with a splendor as of heaven itself. And, in the midst of the brightness, he became aware of a presence. Nor he alone; the fair maiden was, he saw, conscious of it, too; the presence of an angel. Then, as he listened wonderingly, reverently, the angel, bowing low in reverence before that lowly maiden, as bows the ambassador of a monarch in the presence of a Queen, spoke to her, in words, familiar to him, indeed, yet whose meaning he had never till that moment, rightly understood: "Hail! full of grace, The Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb. Fear not, for thou hast found favor with God."

This, then, was the beginning of the Incarnation. A Jewish maiden had found such favor with the Most High God that He had sent His angel to call her. "Blessed among women;" "full of grace:" to tell her how "this should be," and how "That Holy One," who should be born of her, was to be called "The Son of God." Once more, in the mind of this Christian minister, familiar words and phrases assumed a fuller, truer, deeper meaning. For this was what Isaias had foretold: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, Emmanuel, God with us." This, then, was what was meant when it was written of this Virgin, that of her "was born Jesus."

And in his dream, behold! Gabriel having delivered his message of stu-

pendous import to the Blessed Maiden, turned to him, and said: "Understandest thou what thou hast heard and seen?"

It was but yesterday, nay, but an hour ago, that he would have answered, confidently, yet reverently, "Yes, I understand." But, now, some strange, new realization of his utter failure, hitherto, his utter inability—surely not unwillingness!—to understand this mystery, as God would have him understand it, made him reply, humbly: "Nay, I understand it not, teach me, I pray thee."

And to him thus the archangel: "Lo! I am Gabriel, that stand in the Presence of God. And to me was the commandment given by the Voice of God Himself: 'Go thou to earth, to a city of Judea, that is called Nazareth, to Mary, a maiden espoused to Joseph, a carpenter, and greet her thus.' Lo! thou hast heard my message; thou hast seen what honor it hath pleased God to render to His handmaid, art thou afraid to pay her reverence who hath found such favor with God that of her shall be born Emmanuel, God with man, God made man; such reverence as thou hast seen me pay."

What could the Rector answer? Who was he, that he should refuse to reverence her "of whom was born Jesus;" whom the King of Kings delighted to honor? Rather, from his heart he would repeat the message sent by God by the lips of Gabriel, His archangel, to this lowly Jewish Maiden: "Blessed art thou amongst women!"

Then his dream changed. He seemed to be travelling on a rugged, stony mountain pathway in company with an elderly Jewish carpenter and his young, fair wife. They appeared to be in haste, yet, even so, the carpenter,

Joseph of Nazareth, never urged the patient ass on which sat Mary, the fair hand-maiden of the Most High, beyond its speed, or beyond its endurance. Presently they came to a walled mountain town, passed through the arched gateway, where, in the cool shadows, sat the venerable elders, fathers of many sons, and, therefore, not ashamed to speak even to their enemies in the gate. Through the narrow streets they hastened, as the sun sank towards the West, till they came to a house, near the northern gate of the little town. And, as the hoofs of the patient ass clattered over the stones, there came to the door of the house one clad in the dress of the priestly sons of Aaron, and, with him his wife, stricken in years like himself. Then, as she helped her cousin, Mary of Nazareth, to alight from the ass, Elizabeth, the wife of Zachary the priest said, with reverence not common from an elder wife to a younger: "Whence is this to me that the Mother of My Lord should come to me?"

"The Mother of my Lord." The Rector of Middleton Mendip was no lover of controversies that do nothing but engender strife and bitterness between "brethren in Christ;" yet had he, more than once deemed it his duty to protest against giving to the "Virgin Mary" the title "Mother of God" according to the fashion of "apostate Rome" and of "the corrupt Eastern churches." And here, the cousin of the Maid of Nazareth, Elizabeth, wife of Zachary the priest, had but now greeted the wife of Joseph the carpenter as "Mother of my Lord;" Mother, that is, of God Himself; Mother of Emmanuel, "God with us," had paid her reverence as to an honored guest. Nay, had he not heard her testimony as to the miracle wrought by the mere

voice of the Mother of her Lord? Truly, God had "perfected praise" by the joy of the unborn child of promise. Who, then, was he to cavil at her title: "Mother of My Lord?"

A second time his dream changed. It was a winter night, a night of radiant moon and stars, and yet of bitter cold. The streets of the little town in which he stood were thronged with strangers, late as the hour was, strangers who seemed to be seeking shelter, difficult to find, if not wholly impossible to obtain. And, as he stood and watched, knowing, even in his dream, that all these had come up to be taxed, according to the decree of Cæsar Augustus, there passed him two whom he seen last at the house of Zachary the priest, in the hill country of Judea; Joseph the carpenter, and Mary his wife. They, too, were seeking shelter for the night; shelter for the Blessed Maid in the hour of her miraculous maternity, the joy of which he could read in her pure face even in the winter moonlight. But the inn was crowded, nay, many had been turned away, hours earlier in the evening. Friends, they seemed to know of none, yet, in their need, God did not forget His handmaid, and His faithful servant whom He had made head of that household where The Word made Flesh was shortly to dwell for thirty years. Out of the crowd about the inn came forth a shepherd lad, stared for a moment at the carpenter and his young wife, then said, not unkindly:

"There is a stable in our field, hard by, if ye will go with me, peradventure it will serve, for want of better shelter. Methinks the world hath come to Bethlehem to-night." Then Joseph the carpenter thanked the lad, and Mary, the Maid of Nazareth, smiled on him. And in his dream, the dreamer said:

"Oh that I, too, might render even such a service as this to the Mother of my Lord! Might bid her welcome, with her faithful spouse, not to a stable, but to my house!"

Thereat, for a while, they were lost to sight. But, suddenly, on the cold night air there broke a sound as of angel voices, singing; and brighter than moonlight, or the sun at noon, there shone a glory over a little stable in a field. And lo! the angel song was one he knew, yet never understood, till then: "Glory to God in the highest: on earth peace, to men of good will!" Then, when the voices sank to silence, when the heavenly radiance vanished from the midnight sky, the dreamer found himself standing by the little stable. And, over it, held, as it seemed, by the hand of an angel, there shone a star more fair than any mortal eye had seen ere that night: within were Joseph, Mary, and her new-born Babe—Emmanuel, God with us; The Word made Flesh. This was the completion of the Incarnation. He had heard the message Gabriel brought from God; heard how Elizabeth had welcomed the Mother of her Lord. Even so, now, he knelt with Eastern sages and with shepherds, to adore his God and theirs, made Man for him and for them. Then, here, and at last, he understood the full significance of this stupendous mystery of God. Understood, at last, how, when God's time was fully come, He sent His great archangel to win the consent of His Handmaid, who had found such favor with Himself. How the Holy Ghost came upon her, how, in a word, she, the Virgin long foretold had given to The Word of God flesh of her substance, had brought forth a Son—Emmanuel, God with us—that He should be "the First Born among many brethren."

For this, also, he understood, at last, that since He, the First Born, was made Man of the substance of His Mother, Mary, so we, who are His brethren in virtue of His share in our humanity, must be her children, too. If not, then how His brethren? He is not ashamed to call us so, but this, at least, He asks of us, that we should own her for our Mother, too, of whom He was made Man for us. This, so the dreamer realized, was the full meaning of the Incarnation; for this God chose His Handmaid and gave her favor in His sight; for this Gabriel and Elizabeth paid her the reverence due to the Mother of God made Man; "of whom was born Jesus." What more could God have caused to be recorded of her than this: that He had sent forth His Son, born of a Woman, and that Woman, Mary the Maiden of Nazareth?

But, though, as he deemed, he had learned his lesson, he had more to learn ere he might awaken and tell, to his wondering parishioners, this, "the whole counsel of God," in the matter of the Incarnation of His Son. Once more, his dream underwent a change. Once more, he was in the midst of a great company of men and women, returning, so he gathered from their talk, from some feast in Jerusalem. And, in the company, were Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth, with Mary his wife, "of whom was born Jesus." And He? Why was He not with them? Then, as he watched them, he heard them asking, first one and then another of their kinsfolk and acquaintances: "Have you seen Him? When did you see Him last?" At last, they came to him, the dreamer, and said, "He whom we love is in Jerusalem, perchance in peril from His enemies; wilt thou not go with us and help us to find Him?" Then, in his

dream, he put one hand in that of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and the other in that of Joseph, the carpenter, for had they not asked him to go with them and help them to find their Darling? Was this, too, part of the lesson he was to learn from this strange dream? These two, that loved their Darling so tenderly, so devoutly, were they not the first to go and seek Him, when, through no fault of theirs, He was separated from them? He, too, was fain to seek his Lord, and they had asked him to go with them. How was it possible that they should "come between his soul and Christ?" Would they not rather lead him straight to that dear Lord whom they loved so well, so truly? Was this, then, the true meaning of the "communion and fellowship of the saints;" that they go with us, accompany us, as it were, hold our hands, when we set out to seek their Lord and ours? Surely it must be.

They reached Jerusalem at last, and, through the streets and lanes of the Holy City, these three, Mary the Mother, Joseph, her husband, and this brother of the Lord, wandered, seeking Him. And, in his dream, the Rector, forgetful of that which he knew, shared their anxieties and fears, even as, so it seemed to him, they would have shared his—would share them, if he would but ask them to do so. Was this, also, implied in that phrase, "the communion of saints," of which, till now, he had formed so imperfect, so inadequate a conception, a communion founded on a common love to the One Lord, shared in by all the members of the one family, whether in earth or in heaven? Once more, surely it must be, since we are, as St. Paul says, "one body in Him, and every one members one of another." Further, "if one

member suffer, all the other members suffer with it." He was now suffering with Mary and Joseph, would they not, in a very real sense, suffer with him, in any time of trial since even Christ, the Head, shares in the griefs and sorrows of all His members, of all His brethren? How, then, should those who love Christ be indifferent, the one to the other.

It was in the Court of the Temple that they found their Darling, after three days of anxious search and enquiries. And, as he had shared their anxieties, so now the dreamer shared the joy of Mary and Joseph at this blessed finding of Him they had lost. "Son," said the Mother, "why hast thou dealt thus with us?" And the answer: "Knew ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Neither in question nor in reply was there any reproach: the question told of the Mother's sorrow and anxiety, in which Joseph had shared; the answer told her why their Darling had allowed such trial to come upon them, whom He loved so well.

Then came the journey to Nazareth; and, in his dream, the dreamer was holding the hands of his Brother, Christ, and of Christ's Mother Mary, while Joseph walked beside his spotless spouse. His Brother, Christ, Christ's Mother, Mary: if Christ were, indeed, his Brother, was not Christ's Mother his Mother as well? And, when they came to Nazareth, the Holy Family would fain, it seemed, have had this new member of it to dwell with them, nor was he loth to stay. Rather, he would willingly have stayed there, all his days, with Christ, his Lord, for Brother and example, obedient to Mary and to Joseph, even as He, their Creator and his, was subject unto them.

But his dream changed, yet once more. Again, he was traversing the streets of the Holy City, in the midst of a surging crowd, who appeared to be all hurrying to one particular gate of exit from the walls. Years, so he was somehow conscious, had passed since he had spent the evening and the night in that fair Home of Nazareth. Some terrible tragedy, it would seem, was being enacted. Why, or what it was, he could not tell, he was simply oppressed, possessed by some sense of terror, of awful expectation, of guilt, as partaker in some stupendous crime. Then, all at once, he found himself outside the city gate climbing a rugged path that led—whither? He knew, ere he had asked himself—to the Hill of Calvary.

Then there fell upon his soul, as over the whole face of the land, a darkness "that might be felt," and, in the darkness, he was conscious that he stood by the Cross of his dying Lord, stood close to the Sorrowful Mother, with His head in hers, listening to her sobs, that seemed nigh to break her heart, to her anguished whisper: "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!" John, the beloved disciple, was there, too; Mary Magdalen, kneeling at the feet of her Lord, and wiping them, as of old—but from blood, this time, not merely from the dust of the highway—with the hairs of her head, and kissing them, as she had kissed them in the house of Simon the Pharisee. But it was on him, the dreamer, that He spoke and said: "Son! behold thy Mother." And it was he, in his dream, that "took her to his own," to be his own Mother, even as she was Mother of the Lord he loved so dearly, to love, to cherish, to obey her in all things after the example set him by her

Eldest-Born, his Brother.

And, with that, he woke, and knew that it was a dream. But, if so, it was none the less real and true to him, and he set himself, honestly, and as in the sight of God, to account for it, as best he might. Then he remembered a letter received, not long before, from an old friend, who had "gone over to Rome," and had used, as he now recalled, much the same line of reasoning in respect of the honor due to the Mother of The Lord as had been shown to him in his Christmas dream. And, since dreams are, in some sense, the outcome of our thoughts, our memories, or our imaginations, and attract or repel us according as they appeal to, or anatomize our true selves: this dream, so he reasoned, since it had seemed to be in accord with all that was best in him, even though so contrary to all that he hitherto believed: must be, he thought, a true dream, a dream sent for the very purpose of teaching him the lesson which, he felt, he had already learned from it.

Then, on his knees before his Lord, he went over, one by one, the passages of Holy Writ that tell of the mystery of the Incarnation; from Isaiah's prophecy to the message of Gabriel, from the Visitation to the Finding in the Temple, from the Home at Nazareth to the Cross of Calvary. But, in the light of his dream, the familiar words assumed a new and deeper meaning; "Emmanuel, God with us," was to be born of a Virgin, therefore, she was,

really and truly, Mother of God. And what more could God have caused to be written concerning her than this: "Of whom was born Jesus?" Since the Most High, her Son, had paid her such honor as to take flesh of her flesh and to be born of her, a Man for us, our Brother, must not the measure of our reverence for His Mother be that which He has set us?

This, then, was the "whole counsel of God" in the matter of man's redemption, that this pure virgin was to have her place, her share, in this stupendous mystery of the Incarnation of The Son of God: she who found favor with God, was made full of grace, more blessed in her likeness to her Son, in her love to Him than ever in her wondrous motherhood. This, "the whole counsel of God," he resolved, at whatever cost, to declare to his parishioners on this blessed Christmas morning. They would misunderstand, misjudge him: let them; his duty was evident, and he would fulfil it.

Thus, by a dream, in which He learned that we cannot love our Eldest Brother as He would have us love Him unless we love His Mother as He loves her, obey her, as He obeyed, reverence her, as He revered, honor, as He honored, was this "one of His brethren" brought into "the household of God," the Church of God, wherein all are brethren of "The First born among many brethren," and children of that Mother "of whom was born Jesus."

What can I wish for on this earth below?

What can I wish for in the heavens above?

In this dear mystery my heaven I know;

Here at the altar I have all I love.

Thou art my treasure, Jesus! and with Thee

My heart must be.

The Three Magi.

BY THE REV. PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

ONE of the highest and to us most important feasts, which the Catholic Church celebrates is that of Epiphany—the Appearance of our Lord.

There are three feasts celebrated in the one. 1st. The adoration of the Magi. 2nd. The Baptism of our Lord. 3rd. The changing of water into wine at the wedding in Cana. The sixth of January is the historic day for these three events, and there is an intrinsic connection between them.

Water had in the flood destroyed mankind, it was to be the means of reconciling mankind with God, and the firstlings of the new mankind from paganism were the three Magi. And this reconstruction was to begin with the reconstruction of marriage. Pagan marriage was like water, but was to be ennobled and elevated into the dignity of a sacrament—the water was changed into wine.

At present, however, we shall concern ourselves with but one point, the three Magi. In popular language we hear them mentioned as The Three Kings. Were they really Kings? In the present acceptation of the term we could hardly call them so, but among the patriarchal people of the East, the head of the family, beside being its priest, exercised also royal functions, especially the power over life, and hence can appropriately be styled a King.

Who were the Magi? Venerable Bede gives their names as Balthasar, Melchior and Caspar. The ecstatic Sister Catherine Emmerich calls them respectively, Mensor, Theokeno and

Seir. Bede gives no information of the source of his nomenclature. But it is quite possible to reconcile the two statements, when we remember, that the ancients used to give names to express a certain quality in the person named, and that in translating from one language into another, personal nouns were also translated, so that we find for instance in the Jewish history the Assyrian names of the Kings of Assyria rendered by equivalent Hebrew names.

According to Sr. Emmerich, Mensor, whose color was brown, was a descendant of Job, Theokeno descended from Abraham's wife Ketura, and Seir was of a progeny of people who had left the Jews, when they adored the golden calf in the desert. As at the time a number of Egyptians left the country with the Jews, it is probable that the progenitors of Seir were Egyptians, sons of Cham. Thus Mensor would be a Japhite, Theokeno a Semite, and Seir a Chamite, and the three would stand before us as the representatives of the three principal divisions of mankind. The custom to make the three Magi appear in the cribs as white, brown and black, seems to be founded on tradition and probably represents a fact. Our Lord had come into the world for all men, and when His star called the pagans, it was natural, that it should summon representatives of all of them.

These three Magi had formerly lived far apart, though united by frequent interchange of messages. But when they saw the Star of Bethlehem for the first time, about fifteen years before

the birth of our Saviour, or at the time of the birth of the Blessed Virgin, the star showed them the picture of a virgin, holding in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a pair of scales, weighted by grapes and wheaten ears. The miraculous apparition made the Magi leave their abodes to follow the leading of the star, and where their different ways met, they resolved to abide and await developments.

Five years later the star appeared to them again, and in the last five years they saw it often and in its symbolical figures. The final blessing of Jacob and the prophecy of Balaam had prepared their minds for the coming of a great ruler among the Jews, and when finally on Holy Eve they saw the star more brilliant than ever, containing the picture of an Infant, they knew that the prophecy must be fulfilled, and they set out immediately to seek the new-born King of the Jews.

The Gospel tells us how they found the Child and His Mother, worshipped at the Crib, offering gold, frankincense and myrrh, and how they, admonished in a dream, went back to their own country by another route, and in obedience to the instructions received from heaven, they dwelled together at the place from which they had started on Holy Eve, until they should receive another message from the King of the Jews.

This message came, when in the third year of His public life our Lord paid them a visit. Seir was dead, but his body well preserved. Theokeno was paralyzed by old age, Mentor received our Lord in solemn procession, weeping for joy. He wished to accompany Him back to Palestine, but our Lord directed him to tarry in his present abode, until one of His Apostles after His Resurrection should visit

them. Three years after the Ascension, St. Thomas on his way to Hindostan visited and baptized them, and according to his advice they moved to the Isle of Crete, whence their relics were brought to Italy and rested in Milan, until Barbarossa destroyed this city, and his chancellor, the Archbishop of Cologne, sent these holy relics to his own cathedral, where they are kept and highly venerated at the present day.

Thus far we give the account as Sr. Emmerich gives it in her visions. These visions can claim but a human faith, but so many of her prophecies were verified, so many of her descriptions were proved to be entirely correct, that we do not hesitate to also accept her statements concerning the Magi as substantially true.

The three Kings declare, that they came from the Orient, that is a country east of Palestine. Which country was it? Clement, and Cyril of Alexandria, St. Chrysostom and St. Leo thought of Persia, others refer us to Chaldea, others to Mesopotamia, but it is most probably "Happy Arabia" from which they came, as Justin, Cyprian, Tertullian and Epiphanius maintain.

In ch. LX. 6. of *Isaia*s it was foretold, that the inhabitants of Saba, Madion and Epha, would come to adore and offer gifts, and in *Psalm LXXII* it is said: "The Kings of Tharsis and the island offer gifts, the Kings of the Arabs and of Saba bring oblations."

Saba, Madion and Epha, three sons of Abraham through his wife Ketura, were separated by their father from Isaac, the son of promise, and travelled eastward into Arabia Felix. (*Gen. 35. 6.*) Thus the point of conveyance of the several roads of the three Magi lay in Happy Arabia, from which they could reach Bethlehem in

thirteen days, notwithstanding the slow progress of eastern caravans, whilst the other countries mentioned above are too far distant, to allow the journey to be completed in that space of time.

Tharsis was probably on the Persian gulf, and the Arabs to-day yet call their country an island, though it is a peninsula.

A difficulty might be raised concerning Saba, because the Queen of Saba, (Sheba) who visited Solomon, is called an Æthiopian. But this word was applied indiscriminately to all people of swarthy complexion, just as the wife of Moses, who was a Madianite, was also called an Æthiopian. Thus also the Red Sea was named the Arabian, not the Æthiopian gulf, and yet the Psalm LXXII. after speaking of Tharsis and the island continues: "and before Him the Æthiopians shall prostrate themselves."

How did the Magi know, that the newly appearing star heralded the advent of the King of the Jews?

1. They dwelled in the mountains of Moab, and it was in these mountains, that Balaam uttered his famous prophecy: "A star rises out of Jacob." They must have known of this prophecy.

2. The Erythræan Sybil had this prophecy: "Divinamque Magi stelam coluere recentam monstratusque Dei præcepta sequentibus Infans est in præsepi," that is: "And the Magi venerated a new divine star, and the Child shown to those that obey the commands of the God, lies in the Crib."

3. God's grace illuminated their minds, and rendered them certain as to the meaning of the star, and prepared as their hearts were, they did not hesitate to follow the star and call it "His star" when they arrived in Jerusalem.

Another question remains to be solved: What kind of a star did the three Kings see?

Both ancient and modern enemies of the faith tried everything in their power to disprove the biblical account, and they want to make us believe, that the star in question was either a comet or a newly discovered star. Also to-day the astronomers tell us of a "Star of Bethlehem" which appears only at rare intervals, and is said to have been visible at the time of the Nativity of our Lord. But these attempts are futile, because,—

1. Other stars are in the skies, this one was poised in the air.

2. Other stars have a circular or elliptical motion, this one moved in a straight line.

3. The other stars continue to exist, whilst this one ceased to be as soon as the Kings arrived in Bethlehem.

4. The other stars shone only during the night, this one lighted the way both day and night.

5. Other stars never lose their light, this one disappeared as the Kings approached Jerusalem, and reappeared when they had left that city.

6. It was by far more brilliant than the other stars. Hence we have to conclude with S. Chrysostom, S. Augustine, S. Basil, S. Thomas Aquinas and Suarez, that the true star of Bethlehem was formed by angelic action out of luminous air, and conducted on its path by the angels.

This is perfectly appropriate, for angels in person had called the Jews, and angels working through the star, expected by the astronomers and astrologers of the East, called the Gentiles, so that the whole world through its representatives should do homage to the new-born King of heaven and earth, and summon all to offer gold to the King, frankincense to the high Priest, myrrh to the Man.

We ought also to join in the worship of the Kings, offering to our Lord and Saviour the gold of our love, the frankincense of our prayers, and the myrrh of our penance, for what these Kings did in our name, we should ratify and continue.

For the Christ-Child's Sake.

BY E. CARMEL HENDRY.

FATHER HARLEY, the pious and zealous pastor of a large congregation in New York City, was seated, on the morning of the twenty-fourth of December, 189—, in the handsome parlor of the residence of one of his parishioners.

His companions were two ladies; one advanced in years and evidently an invalid; the other, as could be seen at first glance, her daughter; and both bore upon their countenances the impress of woe. The elder lady, sad as she appeared, was far from wearing the look of profound dejection that clouded the younger's sweet face; and it was apparent from the anxious looks the mother cast upon her child, that this greater grief of her beloved one sorely oppressed her maternal heart.

"I am deeply grieved, Mrs. Rossiter," Father Harley said, breaking the silence that had lasted quite a moment, "to find you at the end of a month still so profoundly wrapped in grief. When I called last week and heard that you confined yourself to your room, and refused to eat, and would not try to compose yourself to sleep, but walked the floor all night, my heart bled for you in your anguish; and I determined to call again on my first leisure hour and see if I could say anything to comfort you. This morning, I concluded to defer my visit no longer, although this is perhaps the busiest day of the year with me, for an idea in regard to you entered my mind, and I wished to lose no time in acting upon it. I am encouraged to find that you are going about again."

"I am deeply sensible of your kind-

ness, Father," said the lady, turning her sorrowful face toward the good priest, "and believe me, I appreciate it thoroughly; but what comfort can you or any other mortal offer to an unhappy woman bereft in three months of the best of husbands, and of her only child."

Said the priest:

"I could speak of the virtues of your partner; of his devotion to his religion and his docility from his earliest years to its teachings; all of which give us the comforting assurance that sooner or later he will enjoy the blessed presence of the God he so faithfully served; and I could add that your little Robert had been taken to re-join his devoted father in the realms of eternal peace before the spotless robe of his baptismal innocence had been sullied, or he had tasted of the bitterness of those sufferings inseparable from our human existence, and I could refer to your prosperous circumstances which save you from the cruel privations and miseries many have to endure in addition to a cross often even heavier than yours."

Mrs. Rossiter's countenance did not change. She looked past the speaker, out of the window, with an almost stony expression of misery.

"I will not attempt, however," Father Harley continued, "to dwell further upon these truths, as no doubt your many sincere friends have already laid them before you. I am only going to suggest, that as your boy went to Heaven during Advent, in fact, while the novena in honor of the Holy Infancy was being performed by many devout persons, that you should adopt

in memory of this dearly beloved child, an especial devotion to the Divine Infant; and let it be a powerful motive to incite you to renewed vigor in the discharge of your duties, especially the one that urges you most at present, of resigning yourself to God's holy Will. Let your watchword in this regard be: 'For the Christ-Child's Sake.'

The lady's face softened as her pastor spoke these words. Her head sank upon her breast, and tears flowed down her cheeks.

"The spell is broken I hope, my good child," said the priest arising. "I am glad to see those precious tears, the first you have shed since your last sorrow befell you. I must go now. Think of my words, and may God be with you!"

When the priest, after a short conversation with Mrs. Craven, Mrs. Rossiter's mother, had taken his leave, the former lady seated herself beside the poor childless young widow, and placing an arm around her and drawing her close to her side, waited until her spell of weeping was at an end.

"Mother," said the mourner presently as she dried her eyes, "I am going to Confession this afternoon."

"Oh, my darling, how glad I am to hear you say that!"

"Yes, and I am going to look out for some especial good work to do 'for the Christ-Child's sake.' By the way, we have always sent Christmas gifts to Sarah's nieces and nephews since she has been in our employment, and this year I overlooked it with everything else. How disappointed the little things will be!"

"I have prepared a number of presents, Agnes, in your name, as well as my own, for these children, and Sarah is to take them to her sister's house

this afternoon. None of the poor whom you are accustomed to remember at this season has been forgotten. I found your list and saw that every one received something. You are free to go forth and find new fields to conquer."

Mrs. Rossiter smiled a wan, sad smile, so different, as her mother reflected, from her former sunny one that used to completely light up her sweet face.

Although she relapsed from this time until after lunch into a deep melancholy, Mrs. Rossiter did not, to her mother's great satisfaction, depart from her resolution of approaching the Sacrament of Penance, but in due time left the house for that purpose.

When she reached the church and completed her preparation, she found a confessor who had but few other penitents, so, in a short time, having received absolution, she was kneeling at the altar railing making a devout thanksgiving. She had observed before that Father Harley was busy, with several assistants, in one of the side altar spaces, placing the figures which formed the representation of the stable at Bethlehem, and when she arose to leave the church, she found the pious work had been completed. She paused to admire the gas jet forming a star which threw its bright rays over the scene, and tears gathered in her eyes when their glance fell upon the life-like waxen figure of the Child in the Crib, for it recalled the first days of her little son's life so soon to be extinguished.

She lingered a moment or two in going down the aisle of the church to say a few words to a friend, and when she finally passed out to the steps, she found a crowd there composed for the most part of laughing boys clustered around a policeman who held by the

arm a weeping girl of about six years. The child carried, pressed fondly to her breast, the waxen image of the Divine Infant which had lately lain in the Crib.

"Don't be too hard on the creature, policeman," said an elderly woman, who was hurrying down the church steps ahead of Mrs. Rossiter. "She's too little to have much sense, and most likely she thought it was a doll."

"No, no, no!" wailed the child. "It's Robbie, my little brother. They told me he was dead, and I wouldn't see him any more, and there he was, sound asleep, and I just took him."

"You mean you hooked him!" cried one of the boys.

"That's too thin, Missie," said another, "you just swiped the doll so you could pawn it."

The officer looked puzzled. He turned first to the old woman, who, however, started to go on her way, and then to Mrs. Rossiter, to whom he remarked:

"I hate to take the kid to the station-house, ma'am. She's little more than a baby, and it would scare her most to death. Can you help me out, ma'am."

Mrs. Rossiter turned away coldly. What could she have to do with this dirty, ragged, thievish child that had been vicious enough to steal from a church? She was on the point of replying coldly to the policeman that he must do his duty, as she could not aid him, when the child began to cry:

"I say, sir, it's Robbie, my brother. I used to carry him about for mother all the time, till they said he was dead, and took him away shut up in a box. Oh, my Robbie! my Robbie!" I've found you again.

"Robbie!" Mrs. Rossiter's heart began to throb fiercely at the mention

of this name that had also been that of her precious boy.

"In memory of Robbie and for the Christ-Child's sake," she whispered and, placing her hand on the child's arm, said to the officer: "I will see that the figure is restored to Father Harley, and have the child taken to her home and punished by her parents for being so very wicked as to steal."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the officer, in a relieved tone. "I don't think the little ragamuffin knew any better. I wouldn't say much to her folks about it. Some of them vicious people would like as not teach a child to steal, and then beat it nearly to death if it was caught at it, to make believe they were honest and opposed to such doings."

Mrs. Rossiter, leading the child rather gingerly by the hand, went into the pastor's house. Father Harley, who was passing through the hall on his way to the confessional, stopped to greet the lady, and, on hearing the story, graciously forbore to speak severely to the child; but took the figure and said he would replace it as he went into the church.

The little girl moaned piteously on having to give up her treasure, and Mrs. Rossiter lead her into the street, and entering a confectioner's near at hand, bought her a paper of candy.

The child stopped crying and began to devour the sweets with the greed of one who was starving.

"That child is almost famished," said the confectioner, who knew Mrs. Rossiter as a customer. "Here, Sissy, take this; it's better for you," and he handed her a large piece of gingerbread, which she also ate with a ravenous air.

"Where do you live, little girl?" asked Mrs. Rossiter, as they were leaving the store.

"No place, ma'am. Mamma's dead; you took Robbie away from me; and Mrs. Daly was afraid of the constable and runned away, and now I can't sleep in any one's room. The landlord said if he caught me in the house he'd send me off to prison."

"I think I'll take her home and let Sarah find out about her," said Mrs. Rossiter to herself. "It's too bitterly cold to go about much, especially as this child's wretched clothes do not protect her against the weather."

Mrs. Craven uttered an exclamation of dismay, when, a few moments later, her daughter entered her room ushering in the poor waif.

"Oh, take her away, Lucy; she's so unpleasant in those miserable rags!" she said irritably, when Mrs. Rossiter had finished her account of how the child had been thrown upon her mercy. "I question your prudence, my love, in having brought her into the house. These depraved alley children are very deceitful and tricky."

"Mother, I befriended this poor object in obedience to Father Harley's suggestion 'For the Christ-Child's sake.'"

"Oh, daughter, forgive my hardness of heart. Your docility in following that good man's wise counsel edifies and consoles me. Let me aid you in comforting this poor little creature. There's Sarah's knock at the door. Come in, Sarah! and look at this child that Mrs. Rossiter had compassion upon and brought here with her. Mrs. Rossiter gathered from what she says that she has no home nor friends. When you go to your sister's this afternoon with the presents, won't you ask her to lend us some of little Connie's clothing to put on this child until we can have her an outfit made."

"I be only too glad to do it,

ma'am," said Sarah, who had been Robbie's devoted nurse, and had grieved sincerely when the bright, beautiful boy had closed his laughing eyes forever. "She's a nice looking youngster, only you can tell she's been fearfully neglected. Let me take her down to the kitchen, and cook will show her the parrot to amuse her until I come back, when I'll bathe her and put on the clean clothes I'll borrow, and I'll be bound you ladies will hardly know her." When Sarah again led the child into the room she was indeed so improved in her appearance that she looked like another child. Sarah had thoughtfully provided a doll for her, and seating herself upon a chair between the two ladies, the child began to cuddle this and croon a lullaby to it.

"Dear me, who is singing a cradle song?" said a genial voice beyond the portière, and then there was a loud knock on the frame of the door.

"Oh, come in, doctor," cried Mrs. Craven. "You will rejoice to see a great improvement in your patient this afternoon."

"Has this little lassie brought it about?" said the doctor entering and taking the small stranger up, doll and all. "Why, Amy Malvern, is it you? How came you here, pet?"

Mrs. Rossiter explained.

"I am conscience stricken!" exclaimed the doctor, "to think of my remissions toward the child of my old friend. This tot has good blood in her veins, for she came of a fine old race. Her father and I were college friends, and her mother was an educated, refined woman. The father toiled bravely to support his wife and child, and to pay the premiums on a life insurance for their benefit. When he was taken away from them, they were cheated out of the payment of this, and the poor woman had to toil like a slave to support herself and Amy here, and a baby boy that was born a month after its father's death. This infant died of whooping cough six months ago, and the mother contracted pneumonia in November last and succumbed to it. I was taken down with the same malady the day she died, and when I recovered,

my affairs had got into such confusion that in trying to readjust them I forgot many things, this child's welfare among the rest. Her parents were good people in their way of living, but irreligious. When the baby was dying I begged its mother to let me send a priest to baptize it, but she refused, so I administered the Sacrament privately. When she was dying herself she would not see a clergyman. This child has never been baptized. What a good thing it would be if she could be trained up in the true faith."

"From what she said she has neither home nor friends," Mrs. Rossiter remarked. "I suppose we had better send her to Sister Martin at the asylum."

"They are greatly crowded there just now," the doctor answered, "what would you ladies think of adopting the child?"

"Oh, never, never!" both exclaimed in a breath.

"Excuse me," said the doctor, seeing how repellant his well-meant suggestion had been to his friends. "We will now talk about those headaches of yours, Mrs. Rossiter, and I will see Sister Martin to-morrow. Perhaps she can squeeze Amy in somehow. His last words were unheeded. Mrs. Rossiter had crossed the room and was looking down into her mother's eyes.

"Mamma," she said, "what do you think of our laying aside our great repugnance to performing the act of mercy the doctor suggested, and doing it 'For the Christ-Child's sake?'"

Mrs. Craven hesitated a moment, then said: "Doctor, my daughter is willing to give the child a home; and I will not stand in her way."

"You are both doing a rare act of charity, my dear friends, and I hope you will be rewarded by the child proving a comfort to you."

"I don't expect that," said Mrs. Rossiter. "Sometimes the more you do for such children, the greater is the ingratitude they show you; and the child's behaviour in the church this afternoon does not promise very well. I shall be contented to care for her without expecting any reward."

"Her carrying away the figure from the church," said the doctor, "can be explained by the fact that she was perfectly devoted to her baby brother, and never wearied of attending to him. Her mother told me she never could have got on with the child without Amy's assistance. When he died, she cried after him for a week. No doubt she wandered into the church, and seeing a resemblance in the waxen image to Robbie, who was as beautiful as an angel, felt she had recovered her brother and must take him under her care."

"Perhaps that was the case," said Mrs. Craven. "I hope so, at least. We will give her every advantage, so that if she does not develop into an upright character, we will not be to blame."

True to this promise, the good ladies tested the child with judicious kindness, bestowing upon her among other favors that of an excellent education at a celebrated convent school. In return for their charity, Amy testified the greatest affection for them. She was their faithful, devoted companion, attentive to anticipate their slightest wish, and in their last illness—for they both died upon the same day—their loving, unwearied nurse. When she was left alone, though so well provided for that the world offered her many inducements to remain in it, she joined a religious community, of which in time she rose to be the Mother Superior. She was very zealous in spreading devotion to the Infant Jesus, and succeeded so well in inspiring her Sisters, and the pupils under their care, with this phase of piety, that the crib displayed in the convent chapel at Christmas time was one of the finest in the city through their united efforts. It was the subject of many a gentle jest among the good Religious that if any one wanted a favor from Reverend Mother, they were sure to obtain it, if they only took the right way of approaching her on the subject, and that was, to plead for the granting of their desires "For the Christ-Child's sake."

EPIPHANY.

[Original lines composed, and also type-written, by a Carmelite
Sister of St. Louis, Mo., who is totally blind.]

HE is fairer than the break
Of a joylit blossom-day,
Like a sunbeam just awake
On his whisps of golden hay.
On their camels strong and fleet,
And in haste from homes afar,
To the lovely Infant's feet,
Ah—allured by the Orient Star—
Come three Gentiles good and wise ;
But their Star beam'd ne'er so bright
As the Babe of Heaven's eyes
Filling all their souls with light ;
Ah—with the peace of Christmas night—
In its glory wreathing light !
When they kneel to offer Him
Of the riches they have brought,
Then the tears their eyes that dim
In His happy smiles are caught ;
But with tears of entrancing bliss
They are worshipping their God,
With each sweet adoring kiss
Touching Earth's most beauteous Bud :
Ah—devotion's fervor now
Pressing lips and cheeks and hair,
Dimpled hands and hallow'd brow,
And each kiss a honey'd pray'r—
Ah—a sanctuary so fair
Grows the cavern full of prayer !
Royal treasures they unfold
Round Him on the rocky floor,
Gifts of incense, myrrh and gold
Through His showered blessings pour ;
Then their faith's inspired song
In a softened voice they sing ;
For His hallowed reign they long,
Whom their love hath crowned our King :
Let us follow them lo-day,
Ah—allured by the Star above
To the Christ-Child's Crib—to lay
In His hands our hearts of love ;
Ah—by the Bethlehem Star above—
Drawn to Jesus filled with love !

Reminiscences of Mt. Carmel.

[Editorial correspondence by Rev. Dr. A. Heiter in the "Aurora and Christliche Woche" of Buffalo.]

Translated from the German by S. X. Blakely, of St. Marys, Pa.

HAVING arrived at the holy mountain whose every spot is replete with sacred and endearing memories, we rested upon the very place where Achab at the bidding of the Prophet Elias sent to all the children of Israel, and gathered together the prophets unto Mount Carmel: "The prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred." Elias wished them to be present at a wonderful occurrence that they might thereby be convinced of the folly and sinfulness of their idolatry. Three weary years had passed without a drop of refreshing rain having fallen upon the parched and arid earth—and the sorely tried sufferers had well nigh given up in despair. Calm and majestic, the Prophet stood before the assemblage whom he thus addressed: "I only remain a Prophet of the Lord, but the prophets of Baal are four hundred and fifty men." Then he further spoke, bidding them procure two bullocks, one of which the false prophets should choose for themselves, cut it in pieces and put it on the wood, but put no fire beneath it. Call upon the names of your gods. I will take the other bullock, dress it, and lay it upon the wood, but put no fire under it. I will call upon the name of my Lord, and the god that shall answer by fire shall be God." And all the people answering said: "A very good proposal." Then they called upon the name of Baal from morning even until noon, but no fire came from heaven for their

sacrifice. But for the Prophet Elias came the brightest fire which consumed the holocaust, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, not a vestige of the altar remained. The people, awe-stricken, fell upon their faces and cried out that the God of Elias was indeed the true God. And Elias said to them: "*Take the prophets of Baal, and let not one of them escape!* And when they had taken them, Elias brought them to the brook Cison, and killed them there." Then Elias went to the top of Carmel and prayed. Afterwards he bade his servant to look towards the sea and to return with the word of what he had seen. The only word was "nothing." But after the seventh time he said: "Behold a little cloud arose out of the sea like a man's foot." And Elias said: "Go up and say to Achab: "Prepare thy chariot and go down, lest the rain prevent thee." And behold the heavens grew dark with clouds and wind, and there fell a great rain. And Achab getting up, went away to Jesrahel. And the hand of the Lord was upon Elias, and he girded up his loins, and ran before the king till he came to Jesrahel."

According to the generally received tradition, the place of the miraculous consuming of the offering from heaven—and the fearful punishment inflicted upon the wicked idolaters by the Prophet Elias was *Elmohraka*, five and a half leagues, in a southerly direction from the Monastery of Mount Carmel. *El Mohraka* lies 500 metres above the level of the sea, 300 metres above

where Cison enriches and beautifies the whole vast plain from Esdrelon to the city of Jesrahel. Water, we knew, was very near, and, indeed, a few minutes later we were favored with a most charming glimpse of the sea. From this point Achab could reach Jesrahel that same evening.

Mount Carmel is the home of the Carmelite Order, the cradle of that magnificent foundation where learning and holiness have ever gone hand in hand. The principal monastery lies at the point of the promontory near Kaipha. Here, after unconceivable trials and hardships, resulting from the bitter annuity of the Turkish government, the monks had the gratification of seeing arise a little church, unpretentious it is true, but where in, from time to time, one of their number could administer to the spiritual wants of the scattered flock. There are no Catholics in the vicinity, and the key to the little edifice is entrusted to a Druse.

These people, like the Bedouins, from one of the Turkish dependencies, are a warlike race, constant feuds in progress amongst themselves, and are fond of freedom, but have a strong vein of cruelty in their nature, for since the time of the Mammonites in Lebanon, persecutions on the part of the Druses were frequent and bitter. They are neither Christians nor Mahomedans, and their religious services are conducted with so much secrecy that it is hard to say what they do believe. At all events they are a healthy and strong race, being far superior to the Bedouins and Turks in that regard.

We were supplied from the nearest village with two of its inhabitants, who kept vigil by our tent most satisfactorily. Women and children came and went, and offered fruit and water

for sale. Many specimens of fancy work and curios were also held up to be purchased. There is no scarcity of interesting antiquities here. No mendicants made their appearance.

Towards evening a sudden tumultuous noise awoke the echoes. The entire village sent forth its men, women and children. Like a wild herd they came crashing up the mountain. The clash of fire-arms was heard, and everything gave promise of an approaching skirmish. In a half hour back came the surging mass in triumph to the spot where they had passed us on the mountain, leading a cow as a trophy of their victory. I felt peacefully inclined upon this special evening, and was in no mood for an encounter with the Druses.

Slumber refused to be wooed, notwithstanding my efforts. So procuring my favorite cigarettes, I sat before the tent with the two Druses, all smoking, as the hours sped on. I was in a contemplative mood, and my thoughts wandered back to the last of the prophets, the great Elias. In fancy I saw to the very edge of the vast plain from here to Esdrelon, and admired the wonderful old man who, in his declining years, ran every step of the miles that lay between, and that before the fleetest horses of the royal Achab. What would have become of me had I been called upon to perform such a feat? During the period of time which I ever loved to devote to the reading of the Sacred Scriptures, how many thoughts were wont to wander to the mystic mountain whose every spot is linked to some holy legend, and now behold me seated there where, since the time of St. Elias until now, it has played so important a part in the history of the world, in the training for the good of mankind.

Most assuredly the history of the Carmelite Order has its origin upon Mount Carmel and with the Prophet Elias. It is not to be understood, however, that he was the Founder of the Order in the same way as was St. Benedict the Founder of the Benedictines. The Carmelite Order grew and flourished during the time of the Crusades, but a community of holy solitaries dwelt upon the mountain since the time of St. Elias. They were devoted to honoring the Blessed Virgin, and their existence there can be traced in an unbroken line since the days of the Prophet.

An ancient tradition informs us that long years before our Saviour was born upon earth an altar was erected, where the Virgin Mother—(*Virgo Paritura*) was honored, at this very place, and that the little cloud which Elias saw arising from the sea in the form of a man's footstep, was indicative of that Virgin-Mother's advent upon earth later on. This occurred nine hundred years before our Saviour was born. Behold therefore the important role played by Mount Carmel in the Sacred Scriptures. A role which, apart from the beauty of its scenery, can scarcely be understood. Its selection in preference to other sites seems difficult of explanation.

In the numerous caves, with which Mount Carmel is so bountifully supplied, dwelt the successors of Elias and his disciples, the hermits of the Old and New Testaments, and it is most probable, and in unison with the spirit of the Sacred Scriptures, both the Old and the New, that those holy men would honor the Virgin of whom Isaiah wrote; "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bring forth a Son, whose name shall be called Emmanuel."

These pious hermits were among the

earliest to receive and acknowledge the glad tidings of the Gospel. They diffused the same with zeal throughout the vicinity, and honored *Mary Immaculate* at the same altar, centuries before which their predecessors had knelt in wrapt devotion and fervent prayer.

In the year 412, John, Patriarch of Jerusalem, gave the hermits a rule, and so brought them within the limitations of a religious community. Many holy men lived here in the first centuries of the Christian era. The saintly Marcissus in the first, afterwards Patriarch of Jerusalem, the holy Spiridion in the third, afterwards Bishop of Cyerus. The saintly Euthymius in the fourth, Cyriacus and Jacob in the sixth.

In the eighth century we behold the Cœnobites of Mount Carmel standing forth, a vast army, thoroughly equipped for the service of the Church. They ministered to the spiritual wants of souls both in Palestine and outside of that historic spot. In 1155 St. Berthold built the first Monastery over the grotto of St. Elias, and this was the parent stem from which all other branches grew. After him St. Brocard guided the solitaries of Mount Carmel upon the perfect way. St. Angelus was with them at the same time, and some years later St. Simon Stock, General of the Order founded at Rome the celebrated Confraternity of the Scapular whereby the Carmelite Order became known all over the world.

Behold us now up the steep ascent scarcely six miles distant from the Monastery, and yet we had to go down the mount and cross the brook, or "torrent" Cison in order to reach the street leading from Kaipha to Nazareth. This route is shorter and more pleasant than that which, going directly across the mount, is full of caves and fissures. The first part, however, was not so pleasant, although the street was good enough. Fortunately, it was immediately after the rainy season, so that we were not incommoded by dust, as were the luckless pilgrims who came along later.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO THE LOVER OF MY SOUL.

A PRAYER IN HONOR OF THE HOLY NAME.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE—ST. CLARE'S.

O JESUS, the Father's Splendor!
Bright source of eternal light!
O Jesus, Thou King of Glory!
Most Wonderful, Lord of might!
Dear Lord, have compassion upon me;
Listen now to my heart's desire!
And grant I may ever love Thee,
And ever to Thee aspire.
"Zealous Lover of Souls," our "Refuge!"
"Good Shepherd!" Thou seekest mine!
Sweetest Lord, I beseech Thee take it,
And make it for ever Thine.
May my heart bear the mystic impress
Of thy Sacred, loving Name,
O trace it in golden letters,
Illumed by love's living flames!
Another most precious favor
And bliss, wilt Thou grant to me,
Through Thy glorious Name O Jesus!
To die with the love of Thee.

NOTE—"Thy Name and Thy remembrance are the desire of my soul." While the remembrance of a Midnight Mass and the melody of Jesus' Holy Name still linger in the aisles of Holy Church, this prayer was breathed by one to whom that Sacred Name is, (to use St. Bernard's expression), "honey to the lips, music to the ear, joy to the heart." I have arranged it metrically for the harp-strings of Our Lady's Review, trusting that its echoes in far-distant hearts, may soothe them with the sweetness of Jesus' Most Holy Name.—E. DE M.

THE NEW YEAR.

WHAT will the New Year bring us?
Spring with its early flowers,
Light of the golden Summer,
Rest in the Autumn hours.
Pathways of varied beauty,
Life-streams that ebb and flow,
Blossoms and verdure fading,
Whiteness of wintry snow.
What will the New Year bring us?
Sorrows or holy rest?
Blending low notes so plaintive,
Softly with gladness blest.
Ah! may the New Year bring us
Nearer to God each day,
Rising in faith and longing
Far from the earth away.

—E. DE M.

Editorial Notes.

What is a Friar ?

People devoid of faith and, in most cases, of morals, love to have a whack at the friars. In connection with political and military doings in the far East the word "Friar" of late often passes over the key-board manipulated by the cable-man. And this awful Friar—loved by good men and hated by bad men—who is he ? At the risk of embodying a lengthy quotation into this page we willingly give place to an able apologist. He deserves a hearing. His name is Santos G. Lopez. Writing in "La Fe Catolica" of San Antonio, Texas, this able writer asks the question, "What is a Friar ?" Mr. Lopez speaks particularly of Franciscan Friars, and the same applies to the other three orders of mendicants, viz., the Augustinians, Dominicans and Carmelites. Before giving us his own unvarnished description of a Friar, the writer truthfully says that "the world at large does not know, though it troubles itself about them a great deal. If it has any conception of them at all it is a coarse and ridiculous one, formed after hearing or reading the vaporings of their enemies. In the minds of some people the Friar is an indolent glutton, who became a Friar merely for the purpose of living at the expense of a charitable public. According to them the Friar is ignorant, ferocious, vile and, in short, the embodiment of everything low. According to others, the Friar is an unscrupulous and cunning diplomat ; a man who is a profound judge of the world and the human heart, and has more knowledge than any one else ; one who is sometimes the author and at other times the tool of schemes that are dark."

This is indeed the description of the Friar given us on the platform and public places ; we read the same in our novels, newspapers and magazines—and at times in the productions of the clever man who writes the advertisements for up-to-date (Catholic ones at times, sad to say !) newspapers. The esteemed apologist we have now in mind tells us that "such descriptions of an honored class in the Catholic Church are evidences of the low and crafty hearts and minds of their traducers." What then is a Friar ? We cannot improve on the words of Mr. Lopez. Let him have a hearing. Here is his definition of a Friar :

"He is a Christian, who in the prime of life, when the most flattering prospects beckon him, moved by a certain instinct which Christians call vocation, chooses to walk on one of the thousand roads of life which leads to Solitude, Subjection or Obedience, Chastity and Privation or Poverty ; and this, too, when others are aching for diversion, liberty, luxury and fortune, and ridicule him as a fool for not joining them. The Friar knows that he is born to love and serve God in this world, and to see and enjoy Him in the other. For that reason he looks for solitude and retirement. In that solitude, for such is his monastery, his subjection is absolute, his poverty complete, and his chastity scrupulously exquisite. I am not drawing on my imagination in saying this ; for having lived some time with some Franciscan Friars, I found that they were more than ordinary men of flesh and bone ; in fact, that they were walking virtues in coarse habits. Knowing, therefore, what true history and decent people say of them, and what my own experience showed me, I cannot for the life of me, picture them to myself as those that ignorant malice paints the Friars. I have said that he is a

Christian who in the heyday of his life leaves the world and its pomps, in order to devote himself to the service of his God. A close investigation of his life and customs will show this; and a rigorous trial will confirm what I have said. The youth who but yesterday was the son of a noble family, in the convent of the Friars is on an equality with the son of the laborer or the farmer. Worldly rank counts for nothing with God, how can it be considered among those who equally seek but God? A year in the novitiate, and a few vows solemnly pronounced at the foot of the altar have made of the young man what he is; a simple Friar."

Model Unions.

Assisted by their bishops and priests the Catholics of Germany are trying to revive the once famous guilds—or societies of Catholic workmen. In the olden days these guilds went far to aid in the social development of the people in England, Germany and other European countries. Modern trade unions pose as improvements on the old guilds. But comparisons are odious. "The old guilds," to quote an English newspaper, "were friendly societies of both masters and men, banded together for the promotion of the interests of their trade and of their native city, for the protection of the poor, and for the glory of the Church. No divergence between the interests of master and man was dreamt of, and no one who could not show the record of a clean life as a son of the Church, was admitted to membership. The designations 'apprentice' and 'journeymen' had then an exact and actual meaning. What do they usually mean nowadays beyond conveying an idea that the individuals to whom they are applied have followed a trade for an uncertain period, perhaps with as much inclina-

tion for absorbing what they are shown as a sieve has for carrying water?"

A Beautiful Pen-Picture.

A gem worthy to be preserved is without doubt the admirable definition of "What is it to be a Catholic?" pronounced at a society convention by Father Louis A. Tiernan, an esteemed Cincinnati priest. Every word of his definition is too good to be lost. In answer to the question proposed by himself, he said:

"Read the answer in the lives of the men and women who for 1900 years have trod the ways of heroic virtue in the footsteps of the Crucified. Go study it in the calm and peaceful heroism of the early Christian martyr, who laughed at the threats of tyrants, and prayed for his executioners as his life went out beneath the horrors of the tortures which he bore with joy rather than betray his God. Seek it up and down the ages, in every rank and station, from the monarch on the throne to the peasant in the field. Seek it in the hearts of nature's noble men and women, where it shines with a beauty and a lustre all its own, and elevates their hearts above the ties of kindred and of country, even to the Eternal God Himself—the centre and source of true Catholicity. Seek it and find it in the supernatural lives of men and women living to-day, living not alone in cloistered solitude, not alone at the foot of God's altar in constant adoration, not alone in the priestly robes, but even in the busy world of noise and wild distraction, in the marts of trade and in domestic cares, where the lots of most of us are cast. What is it to be a Catholic? It is to rest secure in the possession of eternal truth, in the certainty of being right, in the priceless privilege of not being blown about by every wind of doctrine. It is to live with the sunshine of divine hope warming the human heart, and enlightening the human soul. To be a Catholic is to love God above all things and your neighbor as yourself. It is to live in a disposition, at least of the

highest charity; charity toward our neighbor; charity that stops not at mere theory, not a mere speculation of profession."

"Jesus Christ, yesterday, and to-day, and the same forever!" To Him our King Immortal do we render homage and consecrate our hearts in this first year of the new century. To Him also do we the children of Mary dedicate these pages. Through Mary the "Queen of the Universe" do we offer her Son, the King of Kings, all our works and undertakings!

"Queen of the Universe."

From the last number of *Dominicana* we read some very interesting correspondence concerning the "Congress of Mary" at Lyons in France. This great gathering of our divine Mother's clients is now a thing of history, nevertheless to some of our readers it may be of interest to know that the great congress after declaring that the nineteenth century deserved to be called "the age of Mary," expressed a general wish in a resolution that "after the consecration of mankind to the Sacred Heart, the consecration to the Blessed Virgin, under the title of *Queen of the Universe*, should follow; that a feast called that of the Universal Royalty of Mary be instituted, to be celebrated each year, with a proper office. It might serve for the closing of the month of Mary and also to perpetuate the remembrance of this consecration, in the same way that the procession on the Feast of the Assumption perpetuates the consecration of France to Mary by Leo XIII., who is also petitioned that he would add to the Litany of Loretto the invocation: *Queen of the Universe, pray for us!* The congress also expressed the wish that

the Litany of Loretto be enriched with the invocation: *Queen of Purgatory, pray for us!*"

Century of the Sacred Heart.

The past century was indeed the century of Mary. The twentieth century is christened as the Century of the Sacred Heart. "Never, perhaps, has our Lord more deserved than in the evening of 1900 the beautiful Messianic title, 'Pater venturi seculi—' 'Father of the coming century,' said the Jesuit Father Coubet to the pilgrims gathered together at Paray-le-Monial. "He is its Father, since He is its benefactor and its King. It is fitting, then, to offer Him the first fruits by an exceptional homage. What a beautiful spectacle, the strengthening vision of which will dominate the entire twentieth century, when at New Years in all the cities and towns, great and small, generous Christians met, as it were by appointment at the Holy Table, to offer to our Lord the twentieth century, and say to Him, 'Lord, you are its King.' You will comprehend, dear children, this appeal which I make, not only to you, but to this great crowd, and to the hundreds of priests about, and outside the audience, to all generous hearts who will hear its echo."

Souls That Are Starved.

The noted author of "My Maryland," James R. Randall, writing to the Catholic Columbian, said lately: "Not long since I met two very attractive Protestant ladies, one a married woman, and they were telling me that in reality they had no specific religious attachment. They had been in New York and missed few of the public entertainments, but never, during that period, entered a church. One

of them said: 'Oh, I am tired of preaching. There must come moments when these ladies feel the necessity of a spiritual life, and they have not found it in mere pulpit discourses and choir-singing. They have Catholic relations, but I do not know that their minds have ever been drawn to the Church where there is that supernatural blessing so essential to humanity journeying to eternity, the Real Presence and the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. How many are there who, like these gifted ladies, are nominally Protestant, but really nothing in a religious sense.'

A Disrespectful Posture.

A critic in one of our Catholic papers, in a rather sarcastic mood, tells how some people kneel in church. The writer says that "kneeling in church has become quite an art. The method in vogue in dozens of cases is a kind of loll; a spread-eagling of one's self in a ridiculous manner. There is absolutely no necessity of anyone's seeking support from the seats; there is no need of spreading the elbows out on the back of the seats in front so as to compass as much space as possible. The seats are not there for use while kneeling; a bench is put there for that purpose. There is no necessity of our measuring our elbow reach. There are plenty more suitable places for such gymnastic exercises. A 'respectful posture on bended knees,' which is the attitude of prayer, does not call for any such lazy and indifferent looking stretching. Kneel up straight! resting the hands on the pew in front if necessary. There is no one so weak as to find this posture difficult. We are in church but a very short time during Mass, and the kneeling portion of that time is infinitesimal."

Leo XIII. tells the world in his encyclical that "it is rather ignorance than ill-will," which keeps multitudes away from Jesus Christ. There are many who study humanity and the natural world; few who study the Son of God. The first step, then, is to substitute knowledge for ignorance, so that He may no longer be despised or rejected because He is unknown. We conjure all Christians throughout the world to strive all they can to know their Redeemer as He really is. The more one contemplates Him with sincere and unprejudiced mind, the clearer does it become that there can be nothing more salutary than His law, nothing more divine than His teaching."

Christ and the Century.

The great encyclical on "Jesus Christ, Our Redeemer," which our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., gave to the world at the close of an eventful century, was most opportune. It seemed "eminently fitting," to quote the Sacred Heart Review, "that at the close of the century, the nineteenth since His birth, the Church of Christ, through its visible head, should be found asserting its belief in His infinite power, wisdom and goodness, and should address to an unbelieving generation a noble, dignified and zealous appeal to behold in our Lord 'the way, the truth, and the life.' The latter days of the nineteenth century were marked by vagaries in beliefs, and multitudes were led hither and thither in search of the peace which the human soul is forever demanding. Many think they have found the secret of this peace in spiritism, in philosophy, in intellectual culture, and in a thousand and one fads and follies; but in the face of these loudly-heralded

panaceas for the ills that afflict humanity, the Church, true to its Spouse, Jesus Christ, and to His teachings, holds Him up as the true and only hope of the world. Says the encyclical: 'God alone is life. All other beings partake of life, but are not life. Christ from all eternity and by His very nature is 'the life,' just as He is the Truth, because He is God of God. This is true of the natural life,—but . . . we have a much higher and better life, won for us by Christ's mercy, that is to say, the 'life of Grace' whose happy consummation is the 'life of glory,' to which all our thoughts and actions ought to be directed."

"This is the Christian teaching," says our esteemed contemporary. "The Church from the beginning has always taught it. The Church teaches it now with the same unerring certainty as in the early days when pagan Rome and all its gods were arrayed against the Gospel. Christ was then the centre of all Catholic teaching. He is the same to-day. The passing centuries have made no change in the Church's doctrines. Like the first pontiff, Peter, Leo XIII. asserts the divinity of Christ and the crying need of increased faith and hope in, and love for, the 'Light of the World.'"

Worthy of Consideration.

During the last century the Church gained great numerical strength in America. Nevertheless a number fell away from the true faith—the causes of this loss as given by an observant writer are worthy of perusal. They are:

1. Catholic families settling in places many miles from church or priest.
2. Mixed marriages.
3. Neglect of religious instruction and deficient education at home.
4. Reading of bad papers.
5. Staying away from the church to evade contributing towards building churches and keeping up schools.
6. Catholic children compelled by

limited means to leave home to secure a living.

7. Occupations where there is no chance to hear Mass on Sunday.

8. Emigrants who had little faith when they left Europe.

9. The absence of solid Catholic literature from the average Catholic home.

10. Not enough priests. This cause is gradually disappearing.

11. A false idea of social position. This cause is confined principally to women of fat purses and little brains.

12. Not being taught Christianity and the beginnings of theology in the mother-tongue.

13. The oft-repeated attempts to introduce and keep alive foreign customs, manners, modes of thought, etc., which tend to make the Catholic religion appear as an exotic, instead of being racy of the soil.

14. Intemperance.

13. Want of activity in Catholic church circles for young men and women.

16. Briefest and best. A summing up of all—the world, the flesh and the devil.

To all our readers the Editor of the Carmelite Review wishes a Happy and holy New Year.

Our readers will, we hope, pardon any delay on our part in acknowledging the receipt of subscriptions. Many things prevent us in being as prompt as we would wish to be. There is some delay in sending out our "Catholic Home Annuals" which we give as premiums, but you will get the same in a reasonable time.

From Rome we just learn with pain that the assassin's blow has been aimed at the person of our esteemed and most respected Prior-General, Father Bernardini. His sufferings were intense and his condition serious for some hours, but now, thanks to Our Lady of Carmel, he is at present out of danger. May our Lord protect and preserve him to us for many a decade in the new century!

MARIA, ROSA MYSTICA!

I.

Beneath a Cross,
A Flower, pierced
By Calv'ry's deep thorn glows;
It mourns the death
Of One it loves—
That bleeding, blood-red Rose.

II.

Sweet from a Cross
Around a Flower,
A Face lights up the way;
A Saviour's smile
Yon Rose transforms—
A Lily of the May.

—J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

Just as this number of the Carmelite Review was going to press our glad festal "Glorias" were suddenly hushed in order to chant a prayerful "Requiescat" on the departure from this world of a venerable Brother of our Order—the Reverend Cyril Knoll—the news of whose demise was flashed from the far West on Christmas Eve. Father Cyril entered religion in the young days of the nineteenth century, and with that dying century he went into eternity to receive the reward of a long life devoted to the glory of God and of the Queen of Carmel. But a couple of years ago he celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination, and now, let us hope, he is crowned amidst the jubilant choir of Mary's children. We regret that time and space forbid a more detailed account of this fervent and model Friar. Only last summer our Fathers, assembled in chapter at Niagara, publicly recorded an expression of esteem and fraternal love towards him, and now it is our sad office to ask of our readers a fervent prayer for the repose of the soul of Cyril Knoll—the Father and Founder of Carmel in America.—R.I.P.

Our friends who travel over the Michigan Central Railroad will be glad to learn that that popular road has now been equipped with an automatic electric signal system which ensures absolute safety in addition to speed and comfort.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We thank the good and zealous Father Slattery, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., for the use of the plate which appears as our frontispiece in this issue.

The Catholic Almanac of Ontario for 1901 is a very interesting and useful publication. It contains a complete list of the Canadian clergy and, with copious illustrations, gives the reader some interesting chapters of Canadian church history. Price 25 cents. Address the Publisher, 510 West Queen St., Toronto, Ont.

The excellent and timely translation of the large and small Catechisms of the learned Jesuit, Father Greenings, will be a boon to the catechist. These books are practical, and are so arranged that the dullest child can easily grasp and retain in memory the essentials of Christian doctrine. The Publishers are the Messrs. Benzinger Brothers, New York.

A beautiful holiday book—especially suited as a gift book—is the "Little Lives of the Saints" for children. It contains some splendid full page illustrations. Bound in cloth—price seventy-five cents. Address the publishers, Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay St., New York.

Some splendid new works of fiction can be had from B. Herder, So. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. "Guy's Fortune," by M. B. Eagan, (Price \$1.00) is well worth the reading.

The Sisters of Charity, in Philadelphia, have just published the Life of the late Sister Mary Gonzaga, compiled and written by the well-known authoress, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. To the many friends and benefactors of St. Joseph's Asylum the present volume cannot fail to be deeply interesting, considering the long period of years Sister Gonzaga so ably presided over the time honored institution, universally known and beloved by all classes for her benevolence, kindness and true charity to the orphan as well as to the sick and poor generally. The survivors of the late Civil War will no doubt also be pleased to possess a memorial of the one who so kindly ministered for a time at Satterlee Hospital. All proceeds arising from the sale of the work are specially intended to aid in defraying the expenses incurred in maintaining a largely increased number of poor children. The Sisters therefore hope for a ready sale of the book, which can be obtained at the Asylum, 700 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price,

\$1.25. It is a beautiful pen-picture of the real Sister of Charity as she exists to-day.

Messrs. Wm. H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay St., New York, have just published "Around the Crib," a Christmas story, handsomely printed and bound, with five half-tone illustrations. Price (post paid) 50 cents. A pathetic interest attaches to this pretty Christmas volume, which consists mainly of translations from the French. These have been made from stories by Father Henri Perreyve, the brilliant young French priest whose early death was a severe blow to the cause of religion in France. The stories have all the spiritual delicacy and fragrance, peculiar to their saintly author. They were rendered into English by Father Bruneau, S. J., and his friend Father Thomas Ryan, a young priest of New York, who was ordained just as death was knocking at the door. He entered into eternal life while the first glory of his priesthood illumined him. Apart from these touching incidents, this book has a literary and spiritual interest, which will charm readers and give a new beauty to the Christmas festival for young and old. The author has woven the stories from his own rich-colored meditations on the memorable days that gave a Saviour to the world. Their simplicity makes them comprehensible to children. Their depth of emotion will touch less susceptible hearts. A year before his death Father Ryan had written a poem of great insight and charm called "A Letter of One of the Magi." It was thought best to include it in this collection. Also in this volume is added a poem on "The Flight into Egypt," written some years since by a seminarian of St. Marv's Seminary, Baltimore. It adds one flower more to the garland which is entwined "Around the Crib," a holiday gift which your friend will appreciate.

This is Pan-American year. You will not fail to see this great exposition in Buffalo. Your visit will be incomplete if you do not include a visit to the Hospice of Mt. Carmel and other things worth seeing at Niagara Falls. Consult with your ticket agent and see that you travel to the Falls (whether you live East, West, North or South) by the popular "Niagara Falls Route"—the MICHIGAN CENTRAL, a railroad proverbially known to give you swift, safe and comfortable transportation.

PETITIONS.

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

Work for husband; conversion of a son; restoration of health; special request.

ORITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

Mary A. Maher.

Rev. Fr. Laughlin, of Brooklyn.

Patrick Conroy, Port Hope, Ont.

Hannah Hickey, died Nov. 7th, 1900, at Bornholm, Ont.

Cath. O'Neill, died Dec. 12th, 1900, at Niagara Falls, Can.

Miss Annie Hauley, Katie Maher, Bridget Codey, Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Maher, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sister M. Josephine O'Neill, died Dec. 1, 1900, at Convent of St. Joseph, Ont., in the 76th year of her age and 42nd of her religious life.

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

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Scapular names received at Falls View, from: St. Philomena's Church, Rudolph, Wis.; Metaghan, N. S.; St. Mary's Church, Ticonderaga, N. Y.; St. Patrick's Church, St. John, Nfld.; Chepstone, Ont.; St. Finnan's Cathedral, Alexandria, Ont.; St. Patrick's Church, Taberg, N. Y.; St. Ann's Church, North Annisville, N. Y.; Taylorville, Ill.; Dixie, Ont.; Germantown, Pa.; Grimsby, Ont.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Saranac Lake, N. Y.; Convent of Good Shepherd, Buffalo, N. Y.

Names for registration have been received at Carmelite Priory, Pittsburg, Pa., from: Holy Cross Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Immaculate Heart Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Abbey of Gethsemani, Nelson Co., Ky.; Jesuit College, Denver, Colo.; St. Agnes' Church, Bennet, Pa.; St. Ambrose's Church, Allegheny City, Pa.; St. Peter's Church, Rondout, N. Y.; St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Mt. Vernon, O.; Paris, O.; Fifield, Wis.; Freehold, N. Y.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, and 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.