



## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

For the Carmelite Review.



BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

E'VE watched the stars thro' Advent time,  
And scanned the heaven so blue,  
We've listened to the sweet old chime  
Of bells that ring so true,

We've framed sweet pictures in our minds  
Of Juda's hills so white,  
Of shepherds meek, 'mid wintry winds,  
A-watching through the night,

That saw His star shine in the east,  
That hailed the Holy Child;  
That welcomed Him, our great High Priest,  
And yet our brother mild.

And now He's come, the Christ child dear,  
Delight of Mary's eyes;  
The babe divine, whom none need fear,  
The simple nor the wise.

His infant arms are opened wide  
For Mary, you and me;  
She'll let us near His crib abide,  
Her children all will be.

But let us *little* grow the while  
We're gazing on His face;  
Let child-like love, that knows no guile,  
Fit us for His embrace.

The little ones are His delight,  
The heart must not grow old;  
So children all, on Xmas night,  
He'll gather in His fold.

Oh! happy we, if ever there,  
With Mary and her Babe,  
We're sheltered safe in her dear care—  
What more could children crave?

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

**JAMES A. McMASTER,***Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and  
Catholic Register.*

Edited by REV. MARK S. GROSS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

## CHAPTER III.

**H**ENCE it is that the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, could say of McMaster that "during all those forty years, on all religious topics of the day, for with other points we are not concerned here, on all matters affecting religious interests, the welfare of the church, his utterances were vigorous and unmistakable. Wherever the church put him by her supreme authority, there his word rang out sound and clear. There was no faltering, no wavering. The instincts of faith coming from that great gift of divine truth were strong and clear.

"The instincts of faith kept him true; and this because he had fully comprehended that great principle announced long ago by a servant of the church, St. Ambrose: 'Where Peter is, there is the church, and where the church is, there is the Holy Spirit.'

"It is difficult to over-estimate, it is extremely hard to gauge even, the power of the press. It controls public opinion, and so moves the world. Blessed, therefore, is he who uses this immense engine of power for good. We know that for forty years this work has been done faithfully, perseveringly, conscientiously, by James A. McMaster."

The Rev. Father Hecker, of the Paulists, who was one of the oldest and warmest friends of Mr. McMaster, alluded to the love and respect which he had always entertained for him. He said: "Mr. McMaster ought to be reckoned with the great men of the country. He belongs in the same grand category with Dr. Brownson. They were men who sought only the divine authority of truth, and they found it concentered in the Catholic church—the only place where it can be found—and when they found it they never deviated from it one iota. Such men cannot be made heretics. Heresy is to knowingly and wilfully deny the truth. This these men were never known to do at any moment of their lives. Man," he continued, "naturally has a repugnance to obey. He will not obey any authority that is merely human, but when he meets with divine authority that

commands him to obey, he does so without dishonor. These men were of this stuff, of which the martyrs were made. Great men! It is no dishonor to be conquered by divine grace, and they were so conquered until the very moment of death. Clergymen and laymen, even when they differed with Mr. McMaster, always respected his motives, which were ever disinterested and pure. He knew not what it was to be selfish. He was always regarded as the foremost Catholic journalist of the country, and whatever might have been the peculiarities of his views, they were always expressed forcibly in good, plain language. If I were asked what chiefly characterized Mr. McMaster's tone as a journalist, I should say his simplicity, fidelity to truth, and force of expression."

Father Hecker said he was only too sorry that he was not strong enough to speak at length on the subject, as he had known Mr. McMaster for very many years, and had nothing but the kindest recollections of the friendship that had existed between them. He related several interesting reminiscences illustrating the great charity that ruled Mr. McMaster's character, and said that few persons realized the wonderfully tender heart that beat under the rugged exterior of the scholarly and devout editor.

Mr. Maurice F. Egan says:

"That the Catholic press of America has lost in Mr. McMaster its chief and most powerful representative, a glance at the journals that compose it would convince the most casual observer, even if he were a stranger to that reputation founded upon twenty years of earnest, conscientious and successful labor in this sphere of duty. The prospects which Catholic journalism offer to the aspirant are by no means alluring, and hence if, unlike the veteran editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, he is not actuated by higher motives than mere professional or pecuniary advancement, he will naturally seek the more advantageous field of the secular press. It is due to this fact, in a great measure, that in Mr. McMaster's death the church of America is left without a champion in the field, who is in every way fitted to uphold her cause. This was a constant source of regret to him for several years. He often lamented the lack of this powerful adjunct in connection with the church in this country. He knew how great would be the assistance of well-equipped and well-directed religious papers in advancing the work of the church, and he strongly advocated the training of clever and intelligent young men for the profession. He detested the idea of 'organs,' however, and frequently observed that a diocese with an 'organ' was more apt to find it a hindrance than otherwise. He

was a thorough journalist, and, knowing that a sense of independence was absolutely necessary to an honest and just expression of opinion, it was difficult for him to conceive how an editor could attempt to discuss topics of importance in his journal while he was circumscribed in his views by the opinions and judgment of another."

In 1849 McMaster received and printed the following letter of commendation from the great and heroic Bishop Hughes:

"It gives me great pleasure to learn that the patronage extended to the New York *Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register* has encouraged and enabled its proprietor to increase its usefulness and improve its appearance at considerable expense to himself.... I have no hesitation in saying that a real independent Catholic journal in this city is more required for the interests of religion at the present time than at any previous period.... I regard it as a right hearty Catholic journal, and beg leave to recommend it most earnestly to the Catholic clergy and laity of the diocese of New York.

"JOHN HUGHES,  
Bishop of New York.

"July 3rd, 1849."

This unsolicited commendation from episcopal authority was the last ever printed in the paper's columns. Such have since been offered and respectfully refused. It was not that it did not appreciate the kindness of such offers, or that it had not the proper veneration for the authorities of the church. On the contrary, while such a commendation would have hampered its action, it would have laid upon episcopal authority a very grievous burden. The church claims a right of censorship of the press, and that right is most unquestionable. But to ask a bishop to place his *imprimatur* upon things not yet written has always seemed to it the height or the depth of absurdity. Accordingly, while this journal sincerely promised to be loyal, in letter and in spirit, to the doctrines and the morals and the discipline of the church—a loyalty which no man dare impeach—it claimed its freedom to think and to write as it thought best, and to be responsible itself for every word it said, or copied approvingly. It foresaw, in its young, lusty manhood, that a battle was to be fought, not only against the enemy without, but also against the wavering within—that it would be called upon to wound and bruise many persons that in themselves might be dear and cherished friends—and that it

would not be fair to ask another to share the responsibility.

How correct McMaster's view was on this subject is evident from the following declaration of Bishop Hughes. In the paper's issue of September 15th, 1849, we find a notification from Bishop Hughes declaring that, while he highly approved of the paper, he was not responsible for a single line in it except he signed it: This was called forth by the continued quoting of expressions from its columns, coupled with the statement that "Bishop Hughes' organ" says so and so; very good things in themselves, and thoroughly approved by Bishop Hughes, who, however, did not want to be called upon to explain and defend the words of another man.

McMaster believed firmly that it was essential for a writer to be deeply in earnest to effect good results, and it need hardly be said that his whole heart was given to the subject that engaged his pen.

But it is not merely as an editor that Mr. McMaster's loss will be deeply felt by Catholics in all parts of the country. His unshaking loyalty to the interests of the church, his ceaseless efforts in behalf of her rights and privileges, the docility with which he followed her teaching at all times, the true zeal he manifested even under the most adverse circumstances, and his great faith and love, which have grown stronger and stronger with advancing years, the valiant war he has waged for forty years against every description of oppression, the hard blows he has borne for his faith and for the cause of religion, and his untiring endeavors to make Christians appreciate and acknowledge the priceless gift which God has bestowed upon them, have made his name a household word in every true Catholic home, and will cause it to be cherished in the heart of every member of the church who values purity of life and motive, and a devotion to high ideals.

"Like Bishop Hughes," said the New York *Times*, Dec. 30th, "McMaster was aggressive. He had bold things to say and he said them without fear. He shrank from no adversary. He became the target of every opponent of his church, but he returned every shot they fired at him. His reputation spread until he was regarded throughout the land as chief in what thousands of good citizens thought was a bold scheme to make Rome the director of the United States."

"In Mr. James A. McMaster," said the *New York Star*, "the Catholic church has lost its foremost American lay writer. Since the death of Orestes A. Brownson there has been no Catholic editor to claim the palm in controversy over the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. The incisiveness of his style and the force of his invective rarely swerved him from a straight line of logical thought. It will be hard to fill his place in the ranks of the lay defenders of the faith to which, with the characteristic ardor of a convert, he devoted his whole energies during forty years."

Such are the praises bestowed by Catholics as well as by Protestants upon McMaster as a Catholic journalist. He was very worthy of them, for he was the pioneer in the fight for Catholic schools and Christian education, a defender of religious liberty under all circumstances, an unshaken supporter of papal infallibility and the temporal independence of the Pope, the opponent of know-nothingism and bigotry, the upholder of liberty of the country, a friend of every movement for the true benefit of society.

Bishop Salford has said:

"We are now in the age of the apostolate of the press. It can penetrate where no Catholic can enter. It can do its work as surely for God as for the devil. It is an instrument in our hands.

"All should take part in this apostolate. For ten who can write, ten thousand can subscribe, and a hundred thousand can scatter the seed. We need writers, a multitude of subscribers, and a numberless body of men and women sowing and scattering the truth wherever English is read and spoken. This means zeal, time, labor, and, we may add, humility; for the work has not apparent dignity of debates on public questions and passing resolutions, though it will be as certain of its spiritual results."

For this reason also Leo XIII says concerning the Catholic press, in his apostolic letter to the Austrian archbishops and bishops, 3rd of March, 1891:

"Concerning the faithful, who are exposed to so many perils and snares, it would be of the greatest interest to search out varied methods of coming to their aid; sermons and catechisms upon sacred subjects, appropriate to the men, to the ages, to the places; pious and divers confraternities of the laity, approved and recommended by the church; absolute observation and respect of feast days; also establishments to preserve the faithful, the young above all, from perversity and corruption, and to increase the very salutary frequenting of the sacraments; lastly, books, journals, and other publications to

labor for the defence of the faith and the safeguarding of morals.

"In this matter, it imports well to recommend to the bishops what we have had a long while at heart, and what we shall insist upon frequently, namely, that the labor of Catholic writers, well regulated and well ordered, be encouraged and developed.

"Certainly, those excellent writings, whether daily or periodical, should be recognized in all countries as being of great utility to religious and civil interests. They repulse the attacks of adversaries who seek to import an inure contagion. But in the Austrian Empire an extreme utility should be attributed to them. A crowd of journals are there, in fact, in the service of the enemies of the church, who propagate them most easily and in the greatest numbers. It is then absolutely necessary, in order to fight with equal arms, to oppose writers to writers; they should be able to repulse attacks, to uncover the perfidious, to pierce the contagion of errors, and to win men to duty and virtue.

"This is why it would be well and salutary for each country to possess its particular journals, that should be the champions of the altar and the fireside, conducted in accordance with the judgment of the bishops, with whom they should study to walk in just and wise harmony; the clergy should favor them by their benevolence and all true Catholics should hold them in high esteem and consequently aid them with all their forces and resources."

If Catholics will not thorough Catholic papers they will take periodicals that are not Catholic. To have even one good paper through which we can give expression to our thoughts is a great blessing and a great gain, but that certainly does not enable us to give our voice that weight in the questions of the day to which it is entitled. A great deal has of late years been accomplished for the establishment of Catholic journals, and much good has been effected by them. But far more might have been achieved had the Catholic press received a generous support both from the clergy and laity. It is so easy for the clergy to give this support by encouraging the faithful in general, but especially the members of so many excellent Catholic associations, to subscribe to Catholic periodicals. One word from the priest on the usefulness of having a good Catholic paper and magazine in the family will have a hundred weight more influence to secure subscribers than the lengthiest appeal from the editor. The stronger the Catholic press becomes, the more the attention of the nation is called

to it, the more public respect shall we secure for ourselves and holy religion. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary in a country like ours, where religious tracts from Protestant societies, and pamphlets and periodicals full of obscenity, are borne over the land like leaves before the autumn winds, that Catholic journals be published everywhere, and that no sacrifice be spared for this noble purpose and for the encouragement of those already in existence.

If the clergy espouse the cause of Catholic journalism they will find advocates and supporters of the good work. Let us use our talents, for God will grant us grace and ability, that we may, by so powerful a means as is the press, disseminate the principles of truth in order to overthrow error. The light of truth is far more calculated to dispel the darkness of error from the mind than the light of the sun the darkness of night. Why are there so many talents lying profitless among us? Why so many pens idle? Why so many tongues silent, when they might day after day preach the good things of the gospel of Christ? Let us rest assured that God has given to everyone of us his vocation, his sphere of action and holy influence wherein to proclaim to those around him that faith which maketh wise unto salvation. Let us not be cowards—let us exhibit as much determination and courage for the propagation of truth as its enemies display for the dissemination of error.

How true are not the remarks which we read in the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*, Aug. 10, 1889, about what the Catholic press has done in Germany:

"The part played by the Catholic press of Germany in sending Bismarck on his pilgrimage to Canossa has never been done adequate justice to. This press was the creation of humble German priests almost entirely. If Catholicity is still a great power for good in Prussia, it is to the zeal of her clerical journalists that the triumph of Protestant orthodoxy, lately devoted three columns to the departure of Dr. Falkenberg, the editor of the *Germania*, for Posen, where he had been summoned to fill a high ecclesiastical office by the archbishop. It writes us if the removal of this illustrious priest from the sphere of journalism was a cause of great joy. Nothing could better express the fear and hate which the valiant priests who edit so many German Catholic papers have inspired in the past. And this fear and hate are

natural. For years they have held in check the coalized forces of Protestantism and infidelity. They descended into the arena armed with a pen instead of a sword, and the man of blood and iron went down before them. Well might Bishop Ketteler exclaim at the sight of such victories: 'If St. Paul were to return to earth he would be an editor!'

And certainly these victories were marvellous. The Prussian government had planned its action with infernal cleverness. It had gained a considerable portion of the Catholic aristocracy and aided the rebellion of Dollinger and other able scholars. The peril was extreme, and it did look at one time as if a considerable portion of the faithful would be led astray.

"The establishment of an able and energetic Catholic press averted the danger, and swept Bismarck's reptiles back to their holes.

"In this respect, as in many others, the Kulturkampf was a blessing in disguise. Before it there were hardly any Catholic journals in Germany, and Protestant, or so-called liberal papers, swayed the currents of public opinion in many Catholic families. When the May laws came into operation the German clergy soon perceived the danger created by this condition of things. They saw the remedy also. They originated a pulpit as vast as the empire: from it they preached courage to the weak, exposed the wiles and denounced the crimes of their oppressors, and aroused a spirit of resistance that triumphed over all obstacles.

"Dr. Boeddinghaus founded the *Westfale* and *Merkur* in Munster. Majunke established the *Germania*, and soon all the great cities had their *presskaplan* and their Catholic journal. Among the most ardent and able were those founded by Fathers Kanteki in Posen, Franz in Breslau, Schroeder in Paderborn, Scheeben in Cologne, Dabach in Treves, and many others whose high literary character and widespread influence make them admired and feared.

"The joy expressed by the *Kreuzzeitung* at the departure of the late editor of the *Germania*, although it seems rather silly, is certainly a significant tribute to the glorious career of Catholic journalism in Germany."

END OF CHAPTER III.

KEEP YOURSELF faithfully in the presence of God.

HOLINESS consists not in doing uncommon things, but in doing all common things with an uncommon fervor.

REASON and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

**Pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Pilar,  
Zaragoza, Spain.**



BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

**B**OT, since the assemblage of the Second National Catholic Congress of '90, when, beneath the beautiful dome of the grand metropolitan Basilica of La Seo, at Zaragoza, the ancient city of Cesar Augustus, has the Spanish calendar united within one week, such transcendent events, besides many minor ones, such as the Feast of St. Francis Borgia, at Gandia, and those of St. Teresa of Jesus, at Avilla, as the Feasts of "La Nuestra Senora del Pilar," in her favorite Cathedral of that historic city, and the assemblage of the majority of ecclesiastical rank and genius, comprising all the great dignitaries of the Catholic church of Spain, with their Eminences, the "Purpurados" of Sevilla and Valencia at their head, in solemn conclave, surrounded by 5,000 delegates, lay and clergy, from the most distant parts of the peninsula, beneath the cupola of Santa Tecla, of Tarragona. For both, every facility that the generosity and open-handed liberality of railway companies could consistently concede, has been offered on these occasions to the public, and this, combined with the spring-like weather, so beautiful in its mildness, which reigned at least in North Eastern Spain during the first half of the present month, has repaid the generous liberality extended, by the flattering and appreciative reward of trains crowded to excess—multitudes filling every available space to overflowing, all journeying to these two great centres of religious reunion. To the former came over 24,000, Barcelona alone with its network of suburbs contributed no less than 8,000 passengers of all classes, taxing to inconvenience even the flexible ingenuity of hotel and lodging house keepers, to find, even, resting room for the wearied limbs of many who sought for it in vain, so that visits, that were to extend to three and four days' duration, had to be abruptly terminated the day of their arrival, or else the no very flattering prospect of the alternative of sleeping promiscuously beneath the outstretched and still green foliage which adorns its "Paseos" and "Cosos." Particu-

larly to Zaragoza was the multitude attracted, both by its central position, but much more so by the national and universal devotion to our Lady of the "Pilar," which is synonymous with Catholic faith. This beautiful devotion to our Sinless Mother is as old as the infancy of Catholicity, for it dates back to the bright aurora of christianity, when Santiago, the Apostle St. James, first preached on Spanish soil—then one of Rome's most important and flourishing provinces, the doctrines and sublime charity of the gospel of the Nazarene Crucified, our Brother and our God. It was, there, too, that our Immaculate Mother, whilst in the flesh, assisted frequently at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and subsequently expressed a wish to have a temple raised on this site, which she had honored with her presence—a request which was at once acceded to, and at once complied with, although its tiny size of sixteen yards long, and about a half dozen wide, will probably astonish the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW by the diminutiveness of its dimensions, but such was the extent of space allotted to a church in the infancy of christianity, as that of one, of equal size and similar antiquity, clearly proves, and which, during this week, has had its portal crossed by thousands of "compassionists" in the beautiful grounds of the new diocesan seminary at Tarragona. But although this little one of the "Pilar" is to our nineteenth century ideas so illiputian, it has not been suffered to go to ruins, but is enclosed in the majestic basilica which has arisen above and around it, and which, in the humble opinion of the writer, could rank second to that of the inimitable "San Pedro" of Rome, and is a fitting compeer with its similar minarets to the once Catholic, but still beautiful and peerless Byzantine church of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

At no other of the great feasts of the church will a stranger witness so many descendants of the Berber and Moor, or so many types of different races, or hear such a babel of provincial dialects, or feast his eyes on so many different national costumes and provincial adornments, as can be witnessed during this week of religious festivities in the beautiful city of old, warlike Aragon—the Citadel of "Maria Santissima." As the Austrians pride in their

"Covadonga," and the Catalans in their "Montserrat" the pearl of Catalonia, and the Biscayans in their "Bazoma," and the Galicians in their "Compostella," the Valencians in their "Mignelita," so do the brave Aragonese glory in the inheritance which the Immaculate Queen of Heaven has bequeathed them in "Her Pilar," the bulwark of their faith, the eternal monument and indestructible pyramid; the firm, immovable obelisk, the ever venerated column. The multitudinous hordes of the Goths, from the icy steppes of the North; the fanatical following of the prophet, those sons-of iron, who swept over the peninsula like devouring locusts; and finally, the conquering irreligious cohorts, which a Napoleon commanded, troops which never knew quarter or defeat till then, have had to reel back discomfited and vanquished, before this impregnable fortress which the brave hearts of Aragon had encircled and defended. It is to-day the "Mecca" of many thousand clients of the Queen of Heaven, this basilica of the glorious "Pilar." One of Britain's great poets has woven round the bravery of the Aragonese in their defence of the ramparts of this sanctuary, a chaplet of song as immortal as the heroism displayed amidst the horrors of hunger, the devastation of pestilence and all the inclemencies and rigours of warfare.

Oh, surely the fatigue and petty inconveniences of an excursion are amply repaid, as you kneel in reverence before that shrine, and give a fond look at our loving Mother, enthroned on her surprising height, when you reflect, how often, when neither earthly love nor earthly power could help, the humble supplicant at her feet has, by low-voiced litany of entreaty and hope, carried away alleviation for his sufferings, mental and corporal, or how often real help, substantial support, some solid advantage, spiritual and temporal; aye, how often have the great laws of nature been turned aside by the single blow of an earnest ejaculation, or by the still more peaceful storm of united supplication. Now feast again your eyes on that immitable statue, which crowns her glorious "Pilar." Oh! does it not at once breathe a heavenly influence over you, and exercise an irresistible magnetism on you, when you see it surrounded with the gold of the

Incas, and the precious stones which once adorned the wardrobe of some Indian Montezuma, or some warlike chieftain of the rolling prairies of the New World in the era of its discovery!

When you see it all ablaze with the myriads of lights, the countless votive offerings of the pilgrim children, and encircled with numberless lamps of virgin silver, particularly those which have escaped the pillage of the mercenary troops of the first French Empire.

Look up to that Immaculate Mother, to whom the prayer of faith and the petition of hope were never addressed in vain; and who will then despair about the future, no matter how dark and cheerless it may look in the dim vista; or repine and sorrow at the minor privations and unlooked-for casualties, which invariably follow in the train of so crowded a pilgrimage?

Surely, such an inspiring spectacle, outside the basilica of Lourdes, (which the Pyrenees alone separate from the "Pilar,") is rarely witnessed, as presents itself during these feasts, one that ought to repay amply the most fastidious, since its grandeur is bright beyond the brilliancy, which the most exacting might demand. Mass follows mass from the dark hours preceding dawn, from half-past four o'clock until mid-day, at the many altars. There is a constant ebb and flow of humanity, as crowds of young and old, rich and poor, succeed crowds passing and repassing the portals. The majestic music of the organ unceasingly fills the vast space with the sweet notes of prayer, the celestial melody of thanksgiving, and the beautiful hymns of praise, forming one continued "Te Deum" of adoration and of love.

In these auspicious days of grace and of festive joy, as of old, come to the altar of the "Pilar," the Spanish "literati," to drink from the torrents of her holy inspirations. The Spanish artist, too, has been here, to be inspired by the beauty of his Patroness, whilst beneath her shrine brave soldiers, now, in the days of peace, as in those that presaged war, here hope to receive strength in defense of every ideal which may honor religion or glorify humanity.

But why wonder at Aragon's devotion, as some do, to their "Pilar?" For centuries her brave sons, have ever been the heroic

heralds of the spotless honor of Immaculate Mary, the firm, enthusiastic propagators of her holy name, and of her most beautiful prerogatives. Who, that has ever read her chequered history, or turned over the pages of glory and often of disaster, or studied her customs, must not admit that every Aragonese heart, through innate gratitude, is an altar, over which rises majestically her venerated figure, surrounded by and enshrined with the affection of a lover, with the filial piety of a child and a devotee. Every breast is a temple, on which pure enthusiasm for her lives, moves, and agitates itself; every family forms a little community, which daily acclaim its protectress; every bosom is a throne from which, from morning till night, from night till morning, the incense of fervent adoration ascends, and whose perfume is a solace to the soul, continually invigorated with priceless benedictions of our Sinless Mother Mary.

From the *Vespera* of the 11th, the eve of the Feast, the aspect of the heroic city has been one of unusual joy. Happiness covers the whole city with its gay illuminations, just as the strong, swift sunshine throws its unimpeded mantle over hill and dale and land and sea. Trains following trains in rapid succession arrive and discharge their living freights of human beings, each adding to the already crowded thoroughfares; whilst in the city itself labor is suspended, the noise of the spindle is hushed, the thud of the hammer is silenced, offices are closed, factories abandoned, furnaces quenched, stores deserted, and the churches crowded. The churches are open all day, to meet the aspirations of that religious fervor, which pervade the vast masses of humanity, who wander, with pilgrim curiosity, from church to church, from sanctuary to sanctuary, from monastery to convent, in search of those varied treasures of religious art, of which they are the jealous custodians. But why all this cessation of labor? why this week of jubilee? this outburst of pure and filial enthusiasm?

It is, because to-day, the city of *Cesar Augustus*, commences under the presidency of the popular Ambassador of the "Papa Rey," the immortal Pontiff-King, *Leo XIII.*, those sublime functions, which the

Aragonese annually perform in honor of the Immaculate Patroness of historic Zaragoza. It is for this that strangers arrive in thousands to admire the magnificent monuments which adorn it, to view its incomparable colleges directed by the sons of St. Ignatius, and of St. Joseph Calasanzius, in each of which over 400 students receive the benefits of a superior education; to look with pleasure, as faithful children of the Church, at those splendid ceremonies, which accompany the Cathedral festivities; to gaze with delight on the multitude and richness of the standards and banners, and those priceless portable lamps, each as large as a moderate sized Sedan chair, enameled with stained glass of varied hues, with shield and escutcheons of the noble donors, each one denoting a mystery of the Holy Rosary, unequalled in their beauty throughout the Christian world; to be, too, the privileged spectators of the two great processions that traverse the crowded streets, and which follow in succession, evening after evening, the one known as that of the "Pilar," the other as that of the Rosary; to hear the sonorous vibrations of the iron music, of its peals of bells resounding from their lofty bellfries, and the strains of exquisite music discoursed by the military and municipal bands, to witness the lively march of its battalions, as they follow with soldierly precision the files of the processions; the incessant bursting in mid-air of the rockets; the booming of the cannon from the ramparts and the citadel, and the well regulated tramp of the numerous confraternities and sodalities, with their lighted tapers, and carrying their beautiful pendants and richly embroidered banners; the chanting of the priests of the city and its suburbs in their hundreds, surging and resounding high above the hum of the multitude; at last, one hymn, the "Salve Regina," in its majestic tones traversing space, and its notes re-echoing through the streets and squares. These grand processions are closed by the grand dignitaries of the city, civic, military and ecclesiastical, in their gorgeous robes, and the Papal Nuncio, in the absence of the aged primate, the Patriarch of the Spanish Episcopacy, one of the last of the Cardinals created by the immortal Pope of the Immaculate Conception, Cardinal Benevides; an absence



owing to the intimacies of old age, deplored by all.

Above Monsignor Scratino Cretani was a canopy or cloth of gold, as he moved along in the procession with mitre and cope, assisted by the Bishops of Huesca, Lugo, Astorga, Badajoz, and the Coadjutor Bishop of the city.

This is so unique a scene, that the pen can but faintly give expression to its intrinsic magnificence, for no matter how graphic may be the description, it must fall short of the grandeur of the reality.

Those, who for the first time visited these two beautiful cathedrals, which ornament the renowned city on the banks of the Ebro, must be at once struck with the severity and chastened age of the gothic "La Seo," and contrast it with the Greco-Roman style, brightness and cheerfulness of the "Pilar": the one, the temple of the "Son"; the other, of the Mother; one severe and sombre as offended justice; the other adorned by the floral wealth of the city, and smiling, as it were, with the "affections of a mother" and the "mercy of a virgin"; the one excites contrition and moves to repentance; the other inspires pardon, mercy and hope. Such is to-day the aspect one beholds, as he visits these magnificent temples, which the unbounded generosity and Catholic faith of Spain, in the halcyon days of its Catholicity, raised to the honor and glory of Almighty God and to his Immaculate Mother—the Queen of Heaven. After being present at all these grand festivities of the week, at Zaragoza, the pilgrims turn their steps homewards, but not without carrying with them the flattering hope that the magnificence with which the Catholic church now, in pleasing contrast with some few years ago, celebrates the grand national festivals, may be an unerring harbinger of bright days for the Catholic faith in Spain, where, unfortunately, the incubus of impiety, has for nigh a half century, weighed heavily over the peninsula, so long as she lay prostrate and powerless beneath the merciless iron heel of revolution, during an epoch of lying liberty, and which, thanks to God Almighty's omnipotent goodness, is at last removed. Already would it seem that the "flat" has gone forth from above, the voice of hope has penetrated the darkness and rent the clouds, as in the days of

Ezekiel, and sounded the mysterious command: "Dried bones, hear the word."

Who can doubt it, when one sees the religious orders, as of old—these ever faithful sentinels of the church's bulwarks—the sons of Dominic and Ignatius, of Elias, of Simon Stock and Joseph of Calasanctius, with those of the Seraphic Francis and Bernard, and Benedict; and last, not least, those of St. Paul of the Cross, Vincent of Paul and Alphonsus, spreading their innumerable blessings broadcast over the face of the land, opening schools, constructing asylums and hospices for the poor, erecting churches and colleges, aye, even founding universities, reviving the pilgrim-spirit which in the age of Peter the Hermit, and in the days of the Sainted Ferdinand and Isabella, saved Spain; and seeing with delight the success which attends its pilgrimages, at home and abroad—the respect and reverence so different from some years ago, which is now accorded to her mitred princes and prelates, by promiscuous crowds—the increasing devotion everywhere visible, and the denunciation of the spirit and teachings of infidelity and anarchism, and the crowds which now daily visit the churches and hear the holy mass.

All these cheering symptoms of hope in the future forcibly recall to one's mind an antiphon of the primitive church, sung on Christmas day: "Nox minuitur, dies crescit, conculantur tenebrae, lumen augetur, et in lucro lucis, nocturna dispendia transferentur." Night decreases, day increases, darkness is shaken, light grows, and the loss of night shall make the gain of day.

DON JUAN PEDRO.

BARCELONA, SPAIN.

God's mercy is greater than our infirmities. The most precious blood of Jesus is greater than our sins.

THERE is no surer sign of a heart which knows the love of God and its own sinfulness than a spirit of joy.

PRAYER is the lever which alone can raise the soul to heaven; hearing, reading, doing may form a beautiful earthly mould, but will never raise a man's spirit a single foot nearer to the celestial city.

## BROTHER ALBAN.



## A Christmas Story.

VENERABLE monastery, long since forgotten, once stood between an immense pine forest and a large desert in one of the northern German provinces. The poor peasants in the neighborhood on Sundays and holy days came to the monastery chapel to assist at holy mass and listen to the instructions. At Christmas large crowds assembled at the monastery. Towards midnight on the eve of Christmas in all directions shone conspicuously the lanterns of the people making their way through roads which were well-nigh impassable by the deep snow. The church was crowded at 12 o'clock when the solemn high mass begun. Just as the Prior intoned the *Gloria* all eyes were turned towards the high altar. At that moment a curtain was withdrawn, and amid a flood of light, the figures of Mary and Joseph were seen kneeling beside the crib, Mary holding in her arms the Holy Infant.

Two monks represented the parents of Jesus. Brother Trudpert posed as St. Joseph and brother Alban as the Blessed Virgin. The figure of the child was a beautiful wooden statue. All eyes were riveted on the scene until the last words of the angelic chorus were sung, when the curtain again was drawn.

The two brothers had often played the same sacred part. The holy pantomime had made a lasting impression on them. Trudpert seemed at all times to act the part of St. Joseph, being recollected, quiet, retired and humble. Alban, who had personated the Mother of Jesus in the devout living picture, seemed filled with a holy ambition to copy the virtues of Mary.

One burning desire had this angelic youth, namely to be allowed to embrace the real Infant in place of the carved figure which he had held many a Christmas. To but once satisfy this desire Alban would willingly give his life.

Christmas eve had come again. All the religious, including Alban, were resting in their cells. Brother Alban's room sudden-

ly became illuminated. The mother of God stood before him.

"Your wish is fulfilled, Alban," said our Blessed Lady, "bid farewell to the world and come to heaven."

"O, my Queen, what sayest thou? I am indeed ready to go, but who will take my place at the Christmas-crib to-night?"

"I will do that myself," answered the holy Virgin.

"Oh, what a grace for our monastery," exclaimed the brother, "but will you not be missed in heaven?"

"You shall take my place in heaven until my return. The same festival is observed at the same time in heaven as on earth. On this occasion my divine Son shows Himself to the angels and saints as a new born Infant, and at that moment you shall have the joy of holding Him in your arms until my return from the earth."

"O, mother, allow me to remain here," said the trembling monk, "I did not mean all that I said I wished for."

But Mary made over him the sign of the cross, presented the holy water to him, and death conducted him to a blessed eternity.

Just then the brother whose duty it was to arouse the community for midnight mass knocked at brother Alban's cell.

"*Benedictus*" came the answer from within, and the brother without heard from within the sound of heavenly music.

It had struck the midnight hour. The echoes of the great monastery bell had died away, and the holy ceremonies had begun.

The celebrant had intoned the *Gloria* and all eyes, as usual, were turned towards the picture of the crib. Brother Trudpert knelt at his place playing the part of Joseph, but no one noticed him, every one being intent on observing the figure of the Blessed Virgin. No one had ever before seen the figure appear so beautiful and heavenly. The angelic face, wonderful dignity and beauty of the figure struck awe into the worshippers. The congregation stood breathless with attention until the "amen" of the *Credo* had died away, and the curtain covered up, what for a short time, had seemed to give the people a foretaste of paradise.

The mass proceeded as usual.

Brother Trudpert, having knelt with downcast eyes, had not as yet seen the beautiful vision so near him. As he was

rising to retire and change his dress, the Blessed Virgin said to him: "Trudpert, why do you not cast your eyes towards me?"

Trudpert did look in the direction, and he saw—*not* his companion Alban—but a vision of celestial beauty.

"Why do you not salute me?" she again repeated.

Then he knew it was Mary herself who stood before him. He fell on his knees, and weeping tears of joy exclaimed, "Hail Mary."

And Mary, departing, said to him: "Never forget that you have stood with me at the crib."

The holy ceremonies were ended, and Trudpert retired to his cell. He had no sooner entered ere the door was opened, and the Superior entered, accompanied by several of the monks.

"Brother Trudpert," said the Prior, "that was not Brother Alban who stood with you at the crib. Who was it, pray?"

"O rejoice and praise God with me," joyously shouted the usually quiet and sedate brother. "It was Mary, the Mother of God, herself. She has indeed favored us and stood in our midst to-night. Happy am I who have been allowed to stand in her presence."

The monks who stood around were all astonished, and when a brother rushed into the room exclaiming, "Alban lies dead in his cell, and is now dead for some hours," no one doubted the fact that the Blessed Virgin had visited the convert that night. That Brother Alban had gone to Heaven to embrace the divine child, and that the Queen of Heaven had held the carved figure of the child that holy night at the monastery crib, was the firm conviction of Brother Trudpert. Having spoken to Mary, he desired no more to speak with men, and having beheld her countenance, his eyes found no pleasure on looking at earthly things.

The monastery has long since fallen into ruins, and the snow-covered pines remain as the only lasting monuments.

Tradition says that the image of the child, which the Holy Virgin held that Christmas night, has been buried in the neighborhood, and the peasants go out on each Christmas eve and wait to hear the

angelic songs which accompanied the Divine Mother, when she appeared to Brother Alban.

—From the *Germania*, by P. A. B.

### THE EVENING HOUR.

BY JOHN A. LANGAN, M. D.

'Tis not in the morning's golden light,

Not when the day is at its height,

Nor e'en in the dreary afternoon,

Albeit in the month of June,

That loving Nature opes her arms

And yields to me her sweetest charms,

But in the mellow evening's glow,

When Phoebus sinks in the wave below,

When roses fold their petals up,

And the wild bee sleeps in the lily cup,

When the lotos breathes its fond farewell

To the dying sun that it loves so well,

This is the time I prize most dear

Of all the hours of the gladsome year.

I love to roam at the close of day,

Where noise and tumult hold no sway.

To some lone mute sequestered bower,

And while away the passing hour,

I love to view the Autumnal sun

In its glory of gold when the day is done,

And the dimly light of the crescent moon

Steals on the firmament yet too soon,

I love the silent—the holy calm

That soothes my soul like heavenly balm:

'Tis then my mind may look within,

'Way from the world's unceasing din,

And feel the Omnipresent Eye

Can my most secret thought descry:

'Tis then, in that most solemn hour,

My soul perceives its Maker's power,

So in the twilight calm and blest

I place the cross upon my breast,

And pledge my faith in warmest vow

As night peeps o'er the mountain's brow.

It is better to serve God than to govern the world.

FAITH and persistency are life's architects, while doubt and despair bury everything under the ruins of endeavor.

WOULDEST thou know what thou art? Thou art *that* to which thy heart turns most frequently.—VEN. BARTHOLOMEW.

WHEN one flies from the world, he escapes from three different enemies—his eyes, ears and tongue.—ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

—THE—  
**Carmelite Review.**

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,  
 PUBLISHED BY  
 THE CARMELITE FATHERS  
 IN HONOR OF  
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,  
 AND IN THE INTEREST OF  
 THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons,  
 Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Arch-  
 bishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

OXFORD university holds out a begging hand. She had no need of doing that when she stood within the shadow of the true mother of learning—the Catholic church.

CARNOT, the late president of France, was a devotee of our Lady of Mount Carmel. The Vicar-General of Lyons says that the dying president wore the Brown Scapular.

THE first chapel erected in Quebec, when that city was founded in the early part of the seventeenth century, was dedicated to God under the invocation of Mary Immaculate.

THE new ecclesiastical year opens with Advent. During this holy season of expectation for the coming Redeemer we should prepare our hearts for a worthy reception of the Infant Jesus by penance and prayer.

WHEN Father Elliot has concluded his mission to Protestants in the diocese of Cleveland, the vigorous propaganda for the conversion of our separated brethren will be carried on in the diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa.

A NEW YORKER, and a Protestant, who has just returned from China, speaks in admiration of the Catholic missions there. While the non-Catholic missionaries during the war have shown a desire to keep within sight of the gun-ships of their respective countries, the Catholic priest as usual remains in the interior and sticks to his post.

CHRISTMAS is the feast of all the world, but especially of the poor. No one can love the poor Babe of Bethlehem without loving the poor. Let us give "Glory to God in the highest" by remembering "God's poor" during the holidays.

FORMERLY the money collected at Spanish theatres was given to the sick and poor in hospitals. It would not be a bad idea, in our perennial hard times, if a tax was placed on the pleasures of the stage, and a percentage of door money reserved for the poor.

THE monks knew how to bind books as well as to write and print them. Old sheepskin volumes adorning the shelves of our monastery libraries are as substantial to-day as if just turned out of the bookbindery, rather than the relics of two centuries ago.

THE Order of Mount Carmel has always a protector from among the College of Cardinals. He is appointed by the Holy Father. One of our most illustrious Cardinal-Protectors was St. Charles Borromeo, who was appointed by his uncle, Pope Pius IV, May 5th, 1563.

WE wish all our readers a full share of that "peace" which the angels of Bethlehem announced to all men of good will; peace with God, peace with man, and peace with ourselves. This means a pure conscience, a charitable mind, a heart free of passion and a soul filled with God.

THE editor of a New York paper says he knows a business man whose wife—or one of the children—reads aloud the "Imitation," or some other good book, at the breakfast table before he starts from home every morning. It might be an example to those whose busy life gives them hardly time to read the newspapers.

So the great missionary, Pere Marquette, is to have a statue erected to him at length in the national capitol. The holy priest is represented holding a bible in his hand, and now what will be the thoughts of the bigots who helped to bury the stone sent

over by Pio Nono for the Washington monument? It will be an awful eye-sore if the sculptor puts a rosary in the other hand of this Jesuit.

A PRIEST in Pennsylvania is about to publish a "Catechism for Converts." It is a much needed want. It is useless to put the usually small catechism into the hands of those about to enter the church, and few priests have the time necessary to give long explanations. Hence this new explanatory catechism will be a boon to many.

PILGRIMAGES are reviving in England, and such pious customs do not please the devil, so he is inspiring persons to place obstacles in the way. St. Winefrides at Holywell has attracted large crowds during the past few months, and now the proprietor of the land on which the shrine stands is asking an exorbitant rentage.

ANOTHER fearless Catholic editor, Mgr. Fogelin, of the *Moniteur de Rouer*, has been exiled, and his paper suspended because he dared to defend the rights of the Pope. There are martyrs in every field. Perhaps this valiant writer may yet live to write the obituary of the Italian robbers, for history is made quickly now-a-days.

A BOOK reviewer says that on an average ten new novels are put on the New York book stands in a week. There is plenty to read in this "age of words," as someone calls it. The publishers may reap a harvest, but he who is wise digs below the accumulation of flaring literature, and seeks the old and precious gems in old and standard works.

A LARGE and beautiful diamond was lately found near Cape Town. The gem was sent with a strong guard to be deposited in the Bank of England. There is quite an object lesson in this fact. How precious is faith! How easily lost and so carelessly guarded. And so with other virtues, especially holy purity. It is safe if we select Mary as our guardian.

IT cannot be denied that there is a strong feeling among Catholic societies in

favor of grips and passwords. The last ones heard from are the Knights of St. John, who, it is said, are urging the adoption of secret methods in the working of the order. It is a movement not to be encouraged. All Catholic individuals or corporations should be children of light.

THE German Kaiser, desirous of promoting the religious life of his people, has ordered all the Lutheran churches in the kingdom to be kept always open. It is hard to see what is to attract anyone in an empty Protestant church on a week day. There is reason to have a Catholic church open, for it contains the great centre of attraction, the adorable sacrament which draws all to it.

DR. HOLMES was once asked what effect the different religious beliefs had on a man who was on his death-bed. The doctor replied: "In my experience I have always found that Catholics understand the business of dying much better than Protestants. I have seen a great number of Catholics on their death-bed, and they appeared to me to be quiet, resigned and patient, which proves to me that if it is a hard religion to live up to it is a much easier one to die in than the many other religions which have set themselves up in its stead."

THE daily papers recently reported a case in Wisconsin in which a whole family was stricken with small-pox except the father, who alone had to play the part of physician, nurse and undertaker. We are told that the family doctor declined to visit the afflicted persons and the neighbors kept as far away from the house as possible. Such a story seems almost incredible in these boasted days of philanthropy. Where are the christian heroes and martyrs to duty which we read of? The *fin de siècle* charity is a very cold affair.

TO SUFFER death at the hand of the persecutor is to be a martyr in the eyes of the world; but to love one's enemy is to be a martyr in spirit.—ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Catholic Literature in Catholic Homes* is published by P. O'Shea, No. 19 Barclay St., New York. It is a lecture delivered before the Catholic Summer School of America last July by the Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., editor of *The Rosary*. The pamphlet is dedicated to His Grace, the Archbishop of New York. The little book is a preacher whose voice ought to be heard in every Catholic home in the land. Life is impossible without food. Catholic life is impossible without Catholic food. After leaving school, we all acquire most of our further knowledge from books, papers and magazines. The mind and heart seek their nourishment in the press. How can mind and heart remain Catholic if they feed on non-Catholic food? We can only save the rising generations, in our present age of printing presses, by giving them Catholic literature. A prayer book and a boilerplate weekly are not enough, although both may be published by Catholics. Magazine literature is the storehouse of all mental activity at the present day. Let us have good Catholic magazines and encourage our Catholic writers by a just compensation for their work. Such and similar advice is timely and necessary. We thank the Rev. lecturer for preserving his eloquent plea for "Catholic Literature in Catholic Homes" in this form, and hope it will be disseminated by generous hands until it reaches every Catholic reader, writer, editor and publisher in the whole country.

*Woodland Rambles* is the title of a beautiful little volume of poetry by John A. Lanigan, M. D., B. A. The poems are dedicated to the Bishop of Buffalo. The volume of 153 pages is printed on heavy paper and elegantly bound. We can think of nothing more suitable as a holiday present during the coming Christmas season. The price of the book, one dollar, is so moderate that everyone can procure himself the pleasure of possessing this pretty collection of poems. There are all kinds. From the first poem, "Cosmos," a serio-comic presentation of the follies of modern science, to the last lines, "To a Mirror," there is not a dull line. The religious poems betray a deep and absorbing love for the church. "The Midnight Mass

at St. Sulpice," "Resurgam" and many others, come from the truest fountain of poetry, a religious heart. Then there are pathetic and tender poems—full of Irish music—such as "Acushla Gal Mo Chree," "An Old Man's Love," and others. The little poems translated from the Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish and Irish are among the best translations we ever saw. Thus "The Fisher-Maiden," of Heine, and "Mignon," of Goethe, are rendered in all their original beauty, albeit in an English dress. The book can be obtained from the author, John A. Lanigan, M. D., Niagara Falls, N. Y. We will have orders filled for our readers if they send us the amount.

*The Lover of Souls* is the attractive title of a charming little book recently issued by Benziger & Co., Main street, Cincinnati, Ohio. The author, Father Brinkmyer, is a native of Cincinnati, and a well-known priest of that arch-diocese. The *motif* of the book is opposition to the dominant evils of our day, naturalism and sensualism, and to show how these may be successfully combated is the aim of the author. The subject is philosophically treated, of course from a Catholic point of view; yet each "conference" may be profitably read by the Protestant as by the Catholic—by the unlearned, as by the cultured. We might give extracts from it, but *The Lover of Souls* must needs be read in its entirety to derive the full benefit of its teachings; and not only read, but studied, meditated upon, pondered, so that the mind and soul can thoroughly assimilate the spiritual pabulum it offers. The author's explanation of devotion, considered not as a feeling but as a cult, is explicit and timely; there are nineteen conferences, and their titles will show the animus of the book, and, also, it is hoped, will incite a desire to read it: 1. Devotions in the Church; 2. The two popular devotions; 3. Devotion to the Sacred Heart; 4. "Thou knowest all things"; 5. Love manifested in creation; 6. The Word was made Flesh; 7. The exceeding great reward; 8. He dwelt among us; 9. I have given you an example; 10. He loved them unto the end; 11. The memorial; 12. The bread of life; 13. The sacrifice; 14. He abideth with us; 15. Rep- aration; 16. The malice of sin; 17. The

satisfaction for sin; 18. Application of Christ's satisfaction; 19. Victims with Christ. The second conference treats of the two popular devotions of our day, that of the Immaculate Conception, and that of the Sacred Heart: of the two crying wants of the age, truth and love; and of its two radical evils, naturalism and sensuality, and shows by a natural sequence how the two devotions—so dear to the heart of every Catholic—promote and foster the two virtues, and how these in their turn overcome and root out of the heart of man the two evils. But the limits of a book notice will not allow a synopsis of its contents; nor would such be fair to the author. Therefore, let all who can appreciate a literary treat, as well as profit by wise counsels and holy thoughts, read for themselves *The Lover of Souls*.

### CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY JOHN A. LANDMAN, M. D.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

Peal forth, O joyous Christmas bells!  
Your mystic heaven-born greeting;  
O'er snow-capped hills and sombre dells,  
Each aching bosom seeking.

Ring out, O merry Christmas bells!  
O'er mountain, moor and meadow;  
To-day each faithful bosom swells  
With joy that leaves no shadow.

Sound out the tidings o'er the earth:  
In Bethlehem the lowly,  
A virgin hath this day given birth  
To Christ the Saviour Holy.

Ring out, and let your tones ne'er cease,  
The glorious message telling,  
Until that God-born gift of "peace"  
In every soul is dwelling.

If we are laborers together with God we will never look at the clock to see when it is time to quit work.

AS NOTHING is more pleasing to God than charity, so there is nothing more pleasing to the devil than the want of charity.—*St. GREGORY.*

WHOEVER wishes to do good, and edify others by his words, must, above all things, possess in himself the virtues he would inculcate.—*St. VINCENT FERRER.*

## Our Immaculate Queen.

*For the Carmelite Review.*



"Woman above all other women glorified,  
Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

CATHOLICS of all ages believed in the Immaculate Conception of Mary, the Mother of God. That she was conceived without the stain of original sin is proved by the Holy Scriptures, Tradition, by the Fathers, and by reason. On December 8, 1854, the saintly Pius IX defined this belief as an article of faith, in these words: "We define the doctrine which holds the Blessed Virgin Mary in the first instant of her conception to have been preserved free from all stain of original sin, to be a doctrine revealed by God, and therefore to be firmly and constantly held by all the faithful."

Our times have been gladdened, and future ages unborn will rejoice at the infallible assurance from the Supreme Pontiff, that the promise of God in Paradise has been realized in Mary, our Lady. God said: "I will put enmities between thee (the serpent) and the woman. She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." Mary has crushed the head of the serpent from the first instant of her existence, never for a moment being a child of wrath, but the child of benediction, the masterpiece of omnipotence. Heaven salutes Mary: "Hail, full of Grace." "Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is no spot in thee." How was she full of grace, all fair, with no spot, unless she were ever Immaculate?

St. Cyril, speaking the mind of all the Holy Fathers, says: "Excepting her by whom the God-man was brought into the world, we were all born in original sin." The councils and practice of the church at all times proclaim the same doctrine.

To the Catholic sense the denial of the Immaculate Conception ever appeared either a sneer at the omnipotence or the goodness of God. Eve, the mother of sinful mankind, was created immaculate,—how much more should Mary, the second Eve, the Mother of the Infinite Son of God, be Immaculate in her Conception. Carmel by the Sea, sweet flowering Mount of the Prophets Elias and Eliseus,

and the sons of the prophets from the first, honored the Immaculate Conception of Mary, the "*Beauty of Carmel*." Nearly 900 years before Christ, the Prophet Elias, the Founder of the Carmelites, whilst praying on Mount Carmel for rain, saw a small cloud rising out of the sea in the form of a man's footstep. The Holy Fathers tell us that God, by this little cloud, not only signified and foretold the approach of rain to the prophet, but also the coming of the Blessed Mother of God. As the cloud arose from the salt sea, sweet, light and clear, so Mary should arise from the sinful stock of Adam, sweet from all bitterness of sin, light from the bonds of satan and passion, and clear and beautiful in her original innocence, in her Immaculate Conception.

St. Elias took the Immaculate Virgin as his model, and founded his order to the honor of the Immaculate Conceived Virgin. This tradition was handed down by Carmelite to Carmelite for nearly 3000 years, until the doctrine was defined by Holy Church. As we read in the history of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the Carmelites erected on Mount Carmel, during the life time of our Lady, a chapel in honor of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. As the centuries rolled by, the children of Carmel ever defended, loved and honored this glorious prerogative of Mary. The chronicles of the Order tell us that the Feast of the Immaculate, Dec. 8, was the special Feast Day of the year in all Carmelite churches. Just as other Religions celebrated as their special Feast Day, the Feast of their Founders, the Carmelites sanctified the day of the Immaculate Conception as the Day of their Foundation, because our Lady in her Immaculate Conception was the ideal and cause of the founding of the Order by St. Elias. On that joyful day, the Cardinals at Rome, or at Avignon, when the Popes resided there, celebrated the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in the Carmelite Church. The Feast continued to be the special day of Carmel, until the Holy See made the 16th of July, the day on which the Blessed Virgin gave the Holy Scapular to St. Simon, a feast of solemn commemoration of all the blessings of our Lady to her children of Carmel. It is proper and right that "the Sacred Order of the Blessed Virgin, which the most Glorious Virgin Mother

of God produced and brought forth and decorated with the title of her own name:" [P.P. Greg. XII, Sixt. IV], should have always known and glorified the Immaculate Conception.

If we be immaculate and spotless in our lives, the dragon may be angry and make war with us, but we shall not fail, if we are held by the love of Mary, "the Woman in Heaven clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Her good children shall reign for ever.

DIONYSIUS F. BEST, O. C. C.

### An Apparition of a Statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

For the Carmelite Review.



BY A. E. FABRISZON, O. C. C.

HERE are few places in Ireland better known than the great Cistercian Monastery of Holy Cross, County Tipperary. It is situated in a most beautiful locality, in the centre of a great country, and amidst a people the most Catholic and patriotic. This monastery was so called because it contained a portion of the wood of the cross on which Christ died for our salvation. In telling this apparition, I cannot do better than do so in the exact words of the historian of the monastery, Father Harry, a Cistercian, a native of Waterford, who wrote this history in 1610. He says: "As our Saviour Jesus Christ suffered and triumphed after conquering death by the agony and conflict of this most bitter death on the saving cross, so, too, His Most loving Mother, the Virgin Mary, worn out with grief and suffering, stood weeping close by the cross on Mount Calvary during the Passion of Christ, our Redeemer. The more therefore she loved the more she grieved, and the very greatness of her love added new pangs to her suffering. Wherefore it has pleased the divine majesty during this evil time of ours, which all Catholics feel bitterly, after a lapse of many years, during which our holy cross has been continuously in this monastery, that a miraculous statue of the Most Blessed Virgin should not be wanting to it. Whilst the fiercest opponents, both



of the Mother of God and the image of the Saints, broke and profaned the statues of both, by trampling them under foot, by fire, the sword, the axe, and meekery, throughout the whole of this kingdom of Ireland, when the persecution caused by heresy was raging, yet our saving cross has always won the victory over their diabolical attacks, as has been proved and admitted on very many occasions. Read attentively the history and finding of the miraculous statue of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary.

"In the year of grace, 1604, during the fierce and savage persecution of Henry Bronchard, president of Munster, a very cruel man, against the Catholics, professing the faith of Rome, some ships were sent by Philip II. King of Spain, laden with materials of war, to Lord Hugh O'Donnell, Prince of Tyconnell, which is the third part of the province of Ulster, and others, who were levying war against Elizabeth, Queen of England. One of them making its way to the northern coast of Ireland, had on board a beautiful statue artistically wrought of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This sunk with the ship when it was wrecked, and afterwards, for the space of three years, the statements of many persons prove that it used to appear on the surface of the waters of the sea, especially each Saturday, so that the fishermen, while fishing, used to see it distinctly on the said days. Their wonder grew more and more, that it appeared every Saturday; it was seldom seen any other day. Wherefore astonished at the strange fact, they were easily led on to inquire more deeply into the mystery. At last they entered into a plan to take the booty that presented itself, if I may so speak. But as they drew near the aforesaid statue, and desired to obtain assurance of the fact by greater attention and watchfulness, they often strove to get hold of it by stretching out their hands. They were disappointed in their wishes then, for it sank in the waves and disappeared. Notwithstanding this, the coveted treasure always showed itself on each Saturday, and displayed itself, so that you could say it offered itself and invited them.

"This strange fact was told by the lord ruling the district and the fishermen to a Religious of the Order of St. Francis, who happened to come there at the time. He

was urged to go into the boat with them, and he went willingly as their companion. As soon as the Religious laid his hands on the statue of the Virgin, the fishermen, too, and their assistants, caught hold of it, and with joy brought it to the shore. A nobleman, Terence Roe MacMahon, in County Clare, the chief of the district in that part of Thomond, took care that the statue, the possession of which caused such joy, should be given to him immediately. But as soon as the most noble Baroness Lady Margaret O'Brien, by reason of her temporal possessions and the lustre of her origin, Baroness Dunboyne—she was sister of the Earl of Thomond, president of Munster, who had died some years before—learned that this wonderful and strange statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary had come into the hands of the said Terence, immediately she sent messengers to him, earnestly begging of him to make her a present of it. He yielded to her request, much against his will, and bestowed it on the Baroness. The account of this statue soon came to the ears of the Rev. Father Bernard Foulow, the Abbot of the Monastery of Holy Cross. He went in haste to the Baroness, exhorted her at great length to bestow this precious gift on the Monastery of Holy Cross, that the statue of the Mother of God might not be separated from the saving Cross, adding that this would tend to the devotion and consolation of many, a fact which even the Catholics now attest. Moved by these arguments, she presented the statue to the Abbot to be venerated in his monastery.

"The Lord Abbot's soul was filled with incredible joy, as his desire was gratified, and he took great care of the statue, and brought it in a box towards the monastery. In fine it reached the town of Ballyearmack, two miles distant from the monastery. Here the statue of the Mother of God lay hid in a granary, where it remained for a long time, as the Abbot did not like to expose it publicly or confide it to the keeping of the monastery. In this granary where it lay hid, covered up in a heap of corn and straw, a strange thing happened: the corn was no way injured in that part of the granary, whereas that portion which was at a distance from the statue, was destroyed by the inroad of rats and mice. When at length the persecution

had somewhat abated, and the kingdom had a little repose, the statue of the Blessed Virgin was transferred to the monastery for private veneration. The statue is gracefully and artistically wrought of cedar wood.

"It is placed over the high altar in the upper part of the church. But after the death of the Lord Abbot, his successor, Abbot Luke Archer, had a wooden case prepared with great care, and the statue is preserved in it. In 1628, when there was greater toleration than the stormy times of the past allowed, the Lord Abbot erected a beautiful altar with different figures painted on it, which was placed over the arch of the high altar, and also a tabernacle supported by four columns and skillfully decorated with paintings in gold and silver, and various colors, in which the aforesaid statue is devoutly venerated by the faithful, and rich offerings decorate the shrine.

"What we have heard with our ears and seen with our eyes, this we bear witness to, as being surely a gift of God. When, on the 27th day of September, 1634, the aforesaid statue of our Lady was gilt afresh, someone, through devotion, took away a bit of the wood of it, and seeing a merchant who lived near suffering with a toothache, and having his jaw greatly swollen, and finding no relief day or night, got this piece of wood and applied it to his swollen jaw, and no sooner did he do so than he was freed from pain, and the swelling disappeared. I was then staying in the monastery, and examined into the matter, to which I bear witness here."

This is the account given by the historian of Holy Cross, and the editor of that work, Father Murphy, S. J., does not tell us what became of this wonderful statue. Holy Cross is in ruins. The place is now silent that once resounded with hymns of praise from the lips of the monks of the great St. Bernard.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, Oct. 22, 1894.

WHEN we leave solitude and repose to exercise charity towards our neighbor, and to be obedient, we give great satisfaction to God, and we fulfil the words of our Lord in the gospel: "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."—ST. TERESA.

## Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
Miss Matilda Cummings.



"We take no note of time save by its flight."  
—Young's Night Thoughts.

THE year is fast drawing to its close, and again we hail the holy Advent with its days of hope and promise, which fill the Christian heart with a joyful expectancy, despite the dark days before Christmas, and their natural depression on the spirit which is so akin to the sense.

A far off look seems to come over the soul during the season of watching and waiting for the Desired of Nations, A straining of the eyes that are fixed on the central point of all civilization, the Bethlehem of Juda, whence will come the sweet blossom from the root of Jesse, a heart's ease to the world forevermore.

Let us join the fair young spouse of St. Joseph during these days, when her eyes are closed to all things of earth and sense, and her soul is wrapt, in mute and adoring contemplation of the sanctuary within her. Souls there have been, in the history of the church, who have fed for a life-time among the lilies that cluster around this enclosed garden in Mary's keeping. Who, lost to all else, have rested in this sweet retreat of contemplative souls, and there have shared the joy of her, the guardian of the "Word made Flesh" in its first earthly tabernacle.

The life of God before the creation seems too stupendous a thought for our finite minds, but oh! what a delightful field of holy peaceful meditation may not be found in the thought of the life of God, which was lived for so many happy months close to the heart of Mary, when He, her beloved, her own soul's flower of beauty, was drawing her after the odor of His perfumes, and inebriating her with the wine of His blood, drawn from her own pure founts. Can we not picture her to our minds as the days of Advent speed on, saluting us by their rapid coming and going, bringing so keenly to us the realization that life is passing too quickly—can we not see her a

vision of earthly beauty, glorified by the light burning within her, clothing her as with a mantle of stars. Never was motherhood so glorious in its anticipation as in her the fairest of virgins, on whose simple fiat, even the Almighty, hung the destinies of a world.

The days before Christmas are full of joy and sorrow to many hearts. Tender memories cluster around the yule log of olden times, and tears glisten ever on the holly and the mistletoe that are twined with the thought of those, over whose graves the winter snows have long been falling.

To the young no thought comes save those of a happy abandon to the joys that spring from the cradle of the Christ child. But as the years glide by, and the fond recollections of youth and its spring tide vanish, then does Christmas assume a new bearing, and its coming brings with it a sadder and more serious strain, linking the heart with the past more than the future. Peace is the heritage of Bethlehem, even more than joy; and so to those who are looking backward, its beacon light has a more significant meaning than even the joyful blazing of the yule logs, that usher in the holy night and its bright star of Bethlehem.

Why is it that sorrow seems more kindred to us than joy? It must needs be that we are born with a drawing to it as near of kith and kin to us. So we find ourselves thinking very sweet and tender thoughts of the fair young maiden, wandering homelessly on the eve of the blessed Christmas night, looking so pathetically into the meek, patient face of her holy spouse and protector, with no thought of self, no resentful feeling because of the inhospitable doors that closed upon her. How could they find it in their hearts to shut her out? Must not the mute beauty of her pure young face have appealed to the nature which makes us all of kin? Ah! let us hesitate to ask the question lest our own hearts answer in words that will send the hot blush of shame to our brows, and cut into our souls keener than a two-edged sword. "Gratitude has a faithful memory and a fluent tongue." There is still time during these Advent days with their twilight fast fading into night, to make up for the part we had in closing the doors of Bethlehem upon her, who has been so

much to us in days when perchance our own turned against us, and doors closed on hopes that were high, leaving us out in the cold. Let us open our hearts and our hands to the little ones of Christ at the blessed Christmas tide—so will we shelter the holy wanderers. Let us take into our warm embrace the friend, the brother, an alien from our heart and home, so will we house the Babe of Bethlehem. Let us forgive the many slights and rebuffs which turn our heart's love to bitterness—so shall we repair the sin of those who could find no room for the gentle mother and her uncomplaining spouse.

And as the year '94 is gathered to its fathers, let our hearts go out to the past in a mighty throbbing of repented love. How good is God! The words are emblazoned on every day of the year now closing. His mercies have gathered thick and fast around us. Why, oh! why should anything or any one be dearer to us than He, who comes amid the bleak snows of December with such winning ways of love, that our very hearts are stolen from us by the touch of His baby hands. A child can soften the stoniest heart. Let it be the dear Christ Child who will make the conquest of ours. As the old year dies let us bury with it all sin and sorrow, and let only the glad Christmas bells resound the peace on earth, good will to men. So shall heaven begin on earth, and hope be the blossom of happiness.

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**Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.**

*Translated for the Review.*

BY S. X. R.



**J**EAN BAPTISTE CASTEL, an honored inhabitant of Prague, and one of the most able magistrates of that city, was sadly deficient in one regard. Not knowing the many advantages attached to the wearing of the Scapular, and ignorant of the countless marvels wrought through its efficacy, he often chafed as a subject of ridicule his pious wife's devotion to the holy badge. The mortifications she practiced in honor of Our

Lady of Carmel, the frequent exercises of devotion so dear to her fervent heart, were something he could not understand. One day, when he was almost unbearable with his reproaches and railings, his wife said to him: "Take care lest your conduct draw upon you the wrath and punishment of your creator." But a little while had elapsed when ophthalmia began to trouble him, and total blindness claimed him as a victim.

Almost two months passed drearily away, and Jean Baptiste still sat in a darkness which utterly refused to yield to the untiring efforts of the most skillful oculists.

But happily the light of divine grace penetrated his soul, and, entering into himself, he turned to our Lord and to his Blessed Mother and promised to amend. He asked for a priest, and upon the arrival of the zealous father he made a good confession and received holy communion with the utmost fervor and devotion.

The priest, who was of the Carmelite Order, spoke to him of the graces, benefits and privileges of the holy Scapular, and immediately he evinced the greatest desire to be invested.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded than Mr. Castel recovered his sight, and since that happy day—January 16—his health was better than ever before, and he was enabled to resume his duties as a magistrate to his great satisfaction and gratitude. Not alone were the members of his family, the physicians and specialists, witnesses of this unexpected cure, the whole city of Prague testified to its truth, and united with the grateful servant of Mary in drawing up a memorial with a full account of the miraculous event. —*Speculi Carmelitani*, part III, p. 640.

"Holy Virgin save me! I wear the Scapular!" *The Semaine Religieuse*, of Tournai, reprints the following letter: "An occurrence which passes comprehension, unless we admit the intervention of supernatural powers, took place on Friday last at the little village of Brugelette. A young girl washing linen by the river was, through the giving way of the iron grating on which she stood, suddenly precipitated into the water.

"The bed of the stream at this point was of considerable depth and was confined between two walls. Nay more, the current

was extremely swift, and, lower down, dashed on to the double arches of a bridge. How could this girl, with the grating the whole time under her feet, swim in such a place, how could she survive? And yet she was there for ten minutes! It was inexplicable! But the heroine in the fullness of her faith explains it thus, "My first thought was that I would be drowned, soon I remembered the power of Mary and fervently cried aloud, Blessed Mother, save me, I wear the Scapular! And that dear mother heard my prayer!"

#### PROTESTANT VIEW OF ST. TERESA.

THE *London Daily Chronicle*, reviewing a life of St. Teresa, recently published, says:

"But St. Teresa was winning and wise, humble and self-denying, humorous and discreet; in one simple phrase, she used all her powers in doing, and making others do, the right and righteous thing. Whether ruling a convent, or writing upon the mystical life, or dealing with dignitaries of the Church and State, she kept the golden mean, never straying into tyranny or heresy or rebellion. Her interior life and her public life show an equal aspiration after justice, the will of God, the precise and definite truth. To all reformers she is an example: all who in Church and State take the side of absolute right, amid a world of indifference and misunderstanding and antagonism, may copy her. She lunged no fanatical defiance in the face of the world; she struck out no new way of her own; she did not part company with the past. She neither clamored like Carlyle, nor wailed like Rousseau, nor thundered like Savonarola; but what she believed to be right, for that she worked, sparing not soul nor mind nor body, with self-abandonment to the law and light of God."

COME, dry thy tears, show content in thy heart and on thy face; let not God, the angels, nor men see thee weep over thy cross. — B. HENRY SUSO.

THE love of God does not consist in shedding tears, nor in experiencing sweetness and tenderness of heart, but in truly serving God in justice, strength and humility. ST. TERESA.

## Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

## II. — THE PURITAN SABBATH.

"Well, Mick, I would like to hear what you have to say to our Sabbath law. Last month you spoke of it as an obnoxious law, and contended that you were perfectly consistent in claiming the protection of the law for your Sabbath, whilst forbidding the government to tell you how the Sabbath was to be kept. I thought over the matter, and I cannot see how our government could act otherwise, since we have so many different religions amongst us, and any special legislation in favor of one would be resented by the others, whilst the enforcement of a mere civic celebration cannot be objectionable to any one."

"Are our laws in the matter really free from partisanship?"

"Of course they are, for the government does not tell you to what church to go, or how to worship God, but only insists on abstaining from work, and closing stores, saloons, etc."

"Will you please tell me, Sam, what do you mean by the word Sabbath?"

"By Sabbath, I understand, the day set aside for religion, and in a christian commonwealth there can be no objection, if the government recognizes the day as far as ours does."

"But is the United States a christian commonwealth?"

"Our constitution, I admit, does not officially acknowledge its christian character, but we are a christian nation all the same."

"Really?"

"Well now! Do you mean to say that the Americans who are not Catholics are not christians?"

"I do not, though if I did, I would be very near hitting the nail on the head. But as I told you before, we are not discussing religion, but law. Waive the question. Who are really christians? Assume that everybody is a christian who does not distinctly repudiate their name, and I repeat the question, are we a christian nation?"

"I fail to understand the scope of your question."

"Yet this scope must be patent to you. No one ever claimed to be a christian if he had not formally acknowledged Christ in baptism. Hence unbaptized persons are not christians. Now, there are amongst us a great many, in fact fully one-half of the population, that are not baptized and belong to no religious denomination whatever. There are, besides, Quakers, Unitarians, Jews, Mahomedans and Buddhists, who do not claim to be, nor are christians. I do not all these and you will find that the christians are in the minority. How, then, can you call us a christian nation? Besides, there are different religions, whose weekly holiday does not fall on Sunday, as, for instance, the Greeks, who celebrate on Thursday, the Mahomedans on Friday, the Jews on Saturday."

"Well enough, but the number of adherents to these different creeds is so insignificant as not to deserve mention."

"Why not? as it is the duty of the government to protect every individual in the exercise of his religion, and to say you may keep your holiday when you please, but we compel you to keep Sabbath on Sunday besides, seems rather hard."

"Admitting this, there is no other remedy. The majority of the people demand the Sabbath, and particular interests have to yield to the common good. Hence the government has no right to abrogate Sunday as long as the people are satisfied with it."

"Permit me to ask why the people celebrate Sunday?"

"Because it's the Lord's day, and they believe in the Lord."

"Have you any warrant for saying that Sunday is the Lord's day?"

"Is it not sufficiently mentioned in the ten commandments, which, according to your doctrine, form the basis for every legislation?"

"It is not, on the contrary, the Sabbath, that is, the seventh day of the week is mentioned, and Sunday is the first, not the last day of the week. This is the very reason why I asked you for your warrant. Where did these great sticklers for the bible, the Puritans, get their warrant for changing the Sabbath into Sunday?"

"I suppose when they separated from the Catholic church, they were accustomed to keep the Sabbath on Sunday, and thus they kept up the practice."

"True. The Catholic church introduced Sunday, and abandoned the Sabbath. Catholics, by their faith, were allowed and bound to follow the leadership of their church, but does the gospel of John Knox bind its followers the same way? To be consistent, they should still keep the Jewish Sabbath, and in this case the government allow a constant universal breaking of the Sabbath, whilst it enforces idleness on a day for which there is no divine commandment."

"I confess, there is no valid reason for this arrangement, except custom, and custom is a law often stronger and more inflexible than any written law."

"True enough. Let Sunday be kept holy, because it is the universal custom. But another question remains: How is Sunday to be kept, I mean, as far as the government is concerned?"

"Well, the government closes its own offices and enforces closing of stores, saloons, and the like, and if any one works on that day, he is fined. This is all the government does or can do."

"I am very much afraid, Sam, that this is not all, and that, besides, there is a discrimination between business and business."

"I am not aware of any."

"I will mention some to you. It is allowed on Sunday to sell milk, meat and bread, but it is forbidden to sell coffee, tea, beer or wine, as if these articles were not just as much articles of daily diet as the former. It is forbidden to haul a load of potatoes to any private house, though they may be badly needed there, but it is allowed to send freight trains. It is forbidden to have picnics, but allowed to go on railroad or steamboat excursions. It is cried down as an execrable profanation of the Sabbath, when a poor man buys a drink, but if a rich man out of his stores gets gloriously drunk on Sunday, the law has nothing to say. Some fanatics want the libraries and museums closed for fear of profaning the Lord's day, but the brothels are open. This God-fearing nation clamors loudly for increased church membership, but renders

attendance at church difficult by stopping the street cars. A man is heavily fined and threatened with ruin for selling a glass of beer on Sunday, but chartered clubs may, with impunity, eat and drink and carouse all Sunday. Do you call that equality?"

"I do not, but what can we do? To equalize all these things, we would have either to allow every one to do as he pleases, and in this case there would be soon no Sunday left, or we would have to pass such draconian laws as to paralyze the community."

"You are correct, and I beg you to understand me rightly. I am not in favor of abolishing all Sabbath laws, since in our material age and country, such a step would wipe out religion in a short time, but I am just as much opposed to the blue laws in vogue at present. Sunday is a day of worship, but also a day of innocent recreation, and as long as the recreation does not become obnoxious and a nuisance, the government has no right to interfere. The law, as it stands, is a sham and a humbug. It leaves the rich man free to do as he pleases, because his means allow him to provide in time, but it makes Sunday for the poor man a day of loneliness and nausea, and thus, instead of bringing him into church, keeps him away from it. We love to boast of our liberty, and proclaim loudly that our government is superior to any one else, by governing as little as possible, and at the same time we enforce laws, which the autocrat of all the Russias would not dare to impose upon his people."

"You are very severe on our Sabbath law, Mick, but I must confess, you are not altogether wrong. There is too great a disposition amongst us to rule our neighbor instead of ruling our own person, and the most active and loud-mouthed always carry the day."

"Let us therefore hope, that the day will come when we cease to move from extreme, from lawlessness to the straight-jacket, and find the golden middle road."

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 "As a tender mother I will console those at death who have been devout to me during their lives."—R. V. M. TO ST. MEX-TILD.

# The Catechism

OF MOUNT CARMEL,

BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

## CHAPTER XI.

### Decisions.

**Ques.** Is every priest allowed to invest with the Scapular and admit the faithful to the confraternity of the Scapular?

**Ans.** No, only priests who have received the faculties either from the Order, or through their bishops can validly enroll in the Scapular.

**Q.** Can a priest having the faculties, invest himself with it?

**A.** Yes, he can invest himself with the Scapular if his faculties are unlimited.

**Q.** Can absent persons be received into the confraternity?

**A.** No, it is necessary to be invested personally by a priest. Only in the exceptional case that a person is dying and the priest cannot reach him, a blessed Scapular can be brought him by a third person, and he becomes a member of the confraternity. This is the only exception to the rule, but it is always a good thing to send a blessed Scapular to persons who would like to wear it and cannot reach a priest who has the faculties to invest. By putting it on themselves, although they do not become members of the confraternity, they undoubtedly gain the help of the blessing and the protection of our Blessed Lady.

**Q.** Should children who have not yet reached the age of reason (about seven years) be received into the confraternity?

**A.** Although the sacred congregation does not deem it expedient, it has given a decision in answer to a question by a French missionary in 1864, that children invested with the Scapular at that early age gain all the indulgences and privileges of the Scapular, as soon as they reach the age of reason, without being enrolled again. It is a very laudable custom introduced in many parishes, to give the Scapular to all the children on the day when they make their first communion.

**Q.** Can deceased persons be inscribed as members of the confraternity?

**A.** No, only living persons who had received the Scapular from the priest can be inscribed.

**Q.** Do those who have been invested with the Scapular gain all indulgences and privileges from the moment their names are taken by the priest investing them, or only from the time their names are inscribed on the register of the confraternity?

**A.** They gain all indulgences and privileges as soon as their names are taken by the priest, or some person commissioned by him. The priest is obliged, however, at his convenience, to send in the names to the nearest monastery or convent of the order, or to an established confraternity, to have the names registered.

**Q.** Do missionaries have to take the names also?

**A.** Yes, as no exception has been made to this rule. Even the Carmelite Fathers must do so.

**Q.** Is it necessary to be enrolled again when the first Scapular is worn out?

**A.** No, only the first Scapular need be blessed and placed over the shoulders by the priest. When this is worn out a new one can be bought or made, and put on without further ceremony by the person himself.

**Q.** How must the Scapular be made?

**A.** It must be made of two pieces of wool of a brown color, square or oblong in form, joined together by two bands or strings of any material or color. It must be worn across the shoulders, one part on the back and the other on the breast of the wearer. It need not be worn on the body, it may be worn over any other garments. The Carmelites themselves wear their large Scapulars over the habit.

**Q.** In case a member of the confraternity does not wear the Scapular, does he gain the indulgences while he is without the Scapular?

**A.** No, in order to gain the indulgences and privileges of the Scapular it must be actually worn. But, even if the Scapular has not been worn for some time, the moment it is again put on by the person himself, such a one is again partaker of all its privileges. Only in case a person throws it aside, not believing in it, or despising it, a new investment would be required.

**Q.** Must there be a picture of the blessed Virgin on the Scapular?

A. No, the brown cloth is all that is necessary, but it may be faced with any kind of religious picture or emblem.

Q. Is there any difference between a member of the confraternity, who fulfills all the obligations to gain the Sabbatine privileges, and a member of the Third Order of Mount Carmel?

A. Yes, there is a great difference. To become a member of the Third Order it is not enough to be a member of the confraternity and to say the Little Office. There are special rules for the Third Order which have been published in this year's Review. The Third Order partakes of the religious state, while the mere wearing of the Scapular does not.

We will now close this catechism and hope that all, who have had any doubts on the subject, will have found an answer to them in these chapters.

We shall be always ready to give any further information required, and only desire that the love of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and her Scapular may increase daily in the hearts of her clients, and that every Catholic in the world may wear her livery in life and at the hour of death.

THE END.

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### PETITIONS.

We request our readers in their charity to pray for the following intentions: A happy death; for a cousin negligent in religious duties; for a missing brother; for satisfactory settlement of a law suit; for a mother, to obtain relief in her distress; for two brothers to obtain situations and give up drink; for conversion of a father and brothers; for reform of one person; for success in an examination; improvement of health of Mr. W.; also for Miss M. Mett.; for a dear friend of M. Y. O'K., who left suddenly and has not been heard from; for a restoration of eyesight of Mrs. T. M.; for conversion of F. L., Alleghany, Pa.; a friend asks prayers for her brothers, that they may reform, lead pious lives and get good situations; also for a business transaction, that it may be decided favorably; prayers are asked for a young man that he may be successful in his undertaking; also for a successful sale of property; M. A. S. asks prayers for three brothers, who have not made their Easter duties, and who are in danger of falling away from the faith; also for means to pay debts; and for suitable employment for three young men; and for peace in a family.

### Favors Received for the Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude cancelled postage stamps received from Miss M. S., St. Louis, Mo.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; Mrs. T. F. S., Beard, Ky.; Miss A. T., Richmond Hill, Ont.; Mrs. T., Stamford, Ont.; Ven. Srs. O. D. C., St. Louis, Mo.; M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; A. E. C., Lockport, N. Y.; Miss T. B., Suspension Bridge, N. Y.; Ven. Srs. of St. E., Alleghany, N. Y.; Ven. Sr. M. M., Longue Pointe, P. Que.; Ven. Srs. of St. D., Sinsinawa, Wis.; Miss T. C. K., Baltimore, Md.; R. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; Miss M. S., Richfield, Wis.; Ven. P. Srs., Actonvale, P. Que.; Miss T. F., Tickle Harbour, Nfld.; Mrs. M. C., Englewood, N. J.; L. S., Madison, Ind.; Miss J. R., Long Island City, N. Y.; M. A. M., Dorchester Station, Ont.; Mrs. B. L., New York City; Mrs. R. W., Drummondville, P. Que.; Miss H. A., Baltimore, Md.; Miss L. M., River Vale, N. J.; Ven. Sr. M. J., Sonoma, Cal.; Ven. Sr. M. M. O. S. P., Buffalo, N. Y.; Ven. Srs. of C., Santa Cruz, Cal.; Miss K. A. C., Prescott, Ont.; Miss P. M., Washington, Pa.; E. P., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Mrs. M. C., Petrolia, Ont.; Miss M. A. R., Cazenovia, N. Y.; P. P., Acton Vale, P. Q.; E., Toronto, Ont.

We also extend sincere thanks to R. M., Brooklyn, N. Y., for aid given to us in other ways.

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### THANKSGIVING.

DEAR FATHERS.—I now take the liberty of sending you this small amount of \$5, but it gives me great pleasure in doing so, as I was nearly blind, and as I promised that I would collect for your Monastery if my eyesight would come back. Thank God my eyesight is good now. M. S., M. G.

DEAR REV. FATHER, Please accept amount enclosed toward Building Fund as a gift of thanks to our Lady of Mount Carmel for special graces received through her intercession. Very sincerely,  
M. J. O., AUBURN, N. Y.

MY request that I may pass my examination was granted. M. Y. O'K.

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### OBITUARY.

PRAYERS are asked for the soul of Miss Eliza Connell, who died at Lake Port, Ont., August 15th, 1891; for the soul of Mrs. Mary Mayberry, who died in September; for the soul of John Alex. Lauer, who died Sept. 20th, at Alleghany, Pa.; for the soul of Mrs. Berrigan, whose death occurred at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Monday, October 22d. R. I. P.