



*"Dilectus meus mihi et ego illi."*



## OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

"*Dilectus meus mihi et ego illi.*"—CANT.

"My Love to me, and I to Him," who feedeth  
 'Mid fragrant lilies of affections white;  
 The tender smile that from His eyes proceedeth  
 Each flow'r refresheth as with dew and light.

"My Love to me, and I to Him," who sitteth  
 Throned on my breast—in fondest arms' embrace;  
 His little Hand about my bosom flitteth;  
 In royal beauty beams His baby Face.

"*Dilectus meus mihi*"—Best of Lovers!  
 Thrice blessed is Thy turning unto me!  
 "*Et ego illi*"—as to safest covers  
 The wild bird flees—so do I fly to Thee!

O Love! O Life! O Joy of earth and heaven!  
 Thou art my Sun; I am Thy faithful Moon!  
 To all Humanity hast Thou been given,  
 But men must find, through me, that priceless Boon!

Thy grace hath opened up a ceaseless fountain  
 Where sinful souls may wash them clean and fair;  
 Thy love hath crown'd me QUEEN OF CARMEL'S MOUNTAIN,  
 And all my servants CARMEL's livery wear.

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

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

BY L'ABBE BAURENS DE MOLINIER.

## PART II—CHAPTER I.

VENERATION OF ST. JOANNA—HISTORY OF THE DEVOTION PAID TO THE GREAT SERVANT OF GOD—ITS PROGRESS WITH ADVANCING YEARS—DEVOTION TO THE SAINT FROM THE YEAR 1471 TO 1688



T. JOANNA, who had been so deeply venerated during her holy life, became an object of far greater devotion after death had opened for her the gates of Paradise.

It could not have been otherwise, in view of the miracles which, day after day, were performed at her tomb, and which are related, although in an abridged form, by the anonymous author of some ancient Carmelite chronicles.

These inventories of titles and documents (written in 1676) are preserved in the archives of the monastery of Grands Carmes at Toulouse. We read herein :

“ St. Joanna, a native of Toulouse, daughter of a most noble and illustrious house, and Foundress, in the said city, of the Third Order of Sisters of the ever glorious Virgin Mary, died in the year 1286, and was buried in the monastery church of Grand Carmes of Toulouse. Tradition has designated the hallowed spot as the Chapel of St. Martial, dedicated, later on, to St. Honora and eventually placed under the patronage of St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi.

“ In the year 1509, on the twentieth day of October, in consequence of the

many miracles which were performed, and are still of daily occurrence, through the invocation of this glorious saint, Monseigneur, the Archbishop of Toulouse, Bernard de Rosergio, caused the blessed remains of the saint to be raised with all due solemnity, and was himself the celebrant upon the memorable occasion.

“ He granted an Indulgence of forty days to all those who would visit the holy relics, after which a most eloquent and devotional sermon was preached by Reverend Father Ruppe, of the Carmelite Order.

“ The impression made by this solemnity was so much the more profound and permanent, because he who had conceived and carried out the undertaking was a prelate whose great learning was only excelled by the holiness of his life. His happy death occurred soon afterwards, but not until he had given his approbation to the life of the glorious saint which was published at Toulouse.

“ Her tomb was constantly visited by throngs of the faithful, and the daily miracles were the admiration of all.

The sacred relics were then placed in another chapel—beside the choir—dedicated to St. Laurence and St. Joanna, and the picture of our saint was beautifully portrayed upon one of the stained glass windows. The following inscription, in the vernacular, was

placed upon the portal :

"An aquesta cappella es lo corps de Sta. Sor Johanna . . . , whilst beneath the above words might be read these pious invocations to the saint :

Hail! illustrious and holy Sister Johanna.

Whose venerated body can be seen in this chapel, grant the petitions we beseech thee of those afflicted.

And heed their mournful sighs!

O! Saint Joanna, through thy ineffable merits obtain, for those that implore thy aid, the grace of admission to the celestial Paradise : there, with thee, to praise our Lord forever more.

V. Pray for us, etc.

R. That we may be made worthy, etc.

Let us pray.

"Almighty and eternal God, who dost multiply Thy saints and elect, and dost make known their merits most gloriously to the world, obtain for us through the intercession of Thy servant Joanna, who, in the holy Order of Mount Carmel, was Thy devoted handmaid, the grace of a fidelity in Thy holy service equal to her own.

Deign, through her powerful intercession, to grant our petitions. Soften our hearts that divine grace may penetrate therein. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, who, being God, livest and reignest with Thee and the Holy Ghost forever and ever. Amen!"

The casket which enshrined the holy remains was opened, with all the requisite solemnity, in the year 1616. The body of the saint appeared to view almost as she was in life, and a fragrance so exquisite that it must have been wafted from heaven, was instantly perceptible to every one present on the occasion.

In the year 1656, on the feast of St. Clare, the shrine was again visited

with the most devotional and impressive ceremonies. Monseigneur, the Archbishop of that city, was there, his Vicar-General Father Delfaget celebrated Mass, and all the community received Holy Communion. They changed the casket, and again its precious contents were found untouched by the withering blight of decay.

One arm and hand had been removed by Henry Sylvius, General of the Order, on the occasion of his visitation to the monastery. He took the relics to Spain, where many marvels were accomplished thereby.

Numerous invalids regained their health by merely touching the wood of the casket where the remains were first enclosed, or by handling the flowers placed therein by those who revered and loved the dear saint.

These records are carefully preserved amongst the archives. (Box No. 133.)

On the twentieth of May, 1688, the remains of St. Joanna were again examined. The record of the event was placed with those above mentioned. This act was lost with the others in the archives, but at the Invention of 1805 it was found upon the body of the saint. The providential preservation of so important a paper must certainly be looked upon as a miracle.

We give an exact and literal copy of the parchment found in the tomb when opened, the same being in the Carmelite Church. January 24, 1805.

J. M. J., A. J.

"In the year 1688, on the twentieth day of May we visited the body of St. Joanna, whom tradition accredits with being the daughter of the Count de Toulouse, also with having received the habit of the Order, as a tertiary, from St. Simon Stock some years before he died at Bordeaux.

Reverend Father Saturnin of the

Visitation, Provincial of the province of Lyons, and Commissary of our Chapter, and Father Ignatius of Saint-Girard, who had been elected Provincial for the second time, together with all the community were at the opening of the casket. Our sisters of the Third Order were also there, and some young girls, relatives or friends of the deceased. Two Capuchin fathers, with two other friars, at that time in the monastery—Messieurs Carboneau and Fronton—sworn surgeons—were present likewise. These removed the body—with ourselves—and saw that it was almost perfect, with the exception of the arm and right hand which Henricus Sylvius, General of the Order, had transferred to Spain. The left hand was also wanting, and some teeth. (Here a slight discrepancy occurs. A little book printed in 1805 describes the saint as looking fresh and lovely, as she may have appeared at the moment of her death.)

"We found the body wrapped in a kind of flowered damask robe, which we left undisturbed. Beneath was a linen shroud, or winding sheet, which we took out, but replaced after having cut off some pieces to satisfy the devotion of some who longed to possess a memento of the saint. Others were content to receive some of the flowers from around the body, or to have their medals and crucifixes touched to the precious remains.

"We permitted all present to kiss the relics.

"This was done, *jannis clausis*. The Mass of the Holy Ghost had been chanted that morning: The brothers and sisters had, by fervent prayers and holy communion, prepared for a sight of those relics. At Toulouse, the same day and year, as the above:

"Father Dominic of St. John,

Carmelite, unworthy director of the Third Order, says:

"We wrapped the remains in a white cloth. Apparently the shroud which was beneath was the first, and bore the impress of the body.

Fr. Alpimian of St. Francis.

Fr. Eliseus of St. James.

Fr. Simon of the Infant Jesus.

Fr. Henry of St. Joseph.

Fr. Basthely of St. Anthony.

Fr. Hilary of St. Augustine.

Syndicate of the province.

Signed upon the parchment found in the coffin upon the breast of the saint.

*Ne Varietur*: Cambon, Vicar-General.

Permission to publish the above given at Toulouse.

Signed: The Mayor *par Interim*.

Foulquier.

"Several authors of note in the Order," adds the Inventory of 1676, "have mentioned the saint in their works, witness Reverend Thomas Saracenus de Bononia in his *Menologe*. Also Father Marc Anthony Alegria de Casanate, in *suo Paradiso Carmelitici decoris*.

Palsonidorus, lib. 3, c. 12.

Corea, lib. II, c. 16.

Saint-Ange, catal 98, 99, and various others.

In the inventories *before* the one of 1676 mention of St. Joanna frequently occurs, but with fewer details. It sufficed the writers to refer to the parts deposited in the archives. Unfortunately those very parts are lost.

Thus in the Inventory of 1617, we read:

"Investigation of the body of St. Joanna—No. 24.

In another Inventory of the same year we find the reference.

"St. Joanna, 105."

In the Inventory of 1650 we read:

"Process with the Chapter St. Stephen:—St. Joanna, page 96." At page 96—under this title—"Chapter of St. Stephen," on the margin occur the words, "For St. Joanna, documents No. 26."—Later on may be read in the text: "There was a process, (between the Chapter and the monks) in the year 1600, the record of which is preserved in our archives, document 30, fastened together with another casket where there are some papers of the official in regard to the pleading conducted in his presence, also certain papers and acts touching the affair of the body of St. Joanna.

## CHAPTER II.

DEVOTION TO ST. JOANNA BEGINS TO PREVAIL OUTSIDE OF TOULOUSE. 1495—1793.

The chroniclers of Toulouse were not the only ones to know the dear saint of their city, or to offer their veneration at her shrine, for the great sanctity of her life, and the miracles wrought after her death, day by day, added new glory to her name. Her renown extended far beyond Toulouse. Writers who belonged to the Order, and writers entirely foreign to it dilated upon her virtues, and upon the honors paid to her; far and wide the fragrance of her holiness was diffused and the number of her devout clients daily increased.

We will give the names of these writers, in regular order according to date.

The most ancient of those whose works we have been able to procure is Palionidorus, who in his book edited at Mayence, in 1495, Chapter XXII., with the heading: "*Those who were distinguished in the Carmelite Order by great sanctity of life,*" thus proceeds: "Of this number is St. Joanna, a virgin of Toulouse. She was the worthy client

of our royal mother, the Virgin Mary, the spouse of Jesus Christ. Her lamp was always replenished with the oil of divine grace, so precious to the celestial spouses of the spotless Lamb of God. The splendor of her virtues was unsurpassed, and, with her heavenly Bridegroom, she entered into the joy of the perpetual marriage feast."

In 1610 Aubert Mirceus of Brussels, canon and librarian at Angers, author of a brochure entitled "*Origin of the Carmelite Theresiennes:*" "*Theresianarum Origo,*" says in Chapter VI. *saints and patrons of the Carmelite Order* "This Order possesses innumerable virgins of a most exalted sanctity even without enumerating those two blessed ones Angela and Joanna, and their third illustrious and precious treasure, the ever blessed Theresa, of whom the two first were the precursors."

Peter Thomas Saracenus in his "*Menologe Carmelitan,*" edited at Bologna 1628, cites amongst those inscribed as having been invested with the Scapular by St. Simon Stock, the name "St. Joanna of Toulouse."

In 1637, Father Marc Anthony Alegre de Casanate, a Spanish Carmelite, edited at Lyons his "*Paradisus Carmelitici decoris,*" "*Paradise of the beauties of Carmel,*" On page 272 of this remarkable work we read:

"Chapter 35, Anno Domino 1286. "St. Joanna, a native of France, born at Toulouse, the daughter of a noble and illustrious house, was a chosen lily of most dazzling whiteness and immaculate purity. She wrought many miracles, and the fragrance of her virtues arose to heaven, an offering of love to her celestial Spouse, until, absorbed by this divine love, her pure spirit fled from earth to heaven at Toulouse, where repose her precious

remains. This was during the pontificate of Honorius IV., spiritual prince of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Paleonidorus has preserved for us her saintly and illustrious memory, and there is scarcely a chronicle of Carmel that does not speak of this brilliant star in our glorious firmament."

In 1657, Father Arturus du Moustier, Recollet of the house at Paris, in his "*Gynecaeum Sanctum*," or "*Feminine Martyrology*" speaks of St. Joanna in terms similar to those employed by Father Marc Alegra; he is, however, more explicit as to the place of her sepulture. He says: "Her sacred remains are venerated in the convent of Grands Carmes at Toulouse."

Jean Bonnet in his book called "*Jardin du Carmel*," ("Garden of Carmel") published at Barcelona in the year 1677, liv. I., Chap. XV., page 153, tells us that "the holy virgin Joanna, of the French nation, was originally from the city of Toulouse."

Fr. Daniel of the Blessed Virgin says in his "*Miroir Carmelitin*," published at Anvers, 1680, volume II. fol. VI., that in an ancient calendar, a manuscript of the Carmel, of Malines, he read, "March 31, Joanna of Toulouse, of our Order," and in a second calendar (giving the saints of our Order, the same script) there occurs this item: "The last day of March, *St. Joanna of Toulouse*. She is buried in our convent."

He also saw a Breviary of the Order, in —12, printed at Paris in 1517, and therein he remarked a picture of the Blessed Virgin, with the blessed Joanna of Toulouse at her right, and St. Angela at the left. Under the representation of the former was inscribed *Saint Joanna*. The picture is before the "*Sanctoral*" in the Breviary.

In 1681, Father Philip of the Visita-

tion, edited at Namur a calendar containing the names of the principal Carmelite saints. His intention was that they might serve as patrons each month, for the confraternity of the Brown Scapular. Therein we read, "Month of March 31, *St. Joanna of Toulouse, Virgin*."

In 1699, Father Thomas of Jesus in his book, "*Antiquity of the Saints of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel*," published at Salamanca, page 44, says: "St. Joanna, virgin, and many other saints."

Father Giles Leondelicato, in his "*Jardin Carmelitin*," published at Lisbon in 1741, ch. 10, No. 4, thus speaks of St. Joanna:

"St. Joanna, of the city of Toulouse, was a virgin consecrated to the Lord in the Order of Carmel. In following the footsteps of our august Lady, the Mother of God, the Virgin Mary, and imitating her example, she merited to become the spouse of JESUS CHRIST, our Lord."

Besides the engraving above mentioned in the Carmelite Breviary at Paris, of which Father Daniel of the Blessed Virgin has told us, there is at the convent of the discalced Carmelites of Potay at Liege in Belgium, a picture representing the saints of the Order. At the base is seen the Prophet Elias planting a vine which is watered by the Prophet Eliseus. This vine escapes from the grasp of the prophet, and in its luxuriant development produces mystic clusters of grapes whereon are reproduced the saints of the ancient Order. Our saint is not wanting in the assemblage. Far otherwise! She is there, vested in the Carmelite garb, and holds in her hand a crucifix, upon which her gaze is riveted in loving contemplation. This picture seems to be prior to the year 1600, and to have

originated in Belgium or Germany. This is not stated definitely, but there is a little record in the centre, on parchment, which states that it was dedicated by Reverend Father Gaspard Rinckens, prior of Anvers, to the most Reverend Father Sebastian Fanton, General of the Carmelites, (who died *in 1620*). At the suggestion, or request rather, of the most Reverend Promoter of the Faith, the existence, age and form of this representation have been juridically examined, by order of Monseigneur Doutreloux, Bishop of Liege. Two canons of the cathedral of the place, Messieurs Honnotte and Dubois, aided in the investigation. Their remarkable labors and successful exertions made a profound impression upon the most eminent and reverend Fathers to whom is given the jurisdiction of such grave matters in the sacred congregation of Rites, and won for them a ready co-operation.

After these citations, we can well believe that the cultus of this fair flower in the garden of the Church was not confined to Toulouse alone, but that almost the entire world knew of the veneration of St. Joanna, and invoked her efficacious aid.

We have also to mention an Italian manuscript of the seventh century, preserved in the library of *Santa Maria Transpontina* at Rome and a Directory for those of the Third Order of Carmelites, printed at Nice in 1775, where those words occur: "The Blessed Joanna of Toulouse was the daughter of a Count of Toulouse;" also, that "she lived a saintly life, and died a death precious in the sight of the Lord, March 31, 1288."

And now there remains to be written the history of the cultus from the Revolution of 1793, until the present time.

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### TO MARY IMMACULATE.

Ave Maria, Angel of light,  
Comfort my soul in the coming of night;  
Let on my trembling lips, linger alway,  
The sweet salutation, Maria Ave!

Ave Maria, Mother most pure  
When the morn breaks, guard my thought, I conjure;  
For thou art the Morning star, leading the way  
To heaven's bright vision, Maria Ave!

J. DAVID ENRIGHT, A.M., L.L.B.

Niagara, '95.



## A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER XX. (Conclusion.)

*"We expect everything and are prepared for nothing."*—MME. SWETCHINE.



ROSE WITHERS started from her chair, as the call-bell rang long and loud on that cold and dreary Friday evening. Doctor Cutting's ear caught the sound and he was at the door in a jiffy.

"Welcome, Mrs. Werker!" he said as he sprung down the steps towards the carriage which brought Charity and her invalid mother.

"Mother stood the trip splendidly, doctor," said Charity, as she grasped Cutting's hand.

"A good sign, Miss Werker. We will soon pull her through, and I'll stake my reputation on it that in two months she will be able to jump any fence in New France," said Cutting, with a laugh.

The old lady was comfortably tucked away into an easy chair, while the doctor with Charity went off to look after the necessary refreshments. While Charity was putting her wrap aside, and smoothing out the wrinkles in it, Cutting slipped away and bounded up to Rose's room.

"She's here, Rose!" he shouted. "Don't waste any time, my dear. Get a piping hot cup of tea and bring it down at once. It will be your introduction. Fine old lady—charming girl Charity—am sure you'll love her at

sight. Lucky fellow, Fenton!" said Rose. "You men are just horrid," said Rose. "Why just think of it! You want me to go down as I am with this old skirt on me. Why, the idea! Just let them wait until I am ready," she said as she looked at her mirror, which reflected a very pale woman.

"O nonsense! Rose! You look pretty in any dress!" said Cutting, as he left her to join Charity.

"She will be down soon, Miss Werker," he said, as he reached the office. "She's a good girl, but mighty headstrong. Wants to have her own way, you know, in everything. Now, as to to-morrow. Really, I am getting a little fidgety over it. A man doesn't go through this wedding business very many times in his life. Rose, you see, has been through the mill before and has the advantage."

"I am afraid I myself shall make a poor bridesmaid, doctor," said Charity. "We country girls are so awkward, you know. By the way, what is Rose going to wear?"

"She will show you everything, Charity, and, by the way, I just think of something. Let me show you this pin with the pretty anchor worked into it. I got it from my friends here in the hospital. What do you think of it?"

"Very pretty," said Charity. "Perhaps, too, appropriate. The anchor, 'tis said, signifies hope—and—"

As she turned around to the light she raised her eyes which met the eyes

of Rose Withers. Both girls stood dazed for a moment. Then, with a cry, they rushed forward, and were tightly clasped in each others arms.

"Hope! Hope! My own sister Hope!" screamed Charity.

"Charity! Charity, forgive, forgive!" cried Hope Fenton, for she it was.

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"Well, Rose,—or rather Hope, let us hear your side of the case," said Doctor Cutting, a few days after the unexpected meeting of the two sisters.

And here is Hope Fenton's confession.

"Let me say at the start that I was no hypocrite. I only lacked courage and delayed doing what I had all along intended to do. At the eleventh hour I was going to make a clean breast of it all on the day before our proposed wedding. Mother and Charity came along so unexpectedly—you know the rest. To commence at the beginning, let me say that there were three of us at New France—and happy children they were—Faith, after whom my daughter was called, Charity and myself. Faith is long dead, and was perhaps unknown to you. I probably left the homestead long before you called at our place, and hence my face was unfamiliar to you. As soon as I got away from New France, I went in for all the enjoyment the world afforded. I soon entrapped poor Harry Fenton. I knew little of his past history, although he said my face had haunted his dreams since the night he saw us posing as the three graces in the tableaux which passed by the Friedenhause. Fenton was no Catholic, but promised to become one. But my bad example put an end to all his promises. We rented a flat, and for a time all went gloriously. The end came,

though, and we went through the mockery of getting a divorce. Harry got our child—Faith, and I, being free, gave loose reins to all my evil propensities."

"I have decided to take things philosophically," said the doctor, as Hope concluded. "After all," he said, "a fellow has to be disappointed sometimes in life—checkmated, as it were, although my friends have always predicted a stalemate."

"And where is Faith—my child—now?" asked Mrs. Fenton.

"In good hands," replied Cutting. "She is a splendid child, and I think she will be a Sister some day. I must admit it was startling news to me to hear that Fenton had a wife living. The general impression at Boomfield was that he was a widower. If I mistake not, your sister Charity was of the same opinion. At times, though, she had her doubts, but do what she would she could get no information from Fenton. Now, as to your future plans, Rose—I mean Hope—I suppose you are yet undecided, however, be sure I will not abandon you at this critical moment. Charity and I will put our heads together and see what we can do to fix up things for you. As for Charity, I suppose, like myself, she will remain single. It gives one more time to indulge in philanthropic hobbies. Be sure that I will always be at your service and remain a friend in the true sense of that much-abused word, and, as 'tis said of others in the same predicament, let our spirits hereafter be espoused in God,

'And let our wedlock be as soul to soul  
And prayer shall be the golden ring.'"

"How did it ever come about that you became Harry Fenton's house-keeper?" said Hope to Charity when the two sisters were again alone.

"Quite simple," replied Charity. "Twas purely a matter of accident. Mother and I needed money—I looked for employment, and in the end was the lucky one among many less fortunate girls who read the advertisements. And now I have a question for you. How did you get to be known as Rose Withers?"

"That's easily explained, Charity. Being unconscious when I was brought into the hospital, the nurses had only to guess at my name. A girl named Rose Withers shared the same wardrobe with me at our boarding place. All her things were plainly marked with her name and got mixed when my effects were bundled with me into the ambulance. Silence on my part was consent, so everyone thereafter called me Rose."

Some time after the affecting meeting of the long lost daughter with her poor old mother, the latter said:

"Everything is an answer to my constant prayer to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, in whom I have always had unbounded faith and confidence, and, without asking the question, I am certain that all these years Hope has never thrown aside her Scapular. Do not forget, my dearest children, to have a Mass of thanksgiving offered in honor of our great benefactress on the coming feast of the Immaculate Conception."

"Mother," explained Charity, "always begged three special graces of the Blessed Virgin. First, that she might not die until she saw Hope; secondly, that Hope's children might be raised good Catholics, and thirdly, that I myself be left to console her till the end of her days. The prayer was heard, was it not, Doctor Cutting?"

"Certainly!" he replied. "Nothing extraordinary about it, though. Our Lady is working silent wonders

every day. Your own sister Hope—as I must now call her—has already told me some wonderful things. At first I took it all for a dream. But it was all true. Poor girl. She was to be my last *rose* of summer and only *hope*. But I have built all my castles in vain. However, I am in good company. You can sympathise with me, Charity. I might also, now, let the cat out of the bag and tell you that I was helping to get you into Fenton's net. Poor fellow! I wonder if we can get him to face the music? There is hope. It would be a great charity if we help him to come to terms. Think it over, Charity; perhaps we may reach him with a letter. Good-bye! and when I am absent, remember that 'I am standing on your door-step as a beggar,

And the charity you give my soul shall be—

Pray for me!"

"Oh, doctor!" said Charity, taking his hand, "how can I forget you—you who have done so much for Hope—for mother and for me? Go where you may, remember that at all times you will live in the heart of Charity Werker, and that in every evening hour 'When the twilight folds the flower, I'll fold thy name in prayer.'"

#### CHAPTER XXI.

*"Forgive! A gentle spirit cried,—  
I yielded to my nobler part;  
Uprose, and to my spouse I lied,  
And forgave her from my heart."*

The result of a long conference between Dr. Cutting and Charity Werker was the following note written by the latter to Harry Fenton. It ran:

DEAR FRIEND!—This note would remain unwritten did I not have unbounded faith in your goodness of

heart and sense of duty. The contents have been laid at the feet of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and good St. Anthony will see that you get it. All our plans and promises for marriage are now cancelled. I have met your lawful wife—my long lost sister Hope—face to face. She is a changed and better woman, and is ready to crave your pardon, and looks toward an early reconciliation. I beg and pray you to return at once. Duty calls. It is a trial, perhaps, for you, but He who purifies the heart will lend it strength. Resolve now, be a man! Remember that he who overcometh "hath a sweet tranquillity throughout his life." Bear in mind you are Hope's husband, modern divorce laws to the contrary notwithstanding. You yourself well remember the saying of the French that, "Divorce est le sacrement de l'adultère." Disappointment? I have had mine and am resigned to it. Dr. Cutting, too, takes it all like a man. Now it is your turn. You have always been kind to me, so now crown it all by following my advice. You know how carefully you managed your chessmen—apply it to the game of life, and consider well the next and all important move on your part. I will ever cherish the days passed with you for the "memory of things precious keeps warm the heart that once did hold them." Let me hear from you and—*Vergisnichtmeiner!*

Your friend,

CHARITY.

Fenton's reply came promptly. He said:

"DEAR CHARITY,—Shame, sorrow and surprise is the epitome of my feelings. 'Tis said that the world is a comedy to those who *think*—a tragedy to those who *feel*. I feel, and sorely at that. You are no prophetess, it seems,

after all. You predicted a stalemate, but it looks as if we were checkmated out and out. Yes, I *will* come. Harry Fenton is a new man. A month ago I had other thoughts—thoughts that were bad—but curiosity brought me to hear a mission preached down here by some good brown-robed friars. They have put me on the right road again. Among other things I had to promise to wear my Scapular day and night. You can expect to see me before Christmas—the day on which I am to make my first holy Communion. Thanks, Charity, a thousand thanks for all your good prayers and Christian example, which has brought me back to a sense of duty. The unexpected has happened, but nevertheless

'You shall ever be my friend,  
From June to life's December;  
Not mine to have or hold,  
But to pray for and remember.'

Your penitent friend,

HARRY FENTON."

During these days another affecting scene had occurred at the hospital. It was the meeting of Faith and her mother. The child came home for the holidays and was to prepare for her first holy Communion at Christmas. At first she went into paroxysms of delight when she realised that Hope Fenton was actually her mother, and for days both kept closely together in and out of doors.

Charity and Doctor Cutting went up to Boomfield to make preparation for Fenton's coming, and in a short time everything was in apple-pie order. Cold and crisp was the outside air on the Eve of Christmas, but it was warm and cheerful within the house at Boomfield, where peace had gained a victory and joy filled many hearts.

Fenton had arrived on schedule time, and after the touching meeting between

him and his long estranged spouse, preparations were at once made for the early Mass, at which, as a great privilege, Fenton and his daughter Faith were to make their first holy Communion.

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CHAPTER XXII.

"Happy they! the happiest of their kind!  
Whom gentle stars unite."

—THOMSON.

Father Angelo had spared no pains to make his Christmas celebration in truth a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." That the good Padre had been successful in making it such, was made manifest to all who had the privilege of being present at that early morning Mass.

The decorations in the church were very elaborate and the floral display was most gorgeous. Charity Werker's hands had not been idle. The altar was beautifully trimmed with roses and forget-me-nots donated by Doctor Cutting. Here and there, and everywhere, through the flowers myriads of wax tapers burned brilliantly. Besides this, there burned clusters of pretty colored lamps. Above the tabernacle tiny gas jets were made to form a cross, an anchor and a heart, emblems of faith, hope and charity, and the three-fold birth of Christ. Moreover, high above the altar was a large and beautiful oil painting of the Madonna del Carmen and the Holy Babe, beneath which one could read the Latin subscription, "Dilectus meus mihi et ego illi." (My Beloved to me and I to Him.) This lovely bit of coloring was the work of an artist-monk, and now unveiled for the first time. Moreover, a handsome new set of vestments graced the occasion. Beyond the altar-rail, stood a richly ornamental prie-dieu for the use of the first communicants.

The musical portion of the Mass was unusually grand, and altogether unlooked for, especially in a country church. How in the world did Father Angelo succeed in getting together this galaxy of singers with such sweet and cultured voices? Whence all those fine vestments? It seemed as if they dropped from heaven, but they did not. A company of famed Italian opera singers were making a tour in the country. With them was Signora Bellavoci (or some such name) the great soprano. This company had intended to pass a quiet Christmas in the city. However, they had gone up to Boomfield to pay their respects to Padre Angelo, who had known them as children and had baptized most of them. When the priest told his countrymen of the coming celebration, they at once volunteered their services. In addition, they promised to bring along some skilled instrumentalists. So that is how such enchanting music was heard in the Church of the Madonna.

It was an inspiring sight, when the priest and servers took their places in the sanctuary. Harry Fenton was well-nigh in ecstasy, while Faith, Hope and Charity seemed to be in another world. The harmonious and dazzling blend of light, sound, color and sweet smell of incense seemed to convince the devout worshippers that celestial loveliness had been brought down to earth.

What a torrent of sweetest harmony poured out on the entranced congregation at the *Gloria*! It was heavenly, thrilling, ravishing! Never before did our good Boomfield friends grasp the full significance of the angelic anthem "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!"

And the *Credo*! How shall we describe it? After the priest intoned the

first words, the full choir, utterly unaccompanied save by four trombones, began the *Credo* in the long-drawn note of a Palestrina choral. The first notes filled everyone with an awe and cold chills crept through the nerves, when in the long cadence of the words *In unum Deum*, the drums fell in like Niagara's thundering roar. The listeners seemed to find themselves in the infinite dawn of the eternal heavens, throughout which gleamed the far-off splendor of the Almighty. A bright light seemed to illumine the gloom of limitless space at the words *Factorem cœli et terræ*. When came the words *et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum*—the most holy Name was breathed in the softest pianissimo, and then bowed down all heads like the grain before the gentle wind. Thus it flowed and streamed onward to the *Descendit de cœlis*.

Now an andante in G, minor spoke peace to troubled souls, with the sweet flow of the softly touched violencellos—and a sweet soprano voice sang, as from the clouds:—

*Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto, ex Maria Virgine, et Homo factus est.*

Like the fragrance from an orange grove descended the *Homo factus est*, with the blessed thought of Peace!

Yes, for *us* He became Man! and the confidence of faith softly slumbered in the dreams of Paradise.

His voice was music and his face a benediction as Father Angelo turned to address his beloved flock. An exception to the Italian type of orators, Fr. Angelo was a very quiet speaker, hardly using a gesture. Nevertheless, his words were listened to with attention. He spoke from the heart, making no use of the tricks of oratory which amuse oftener than convince an audience.

*"Misericordia et veritas obviaverunt sibi, justitia et pax osculatae sunt.—*

"Mercy and truth have met each other, justice and peace have kissed," words taken from the 84th Psalm, and used by holy Church in the Office of the Nativity, made Father Angelo's text.

He spoke of God's love for man. How love had disarmed justice. This was the hallowed season when, to follow Christ's injunction, we leave our gifts at the altar, going first to be reconciled with our brethren, saluting them with the kiss of peace. Referring to those who were to receive the holy Babe for the first time, Fr. Angelo spoke of the great purity of soul demanded of those whom Christ deigns to visit. Continuing, he said, among other things:—

"Three is a mystic number. It is also symbolical. Three duties towards God were written on the first table of the Law. How much do we owe to the three persons of the Trinity? Our duties are three-fold, viz.—to God, our neighbor and ourselves. We sin in three ways—in thought, word and action. Three places await us hereafter—Heaven, Purgatory or Hell. Three holy Masses are celebrated on Christmas, typifying the triple birth of Christ—in eternity, on earth and in the heart of man. A chain of three inseparable links forged by faith, hope and charity, draw us towards, and bind us to, God. The Magi brought three gifts to the Crib—gold, frankincense and myrrh. My dear children make warm His abiding place within you, and let it not be like unto the cold stable at Bethlehem.

"You will always find the divine Child with Mary. God, indeed, has covered majesty under the veil of humanity, and Mary, too, has wound about the Infant the swaddling clothes,

so, too, does she cover her clients with her own garment the holy Scapular to protect them against the chilling blasts."

"Beauty, be it on canvas, in marble, in sound or in the poet's lines moves our hearts to love. St. Luke, we are told, painted a beautiful picture of the Madonna, and to-day, as if he had dipped his pen deep into the spring of divine love, he gives us the most lovely word-picture. I mean his Gospel-story, wherein he narrates for us the circumstances of the Birth of Christ. Brief and simple as it is, this Gospel of St. Luke was the *first and best Christmas story ever written.*

"Go then to the Crib and see how God has loved you and me! In gratitude offer Him your faith, hope, charity and heart's devotion. Ask the Divine Mother to lead you to Jesus, and, may you leave this house of prayer to-day filled with faith in God's promises—hope for a never-ending Christmas-tide, and charity for your fellow-man. May there be music in your hearts—and your soul feel once more the imprint of the divine kiss of peace and happiness."

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

*"And now, tho' many years have fled,  
And tomb within the past,  
Sweet memories survice the dead,  
To bloom, in heav'n at last,  
So thought of old will ever bring  
To mind, that dear old scene,  
When you were fighting for a king,  
And I—did win a queen."*

Two years had past since that well-remembered Christmas celebration in the Church of the Madonna at Boomfield. Harry Fenton and his wife, Hope, were happy. They were regular and devout members of Father An-

gelo's congregation, and nought but peace and blessing had followed their re-union. Faith had retired to the cloister, and hence once more Fenton inserted an advertisement of a "Girl Wanted." This time Charity Werker did not respond. She had other work over at New France, helping her husband's patients—for Doctor Cutting found his lovely wife no mean help in his medical practice.

One bright cold day in December, Dr. Cutting and his wife took advantage of the good sleighing and drove over to see Mr. and Mrs. Fenton. A rollicking good time they had together, and the conversation was mostly given to past events.

"Things usually go in threes," remarked Dr. Cutting. "I have been made happy on three particular occasions during my life. First, when I wrote that little prize Christmas story for the printer's boy; second, when I saw Harry Fenton and his wife again inseparably united, and thirdly when Charity Werker drove away with me to remain in New France."

"Your three graces—earnestly prayed for and granted—so to speak," said Harry Fenton.

"And a good mother-in-law in the bargain, doctor," said Mrs. Fenton.

"Too true, Rose—confound it—Hope I mean," replied Cutting. "Poor old soul! Since I have tired of the city and remain in the country, we intend to make Mrs. Werker's last days happy ones, and she will have Charity with her until the end."

"My husband's idea of true happiness is in making others happy," said Charity, looking towards the doctor.

"And," said Mrs. Fenton, "let me add that a good conscience makes for us a continual Christmas."

"And music in the heart," added Charity.

"Well, doctor," said Fenton to Cutting, when they were alone. "The game is over. There were many *miss-moves* (pardon the pun) and escapes from check-mates."

"We were both after queens," said Cutting.

"And both got them in a way unexpected," said Fenton. Everything went by contraries. It has turned out a draw and now we are both even. And, pray doctor, what do we call it?"

"A Stalemate!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The scene has shifted. No more shall we gaze on these pictures which hung on memory's wall. The chief actors are gone. They have played their part in the game of life. What remains of them lies beneath the sculptured figures of faith, hope and charity, beneath whose shadows there blooms the forget-me-not. The cross bespeaks faith in a better world, the anchor an unshaken hope, and the heart, sweet Christian charity, which like the sod o'er the grave covers past imperfections.

Perhaps, somewhere in the woof and warp of this tale there has been something to reward the reader's patience. At least, so the writer hopes. Let it be said in conclusion, that the old Friedenhouse still stands, and before its door pass many sad and glad faces. We, too, dear reader, are yet engaged in the serious game of life. Play it well; for much depends on the outcome. The graces we received during

the past three hundred and more days were much above threefold. May the foregoing examples help to enliven our faith, strengthen our hope and inflame our love towards God and our fellow-man. Let us forgive and forget. Now is the season to do it. Another Christmas for us may never come. Repent and resolve at this eleventh hour, for another year is gone and with it "a glorious throng of happy dreams." May our dear Mother of Carmel obtain for you every blessing from her Child and may your cup of joy be filled to overflowing. Make others happy, and you have learned well how you may fill your own heart with happiness.

And now this year of grace is dying and 'tis a time

For memory and for tears. Within  
the deep,

Still chambers of the heart, a spectre  
dim,

Whose tones are like the wizard's voice  
of Time

Heard from the tomb of ages, points  
its cold

And solemn finger to the beautiful  
And holy visions that have passed  
away,

And left no shadow of their loveliness  
On the dead waste of life. That  
spectre lifts

The coffin-lid of hope, and joy and  
love,

And bending mournfully above the  
pale,

Sweets forms that slumber there, scat-  
ters dead flowers

O'er what passed to nothingness in

THE END.



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

### The Scapular of a Young Working Girl.

A French dress-maker left her native town to settle in Paris. Her mother, whose only help she was, had accompanied her. Having some means and hoping for the future, the two women took simple, but comfortable lodgings. This young dressmaker was very skillful and she soon had so much to do, that she had to take apprentices.

Everything went on well for a time, and happiness reigned in the little home. Then the mother, by no means very old, fell into an incurable sickness. The daughter, as a devoted child, nursed her mother day and night, so, that she had little or no time to attend to her business. Two years the sufferings lasted and then the mother died.

The poor girl, who had no other relatives, was inconsolable. Broken down by fatigue and grief, she fell into a lingering sickness which undermined her constitution. Her means were soon exhausted, and she was unable to work. A dark future was before the girl and misery stared into her face, and she was too proud to beg. One night the poor girl lost her senses. Possessed by the devil, she abandons herself to despair. She resolves to end her life. She locks her room and then she kindles a fire on which she heaps coals. After this she lay down on her bed awaiting death. At five o'clock the next morning—it was in July—one of her old friends from her native town, having just arrived at Paris, went straight from the depot to the home of the poor girl. She knocked at the door and received no answer. Impa-

tient and astonished, because she had been told that her friend was at home, she looked into the key-hole and saw that the door was locked from the inside. A horrible sight appalled her. She called for help. The door was opened by force, and entering the room they saw on the bed what seemed a corpse. It happened that at this very moment, Doctor Recamier, a famous physician, entered the house in order to visit a sick person living there. He was requested to come into the room of the poor girl. The famous physician put his ear to the heart of the girl. It beat no more. The arm he held was cold and stiff. "She is dead," he says. Then he saw on the breast of the poor girl a Scapular. The pious physician said. "She cannot be dead, for she wears the Scapular." Then he commanded: "Take two hammers and knock incessantly all the members of the body, mostly the breast. After one hour knocking, the face of the physician brightened. He exclaimed: "Life returns. I knew well that Our Lady would not allow her to die thus." The poor girl was taken care of. She recovered and for a long time bemoaned her crime. She begged to be admitted as novice at the Little Sisters of the Poor. She was admitted and during many years she was a model to all the good members of this pious order. A few years ago she died as Mother Superior of one of the houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor, always full of gratitude to the Scapular of Mount Carmel.

\* \* \* \* \*

We read in the *Stimmen Von Berge*

*Karmel*, the following written by a priest. He says:

"I was called to the bedside of a woman, about thirty years old. She was unconscious and death was near. The physician declared the case as hopeless and I shared his opinion. I gave conditional absolution, administered Extreme Unction, then prayed with the persons present and after this I put on the sick woman a Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, meanwhile recommending the poor soul to the mercy of the Blessed Virgin. Having done this I went to my church to say Mass. Toward evening a messenger came and told me that the woman was conscious again. I went to her, heard her confession and gave her holy Communion. To-day she is recovering and pretty soon she will be able to leave her bed. This certainly was an act of grace of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Chroniques du Carmel*, of Brussels, received on the 2nd of February, 1896, the following communication from Ghent:

GHENT, February 2nd, 1896.

REVEREND FATHER,—Last summer two men from Meerendre (Flanders) were under a tree during a thunder-storm. One of the men wore a Scapular, the other, whose name was Louis Praet, had no Scapular. Lightning struck the tree under which the men stood. Praet was killed, while the other with the Scapular was not hurt.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ferdinand Brande, a young student of law at the University of Louvain, was incurably sick from adiposity. On the 9th of February, 1896, the Sacraments for the dying were administered to the young man. Brande, who had great confidence in Our Lady, continually prayed to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. On the 25th of February a change for the better took place and after a couple of weeks the young believer was entirely cured. The physicians say that this recovery was impossible without divine intervention.

A Great Sinner Converted at the Hour of His Death.

A Carmelite, writes that a great sinner, who had not been to the Sacraments for twenty-two years, was on the point of death. The monk went to the dying man and tried to reconcile him with God. The patient said: "I do not wish to confess, leave me alone." Then the monk said, "You will at least not refuse the Scapular?" "I may accept this," was the sullen answer. The priest took a Scapular, blessed it and hung it round the neck of the patient. Some days later the man sent for the priest, received the Viaticum and Extreme Unction and died reconciled with his Maker. Thus was another soul saved by the Scapular.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Reverend Father Materne writes from the island of Tahuata to the *Chroniques du Carmel*, of Brussels:

At the school of the Sisters of Atuona was a girl from our island, from the valley of Hapaton. Once the girl amused herself with a playmate; both were on a tree. Both fell from the tree and the girl of which I spoke hurt her spine. Being afraid of a scolding, the girl did not tell the true cause of her pains. Finally it became necessary to send the girl back to her parents. The poor child had to suffer much. During five months she had to remain on her couch and was not even able to sit up. The only way to alleviate her pains was by rubbing her back. At last the little sufferer told one girl who had come to see her how she had fallen from the tree and that since that time her suffering began.

The week before Assumption I brought to the girl a Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and told her to pray to the Blessed Virgin. This the child promised.

On Assumption-day after Mass, a relative of the girl asked me whether I would not go to the girl. I thought the child was dying, but I was astonished to hear that she was cured and well again. I went to the house and there at threshold—smiling and happy—stood the little girl, strong and free from pain. Thanks to the Scapular of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

## BETHLEHEM.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

Bethlehem ! the word grows old, and year by year its mysteries come to us with the freshness of Him who is "ever ancient and ever new." Still do the stars seem as if shining over the "midnight cave ; still are angelic songs echoing in many hearts, and we realise more vividly that the Babe is in the Host, as we hasten to adore Him. Religious Orders in general are full of devotion to the Holy Childhood, and one in particular moulds its interior life on its lessons. The Franciscans have ever emulated the spirit of their glorious Founder, St. Francis to whom we owe the representation so dear to Christian piety,—the Crib. He was the first to establish it in the village of Greccio, and it is related that the Divine Infant appeared during Midnight Mass, in the arms of His seraphic lover.

St. Clare also, "the little plant" of his second Order, was frequently favored with similar visions, especially at the time of receiving Holy Viaticum. St. Anthony, true disciple of St. Francis, enjoyed for many hours the caresses of the Holy Child, and many similar favors are recorded in the Franciscan and Dominican Annals, as well as in those of other Orders.

In Carmel especially this sweet devotion is ever bringing forth new flowers and fruit. How could it be otherwise ?

The Virgin—Mother and Holy Child are inseparable, and St. Joseph is ever watching over the joys and sorrows of Bethlehem. As Father Faber says: "The earthly shadow of the Eternal Father rests softly on the Child." A saintly religious of the Carmelite Order, Sister Margaret of the Blessed Sacrament, beautifully styled ; "A Gem

From the Diamond Mine," and again "that tender and solitary flower who in times past bloomed 'neath the eye of God alone, in the holy shade of Carmel," gave a fresh impetus to this devotion in the 16th century.

Later still, a holy Carmelite, Sister Mary of St. Peter, excelled in this love, and left us many beautiful and touching devotions to the Sacred Infant. We will again glean a few sweet words from Father Faber's learned work.

"The Bethlehem of that night, of those forty days has never passed away. It lives a real, unbroken, unsuspended life, not in history or only, in art, or in poetry, or even in the energetic Gentile worship and fleshly hearts of the faithful, but in the worshipful reality of the Blessed Sacrament. Round the Tabernacle, which is our abiding Bethlehem, goes on the same world of beautiful devotion which surrounded the new-born Babe, out of real hearts, and realised by God's acceptance."

Let us then, like the Shepherds "go over to Bethlehem" to adore ;—to gaze in spirit on "the King in His beauty ;"—to make reparation for many who receive Him not ;—to lay all our hopes, and fears, our joys and sorrows at His feet ; to learn of Him to be "meek and humble of heart."

Let us pour forth strains of Christmas music, according as to the Holy Spirit touches now one, now another inward chord by His holy inspirations and, like the holy and devout author so frequently quoted, pray to Him simply and lovingly thus:

"Sacred Infant, all divine,  
What a tender love is thine,  
Thus to come from highest bliss  
Down to such a world as this !  
Teach, O teach us Holy Child  
By Thy Face so meek and mild  
Teach us to resemble Thee  
In thy sweet humility."

—FABER.

## THE FRIAR'S WEAPON.

A MEXICAN INCIDENT.



WE fell as through the vale we passed,  
The gorge of death was neared,  
A lonely spot, the bandit's haunt,  
A place men shunned and feared,  
But upward from its sinuous depths  
The road from main to main,  
Led o'er the heights traversed of old  
By warrior sons of Spain.

The tree-clad slopes, the lichened rocks,  
The shadow darkened way,  
The tales of murder freely told  
Amid day's failing ray,  
Forced from each timid heart the cry  
"Art armed to meet the foe?"  
Swift dirk and pistol's polished steel  
Flashed in the lingering glow.

"All armed save one," lo! one alone  
No gleaming weapon bore  
An aged friar whose years of toil  
Blessed the Pacific's shore,  
"Unarmed?" "Ah, no! thrice armed am I,"  
And drawing from his breast  
Our Lady's Beads, its carven cross  
With reverent lips he pressed,

Saying: "My children let us seek  
Christ's Mother in our need,  
Her Son will not refuse us aid  
If she but intercede."  
Then softly in the twilight hush  
The Credo's accents grand,  
Pater, Ave and Gloria thrilled  
The lonely mountain land,

Till all the long dark roadway seemed  
A dim cathedral aisle,  
Where pleading strains sweet echoes waked  
In the heaven builded pile.  
The blessed influence of prayer  
Upon each soul was shed,  
And banished by Our Lady's power  
Fear's lurking phantom fled.

—MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 68o Lexington Avenue, New York City.]

### SECRETARY'S LETTER.

DECEMBER, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

Many of you no doubt are familiar with Longfellow's translation of St. Teresa's book-mark :

Let nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee ;  
All things are passing ;  
God never changeth ;  
Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things ;  
Who God possesseth  
In nothing is wanting ;  
Alone God sufficeth.

No better sermon could be preached to us at the end of the year than this. Did St. Teresa find it easy do you think to practice it all. Indeed no. She was a very human sort of woman as well as a great saint, and she had her own battles to fight just the same as you and I have. Very often we make the huge mistake of thinking that the saints found the service of God an easy matter. They, above all others walked the way of the cross, and realized as none others do, that, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent only bear it away."

The secret of the saints was that they had no will save the will of God. They lived in perfect peace, and contentment made their lives a paradise on earth.

What *is* contentment? It is making the best of things; it is Christian philosophy; it is submission to the will of God. It is that which, in spite of

the sorrows and trials that beset our way, fills our lives with beauty and grace. The older we grow the more we are convinced that a carping and fault-finding spirit is the bane of family life, and the cause of much of its unhappiness. "By the faults of others wise men learn to correct their own." The selfishness which leads one to find fault continually is a detestable thing, apart from the right or wrong of it, and an earnest endeavor to be unselfish would certainly lead, not alone to loveliness of character, but to holiness.

At the close of the year dear children we look back and see many, many causes of reproach and regret. I wish we could one and all of us say honestly, "At least I have not been selfish."

Thoughtfulness for others; trying to make people comfortable, setting aside human respect—which is *always* selfishness—when there is question of doing a kindness; these are the things which make one beloved of all, and, if elevated by the motive of the love of God will certainly win numberless graces. God had His purpose in placing each one of us in this world, and a very large part of His plan was that we help to make people happier. Kindness is a gospel which *can* be preached to every creature. Our Blessed Lord Himself, "went about doing good." Not alone did He *preach*, but He was kind to all whom He met. One cannot imagine our Blessed Lady as speaking unkindly even to the Jesus on the way to Cal-

vary. What a vastly different world this would be if *everyone* in it were kind. Now many things are hard to do, and require an effort which is sometimes beyond our strength.

What if we were to resolve to speak only kind words. At first it *would* be an effort to buttonhole the lips over the critical words which impulse fain would make us utter; but by and by, we *would* master it and the effort would result in a grace of character which would make us saints without our knowing it. December brings us the thought of the sweetest feast of family life—Christmas and the dear Christ Child. Prepare for it dear children by being kind to the poor. Save a little for them before Christmas comes, and so merit for yourselves the caress of the Divine Infant when you kneel before His crib.

The arms which are not outstretched to the poor, *dare* not ask the Christ Child to come to their embrace. He loves the poor as His very own. Riches He would have none; but poverty was His free choice. And yet people go mad over money, wear their lives out in pursuit of it, hold fast to it through life and reluctantly part with it in death. Few wills are made in which are remembered the poor of Christ. Well, the wisdom of the world is *not* that of which our Blessed Lord spoke in His sermon on the Mount. Blessed are the poor—not blessed are the rich. Think of this during the gay holiday season and be mindful of God's poor. Happy is the open hearted, generous hearted Christian. Death will not find him clutching the gold and silver of life, which whether he will or not he *must let go*.

Dec. 8, brings the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Let your Holy Communion on that sweet feast be one

of thanksgiving for our Blessed Lady's glorious privilege. Sinless! Is it any wonder she was so dear to God! Let us pray to grow like her, dear children. Let us remember that an act of contrition is a greater power than a standing army, and so make many short and fervent ones every day of our lives to pay our great debt to the justice of God. But never make an act of contrition without finishing up with an act of love. Sorrow for sin? Yes—but much, very much more, *love* of God. So with the closing of the year let us thank God for the great joy and comfort of belonging to the holy Roman Catholic Church. *Why* we are so privileged we do not know; that will be one of the glad surprises of eternity; but as the years come and go we realize more and that no matter where we are, no matter how miserable, our greatest joy is, that we are children of God's one true Church. Hold fast to your faith dear children; let all else go, but cling to your faith. With it you always possess the hope of heaven and its sweet peace, some day, even if it seem very far off now. So a happy holy Christmas to you one and all. May the day be full of joy for you and may your homes be radiant with happiness and peace on the birthday of the dear Christ Child. Peace is what He came to bring to the world. Ask Him to give it to you in its fullness and be always sure of the affection of your

Devoted friend,  
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

Enigma.

1. My *first* is in Persia,  
But not in Shah;  
My *next* is in Hindoo,

But not in Ayah ;  
 My *third* is in China,  
 But not in Hongkong ;  
 My *fourth* is in Hamburg,  
 But not in Mont Blanc ;  
 My *fifth* is in Naples,  
 But not in the Bay ;  
 My *sixth* is in Asia,  
 But not in Malay ;  
 My *whole* is what most  
 People living desire,  
 But really what very  
 Few people acquire.

2. What is that which when a man  
 has it he wishes to gain, and if he  
 gain it he has it no longer ?

Transposition.

1. N n g r i w b o—poet of 19th cen-  
 tury.
2. N i o d s e—a scientist.
3. A e n t s l o g—a statesman.
4. E l s a t y n—a traveler.
5. I i g v r n—an actor.

#### FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Where are the first geographical  
 records ?
2. Where was the first printing press  
 in America set up ?
3. Who was called Morning Star of  
 English Literature ?
4. Who is the "myriad minded  
 poet" ?
5. How long does it take to make  
 the shortest route around the world ?

#### MAXIMS FOR DECEMBER.

1. Let us all join the angels in sing-  
 ing, "Glory to God, peace on earth to  
 men of good will !" There is no peace  
 except to those of good will,—good  
 will, the will united to God's will, will  
 find peace surely and everywhere.—  
 Mother Francis Raphael Drane.

2. Our wills of themselves are weak,  
 but anchored in the will of God they  
 are strong.—St. Catherine of Sienne.

3. A faithful life is a sure passport to  
 a happy death.—Mother Drane.

4. God loves the praises of the  
 lowly.—Fr. Faber.

5. How good is God ; let us say it a  
 thousand times a day.—M. Dupont,  
 Holy Man of Tours.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN NOVEMBER.

Key to Geographical Nonsense.

- |             |                     |
|-------------|---------------------|
| 1. May      | 15. Fish            |
| 2. White    | 16. Gt. Whale       |
| 3. Botany   | 17. Good Hope       |
| 4. Clear    | 18. Fairweather     |
| 5. Blue     | 19. Prince of Wales |
| 6. Fear     | 20. Hope            |
| 7. Ann      | 21. Chesterfield    |
| 8. Pleasant | 22. Icy             |
| 9. Rainy    | 23. Disappointment  |
| 10. Wetter  | 24. Ann             |
| 11. Wetter  | 25. Farewell        |
| 12. Deer    | 26. Detour          |
| 13. Bear    | 27. Sleeping Bear   |
| 14. Moose   | 28. Woods           |

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

1. Salt.
2. 3000 pounds of pepper.
3. Skiddam, in Cumberland.
4. Farley-Cum-Pitton, 31½ miles  
 from a railway.
5. Noah Webster.

#### FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

What the Leaves Said.

I won't steal Alice's stick of candy ;  
 I won't call Robert a jack-a-dandy ;  
 I won't squeak my pencil on my slate ;  
 I won't lie in bed every day and be late ;  
 I won't make faces at Timothy Mack ;  
 I won't make fun behind anyone's back.  
 Rustle and turn them so and so !  
 The good shall come and the bad  
 shall go.  
 I won't tear "barn doors" in all my  
 frocks ;  
 I won't put my toes through all my  
 socks ;

I won't be greedy at dinner table !  
At least—I think I won't—if I'm able !  
I will not pinch, nor poke, nor tease ;  
I will not sputter, nor cough, nor  
sneeze.

I will not grumble, nor fret, nor scold,  
And I will do exactly whatever I'm  
told.

Rustle and turn them, so and so !  
The good shall come and the bad  
shall go.

What the Winds Say.

What does the south wind say  
On a holiday ?

It says, "Come out with me ;  
I'll chase you 'round the tree,  
And toss your pretty curl ;  
Come out, my little girl !"

List what the west wind says

On the holiday—

It says, "My little man,  
Just catch me if you can ;  
I'll hide behind the tree,  
As still as still can be !"

Can't you hear the north wind say

On a holiday—

"See the tall oak, as I come,  
Toss its arms in jolly fun ;  
And the brown leaves whisk in glee,  
Scattering off right merrily ?"

Often doth an east wind say

On a holiday,

"Stay indoors my child, and play,  
For I send the rain to-day ;  
Storm or sunshine all is well,  
Everything God's love doth tell."

### THE NOBLEMAN'S GIFT.



HERE was once a noble-  
man, who took great  
pleasure in making  
others happy. One  
day, while traveling in  
a distant part of the country, he per-  
ceived, in a field, four laborers, who  
were eating their noon-day meal under  
the shade of a tree.

"Let us approach these people," said  
he to his followers, "and ask them if  
they think themselves happy."

Three of the laborers replied that  
God had placed them in their present  
condition, and they were contented and  
happy, and wished for nothing more in  
this world. The fourth frankly avowed  
that he wished for one thing to com-  
plete his happiness—that was, for a  
certain inheritance which his father  
possessed.

"And if you had that inheritance,"  
said the nobleman, "would you be  
happy ?"

"As much as I could be in this  
world," replied the peasant.

"And the value of the inheritance ?"  
asked the nobleman.

"Two thousand francs," was the re-  
sponse.

"You shall have it," said the noble-  
man, "for I shall be glad to make one  
man happy in my life."

The next day the nobleman said to  
his followers, "Let us return and see  
how much happier the peasant is than  
before he received our gift."

But alas ! the nobleman found that  
instead of increasing the peasant's  
happiness, he had only rendered him  
more miserable. Before he received  
the gift, he returned home, after a day  
of toil, to a night of rest, and having  
nothing to lose had feared no one ;  
now he was in constant dread of rob-  
bers, and had been unable to sleep  
during the whole night. Before, he  
had always lived peacefully with his  
family ; but now they were constantly  
wrangling as to how they should spend  
the money.

As to his three friends, who had been  
quite contented, they, too, had become  
unhappy and miserable because they  
had not asked for money, and they  
envied him his treasure so much  
that they had ceased to be his friends.

The peasant begged the nobleman  
to take back his gift, and leave him as  
happy as he had found him.

The nobleman turned to his follow-  
ers, and said : "You now see how  
little this man knew as to what would  
make him happy ; let us learn from  
him to seek for true happiness—not in  
the increase of our worldly goods, but  
in contentment and resignation to the  
will of God."



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

We wish all our friends a blessed, happy and peaceful Christmas, followed by a New Year of real and lasting happiness.

### Venite Adoremus !

Once more holy Church invites us to celebrate the Birthday of her Spouse and calls us together around the manger at Bethlehem. The way to the Crib is an immaculate one and that way is Mary. Therefore holy Church first calls us together under the mantle of the Immaculate Queen, that she purify and prepare us for the coming of the King. As the hallowed cords of the Scapular pass from the hand of Mother to hand of Son, the way to Jesus is thus pointed out to us. Mary's own sign—that of her confraternity—leads and draws to Jesus, and as a provident Mother she covers us with her double garment to hide our defects when we come to offer our gifts to the holy Infant. And pray what shall we offer? Oh, let it be more faith, more hope and more love. Now that the Prince of Peace is announced let us purify our souls and dedicate, once more, our hearts to the Heart of Jesus through the immaculate Heart of Mary. Let all disunion cease. Let peace be declared between us and God—between man and man. Labor and pray that all may serve and adore one God in one faith. So with one heart and one mind let us start a new year in that one holy Name through which alone we can hope for salvation.

### Greeting !

A peaceful and happy Christmas to all our dear readers! The season's greeting is apt, we fear, to become but a mere formality, but we mean and

feel all that we say. THE CARMELITE REVIEW has now rounded out the first five years of its existence and, thanks to our friends, our expectations are all fully realized. Our little magazine now makes its monthly journey, not only into every State in the Union and Canada, but also has its readers in far-off India, beneath the Southern Cross, and even in the Yukon country. Simultaneous with a word of encouragement from some far-off Florida bay comes, as we write, a cheering letter from a devout client of our Lady hard by the Newfoundland banks. Thus the end of the century finds devotees of our Lady of Carmel in every direction. To everyone we send greeting, wishing them peace, and the continued protection of our dear Queen. May her holy Scapular strings, sweet yoke and happy bond, draw us more closely to her, may it bring others to her, and, finally, unite us all in the bonds of brotherly love.

### Places of Peace and Piety.

As in the Old, so in the New World our blessed Lady of Carmel has her shrines on spots now historic. The Queen of Peace reigns over hearts in regions where man met his fellow man in mortal combat. Hence we see erected her temples near where Niagara thunders the requiem of many a combatant; in the Alleghanies, hard by the spot where Braddock met defeat; in Kansas renowned for its civil war; and now comes the new Carmelite church to be erected at once on the banks of the famous Hudson. This site is historic ground, made notorious during the war of the revolution as the place where the British cavalry squadron encamped whilst waiting for Major

John Andre, the Adjutant General of the British army who was the medium of communication between the traitor Benedict Arnold and General Clinton, for the betrayal of the Continental posts at Verplanck's and West Point. Andre was captured by the patriots Paulding, Williams and Van Wart on the high road a few yards above the present site of the Carmelite church. The church site is about midway between the home and grave of Washington Irving, gentlest and sweetest of great American authors, who spent the happiest years of his life at ancient Sunnyside, the stone mansion which during two centuries has looked out upon the broad bay of the Hudson river, which at Tarrytown is called the Tappan Sea. In that delightful home, the sweet story of Rip Van Winkle was written, and there the veracious "History of New York by Knickerbocker" was composed with the use of old tales gleaned from the farmer folks about Sleepy Hollow, who in Irving's time loved to tell the story of the golden days of New Amsterdam, when doughty Peter Stuyvesant and Anthony the Trumpeter mustered the Hollanders against the English.

#### Unification.

No one disputes the antiquity of the Carmelites. They knelt at Mary's shrine before the Christian era. The Vine of Carmel planted deep on the holy mount by our Founder and Prophet St. Elias, notwithstanding storms and whirlwinds in the shape of persecution, has never shown decay while spreading its branches to the bounds of the earth, and has brought forth fruit in abundance. Through all the centuries the successors of St. Peter have given their loving and paternal care to the order of Carmel.

The vine has at times gone through much pruning, grafting and nourishing by the Vicar of the divine Husbandman, and it is not surprising that in these closing days of the century when the head of Christ's army on earth gathers and strengthens his forces for renewed battle against the combined forces of the world, flesh and devil, the Orders—the old and reliable phalanx of holy Church should renew their strength. The Holy Father has lately unified the Franciscan Friars and now in turn he has charged Cardinal Gotti to form a commission to consider the best methods adapted to bring about a unification of the Order of Carmel, and to-day a way is being prepared to effect a reunion of all its branches. Happy results are more abundant where unity and harmony are closely linked, for says St. Thomas "virtue is stronger the more united it is, and it is enfeebled by separation." St. Teresa also prayed that her spiritual children should ever remain together in peace and unity. Speaking of the causes of disunion we may apply to all orders what the Holy Father says of the order of St. Francis, namely a destruction force from without. "We speak" says Pope Leo XII "of the storms which assail the Church and have tried her for more than a century and which have, of course, dashed against her auxiliaries, the religious orders despoiling and banishing them. Is there a part of Europe which has not seen the members of these associations despoiled, banished, exiled, treated as enemies? That they have not been utterly destroyed is a most notable phenomenon and one that can be attributed only to Divine grace. But these joint causes have wreaked on the religious orders damages that are certainly visible; unity has been fatally

weakened and discipline relaxed, just as vitality diminishes in a sick body. Hence the necessity of a restoration."

#### Ending an Epoch.

The closing of another year of grace reminds us of the near approach of the Twentieth and close of the Nineteenth Century. From now till the end of 1899 the Holy Father invites us to say daily, "Most merciful God, grant through the intercession of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin that by the tears of our penitence we may expiate the guilt of this expiring century and so prepare for the opening of the coming century, that it may be entirely consecrated to the glory of Thy name and the reign of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Whom may all nations obey in one faith and in perfect charity. Amen."

This short prayer outlines the spirit that should animate us, during these days. One of the greatest events of this centuries—ecclesiastically speaking, was the defining of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and rightly, therefore, do we crave divine mercy through the Immaculate Virgin. Well may we boast of the world's progress humanly speaking, but our proud heads should droop when we think of the great guilt to be expiated. The powers of hell were let loose at the end of the 18th, and the diabolical cohorts are not idle at the close of the 19th century. Persevering and united prayer, as in the endless rosary chain recommended by the great end-of-the century Pope, is the bulwark against satan and his satellites whose shiboleth is—divorce, disunion and dismemberment. On the contrary, the Church who is one, tries to bring men together into one fold, one family and one brotherhood, so that

in fine, all may be united to the one God. We have seen the Pope's efforts to unite our separated brethren, and latterly we see the great Pontiff strengthening the pillars themselves by riveting the bonds of fraternal union in the religious Orders. Let us unite our prayers with Peter and invoke Mary Immaculate that she crush once and forever the serpent's head and destroy all heresies. Let us also join with the many pious souls who to-day are praying under the invocation of "Our Lady of Ransom" for the conversion of the English speaking races. *E pluribus unum* we are proud of as a national motto—God hasten the day when we can use it in a religious way. The spirit of the celebrations held at the end of the century means really that occasion be taken at every change of epoch to draw nearer to God. Every division of duration, beginning or ending, marks a stage in our journey and thereby warns us to think of the end—God. Let us, so to speak, enlarge these feelings; make them more vivid, more solemn, deeper, and we shall have those dispositions of soul which prevailed in the ages of faith, when the night of one century and the dawn of another was at hand. In passing let us say that the "Anno Domini"—year of our Lord—and divisions of time according to Christian eras has been given to us by Denis, a Scythian, an "ignorant" monk whom an "enlightened" age has been bound to follow. In saying farewell to 1897 it may be well to ponder well a remark of the editor of the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph* who says that "The want of the hour is a union of all Catholics in this country who in life and thought and speech and act will identify themselves with the Church and her glorious work for

Christian civilization. The priest should not be left alone to carry unaided the cross which ought to be the common burden of us all."

### Priests in the Philippines.

The reverend editor of the *Rosary Magazine* lays bare the truth when he says :

"The bigots and jingoes are still howling for war with Spain. Of course, intelligent persons know that political purposes are masked behind this pretended military bluster, but the exhibition is humiliating and degrading, as a proof of the unprincipled methods of American spoils politicians misnamed "statesmen." There is also a deep-lying spirit of bigotry against Catholic Spain, which hesitates at no calumny or misrepresentation in its vile efforts to arouse animosity and hatred. In the October number of *The Cosmopolitan*, two unknown contributors attempt a description of Spanish rule in the Philippines. The paper is a tissue of passing observations, such as any travelling school-girl might make. Carefully we read the article in the hope of finding any references that could justify the sweeping denunciations of Spanish rule, but we were disappointed. The authors' conclusion that the "ecclesiastical and secular authorities in the Philippine Islands are a blight and a curse" unsupported by an iota of fact as to the Church, is a villainous slander. Of such, chiefly, is the "stock-in-trade" abuse of Spain in regard to her Cuban and Philippine possessions." And let us add to the glory of the sons of St. Dominic that since 1588 the Dominican Order has lost 2,400 members who have given their lives to spread the religion of Christ and to civilize and educate the

native of the East. These are the men whom the revolutionists tell the Spanish authorities must be banished from the Islands, if they wish the rebellion to end; that is what they are fighting for; they have no other real grievance, and their true character was manifested in the beginning by the murder of priests and religious.

### Rule and Reason.

In its long and interesting sketch of the Boston Carmel the *Pilot* probably opened the eyes of New Englanders and others who enjoy a hearty Thanksgiving dinner by telling them that the "Carmelites keep perpetual abstinence and fasting during the greater part of the year; and their fast is not the very mild fast of the ordinary faithful, but the rigorous "black fast" which our sturdier forefathers knew and practised." But "although penance, silence, and solitude are so large a part of the spirit and life of Carmel," says the *Pilot* "it must not be supposed that there is no mercy on poor human nature. The monastery has its recreation room, and for an hour in the afternoon, and an hour in the evening, except during the most penitential days of the Christian year, the nuns assemble for conversation; "and a merrier crowd you never saw," said a Carmelite to the writer. And, indeed, if to put out of life those objects of heart or brain desire which, in the happiest lot, bring at least as much pain as pleasure, and if to seek happiness from Him who alone can guarantee it perfect and everlasting, be cause for joy—and a Christian cannot doubt it—then indeed, may the Carmelites laugh with light hearts."

### How to Assist at Low Mass.

"According to the rubrics of the missal, all assisting at Low Mass

should kneel during the whole service, except at the Gospel. Custom, however, has modified the law."

So runs an item in one of our exchanges, following which the writer points out the parts of a Low Mass during which it is customary to sit. Speaking of *custom* modifying the law—would not *abusing* the law fit more pat? There are circumstances and times which make it necessary to take an easy position during Mass. Some sick and weak persons must and should sit. But any person in ordinary health ought to be able to keep his knees fixed to terra firma for at least twenty-five or thirty minutes. Acrobats assume and keep grotesque and painful position for a long time in order to amuse to the crowd which pays to see them, but we, alas! are so lacking in spiritual mortification that we dread to edify our fellow worshippers by assuming a reverential and penitential posture. Let us also bear in mind that, after all, church pews, like the organ-loft, are only tolerated by holy Church as necessary evils. As a last word, let us say that it gives faith, piety and good manners an awful shock to see persons racing from Church before the priest has left the sanctuary.

#### Monastic Monuments.

Periodically someone has to rise up in defense of religious, and put sense into the heads of some ephemeral ignoramus who starts out under a flaming "scarehead" to tell the world what he knows about the "Lazy Monks." Our bright contemporary the *Sacred Heart Review* lately commenting on this stale calumny about the monks says that the "writer must be little versed in history who accuses the dwellers in monastic establishments of

indolence. They had little time to be idle, judging by their works, which were stupendous monuments to their industry and zeal. Who restored the lands that had been ravaged by barbarous hordes, bent only on plunder and slaughter, but these same monks; who made the wilderness to blossom like the rose, but the pious inmates of the monasteries; who found time from their religious exercises to set an example to their neighbors in thrift and the patient labor which accomplishes so much for the material benefit of man and the improvement of society? No wonder that the abbey were the centres, as it were, of a nest of thriving towns and villages, for the good priests and Brothers encouraged all worthy efforts of mankind to lift itself above the condition of the brute. And how they cultivated and nursed the divine flame of learning, so that the humblest might gain in knowledge as they gained in virtue! It was the monks who preserved the literature, both religious and profane, that accumulated before their time, and copied it with artistic toil for the use of future generations. Many valuable historical records would have been lost but for the wearers of the cowl, who went about their work so quietly that the loud, bombastic, scholastic pretenders after the Reformation could not understand the self-abnegation of the monks, who sought no wordly honor, but only the permanent advance of their fellowmen in all that would contribute to their enlightenment. These holy laborers knew that all true wisdom and knowledge came from God, and that in giving it to the world they were only obeying His heavenly will. Therefore, they toiled silently, feeling that the seed they sowed so abundantly would produce good fruit in the future. "Lazy monks!" If it were not for them and the Church of which they were offsprings, we would, probably, have no civilization worthy of the name. Semi-barbarism would have ruled the world as it rules Turkey in our own day and generation."

## PUBLICATIONS.

Free copy to all who send us five new subscribers.

A pretty and edifying little book, entitled "*Prince Arumugam: the Steadfast Indian Convert*," comes to our desk from the Herder publishing house (17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.) There is no time lost in reading such books. When we turn the last page we feel our own faith and devotion grow stronger and reproach ourselves at not doing more for holy religion. Forty-five cents will be well spent if you write for "*Prince Arumugam*."

There are plenty well-meaning converts with only one foot in the church, who would with one sweep brush away all doubts and intellectual cob-webs, had they at hand such an excellent work as "*The Book of Book's*" just put on sale at a very low price, by the author, Rev. J. W. Book, R.D., of Canneltown, Indiana. Such books are a necessity these days. Father Book's book should have a large sale.

We would call Mr. Stoddard's new work on "*The Wonder-Worker of Padua*," a book for Christmas. We all know St. Anthony by the picture in which he is shown holding the Holy Infant, and it inspires thoughts of the Crib. Again, the little work before us is both cheap and attractive. It is also neat and tasty, like everything from the presses of "*The Ave Maria*." Such a book would be a more acceptable holiday gift than many other costly and useless presents. Many of our pious correspondents attach a "S.A.G." to their envelopes, and for them it will be interesting to read what the author has to say about it. Charles Warren Stoddard never wrote anything that was not interesting. In this last work he aims to arouse devotion in the hearts of his readers. He practices what he preaches. Send fifty cents with your order to the *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Indiana.

The "*Chroniques Du Carmel*" for November, has an excellent picture of the International College of the Carmelites in Rome.

"*The Catholic Almanac for Ontario*" for 1898, is out, and ready for circulation among its admirers.

The apparatus and methods used in the production of animated photographs, in the cinematograph, biograph, etc., are fully described and pictured by J. Miller Barr, in Appleton's "*Popular Science Monthly*" for December.

"*The Young Eagle*,"—noble bird—fair and young as the ones who set him loose—has again perched on our desk. Birds of his kind, to judge from himself, soar high in literary circles, and his associates are the best. He has good taste, if we judge by what is served up for those who read him, and, moreover, his typographical plumage is as clean-cut and trim as his brother in white metal, who nests in purses, and is worth more than 16 to 1 per annum. May the highest peak remain his resting-place. Excelsior!

Messrs. Wiltzius & Co., of Milwaukee, Wis., will have their directory and clergy list for 1898, out on time. Accuracy and promptness are the motto of this firm. Write them for list of things needed by all devout Catholics. A postal card brings you an early reply.

There is no more interesting or intelligent "Letter from the South" than the one appearing in the bright, "*Catholic Columbian*," of Columbus, O. The *Columbian* is a paper to read. Clean and crisp, it catches the reader's attention.

*The Owl* came last month, as usual, brim full of wisdom. A thoughtful writer of '99 treats the "*Abuse of the Novel*" in a way that would do justice to older heads.

It is a pleasure to read that the Holy Angels' Academy, of Buffalo, has received a regent's charter. This institution keeps pace with the progress of Greater Buffalo, and appeals to a wide circle of patrons.

## OBITUARY.

Very Rev. Dr. Bennett, O.C.C., a saintly and venerable Father of the Carmelite Order, died on the 2d of November, at the Carmelite College, Terenure, having arrived at the patriarchal age of 94 years. He was born in 1803 in Arles, Queen's County. He entered religion in 1834 in the Carmelite Convent, Dublin, and having spent the usual time in the Novitiate, he passed as a theological student into the University of Louvain. Endowed with great talents, he went through a most distinguished course, and obtained the degree of D.D. He returned to Ireland and labored as a zealous Carmelite amongst the faithful, working incessantly for the glory of God and of the Mother of Carmel. Archbishop Murray, who had ordained him priest, requested him to join the celebrated Father Hand, Dr. Colgan, O.C.C., and Dr. Woodlock, late Bishop of Ardagh, his bosom friend, in founding the great Missionary College of All Hallows. It was his great ambition in his Order, as well in All Hallows' College, to prepare priests for the missions. He was appointed to the Chair of Dogmatic Theology. Numerous bishops and priests passed through his class, and, in foreign countries, as well as at home, some of the most distinguished bishops and priests of the present time remember with gratitude the zeal and learning, as well as the amiability of Dr. Bennett. When Dr. Woodlock, the President of All Hallows' College, was in 1861 named Rector of the Catholic University, Dr. Bennett was appointed President of that Missionary College, whose bishops and priests are to be found throughout the world. He was a man of superhuman strength. Whilst acting as Provincial from 1852 to 1863 he was also acting as President of All Hallows' College, in which office he had to hold constant communication with the bishops of all nations who sought priests for missionary work. R. I. P.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following: Sister M. Sylvester Dougherty, of the Order of Mercy, who died at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, October 25.

## IN MEMORIAM.

VERY REV. JOHN HALL, O.C.C.,

Who Died Sept. 28th, 1897.

R. I. P.

Rose wreaths for thy memory, O my Father!  
Sparkling with our tears, as dewdrops  
bright:

Sunbeams lighting up o'ershadowed Carmel  
Like fair gleamings from the land of light.

Mystic melodies, with touching sweetness,  
(Thy dear words we never more shall hear);  
Murmur in this lonely autumn evening,  
Low and plaintive to the spirit ear.

Breathing of the gentle Heart of Jesus,  
Redolent with Mary's tender love;  
Soothing every fear, and pain and sadness  
With the hope of rest and peace above.

Many hearts are mourning, O my Father!  
But for thee, all sorrow now is past:  
Thou hast sealed the mystic heights of  
Carmel,

And the glorious vision shines at last!

Priest forever! gentle, loving Father!  
We are standing on the exile shore,  
And our wistful eyes to thee uplifted;  
Bless, and help, and calm our souls once  
more.

Bright and glorious is this restful evening,—  
Mary's Dolor month has passed away;  
Now will twine for thee her fragrant chaplets,  
With life's grateful fervor, day by day.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

## WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular Registry from: Camden E., Ont.; Eganville, Ont.; St. Augustine, Ont.; Fortune Harbor, Nfld.; Quebec, Que.; Galt, Ont.; St. Catharines, Ont.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Buffalo, N.Y.; Convent of Good Shepherd; St. Patrick's, St. John's, Nfld.; Falls View, Ont.; Niagara, Ont.; Slatersville, R.I.; Galt, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, St. Catharines, Ont.; Church of Star of the Sea, Canso, N.S.

Names received at St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from: New Haven, Ky.; St. Mary's, Oregon, Ill.; Koellstown, Mo.; Gonzaga College, Washington, D.C.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. Augustine's Church, Lebanon, Ky., and Chester, Ill.

We hope you will be generous and soon pay up arrears.