

Carmelite



Review.

VOL. II.

FALLS VIEW, ONT., MAY, 1894.

NO. 5



JAMES A. McMASTER.

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.

DEDICATION.

To the Catholic Church in the United States, the young and vigorous Church whose faith James A. McMaster embraced with all the ardor of his soul, whose cause he led in journalism for a period of forty years, without fear of the world, supporting the soundest principles in the range of Catholic dogma and morals; upholding the burning questions of his day; advocating the Papal Infallibility, the liberty of the Pope and the Papal Temporal Power; the parochial school system and religious freedom in the land; supporting with unswerving pen every movement for the welfare of Country and Catholic society; and at the same time, in private life, displaying the virtues of a model Catholic husband and father—this life of James A. McMaster is affectionately dedicated.

PREFACE.

AMERICA was the home of James A. McMaster. He had no other country. After his God and his religion his country was the dearest object of his life. He loved it as dearly as man could love it. There is not on the face of this earth a more honest or more ardent admirer of our country than he was. There is not a heart throbbing at this hour in the bosom of man that pulsates towards our glorious Republic with greater love and affection than did the heart of J. A. McMaster. It was this love that made his heart bleed when he called to mind that his country was overshadowed with the darkness of heresy, its society political and religious not under the benign influence of that ancient Catholic Church, alone the mother of a thorough christian civilization; that this nineteenth century failed, in our land especially, to see that divine Truth, as taught by the church, could alone be the safeguard of the liberties of America.

In his estimation, however, the nineteenth century was the best that the world ever saw—the most advanced in material progress and the natural sciences, an age that by its wonders of telegraphy, of steam power, of electricity and of the telephone,

had brought the most distant nations within the civilizing influences of commerce and society, annihilating, it would seem, time, space and distance; an age of the education of the masses of the people by the printing press, an age of unsurpassed invention that has unlocked many of the secrets of nature and deciphered the ancient writings on stone of the times and history of nations buried in the tomb thousands of years; an age blessed with the most benign influences of christianity, of the abolition of slavery, of political and religious liberty; an age when Catholic society was never so pure, nor the masses ever so generally instructed in their faith, nor the clergy ever more loyal, self-sacrificing and devoted.

Hence he was no pessimist, nor did he take his stand against the nineteenth century with the calamity-howlers or the prophets of woe.

Yet this same nineteenth century has its dark sides, much of evil to correct in the field of letters, in point of literature; much of evil to repair—in social life by the strengthening and protection of the bond of marriage and by a more general diffusion of individual charity; much of evil to repair—in making education for our children more christian and society less scandalizing in its modes of fashion and amusement.

For all this improvement no power in the hands of religion is so efficient and far reaching as the press. And no service more beneficial to man, or more pleasing to God, can a gifted and courageous journalist render than his endeavor to make the press the hand-maid of religion for the spread of truth and the blessings of a christian civilization.

Such a journalist was Jas. A. McMaster.

Now, we cannot expect the people to set earnestly about stemming the torrent of the evils in the land, unless they are well enlightened as to the sources from which they flow. This McMaster has heroically done for forty years. He displayed heroism in his conversion, and in defending the Catholic faith; heroism in suffering and contending for Catholic schools and Christian education; heroism in defending religious liberty, and in upholding the constitution of the United States and the rights which every citizen should enjoy under that constitution; heroism in sacrificing what

was most near and dear to him. His was a great soul, possessed of the finest feeling and endowed with a most resolute will. He was indulgent, yet rigorous, exacting, yet liberal, prodigal when God's glory was concerned, yet sparing to a degree of parsimony where charity well-directed would permit the lessening of individual comfort. He had very many trials in life. But the certain calm of one who "knew in whom he trusted" reigned over his whole career, and diffused itself in such serene tranquillity around his death-bed that, as St. Bernard says of St. Malachy's departure, no one could know which was the repose that stole over God's servant, that of sweet sleep or that of the grave.

Now that our journalist is dead, a spirit of greater justice will be evinced in estimating his true place among the Catholics of America. In the history of the United States Mr. McMaster will ever hold a prominent place. His name, doubtless, will live when many who bore high political, ecclesiastical and financial titles are forgotten.

"His dome-like brow and towering form" says the *Catholic Union and Times*, Buffalo, Feb. 22, 1887 "his aggressive personality through many militant years; the chivalry with which he championed every cause he had espoused; his splendid courage in days that tried men's souls; his varied learning and fiery zeal in behalf of the Church; the bitterness of his rebuke, the fierceness of his invective, and the heartiness of his applause; his valor as a man, his humility as a Christian; but above all, the tenderness of his great loving heart, had long made the dead Nestor of the American Catholic press a man of conspicuous mark, and given him a commanding influence through varied and far-reaching channels."

Such will the following chapters reveal the life of James A. McMaster to have been a life instructive and edifying for every class or society.

As to the defects of the work we hope that the sincerity of our good intent, and the desire of spiritually and temporally benefiting society in general, will be a sufficient reason for an indulgent criticism from our generous and considerate fellow citizens of the United States.

We will conclude with the candid statement that the Reverend Father M. Mueller, C. S. S. R., (confessor of the late James A. McMaster) has by his long and patient labors supplied us with most of the material to edit this life of our distinguished American Catholic Journalist.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF JAMES A. McMASTER.—HIS CHILDHOOD AND EARLY MANHOOD.—HIS SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS, HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND SEMINARY.—HIS VENERATION FOR THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—HIS CONVERSION TO CATHOLICITY, 1845.—HE IS DISCARDED BY HIS FAMILY AND WORLDLY FRIENDS.

James A. McMaster was born on April 1, 1829, at Danesburg, Schenectady County, New York. He was the youngest of seven children, John Crawford, Erasmus D., Algernon Sydney, Joannetta Helen and Rebekah. He himself was called after his two grandfathers, Benjamin Brown, James MacMaster. He was baptised in his infancy according to the Presbyterian rite. His father was an eminent Presbyterian minister, who traced his descent from the stern Scottish Covenanters. The Rev. Gilbert McMaster was a scholar of the highest order, a believer in the Edinburgh traditions of the immense value of classical learning. At about the age of four his father and mother having occasion to go to the City of New York, the latter promised him that on her return a few days later she would bring him something if he knew by heart our Lord's "Sermon on the Mount." He accomplished his task in that short space of time, much to her satisfaction. He often spoke of the long talks he would have with his mother, of the elevation of mind, the purity of heart, the sweetness and gentleness of character which she possessed. She used to tell him he was indeed his father's Benjamin in more than name, that his brothers had never dared to take the liberties he took with him. And yet the tender, sensitive heart of James A. McMaster yearned for the outward manifestation of the affection which his father felt for him, but of which his grave and stern exterior gave no sign.

He would say to his own children, when pouring out his soul to them in loving words: "My father never caressed me, and his nearest approach to familiarity was when he called me 'my son.' At other times he used my full name, Benjamin Brown James. Oh! how I used to wish he would say, 'my dear son!'" And yet his sister Helen wrote to him after his father's death

that he had broken his heart, relating to him at the same time that they had found in his private journal under date of April 1, 1829: "To-day was born to me a son, the child of my old age," followed by a most beautiful consecration of him to God, beseeching the Almighty that above all things he might be holy.

James McMaster's character was deeply tinged with melancholy even as a little child, owing to the sternness of the Presbyterian creed. He was so impressed by the doctrine of predestination—misinterpreted by many of this sect—that on one occasion, about the age of six, he left his sisters and little companions with whom he was playing and running into an adjoining room threw himself on the bed and cried bitterly. On being pressed to make known the cause of his grief, he told them he was thinking of the time when they would all be happy together in heaven, and he would be lost forever. On his fifth birthday his father presented him with a Latin grammar, and at the age of eight he began the study of Greek. When he was ten years old he was making earnest studies in both these languages, under the direction of his father and with the assistance of his sister Helen, then fifteen, who, in addition to the above, was studying French, Hebrew and Sanscrit.

Several years later James A. McMaster's youthful heart was stirred with the ambition to rival Herschel, whose fame was spread abroad at that time. He accordingly plunged deeply into astronomy, but soon turned from it in disgust. It was not in keeping with his nature and the yearning of his soul for truth. A science founded on supposition could not satisfy him. His motto for the *Freeman's Journal* in after years, "*Veritas liberabit vos!*"—The truth will make you free," was but the echo of his whole life. He was as a captive bound in fetters, until he concentrated the whole force of his great mind and heart on the attainment of the knowledge of Him who not only contains within Him all truth, but is Himself the eternal and unchangeable truth.

The following incident shows the extensive knowledge he possessed of the Sacred Scriptures. When somewhere about the age of twelve he boasted one day to his sister Helen, in boylike fashion, that there was not a passage worth quoting in the

whole of Shakespeare's works that he could not tell her the place where it belonged, the Act and Scene; and that he could open the volume with his eyes shut and put his finger on the page. She reproved him energetically, saying: "It is a shame that it is not the Bible you know so well." But he rejoined: "There is not a passage in the Bible from cover to cover that you can quote to me that I cannot tell you whence, what book and chapter, it is taken." She accordingly put him to the test, and he came off victorious. Later on he read Scott's Waverley novels by the page, (as he called it) that is, without pausing for reflection, and yet he never forgot them. He could also recite from memory page after page of poetry after one reading.

He excelled in playing chess and riding horseback, but cared little for the other sports of youth. He was a hard student, and for some time previous to his entrance into Union College in his seventeenth year employed frequently eighteen hours a day in study.

The strength of his character at that period is shown by the following: He sometimes regretted that he had never been "a boy." He studied Latin and Greek when other children were learning the alphabet. At the age of ten he had begun to read Xenophon in the original. And, when he entered Union College he was more fitted to teach than to study. Among the students of the college there was one who, in order to pay for his own education, taught a country school in the neighborhood. He fell sick and was very much distressed, fearing the loss of his position. James McMaster, touched with pity, supplied his place for several weeks until his recovery. The school was composed of big burly farmers' sons, many of them over twenty years of age. Hearing of the change they did not appreciate having this "fine youngster" (McMaster who was very nice in his dress at that period) coming to lord it over them. They accordingly planned among themselves that several of the strongest of them would flog him and then put him out of the window. By some means the new teacher became aware of the plot. On entering the school-room the first morning, he quietly walked up to the teacher's desk, laid his revolver upon it and began: "I hear there is a plot among you

to flog me and then put me out of the window. The first one who moves from his seat I will shoot." The youths felt they had a master to deal with and he found them quite manageable during his stay. He gave another proof of his courage and charity about this time in nursing for three weeks a young man attacked with black smallpox, from whom those about him had fled in horror of the frightful disease.

On leaving Union, young McMaster entered Columbia College, in order to study law. Here he formed that close and intimate friendship with Arthur Carey which was one of the great joys as well as one of the great sorrows of his life—a great joy because of their mutual love and sympathy with each other; a great sorrow because they had suffered and struggled together in search of the true Church, which McMaster alone had the happiness of finding.

The *Evening* of Jan. 8th, 1887, is mistaken in speaking of Arthur Carey as a convert to our holy faith. He may have influenced McMaster in becoming an Episcopalian. But whatever caused him to take the step, it is certain that he became a member of that sect somewhere about that time and was baptized in old Trinity Church, New York City, by Bishop Onderdonk. He used to say it was probable that his baptism in infancy was valid, but he was sure certain of the last one. A christening was given in his honor by one of his friends, but he was so wet with the water flowing off his head that he had first to go to his room and change his clothes.

After his baptism in the Episcopal church he gave up the pursuit of law and entered the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in New York City. He forsook the bar. His characteristic love of the truth made him reject a profession that might tempt him to assert as facts when he would know such to be contrary to his convictions. The following incident brought about this change. He had taken a case somewhere in a country town in New Jersey. While pleading the cause of his client he became fully persuaded that guilt lay on his side. However, he won his case. But "riding homewards on horseback, a mile and a half, with the moonlight shining down upon him, he felt strangely awed by the thought of the presence of his God and Creator, to Whom he had told a lie." He accordingly determined to study for the ministry. McMaster had been captivated with the beautiful prayers and outward forms of the Episcopalian service, so grateful to his ardent nature and so unlike the cold stern creed of his forefathers. But the peace and joy he felt were but transient, and soon the old yearnings and struggles for the truth were once more renewed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MAY BELLS.

By MAZEDA COMMODORE.

For the Carmelite Review.



LOVE that's true, repeateth ever.

One refrain 'tis fit to tell;
Loving so, it breatheth never,
Ringing changes on its bell.

Variations on the old air,
Dearest as the years do pass;
Sweetest all traditions falling modern,
Save on "Time's mirroring glass."

Thus the May time cometh ever,
Making new the gladdest earth;
Wakening this which might once sever,
Prising love's undying worth.

For the May belongs to Mary,
Hers the crown of thorns and flowers,
Hers the pathos where no harp
With her wand roams through the bowers.

But a Queen, and she our Mother,
Queen of nature, queen of song;
Virgin fairest, like none other,
Hymn we praise all day long.

Came's heights ring on their joy bells
Valleys how repeat the strain;
Hill or dale but can sweeten bells
Love the burden of each rhyme.

Like the beauty ancient ever
As that beauty ever new,
So our love, as thou a letter,
Hears upon it all we do.

Welcome them, sweet mouth of beauty,
Full of fragrance, rich in bloom;
Ours to greet thee, sweetest day,
Bright dispenser of all gloom.

Mary, gentlest Mother hear us,
Queen and mother of fair love;
Turn thine eyes of mercy towards us,
Be their light our guide above.

THE enemies of the truth should be overcome by the practice of humility, patience, and all other virtues.—ST. DOMINIC.

THE Lord will crown with an eternal reward if you imitate the most Blessed Virgin in her purity and humility.—ST. ALEXIS.

Do not shrink, my son, from obeying the call of grace, be faithful and persevere generously in your holy resolutions.—ST. ROXFILIUS.

RELIGIOUS life is a school in which we must learn two things: to govern one's passions and to imitate the virtuous examples of others.—ST. AMADEUS.

What Came of an April Shower.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY SUE E. BLARELY.

CONTINUED.



Y friend had to be home at a certain time, so I came alone—and then that shower came up, and I did not want to spoil my gown," she added, glancing with pardonable pride at her pretty dress. "I should think not, indeed," said Miss Southwell, "but what will your mamma say?" "O! mamma knows me pretty well," said the girl. "It is grandmamma that I will dread to meet. You, I suppose, are going home?" "No," replied Eleanor, sadly, "I have no home." "No home," cried Kitty, "but, of course, you mean you heard?" "I mean precisely that I have no home, and no further claim on the little room where, for the last ten months, I have sojourned. It was simply impossible for me to procure the amount of rent due, so yesterday the final decision was rendered that I must leave to-day." "O! how unfeeling," said Kitty, "What a cruel man your landlord must be, positively heartless, in fact."

"It was not a man, but a woman, and she was neither cruel nor heartless, and she will always be remembered most kindly by me. She had three little children dependent upon her alone for support. She was good to me during a tedious illness, and insisted on my taking another week, although she had a persevering applicant for the room. But what can the poor woman do?" By this time they had reached the station, and Kitty begged her newly-made friend to remain in the waiting room with her awhile. "My train has gone, and it will be so dreadfully lonesome with no one to talk to until the next."

Miss Southwell, who did not easily "take fancies," was very much attracted towards this bright-faced little girl, and as another half hour would make no difference in her "arrangements," after some hesitation, she consented. "But you surely have friends," went on Kitty, "or have you no place where you can make a nice visit

for awhile, you know. You have *some* place to stay to-night, haven't you?" "I am certainly rather isolated in the matter of friends. My mother and I came from England but two years ago. It was at the suggestion of her brother, an uncle whom I had never seen, and who died suddenly before we arrived in New York. My mother did not long survive him, and with the assistance of my aunt, I gathered a number of pupils in music, sufficient to keep 'the wolf from the door,' but in these days of musical culture, more than a 'pretty talent' in the divine art is essential, and the last of my rapidly diminishing class came after the illness I told you of, to say that she was going to the conservatory. I do not often talk so much of myself, but your sympathy has loosened my generally reticent tongue. As to my destination for 'a few days only,' it will be the convent, which looks out from its shelter of tall trees on the hill beyond. "Not the 'Little Sisters,'" cried Kitty. "O! pray do not go there, at least to stay. 'The poor old creatures. Well, of course, they cannot help looking so old and odd. You are too young to be with them.'" "I do not mean the 'Little Sisters,'" said Eleanor, with a thrill of despondency at what the unknown future might hold for her in its mysterious depths. For at seventeen had she not been as gay and happy, and worn as dainty costumes as this girl, who listened with such interest to her words: "My mother's death was a bitter sorrow, and for many months it was hard to be resigned." "You are a Catholic," said Kitty quickly. "I am," said Eleanor, "but how did you know?" "O! I can always tell. And you wear the Scapular, and belong to the League, and all that sort of thing, I am afraid," Kitty was about to add, but the flush which rose to her companion's pale cheek, and the ominous sparkle of her eye impelled her to add quickly: "But now you are always resigned." "I most certainly wear the Scapular of Our Lady, and belong to the Holy League, and I am not as resigned as I should be, but often rebel, as for instance, when the door of my room was closed, and I gave up the key. But, remembering that my virtue for this month was 'resignation to the divine will,' I am now in a much better frame of mind. You are wondering why I left my uncle's wife. She left me

"After the conventional year of mourning had expired, she married again, and went to England. But what do you know of our two most highly prized devotions, since I think you do not belong to the 'household of the faith?' Were you a pupil at some convent school?" "O! I often heard of them from a friend, the dearest friend I ever had in the world. Their place was next to ours. We live ten miles from the city. She was sent to that very convent you pointed out to me, and ended by becoming a Catholic. I begged to go with her, but grandmamma is so very much opposed to your religion that she interfered when I might perhaps have won papa's consent."

"And is your friend near you still?" asked Eleanor.

"Ah no. She was two years older than I, and different in every way. It was very sad. Her parents told her to choose between them and her new faith, between poverty and the same happy home she had always enjoyed, between their love and the society of strangers. And she did not hesitate a moment. She was engaged to be married, but wrote, releasing her affianced. And what do you think? He accepted it without a word. Of course he had heard that would follow her baptism, and now she has become a nun herself." "Do not call it sad," said Eleanor, who possessed the enthusiasm of some noble martyred ancestor. "It was glorious! Happy girl—to exchange unfeeling earthly parents for our tender mother, the Church, transitory wealth for joys which will never end; an ignoble lover for a kingly spouse, who will fill her heart with celestial bliss and recompense her sacrifice a thousand fold."

"Her sacrifice was voluntary," was Eleanor's inward comment, "but mine—so like—was with no choice of my own. And yet thou wilt not forget, O! Lord that I offered it up for thee!"

Kitty had looked in wonder as Eleanor's voice died away; the subject was evidently beyond her comprehension, and there was silence for a while, as the young girl revolved a possible plan in her mind.

Eleanor, as she came down from the heights, could not help thinking that a little earthly treasure would be very acceptable, and wondering if the note to the Mother Superior which Fr. Wilfred had

given her would be successful, or add another disappointment to her long list. The shower had ceased, the blue sky was lovely with fleecy white clouds, the ivy glistened, verdant and bright beneath the shining rain drops, the purple violets looked up with humid eyes from the dewy fragrant grass.

Kitty thought the silence sufficiently long. "As I said, my grandmamma was utterly opposed to my going to a convent school, and never ceased congratulating herself on the event after the course taken by my friend. We, that is, mamma and I, and even papa, are not bigoted, but she is extremely so. There is a poor little church about half a mile from our house. Grandmamma says that none but the lower classes belong to the Catholic church."

"Your grandmamma was never more decidedly mistaken," said Eleanor, with her loftiest air. "O! so papa tells her; he says there are as well educated people amongst the Catholics as you can find in any church."

"We are exceedingly indebted I am sure! He has probably heard of Newman, Manning, our own Dr. Brownson, and Fr. Hecker, not to speak of all the gifted ones cradled in the lap of our mother church, who certainly can aspire to be called *educated*."

"Papa did not imply anything depreciating Catholics," said Kitty, quick to perceive the sarcastic intonation. "And mamma is very good, though we really do not know much about your church. The wagon of the 'Little Sisters' passes our house, and she always sends something out. Their house is not *very* far from us. And papa is kind, too. Here is my card," continued she, "you may have heard the name." "I have," said Eleanor, "and always in terms of praise. You may be proud of it, and of your father, in an age when truth and honor are somewhat rare."

For this, poor Eleanor's experience of men had not been the most satisfactory. A false friend betrayed the trust reposed in him by her dying father, and speculated with the fortune he had promised to guard, and a recreant suitor withdrew, unwilling to wed a portionless bride. But now the station began to fill up, and Kitty hastened to the window to secure her ticket. Returning to Miss Southwell, she said, en-

treatingly: "Come home with me, *Da come*. See! I have two tickets, and tomorrow you can go to the convent if you insist." "But your mother, what would she think?" said Eleanor, utterly astonished at the proposition. "And your grandmama!" "O! mamma would think I had done perfectly right. She is the dearest little mother—O! I hope nothing is wrong at home!"

"Grandmama might be a difficulty, it is true, but you will not be obliged to say at once that you are a Catholic, will you?" "Not precisely," said Eleanor, with a smile. "Well, this is only Monday. Friday is quite far off. She will be sure to discover you then! But only come." Eleanor hesitated. Her belief in the ruling of Divine Providence was unusually strong. Fr. Willfred himself had been doubtful whether his intercession with the mother to avail herself of Eleanor's ability as a linguist in the academy would be successful. They might be amply supplied with teachers.

At all events *our* day's delay could not be dangerous. So the consent was given, to Kitty's delight. On the way she chatted on, telling of her little sister and twin brothers, her dear old home, her parents, and the grandmother, who was evidently quite a power in the house. "Of course we love her dearly, but she thinks mamma spoils us all. But we are almost home. We will have quite a walk, for we, at least I, am not expected, but it is so lovely after the rain."

Eleanor was rather silent. Was the answer to the novena concluded that very morning, coming in this unexpected way? But now they are walking up the broad avenue of trees, and finally the door was opened, and Kitty, as she rushed into her mother's arms, found that something was wrong indeed. The little sister, the household pet, was stricken down with diphtheria in its most malignant form. The children's nurse had ignominiously fled, the little twins were holding high revelry, evidently enjoying their freedom from supervision, and, to crown all, grandmama, in attempting to capture them, had fallen over some of their belongings, which were profusely strewn about, and was lying on the lounge until someone could investigate the extent of the injury she had sustained.

Eleanor, seeing that she was suffering intensely, quietly went, after acknowledging her introduction to Mrs. Clarendon, to the lounge. She removed her wraps at Kitty's bidding, and then gently cut away the slipper and stocking from the rapidly swelling ankle, asking Kitty for hot water, etc., (not to be tedious) she made the patient feel infinitely better, but the doctor pronounced it a serious sprain, and the old dame who had fallen in love with the quiet ways and "faculty" of this unexpected guest, begged that she might have as much of her attention as she could. Kitty showed "what was in her" by taking the twins to a distant part of the house, so that they happily escaped the terrible malady.

The Clarendons were much interested in Eleanor's history, as she told it upon a fitting opportunity, and on the next Sunday when she calmly informed her patient that she must leave her to attend Mass in "the poor little church beyond," grandmama did nothing more than gasp out a faint exclamation of dismay. To be brief, she endeared herself to them all, and when they were all together in the cozy library—all well and light-hearted—Mrs. Clarendon broached the important subject, and begged Eleanor to remain as governess, companion, valued friend, or "any way at all." Eleanor having a decided preference for a fully defined position, thankfully selected that of governess, in which office she was duly installed.

She insisted, however, that Mrs. Clarendon should confer with Fr. Willfred as to her general eligibility, and Kitty said "if this were to be a case of *references exchanged*, then they must supply satisfactory ones for her." At which all laughed, for when a great peril has been escaped, or a sorrow averted, it is easy to laugh even at a very mild witticism.

* * * * *

Three years have passed since the day of the April shower, and great changes have taken place.

It is the eve of Kitty's wedding day, and one of her most highly prized gifts is a Rosary from Miss Southwell. Nay, more, the ceremony is to take place in the previously mentioned *poor little church*, now transformed through the liberality of her generous father.

The entire Clarendon family, excepting, alas! grandma, "wear the Scapular and belong to the League and all that." As for Eleanor, she seems to have parted with several years, so much better and happier does she look. And grandma has been heard to thus answer a friend who made some inquiry regarding her:

"A most superior woman, my dear; my daughter was fortunate in securing her for governess to the children.

"She is of an excellent English Catholic family, too, and one of her ancestors, a Jesuit, gave up his life for his faith. After all, there is something grand in giving up one's very life for a principle, and right or wrong, such a man is entitled to our respect, admiration and even love."

S. X. B.

ST. MARY'S, Pa.

MOTHER OF GOD.

BY DENNY COYLE.

For the Carmelite Review.

I.
 Mother of God! at thy dear name
 Our hearts with rapture thrill;
 Thy love for us dispels all gloom,
 And hope our bosoms fill;
 In all our dangers be thou near,
 Wherever we may roam,
 And when death comes, lead thou the way
 To our eternal home.

II.
 Salve Regina—Mother of God,
 To whom so much we owe,
 A heart too warm with faith and love
 Can we on thee bestow?
 It is through thee that sinners may
 Have all their sins forgiven;
 It is through thee that we are made
 Rich heirs of grace in heaven.

III.
 Mother of God! O may it be
 Our chief delight on earth
 To reverence thy blessed name,
 To chant thy praise and worth,
 No plea of thine to Christ thy Son
 Shall be by Him denied;
 O, pray for us! in death's dark hour,
 Be thou the Star to guide.

THERE is nothing in life which exercises a more blessed influence on death than the prominence of a holy, loving fear in our intercourse with God. Past fear is the smoothest pillow on which the head of the dying can repose.—FATHER FABER.

On Saint Teresa's Footsteps.

BY REV. CHARLES MACDON CURRAN.

For the Carmelite Review.

CONTINUED.



BEFORE the Saint of Avila exchanged this life for a better one beyond the tomb, she had the happiness of beholding the reform of her order extend throughout Spain. Seventeen convents of discaled Carmelite nuns had been founded by her, and a number of monasteries of Friars of the Reformed Rule had been established. It was not in my power to visit all the Carmelite convents formed by Saint Teresa, but I had the satisfaction of crossing the threshold of several. At Valladolid, once the capital of Spain, before Charles V. transferred his residence to Madrid, and now a city in a state of decadence, I was the guest of the Scotch college. In company with several of its students, young Scotchmen, I sought and found the Teresian convent. It had the honor of being one of those established by the Saint. The original building still exists. Here, as in Avila, there is a tree planted by St. Teresa herself, a living relic of which the mother gave me several twigs which I brought home to our sisters in Baltimore and Boston. The Mother Prioress graciously came to the parlor and conversed with us for some time. We knelt in the venerable church of the convent, and thought of those distant days, when the blessed feet of our holy Mother trod the very same ground on which we were standing.

At Burgos, after visiting the venerable cathedral, the stone of which was laid by St. Ferdinand, King of Castile and Leon, and the town hall, where the remains of the Cid repose, I crossed the Arlanzon, and walking along the well shaded Paseo de la Isla, arrived at the Carmelite convent. Like all convents of the Carmelite nuns I have seen, it is unpretending and poor in its appearance. This was the last establishment of St. Teresa, and, as one of the nuns remarked, her Benjamin. The sun of her life was nearing the horizon and its last

rays illuminated a world she was soon to leave, when she bade farewell to her daughters at Burgos, to see them no more in this vale of tears. She set out on her return to Avila via Alba de Tormes, where she was to have an interview with the Duchess of Alba, but Avila she was never to see again, for at Alba she ended her mortal career.

How could I leave Spain without visiting Alba? And yet it is no easy task to reach it for one who is pressed for time and anxious to arrive at Madrid. Alba lies far from the railroad in an out of the way district. To arrive at it, it was necessary to go to Salamanca. But Salamanca, the glorious, wisdom-loving Salamanca, the Alma Mater of so many illustrious men, the once proud Salamanca, is now hardly more than a provincial town. Only one train a day could take me to it, one train leaving Valladolid about nine at night. Then it was necessary to change cars at Medina del Campo at midnight and wait about three hours for the train bound for Portugal which passes Salamanca. These were considerable inconveniences for one worn out with travelling, but "where there is a will there is a way"; and I determined to brave all difficulties in order to follow on the track of Saint Teresa.

Dark shades of night wrapped Medina del Campo in their somber folds, when I stepped out of the cars at its railway station. Gladly would I have seen this historic place, but it was not possible. At the old castle of Medina, Ferdinand and Isabella were hearing Mass when they received the joyful news of the capture of Albama, an event that precipitated the war of Granada. In the same royal residence, Isabel the Catholic, Spain's most illustrious sovereign, expired, and here, after her death, her unfortunate daughter, Joanna, the mother of Charles V, held her court. Surely Medina del Campo was worth a visit from the lover of Spanish history, for its name is intimately connected with the life of St. Teresa and with that of St. John of the Cross. So frequently does its name occur in the life of these saints, that years ago it was to my imagination one of the most familiar cities of Spain, and yet I was not given time to see Medina del Campo, for I had to hurry onward.

About three in the morning I boarded the train for Salamanca, and, with the break of

day, I had reached the station which is at a considerable distance from the town. On my way to the college of Noble Irishmen, of which the Rev. Dr. John Cowan is rector, I passed a silent abode of St. Teresa's daughters. This, too, is one of her foundations. How often did not our holy Mother enter within the gates of this renowned Salamanca? Her eyes once rested on some of the very buildings which I then beheld, on that venerable old cathedral, built in 1102 by Count Ramon, brother of Pope Calixtus II, on the new cathedral, begun in 1513, two years before her birth, on the university buildings, and on yonder venerable church of San Esteban which stands still proudly upon the banks of the Tormes, as it stood in the days when Christopher Columbus sojourned in the Dominican convent attached to it, the guest of his friend and protector, Diego de Deza, an illustrious son of St. Dominic. But, alas! Salamanca is only a ghost of its former self, and its glory seems to have departed forever.

Beyond the venerable bridge across the river Tormes, some of the arches of which date from the days of the Romans, a road stretches before you, ascending and descending over the undulating Castilian plain. It is a historic road. Near the village of Arapiles it passes the scene of the famous battle of Salamanca, where, in 1812, Wellington defeated the French under Marmont. But there is something which still more recommends this road to your interest, it was frequently trodden by St. Teresa, for it leads to Alba de Tormes, twelve miles from Salamanca. In my next paper, reader, I will ask you to accompany me over this venerable road to the spot where St. Teresa died.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HE who is master of himself, is master of the world.

LEAD such a life and seek such peace as to make thyself worthy of peace everlasting.

LET us use every endeavor that the Blessed Virgin may reign in all hearts, that she may be honored and loved as the admirable Protectress.

OUR philosophy is of little avail if we cannot make application of it for ourselves, as well as for others.

Shrines OF OUR Lady

WRITTEN FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW BY THE REV.
ANDREW F. BRIDGES, O. C. C.

NAZARETH.



ST. LUKE tells us in his Gospel, l. 26, that the home of the Blessed Virgin was at Nazareth, a small town of Galilee, Mary lived there in the strictest seclusion when the Archangel Gabriel brought her the heavenly message, explained the stupendous miracle of the Incarnation of the Son of God, and announced to her that of her was to be born He that was the expectation of all the nations.

Upon their return from the flight into Egypt, Mary lived with Jesus and Saint Joseph at her house in Nazareth; and here the Holy Family dwelt until Jesus began His public life. The small house of Nazareth was therefore the quiet witness of the childhood of Jesus, the Incarnate Son of God, of His virtues, of His self-denials, of His labors, of His prayers, of the holy conversations held with Mary, His Blessed Mother, and with Joseph, His foster-father. It was in this small, apparently insignificant house, that took place, unknown to the world, those unspeakable mysteries of poverty, humility, obedience and love, that were later on to become the foundations of the Gospel of Christianity. Every stone of this insignificant building was blessed and sanctified by the heavenly fragrance breathed forth by Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

What wonder, that the Apostles and first Christians felt and manifested for this sacred habitation the greatest veneration, what more natural than that they should guard it, prevent its desecration, and pay frequent visits to this holy spot sanctified by the presence of God Himself. That this was really the case, is proved by history, and the same is beautifully expressed by St. Jerome in one of his letters to Eustochia: "From the time of the Ascension of Christ, the Lord, into heaven, did the Apostles dedicate this house of the Blessed

Virgin Mary, in which she had been saluted by the heavenly messenger, in which was conceived Christ the Lord, which witnessed the stupendous miracles of the hidden life of Jesus." Since then, countless multitudes from all corners of the globe have thronged to Nazareth, to visit and venerate this sacred Shrine of Mary.

The Holy Empress, St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor, made a pilgrimage to Nazareth, where she had erected at her own expense the magnificent Church of the Annunciation. In the midst of this church stood the house of the Holy Family. Even to-day is shown the grotto in which Mary received the salutation of the Archangel Gabriel. A stairway leads to the subterranean grotto, which had been chiselled in quadrangular shape, and erected into a chapel. Not far from the grand marble altar are two pillars erected on the spot where Mary knelt in prayer when she was saluted by the Archangel. We need not be surprised to hear that this happened in a grotto, for the dwellings in Nazareth were built on the hill-sides, in which were many natural grottoes. These mountain grottoes were used as dwelling places, and one of them served as a home for the Holy Family.

As long as the Holy Land remained under Christian domination, pilgrims from all parts of the earth wended their way to this holy Shrine of Mary. When, however, Palestine had fallen into infidel power, especially after the Seljuken Turks had permanently acquired the mastery in those blessed regions, these pilgrimages, on account of the terrible vexations to which the pious pilgrims were exposed, became few and far between.

TO BE CONTINUED IN JULY.

— — — — —
WHEN friendship is consecrated by religion, it is, like charity, deathless.

A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.

I PITY those who, knowing the Mother of God to be a true title, yet compromise by their silence the honor of her who bears it and act as if her rightful place in the kingdom of her Son were a matter of very small consequence.—FATHER EDMUND, C. P.

—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,
 M^r. Rev. M^r. Savelle, the Most Reverend Arch-
 Bishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, May, 1894. NO. 5.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MANY indulgences can be gained by those who attend May devotions.

THE Queen of May never allows her servants to surpass her in generosity.

PERFORM at least *something* extra in honor of the Blessed Virgin during this month. It will pay you.

THE Provincial chapter of the Carmelites of the United States and Canada will open at New Baltimore, Pa., on the 29th of this month.

A SUMMARY of the contents of the first and succeeding chapters of Mr. McMaster's biography appears among our advertisements.

ONE of the fathers of the London Oratory promises the readers of our REVIEW a future contribution which is sure to be interesting.

IT saddens the heart of every pastor if there is only one black sheep in his flock which refuses to eat of the Bread of Life during the time prescribed by Holy Church.

LET US arouse ourselves to renewed devotion to our dear Mother during this her beautiful month. Mary is most generous to

those who honor her. Offer up your pious exercises during May for some careless soul who neglects to make his, or her, Easter duty.

THE continuation of the two excellent articles on "The Brown Scapular and the Catholic Dictionary" and "St. Elias and the Carmelites" will appear in our June number.

THE time for performing the paschal duty ceases on the 29th of this month, Trinity Sunday. Let us ask Our Blessed Lady to lessen the number of those who neglect so important an obligation.

WE may now pray to the "Apostle of Andalusia" Juan d'Avila Diego, St. Teresa's confessor. The ceremony of his Beatification took place on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph last month.

THERE is a formula in our liturgy for the Blessing of Palms on the Feast of St. Angelus the Carmelite martyr (May 5). The favors wrought by God through the prayers of this saint are very numerous.

THREE hundred and twenty-three persons were confirmed in the Carmelite church, New York City, last month, by Archbishop Corrigan. SIXTY of those who received the Holy Sacrament were converts.

THE difference between a "Monk" and "Friar" was lately very clearly explained by the *Provident Visitor*. However, Mr. Lathrop's excellent journal failed to include the Carmelites among the list of mendicants. In England and Ireland our fathers and brothers have for centuries been known as the "White Friars."

THE medals of our Lady of Mount Carmel and the great Carmelite Saint Albert are about ready. Until now it has been difficult to fully satisfy the demands of our Lady's clients desirous of obtaining one of these pretty mementos of their Patroness. Feeley & Co., of Providence, are now engaged in the making of the medals, which can be had by writing to the Carmelite Monastery, 131 Barrack St., New Orleans, La.

WHEN will Catholic parents see the dreadful responsibility they incur by allowing into their homes those disreputable penny papers which so unblushingly give the details of filth brought to light in the court room?

A PRIEST in Missouri, Reverend Father Holwick, has classified and annotated a calendar which shows that there is not a day in the year on which the Blessed Virgin is not somewhere publicly invoked under one of her numberless titles.

A PROVINCIAL CHAPTER of the Carmelites of North America will be convened at the Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., on May 25. We beg the prayers of our readers that all which will be deliberated on and resolved by our fathers at this general assembly may be for the further good of Our Lady's Order on this continent.

A PRIEST's relic in the shape of a small portion of stone from the Grotto of St. Elias on Mt. Carmel will be placed in the corner-stone of the new Hospice at Niagara Falls. The relic was sent here by the reverend Prior of our Monastery on Mt. Carmel, and it will seal the bond of union between our brethren in the Holy Land and those in the New World.

A CORRESPONDENT is informed by the *Sacred Heart Review* that he may learn about the different Catholic religious orders by consulting the "Catholic Dictionary." The "Dictionary" may give the enquirer all the information asked, but it should be known that the articles in the same book on the Brown Scapular and things pertaining to the Carmelites are most unreliable.

It is very appropriate that the first installment of Mr. McMaster's life should make its appearance in our Lady's month. Devotion to the holy Mother of God was very conspicuous in the great Catholic journalist, as the succeeding chapters of his biography will show. To the Reverend Editor of Mr. McMaster's life, and to all who have enabled us to give it publicity, we offer grateful thanks. We especially thank the Hon. W. J. O'nehan, of Chicago, who sent us the excellent portrait appearing on the first page.

MISS ELIZABETH MAGNER, of Suspension Bridge, N. Y., is authorized by us to receive subscriptions to the CARMELITE REVIEW and any donations to the Hospice Building-fund. We recommend her to the kindness of our many friends throughout the country.

THE reverend Editor of the Rochester *Oak Leaf* recently pertinently remarked:

"They our Protestant neighbors say that the Catholics desire to possess America. It is true, Catholics desire that every human being in America, as well as in every other part of the world, should be converted to the true faith. It is not desired by Catholics that Protestants should take a single step toward Catholicity that their educated consciences do not tell them to take. In this sense the Catholics desire to own not only America, but the whole world."

This puts the case in a nut-shell. It "off" was thought, but never so well expressed."

A Morning Offering to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Translated from the Dutch by a Carmelite Brother.

O HOLY VIRGIN MARY, Mother of God, my dear Mother and great Queen, behold prostrate before thy throne an ungrateful child, whom thou ever lovest, though unworthy of such love, because I offended thy Divine Son by so many and grievous sins, but thou, because thou lovest me, didst intercede for me, and didst not let me die in the state of sin, but obtained mercy for me from thy dear Son. O Mother, behold a poor and weak child! I have nothing to offer thee worthy of thee, but what I can give. I offer thee this day, I offer thee my body, sanctified by Holy Communion; I offer thee my eyes, that henceforth they may see nothing but thee, and thy Divine Son. I offer thee my ears that they may always hear the word of God. I offer thee my tongue, that it may always pronounce lovingly thine and thy Divine Son's name. I offer thee my hands, that they henceforth may only perform acts of love and virtue. I offer thee my feet, that they may never tread the path of vice. I offer thee my soul with its desires and longings. I offer thee my entire self, and promise thee love and fidelity, and to keep my promise, I offer thee my heart. Place it by that of thy Divine Son's and grant me thy blessing. I place myself this day entirely under thy maternal protection. There I wish to live, there I wish to die, and when my last hour shall have arrived, I will praise thy and thy Divine Son's name, if not with the tongue at least with the heart, saying: Live Jesus! Live Mary! Live Jesus! Live Mary! Amen.

The Mound Builders and Copper Workers.

BY VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.

For the Carmelite Review.
CONTINUED.



E have more than once hesitated in view of one of these prodigious mounds, whether it were not really a natural hill. But they are uniformly so placed, in reference to the adjacent country, and their conformation is so unique and similar that no eye hesitates long in referring them to the class of artificial erections.

To this day there are traces of military fortifications left by this ancient people through Central New York, Northern Ohio, and extending into Indiana to the banks of the Wabash. This pre-historic race made *adobe*, or sun-dried brick, mixed with rushes. They wrought in copper, silver and lead, and there are evidences that they even understood the smelting of iron. Copper axes, bosses for ornaments, spear heads, bracelets and rings, with strange characters marked upon them, have been recovered from their mounds.

At Marietta, Ohio, on the Muskingum River, a mound was opened in 1830, and, among other articles uncovered, were large circular ornaments for a sword belt, composed of copper, overlaid with a thick plating of silver. Two or three pieces of copper tubing were also found filled with iron rust and copper rivets, or nails.

Mr. Squiers says: "These articles have been critically examined, and it is beyond doubt that the copper bosses were absolutely *plated*, not simply *overlaid* with silver. Between the copper and the silver exists a connection such as, it seems to me, could only be produced by heat, and if it is admitted that these are genuine relics of the Mound Builders, it must, at the same time, be admitted that they possessed the difficult art of plating one metal upon another.

There is but one alternative, viz: That they had occasional and constant intercourse with a people advanced in the arts, from whom these articles were obtained. Again, if Dr. Hildreth is not mistaken, *oxidized iron* or steel was also discovered in

connection with the above remains, from which also follows the extraordinary conclusion that the Mound Builders were acquainted with the use of iron, the conclusion being, of course, subject to the improbable alternative already mentioned."

From these mounds have been taken squares of matting delicately woven, pieces of double and twisted fibre cloth, mouth-pieces and stops for wind instruments, and quaintly and curiously wrought lovers' flutes,* reminding one of Bryants' lines, etc., etc.

"Till twilight came and lovers walked and wooed

In a forgotten language; and old times

From instruments of unremembered tones

Gave the soft winds a voice."

They plated stone with copper, possessed various mechanical contrivances, were acquainted with the lathe, knew the use of the mould, and excelled in carving.

There is a conflict of opinion among writers on these ancient people as to how far this forgotten race penetrated westward. Mr. Fontaine wrote that the Mound Builders never inhabited either the New England States nor the State of New York. Mr. Squiers who, for a long time held the opposite opinion, acknowledges that the force of evidence compelled him to alter his conviction, that traces of the Mound Builders were evident in the lands of Western New York. Mr. Squiers says: "In full view of the facts I am driven to a conclusion little anticipated, when I started upon my trip of exploration, that the earthworks of Western New York were erected by the Iroquois or other western neighbors, and do not possess an antiquity going very far back of the discovery of the country."

Sir Daniel Wilson agrees with Mr. Squiers and he writes: "These large earthworks and mounds, essentially dissimilar from the slight structures of the modern Indian, appear to stretch from the upper waters of the Ohio to the westward of Lake Erie, and thence along Lake Michigan nearly to the copper regions of Lake Superior."

De Witt Clinton, in his "Memoir on the Antiquity of the Western Part of New York," holds the opposite opinion. He writes: "Previous to the occupation of this country by the progenitors of the

* The "flute" is used principally by the young men whose fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. A. C. Fletcher, in "Columbia Indian Songs," p. 423.

present race of Indians, it was inhabited by a race of men much more populous and much further advanced in civilization. I have seen several of their fortifications in the western part of this state. There is a large one in the town of Onondaga, one in Pompeii, and one in Malens; in a word, they are scattered all over the country." From the Niagara River to the Genesee there is a line of these fortifications, and a considerable number of burial mounds, of whose history the Iroquois had no knowledge. Eleven miles east of the present village of Lewiston, on a farm formerly occupied by John Gould, was found a huge *assurety* and the remains of an ancient fortification, called by the Tuscarora Indians *Kiunka*. Nearly in the middle of this fort was a burial mound. When the earth was removed, flags of sandstone were uncovered, and beneath them was a huge pit filled with human bones of both sexes and of all ages. In the position of the skeletons, there were none of the signs of ordinary Indian burial. Remains of earthenware, pieces of copper, and instruments of rude workmanship were ploughed up within the area. The ancient works at Fonthill, in Western New York, discovered forty years ago, show a knowledge of defence upon the part of the Builders, surpassing that possessed by the American Indian. The skeletons found within the fortified enclosure were those of a race of men *one-third larger* than the Iroquois or Huron. The giant forest trees that grew upon these works were over five hundred years old, and there were traces that another growth existed before them."

In 1856, Dr. Reynolds, of Brockville, found at the head of the Galops Rapids, on the River St. Lawrence, about fifteen feet below the surface, twenty skeletons. "Some of the skeletons," he wrote, "were of gigantic proportion. The lower jaw of one is sufficiently large to surround the corresponding bone of an adult of our generation."

About one and a half miles west of Shelby, in Orleans county, N. Y., is a mound from which were taken skeletons of a giant size, pieces of pottery and earthenware covered with patterns in relief, wrought with great skill. "This was doubtless a spot," writes the Honorable S. M. Burroughs, "where a

great battle had been fought. Were not these people a branch of the Aztecs?"

In the year 1809, in one of these ancient fortifications, on the middle branch of Buffalo Creek, three and a half miles from the village of Aurora, was ploughed up a copper plate twelve inches broad and sixteen inches long. Upon it were engraved characters extending its whole length, which have not yet been deciphered. That its mysterious import will ever be known is scarcely to be expected. The language of the race, and the race itself, is unknown. Like the Palenque hieroglyphics, or those on the walls of the Temple of Philo, at the first cataract of the Nile, it has defied the ingenuity of scholars, and awaits the birth of an American Champollion or a Grottesfend to unveil its secrets.

In 1847, prospectors of the Minnesota Mining company, discovered an abandoned mine in which were found ladders, masses of broken rock, tools and implements, proving that the mine had been opened and worked by a race of men who knew the value of copper for decorative, ornamental and other purposes.

The American Indian before the coming of the French knew nothing of copper, iron, or any other metal than stone. These ancient copper workers had opened mines for over a hundred miles along the southern shore of Lake Superior and L'Isle Royale centuries before the Algonquin was driven northward. "At a locality," writes Sir Daniel Wilson, "lying to the east of Ke-weena Point, in the rich iron district of Marquette, in what appears to have been the ancient bed of the River Carp, and about ten feet above the present level of the channel, various implements and weapons of copper were found. Large trees grow on this deposit also, and the evidences of antiquity seemed not less obvious than in that of Ontonagon. The relics included knives, spear or lance heads, and arrow heads, some of which were ornamented with silver. One of the knives made, with its handle, out of a single piece of copper, measured altogether about seven inches long, of which the blade was nearly two-thirds of the entire length, and of oval shape."

The great Ontonagon block of pure copper found in the Minnesota mine, near Ontonagon River, and now in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, weighs over six

tons, and showed when found numerous marks of the tools of these ancient people. The miners had sunk a trench twenty-six feet deep, detached the copper block from its matrix, and raised it on to a platform eight feet high, which was preserved by the water in which it was standing. The miners' tools and implements which were found near its mouth seemed to imply that the miners left the diggings in confusion, and pointed to a sudden attack or a devastating pestilence like that which nearly exterminated the New England Indians before the landing of the Pilgrims. If these people were not of a gigantic size, endowed with a corresponding strength, how was it possible for them to lift this enormous mass of copper unto its cradle without machinery? Again, what use did they make of the great quantity of copper taken from the storm-beaten and castellated shores of Lake Superior? They left behind them adzes similar in shape to our own, with bevelled edges, tempered drills, and gravures of copper, the use of which was not even known to the Algonquin.

This mysterious race has left no other records behind it, than those found in their mines, fortifications and mounds, and as to what manner of people they were, or where they came from, historians are unable to agree.

"Yet all these were, when no man did them know,

Yet have from whose ages hidden been;

And later times things more unknown shall show,

Why then should wifely man so much in woe

That nothing is but that which he hath seen?"

—FAIRIE QUEEN.

Caleb Atwater in his *Archæologia Americana* is of the opinion that they were of Asiatic origin, but admits that this is only a supposition and Morgan (Peab. Rept. XII P. 552) holds that they cannot be classed with any known Indian stock. It would appear that this ancient people never crossed into or dwelt on the Niagara Peninsula, for no traces of them have ever been discovered in any part of the land. The Attiwandaron of the Huron, Iroquois stock, or a kindred tribe, were in all probability the first and only race of men that ever occupied the Peninsula before the advent of the European, and save a few flint arrow-heads and stone axes recovered at times from their burial mounds, there remains nothing to remind us that even they ever lived. From Niagara to Detroit there is not a stream or

river bearing their name, and all that is left of their language are the words preserved in Brebeuf's dictionary. Fifty years after their destruction by the Iroquois, over their corn fields and clearings, over their very graves there sprang up a luxuriant growth of vine and wood, and timber, that obliterated all traces of the slaughtered nation. The earth alone in kindness preserves their memory, and to the student of archæology, occasionally delivers up the relics which for two hundred and fifty years it has sacredly preserved from decay. Longfellow, in his embodiment of the Algonquin legends, represents Hiawatha lamenting the decay and death of all things, and that great men and their achievements perish and are forgotten.

"Great men die and are forgotten,

Wise men speak; their words of wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them;

Do not teach the generations

That as yet unborn are waiting

In the great mysterious darkness

Of the speechless day that shall be."

And so the Attiwandaron, the wind-dried and sun-scorched hunters of the Peninsula, await the speechless Day of Judgment when all things shall be made known.

THE END.

A HEART WON.

BY MARTHA MURRAY.

For the Carmelite Review.



R. GRANGER left his country, not exactly for "his country's good," although he had been mixed up in an exciting government investigation; but the climate having such extremes of heat and cold, Mr. Granger often found himself quite used up, so he decided to migrate to a land where he could enjoy a more even temperature of climate and politics.

Coming to the United States, and drifting to B----- he soon succeeded in making his presence felt both in legal and social circles.

Years ago, Mr. Granger decided that a conscience was an undesirable possession, especially for a lawyer, so he often made it a point to act and talk as if he had none.

Not that he was dishonest, by any means. He simply had advanced ideas on the duties one owes to oneself. And the self personated by him was always well taken care of, and had been decidedly comfortable until Mr. Granger commenced visiting at the home of Mr. Brinker, an elderly client of his.

It was a large comfortable homestead where Mr. Brinker and his lovely, silver-haired wife were peacefully passing their declining years. All their children had married and made homes for themselves. Often, particularly in summer, the old house would resound with the merry shouts of romping boys and girls, and Grandfather and Grandmother Brinker would grow young again, just from sheer force of example. "Dear, how good it seems to have them with us!" Mrs. Brinker would often say, and grandfather invariably answered, "Yes! God bless them!"

"But if they only wouldn't make so much noise!" Mr. Granger added testily one day, where-upon Mr. Brinker laughed merrily, and his wife with the familiarity of an old friend, tapping Mr. Granger on the cheek, said slyly:

"My dear old bachelor, I'm afraid you're getting fussy."

Mr. Granger was just thirty-eight, and derived great satisfaction from the fact that he was still heart whole and fancy free. He rather gloried in the title of old bachelor, but the idea of being called a *fussy* old bachelor took his breath away. It's a hard thing to face the truth, if it happens to be uncomplimentary, and Mr. Granger tugged at his mustache, and wondered if it could be that he—but here his examination was cut short by an introduction to a young woman who had just run over, as she expressed it, to have a chat.

Whether it was owing to the fact that Lucy Arnold gave considerable attention to Mr. and Mrs. Brinker, and very little to Mr. Granger, or because she had interrupted that gentleman's solution of a personal technicality, Mr. Granger, at any rate, took a positive dislike to her. Still, in spite of himself, he could not keep from laughing at some of her bright remarks, sparkling, as they did, with contagious witticisms. And he saw, too, that those same witticisms displayed a strong undercurrent of wholesome common sense.

The dislike must have been mutual, for when she rose to go and Mr. Granger, not because he wanted to, but because he felt he ought, asked permission to accompany her, Miss Arnold replied coolly that it was quite unnecessary. But Mrs. Brinker overruled Lucy's objections and saw them leave together. They talked on indifferent subjects easily enough until they reached P avenue, when Lucy, with an exclamation of delight, pointed to a beautiful new church, which, bathed in the glorious moonlight, seemed in truth a very sermon in stone.

"Yes, it is a fine edifice, but you and I, Miss Arnold, will live to see the day when it and its kind will be useless. That is, for their present purposes."

"What can you mean, Mr. Granger?"

"Oh," said he lazily, as if already tired of the subject, "ours will soon become a nation where active religion will be a dead letter, so to speak."

"And you feel no responsibility for such a result?" she asked.

"Not at all. And you?"

"Yes, a terrible responsibility, and the one who does not is a miserable coward!"

Mr. Granger fairly gasped. Could he have heard aright? He looked indignantly at Miss Arnold, but his eyes fell before the severity and grandeur flashing in hers. They walked on. Neither spoke. In a few minutes they reached Lucy's home. With a cold "thank you" she entered the house and closed the door.

Mr. Granger went direct to his boarding house, lit his pipe, threw himself into a chair and puffed away until he succeeded in raising a deal of smoke. As his tobacco burned out, his anger cooled down too. He stood up and looked at himself in the mirror.

"A *fussy old bachelor* and a *miserable coward* in one evening! I call that tough. How she looked through me! Talk about search lights, well, I saw them to-night!"

II.

The next evening, as usual, Mr. Granger strolled over to Mr. Brinker's. He was still piqued at Miss Arnold's remark, and therefore felt annoyed at finding that young woman merrily laughing with her old friends. At sight of him her face assumed

a serious expression, and Mr. Granger flattered himself that she was embarrassed. But Miss Arnold was never less embarrassed in her life. With a quick, graceful movement, peculiarly her own, she arose from her chair, and looked Mr. Granger-square in the face, saying:

"I was rude last night. Please forgive me!"

Mr. Granger was unprepared for this straightforwardness. He looked keenly at the eager young face; but, before he could answer, she continued:

"Of course, I meant just exactly what I said. But I should have been more gentle."

Here was a new phase of her character. Mr. Granger began to feel uncomfortable, and he, who had intended to be so calm and dignified, said hesitatingly:

"I'm sure that I deserved it," and then he turned to Mr. Brinker and began to talk hurriedly about affairs in Brazil.

After this, a better understanding grew up between Miss Arnold and Mr. Granger. He got into the habit of talking law with her. One day they were discussing the *pros* and *cons* of an intricate case then agitating the court, and Mr. Granger, who had often wondered at her keenness, said:

"Miss Arnold, you have a surprising power of analyzing the motives that prompt a person's action. How did you acquire it?"

"By studying myself, I suppose."

The idea seemed to amuse Mr. Granger. "You don't mean to say that you have gone deeply into that subject?" he laughingly asked. "Girls of your age are not apt to."

"That depends," answered Miss Arnold, then she added seriously:

"Mr. Granger, people who believe in the Sacrament of Confession must study themselves earnestly, else, how could they make a good confession?"

She had replied to Mr. Granger's question by putting to him another, yet, she did not seem to expect an answer, and none was given. Mr. Granger always felt uneasy when Lucy's mood assumed this character. She seemed so perfectly unconscious of herself, and that this man of the world fancied her truthful eyes looked straight into his heart, where he was conscious there was much he would not like her to see. Her religion seemed so much a part of herself,

and Mr. Granger began to feel how empty of such ennobling sensations his own life was. The following Sunday evening, Mr. Granger surprised Miss Arnold by asking permission to accompany her to church. He told himself that he was anxious to study his friend in a new role, that he had seen her in various moods, and wished to notice the effect of prayer upon her.

They took seats in the middle aisle. To a remark of his, Lucy had answered so quietly, "don't talk," he made no further attempt at conversation, but gave his attention to the people rapidly filling the large church. Soft rolling tones floated from the organ, and into the sanctuary filed the long procession of altar boys, followed by the scholastics in somber soutanes, over which gleamed their snowy white surplices, and lastly came the priest, who, followed by his attendants, passed to the place reserved for him, and intoned the opening prayer of the beautiful evening office of the church. As the choir finished chanting the vespers, a deep, musical voice in impressive tones uttered these words: "And all nations shall call her blessed."

Mr. Granger started. He had not noticed the preacher of the evening entering the pulpit, and turning to the direction from which the voice came, he saw, standing with folded arms, a man no longer young, but whose erect bearing, and calm, open countenance, betokened a vigor that bade defiance to age.

This Oblate of Mary Immaculate, filled with an overwhelming love for his subject, spoke eloquently of the divine mission of Mary, our Immaculate Mother and of the loveliness and grandeur of her womanly character.

Mr. Granger was intensely interested. The subject was comparatively new to him. He had misty recollections of having read in his Bible of this holy woman, but never, until now, had she been brought thus prominently to his notice. As he listened his soul seemed to expand, and a nobler aim in living struggled to assert itself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MRS. M. McDONALD, of Toronto, is authorized to transact business for the CARMELITE REVIEW.

CARMELITE GENERALS.

CONTINUED.



ST. BROCARD, a native of Jerusalem, was unanimously chosen to succeed St. Berthold in the government of the Order in the year 1118; he received into the Order St. Cyril of Constantinople, and St. Angelus of Jerusalem, who foretold the stigmas of St. Francis, and the persecution of St. Dominic by the Albigenses; in like manner was prophesied to him the martyrdom which he afterwards suffered in the year 1220; he also invested with the holy habit St. Angela, daughter of the king of Bohemia, and prioress of the Convent of St. Sepulchre in Jerusalem, the venerable Eusebius the Syrian, Jerom, and Jeremy of Palestine, and Rodolph Frosbano, who was the first Provincial of England, whither he accompanied the Father General Alan. In fine, he received into the Order many others who rose to the dignity of Archbishops and Patriarchs. In the year 1205, he received from the Patriarch, St. Albert, (who was then in Tholomee, where he retired from Jerusalem, which was at that time under the yoke of Saladin from the year 1187; the rules, and abridgement of those which were given him by John Silvan, of Jerusalem, as is testified by *Waldensis* in these words: "The Order of Carmelites first obtained the Rules from John the Carmelite and Patriarch of Jerusalem, written in Greek, which was abridged by St. Albert, who was also patriarch of said place, and are the same now used and observed by the Order, confirmed by Popes Honorius III. in the year 1226, by Gregory IX. and Innocent IV."

St. Cyril of Constantinople, a man of profound erudition, was elected General in the year 1221. About this time the Order began to suffer great diminution, occasioned by the Saracens, who were then laying waste the country of Palestine, which circumstance obliged them to seek an asylum in Europe, where in a short time more than thirty convents were founded. St. Cyril died in the year 1224.

Fr. Berthold of Lombardy was chosen to succeed him in the same year. He obtained from Pope Honorius the confirmation of the Rules and Office of the Blessed Virgin

of Mount Carmel, and appointed St. Simon Stock Vicar-General of the European convents. This holy man died in 1234, being seven years General.

St. Alan, a man of great sanctity, and a native of England, was elected General in 1231. He held a general chapter on Mount Carmel in the year 1237, at which permission was given to the religious to travel into Europe. He came to England in the year 1240, appointing in his absence the venerable brother Hilarion, Vicar of the convents of Syria and Palestine; and in the year 1245 he convened the first general Chapter in Europe at Allford, where he resigned the office of General to St. Simon Stock, and retired to his convent of Cologne, where he died in 1247, after having founded many convents.

St. Simon Stock, also an Englishman, after leading a penitential life for many years, received the Carmelite habit in the convent of Albania. He was unanimously elected at the general chapter of Allford, in the place of Alan, who resigned his office and withdrew to his convent. St. Simon obtained from Pope Innocent IV. the confirmation and mitigation of the Rule, that is, the title of mendicants, and leave to found convents, and live in populous towns; in the year 1251 he received the Scapular from the Blessed Virgin, and died in Bordeaux in the year 1265, and in his 100th year. A part of his relics at present repose in the Carmelite church in London.

The Venerable Brother Nicholas, native of Toulouse, was Prior of Mount Carmel when St. Louis, king of France, visited that holy place, and was Vicar-General of the convents of the Holy Land when elected General at the chapter of Toulouse 1265; he resigned in 1270, retiring to the desert, where he died in 1272.

Fr. Rodolph, a native of Germany, was elected General at the chapter held at Paris, in 1270.

Fr. Peter Emilian, a native of France, was elected General in the chapter of Bordeaux, 1273. He received St. Francis of Siena, who died 1291; the same year terminated the existence of the Carmelites in Syria and Palestine, being obliged by the Saracens, who martyred more than forty thousand of them, to relinquish the four remaining convents, Tyre, Tripoli, Tholomee and Mount Carmel, and retire to

Cyprus, where they had six religious houses. This province, which flourished for so many years notwithstanding the persecution of the Turks, and which contained more than seventy convents, was at length annihilated by the infidels and enemies of religion, and nothing but the title now remains to remind us of its former splendor, and one Carmelite convent, founded on Mount Carmel in the year 1299; it has, however, the glory of sending to their creator more than ninety thousand Carmelites, who suffered martyrdom during the three persecutions. Peter Emilian, the General, died in the year 1294, after having the pleasure of seeing his brethren restored to their white cloaks, and at the same time, the mortification of witnessing the total destruction of the eastern convents and expulsion of the Carmelites from the Holy Land.

Fr. Raymond was elected General at the chapter of Bordeaux in the year 1294.

Gerard of Bologne was elected General at the chapter of Bruges; he died in the year 1342.

Guido of Perpignan was elected General in the chapter of Bordeaux in the year 1318, and died in the year 1342.

Fr. Alerius, child of the convent of Toulouse, was elected General at the chapter of Montpellier, in 1321; he obtained from Pope John XXII, the Privilege, or Sabbatine Bull, in the year 1322. For this singular favor granted by the Blessed Virgin, it was decreed, in the general chapter of Barcelona, held in the year 1324, to recite, in honor of her, the "Hail Holy Queen!" or "Salve Regina," at the end of every Mass, and also at the conclusion of all the canonical hours. Alerius resigned his office in 1339, and in two years after departed this life.

Fr. Peter of Coels, or Casa, was elected General at the chapter of Valenciennes in 1339; and died in the year 1348.

Fr. Raymond de Grasse, was made General in the year 1342; he died in the year 1357.

Fr. John Ballister was elected General at the chapter of Bordeaux in the year 1358, and died 1374.

Fr. Bernard Olerio, was elected General in the chapter of Pay, in the year 1375; his election was confirmed in 1379. He was deposed in 1380, by Pope Urban VI.

Fr. Michael Anguieno, was elected Gene-

ral in the year 1381, and died in the year 1409.

Fr. John Raud, born at Milan, was elected General in the chapter of Brescia, 1387, and died at Milan, in the year 1404, he was General of the order sixteen years.

Fr. Mathew of Bologne, was elected General in 1405, and died in 1412.

Fr. John Gross, native of France, was General in the year 1411. The Chapter of that year decreed to give to the Generals the title of *Reverendissimus*, "Right Reverend."

Fr. Bartholomew Boquillo, was elected General in the year 1439, and died in 1438.

Fr. John Faet, of Avignon, was elected in the year 1431. He obtained a mitigation of the 7th, 12th, and 13th Chapters of our Rule; he established concord and good will among the four mendicant Orders in the year 1435; in eight years after he erected the congregation of Mantua, and in 1450 was consecrated Bishop of Regio in France, where he died in the year 1464.

Blessed John Soreth, was elected General in the year 1451; he founded many convents, and died when he was twenty years General, after having published Breviaries and a new edition of the Rules of the Order. The American Carmelites follow the Reformed Rule of Bl. J. Soreth.

Fr. Christopher Martignon, was elected in the year 1472; he died in 1481.

Fr. Poncius Renaud, was elected in 1483; and died in the year 1502.

Fr. Peter Therasse, was elected in the year 1504; he died at the end of the year 1511.

Bl. Baptista was elected General; he died at Mantua, after being three years General, and in the 68th of his age; his body was found entire and free from corruption in the year 1653. He was famed as a poet.

Fr. Bernard Laudineus, of Siena, was elected General in the year 1517; he died in the year 1524.

Fr. Nicholas, was elected General in the year 1524. This General gave the habit to St. Teresa, and was Confessor to Clement VII., from whom he obtained a Bull, confirming the Sabbatine Privilege; he had the grief to witness the loss of five provinces, caused by the heresies of those times; he died at Florence in the year 1592, in the 82nd of his age, being 38 years general.

Fr. John Baptist the Red, was elected General in 1534; he was favorable to St. Teresa, permitting her to follow and observe the primitive rule, which had been mitigated by Pope Innocent IV., and established convents of discolleated, with the condition of being subject to the calceated General.

FR. PHILIP, O. C. C.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THIRD ORDER OF
Mount Carmel.

By the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

Rules and Statutes for the Tertians of the
Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

CHAPTER VIII.

*Of Their Dwelling-Places and of the Flight
From the World.*

The Rule in this chapter forbids familiar conversation and intimacy, as far as possible, with worldly persons, and much more the rambling about town or country, the visiting of theatres, balls and profane festivities or entertainments, and the sisters particularly are exhorted to love retirement and solitude. Hence they should endeavor to regard their own house, or room, as the guardian of their innocence and as the proper place to converse with God and receive His graces. Visits of charity or of courtesy among the sisters and of other persons are not forbidden. They are also permitted to be present at honest and sober recreations taking place between neighbors and relatives so as to cherish christian friendship. In the same way they are allowed to attend the wedding feasts of their relatives and friends, supposing always, that nothing be done against honesty and modesty.

In case the Tertians have to undertake a journey or be absent from home for some time, they shall beg the blessing of their superior or director and try to return home at an early hour, and gather there, like eager bees, the sweet honey of their devotions.

1. *The 12th chapter of the Rule enjoins silence as far as compatible with one's state of life. But frequent visits, or visitors, keep the mind in a state of constant turmoil and distraction, preventing hereby the desired progress in perfection. Therefore, let there be as few and as short visits as possible.*

2. *Theatres nowadays are cesspools of corruption, and but very few plays are put on the stage that can be considered proper according to the Catholic ideal of modesty and morality.*

Balls are mostly remarkable for their full dress, so called, presumably, because the dress looks nothing but fallows. Both theatres and balls (as dancing in general) are unfit for Tertians. The case may happen that families of public officers are in a way bound to be present on such occasions; for these necessity has no cure. They may attend under the necessary precautions.

3. *Entertainments gotten up by a church, or a church society, under the direction of the clergy, are open to the Tertians, as all the elements of danger are wanting there. Hence they may also assist in preparing or managing them if asked to do so.*

CHAPTER IX.

Of the Divine Office and Other Prayers.

One of the chief obligations of the Tertians is the daily recital of the office, that is, all who are able to read must daily recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. Priests satisfy the obligation by the recitation of the canonical hours. Those unable to read have to say just ad: 25 Our Fathers and Hail Marys for the Matins, 7 Our Fathers and Hail Marys for Lauds, and the same each for Prime, Tierce, Sext and None, 15 for Vespers and 7 for Complin. After each hour there is to be added a "Glory be to the Father, etc." On Sundays and holidays the number of Our Fathers for Matins should be doubled.

It would be praiseworthy and according to the spirit of the Rule to recite the office at certain hours in imitation of the clergy, to wit: Matins and Lauds the foregoing evening or early in the morning, Prime, Tierce, Sext and None before noon, and the Vespers and Complin in the afternoon or evening. But when the ordinary or extraordinary occupations will not allow of a disposition of the day according to their pleasure, the Tertians need not fear on that account, nor grieve if sometimes they have to recite the whole office at once.

They should recite their prayers not only with the lips, but with their heart, that they may not merit the reproof addressed by the prophet Josiah to the Jews and applied by Christ to the Pharisees: "These people honor me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."—Math. xv, 8.

In order to occupy their mind with holy thoughts they should offer to God the seven parts of the office, as a thanksgiving for the

seven principal benefits, namely: Of creation, preservation, redemption, baptism and vocation to the true faith, justification and gratuitous remission of sins, the priceless gift of the holy Eucharist and the grace of so many holy communions, and of the vocation to the Third Order, so easy a way of obtaining salvation.

They should also during the recitation remember the seven principal mysteries of the passion of Our Lord in the following way:

At Matins—His prayer in the garden, His bloody sweat and His capture by His enemies.

At Lauds—The outrages, derision, scorn and abuse during the night of His capture.

At Prime—The false accusation before the high priests and their condemnation of Him.

At Tierce—The crowning with thorns and mockery in the purple cloak.

At Sext—His condemnation to death by Pilate.

At the None—His way to Mount Calvary, carrying the cross.

At Vespers—His crucifixion, second agony and death.

At Complin—The taking down from the cross and burial.

In each of these mysteries they should ask for a happy death in union with His own death.

In a similar manner they may call to their minds, especially on Saturdays and her feast days, the seven joys of the Blessed Virgin:

At Matins—Intend to honor the mystery of the Annunciation, considering the joy experienced in being elevated to the dignity of Mother of God.

At Lauds—To honor the joy which she felt when visiting St. Elizabeth and in ecstasy pronounced that divine canticle, "Magnificat."

At Prime—Her joy in bringing forth the Divine Son without pain and without violating her virginity.

At Tierce—Her joy when the Infant Jesus was adored by the Magi.

At Sext—Her joy in finding Jesus in the temple, after seeking Him three days.

At None—Her joy in seeing Jesus raised from death to immortal life.

At Vespers—Her joy in seeing Jesus ascending to heaven.

At Complin—Her glorious passage from

this world into heaven, where by the Most Holy Trinity she was crowned Queen of the Saints and Blessed, and seated at the right hand of Jesus.

Finally, during the days consecrated in a special way to the passion and death of Our Lord should be remembered the seven principal sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, with the intention of partaking in her sorrows and asking her to make anew an offering of them to her Divine Son for the remission of our sins.

Three times a year there must be said the *Ternary* for the departed souls in purgatory, and in each Ternary on three different days the Tertiaries pray for the departed of the Order, including the Tertiaries, relatives, friends and benefactors, and for all that are buried in Carmelite churches or cloisters, as it is practiced in the Order.

The first Ternary is said in the month of January, or between the Octave of Epiphany and Ash Wednesday, the second between Low Sunday and Ascension day, the third in October. Those able to read should recite on the first day of each Ternary the Vespers and the first nocturn with Lauds of the Office for the dead, on the second day the Vespers, second nocturn and Lauds, on the third day the Vespers, third nocturn and Lauds.

Those that are unable to read should recite on each day of each Ternary five mysteries of the Rosary, saying the "Requiem aeternam" instead of the "Gloria Patri," etc.

On the 15th of November, or, in case it falls on a Sunday, on the day following, is All Souls Day of the Carmelite Order and the suffrages are offered up for all the departed of the Order, including the departed Tertiaries. On this day all that are able to read must recite the whole office of the dead, and those unable to read have to say the 15 decades of the Rosary, each to be concluded with a "Requiem aeternam." On the same day, or if this is not possible, on some day during the octave, they shall receive holy communion for these departed members.

As it is very advantageous for every christian and to a certain extent necessary to devote some time to mental prayer (meditation) it is much more so to persons particularly consecrated to the divine service and in pursuit of perfection. Hence the Rule enjoins on every Tertiary the duty of devoting to mental prayer at least half an hour, especially in the morning when the mind is more at rest and disengaged

from other thoughts. Nor can they be excused on the plea of domestic occupations, for even whilst at work our mind can be occupied by some holy thought and derive great benefit from it.

All the members able to read and having some leisure hours at their disposal are also exhorted to read some spiritual book, for certainly both meditation and spiritual reading have to be considered as daily food for the soul, so that it may not languish in devotion, but rather wax strong and be prepared to gain in every spiritual combat. This, however, ought to be done upon the advice of the confessor or, who according to the conditions of the penitent will point out to him the best means of practicing such exercises without interfering in their other duties.

Before they sit down at table to take their meals they shall say the benediction, or if they do not know the words, say, instead, one Pater, Ave and Gloria, etc. The same is to be done after meals for thanksgiving.

1. *The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin is to be said in Latin. This is not to prevent any one from joining the Third Order, as the difficulty is more apparent than real, and after a short practice it will not require too much time. The whole office is to be said within the 24 hours of the natural day, that is between midnight and midnight. Motus and Lauds may be said the evening before.*

2. *Those not able to read here according to the Rule to say daily 82 Our Fathers and Hail Marys, to which 25 are added on Sundays and holidays of obligation.*

3. *The chief intention is always that of the church, to which, however, our own intention may be joined. As to the attention required it is sufficient to those who do not understand Latin to see that they pronounce every word properly, after having lifted their heart to God in the beginning. The different pious reflections mentioned above are of course not of obligation.*

4. *The "Ternaries" are said together on certain days, but in private recitation any three days within the limits assigned in the rule can be chosen.*

5. *It is not the place here to go into detailed instructions how to make a meditation or use spiritual reading to advantage. This must be left to the instruction of the Director or confessor. But these practices cannot be recommended too highly. To meditate whilst engaged in manual labor requires great practice and the initial difficulties should not deter anyone from continuing it. Ulliterate or dull persons should not be asked to meditate, but make spiritual reading instead.*

6. *It is to be lamented that the pious Catholic custom of saying Grace at table is discontinued in so many families. The Tertians ought to keep it up, or introduce it again in their own homes. The officer of the heart is gratefully lifted to God from Whom all blessings flow, the more abundantly will these blessings be.*

PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

The Catechism

OF MOUNT CARMEL,

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

CHAPTER IV.

The Great Gift of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Q. In what way did the Blessed Virgin clothe her children of Carmel?

A. By the precious gift of the holy Scapular.

Q. When did the Blessed Virgin give the Brown Scapular to the Carmelites?

A. On the 16th of July, 1251, when she appeared to the General of the Carmelite Order, St. Simon Stock, while he was at prayer in the oratory of the Carmelite Priory at Cambridge, in England.

Q. Are the particulars of the vision known?

A. Yes, Saint Simon himself at once communicated the great favor he had received to his community, and by letter informed the other monasteries in England and elsewhere of the vision.

The report was written by Father Swayngton, the confessor, private secretary and constant companion of the Saint, on the same day that the vision occurred. The original report, in the handwriting of Father Swayngton, dated Cambridge, on the day after the feast of "Divisio Apostolorum," (16 July, 1251), according to Pope Benedict XIV., (de festis Sanctorum, Vol. 2, Chap. 76.) was kept in the archives of the monastery at Bordeaux, and was published at the occasion of some controversy on this subject. Father John Cheron, Prior of the Convent, had it copied and printed in his book, *Vindiciae Scapularis*, (p 165, etc.)

Here is the report of Father Swayngton in full:

"Our venerable Father Simon, although advanced in years, and feeble on account of the great austerity of his life, frequently passes his nights in prayer, deeply afflicted in his heart by the many trials and persecutions to which his brethren are subjected. Now, it happened one day in prayer, that he was filled with heavenly consolation. He allowed the whole community to share

therein, by assembling us all, and addressing us in these words:

DEAREST BRETHREN:—Praised be God, who abandons not those, who place their confidence in Him, and who hath not ceased the supplications of His servants.

Praised be the most Blessed Virgin, the Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who, remembering former days, and seeing all the trials which have surrounded us on all sides, since "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution," addresses to you to-day, through me, words of consolation which, I am sure, you will receive in the joy of the Holy Ghost.

I pray the same spirit of truth to guide my tongue, that I may speak in a worthy manner, and announce with utmost fidelity the work of God, and the favors accorded by Heaven.

For, when I, who am but dust and ashes, was pouring forth my soul in the presence of the Lord, beseeching, with the most fervent confidence, Our Blessed Lady that, since she had deigned to honor us with the glorious title of Brothers of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, she might now, show herself our Mother and Protectress, that she might deliver us from our tribulations, that she might, by granting us some visible sign of her favor, cause those who now persecute us, to honor and respect us; whils! I was repeating with fervent aspirations the prayer: Beauty of Carmel, Virgin flower forever in bloom, bright ornament of Heaven! Thou Virgin, Mother of a Man God; Mother of meekness, be thou propitious to thy dear Children of Carmel, Star of the Sea; behold—the Queen of Angels, surrounded by a great company of blessed spirit, appeared to me, holding in her hands the Scapular of the Order. Speaking to me, she said: Receive, my dear son, this Scapular of thy Order, as the distinctive sign of my confraternity, and the mark of the privilege which I have obtained for thee and the children of Carmel. It is a sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, and a special pledge of peace and protection till the end of time. Whosoever dies wearing this shall be preserved from eternal flames.*

The glorious presence of the Blessed Virgin filled me with exuberant joy, but my weakness and misery not being able to bear the splendor of her majesty, she de-

parted from me, asking me to send a deputation to Pope Innocent, the Vicar of her Son, as he would not hesitate to remedy our troubles.

My brethren! Preserve these words in your hearts, and strive by good works to make sure your calling. Be watchful in gratitude for such great mercy, and pray without ceasing that the word which was spoken to me, may be fulfilled in honor of the most Blessed Trinity, God the Father, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost; and in honor of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary.

This promise our venerable Father Simon also communicated to his brethren in distant parts by means of a consoling letter, which I, altogether unworthy, wrote at the dictation of this man of God, that they, too, might be consoled in their sadness, and by prayer and perseverance in good works might give thanks to God.

Cambridge—on the day following the feast of Divisio Apostolorum—the 17th day before the Calends of August (15 July), 1251.*

* NOTE.—The words of the Blessed Virgin, as reported by Father Swayngton, are quoted thus by William of Coventry, in the "Scapula Carmelitarum" which appeared in the year 1318, also by P. Jean le Gras in "De Sanctis Ord. Carm.," 1412.

The same words are found in an old manuscript of the Vatican Library numbered 3813.

Father John Paleonidorus died 1507 in his book, De Antiquitate, etc., (3 book; ch. 7) quotes the words as they are generally found in the manuals of the Scapular. "Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, a covenant of peace and eternal alliance.*"

• A GREAT novel is a gift of God; but the average novel is generally a gift of the devil."—*Dr. Maurice F. Egan.*

If we fulfill the greatest of commandments, that of charity, we follow Jesus Christ, put on the new man and obtain life everlasting.—*St. Philip.*

SOCRATES, when asked of what country he was a native, answered: "I am a native of the universe." "As I am Antoninus," said the emperor, "Rome is my city and my country; but as I am a man, the world." In this age of progress and intelligence, let us indulge no silly prejudices for or against any country or foreigners.—*Catholic Telegraph.*