



### Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

*"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the cocoon of peace, and everlasting alliance."*



## Parting of Elias and Eliseus—Power of Prayer.\*

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

THE parting shadows gathered darkly round them ;  
 What are these whispers like the night-wind's moan ?  
 " Dost thou not know the Lord will take thy Master ? "  
 " I also know it. " Plaintive was the tone.

The holy intercourse of son and father,  
 Of master and disciple soon must cease.  
 Too well he knows ! and ah, how deep the anguish  
 Of that devoted spirit ! " Hold your peace ! "

How tenderly Elias seemed as pleading  
 That his last hours on earth might be alone :  
 " Stay here at Bethel—Jericho—the Jordan. "  
 " I will not leave thee ! " sighed the monotone.

" What wilt thou have me do, O Eliseus,  
 Before I leave, to soothe thy inward pain ? "  
 " O Father, I beseech thee hear my pleadings,  
 That thy own spirit may in me remain ! "

" Thou askest for a favor great and precious,  
 Most difficult, disciple dear to me ;  
 But still, if thou art present at my transit  
 The Lord shall give this spirit unto thee. "

Lo, in a flaming chariot upward borne  
 By Angel-hosts, on wings of mighty wind,  
 Mount Carmel's Prophet rises—" O my Father !  
 My Father ! " weeps the mourner left behind.

The well-worn mantle of his holy master  
 Has fallen, as an heir-loom dear and blest.  
 Meet emblem that Elias' " double spirit " †  
 Of miracles and prophecy in him shall rest.

Alone ! the great heart, brave and true, and zealous  
 And tender as a mother's—gone away ;  
 And in this weary exile the disciple  
 Must wait and watch, must suffer still and pray.

Must, for " the Lord of Hosts, " be strong and ardent,  
 And speak prophetic words of His sweet will,  
 Must glorify His name by signs and wonders  
 Than those of Saint Elias greater still.

O wondrous power of trustful intercession  
 To win most precious favors from above !  
 We are not pleading for prophetic knowledge,  
 But for the spirit of God's light and love.

We seek not miracles to glorify Him  
 Like Carmel's Prophet, in the days of old,  
 But pray that Jesus in the far bright heavens,  
 Rich treasures of His Heart may now unfold.  
 More tender than Elias e'er the transit,  
 His parting words with sweetness overflow.  
 "I will not leave you orphans—the Consoler  
 Will e'er abide within you if I go."  
 There is no need so difficult or pressing  
 In which we may not plead for holy grace,  
 So let us live, by prayer, in God's own presence,  
 Awaiting still the vision of His Face.

\* "And Eliseus said, I beseech thee that in me may be thy double spirit."—3 King 2, 9.  
 Notes from commentary of Holy Scripture:  
 † Double spirit may mean a double measure of his spirit (Elias) or a portion of his  
 double spirit—*i. e.* prodigies and prophecy.  
 Eliseus had a greater glory of prodigies than Elias, for Elias performed eight, Eliseus  
 sixteen. Some attribute twelve to Elias, twenty-four to Eliseus.  
 He desired this glory that he might promote God's glory and increase His Kingdom,  
 as Christ wished His Apostles to be conspicuous for greater prodigies than He Himself  
 performed.

### To Our Lady of Mount Carmel.\*

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

#### I.

"Alma Dei Genitrix, Carmeli gloria montis. Veste tua  
 indutos pariter virtutibus orna. Semper et a cunctis clemens  
 defende periculis."

O gracious Mother of Our Lord!  
 Thou dost o'er Carmel shine,  
 Adorn with holy virtues now,  
 The souls already thine.  
 Thy Scapular enfolds them all  
 Like thy maternal love,  
 Then let their hearts bear impress fair  
 Of thy pure heart above.  
 In all vicissitudes of life  
 Thy clement aid extend,  
 And from our fierce and hostile foe  
 Protect us and defend.

#### II.

"Valde mirabilis es, O mater nostra! et facies tua plena est  
 gratiarum."

O wonderful exceedingly thou art  
 Our mother! and most beautiful thy face,  
 Thou blessed master-piece of God's own hand,  
 Thou full of every precious gift and grace!

#### III.

"Respice de Cœlo, et visita vineam istam. Et perface eam  
 quam plantavit dextera tua. Alleluia!"

Look down from thy bright throne above  
 On Carmel's mystic vine;  
 And visit us with holy gifts  
 Of light and love divine.  
 Thine own right hand hast planted it,  
 To bear sweet fruits each day;  
 O may they grow more perfect still  
 When thou for us dost pray!

\* From the Carmelite Breviary—Free translation.

# The Carmelites and the Brown Scapular.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS X. MCGOWAN, O. S. A.

IN the wise economy of the Church man is offered all the ways and means conducive to salvation.

The Sacraments are channels of grace and are easy of access and participation. Besides the Sacraments and what are called the sacramentals, the Church has deigned to authorize confraternities of popular devotions which afford many helps in the great work of man's sanctification. To poor struggling mortals who are compelled to deal daily with the hard actualities of life, contending against the world, the flesh and the devil, these pious societies are like so many Noah's Arks, in which they may find shelter from the storms of temptation and sin, a refuge from the contaminating influence of their environment and a retreat from the unrest and trouble of time. These confraternities, placed under the protection of our Blessed Lord, His spotless Mother or the angels and saints, afford to people living in the world the opportunities of grace and perfection. As high an authority as St. Alphonsus Liguori has declared in reference to these pious associations: "We shall find fewer faults committed by twenty members of them than by one single individual who has not the happiness of belonging to them." From these academies of virtue and holiness have come forth worthy prelates and priests, angelic maidens and irreproachable men and women in every walk of life, and they have confessed that their advancement in goodness and perfection has been mainly due to the encouragement they have received in these pious societies to practice the Christian virtues and to

the ardent charity they have drawn from the weekly or monthly exercise of prayer, meditation and the frequent reception of the Sacraments prescribed by their rule. Pope Gregory XIII. who was very partial to these religious associations and granted them large indulgences, was wont to call them "Schools of Salvation." And it is a great proof of their beneficial aim and work that the Sovereign Pontiffs confirmed, recognized and blessed them.

The Confraternity of the Scapular of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel is no exception to the favorable judgment of the Church. Holy and supernatural in origin, illustrious in its history and prolific in practical and appreciable results, it stands peerless among the religious societies recognized by the authority of the Church. It has ever thriven beneath the glory of the Carmelite institute, and, partaking of the warmth of its love and zeal, has spread to all habitable portions of the universe. The venerable Order of the Carmelites, which dates its origin to the days of Elias and Eliseus, prophets of the Old Law, has been the joyful parent of saints and heroes. "Count the stars of heaven," said Trithemius, "and you may count the saints of the Order of Mount Carmel." In ancient days this time-honored Order had suffered direful persecution from Judaism, and borne the brunt of hatred and blood at the hands of Chosroes, King of Persia, Hamar, King of Arabia, and other Eastern potentates. It had a share in the triumphs, the joys and sorrows of the Crusades. At length when, in the thirteenth century, the spirit of dissension



controlled the Christian government of the East, and chiefly through this disunion the Holy Land, redeemed from Islam in 1099 by Godfrey de Bouillon, was wrested from the hands of the Christians, the Carmelites were compelled to leave their home in the Orient and emigrate to more peaceful countries, where, under God's Providence and the protection of their Virgin-Patroness, they might pursue their mission of love and prayer. France and England received many of the refugee-Religious, and monasteries were erected for them in both countries, and at a later date St. Louis, who had brought with him several Carmelites from the East, built for them a spacious cloister in his capital city, Paris. From France the Carmelite institute spread to the Netherlands, Italy and Spain. In 1212, Richard de Grey and John de Vescei, both English Crusaders, returning from Palestine with the auxiliary fleet of their country, carried with them two Carmelites, Rudolph and Yno, who were forced to flee from Saracen persecution.

The spread of the Order throughout Europe was simply marvellous. Like every Religious Order, it met with many discouragements and often open enmity and opposition; it was made the butt of violence and ridicule and tasted of the chalice of bitterness, but, under the protection of its heavenly Queen, it triumphed over human malice and gained in its favor the powerful assistance of Church authority. Honorius II. was supernaturally warned to protect it, and to confirm the rules which were observed by its members. John V., Stephen V. and Leo IV. gave special marks of recognition and encouragement to the Carmelite institute. Many other Popes enriched it with splendid indulgences. In more modern

days, the satanic hate which has ever pursued the Religious Orders has not spared the Carmelite Order, and its children have ever been ready to bear witness with their blood to the faith of Jesus Christ and devotion to the Holy See. Many were the Carmelite martyrs during the persecutions of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth in both England and Ireland, and many were the Carmelite victims of the Reign of Terror at the period of the French Revolution. Whether amidst war or peace, joy or sorrow, they have always been the specially favored children of Our Blessed Lady, as Gregory XIII. has well said: "The most Blessed Virgin gave spiritual birth to the Order of the Carmelites and nursed it at her bosom." What manner of men the Carmelite Religious were, we may understand from the picture of them drawn by Pope Clement VIII., who when sending Carmelite missionaries to the King of Persia, spoke in the following language: "Do not be arrested by their simple and rough habit; because if you consider their life and manners, you will discern that there are under this vile and penitential raiment certain admirable virtues which are hidden, and certain rare talents which make them agreeable to God and man. Do not attend either to their feet which are defiled with dust and mud, as is inevitable with pilgrims who make long journeys, but consider the gravity of their discourse and the sweetness of their conversation, and you will arrive at this conclusion, that they have souls void of the least stains, and that their hearts are purified from the infection of the things of this world. You will, in fine, admire the internal beauty of those who come to announce to you, with all imaginable blessings, peace."

It is to the prayers and holiness of

Simon Stock, an English Carmelite, that we are indebted for the inestimable privilege of wearing the Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. This holy man was born of noble lineage in the County of Kent, 1165. His soul was filled and moved with the spirit of God from his earliest childhood, and when only in his twelfth year, a period when a child is little concerned with religious ideas, he withdrew from the world and lived for twenty years in the trunk of a hollow oak, practicing meanwhile extraordinary austerities. He was especially a devout client of Mary, and frequently enjoyed sweet converse with her. Our Lady of Peace told him one day that some religious men who lived under her protection would soon come from the Holy Land and receive him into their institute. These men were Rudolph and Yno of whom we have made mention, and being advised by our Blessed Lady of their arrival, Simon sought them out, and falling at their feet, begged to be admitted to their holy Order. His desire was forthwith gratified, and with a heart bursting with love for God and His Blessed Mother, he entered on a life of angelic goodness and marvellous holiness. After his ordination to the priesthood, he passed years in missionary labors, preaching with such extreme fervor as to be likened to the Prophet Elias who was consumed by the fire of love and zeal. His efforts were so successful that the whole face of England was spiritually transformed and another Pentecost was visible throughout the land. He possessed the gift of miracles and wonderful things are recounted of him. On one occasion he changed water into wine. The fame of his supernatural power penetrated to every part of the Kingdom; he was hailed as an illustrious Apostle, the Restorer of

ancient faith and piety in the land once so beautifully called "the Dowry of Mary." In 1245, the Latin General of the Carmelites, Alanus, died, and Simon Stock was elected to the vacant position. He threw his whole soul into the work of his Order, and particularly labored to promote a profound and lasting devotion to Our Blessed Lady. She was the joy of his life, his solace and balm in the trying vicissitudes of his whole career. At the time of his election as Superior of his Order and for many years after, the Church was sorely vexed by the fearful wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. The German Emperor, Frederic II, had devastated Italy, put worthy prelates and priests to death, and even endeavored to secure the person of the Pope to harass and probably martyr him. The Church was plunged in darkness. In the East, the Saracens led by the Sultan of Egypt had taken Jerusalem, and all efforts on the part of Catholic Kings had proved ineffectual. In his sorrow the Pope cried: "O treacherous East! O dark and fatal Egypt! O Jerusalem whose deliverance has cost so much blood, when, oh when, wilt thou console the Church for all the sorrows thou hast brought upon her?" In the midst of the general desolation that hung like an ominous pall over the Church, satan contrived to arouse a violent storm of hate against the peace of the Carmelites. It was provocation enough that they were the adopted children of Mary who destroys heresies and defeats the malice of hell. The demon even strove to ferment discord in the ranks of this ancient Order. Its privileges were called into question, and many disliked the time-honored title of Brothers and Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. St. Simon Stock endured bravely these new afflictions which

in fact served to augment his faith and fervor. In all his troubles he sought counsel and comfort from his heavenly Queen, and he besought her to give him some sign or token, by which the Christian world would know that she was the chief Patroness and the special Protectress of the Carmelite Order. He also composed hymns, anthems and prayers in her honor. One of these—a miraculous anthem—"Flos Carmeli," has been thus rendered into English by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly (*Carmelite Review, July, 1899*):—

"Most holy Virgin, beauty of Mount Carmel!  
O Virgin Flower, blooming evermore!  
Bright ornament of heaven! Maiden Mother  
Of God Incarnate, Whom we all adore!  
"Mother of holy love, of mercy, meekness!  
Mother, above all mothers, honored far!  
Be gracious to thy children dear of Carmel,  
And all who wear thy sacred Scapular.

The Saint's tender devotion and burning love were rewarded. As he knelt in the chapel of the Carmelite convent of Cambridge, July 16th, 1251, Our Blessed Lady appeared to him clothed in dazzling raiment and attended by myriads of angels and saints. She held in her hand a Brown Scapular, and looking kindly at him, said: "Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire. Behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, a covenant of peace and everlasting alliance." Having spoken these consoling words, she disappeared leaving the Scapular in Simon's hands. Ever since this miraculous event, the Carmelites have worn the white cloak of Elias and the Brown Scapular of the Blessed Virgin. Vested in the sacred livery of their gracious Queen, they have gone forth a consecrated army—

to do energetic battle for immortal souls, to meet the fiery onset of the demon, and, victorious, to people heaven with saints. Gallantly they have mastered malice and sin, and it must needs be that success should attend their efforts, for they are Mary's beloved children, the children of her choice, the clients of the Virgin most powerful. If the Jews of old gloried in having Abraham for their father, what greater honor may not the Carmelites claim in having Mary, the Queen of Heaven, for their Mother!

Such a great privilege as to have the Scapular given from heaven and by its Queen was certainly calculated to raise opposition on the part of the ungodly, the envious and the agents of satan. St. Simon Stock had again recourse to prayer, and as General of his Order, commanded his Religious to supplicate the favor of heaven in behalf of the Scapular. The year 1251 was especially a period of trial and sorrow for the holy man, but the mercy of God did not abandon him. Innocent IV., in his several Briefs, gave the death-blow to all opposition to the Scapular and silenced forever those that decried its use. Some traces of enmity still existed, but it was the design of God that even these should be totally eradicated by a supernatural occurrence.

After the death of Clement V., the College of Cardinals met at Lyons in France to elect his successor. The state of Christendom was fearful; the larger part of it was plunged in war; blood flowed freely in Germany, England, France and Italy; dissension was rife in the College of Cardinals. For two years and more the Church was widowed, until at length Cardinal James Arnould, or as he is sometimes called, James of Ossa, besought Our Blessed Lady to obtain by her inter-

cession a worthy Pastor of the Church who would put an end to the discord and lawlessness that were preying on the heart and vitals of Christendom. We may judge of the afflicted Cardinal's virtue when history relates that the Blessed Virgin appeared to him in vision and promised to elevate him to the Chair of Peter and to deliver him from his enemies, if he would in turn execute her wishes. She stipulated that on his accession to the Papacy, he would extend his protection to her favored children, the Carmelites, and confirm on earth the privileges which had been granted them in heaven. The Cardinal was elected Pope in 1316, assuming the name of John XXII. The troubles of the Church increased alarmingly during his pontificate, and his heart was rent with grief and almost despondency. He turned with faith and confidence to her who is the "Help of Christians," and she failed not to give him comfort and hope. Early one morning as he was wholly occupied with his devotions, Our Blessed Lady appeared to him, clad in the Carmelite habit and rimmed round with heavenly light; she looked most benignly on the afflicted Pontiff and spoke thus to him: "John, Vicar of my Son, it is to me you are indebted for your elevation to the dignity which you enjoy in consequence of my solicitations in your behalf with my divine Son, and as I have delivered you from the snares of your enemies, so do I expect that you will give ample and favorable confirmation of the holy Carmelite Order, which was first instituted on Mount Carmel." The Mother of God then continued her consoling words and added to them this sacred message which has ever charmed the hearts and heightened the hopes of all devout Christians: "And if among the Religious, or Brethren of the

Confraternity, who depart out of this life, there shall be any who for their sins have been cast into Purgatory, I, their glorious Mother, will descend there on the Saturday after their death; I will deliver those whom I shall find in Purgatory and take them up to the holy mountain of eternal life." The holy Pontiff, though surprised and amazed at this tender act of condescension on the part of Our Blessed Lady, was filled with joy and inexpressible delight. Peace would now dawn on the Church, and concord would reign among Christian princes and peoples. Impelled by a sense of gratitude, John XXII. issued the Bull, *Sacratissimo uti culmine*, March 3rd, 1322, in which he promulgated this privilege, adding, "I accept this holy indulgence, I corroborate and confirm it on earth, as Jesus Christ, by reason of the merits of His glorious Mother, has conceded it in heaven." This Bull is called the Sabbathine, because the favor accorded by the Blessed Virgin will be realized on the first Sabbath or Saturday after the death of those to whom it is happily granted. The obligations necessary to obtain this priceless privilege and boon are as follows: to wear the habit of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, to observe chastity according to one's state in life, to say the little office of the Blessed Virgin, or, if one cannot read, to keep the fasts of the Church and abstain from flesh meats on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The words of the Roman Pontiff carried with them all the grounds of credibility and soon an ardent devotion towards Our Lady of Mount Carmel became manifest in all Catholic countries. The universities, seats of virtue and learning in those days, recognized the meaning and import of the vision and the indulgence. Cambridge in 1374,

Bologna in 1609, and Salamanca later, all attested their belief in the supernatural event. Popes Alexander V. (1409,) Clement VII., Pius V. (1566,) and Gregory XIII. (1579) approved the Scapular and the great favors granted it by heaven. Clement X., Clement XI., Clement XII., Benedict XIII. and Benedict XIV. wore the holy Scapular, and among the princes who likewise desired to be invested with this sacred livery, we may mention St. Louis, King of France, and his mother, Blanche, Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV.; Edward I. and Edward II., Kings of England; the Emperors, Ferdinand II. and Ferdinand III.; the Kings of Scotland, Spain and Portugal, and almost all the princes and princesses of their courts. When in the course of time the people began to understand the value and recompense, both temporal and eternal, which was guaranteed to those who wore the Scapular and fulfilled the conditions imposed upon them, they gathered in multitudes in the Carmelite churches, to receive the Scapular and promise obedience to the superiors of the Confraternity. To every part of the world the devotion of the Scapular extended, and when new lands, as in the case of our own young country, were discovered, the love of the Mother of Mount Carmel was settled and cultivated in them.

The love still endures, and the Scapular is even more generally worn now than formerly. Other devotions like that of the Blessed Sacrament in the thirteenth century, or that of St. Joseph in the fifteenth, have lost their distinctive marks as general devotions, and are now but partial and individual, but the devotion of the Scapular like that of the Rosary seems never to lessen, but is spread through the ages in Christendom. The devotion of the Scapular is one of faith and feeling, and is always

an index of one's spiritual state. It is besides the characteristic of a good Catholic, who in wearing the Scapular and complying with its conditions is acting in conformity with the mind of the Church regarding it.

It were nigh impossible to recount the miracles and favors wrought through the means of the Scapular. Life has been given and death removed by it. Dangers on land and sea have been averted. Temptation and despair have been dispelled. The Scapular has been "a safeguard in danger," as our Blessed Lady promised it would be to St. Simon Stock. The soldier, vested in the Scapular, has entered battle bravely confiding in the watchful and tender love of his heavenly Patroness; the poor seaman has likewise trusted in her who is called "*Stella Maris*," "The Star of the Sea." Even in our workshops where peril is present; in the mines, the deep caverns of the earth, where fatalities are common, and the dangerous outside occupations of our age and country, the Scapular has been a defence against evils that would often rob us of our lives if some special providence had not intervened to save us. The little boy who when bathing in our rivers will refuse to remove his Scapular has a proper conception of the power and vigilance exercised by the Mother of Mount Carmel towards her favored children. The fears and anxieties of death are removed when the dying Christian is clad in the Blessed Virgin's habit. Thus the Scapular has a salutary influence on all conditions of human existence; it protects individuals, it blesses homes and gives the boon of peace and concord to congregations. We scarcely know what might happen to the world, were the devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel ever to cease. A great void would be made in our Catholic life, and a priceless something would be wanting to our happiness and contentment. We can never be too devout to our Blessed Queen of the Scapular, and we should glory in wearing her soul-saving livery, as the good soldier glories in the uniform he wears for the defence of his home and country.

# Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

## V.

SHALL not bring this portion of my letter to a close without a word on St. Polycarp's (Capuchin) congregation, adding that my remarks on the same are, in the main, applicable to the other Catholic congregations of Smyrna. On week days there are Masses every half hour from 5.30 till eight o'clock. These are numerous attended, and that, too, besides the poor—*whom we have always with us*, (St. Mark xiv, 7)—by a class of people whose appearance shows them to be educated and refined as well as in comfortable circumstances. At one of these Masses, taken at random, I counted some hundred and twenty devout assistants, and was both edified and touched by the spirit of faith and piety observable in all. During the day also, persons are constantly dropping in to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and to pray before the different shrines. Confraternities, sodalities and church societies are flourishing—all which speaks volumes for the zeal and activity of the Fathers in charge. I could have imagined myself in a church in the United States without the least exaggeration; and I shall never forget the consoling impression made upon me by the examples of virtue I witnessed in this distant land, where there is so much to allure one from the truth and from holiness of life. But the moment came at last for

our departure; nor was it without a pang that we took leave of friends who had endeared themselves to us in an immeasurable degree, and from scenes which had made an indelible impression upon our minds.

On Saturday, 30th inst., in the caique of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, accompanied by Signor Sugiani, president of that institution at Smyrna, as also by Rev. Father Polycarp, O. M. Cap., and the Rev. George Varthaliti, who had guided us in our visit to Ephesus and Panaglia Capouli,—all come to bid us godspeed,—we left the quay for the vessel which was to bear us to Beyrouth. This was the Congo, of the French Messageries Co., 420 ft. by 40. The sea was unusually rough and running quite high; but the skillful boatmen of the bank inspired us with confidence in spite of our fears, and conveyed us through the seething waves without injury. Our kind friends accompanied us on board and remained with us until obliged to return to shore. Left to ourselves, we began to look around us for the purpose of learning who our fellow voyagers might be, and the result of this investigation leads me to an explanation which I may as well make now as later. A month or so before leaving Rustchuk, namely, I made all arrangements to meet the Assumptionist pilgrimage (of which more anon) at Jaffa, and to accompany

it through the Holy Land. But the double delay at Constantinople and Smyrna defeated my plans, and my companion and I were in anything but an enviable frame of mind with the prospect before us of being obliged to make our tour in Palestine all alone.

Judge of our relief, then, when I tell you that on board the Congo we found a pilgrimage of some forty priests and several ladies and gentlemen—all from France—whose programme was almost the same as that of the Fathers of the Assumption, and in some respects even more ample. We lost no time, I assure you, in asking the Rev. Director, Monsieur L'abbé Potard, of Paris, to take us among his charges, which he very graciously did. Thereafterward we were identified with them, and our perigrinations from that day on, September 1st—the first Friday of the month—were made in their company until we parted from them at Jaffa on the 19th of the same month, they taking a steamer for Egypt, and we beginning our homeward journey.

But this is anticipating. I said we left Smyrna on the 1st inst. The voyage to Beyrouth, which port we reached on the 4th inst., was comparatively uneventful. Our vessel was so large that the roughness of the water made but little impression on her, and consequently there were few cases of *mal de mer*, and these were of short duration. As several priests of the pilgrimage had portable altars with them, as also everything that was requisite for divine service, my companion and self shared with the rest the inestimable privilege of celebrating Mass on the Saturday and Sunday following our embarkment. This was the first time I had offered the Holy Sacrifice on sea. The lay pilgrims received Holy Communion, some of them daily;

and both morning and evening prayers were recited in common, whilst devout hymns and canticles were chanted at intervals throughout the day. We were a merry party, too, and I regret that my time does not permit me to note here some of the witty sallies and repartee which kept us constantly in good humor.

On Monday morning, 4th inst., we entered the harbor of Beyrouth. To the voyager who visits this port for the first time, the scene which presents itself to him as the boatmen approach the ship to take off passengers and luggage, is one he will not soon forget. Nearly a hundred lithe, active and wild looking Arabs, manning their barques with surprising dexterity in the midst of a seemingly inextricable confusion, swarmed about the vessel, shouting themselves hoarse in their efforts to attract the attention of their expectant victims on board, pulling, pushing and struggling, like so many energumens, each striving to get nearest, disputing the way inch by inch, hurling invectives and shaking their fists at one another—aye, even coming to blows.

As I stood looking over the rail at these furies, I could not help pitying those who were to become their prey as soon as the steps should be lowered. But, lo and behold! without so much as waiting for this procedure, a number of them scaled the sides of the ship with cat-like agility, and despite the efforts of several officers and sailors to beat them back, leaped on the deck and distributed themselves over it in search of passengers about to debark. It required a firm will and even the use of force in some cases to prevent them from bodily carrying off baggage in spite of the owners, some of them not being over particular, as a captain



assured me later on, as to whether the articles seized were destined for Beyrout or elsewhere.

But when at last (after the ship's papers had been taken ashore and pronounced O. K. by the authorities) the steps were let down—oh! one would have thought that a horde of pirates were boarding us to put all to the sword. The rush and crush was something awful, for evidently these harpies realized that first come first served, was the watchword of the occasion. As many as half a dozen of them would surround a single individual, each trying to wrest his valises, etc. from him, and to make him understand that all the rest were villains, not to be trusted.

I watched this chaos gradually resolving itself into something like order (for everything must come to an end sooner or later), and when the coast was clear, quietly descended the ladder and took my place in the caique waiting for the Father Visitor of the Jesuits in the Orient—Very Rev. Pierre Roulleau, S. J., formerly provincial superior at Lyons, France, whose official residence is the house of the Order at Beyrout, and whose fellow voyagers we had been from Smyrna on. With a delicacy all his own, he had invited me to share the caique in which several of the Fathers of his community had come to convey him ashore. Once on land, our *teskerés* presented for inspection and registration, and our luggage examined at the Custom House (formalities observed at every port of entry, and even at some of departure in Turkey), excusing ourselves to Father Roulleau, my companion and I betook ourselves to the Capuchins, for whom we had messages from their brethren in Smyrna. The main body of the pilgrims went to

the Jesuit college, where by previous arrangement quarters had been prepared for them, the autumnal vacations having left plenty of space for their accommodation. The ladies of the party were provided for in a neighboring convent. When we reached the Capuchin monastery, we were received with open arms, and learned to our joy that the community of Beyrout was not behind that of Smyrna in brotherly cordiality. Early in the afternoon of the same day, the reverend superior accompanied us to the Jesuits, where we met our co-pilgrims, and were informed by their director that at seven o'clock next morning they would set sail for Caiffa. We assured him that we would be on hand, and then proceeded to visit in detail the magnificent establishment of the sons of St. Ignatius Loyola, known as the University of St. Joseph. First we saw the church. This is at once a beautiful and imposing structure, being a combination of the Roman and Gothic styles, which, though quite opposite in their natures, are here blended in so harmonious a manner as to please the eye and elevate the mind. The edifice is 138 ft. long, 70 wide, (save in the transept, which is 85) and 63 high. It has six chapels, and is provided with galleries, which rest on arches supported on either side by sixteen graceful columns with a corresponding number of pilasters abutting on the walls. The university proper is composed of several buildings, the main one resembling not a little in form the grand edifice of the Christian Brothers of your city at Cote Brilliante. The material, however, is dressed stone. The departments of medicine and pharmacy have over one hundred students, and are thorough in every respect, being furnished with the latest modern appliances. A diploma from the same



entitles the recipient to practice anywhere on French territory and throughout the Ottoman empire. In all, some five hundred pupils attend the university classes. But what took me by surprise was the fully equipped printing and book-binding establishment of the Fathers. This is run by steam power. Lithographing, stereotyping, electrotyping, photo-engraving and photography are in constant use. They found their own type—a work of no mean proportions, as you will admit when I tell you that the Arabic characters alone, in all their completeness, i. e., accented and unaccented letters, etc., require 2,200 fonts, from each of which the printer must take in the setting up of certain works. The accented letters themselves number 1,500. The Fathers have printed and published eighty-eight works in Arabic and Syriac alone—some of them elegantly gotten up and beautifully illustrated. They publish also a weekly Arabian newspaper called the \*Al-Bachir, which is edited by Rev. P. A. Salhani, S. J. I send you a copy of the same as a curiosity, together with a ninety-six page catalogue of their publications. In the prospectus of the latter you will see that they are prepared to do printing, job office work, etc., in Arabic, Syriac, Turkish, "Armenian, Greek, Latin and the modern languages, as also to furnish type in any quantity in all of the same, specimens and price lists to be had on application."

On taking leave of the good Jesuit Fathers, but not before they led us to their spacious refectory and offered us a cooling drink—most welcome, considering the exceeding great heat which prevailed, and which I found more American than any I have experienced

since I left the United States, we paid a visit to several religious communities, notably the Franciscans, the Christian Brothers and the Dames de Nazareth. The last are an Order contemporary with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and their costumes are almost identical. They have a splendid convent, situated on the summit of the hill dominating the city, looking towards the port and commanding a view of all Beyrouth, the shipping in the harbor, the mountains of Lebanon and the surrounding plains, which teem as far as the eye can reach with groves of orange, lemon, banana, fig, pomegranate, and other fruit trees less unknown to us, interspersed with highly cultivated gardens and flourishing vineyards. This ravishing panorama I beheld from the convent terrace, and you may well believe that its like were difficult to find. The Sisters have one hundred and fourteen boarders. Their buildings, which lie in the midst of a delightful grove, are vast, airy and in every way modern, insuring the health and comfort of both mistresses and pupils. I would gladly say a word on their curriculum, which embraces the polite and useful arts, etc., usually taught young ladies in similar institutions, but I must bid adieu to Beyrouth for the time being, and tell you something of our onward progress.

Tuesday, 5th inst., at 7.30 a. m. then, our party left Beyrouth for Caiffa. This time it was not on the splendid Saghalien or the magnificent Congo, but on a tiny craft (chartered for the trip by the director of the pilgrimage) which on the Ohio would be called by the unpoetic name of tow-boat, and on the more pretentious Hudson by that of tug. As an offset to its ugliness it bore the high-sounding title of Prince George, (possibly in honor of the pre-

\*Anglice—The Herald.

sent governor of Crete). Its length was ninety feet and its breadth eighteen. As its cabin was not large enough to admit more than ten persons at a time, we all remained on that portion of the deck available for passengers—a very limited space indeed—and were therefor packed something after the fashion of herrings or sardines. We had been reduced to this extremity by the derangement of leading steamship lines consequent upon the rigorous quarantine regulations rendered necessary (?) by the plague at Alexandria, the schedules of the various companies touching at that port having been completely inverted. Think of such a voyage in a cockleshell! Verily, we were "rocked in the cradle of the deep" all the way—the Prince swaying from side to side so constantly as to indicate a dose of something stronger than sea water. 'Twas now that I recalled vividly Mark Twain's laughable description of the *mal de mer* in his "Innocents Abroad." But there was nothing humorous in the reality as I saw it on this occasion. (I am glad to say I cannot speak of this distressing affection from personal experience, never having been troubled by it). It was a prolonged "oh my!" on all sides, and when dinner hour came (our provender—a cold lunch—had been brought on board in hampers at Beyrouth, and was dispatched on deck), many were hors de combat, others turned away in horror at the sight of food uttering a doleful "oh my!" as they did so, and but few did justice to the repast. It was a lugubrious meal, I assure you, though there was not wanting a wag to suggest that out of sympathy for the sufferers we should eat their portion as well as our own. The speed of the Prince George was in keeping with her build, etc. She had

what seemed to be a toy engine, and was obliged to hoist all her sail in order to make headway. A voyage which either of the leviathans mentioned above would have accomplished in four hours, took her just ten and a half; so it was fast verging towards dusk when we entered the port of Caiffa. Owing to the diminutive size of our royal transport, we got nearer shore than would have been possible with a larger vessel; but this did not help matters any, for we had to debark by means of caiques all the same. It was amusing to see the Arab boatmen—strong stalwart fellows—lifting those of our company who were not on the side of the ladder bodily off the deck into their barques. This fact will give you an idea of the height of the Prince George. On landing we went direct to the parochial residence, where the charitable daughters of St. Vincent de Paul offered us a light refreshment. After a brief rest we started for Mount Carmel on foot—glad to be on terra firma once more—and arrived at its summit in about an hour's time, the road being excellent and so arranged that the grade was nowhere very steep. Presently we were ushered into the immense dining hall of the Hospice in charge of the Carmelite Fathers for the use of visitors, of whom there is always a large number. Our lately sea-sick companions were by no means the last to do honor to the substantial meal that had been prepared for us, their appetites having come back to them with increased vigor. Supper ended, we were told that the Assumptionist pilgrimage (to which I alluded further back) would arrive at four o'clock next morning, three hundred and sixty strong—150 of that number being priests; wherefore the clergymen of our party were requested to celebrate

Mass from two a. m. on, in order to afford the newcomers ample opportunity to offer the Holy Sacrifice in their turn.

A couple of hours later than the time announced, the expected cohorts of the Assumptionist Fathers appeared, and it was an imposing sight indeed. [They had arrived in the harbor of Caiffa about midnight on the steamer *La Nef de Notre Dame du Salut*, four hundred and eighty feet in length, and had, like ourselves, ascended the mountain on foot]. Headed by the cavass of the French consul in gala uniform, with banners flying, and chanting sacred canticles, they filed into the monastery church, where a Solemn High Mass was sung, and a sermon preached to them. Meanwhile those priests who had not celebrated Mass before leaving the vessel (you must know that in the grand saloon of the steamship *Nef de Salut*, which I afterwards saw, there are twenty-five altars) now did so in the different side chapels, and many of the laity received Holy Communion. When all had finished and breakfast had been discussed there was a momentary fusion of the two pilgrimages, and there were not a few mutual recognitions in consequence—both parties being from France. I was pleased beyond measure to meet among the Assumptionist Fathers, of whom, clerics included, there were some thirty, my guide of Constantinople, Frère Cajetan, whom I had not seen since my visit to that metropolis three years ago last July. He caught sight of me and rushed up to me crying: *Est-ce que vous me connaissez encore, mon Père? C'est bien mon cher Cajetan*, I replied, and we talked over bygone days until the bugle sounded the retreat for his battalion, or pilgrimage, whereupon the same fell into line and proceeded to the

carriages in waiting, en route for Nazareth. Though our party had been the first to reach Mount Carmel, it was the last to leave, remaining within those sacred and memorable precincts long enough to explore them thoroughly, and to learn from the lips of the venerable Prior of the monastery, Father Felix, many interesting facts connected with their more modern history. Of course you know the past history of this hallowed spot. The Book of Josue (xii, 22) tells us that it constituted a kingdom in itself until that leader of God's people slew its ruler and subjected it and many other petty states to his sway. It was here that God confounded the prophets of Baal through the Prophet Elias, (III Kings, xviii.), and that this holy seer, and after him his disciple Eliseus, had a place of meeting which was called "the School of the Prophets." The Sunamitess came hither to beseech the latter to restore her son to life. (IV Kings, iv). There is an ancient tradition to the effect that Saint Anne, the Mother of the Blessed Virgin, had flocks of sheep on this mountain, and that she and her incomparable child came thither to visit them from time to time. In the first century of the Christian era the hermits of Mount Carmel embraced the true faith, and many of them joined the Apostles to preach its tenets. A writer of A. D. 130, Joseph of Antioch, tells us that these pious anchorites often left their solitude to propagate the doctrines of Christ in Samaria and Galilee. From the time of the prophets indeed, with but occasional exceptions—due mainly to Mussulman persecution—this holy mountain has been the abode of pious men who have walked in the footsteps of those messengers of God. At the commencement of the ninth century

the Benedictines had a monastery and church there dedicated to St. Margaret. St. Louis, King of France, came hither in 1252, thirty-nine years later. After the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, the Turkish armies invested the mountain and massacred the Religious whilst they were singing the *Salve Regina* in choir. From that time till 1631 the chant of the monks was no longer heard upon its summit; and it was only in that year that the Franciscans obtained permission from the governor of Carmel to establish a residence there. Two years later Pope Urban VIII. sent the Discalced Carmelites thither, and from that period on—though their monastery has been thrice destroyed and many of their brethren massacred by the fanatical followers of Mohammed—the spiritual children of the Prophet Elias still continue to emulate the zeal of their illustrious prototype and to fight the battles of God.

The actual structure, said to be one of the largest monasteries in Palestine, is simple and even severe in style. It forms a hollow square, with court-yard in the middle, and its walls are as massive as those of a mediæval fortress. The church is somewhat unique, having the double shape of a cross and of a rotunda. The major altar is placed directly over the grotto of Elias. This is a cave 15 by 9 ft. cut in the solid rock and existing from time immemorial. Tradition says that it was inhabited of old by the holy man just named. It is now a chapel, and in it is an altar dedicated to the prophets.

From the terrace of the monastery the view is superb. The Mediterranean lies at the foot of the mountain, Caiffa in the distance, and fertile plains around about. On one of the latter is a large convent inhabited by Carmelite nuns, strictly cloistered. With my

pilgrim companions I visited the School of the Prophets on our way down the steep mountain side to the carriages which were to convey us, in the wake of the Assumptionists, to Nazareth. This, we were told, was once a synagogue, where the Prophet Elias and the sons of the prophets. (iii Kings, xviii, 20; et *ibid.*, xx, 35) were wont to assemble for the purpose of studying the Holy Scriptures, as also to devote themselves to prayer and contemplation. A tradition exists that the Holy Family found temporary shelter here on their return from Egypt. This grotto—now a Turkish mosque, and guarded by a dervish, who religiously (?) exacts a *baksheesh* from every "giaour" who visits it—was, like the cave of Elias mentioned above, cut in the rock or at least enlarged by human agency. It is a chamber of some fourteen yards in length by eight in width and six in height.

It was with a feeling of regret, mingled with a sense of interior joy at having had the privilege of visiting them, that I bade farewell to these halloved scenes. Good Father Felix, the Prior, who speaks English quite fluently, was particularly kind to me during the few hours of my stay—coming to see me at the breakfast table when the Brother in waiting told him that there was an American Passionist in the pilgrimage, and showing me divers points of note in person. He gave me several mementoes for my \* sister, on learning that she is a contributor to the Carmelite Review of Niagara Falls, and was pleased to hear of her translation from the French of the life of that eminent Carmelite, Blessed Peter Thomas.

He told me that he received copies of the Carmelite Review, and asked concerning the Fathers of the Order (a different branch from his own) in the United States, and their labors there.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

\* Miss Sue X. Blakely, of St. Mary's, Pennsylvania.

## A Yellow Butterfly.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

WE were sitting on the broad piazza of the Megalloway Inn, a well kept hostelry in the very heart of the mountains. Helen and Marguerite Asquith were both there with their mother, wiling away the hot days of July. Just now, Mrs. Asquith sat busy with her knitting, manufacturing some dainty trifle, fluffy as little Maisie's hair. A pretty child was Maisie, not a bit spoiled as yet, though a great pet with all the summer people. Her mother, Mrs. Carew—a blond beauty herself, with fluffy golden hair and a dimpled countenance of childish type—was greatly admired, though people had to own that she puzzled them at times. She was engaged now, in a game of romps with the child and their cooing voices drifted over to us from the further end of the piazza, with persistent sweetness.

"I like to hear Mrs. Carew chatter and dance over things!" said Helen Asquith, after listening a moment. "She is pretty as a butterfly—or more like a humming-bird, rather!—darting about for honey. She loves flattery. Well, society has a place for her, as Nature has for the yellow butterflies."

"Yes," replied her mother, gravely. "It is a great gift—the power to brighten up life for herself, and, in consequence, *pour nous autres!* We, who can only look at its serious side, at its storms and deeps and great waves—we find it a great pleasure to see a few dancing ripples or a saucy toss of spray."

"There is a pathetic note in her voice now and then, though," said Marguerite, who was a closer observer

of things than her brilliant sister. "Under all the earth runs water, and under all life runs grief."

"Yes. As I study her 'husband's' face, I always fancy there must be times when she needs the Madonna help! But it is a gay outside,—a brave show, at all events;—and wealth enough to keep it gilded."

"See her now, mother," continued Helen, as the lady in question drew near. "It has tired her out, just that little frolic with Maisie! She looks like a drooping morning-glory."

Helen's sympathies were of that kind that express themselves in action. She coaxed Maisie into Marguerite's lap and drew Mrs. Carew away to the piano room. Presently rich, soothing chords came rolling on to us, as Helen exerted her best powers—and she was a superior musician—to make Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" a soul-rest deep and refreshing.

The strain ceased, but after a moment's delay we caught the tones of another music-voice, different but entrancing.

"One of Chopin's Nocturnes," whispered Mrs. Asquith, as we hearkened again in breathless admiration. After the last note died away, Marguerite was first to break our charmed silence. She spoke softly, for Maisie was falling asleep. "Mother dear, what is that like? I mean, what does it say?"

"It is midnight in Spring," replied Mrs. Asquith, slowly. "The white stars are all a-thrill overhead! And the air, loaded with lilac fragrance,—lilacs give us Spring, pure and simple, more fully, I fancy, than any other flower;

—violets have tender associations of other kinds, of affection and memory; daffodils, a golden, dancing joy, and lilies of the valley a sweetness too intense!—no, lilacs best breathe the May. In the road I see two young travellers, afoot; it is their time of wandering. The young seeks change; the old peace. White birch boughs droop down to them; willows glimmer, a mist of pallid green over their heads and the dew throws silver sheen on the grass-blades. Red maples fling scarlet buds up to the sky, tasseled in delicate grace; pines and firs shed resinous odors, while, here and there, the white tree-bloom of the woodland lights it up with electric glimmer. For our travellers have now reached the forest where the starlight enters between big, black tree-boles. The silence is alive with hidden significance. Sweet influences rain down upon their hearts from the Great Unseen. It is the Resurrection Song of Spring."

"Music says different things to us all," I ventured to observe. "To me it was not Spring, but Summer:—A mid-summer night, after a hot, thirsty day. The meadows lay in drowsy, half-exhausted rest. I beheld on the leafage that dark, heavy green it wears before turning scarlet; on the fields the yellow of ripened grain, waiting the harvester's sickle,—its dry rustle hot in the air. Now and then, a belated bird-note breaks the stillness. Red lilies lift their cups for God's wine of refreshing and the dew answers. A topaz-throated humming-bird, poised in perfect balance, drowns on a twig. And the wayfarer is a weary man, "bearing the burden and heat of the day." "That seems like it, to me," murmured Marguerite. "Only by and by, Aunt Grace, a little breeze comes up, damp from the swamps, and cools his forehead."

"I wonder where the musicians get all their inspirations!" mused Mrs. Asquith, "though I know the great composers have been, as a rule, wonderfully receptive of Nature's influences." I assented. "Now, take Chopin's Ballad in F. major, No. 2. Rubinstein says it represents "a field flower caught by a gust of wind and also the flower's entreaty when at last it lies broken there." "This," he adds, "may also be paraphrased, the field flower, a rustic maiden, the wind, a knight, and so on." Here we have an instance of exquisite pathos, inspired by the simplest of natural suggestions."

"I can help you a little," I said, bethinking myself of another case in point. "The Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven is a noted example of descriptive tone-painting. The source of *that* inspiration is not far to seek! It expresses in music the rustic, the merry—as does, also, Schumann's "Country Farmer"—the simple, the hardy, and imitates natural phenomena, such as storm, thunder and lightning, also the note of the cuckoo and the twitter of small birds. Here the music of Nature fell into a receptive soul as seed into good ground, to inspire it and inform it with Divine beauty, the fruitage being, indeed, an hundred fold. I fancy every susceptible musician is, in this same way, the recipient from sky, sea and stars of direct influences and inspirations."

"Thank you, Grace. Now tell me, if you know, why it is easier to apprehend Romantic than Classic music; for it is easier, to most people."

"It is because Romantic composition has a given poetic basis. In some works this is plainly announced; take, for instance, Schumann's Forest Scenes, Grieg's Bridal Procession or Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream

overture. Here are plain, definite themes, illuminated with musical motion and color."

"I see! And sometimes they reveal the personal temperament of the author, as is Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies. In Chopin's creations it is different; their poetic basis is only dimly divined by the listener and differently interpreted by different persons."

"Yes;—you see we got two different visions of the one Helen was playing."

At this point, Maisie began to show signs of waking. Two sleepy blue eyes opened like drowsy stars and presently Mrs. Carew came for her. Marguerite gave her up with some reluctance; the dear child had won her way into our hearts.

"Only think," said Mrs. Asquith, when Mrs. Carew had departed, "that beautiful child has never been baptized!"

"Is it possible!" cried Marguerite. "How do you know, mother?"

"Possible, yes!" said Helen, with emphasis. "Fashionable mammas are questionable blessings."

"Oh, Helen, please do not say that! And do not think it, either!" pleaded Mrs. Asquith,—who was always charitable,—"Mrs. Carew is not all butterfly—and point lace! She told me, herself,—and I fancy it grieved her. The tear is in her heart, Helen! She tried to have Maisie christened long ago, but her husband would not consent. He is a stern man, unlikely to brook opposition, so the situation remains."

"What manner of man is he, religiously?" I ventured to inquire.

"I cannot tell. He is reticent, and, so, non-committal. No one, here, has courage to really approach him! He is a gentleman—*comme il faut*, superficially—though; and, having plenty of

money, is all the world asks him to be."

"I have an impression," said Marguerite, "that he may have been warped by some prejudice in early life. His people may have been Baptists. They flourish down in Maine and he used to live there. You know they have conscientious scruples as to Infant Baptism."

But oh, mother, how can he do so? That lovely, blue-eyed darling! I know he is fond of her, though he says nothing. That hard worried look goes out of his face as soon as he sees her coming!"

"He must have some strong bias, or Mrs. Carew could coax him! One meets all kinds of people at these summer resorts. Well, I dare not say anything, myself! But there one must not wish! She is doing a world of good in New York."

"But how she can endure this hot weather in among those fearful tenement houses, where her poor people live—when they don't die!—is more than I can see!" And Helen waved the notion of distress away from her with a significant flirt of her big Spanish fan.

"The poor people have to endure it," retorted Marguerite. "It might be good penance for all of us. I am sure that little true charity is done at arms' length!"

"I think that must be true," said Mrs. Asquith, gravely. "God's own method of charity—of 'Rescue Work,' if we may use the phrase of the Salvationists—for a lost race, and for ourselves as individuals, is surely that of infinite condescension, the coming down into tender personal nearness. Our Lord did not send to redeem us; He came, Himself! In the Holy Eucharist He also comes; it is all a mystery of intimate, soul amazing Love! Should not our every-day methods of charity be



modelled on these? James Russell Lowell says most truly, 'The gift without the giver, is bare.' That is an intense thought—more mysterious than Lowell himself dreamed when he wrote it!"

Mrs. Asquith said this with much earnestness, so I endeavored, in a small way to support her position.

"I think you are perfectly right. The element of personal self-sacrifice must vivify all true work for those beneath us. The upper classes, so-called in this country, have this yet to learn! A few, outside the Religious Orders, mostly Catholics like Miss Dormer, know it by instinct and are for this reason successful laborers in the Lord's vineyard."

"Oh, mamma, mamma! Who is that coming?" cried Helen, interrupting our discussion without remorse. "Is it not Father Lemoile? I am so glad! He is sure to have tidings of Miss Dormer."

The new-comer, a kindly ecclesiastic, met us all with cordial greeting. He bore messages from Miss Dormer, also from other Catholic friends.

"Miss Dormer?" said he—"Yes her sweet influence is everywhere. She in doing beautiful work and in a variety of ways. I came upon one of her sonnets, the other day, which I thought gave a clue to her labors of love." Helen took with thanks the tiny newspaper clipping, which he handed her, and glanced at it hastily.

"Isn't that earnest though?" she cried. "I shall think of it, as I look up to these mountain peaks all around us."

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," murmured the priest, as if to himself. "Read the sonnet aloud, my child." Helen gladly gave what seemed to her

like her friend's message.

Can we do nothing with the darks of life?

Must we still crouch within the purple gloom,  
Low at the base of giant hills that loom  
In might supernal, with strange glories rife?  
True, earth is full of sin and woe and strife.

What shall we do? Cling to the valley's bloom,

Shackled with gold, nor strive for larger room?

Call ourselves helpless? Or, with drum and pipe

In loud bravado, say, "We do not care!"

Open, O Lord, our weary, wilful eyes!  
Help us to climb the mount of sacrifice,  
Our Calvary, and grasp the glories there!  
Give us for silken robes, for greed and pride,  
Some mountain staff of labor at Thy side!

A silence followed, which Helen was the first to break. She turned to Father Lemoile and looked at him earnestly, like one making appeal. "There is something more in the mountains than their mere beauty, is there not?"

"Infinitely more, my child!" The answer came quickly. "The strength and help and inspiration they give are from Him, who was tempted thereon and came out victorious, 'able to succor them that are tempted;'—who was transfigured thereon, to show us the burning and shining of the Divine."

When the priest had gone, Marguerite remarked, in her quiet way, "I do wish Father Lemoile could help in the matter of Maisie. I told him but he made no answer. As Mr. Carew is a Protestant, I suppose it would be out of the question."

"We can pray, dear," said Mrs. Asquith, softly. "And lift up our eyes unto the hills, as Father Lemoile said. Maisie is one of God's own lambs, for whom Christ died. His love for her is stronger than ours! Let us leave it all with Him."

The next day, to our surprise, we again saw Father Lemoile coming up



the avenue, moreover, who should be with him, in full tide of conversation, but Mr. Carew. As they parted with a friendly adieu, Father Lemoile came into our little parlor with beaming face.

"I have made acquaintance with your Mr. Carew!" he announced. "And I find him not only urbane, but very frank,—though overburdened with business cares. Wealth is bought with a price, always; but I fear he is paying too dear for it. He does not seem stern; rather, tremendously harrassed."

"Like the wayfarer you saw walking in darkness, Aunt Grace, through Chopin's music-room," whispered Marguerite. "A man all by himself, bearing the burden and heat of the day."

"I have a great sympathy for him," continued Father Lemoile. "He has been misjudged, surely. I ventured to speak of his little daughter. She seems to be the great brightness of his life. He said he should be glad to have me give her holy Baptism. His views on that matter seem to have changed."

"But," said Mrs. Asquith, "how did you contrive to make friends with him so quickly, if I may ask?"

"He met our Miss Dormer in New York," replied the priest, with a smile, "and of course melted forthwith, as all the others do. His admiration of her and comprehension of her self-sacrificing work was a revelation of his own higher self. You can tell a man best

by his enthusiasms. Miss Dormer had spoken to him of me; so I was introduced beforehand and not compelled to make my way. Yes, I was glad to get so much of his confidence." "I am called stern, I know," he pleaded, "but you—and these other people—do not understand. They are not to blame. How else could it be? Why, such a mill as my business life would simply grind you all to powder!"

"A strong statement," rejoined Mrs. Asquith, "but perhaps, near the truth, after all. Some souls do find life all a Nocturne, with few stars. No wonder they are grave!—But I must go now and have a talk with Mrs. Carew."

"It is all so delightful!" cried Helen, whose joy had become impatience. "I must go too!" And both disappeared down the long corridor.

They returned with a reflection of the mother's feeling on their subdued faces. Both were silent, as if awed by some impressive revelation.

"Maisie is so beautiful," cried Marguerite. "It will be a lovely christening." But Mrs. Asquith turned to Helen, instead of answering.

"Did you see the tears in that mother's eyes, Helen? And her great joy, like the sun, shining through them? Indeed, we *are* doing a little something with the darks of life. God bless and keep her!"

Helen stood abashed, then murmured with rueful face, "And I called her only a butterfly!"

Love, ever love! around one hearth  
 Love forms but one fraternal ring—  
 One Mother to us all gave birth  
 In Christ, our Brother and our King,  
 Ah, then, let all in heaven, on earth,  
 One hymn of love to Mary sing!

—KENELM DIGBY BEST.

## The Brown Badge.

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

ONE of the most beautiful features of the Church is her calendar of feasts. Following one another, each with its own associations, its own peculiar spirit, old, indeed, yet ever new, they seem to be trying to give our poor material minds a picture distantly suggestive of what might be the eternal sameness, yet eternal newness of heaven's joys. The ceremonies witnessed on all the great festal days are substantially the same; yet the feelings we have on one particular feast are different from those we experienced on any other during the year.

The feast that occurs on the sixteenth day of this month is by no means the greatest on the Church's calendar; it does not commemorate such deep mysteries as the Trinity and Incarnation which by their awful majesty overwhelm our poor weak minds. Yet, as with all feasts of the Blessed Virgin, there is something peculiar to this particular day which appeals to our hearts more directly, more forcibly, than feasts of a higher order. And, moreover, this peculiar feeling of joy is not confined to the members of Our Lady's Order; for this day has become a feast of the Universal Church. The devotion of the Scapular has spread wherever the Church has spread, and few indeed are those Catholics who do not wear the brown badge of Mary's Order, and who do not bear a special reverence for the Mother of Carmel. Catholics of every nation and every tongue, of every color, of every station in life, though differing in a thousand other respects, are one in Mary's ranks. Under the gaudy colors of the fashion-

able world, under the red of the cardinalate, under the purple of the episcopacy, may be found the Scapular of Carmel. Concealed beneath the uniform of his country the brave Catholic soldier wears the same badge, to him a talisman, to him a constant reminder of heaven's kindly interest, to him a treasure dearer than the flag he is pledged to defend.

But what is the meaning, we hear you ask, of this wide-spread devotion to Our Lady of Carmel? What is the meaning of the great spiritual favors which the Popes have conferred upon the Carmelite Order and wearers of the Scapular generally? Do they wish to make the whole world Carmelite? Do they not know that these numberless special devotions indulged in by pious Catholics are a stumbling-block to outsiders?

In the first place let it be understood that the wearing of the Scapular is not a special devotion; it is a sign that we have placed ourselves under the special protection of the Mother of God, a sign of our love and veneration for her. And who will dare say that devotion to the Mother of God is a special devotion indulged in only by a few hyper-pious Catholics? Has it not characterized the Church from the earliest ages? Has it not descended to us from the Apostles? People of every age and clime, of every race and tongue, have honored Mary and have sought her protection; and never has it been known that the prayers of a single one of these countless multitudes were left unheard.

How natural then that if Mary gives

with her own hand a distinctive dress which shall be to the wearer a sign of her special protection—how natural, I say, that her clients throughout the world should hasten to be invested with the same. They knew before that they were guarded by their kind heavenly Mother, but now they can wear over their hearts, and reverently press to their lips, a palpable pledge of that guardianship.

We are material. Although our souls are spiritual, we must remember that we have bodies. Our minds can understand things only when presented in a material form. The highest and most spiritual mysteries of our faith would be totally lost upon us if they were not presented in material words and pictured in material metaphor. For this reason the Sacraments have each a matter through which the sacramental grace flows to our souls; for this reason we have beautiful ceremonies, crucifixes, statues, rosaries and the like; for we are to understand the invisible things of God by the visible things around us. If poor human nature did not have these things which it can reach with the eye of the body, which it can grasp with the hand, it would soon lose sight of everything spiritual and gradually fall into idolatry.

To understand that this last assertion is not exaggerated, take the example of the Children of Israel lapsing into idolatry under Moses. They knew God and believed in Him. The religion that had been taught them was spiritual; but as yet they had not those elaborate rites and ceremonies which were calculated to keep their minds fastened on their faith and its teachings. To them the zealous and divinely inspired Moses was the only tangible evidence of the omnipotent Jehovah. As long as this wonderful

man was among them they remembered their duty; but as soon as he left them, though only for a few days, they fell into the grossest idolatry, they worshipped the golden calf.

However, we need not go so far back in the history of the human race to exemplify our position; its truth can be established in the experience of every one of us. Before the eyes of a wondering world the great farce of Protestantism is being enacted, and not one of us but has witnessed some funny scenes. At their outset in the sixteenth century they interdicted everything that savored of ritualistic Rome. Like the Iconoclasts of an earlier date, they demolished statues, coated with white-wash the great masterpieces of Christian painters, destroyed anything that looked like a graven image. They were to rise above the gross materialism of Rome and to "worship God in spirit and truth." The lamentable result of this great farce is known to all. It has developed, or, rather, unravelled itself into countless little side-shows, which called by an equal number of strangely qualifications, tax at once our imagination and our memory. Utilitarianism, Mormonism and the like, are pompous names, indeed, but their meanings would call a blush to the cheeks of an African savage. Even with those who still profess to be within the outlines of their first institution, the much-vaunted spirit and truth has long since been lost sight of. Politics and sensationalism of all kinds occupy their pulpits. *They* are worshipping the golden calf.

These examples of the inconstancy of the human mind show the wisdom of the Church in appealing, not to our senses, but through them to our higher nature. She does not degrade the noble mysteries of religion to bring them to a level with our minds, but rather elevates us to a height from which we may view these mysteries in all their spiritual beauty; and this, not violently, but by easy stages, using the visible things of this world, verifying Holy Scripture, which says that "the invisible things of God are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." And these visible and ma-

terial things she uses without fear, just as her Divine Founder used them in His Sacraments.

In recommending, therefore, to the faithful, and in fostering by extraordinary favors the devotion of the Scapular, the Church is acting according to the spirit of her Founder, and acting according to the lessons she has learned during nineteen centuries of experience with human nature. Yes, indeed, the Church would like to see the whole world Carmelite, would be overjoyed to see each and every Catholic a uniformed champion of Mary; for ever since the moment when first she sprang from the side of the crucified Saviour she has been constantly occupied in honoring Mary.

And as regards those who tell us that devotions of this kind are repulsive to outsiders, let them know that the Church has had to deal with outsiders ever since her first institution, and if she has not yet adopted the proper

policy towards them, our modern reformers may give up her case as hopeless. If outsiders do not like the way that we insiders decorate ourselves, they had better remain outside; but it is a fact of daily experience that when the human side of our Church proves repulsive to one, it is attractive to an hundred. We need not then grow anxious when we hear those shallow-minded sages reading the destinies of the world and telling us the wonderful things that a near and more progressive future will bring. The people of future times will be just like the people of today. Human nature has been the same ever since the days of Adam, and it is too old to change now.

We will, therefore, hold to and cherish our little Brown Scapular, for it is a chain, material, indeed, but with spiritual links binding us to the world unseen; it is an anchor of hope fastening our confidence in Mary's maternal care for her children.

### Our Lady's Gift.

**W**HEN gazing on the retrospect of ages  
 A glorious vision we in spirit see;  
 Our Lady brings the Scapular of Carmel  
 That robed in "double garments" we may be.  
 Oh! not the mystic mantle of a prophet  
 Does Mary send us from her throne above;  
 But her own loving guidance and protection  
 Enfold us in her sweet maternal love.  
 It is a favor "*difficult*" and precious,  
 But still we ask it from God's love divine  
 That, in our souls, may rest her gentle spirit,  
 For Mary is Mount Carmel's fragrant vine.  
 "Come over" does she ever softly murmur,  
 "To me, O you who ardently desire  
 The fruits of grace—and to the restful kingdom  
 Of light, and peace, and blissfulness aspire!"  
 O Mother! I beseech thee hear our pleading  
 Obtain the double gift we ask of thee!  
 Blest union with thy Jesus in our exile,  
 And His bright vision in eternity.

E. DE M.

## Our Roman Letter.

Saint Albert's College,  
Rome, Italy.

Whit Sunday, 1900.

DEAR EDITOR :—

Grand beyond description, were the magnificent ceremonies, which took place in the great Basilica of Saint Peter's, on the feast of the Ascension. These were the ceremonies attending the canonization of Blessed John Baptist De La Salle, and Blessed Rita Da Cascia, and proved to be the culminating point in the series of grand events, that have occurred, so far, during the Anno Santo.

In anticipation of this great festival, the crowd of pilgrims in the Eternal City had increased to almost an incredible number.

On the memorable morning of the twenty-fourth, whilst the City was still in darkness, carriages, and people on foot, were to be seen wending their way up the long avenues, leading to Saint Peter's. But, when daylight dawned upon the City, a rolling sea of human beings poured into the large piazza in front of the Basilica. Five regiments of Carbonieri, the best Italian soldiers, were extended in two long files, across the piazza, to preserve order in the excited throng. At seven o'clock, the doors were thrown open, and ninety-thousand anxious people rushed into the church.

Those who were to take part in the procession assembled in the Vatican, before seven o'clock. The Holy Father left his private apartments at eight o'clock, and surrounded by his noble guard, entered the Sistine Chapel, where the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals awaited him. Here he intoned the "Ave Maris

Stella," which was taken up by the Sistine choir; and immediately the procession was set in motion, descending by the Scala Regia, and entering the Basilica at half-past eight. The procession was composed of three principal groups, viz: The Regular clergy, the Secular clergy, and the Papal court. All carried lighted candles, and each division had its own standard.

The entrance of the Holy Father into the Basilica, was heralded by the loud ring of silver trumpets; and silent but very eloquent greetings were extended to him, as he was being borne, on the Sedia Gestatoria, up to the Papal throne. He appeared to be in excellent health, and his venerable countenance wore a pleasant smile, as he responded to the greetings, by repeatedly blessing the multitude. When he ascended the throne, all the Cardinals approached, and kissed his hand, the Bishops his knee, and the Abbots his foot.

The interior of Saint Peter's was gorgeously decorated; no description, however fine, could equal the reality. Twenty-thousand candles, held in large, beautiful candelabra, artistically arranged in various shapes and forms, filled the church with their brilliancy; and the sweet fragrance of Spring flowers mingled with frank incense, floated through the air.

Long streamers of silk and gold hung from the ceiling; and between the arches, along the centre of the church, were suspended beautiful pictures, representing various scenes in the lives of the two new Saints. The tribunes were likewise covered with red silk in gold trimmings. The Papal throne, erected before the throne of the

cathedra, in the front of the church, was very artistically designed. Variegated Brussels carpet was spread over the steps leading up to it. The chair (on the throne) was covered with white silk; and the background was all in gold. Above the throne, there was a large picture of the Holy Trinity, encircled by a halo of electric lights, arranged in the form of brilliant stars. The Pope attired in his splendid papal vestments, sat upon the throne. Near him were the two Cardinal Deacons, Macchi and Steinhuber, Cardinals Parochi, and Respigni, Monsigneur Riggi, Master of Ceremonies, and many other assistants. The other Cardinals, Bishops, Generals of Religious Orders, and Prelates, occupied places to the right and left of the throne. There were thirty-three Cardinals, and two hundred and fifty Bishops present; all were vested in white copes and mitres. The effect thus produced was one grand harmonious scene, not easily to be forgotten by any one who beheld it.

The ceremony was begun by Cardinal Massela, Procurator of the Canonization, who approached the Papal throne, and petitioned his Holiness, to add to the catalogue of the Saints of our Lord Jesus Christ:—Blessed John Baptiste De La Salle, and Blessed Rita Da Cascia. After the Pope had pronounced the formula of Canonization, he entoned a solemn "Te Deum," which was continued by the Sistine choir; and immediately the great bells of Saint Peter's rang out in joyful peals, that were re-echoed from the belfries of all the other churches in the City.

The "Te Deum" finished, Cardinal Oreglia, who is the oldest member of the Sacred College of Cardinals, ascended the papal altar, and began the Pontifical High Mass. A choir of two hundred voices, under the direction of Professor Mustafà, admirably rendered Paestrina's Mass, "Hodie Christus Natus Est."

At the Offertory, the customary oblations prescribed by the rubrics of the Church, were made to the Pope. These were ten large wax candles; small loaves of bread, wrapped in a covering

of gold and silver; a small cask of wine, and one of water; turtle doves, and little birds of different species, enclosed in cages of gold and silver. The ceremony of these oblations is very ancient and has a mystical signification. The candle represents Christ: the wax, being produced by virgin bees, signifies the humanity of Christ; and the cord, which runs through the wax, represents his Divinity. The bread signifies the spiritual nourishment which enabled the Saints to gain Heaven. The wine indicates Sanctifying Grace, with which the Saints were filled; and the water, regeneration to faith by Baptism, and perseverance in penance. The doves as symbols of peace, of charity, and of fidelity to God; and the little birds signify the flight of the Saints from the things of this world, to the contemplation of Heavenly things.

At the Elevation, a very edifying spectacle was presented. The soldiers of the Noble Guard marched up in front of the altar, and, at the command of their captain, dropped, as one man, upon their knees, presented arms, and remained in this posture during the whole of the Elevation. And when the Sacred Host was raised on high, the soft, and touching melody of Silveri, flowed gently from the silver trumpets, moving the hearts of all to acts of reverence and adoration.

When the Mass was finished, the Holy Father gave his Apostolic Benediction from the throne. Then, surrounded by the Noble Guard, he was borne down through the middle of the church, and into the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. There he was unvested, and assisted from the Sedia Gestatoria, into the sedan, in which he was carried to his private apartments in the Vatican.

In the evening all the front of Saint Peter's, the massive Colonnades and the piazza, were illuminated. Thousands of Chinese lanterns gleamed along the avenues leading up to the Basilica. There was a great display of fire-works. And the whole presented one grand scene, to be seen in no other place, but in Rome, the Capitol of Christendom.

FRA. SILVERIUS J. QUIGLEY, O. C. C.

## “Miles Christi.”

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

CARMELITE TERTIARY.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

“MY words were powerless,” continued the General, “and these unhappy regiments went on retreating without my being able to understand what had caused their panic. I was thoroughly indignant, and threatened to blow out the brains of the soldiers before me. I cried again: ‘You are cowards; you dishonour us; you are unworthy the name of Frenchmen. I will blast the number of your regiment!’ The Spahis of my escort beat the men as they fled with the flat of their swords, to try and bring them back to their duty. They bore this last outrage, but without advancing a step. Then I exclaimed: ‘Well, if you do not know how to die for your country I will have the colors brought out. Try and follow them!’ Upon which I galloped back to my Artillery reserve, where I had placed my Zouaves, and cried to Charette: ‘Colonel, give me one of your battalions.’ There were two. Then addressing those brave Zouaves, I said: ‘There are some cowards down there who refuse to march, and who will lose the whole army. Try and bring them back to their duty! Forward! Follow me! Let us show them the worth of men of heart and Christians!’ A cry of enthusiasm burst from those noble hearts. These brave fellows surrounded me, and all were ready to face death. I took three hundred of them, leaving the rest to guard the Artillery. The battalion started, accompanied by the Franc-tireurs of Tours and Blidah, the Mobiles of the Côtes-du-Nord, preceded by a line of skirmishes,—in all eight hundred men.

“It was half-past four, and the day was closing in. I said to Charette, ‘This is the moment to show our ban-

ner of the Sacred Heart!’ It was unfurled, and seen by the whole army. The effect was electric. We marched on confidently, filled with a strong sense of duty. I always hoped the 3rd division would follow us, and support our position, and I did not doubt that the brave handful of men who accompanied me would stop the troops who were retreating and bring them back to their duty. When we arrived opposite the 51st regiment, I exclaimed ‘Soldiers, here are your colors!’ Follow them! Forward!’ But not a man moved. Shaking my képi in my left hand, and brandishing my sword in my right, I cried: ‘Have you no heart? March!’ They did not stir, and our Zouaves went on. On my right was Colonel de Charette, to my left Commander de Troussures. This last, seizing my arm, exclaimed, ‘My dear General, how good you are to lead us to such a fête!’ Noble soul! They were his last words. At that moment there was such an enthusiasm among my little body of men that it shamed the regiments who had refused to move, and they began to march forward, which gave me some hope. Before the rapid firing of my Zouaves, the Germans retreated from the farm of Villours, which they had occupied all the morning. But when we were opposite a little wood, at two hundred mètres from the village, we were met by a furious musketry fire, which laid many of our poor fellows low, never to rise again. This was enough for the 51st, whom I had with such difficulty persuaded to follow us. They fled, and in a few moments disappeared altogether. I remained at the head of the brave Pontifical Zouaves, who made an heroic resistance. The 3rd division, which I had ordered to join us, never



appeared, and except the troops of Admiral Jauréguiberry, who still held Villepion, I had no news of the 16th corps. What was I to do? I could not do so dishonourable an act as to abandon those three hundred Zouaves who had so heroically followed me, and felt ready to sacrifice my life with theirs. They called themselves soldiers of the Pope, and I thought it would be worth while to die under our new colours. All together we cried 'Vive la France! Vive Pie IX.!' This was our last act of faith.

"I had, it was true, only intended to take these three hundred men in order to produce a moral effect on the demoralized regiments who had deserted us. Of three hundred, one hundred and ninety-eight fell by my side at Loigny, and among them ten out of the fourteen officers who commanded them! I was myself wounded by a ball in the thigh, and could no longer sit on my horse. I cried to my aide-de-camp, Captain de Bruyère, 'Take me in your arms. I am done for for to-day.' He laid me on the ground, helped by M. de Bruyère to leave me, and to tell the oldest commanding officer to take my place and direct the retreat. At that moment I had the consolation of hearing all my Artillery behind me; and I am happy, in winding up this report, to be able to bear witness that the 17th corps did not lose a single cannon during the time I had the honor of commanding it."

This is, indeed, the conclusion of de Sonis's official report before the Parliamentary committee, and to the War Minister. But the following additional notes, intended only for his intimate friends, will reveal what he went through during that night of agony.

"I had insisted on M. de Bruyère and M. de Harcourt's leaving me, though they could not bear to do so, fearing that if they did not they would fall into the hands of the enemy, who were pursuing our troops. Having unsaddled my horse, who, poor beast, had been riddled with balls, these two officers placed my saddle under my head and then left me. I was there alone, incapable of movement, stretched on

the snowy ground. All around me lay noble victims, who had given their lives freely for honor and for their country. Four or five steps from me one of those poor fellows stretched on the ground raised himself a little to lean on his arm. Was it an officer or a simple Zouave? I could not tell. The Prussian army soon after passed over our bodies in perfect order. I own I could not but admire the discipline and bearing of those troops. When they came to the dead and wounded, the soldiers stopped and took possession of whatever arms had any value. One of them came up to me, and, turning me over with great brutality, unclasped my sword-belt and stole my sword and my pistol. Other companies passed, drunk with success, which added to my suffering. Then, to my disgust, I saw one of the soldiers go up the wounded Zouave, of whom I have spoken, give him a kick, and, seeing he was still alive, knock him on the head with the butt-end of his rifle. It was the brave Commandant de Troussures! I felt that the same fate would be mine in a few moments, and placed my soul in the hands of God. I thought it still more when another soldier came up and looked at me. But this one was a good Samaritan, and seizing my hand, pressed it with real sympathy, exclaiming 'Comrade!' It was, perhaps, the only word he knew in French; but he said it in a tone that went to my heart. Leaning over me, he gave me some drops of brandy which were in his gourd. I had had nothing for twenty-four hours. Then he took my head very carefully and replaced it on my saddle, covering me with a cloak which was lying near. I tried to express my gratitude; but finding that he did not understand me, I could only point to heaven and pray to Our Lord to reward him for his act of charity. After the troops had passed, the German doctors and infirmarians came to the battlefield to look for the wounded. They had large spherical red lanterns for that purpose. They carried off their own men, but took no notice of ours, and I would not ask a service of the enemy.

(TO BE CONTINUED).



## Monthly Patrons.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

ST. ANNE, MOTHER OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—July 26.

**I**N our mystic diadem of twelve lovers of Mary, we may surely gaze with much admiration and love at one whose beauty is unique—one whose affections were maternal as well as saintly.

We all remember those happy childhood-years, when the arms of maternal love were folded round us. It was the light of home; and for many of us, that light has faded away from earth, but we know it shines undimmed "in Patria," "Can a mother forget her child?" How pure must it not have been in the heart of one whose Child was Immaculate, Queen of Angels and of men, "the fruit rather of grace than of nature and the Child more of God than of man?" As "the tree" is known by its fruits, we may faintly understand that St. Anne's holiness must have been wondrous in purity,

because God selected her as Mother of Mary undefiled. Her life is veiled in its nearness to God, but we have at least a glimpse of the aged Saint ascending His Temple and offering her treasure to Him who had given it, and her death is also veiled, but most beautiful must have been that transit when her mission was over. She had given Mary to men and to God, and had then only to pass into the restful abode of souls waiting for Mary's Child. We cannot imitate her love in *kind* but she can obtain for that which we already have, a great increase during this month in which we have chosen her, and also great fidelity in following the calls, in making the sacrifices God demands. How can we love Mary without also loving St. Anne, or "look at the Star" without gratitude to her from whom it shone forth?"

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Devotion to our Blessed Queen of Carmel is ever on the increase. It is a healthy sign of the times and a source of consolation to us who see our humble efforts to bring more glory to God and His Holy Mother bearing abundant fruit. More and more does the love of our glorious Queen of Carmel manifest itself at her Shrine. May she be propitious to all who honor her during this month!

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The terrible descriptions of suffering in famine-stricken India should move the hardest heart. The letters, from the Lahore district, of the Carmelite Brothers Joachim and Desire are very pathetic. One of the writers declares that his "pen refuses to describe all

the horrors." We advise those of our readers who wish to help the poor sufferers to give their offering to their parish priest, who will gladly send the same to some relief centre. Any money sent to us for the same purpose will be promptly forwarded.

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Referring to the two holy Carmelites, Frs. Dionysius and Redemptus, who were recently declared Blessed by holy Church, the *Stimmen vom Berge Karmel* of last month says that both of these Religious were martyred for the faith in the Island of Sumatra in 1638. Two more precious ornaments are they in the crown of Mary. May they be ever mindful of their brethren who still wander in the valley of tears!

## Editorial Notes.

O beautiful flow'ret of Carmel!  
O fragrant and clustering vine!  
Round the hearts of thy loving children  
Thy care and protection twine!

### Retreats at the Hospice.

Two retreats are announced for this summer, viz:

1.—Retreat for the reverend clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto. Opens July 9th. Ends July 14th.

2.—Second Annual Retreat for Catholic Teachers. Opens Monday, August 27th, at 8 p. m. Ends September 1st, 7 a. m.

Applications should be sent to us in time. Terms sent to those who apply.

### The Holy Pardon.

Wherever it is possible every client of Carmel will strive to gain the great indulgence—or “holy pardon” as it is called—on Monday July 16th. Most of the parishes in charge of the Carmelites in the United States and Canada will celebrate the feast, and gain the indulgences, on the following Sunday, July 22, but at the Shrine at Niagara Falls we always celebrate the feast on July sixteenth, be it Sunday or work-day. Do not forget the conditions for gaining the indulgences which you ought to, and can, apply to the poor souls in this Holy Year. First make a good Confession and receive Holy Communion—in your own parish church if convenient. Secondly, make the visits to a Carmelite Church. At each visit say devoutly the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory be to the Father, five times, for the Pope's intentions, which are generally: for peace amongst Christian people, extirpation of heresy, the conversion of sinners and the exaltation of Holy Church.

### The Hospice Welcomes Guests!

The Hospice of Mount Carmel is now open for the accommodation of permanent or transient guests who should be known to us, or come recommended. No effort has been spared to make this institution an ideal one. The promotion of the health, comfort and convenience of our guests has been our constant study. The Hospice has all the advantages of urban establishments with none of their disadvantages. All who come here go home feeling better in soul and body. There is every aid for spiritual recollection, and Nature is most bounteous. Free from business and bustle, you are, nevertheless, able to be in immediate touch with all parts of the country, on account of the trunk lines centreing at Niagara. Moreover, the locality is of easy access to Canadians and Americans. It is just the place that all good Catholics dream of and wish for. The doors are now open, and to our friends, old and new, we extend a hearty welcome. For more detailed information and our terms, which are reasonable, address: The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

### Carmel's Commemoration.

During this month, dedicated to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, it is well to state the fact that the Popes have repeatedly opened the treasures of the Church on behalf of the members of the Scapular Confraternity by granting to them Indulgences, plenary and particular, the list of which would be too long for insertion here. Besides these Indulgences, which are reserved to those who wear the Scapular, there are a great many others attached to

Carmelite Churches—(for instance the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Niagara Falls), which can be gained by all the faithful, whether they be members of the confraternity or not. No Pope, however, has done so much in this respect as our present Holy Father, Leo XIII., who in a Brief given out on the feast of St. Simon Stock, 1892, took quite an unprecedented step, in order, to quote the Pontiff's words "that the devotion and piety of the faithful towards the most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel may increase more and more, whence flow the richest and most wholesome fruits for their souls." As is generally known to our readers, His Holiness has been pleased to grant to all the faithful a Plenary Indulgence, each year, applicable to the souls in purgatory, *as often as they visit a Carmelite Church*, from the first Vespers of the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel until sunset of the day itself, that is to say, from about 3 p. m. on July 15 until about 8 p. m. July 16.

#### The Prophet of Prayer.

During this month let us invoke our Father and Founder, the great Prophet Elias. His intercession with God is powerful, for "He hath been chosen to appease the wrath of the Lord." Many saints and holy persons have received unusual favors from St. Elias, who is deserving of all veneration. We read in the Old Testament of his great influence. At his prayer copious showers blessed the parched earth; he more than once confounded the devil and his agents; virtue triumphed and God was glorified in His Prophet. The protection of Elias has been shown in many instances. Let one of many examples suffice. In the year 1779 there was such a drought in Rome that the Carmelite Fathers held in their four

churches at Rome a Triduum of prayer in honor of their patriarch, St. Elias. The Cardinal-Vicar requested most earnestly the faithful to follow those holy exercises. The people crowded at the foot of the statue of the powerful Thaumaturgus. On the very first day rain began to fall and the drought had an end. Many similar cases are told regarding St. Elias.

#### The General Lives.

On the eighth day of May, at the meeting held in Rome for the purpose of choosing a successor to our much lamented Father General, Aloysius M. Galli, the lot fell on a worthy Carmelite, Very Reverend Father Simon Maria Bernardini, who will hold the office of Prior-General, Commissary and Apostolic Visitor of the whole Order of the Brothers of the ever Blessed Virgin-Mother Mary of Mount Carmel until the General Chapter. In his official note—happily dated on his namesday (St. Simon Stock) May 16—to the members of the whole Order, Father Bernardini pays high tribute to the great and good friar who preceded him. Particularly does he mention Father Galli's intense zeal and devotion in all things which enhanced the glory of the Queen of Carmel; his labor and enthusiasm in renovating and adorning our Mother-Church of the Transpontina in the Eternal City; the founding and erection of an International College where our students from every clime could drink in solid learning and, at the very fountain head, imbibe the spirit of the true Carmelite. Such achievements shall indeed remain immortal monuments to the memory of Father Galli. To carry on these great works and to unintermittingly uphold and increase the glory of our Mother, re-

quires superhuman aid, and we are sure all lovers of Carmel will unite with us in beseeching our dear Lady of Carmel to obtain long years of health, blessing and fruitful work for our newly chosen General Superior—Mary's gift and Carmel's captain—the good and worthy Father Bernardini.

#### Mount Carmel Day.

The children of Mary within a large radius of Niagara Falls without any great inconvenience or expense, again this year will have an opportunity of taking part in the annual pilgrimage to our Lady's Shrine, where they can assist at the great festival, gain a plenitude of graces and Indulgences and satisfy all their devout desires. Persons in and near Buffalo can leave that city for the Shrine at quarter past seven on the morning of the 16th by the Michigan Central trains. Ample time and opportunity will be afforded to the pilgrims to receive Holy Communion at the Shrine. Several low Masses will precede the Solemn High Mass. Every protection will be on the grounds, be there rain or shine. Sermons in English and German will be delivered by eminent preachers. Papal Benediction will be given in the afternoon. Confessions will be heard at the Shrine on the vigil of the feast. The Fathers will have on hand all books, articles of devotion, etc., which the pilgrims may require. Refreshments will be provided as last year.

Very Rev. P. McHale, C. M., President of Niagara University, will pronounce the panegyric at the Scapular Shrine—July 16th.

#### The Pilgrimage Train.

This train, as usual, will leave Exchange St. depot Buffalo—per Michigan

Central R. R., "the Niagara Falls Route"—at 7.15 a. m. Pilgrims will be conveyed by this train to the grounds of the Hospice. Homeward bound, the train leaves our grounds at 6 p. m. You thus have ten and a half hours to spend at the Falls. After the exercises and ceremonies you will have time to inspect the beautiful new Hospice. Round trip tickets for adults can be had in Buffalo at the low price of fifty cents—for children twenty-five cents. Purchase your tickets beforehand at the M. C. R. offices, 219 Main street, Buffalo, or at the Catholic Union Store, St. Stephen's Hall, Buffalo. Be on time at the depot to avoid the rush. To all their friends, young and old, be they far or near, the Carmelite Fathers extend a cordial welcome.

#### Saints Real and Unreal.

This month's number of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart prints an authentic and evidently true portrait of our great Carmelite, Saint Teresa. The editorial note in the same magazine is of such interest to the children of Carmel that we quote the same verbatim. Of this portrait, we are told, Cardinal Wiseman wrote the following in his preface to the "Life of St. John of the Cross":

"One day the conversation turned on a remark in that deep writer's 'Philosophy of Mysticism,' to the effect that saints most remarkable for their mystical learning and piety were far from exhibiting, in their features and expression, the characteristics usually attributed to them. They are popularly considered, and by artists represented, as soft, fainting, and perhaps hysterical persons; whereas their portraits present to us countenances of men, or women, of a practical, business.

like, working character. The author asked Görres if he had ever seen an original likeness of St. Teresa, in whom he thought these remarks were particularly exemplified. He replied that he never had; and the writer on returning from Rome fulfilled the promise which he had made the philosopher, by procuring the sketch of an authentic portrait of that saint preserved with great care in the monastery of St. Sylvester, near Tusculum. It was painted for Philip II. by a concealed artist, while he was conversing with her. This portrait confirms most strongly the theory of Görres, as the author wrote to him with the drawing; for while no saint has ever been more idealized by artists, or represented as living in a continual swoon, than St. Teresa, her true portraits all represent her with strong, firmly set, and almost masculine features, with forms and lines that denoted vigor, resolution and strong sense. Her handwriting perfectly suggests the same conclusion."

Now that he has gone to his reward, we are reminded of what the whole-souled Father Galli, our late Prior-General, wrote to the Editor of the Carmelite Review in 1893. Speaking of this magazine, he said that by means of it "will become better known in America what the Carmelite Order was in the Catholic Church, with all its glories and privileges, with the great work it has accomplished in the past, and is still doing in all parts of the world, for the greater glory of God and His holy Church."

In sending us applications for accommodations at the Hospice, kindly make allowance for the days of Retreat. So far two retreats are announced for 1900, viz: July 9th to 14th, and August 27th to September 1st.

"Our Lady of Mount Carmel, thus  
Sometimes thy name is known;  
It tells of the badge we wear,  
To live or die thy own."

—ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

July Sixteenth should be a feast of Jubilee for the poor souls in purgatory. But to gain an indulgence for these souls you must be in the state of grace yourself. You cannot bring a soul from purgatory if your own feet are standing in hell.

The souls in purgatory will be very much benefited by your visits to the Scapular Shrine on July 16. Help them! The Jubilee restrictions may prevent the direct gaining of the plenary Indulgence for yourself, but by giving all to the poor souls you indirectly enrich yourself.

The conditions for gaining the "Holy Pardon" on Mount Carmel Day are the same as for all plenary Indulgences, viz: 1. Confession. 2. Communion. 3. Praying for the Holy Father's intentions.

The solemn novena in preparation for the Scapular Feast begins July 7th. We shall remember the expressed intentions of all our readers. We shall also include all the intentions which are formed when you read this notice. All our Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, Novices, Tertiaries, and every wearer of the holy Scapular are earnestly invited to join in this novena to our ever Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

If you, or yours, are not yet invited in the Brown Scapular, be sure to be enrolled by a Carmelite Father on the feast of Mount Carmel.

Last month the Reverend Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, Indiana, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his priestly ordination. We trust it is yet timely for us to offer him our best wishes and humble prayers that he may celebrate his golden jubilee, long live as the able Editor of *The Ave Maria* and add to the countless number of souls already consoled, enlightened and saved by means of our Blessed Lady's magazine, so ably conducted by Father Hudson.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

There are several systems of shorthand. Most of them have their merits and demerits. There has just been published by Messrs. H. L. Kilner & Co., 824 Arch street, Philadelphia, a "new American Stenography" adopted to self instruction by Rev. Nicholas Ward, C. P. Price 50 cents. This handy little volume contains all the essentials of a good shorthand system, namely: Completeness, legibility, brevity and simplicity.

Most of the books noticed in these pages can be had from, or ordered through the Catholic Union Store, Swan and Franklin streets, Buffalo, N. Y., and in Canada from Messrs Sadlier & Co., 123 Church Street, Toronto.

"May Blossoms," or "Spiritual Flowrets" in honor of the Blessed Virgin, by Father Palladino, S. J., contains some beautiful and practical suggestions told in language understood by the people. Price 40 cents, cloth and gold stamped. Paper 25 cents. Write H. L. Kilner & Co., 824 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Biblical Treasury of the Catechism, compiled and arranged by Rev. Thomas E. Cox, third edition. A handsome volume, large 12mo, over 400 pages, printed on a fine quality of egg-shell wove paper. Cloth, Price \$1.25. This work has the *Imprimatur* of Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, D.D., Archbishop of Chicago. The Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C.S.C., President of Notre Dame University, has written the Introductory Letter. This book is divided into four hundred and twenty-one questions, numbered and ordered according to the questions of the Baltimore Catechism. The Biblical Treasury will be of very great service to priests in preparing their sermons. The seminarian will find in it abundant Scriptural proof for his theological theses. In the hand of the catechist it will suggest thoughts to enliven every lesson. The catechumen and convert will find here convincing testimony for the old truths of Catholic faith. In fine, this volume furnishes the choicest matter for spiritual reading and meditation for all classes of people. To be had from Wm. H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay street, New York City.

Two pretty stories are just from the Herder presses, namely, "Old Ire" A Reminiscence by Lawson Gray—price 75 cents, and "The Little Maid of Israel," by Emma Howard Wright, at 30 cents. Both books are well worth reading.

In "Christ the Man of God" Father J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., presents our Lord to us as He is known to be by Catholic tradition, Catholic teaching and theology. Very reasonable when we are approaching the dawn of a new century to be dedicated to the Redeemer of mankind. Price forty cents. B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

There are over 500 pages of solid, edifying and interesting matter in "The History of the Passion," explained by Rev. James Groenings, S. J., which contains a vivid picture of the most interesting trial held before any court. With reverent hand is graphically explained the greatest drama ever enacted upon any stage. Price only \$1.25. To be had from B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

The Reverend Francis X. McGowan, the esteemed and eminent Augustinian Father, who is not unknown to the readers of this magazine, and who, by the way, in these pages this month treats of a subject dear to us all, has already gained much prominence as a prolific and versatile writer. His works should form the nucleus of a neat and valuable Catholic library. Some books of this author brought to our notice are: A Book of Sermons, of great value to preachers during the Jubilee; The Month of the Sacred Heart, a pleasing *Vade mecum* containing the cream of the good things desired by the zealous associates of the League; The Story of St. Odile—the "Pearl of Alsace," which contains a chapter treating of the abbeys and nuns of the middle ages. This work should act as an antidote to any poison imbibed from the writings of Scott and other bigoted novelists, and, as the author says, "help to remove the false impressions given by ignorant, malicious or prejudiced writers on this theme of mediæval days." Any of these books can be had from Father McGowan's publisher, John J. McVey, 39 North 13th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the limited space at our command we can hardly do justice to the new illustrated "Life of Saint Mary Magdalene de Pazzi,"—the Florentine noble and Carmelite Sacred virgin—translated by the Reverend Father Antonio Isolerti, Missionary Apostle, a zealous and good priest of Philadelphia, whose noble works of piety are a monument to his name. The same author had already published "A Tribute of Devotion to St. M. de Pazzi" which a pious American prelate pronounced a "treasury of spiritual reading." We often wished and prayed for the day when our great Carmelite saint

would be fully revealed to the world. It is a splendid work to be earnestly recommended to religious communities. It contains an inexhaustible source of matter for meditation, lectures, retreats and spiritual reading. In praising this work we can hardly do justice to it. On some future occasion we shall again bring it before our readers. In the meantime we urge all who have the means to write at once for it from Rev. Antonio Isolero, Ap. Miss., Rector of St. M. M. de Pazzi's Church, (710 Montrose street,) Philadelphia, Pa., or H. L. Kilmer, 824 Arch street. By reading a few pages you will find that as the first compiler says in his introduction :

"From the example of St. Mary Magdalen De-Pazzi, not only persons who, like her, live consecrated to God in the cloister, but all others, can derive benefit. Model of sanctity, she was a teacher of it, and by her example encouraged it in all states of life. Separated from the world, buried in her monastery, she teaches that Religion, having apparently in view the happiness of the life to come, promotes at the same time in the best way the happiness of the temporal life. As a sufficient proof of the efficacy of her example, it will suffice to point out the peculiar characteristic by which she is distinguished even among the most perfect souls—that of her most ardent desire to suffer, which made her so often repeat, "*Non mori, sed pati*"—"Let me suffer and not die." Our utmost care is to avoid the sufferings of our mortal career, but as they are inevitable, our distress and—in the sight of God—often our faults, too, are doubled by our being at permanent war with ourselves. Man is born to suffer, as birds to fly. His life on earth is a contrast, a combat, a struggle. As man gets strong and able to carry his cross, he advances equally in perfection. The cross is the seal of virtue. Thus, our Saint renounced every delight, not only of earth, but also of heaven. No adversity could trouble her; nay, the more the pain, the greater the joy of her heart; so that, having vanquished the world and conquered the flesh, she did not see nor know aught but her God crucified, for whom she became enraptured with love. In the second place, there were very many wonderful traits in St. M. M. De-P. She might be called, with good reason, the *Seraphic*, the *Ecstatic* of the Carmel, as her spirit was almost continually rapt in ecstasy and led to contemplate and enjoy the most sublime perfections of the Godhead. Now, Christian admiration for this must proceed from a state of the soul excited by lively faith in the all-powerful goodness of God, who operates in a supernatural manner on the nothingness of the human creature. From this will spring a greater fervor to adore, serve, and love so good a God. No one

should doubt the truth of the marvellous things contained in this book, as I will relate neither fact nor saying which has not been examined in the processes of her beatification and canonization; and so the conscience of all believers may be at rest. The wonderful graces obtained afterwards, and herein narrated, have been examined and approved by learned theologians deputed to investigate by ecclesiastical superiors. This should be sufficient to secure the assent of every prudent man. It may be well to add here, that the Saint, being very near death, asserted that "all she had said in ecstasy or privately, or related to the Sisters under obedience, had been the pure action of the Holy Ghost, not interspersed with anything of her own interest." The truth of this assertion appears even on the strength of human reasoning alone. In fact, a maiden who knew no more than what was needed by simple nun, could not have explained the most sublime mysteries of our holy faith with such profound doctrine as she did, unless directed immediately by supernatural light.

#### OBITUARY.

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

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following :

Rev. John J. Sheehan, a zealous and beloved priest of Buffalo, N. Y. Deceased was an old subscriber of this Review.

Very Rev. Augustine Fatcher, an English Carmelite, who died at Kensington, W. May 31.

Sister Mary Alphonse, of the Boston Carmel, whose twenty-two years as a professed nun were offered up with tireless love for God, and in her illness she offered her sufferings for the world, for sinners, for benefactors; and who, a model of patience, lay in almost unbroken silence, waiting her end in perfect peace and joy. Of her it could be said, and was said truthfully: "She served God faithfully all her life."

Mrs. Doretha Borket, of Buffalo, a friend of the poor souls.

Caspar and Catherine Hoffmeyer.

Mrs. Mary Keough.

Miss Mary O'Brien.

Mrs. Heimerle.

Mrs. Mary S. Lincoln, of Cincinnati, who died piously after a well-spent life.

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



## THANKSGIVINGS.

Wheeling, W. Va., June 14.

"Thanksgivings are due in twofolds to the Blessed Lady of Carmel. One of them the recovery from a very serious case of brain fever, and the other for the recovery from a severe attack of bronchitis and prostration."

REV. P. A. O. M. CAP.

Springfield, Ill., June 7, 1900.

DEAR FATHER:

I enclose herewith a small subscription for the Hospice in testimony—a small and feeble one, of my deep and heartfelt gratitude to our Queen, our Lady of Mt. Carmel, whose intercession, through you, her votaries, I sought last April for my recovery. Thanks to the Divine Healer and our Lady Health of the Sick! I am recovered, and now enjoying good health, all things considered. In the note I wrote you requesting your petition in my behalf, I promised, if restored to health, to publish it in the Review. I now respectfully request you will publish this communication from me, an unworthy wearer of her Scapular.

T. T. M.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 10, 1900.

REV. FATHERS:

Please find———for the Hospice fund. I wish I could make the amount larger. I consider your work a most laudable one destined to be the means of much good.

C. F. M'G.

Medina, N. Y., June 4, 1900.

DEAR FATHER:

I asked for success in my examinations. I was completely successful.

M.

London, Ont., May 6th, 1900.

DEAR FATHER:

Having made a promise to our Lady of Mount Carmel if I had a certain favor granted I would have it published in the Carmelite Review. I most humbly ask you to have it published, as I have been granted the favor. Thanks to our Blessed Lady!

L. T.

A Cleveland (Ohio) reader offers thanks to our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for the cure of a child.

Chicago, June 15, 1900.

DEAR FATHER:

I asked the Blessed Virgin Mother of Carmel to obtain for me what was mine (in a contested will). I promised to mention it in the Review. It has been decided in my favor. I now thank the divine Mother. This is not the first favor received.

D. K.

## PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, c. 16.

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

Happy death 2; three brothers; intentions of novena 2; a family; employment 2; temporal; sick 2; conversions 2; temperance 1; all intentions sent by our readers to date or formed when they see this; all intentions placed at the Shrine; eight special requests; all intentions of the Holy Father, Leo XIII.; all intentions of Sacred Heart associates, and all intentions of the Editor. Readers are all earnestly requested to offer their labor, prayers, sufferings and good work in union with the intentions made in the novena to our Lady of Mt. Carmel commencing July 7th.

## WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Names received for inscription at Falls View Monastery from Immaculate Conception Church, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.; St. Mary's Church, Lindsay, Ont.

Names received and registered at New Baltimore, (Pa.) Monastery from: Dotyville, Wis.; Scranton, Pa.; Omaha, Neb.; Wilkesbarre, Pa. Centonius, Ill., and Cumberland, Md.

Names received at Leavenworth, Kansas, Priory from St. Ann's, Kansas City; Ceylon, Wis.; Streater, Ill.; Pine Bluff, Arkansas; Orphan Asylum, Leavenworth; Cumberland, Iowa; Tipton, Kan.; Academy, Canon City, Colo.

Scapular names received at Falls View: St. Mary's church, London, Ont.; St. Mary's church, Toronto, Ont.; St. Lawrence church, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Paul's church, Reading, Pa.; St. Philip's church, Big Point, Ont.; Massena, Iowa; St. Paul, Minn.; Drayton, P. Q. E.; Liverpool, Ohio; St. Leo's College, St. Leo, Fla.; All Saints church, Gladstone, Mich.; St. Patrick's church, Nicholson, Pa.; Scranton, Pa.; St. Anthony's church, Stowell, Pa.; St. Francis, Cumisky, Pa.; St. Mary's church, Hagerstown, Md.; St. Mary's church, London, Ont.; Glace Bay, C. B.; Ruth, Mich.; St. Mary's church, London, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; St. John Evangelist, Johnville, N. E.; Sarnia, Ont.; Cryster, Ont.; St. Joseph's Novitiate, Notre Dame, Ind.; Bortwell, Ont.; Guysborough, N. S.; Galt, Ont.; Lucan, Ont.; St. Bernard's church, Saranac Lake, Ont.; St. Mary's church, East Brantford, Ont.; St. Nicholas church, Brooklyn, N. Y.



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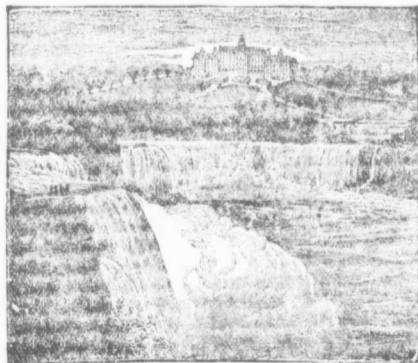
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