



The Madonna.



## To the Madonna.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, *Siac-na-mon.*

LEST Mother of the Child Divine,  
That guardest Him with boundless love,  
How sweet 'twill be in realms above  
To see the splendor that is thine.

He placed thee by His flashing throne,  
His mighty choirs before thee bow ;  
Thy face outshines their lustre now,  
For all His glory is thine own.

Madonna sweet, that clasped His form  
A helpless Babe at Nazareth,  
And bore Him safe from fear and death,  
Thro' desert drear and blinding storm !

Ah ! not unmindful of these days  
He crowns thy sorrows now with joy,  
With rapture that hath no alloy  
Thy mother kindness He repays.

Madonna, in our hour of need  
When round us loom the powers of hell,  
With Him, Thine Own, Who loves Thee well,  
Oh ! Blest Madonna ! Intercede !

## "MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

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### CHAPTER IV.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN. MAY—AUGUST, 1859.

The voyage—Genoa—De Sonis' political anxieties—The battle of Montebello—Skirmish at Voghera—The ambulance—The battle-field—The regimental march—The field of Magenta—Entry into Milan—De Sonis reconnoitring—Rapid Communion—God in his heart—The preparations for the battle of Solferino—The battle—He directs the charge of his squadron—The continual presence of God—Acts of thanksgiving—The carnage—Souls—De Sonis at the ambulance—De Sonis decorated—Armistice—Italian Revolution.



ON the 10th of May, 1859, the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique left the harbor of Algiers. Three hundred men and two hundred and twenty horses had been embarked in a bad steamer, called "*La Serre*," the engines of which were in such a miserable state that they were obliged to sail almost all the way. The weather was bad, the sea rough, and the passage very slow; so that it was not till the 16th that they entered the bay of Genoa, where they landed on the 17th. Their arrival at Genoa was greeted by the Italians with enthusiasm. The Emperor had already crossed the Alps to put himself at the head of the army. Whilst the soldiers and officers thronged the Cafes, de Sonis went up to the sanctu-

ary of Notre-Dame-de-Carignan, and there prayed for his family and France.

After a day spent at Coregliono, which had become the depot for the troops, the regiment pushed on towards the north. On the 19th they arrived at Ronco in pouring rain; but they marched gaily on, the object being to join the other army corps, so as to concentrate the whole force, before the Austrians had time to intercept them.

In spite of his grave preoccupations, de Sonis kept up the spirit of his men by his unaffected gaiety. "Do you remember," he wrote later to a naval officer, "the day you came to wish me good-bye, and brought me a little case of Madeira, which really saved the life of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who was ill, and whose stomach could not bear the wretched wine and food of a fourth-rate inn, where we were, besides being soaked through by the pouring rain. I brought out your Madeira with great pomp, and all pres-

ent drank your health. This was just before the battle of Montebello." In fact, they heard at Serraval that an engagement had already taken place near the town of Voghera, towards which they were marching with all speed, and where they arrived at five o'clock the next day, having only passed through Tortona without stopping. On their way they met the train containing the Emperor, which revived the ardor of the troops. The first skirmish had ended favorably for the French. An ambulance had been opened at Voghera, and the way the wounded men bore their sufferings filled de Sonis with admiration. Marshals Canrobert and Baraguay d'Hilliers came to visit them, and the latter, showing his mutilated arm, exclaimed: "My children, I have passed through the same as you!" De Sonis spent the whole of that night and the following day among the wounded, helping the surgeons, congratulating and cheering the men on their bravery, and always slipping in some little word of religious consolation. In a very few words he set before them the example of our Lord as their model, their friend, and their best teacher. Then he would suggest some short ejaculatory prayer, which he said with them, and when he left them it was with loving words, and a blessed medal or some little Christian emblem. Then he visited the battle-field, which presented a strange contrast, being full of spring flowers mingled with broken arms, shakos, kapis, cartridges, and here and there patches of congealed blood. He went into the little church, which had also been turned into an ambulance. The old Cure of Montebello was a man of the last century, and had a vivid remembrance of the previous battle fought upon that spot in 1800, which

he described to de Sonis, who listened respectfully, and on leaving him begged for a Mass for those in both armies who had just appeared before God. The cavalry division was now concentrated under the command of General Desvaux, and was composed of four regiments. The 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique, under the order of Colonel de Salignac-Fenelon was composed of four squadrons: Captain de Roquefeuil commanded the 1st; Captain Dubessay de Contenson the 2nd; Captain de Sonis the 3rd; and Captain Guyot the 4th. Guyot and de Roquefeuil were both killed the same day at Solferino.

After camping for three days at Montebello the regiment marched in the direction of Alexandria. On the 1st of June they were at Novara, which the enemy had abandoned, and on the fourth they heard the cannon of Magenta. The 1st Chasseurs were posted on the right bank of the Tessino, and passed the night in a wheat-field, bridle in hand, waiting for the order to act. None came; but from the multitude of ambulances and carriages which passed full of wounded, they knew that the battle must have been a bloody one. On the 5th the French victory was declared. The Chasseurs were ordered to cross the river and go towards Cerano, where a return of the enemy was feared. But not an Austrian was to be seen, and in the evening they returned to the station of San Martino, after a harrassing day's march, bringing back a multitude of wounded of both nations. The Emperor and the King of Sardinia were together in a dirty little inn, sharing a frugal supper and full of joy at their victory. De Sonis, as usual, devoted himself to the sick and wounded, and looked after his own men with the utmost care, preparing them for

action and encouraging them in every way. All the time, however, he had a secret dread of this Italian campaign, fearing it would result in injury to the Papal throne and in fostering the views of the Freemasons and Socialists, whose secret aims were well known to him. But above all he was a soldier, and he felt bound to hide and sacrifice his own feelings to the common cause.

On the 6th of June, they were on the battle-field of Magenta. It was a horrible sight. Forty or fifty peasants had been engaged to bury the dead, whose bodies were scattered in every direction, and were slowly accomplishing their sad work, while both soldiers and officers were seeking their comrades, as far as they could be recognized, amidst the blood and dust of the field. "Soon," writes one of the officers, "our Captain disappeared, and we lost sight of him till the end of the day. We found he had spent it in the ambulances, giving religious consolations to the wounded and dying. Though he never said a word about it, and we respected his silence, we admired him all the same, and de Sonis became for the whole regiment an object of real love and veneration."

Three days after Magenta, the army entered Milan amidst the enthusiastic reception of the inhabitants. At eight o'clock in the evening a fresh cannonade was heard in the direction of the cemetery of Melegnano, where the troops under Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers won another brilliant victory. The following days were spent by the 1st Chasseurs in reconnaissances, while pursuing the enemy in the direction of Bergamo. The country was beautiful, the crops magnificent, and the whole appeared a paradise, in which, however, death was so

soon to enter.

During this campaign de Sonis never neglected his religious duties any more than if he had been quietly at home. Speaking one day to the missionaries of Laghouat of this eventful year he said: "As soon as my regiment had arrived at their camp and I had given all the necessary orders to my troops, I used to go after the nearest church-spire to find the Cure in his humble presbytery. Generally the good priest knew as much French as I did Italian, so that I had to brush up my college Latin to make myself understood. 'Will you please hear my confession as soon as possible?' I would say on coming in. 'We will talk afterwards if there be time.' When I could, I went to Communion directly after; if it were too late, then the next morning. After that, I came back joyfully to camp, full of peace and of the love of God. Death might come, but I was all right, and remounted my horse ready for any sacrifice."

"All this was done with the greatest modesty and simplicity," wrote one of his subordinates. "He never spoke of these little pilgrimages, but neither did he make a mystery of them. Every one knew that he went to take the orders of the 'Great Commander,' and do His duty to Him before undertaking any other."

In a few words which he wrote at that time to a friend at Limoges he alludes to the same thing: "Often when we were scouring the country very early in the morning, we came upon a church. My friend Robert was with me, and we used to say, 'The Master is there! let us stop for a few moments.' Alighting from our horses we used to run into the church, and if the Priest was there, we used to get Holy Communion. Then we had to

start again at once, making our thanksgiving on horseback, for the time was not our own;—but oh the strength and comfort of those few moments!"

We have said how austere he was in his private life. His tent was a miserable one, and so low that he could only get into it on all fours. His bed was a sheep skin or a rug laid upon hay or branches—nothing else; a wonderful contrast to the arrangements of his brother officers, whose luxurious appointments caused a general order to be issued by the Emperor, insisting on a diminution of their baggage and furniture. The order was promulgated on the 23rd of June, the eve of the battle of Solferino. But it came too late, the officers did not know how to dispose of their little comforts, and de Sonis remained as an honorable exception to the rest.

A general engagement became imminent. Captain de Sonis was the first to receive notice of it. "At midnight on the 24th of June," he writes, "I received notice that the reveil would be sounded at two o'clock, and that at three my squadron was to be on horseback. I let my men know at once, and in a few moments the fires were lit, the coffee made and swallowed by way of precaution; for here, as in Africa, when one starts, one never knows when one will arrive. As far as I was concerned I was in a bad plight, being worn out with a fever which I had had for two or three days and which had prevented my being able to eat anything. They wanted me to go to the ambulance, but I felt quite sure that God would give me the necessary strength, and I thought it very possible that my squadron would be engaged on the morrow. I remained, consequently, at my post, and I was none the worse;

for if I suffered a good deal the first part of the day, I entirely recovered after the charge of our troops, and since then I feel as if I had inaugurated a new existence, which is a miracle of God's goodness."

This day, the 24th of June, 1859, was, in truth, that of the great battle which was to decide the fate of Italy. It took place, as we all know, a little beyond Casanova, at the end of the village of Solferino, of which it took the name. De Sonis gave an account of the battle in two letters,—one written to his wife, and the other to M. Lamy de la Chapelle, of which we will give a summary. He writes:

"We started at three in the morning by a road so shaded by trees that we never guessed the existence of the vast plain, six leagues in extent, where the greatest battle of modern times was to be fought. Until the firing began, no one believed in a serious engagement. The secret had been well kept, and we fancied the enemy was not on that side. After a short halt to allow the passage of another corps, which had been ordered to the front, we arrived at a gentle trot into this magnificent plain. The cannon thundered to our left, where there was a row of hills and villages, forming together a formidable position, which it would be difficult to carry. In front of us and in the middle of the plain was a road with a church-steeple in the centre. To the right the plain was covered with mulberry trees and vines, which hid thousands of Austrian sharpshooters. Our division, under the command of General Desvaux, was massed on one side of the plain, and the Partouneaux division on the other. The artillery of both were in front, and opened a murderous fire from four o'clock in the morning till

night, over a distance of four leagues. During the greater part of the day we had assisted at this great drama without stirring, while the balls whistled over our heads and a shell passed between the legs of my horse, and killed the one behind him. Death seemed to me imminent, but I had made the sacrifice of my life, and I felt that if God thought me necessary for my family, He would preserve me from all harm.

"It was only towards evening that our division drew near to the wood which concealed the enemy. To our right, the troops of Marshal Neil were unable to cope with the very superior forces of the enemy, and the moment was extremely critical. Then our General received orders to charge. Our two squadrons were magnificent; the infantry above were watching us; the first squadron under Guyot was ordered to begin the attack, but the General's voice was drowned in the terrific noise. It had become so urgent to assist Neil's troops that General Desvieux ordered me to advance. I galloped up to him to receive his order. His voice was full of emotion, as if he felt he was sending me to be sacrificed. He wished me not to charge until there was a general attack on both wings as well as the centre. I ventured to represent to him that, if we waited for that, our men would be picked off one by one by the sharpshooters concealed and protected by the wood, before our guns could reach them, and I begged leave to charge at once. He reflected for a second, and then said: 'Yes, you are right. Charge at once!'

"I flew back to my men, and gave the order. Then I galloped forward with my heart as easy as possible and full of interior peace. I was ten paces

before the rest, and was therefore a beautiful target for the enemy; but their balls did not touch me. The infantry drew back as we galloped up to them, and I tried to cut their column in half; but when we got to the wood, we found a magnificent square of Tyrolese, who opened fire upon us at once, and seemed to surround us on every side. I tried to rally my cavalry against one of these serried masses, but they fell around me right and left, as if mowed down by the storm. Seeing my brave fellows struck down in this way, I flung myself against one of these squares and found myself in a position which I shall never forget, the bayonets shining like blades of razors all round me, while hundreds of balls whistled about my ears. I was alone, one half of my squadron were laid low, the other half were attacked on the flank by a band of Uhlans. My beautiful grey horse was wounded to death; he had just strength to carry me out of that terrible square, and then dropped down dead. I parried with my sabre a bayonet-thrust as I rose, and ran to our lines on foot. One of my officers caught another horse for me, upon which to rally my men. I had started with a magnificent troop; I found them reduced to a mere handful. One of our officers, M. Baillœuil, fell, and we could never find his body.\* M. G—— had his horse killed under him like me, and in that charge we lost a lot of friends. But we saved the position and the corps of Marshal Neil, and maintained worthily our old reputation."

This same M. Baillœuil relates that at the moment of the charge, M. de Sonis, rapidly passing his sabre into

\* M. Baillœuil was wounded and taken prisoner, and remained in captivity at Gratz; but he afterwards re-joined M. de Sonis in Africa and made, with him the Morocco campaign.

his left hand, made with the right the sign of the Cross, and then cried, "Forward!" and started. He had recommended his wife and children to another officer, M. Decroix, who was a Christian like himself, only a few minutes before. In a letter addressed to his Carmelite sister at Poitiers, he owned to her that during that terrible day "he did not think he had ceased for one moment to realise the presence of God."

In writing to his wife he says :

"Some people will think I ought not to tell you of the dangers I have incurred, and which may happen again, but I see things from a higher point of view, and I wish you to do the same. I know you will thank God with all your heart for His having, almost by a miracle, preserved me from death. Every chance of my being killed seemed to have been gathered together, so that His Divine protection was only the more remarkable. I had recommended myself heart and soul to God and Mary, to whom I had entrusted you also, my best beloved one, and our dear children."

The battle had lasted till eight o'clock at night. "After the charge," wrote de Sonis, "the heavens became black as ink; a fearful storm supervened, and then torrents of rain, which added to the desolation of the scene."

The first expiation of military glory is the realisation of what it has cost. De Sonis felt this as only a Christian does, and wrote :

"Whilst some of our troops went in pursuit of the flying enemy, the rest wandered over this terrible battle-field, seeking for the dead and wounded. How many of those poor fellows did I see carried in front of the horses by

their comrades, all suffering a real martyrdom from their wounds, and most of them with an arm or a leg shot off. What suffering and yet what courage! . . . Oh! my dear friend, if only a small part of this heroism had been devoted to the service of God, what a harvest for Heaven! On this field of death I did not see a single priest! And yet they say there are chaplains at the ambulance. The following day we buried our poor fellows in their uniforms, all laid in one deep grave, which I got an Italian priest to bless."

The 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique had had terrible losses. De Sonis' squadron alone had had eleven men killed outright, thirty-four badly wounded, one officer killed, another a prisoner, thirty-seven horses killed, and fourteen badly wounded. But the victory was won, and the enemy were in full retreat. De Sonis writes: "I have been to the ambulance. All these poor wounded men are lying on straw in the stable of a farm which is quite full. They die every minute. The surgeons are at work like butchers, but doing their utmost for the men. One of my poor fellows remained twenty-four hours without having his wounds dressed; his thigh is broken in several pieces. Thank God, he was a Christian, and had been to his Easter duties before starting. Those who are the most to be pitied are those who could not be moved, and who passed the whole night on the battle-field." In his humility he adds: "May God bless all those who have lifted up their voices towards Him for my preservation. May He pardon me if I have let them fancy that I am anything but the weakest and most miserable of creatures. Pray for me in that sense, so that I may become what I hope and



wish to be, with the help of His Grace."

His delicate charity embraced the enemy as tenderly as his own soldiers. The day after the battle a soldier boasted that he had killed an Austrian General, and produced as evidence his cloak and his papers. De Sonis bought them from him, thinking the officer might have left a wife and children, to whom they would be as precious relics. On one of the following days de Sonis, being wet through, threw this cloak on his shoulders as he went in to visit the ambulance. A wounded Austrian officer called to him, having recognized his own cloak; and we can fancy the joy of de Sonis, who was thus enabled to restore the whole property to the rightful owner. De Sonis was decorated with the Cross the day after Solferino, on the battle-field, which gave him great pleasure, for he felt he had earned it almost at the price of his life. Poor Madame de Sonis, in sending him the ribbon, only regretted "that she had not the joy and pride of fastening it on."

On the 10th of July the armistice was signed, which was the prelude to the Peace of Villa-franca. The 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique were ordered to form part of the army of occupation, which was a great disappointment to de Sonis, who was longing to rejoin his wife and children. Those few months, however, opened his eyes even more completely than before to the feelings of the Italians. "We were welcomed with enthusiasm when we arrived in Italy," he wrote to M. de Bogenet, the Vicar-General of Limoges, "and after having watered the soil with our blood, we were received with a silence which proves that between us and this people there is a barrier which we shall never pass."

Neither was M. de Sonis mistaken in his original forebodings. Whether they wished it or not, the French had helped on in Italy the Revolution against the Pope and the Princes. One day, on going into Piacenza, de Sonis saw a crowd round an equestrian statue, and on the horse's shoe was an inscription in Italian. De Sonis asked an ecclesiastic who was passing to translate it for him, as he did not know the language. It was: "Mayest thou, with thy hoof, annihilate the last priest and the last Bourbon!" De Sonis replied with indignation: "Sir, as you have been kind enough to act as my interpreter, will you tell this rascally mob that never will they be worthy of true liberty!"

De Sonis wrote in the same sense to M. de Bogenet:

"The war is at an end. It has won me my Cross, which is more than I asked for. But we all feel we may have to return here before long. We are in truth in the midst of a Revolution. Nothing can be more sad or more ridiculous than the attitude of these people. Italy, I fear, is a poor country, whose only Christian population is found in the country villages. Little as we are worth ourselves, we can feel that we are still soldiers of the Church!"

He ended his letter with the words: "God has miraculously preserved my life. May I employ it in His service and to His Glory! That is my only ambition."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Decision of character is one bright golden apple which every young person should strive in the beginning to pluck from the tree of life.—JOHN FOSTER.

## The Dolours of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



WE know, from the words of her "Magnificent," that the spirit of Mary "rejoiced in God," her Saviour; and yet there was no sorrow like to hers, if we except that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The mysterious union of its joys and sorrows was reflected in the Immaculate Heart of the Mother of Dolours.

Even before the first sword entered at the prophetic words of Simeon, we may believe that she was enlightened as to the passion of her Divine Son. She saw the abandonment of Bethlehem, and the first drops of His Precious Blood at the Circumcision; but the full vision shone upon her in the Temple, as she clasped Him so tenderly in her arms. She went forth soon after in the darkness of night an exile with the Infant Saviour, flying from His own creatures. What a life of sorrow was hers in all the hidden years! And how all things seemed as a foreshadowing of His Passion, as it came nearer each day. The little head resting so peacefully on her breast wore to her eyes its thorny crown; and the delicate hands were wounded, and the sighs of a dying voice were in the melody of His words. His love drove the sword deeper as time went on, bringing not comfort but increase of pain.

Once she lost the vision of His beauty for three days, as if to liken her to the awful desolation which would wring

from His Heart, "My God, My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Then we see her on the way of the Cross, and at its foot for three hours, upheld by the power of God, to witness His agony. She was there as model, mediatrix, Mother of the human race, the Queen of all who mourn. Even after the great Sacrifice was consummated, we see her receiving the Sacred Body in her arms, and following to the Sepulchre the sad procession at His burial. How must the memories of His childhood years have rushed back in great waves of sorrow during all the time of waiting for her Son's Resurrection!

Oh! what comfort He brought with it to the mourning mother! Even we, with our cold hearts, thrill joy at the Easter "Alleluia!" and exclaim triumphantly with the Holy Church, "Christ rising again from the dead dieth no more!"

Mary is our example when the morning shadows have gathered round us. Let us go in spirit to Calvary and look at her, patient, silent, adoring the divine Will. Let us then raise our tearful eyes to her glorious throne; never does her light seem to shine so brightly as when its rays fall on a soul at the foot of the Cross. Truly she is always our Mother most tender, but sorrow seems the nearest way to her heart. Oh! if we have any mourning shadows cast on our souls, (and who is there that has not, in this "vale of tears?"), we will look to her to-day and evermore for comfort, the comfort of patience, resignation, hope; and the exceeding joy with which her heart is filled, because of her Dolours, will encourage us to follow her footsteps on the "royal way of the Cross."

# Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites:

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE  
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.  
BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

## CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued.)

CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA—PROSPEROUS VOYAGE—PREPARATIONS FOR THE  
ATTACK—TREMOR OF IMPATIENCE—THE FRAY—THE ASSAULT—  
OCTOBER 4, 1365.



UPON leaving Rhodian waters the Cyprian fleet, to put in an appearance at one of its new tributaries and also to take in a supply of fresh water, turned at once towards the neighboring continent. Soon they were in the high sea again in a direct line for Egypt. Up to this time the decision of the council as to the immediate point of attack had been most carefully withheld from the rest, lest a breath of it might reach the enemy from some unsuspected spy. The very eve of departure found the captains ignorant of the course their vessels were to take, the army knew not whither the King of Cyprus was conducting them, but all had full confidence in his valor and ability. Animated with the spirit of respect for their chiefs and also of military discipline, which as much as courage

constitutes the good soldier, they joyfully sailed along, never doubting that they were going to victory.

When they had gained the high sea, the King, unfolding his project, announced that the end of the voyage was Alexandria in Egypt. This communication was received with enthusiastic acclamations. The legendary renown of this ancient city, the glamour of the unknown which environed it, fascinated those ardent souls, and caused the difficulties to vanish. In their naive presumption they pictured to themselves the city falling an easy prey to their valor, and the chiefs, although better informed, already looked upon themselves as masters of the city founded by Alexander.

During the exchange of felicitations a sudden gale arose and dispersed all the vessels with such violence that it was feared the consequences would be disastrous. But four days later fortune favored them and the entire fleet found itself in sight of Alexandria. So rapid a passage filled with astonishment all the mariners who had ever visited

these latitudes. Blessed Peter Thomas at the unanimous request of the Crusaders gave solemn tribute of thanksgiving for what all concurred in believing to be a miraculous favor.

In a letter, of which more later on, the Legate expressly said that the Crusaders were guided by the same divine hand that had, of old, sustained the Apostle St. Peter upon the waters. Whilst the Cyprians were giving vent to their joy, sentiments of a very different nature, agitated the inhabitants of Alexandria.

When the Muezzins from the lofty minarets sighted a Christian fleet, what universal consternation moved this people ordinarily so indolent and apathetic. The city was stirred to its very depths. Recovering, however, from the first shock, they hastened to organize an army and so arrange their forces as to prevent the Crusaders from landing. The fleet had already cast anchor and all were preparing to disembark, when the Generalissimo gave other directions.

It was Thursday, the third day of October, the hour, twelve o'clock. Pierre de Lusignan, wishing to arrange his plan of action and take his time, thought it better to wait until the morrow. The Moors, thinking that the sight of their forces and the high ramparts made the Christian army hesitate, presumed that they could repulse them entirely by their insolent bravado and discordant battle cry. The shore resounded with their gibes and jeers, and the hearts of many Christians were pierced when frightful blasphemies against Christ and His holy Cross were hurled across the ocean waves.

The holy Legate could scarcely contain himself. Accustomed for many years to look death in the face with

calmness, and always eager to shed his blood for Jesus Christ, he could not listen to such an outrage without at least a protest. Transported with indignation he turned towards Mezzieres with these words: "In the name of our dear Lord's passion let us go, with our galley, against those miscreants. Let us expiate this outrage. With the Cross as our standard what can we fear?"

But the Chancellor, as self-contained as he was courageous, knew well how to use his influence in calming a too vehement ardor. "My dear father," he said smiling, "the hour of our death has not yet sounded. This is not the time to land. With the most profound respect I must decline to accompany you."

If our hero permitted himself for a moment to be surprised into an outburst of natural feeling—nay, rather was it not a premature transport of religious enthusiasm?—Blessed Peter Thomas was not capable of that obstinacy of purpose which arises from pride. Listening to the counsel of his friend he soon recognized and acknowledged that the exception which he thought might have been justified by the outrage would have been regarded as a breach of the discipline exacted by the chief, and, with renewed humility, he awaited the signal to descend. That evening and the quiet hours of night were devoted by Lusignan and his army to preparations for the battle.

On their part the Moors were far from idle. All through the night the sound of the trumpet calling together their troops was heard upon the silent air, and as if to recall the memory of that fire from which the Crusade of St. Louis had had so much to suffer they lighted immense piles, the lurid

blaze of which rendered their movements distinctly visible. The ramparts filled with defenders could be seen, while new intrenchments were hastily constructed. About the walls, ready to crush the first detachments that would reach the shore, were to be seen numerous bodies of cavalry eager for the fray.

The supreme moment drew near. A glorious sun shone upon the crest of the waves and lighted with its brilliant rays the steel of the breast-plate and the iron of the lance, whilst the Patriarch of Constantinople, at the prow of his vessel, held aloft in his venerable hands the precious relic of the Holy Cross.

His uncovered head and noble brow, his eyes directed to heaven, the silvery beard, his arms extended in fervent supplication for a successful issue reminded the Crusaders of Moses at the moment of peril encouraging the people of Israel.

His fervent accents went to the heart. "Soldiers, chosen ones of the Lord," said he, "may the dear Saviour and His holy Cross inspire you with strength and courage! Do not fear the enemies of God. Fight valiantly and the gates of heaven will be open to assist you."

In the enthusiasm which followed, the signal for beginning the holy war was given from the royal vessel. On the instant the galleys steered for the shore, and, in the pre-arranged order, went as near as the shoals permitted. At this move a hail of Saracen arrows rattled against the helmets and armor of the Christians, to which, for all reply the Cyprian arrows, like the lightning's flash, went straight to the foemen's ranks.

Trembling with joy, the servant of God stood in the most dangerous

spot, and refused even to be protected by a shield lest his words might not be heard by all. "A thousand arrows shall fall at thy side," he repeated to his companions in arms, "and ten thousand at thy right side, but they will not reach thee." Encouraged by these words of wisdom, the bravest of the soldiers plunged into the water for a hand to hand encounter with a troop of Saracens who also had taken to the sea.

The attack and defence, equally valorous, lasted amid the foaming waves for more than an hour. At last a battalion of Crusaders succeeded in establishing themselves upon the shore, thus permitting the rest to gain a footing. Then the Christian army, as they landed from the small boats to the inspiring peal of the trumpet, looked like the rapidly rising tide.

The fight now became general. To the cry—a thousand times repeated—of *Allah li Allah* came ever the Catholic watch-word, "*God wills it! God wills it!*" Terrible and merciless battle! To inflict death that they might not receive it was the all pervading idea. The Moors sprang upon the Christians like tigers; repulsed, they came on again with redoubled fury. But their assailants met them bravely. Their daggers, manipulated in the left hand, preserved them from the poniard's attack; the long narrow sword easily parried the thrusts of the cimetar, while it pierced the breasts of the foe. The broad-sword, brandished in both hands, cut off limbs, hewed down turbans and cleft assunder many a Mussulman's skull.

As yet, however, the issue of the combat remained uncertain. A shower of darts continued to darken the air, heavy blows resounded upon the shields, the swords gleamed and flashed

with scintillating light, while the neighing of the horses mingled with the cries of the wounded and the death rattle of the dying.

Finally the mail-clad cavalry were enabled to form in line, the thrilling tones of the trumpet sounded forth: "*la charge de l'Hopital!*" For the Koran this was the death knell, too well known to the Saracens.

One — two — three — four hundred years rolled by, and still it did not change; the same on land as on the mighty deep—the formidable cry "St. Jean a l'aide!" burst upon the ranks of the panic-stricken Mahometans.

It was the decisive moment. Neither the multitude of their soldiers, nor the desperate energy with which they fought could avail them henceforth, for soon the bravest and best of the Sultan's warriors lay dying and dead upon the battle-field. The rest of the army, seized with a wild panic, lost ground completely. With cries which in their weird sadness cannot be described, the frantic creatures rushed to the ramparts. A struggling mass of humanity, wounded and crushed, dying and dead, lay the now helpless enemies of the Cross.

The Generalissimo, emboldened by success, hesitated not a moment to finish the victory. Without delay he set fire to the city gates and gave the assault. A little while and the ramparts were scaled, a tower invaded and the colors which floated from its summit borne off in triumph by the Christians, while they joyfully put up the standard of the Cross.

So brilliant a coup with so small a number of assailants proved too much for the Saracens. They were utterly and irrevocably discouraged, and imagined that the Cyprian fleet was followed by a larger and more formid-

able army. The remnant of their number in charge of the other towers and the ramparts fled in consternation, the palaces were deserted, the streets empty. Their terror cannot be described. To behold themselves conquered in a place of which they had had possession for 700 years stupefied them. "The end of the world is at hand," said the dervishes. "It must come—it *should*, when the Christian thus subjugates the disciples of Mahomet. It is written."

Thus on Friday, October 4, 1365, after a siege of only six hours' duration the King of Cyprus remained master of Alexandria.

Mezzieres, with what we must call his too great modesty, has said nothing of his own bravery during the battle. But we know it must have been great. Strong and noble-looking cavalier that he was, his dauntless right arm must have joyfully done its share in the terrible fray. But his deep and mystical fervor will not ascribe the glorious victory to any prowess of his own or his compatriots. He would fain have us look upon it entirely as the work of the Lord.

"The glory of the Most High is great indeed," he cries out with enthusiasm. "Verily upon this day one of our soldiers put to flight ten thousand enemies, and two valiantly drove away ten thousand."

Blessed Peter Thomas had promised them the protection of heaven, and that promise had indeed been realized to the utmost. Although the battle-field was covered with the slain, they were not called upon to mourn the loss of any of the Christians. We do not hesitate to say that only Mahometans were to be found amongst the dead. Strange as this assertion may seem, we cannot doubt its truth. The text

of our faithful chronicler, and still more expressly the letter of Blessed Peter Thomas are both too explicit and exact.

Even the number of wounded was not very large. Nevertheless, some authors, amongst them John Paleonydore and Philip of the Holy Trinity, suppose that the Legate was wounded by a poisoned arrow, and this probably was the cause of his death which occurred three months later.

This, however, was disputed at length by the Bollandists, who maintain the negative from the reason that the principal biographers make no mention of the fact. And in truth neither Lamerson, nor Wadding, nor Mezzieres in their accounts of the battle speak of what would be of so much importance, nor do they say aught of it, later on, before the death of the holy hero.

On the contrary, nothing disturbed the general rejoicing. It even seemed that the Saracens wished to avoid troubling it, for they, in their rapid flight took the direction of Lake Mareotis, which skirts a part of the city, crossed it and bravely continued their route to Cairo.

The other citizens of Alexandria, easily accepting their fate, had long ere this laid down their arms. Amongst them were a number of Copts who had long since been inhabitants of that region.

These Christians—Schismatics, it is true, but without prejudice—deeply impressed by the brilliant success of de Lusignan, publicly declared their faith. "Christ is mighty and powerful," they exclaimed with enthusiasm, "He vanquishes Mahomet, who glorifies himself in his soldiers."

Meanwhile the King of Cyprus, the Legate and the entire army took

solemn possession of their conquest, while at their head was borne in triumph the standard of the Cross.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

TRIALS—“SHALL ALEXANDRIA BE ABANDONED?”—DELIBERATION AS TO ITS FATE—THE LEGATE VAINLY TRIES TO COMBAT THE INTENSE SELFISHNESS WHICH PREVAILS—FATAL DECISION—OCTOBER 5-9, 1365.

It often happens at the dying of the day, when the sun is setting amid beautifully tinted clouds of crimson, amber, and gold, that a veil of mist suddenly is thrown over the horizon. Far from obscuring the grandeur and magnificence of Nature's lovely picture, however, it only augments the beauty of the glorious scene.

It will now be related how a veil of trials and suffering was sent to overcast the closing days of our blessed hero's life, but far from obscuring its luster it will only serve to render more glorious the last phase of his sojourn on earth. It has been remarked, perhaps, in the perusal of these pages which present the details of his enchanted life that, so far, pain and contradictions had not fashioned with their pure gold the aureole of the saint. His life was passed it is true in the midst of stirring scenes and varied difficulties, but it seemed as if some magic wand caused the thorns and briars to scatter as his step approached. This was to be so no longer. Providence took care that nothing should be wanting to the glory of so faithful a servant, and reserved for the sunset of his life that grace which is the crown of all graces and the consecra-

tion of an eminent sanctity.

The Divine Master, wishing to stamp with the seal of supreme beauty the soul of the admirable Patriarch, called him to climb the steep ascent of Calvary's sacred mount.

Under the form of trials and disappointments, and later on of illness and physical pain, the new phase of his life was to begin.

The opulent city which a brilliant coup de main has wrested from the possession of the Mahometans was the store house of the commercial world of Africa and Asia. Delivered up to pillage, it furnished so munificent a booty that the following year from Nicosia to Bordeaux, from Constantinople to London the Crusaders openly and ostentatiously displayed gold, silken tapestries, brocades, and even diamonds and other precious stones. This fatal liberty granted to the soldiers awakened evil instincts, especially selfishness and avarice, sources of idleness and baseness. Thus suddenly enriched, the companions of Pierre I. who had so nobly supported him were seized with the idea that there were limits to bravery and that to remain would be simply disastrous. They strongly advocated a termination of the expedition, but at heart their object was to return home and enjoy the riches they had secured. This desire, at first scarcely acknowledged was not slow to openly manifest itself. The Generalissimo convened a council to consider without further delay, the best method of guarding the important city of Alexandria. Contrary to all expectation his proposition was far from receiving approval.

The smallest number of knights coincided with the King. The majority opposed his views with an indifference

as expressive as it was ungenerous. A false prudence exaggerated the difficulties of the situation. Imagination joined its forces to military calculations, and represented as infinitely terrible the Mamelukes, who at that time made the law in Egypt. "Without doubt," said they, "those fierce renegades, recovered from their first shock of surprise, would re-assemble their army in the vicinity of Cairo. They would not delay long in laying siege to Alexandria, in their turn to make the invading army pay dearly for their too easy conquest.

The Chancellor of Cyprus, brave and noble chevalier, vainly endeavored in the name of the King to dissipate such ill-founded apprehensions. He assured them that a wise and prudent policy would advise their fortifying themselves, remaining where they were, and awaiting the event. Although the enemy might be almost at their gates, still, with their facilities, there would be sufficient time for preparation.

The fortifications remained intact, and behind their shelter, powerfully sustained by implements of war, the Crusaders could respond to any assault by an energetic defence. Their numbers would be increased by the Christians of Alexandria, who, notwithstanding their clinging to the errors of Eutychius, would hasten to lend their strong arm to the Catholics for the sake of opposing Mahomet. There could be nothing to dread from a blockade, for there was not the slightest danger of famine. Supplied as they were with provisions for some time—and that in abundance—masters of the sea through their powerful fleet, the Christians would always have the means of renewing their supplies.



It was not then presumptuous to hope that with more than 12,000 men the siege could be sustained for months. Europe would then gain time to come and destroy the army of the prophet "in battle array." For the Christian princes, stimulated by the magnificent audacity of Lusignan, would not be slow in joining him. They would hasten all the more if they perceived any danger through attacks of the Saracens.

Thus the first success of the Crusade would be followed by many important results. Other Crusades would be organized and no doubt with the same brilliant success.

Notwithstanding these weighty arguments, the English chiefs—who would have believed it?—openly proposed to abandon Egypt.

Contrary to all expectations, the Hospitaliers also—those "secular monks" whose superb record it formerly was that they could combat if necessary *one* against *one hundred*—arrayed themselves upon the adverse side of abandonment. Even the Admiral of the Order lent the weight of his authority to the pusillanimous party. He depicted the implacable Sultan at the head of an army, which outnumbered in combatants the grains of sand which were spread over the plains of the desert, coming in person to wreak vengeance upon the Christian soldiers. According to him, resistance to such an enemy would be impossible. Nothing but withdrawal could preserve the Crusaders from total destruction.

Such was not the opinion of the holy Legate. Like the Chancellor, he resisted such views with all the might of his eloquence. With that supernatural insight worthy of his role, and his experience with the things of God, he unveiled the plans of divine Provi-

dence. He clearly showed that the adorable Will, having delivered into their hands one of the principal bulwarks of the East, manifested thus His design to see the Crusaders firmly establish themselves therein.

After having retained them there as long as it would conduce to His glory and to the profit of Christianity, the Sovereign Master of hearts would in His own good time lead the Sultan to treat of the ransom of the city. Thus, perhaps, by way of exchange, Alexandria might serve as the ransom for Jerusalem. Furthermore, what ever be the event, to disdain this gift of heaven would be for the Christians a shame which would recoil upon their own heads, and might even be reflected upon the holy Church.

The Crusaders who could so readily prove false to the traditions of their valorous ancestors, and so quickly give up the contest, who could deliberately decline to make this sacrifice, would in the sight both of angels and of men be taxed with mad folly, nay even with treason. His burning words were not wholly without effect. The French at least, with the Germans and Italians, shrinking from the opprobrium which would overwhelm such a desertion, decided in accordance with the principles of faith and true chivalry. But their number was not sufficient to carry weight in the balance of the deliberations.

The next day the Generalissimo insisted upon renewing his proposition, but alas! without a propitious result. Sincere in his sorrow, with tears in his eyes the brave and royal soldier condescended even to implore the captains and the privates, the Cyprians and their allies to look upon the happiness of fighting for the defence of the Church, and the glory of dying for the

same with the appreciation with which they had formerly considered it. He entreated them to think of motives second only to the above, viz., to die for the freedom of Cyprus, to sacrifice life for the liberty of Europe. But, O! cruel shame! The words *religion, country, honor* no longer found an echo in their hearts!

One Englishman, one of the principal captains, made himself prominent by his vehement opposition. With no regard for the royal majesty, openly going against Pierre I., he declared that he would not even remain with the assembly—nay, that he would not repose in the city. Saying this he withdrew.

Such discussions occurring in the inner circle acted very disastrously outside. The peevish obstinacy of the English accorded but too well with the tendency of the moment to fail in finding supporters. The sense of right of the troops, already poisoned by the corrosive venom of avarice, and influenced more and more by this carping criticism, was now lost in a spirit of murmuring and distrust. In their eyes to await the return of the Saracens was only to incur the risk of a battle wherein the money they had secured (by pillage) could be taken by the enemy, or where death might come and cut short their dreams of fortune. Thus reasoned the mercenary creatures, enriched by a fortuitous happening and rendered grasping and avaricious by the fact, for avarice naturally makes its slave fearful and apprehensive. If the avaricious man at times evinces determination which goes to the point of obstinacy, it is only to wage war against generous propositions. On all sides arose clamorous cries for the departure, and it was evident that such would have to be the end. But the

Legate could not as yet bring himself to surrender. He could not lend his voice to the utter abandonment of the sacred cause. With what indomitable energy he put in force all the levers capable of lifting those hearts from the depths of ignominy into which they had fallen. From entreaty he passed on to the memory of their solemn promises, from tears to reproaches, from the pathetic to the most scathing irony.

Addressing himself specially to the officers, he reminded them of their own words. "If need be, we are ready to die with you, *never, never* will we abandon you." "And now," he added, "you tremble at the voice of your valets, at the coming of pagans. Men of little faith! Do you then doubt that He who conducted you to the abode, can not maintain you within its walls?"

Addressing himself then to the Hospitaliers, (Ah! who could better remind them of the brave deeds of their ancient confreres, and their well-earned glory?), he entreated them in such moving terms to be true to the traditions of those who had so valiantly fought under the standard of the Cross, that one can but marvel that they could resist his appeal. He told them that if the enemy, unwilling to accept a first repulse, should even return for a fresh encounter, it would be a splendid opportunity for them to engrave the honored walls of the Hospital with the names of the conquered Moors in so indelible a fashion that neither the rolling years nor the passing centuries could ever erase them from the place.

The ardent and generous soul of the Legate seemed to feel more deeply the utter selfishness of the English, and in his last appeal to them he hesitated not to tell them in no measured terms what

his opinion was of their deserting the cause. Hoping to reach the nobles he drew a sarcastic word picture of those who turned their back when danger was nigh, and to mortify them our Carmelite, with more chivalry than those plumed and belted knights, offered *himself* to face an entire army.

St. Martin, patron of Catholic knights, once spoke these remarkable words: "*Alone* and with no other weapon than the sign of the Cross, I would without fear penetrate the closed ranks of the enemy."

This was the proposal of the dauntless Legate. He asked to be left in the city with his friend, the noble Mezzieres, and fifty brave men who begged that if their chiefs decided not to remain, they might join him in his attempt. The Legate said that they would shut themselves up in one of the towers and for an indefinite period hold in check the Mussulmen hordes.

They could sustain the defence until help would arrive—nay, if necessary, even unto death!

By the former they would prove to the Crusaders, to the Saracens, to the entire world that resistance is easy. By the latter they would at least preserve some fragments of untarnished Christian honor!

Alas! they would not agree to this request. Amongst so many whose clear vision was blinded by self-interest how could a heroic soul be understood? Men of war who, without blushing, could place themselves in the way of receiving lessons in the principles of military honor from a monk, would have no power to recognize what was right. The decision remained irrevocable. Four days after the taking of Alexandria, the order for abandoning the city began to see its realization!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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### The Assumption.

SWEET pealing bells now fill the summer air,  
To hail thee, [Queen and Mistress, Lady fair!  
All nature sings thy coronation hymn;  
Its cup of joy is filled unto the brim.

Sweet odors float upon each summer gale  
And fleecy clouds are drooping, like a veil  
That 'round thy form so gracious, fain would be,  
Thou virgin bride, fair pearl of purity.

O, listen, dearest, to our heart's fond sighs  
That on this Lady Day in harvest rise.  
Let heart of hope be ours for peace at last,  
And God's sweet mercy for the guilty past.

## OUR ROMAN LETTER.

BY A. W., O. C. C.

THE feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel was celebrated with great solemnity in several churches here in Rome, but especially in the mother church of the Order, S. Maria in Transpontina. The feast was preceded by a novena, during which Father Briccetti attracted large crowds of people by his eloquent sermons. The first vespers were celebrated by Bishop Genneri. On the feast itself at 7 a.m., His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli celebrated the Mass of Communion at which, as also at the other Masses, a very great number of the faithful went to Holy Communion. At 10.30 another Bishop sang the solemn High Mass. In the afternoon, after the sermon, V. Rev. Simon Bernardini, who has charge of the parish, celebrated the second vespers. At all the functions there was excellent music, some of the best singers of Rome composing the choir.

During the whole day the church was filled with an immense crowd of the faithful, all of whom seemed to have been charmed by the beautiful and richly ornamented statue of the Madonna of Mt. Carmel placed above the high altar; many of them stood and gazed at it, and when leaving turned around again and again to take another look at it.

During the Octave every day there was a sermon after which the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was sung and solemn Benediction was given. On the Octave, besides the usual ceremonies, the Te Deum was solemnly sung, all the people joining in, after which solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament

was given by Cardinal Pierotti in the absence of His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, who was detained by some other engagement.

On Friday, July 21st, the cornerstone of the new international Carmelite college was laid. The services were performed by His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli. In the presence of a large crowd he blessed and sealed the stone, which was then moved to its place. If everything proceeds favorably, the college is expected to be ready for the students at the beginning of the scholastic year in the fall of 1900.

The end of June witnessed the closing of the council of the Latin American republics, which was held in this city. Whilst here in Rome, and especially during the process of the council, the most intimate union and good-will was noticed among the bishops, so that great good is expected to be derived from the council. During their stay here several times they had audience with His Holiness, and several times they assisted in a body at the services in the different churches, especially in St. Peter's church.

Death has paid another visit to the Sacred College, and this time it took the oldest member of the College, viz., Cardinal Mertel, who passed away at the ripe age of 93 years. Before he died he was one of the three living Cardinals who were created by Pius IX., the other two being Parocchi and Oreglia. Up to his death he held several important offices which he always discharged with great zeal and ability.

## The Immaculate Heart of Mary.

BY REV. THEODORE J. MCDONALD, O. C. C.



HE one most necessary thing now and for all eternity is the glory of God. God is the sole necessary being, His essence and existence are one and the same thing. He is *actus purus*—a pure act indivisible. His attributes are Himself, He is His own cause, He is what He is and could not be anything else. He is the supreme Good, all holiness, and is worthy of all glory, and to give Him glory is the most necessary of all things, and the highest act that a creature can perform. There is an infinite gulf in the being, and in the dignity between creatures and their Creator. All creatures, no matter what may be their dignity, from the grandest and most perfect man on earth to the highest angel that ministers before the throne of God, are contingent beings, in other words they were not necessary. God alone is the sole necessary being. God alone is great, and a mere creature fails to give Him adequate glory. It is only a God that can adequately glorify a God, and that glory is given Him by the God-man, our Divine Lord.

God the Son, the second Divine Person of the Blessed Trinity, begotten before all ages, loved His Eternal Father with an infinite love, and He never ceased and He never will cease to love Him. When we speak of infinite love we form but an imperfect

idea of the infinite ocean of the love of the Son for the Father. We do not speak here of the love of the Father for the Son, as that would take us more deeply into the mystery of the most Holy Trinity and would demand an explanation of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son as far as it can be explained. To give a perfect and an infinite satisfaction to the Eternal Father, and to offer Him adequate glory, the Son became incarnate, assuming human nature in its fullness, like us in everything but in sin. He assumed it in its most refined form, uniting it with His divine nature, under His one adorable divine person, but still retaining both natures distinct. It is thus the operations of the sacred humanity of our Divine Lord are of infinite value, and the sacred humanity itself an object of our adoration. If such be the case, His Sacred Heart must be in a special manner the object of our adoration and love, as this organ is the seat of the affections and sends up an infinite ocean of love to His Eternal Father.

That Mary was the most perfect image of God among creatures, is the same thing as to say that she was the most perfect image of her Son. She had the natural right to be like His sacred humanity, for she was bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh. But she was not only the most perfect image of His sacred humanity, but also of His Divinity, so that the Sacred Heart of Jesus, sending up perfect adoration and love to His Eternal Father and pouring out His love for men, had its counterpart in the im-

maculate heart of Mary, in as far as it was possible to find a counterpart in the heart of a creature. It is needless to draw the attention of our readers to the heart as a special organ in our composition, or to say that it is the seat of the affections, for every one instinctively feels that such is the case. Our Divine Lord takes the heart as the seat of purity and love: "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God;" and again, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart," and the Holy Ghost says through the Prophet, "To-day if thou shalt hear His voice harden not thy heart."

The love of the immaculate heart of Mary for her Son is indeed finite, but it is so great that it borders on the infinite; it is an ocean of love, according to the author of the *Stabat Mater*, "Eja Mater, fons amoris." The love of Mary for her Son springs from two abysses deep down in her heart, the one natural, the other supernatural. To form some idea of the natural love of the Virgin Mother for her Son, it is well to call to mind that God has extended a loving instinct even to the brute creation for their young. Even the savage beasts of the forest love their young so well that they will give their lives to protect them, and the Spirit of God, warning man of the anger of the Judge at the last day, compares it to a wild beast robbed of her whelps. "He shall be as furious as a she bear robbed of her whelps." But if we consider rational beings, the mother, the Christian mother, the pious mother, if God has given this most precious gift of nature, in measure to the savage beast, what must be the love implanted in the heart of the Christian mother for her child! We know her long suffering and her pray-

ers poured out for her wayward son. Saint Augustine says, that there are two miracles in the world, and he doubts which is the greater, the love and mercy of God and the ingratitude of man, and we may say there are two other miracles, and may doubt which is the greater, the enduring love of the mother and the ingratitude of the bad son. But let us follow him up: he is wayward, he is even wicked, and he provokes his father beyond endurance. He fills his heart with anguish till the spirit of justice and indignation gains the ascendancy and drives this unnatural offspring forth upon the world. He is now an outcast, and sinks so low and is so degraded that his name is a byword among the people, and the finger of scorn is pointed at him, whilst the cheek of his mother is mantled with shame. He awakens not the slightest feeling of sympathy in the heart of any human being, there is not a single impulse of affection left for him save one, and that is the affection of his mother. In the face of all opposition, there is one heart that still throbs for him, one heart that still loves him, one hand stretched out to save him, and that heart and that hand are the heart and hand of his mother.

The Holy Ghost says in giving us the assurance of God's love and protection: "When the mother shall forget her child, then will I forget thee." If such be the ever-enduring love of the mother for even an unworthy son, what must be her love for a son who is worthy of a good mother's love? Who will measure the depths of love in a mother's heart for a good child! It is only the mother who is fully conscious of it; she alone can sound the unfathomable depths of a mother's love.

But let us return to the Virgin

Mother. She was the mother of our Divine Lord, and He was as truly her Son, as we are the children of our mothers. She was human, but her human nature was the most exalted and refined that a mere human being ever possessed. No impulse of passion even for a moment ever gained sway within her breast, no self-interest ever cast its shadow over the purity of her intentions, there was nothing in her life to diminish in the slightest degree the full flow of the natural love that she cherished for her beloved Son, who then will sound its unfathomable depths? If the love of the mother, the poor mother, during life assailed by many passions and frequently disregarded by the object loved, still survives, notwithstanding all opposition, and remains an ever-enduring love, what must be the love of the Blessed Virgin for her Son! He was her only Son, He had no father on earth, and her love was not divided. Other mothers have their love divided between the father and their many children, but the love of the Blessed Virgin was entirely concentrated on her beloved Son.

Her child was the most perfect and amiable, so that she is called the mother of fair love. Those that are more or less perfect in this life have an attractive influence that is felt and acknowledged even by the imperfect. All who come in contact with one possessing exalted sanctity breathe a higher moral atmosphere, and are conscious of being surrounded by a more holy influence than are met with in the ordinary walks of life. If this be the case, and if the immoral, whilst they pretend to despise virtue, respect those in their hearts who possess it, what must be the influence of our Lord whilst here on earth! Who will tell us of Mary's

Child? What heights of sanctity, and what a holy influence He shed around those who came in contact with Him! He was not only man but God. What a halo of glory, though unseen by men, surrounded him! Countless angels adored Him and this was Mary's Child. Who was Mary herself? A perfect creature, a creature whom sin never touched, whose sanctity reached beyond the angels, whose Immaculate Conception makes her the solitary boast of our race. Here there can be no question of the love between such a mother and such a Son, but the wonder is how the immaculate heart of Mary could contain so much love. She was the companion, and much more than the companion of His Childhood and of His mature years, and when a Child she pressed Him to her bosom, and as He reclined and slept there, what deep waves of love must have flowed from the Sacred Heart of Jesus into the immaculate heart of Mary! So all our calculations to fathom the depth of this love will be at fault, as it is all but infinite.

Mary was an enclosed garden, a sealed fountain. "My sister, my spouse is a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed up. Thy plants are a paradise of pomegranates, with the fruits of the orchard, cyprus with spikenard." (CANT.) She was a garden enclosed, a sealed fountain to man, for although she was a mother she still remained a virgin, and because she was a virgin and immaculate, she brought forth the Saviour of the world without pain. This was a miraculous conception, a man-God born of a Virgin Mother. When we speculate on the love of such a mother for such a Son, it is quite evident after our deepest research we will fail to grasp its intensity.

Thus far we have spoken of the natu-

ral love of the Blessed Virgin for her Son. We have shown that there is nothing mightier or stronger than the love which nature inspires in the heart of the mother for her child, but the highest love of all is the love of God, for the love of God is stronger than death, and this twofold love, the natural and the supernatural constitute in the immaculate heart of Mary the love which she has for her Son. Who will fathom the depths of that holy love in Mary's heart? The angels sang a hymn of praise and thanksgiving at her birth, all heaven rejoiced to behold the earth adorned with her presence, but the highest spirits on fire with divine love, and endowed as they are with intuitive knowledge, cannot fathom the depths of that holy love in her immaculate heart. She was endowed with supernatural love in the first moment of her conception, the abundance of heavenly gifts poured out upon her by the Holy Spirit at that moment are beyond human conception. She enjoyed the gift of the highest contemplation and the most perfect union with God that a creature ever attained, and this was from the first moment of her existence. From that moment she loved God more, was more perfect, possessed more exalted sanctity, and approached nearer to Him than any saint ever reached, after a life of labor, mortification and holiness. The proof of this statement is found in the words of the Psalmist: "The foundations thereof are in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Sion above all the tabernacles of Jacob. Glorious things are said of thee, O city of God." The royal Prophet saw the future conception of the Mother of God, he saw the beginning of her existence more elevated than the holy mountains, that is he

saw her possessing a higher degree of holiness than any creature ever possessed. He saw that God loved her even at her birth more than all others. "The Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than the tabernacles of Jacob;" and with the glories of Mary before him, he cried out in ecstatic joy, "Glorious things are said of thee, O city of God." Mary is the city of God.

But what shall we say of the merits of Mary? Reason dawned upon her at her birth, and from that moment she began to co-operate with divine grace, and never ceased to co-operate and merit till she delivered up her soul to the hands of her Creator. She never placed the slightest impediment to grace, the shadow of sin never touched her, the slightest desire of evil never touched her pure heart, her soul like a polished mirror was never sullied with the breath of temptation, and always pleasing to God, she always co-operated with the graces she received. No human being can form an idea of the accumulation of graces bestowed on her during life. Her merits are equally incomprehensible. What a sweet sacrifice she offered to God when consecrating herself to Him, by the vow of virginity. But she also had the merits of the mother, which for her entailed so many sorrows; it was necessary that she should be the mother of dolors, when her Son was the man of sorrows. From the day that the priest and prophet of Israel took her Child in his arms in the temple, and holding him up declared that He was a sign to be contradicted, and telling her, "Thine own soul a sword shall pierce," the sorrows of Mary never ceased till the morning of the resurrection. On that day in the temple, as soon as the words of the



prophet were spoken the sword entered her heart and there rankled till she saw her Son gloriously risen and triumphant over death. Let us cast a glance at her poverty, her weary and bitter journeys, always so irksome to the poor, and we can easily understand the bitterness of her whole life. What an accumulation of woe! The long years' expectation of the death of her Son and its final accomplishment, and all this for Jesus. Even the learned, the saints, the holy ones of God may make calculations. Let them gather up the merits of these years of suffering, and look down into the depths of the immaculate heart of Mary, and they will find that the abyss of love there is all but infinite.

But does the heart of Mary feel for us? The heart of Mary is a human heart. She knows our miseries, her heart yearns for our salvation, and the desire of our happiness is measured only by her love, so if we cannot fathom the depth of her love, neither can we fathom the depth of her desire. In the light of this readiness of Mary to help us, we should have recourse to her in our temporal as well as in our spiritual necessities. Let us find Mary and then we will find Jesus, for where Mary is there is Jesus. It was through Mary the first grace of redemption was applied to man. Mary visiting Elizabeth brought Jesus with her, He sanctified John and blessed the house of Zachary. It was for her He wrought His first miracle, and did it even before His time for working miracles had come. "My time is not yet come," He said, still He changed the water into wine because Mary besought Him. It was through Mary He would have His disciples believe in Him, for seeing the miracle wrought for her, the disciples believed in Him. Let us hear the words

of the Evangelist: "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cara of Galilee, and manifested His glory and His disciples believed in Him." We should not wonder that our Divine Lord refuses nothing to His Blessed Mother, and that through her pleading He wished to first manifest His miraculous power, and induce His disciples to believe in Him. For the virtues of Mary wounded the Heart of God. "The hair of thy neck has wounded My Heart." The sacred heart of Mary ever immaculate was the purest, the noblest, and the holiest that the all-powerful Hand of the Creator ever formed after the adorable Heart of Jesus. Her immaculate heart is an inexhaustible fountain of love and of mercy, and the mercy is always measured by her love, which means that to us it is all but limitless. Her heart is the most perfect image of the Heart of Jesus, and it alone loved God more than all the glorious spirits created to minister to Him in heaven, and more than all the saints that ever blessed the earth with their presence. Her heart is the heart of the Redeemer's Mother, there is the august throne where love and mercy dwell, there the pleadings of the miserable, the sorrows of the wretched and the cries of the poor find an advocate that will not repulse them.

No human being, no matter what might be the heavy burden of his sins, who appealed with sincere sorrow to that heart was ever rejected, for its mercy is as deep as its love. If you ask where is the direct road, the broad avenue in which one never goes astray and which leads directly to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the answer is through the immaculate heart of Mary. This is only reasonable, for the blood that circulated through the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and which He poured out for man's redemption first flowed through the immaculate heart of Mary. With what veneration and love then should we turn to that immaculate heart, for if it be through it we come to Jesus, it is through it Jesus will come to us.

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

*All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City*

### THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

#### MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

For two months we talked of vacation, and now we must think of work. As it is only work that can win the reward of rest, so in like manner must that rest prepare us again for work. The longer we live the more convinced we are that labor, while intended for a punishment, is in very truth a genuine blessing. Many of you will be very willing to admit the truth of this assertion, when you recall the many times during vacation when you were worn out in frittering and wishing the time away ; yes, and wishing for September, when all things would be in regular running order again and you would run along smoothly with the rest.

Well, here is September and now we must prepare for serious business.

The first thing to be thought about is an earnest good will. It is the first essential for success—to will it. Of course, success does not always follow the good will, but it is never found without the good will.

One of the many newly coined words of the day is stickativeness and it is an excellent synonym for perseverance.

Now at the beginning of the school year many of us set out very well. We are full of fervor, and the novelty of study after the long summer vacation is in itself attractive. But by and by that novelty wears off, and then it is that the quality of stickativeness holds us in good stead. Genius, we

are told, is only the ability to stick at a thing—and it is true.

Many of the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW, the young people, have the good fortune to attend a Catholic school and I wish them joy of the advantages which they are not now able to appreciate. Later in life, dear children, you will hold the grace of a Catholic, a Christian education as the greatest gift after Baptism ever bestowed upon you by God.

Your after life will be influenced by your standards, and your standards are being firmly planted for you now.

Blessed, thrice blessed are the parents who count the souls of their children of such infinite value, that they do all that in them lies to secure for those souls a happy eternity.

Nothing goes further in securing that eternity than a Christian education.

"Blessed are the eyes that see the things which you see, and the ears that hear the things which you hear." Surely those words of our dear Lord may be most aptly applied to the favored children of our Catholic schools.

"All is so short that passes with time," were the words of a noble young Frenchman, who in dying sought to comfort his wife in her sorrow by those words.

Yes, very short, and yet how many parents are so short-sighted as not to recognize that a Catholic education (even if it were inferior to a merely secular one) is infinitely preferable because it is educating for eternity.

Intelligent people of to-day, both Catholic and Protestant, have ceased

calling in question the excellence of Catholic schools, so, dear young friends, who are pupils of such, prize your privilege and improve it.

Remember our Lord's teaching in the College of the Apostles, "Go and teach all nations!"

Every Catholic child, the pupil of a Catholic school, must become an apostle or be unfaithful to his or her trust.

Be apostles of good example; of truth which scorns a lie; of purity which shudders and flies at the approach of evil; of that Christ-like charity and kindness which will spread the kingdom of God upon earth. That is the apostolate which will prove the worth of Catholic education.

And now a word about the third Sunday of September, the feast of Our Lady of Sorrows—the seven dolours of our dear Mother Mary. Pray to her on that day, yes, during the novena preceding it for a sympathetic heart for those in sorrow. Pray for two dear friends of the Secretary who are in desolation because of the death of a beloved father, and pray for a dear old man who dying, at the glorious age of ninety years, was so lovable, so charming and so wonderfully clear in all his faculties as to be still the idol of his children, whose daughter could write of him, "If we could only have him to sit in his arm chair, solely for his dear company."

Dear children, learn the lesson of reverent love for the aged. It is not one of the lessons of the latter day education. But it is the lesson of charity taught pre-eminently in a Christian school. Treasure your parents and so win the blessing of God for your own declining years.

Try to be very compassionate towards our dear Mother of Sorrows on September 17. She had a broken

heart, dear children, broken because of you and me.

Go to her very sweetly and lovingly on the feast of her seven sorrows, and remember at her dear feet the sorrowful hearts who cry to her from every quarter of the world.

Devotedly,  
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

#### MAXIMS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. No prayer is unheard, none is wasted.—Faber.
2. People are fickle, little room there is for trusting them, so repose all your confidence in God Who changes not.—St. Theresa.
3. Our Lady of Sorrows will be to you in life and death a most gentle and most powerful Lady of Compassion.—Eliza A. Starr.
4. Charity has no thought of self.—Ozanam.
5. Who is like God?—St. Michael.

#### FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. In what part of London should Quakers live?
2. How do we know that fishes sometimes go crazy?
3. Like which one of Shakespeare's plays is the last day of February?
4. What is the best thing out?
5. What writer would have made a good angler?

#### FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What country is called the sick man of the east, and by whom?
2. What college is called "the Silent Sister"?
3. Who is the author of "Call a spade a spade"?
4. Where was the expression "true blue" first used?
5. What is the origin of the word bumper?

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. When it is Browning.
2. An Easterly wind.
3. Sin.
4. The wind.
5. Because both reign (rain).

## ANSWERS TO THINKERS.

1. Roger Bacon.
2. Goldsmith.
3. Athens.
4. St. Augustine.
5. (1) St. George, patron of England.  
(2) St. Denis, patron of France.  
(3) St. James, patron of Spain.  
(4) St. Anthony, patron of Italy.  
(5) St. Andrew, patron of Scotland.  
(6) St. Patrick, patron of Ireland.  
(7) St. David, patron of Wales.

## FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

St. Augustine and the Little Child.

It is related of St. Augustine, that one day, while walking on the sea shore, lost in meditation upon the great mystery of the Holy Trinity, upon which he was writing a discourse, he saw, as it were in a vision, a little child bringing water and endeavoring to fill a hole which he had dug in the sand. St. Augustine asked him the motive of his labors. The child said he intended to empty all the water of the sea into this cavity. "Impossible," exclaimed St. Augustine. "Not more impossible," answered the child, "than for thee, O, Augustine, to explain the mystery on which thou art now meditating."

St. Augustine was born in Numidia. His father was a heathen; his mother, Monica, was a Christian. In his youth he was so devoted to pleasure that his mother was most anxious in regard to him. In her sorrow she sought the advice of the Bishop of Carthage. He

comforted her with the assurance that her prayers would be answered at last.

Augustine was converted by the preaching of St. Ambrose, and was baptized by him. That beautiful song of thanksgiving, the "Te Deum," was composed for that occasion.

St. Augustine was Bishop of Hippo, and a great doctor of the Church.

## What Matters It?

A rare and lovely flower, one day,  
Bloomed in a garden by the street,  
And people passing by that way,  
Its beauty praised, and fragrance  
sweet.

Far up the lonely mountain side,  
Where never foot of man had trod,  
A flower, in beauty, bloomed and died,  
Seen only by the eye of God.

Out in the world, an active life  
A ruling power was with men,  
And, after all its toil and strife,  
Came tributes grand of tongue and  
pen.

A woman in obscurity,  
Through years of poverty and pain,  
Lived out in blameless purity,  
A life the world would call in vain.

What matters it, down here, to us,  
If fame and honors we have none;  
If we're a mere anonymous,  
But gain, at last, our Lord's "well  
done?"

O Thou, Mother! Fount of love!  
Touch my spirit from above,  
Make my heart with thine accord,  
Make me feel as thou hast felt;  
Make me feel as thou hast felt;  
With the love of Christ, my Lord.

—STABAT MATER

## Editorial Notes.

### Orangeism and Mt. Carmel.

The Italians have a great love for Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Where it is at all possible they must have a solemn procession on her feast day, the 16th of July. There is a Catholic church, St. Peter's, Hatton Garden, in London, England, which has been built by the Italians residing there. This year, as usual, a public procession was held from St. Peter's Church through the neighboring district in honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. But it was not destined to pass unnoticed by the bitter enemies of the Church. William Johnston, the Orange M.P. for Belfast, notorious for his bigotry and bitter opposition to all measures tending to the welfare of Ireland, made this procession a subject of enquiry in Parliament. He drew attention to the fact that by a law of the tenth year of George IV., Catholic priests were forbidden to appear in the streets in ecclesiastical vestments. He wished to know from the Government why this law was not to be enforced. He pointed out also, that in the 15th year of Victoria a proclamation was published prohibiting Catholic processions in public. He desired the Government to renew this proclamation in view of the obnoxious procession held on the 16th of July.

Sir R. Finlay, the Solicitor-General, replied in the name of the Government. He said that these processions had not been brought to the official notice of the Government, and that he had learned of them only through the press. The Government, however, did not propose to renew the proclamation mentioned. The spirit of toleration at the present time was so widely diffused

that these laws have fallen into disuse, and only bigotry could desire to have these effete laws resuscitated.

This noble answer must have been greatly disappointing to the valiant Orange leader, as it must have proved to him clearly that the Government would manage to worry along even without the support of Orangeism.

### The Dawn of Liberty.

The American people love liberty. They fought for it and died for it in the Revolutionary war. They love it not only for themselves, but for the strangers within their gates, and the neighbor next door. They poured out treasures of gold and blood to give liberty to the negro and to the Cuban. They are ready to do the same thing for the benighted Phillipines, who are ignorant enough to prefer their own brand of liberty. The only ones who cannot obtain their full meed of liberty are the Catholics, not because the American Government is not willing, but because they are such slaves to their Church and their consciences. Evidently this was the idea of the Porto Rican Commissioners, the "Insular Commission" appointed by President McKinley to investigate the affairs of Porto Rico. These liberty-loving Insular Commissioners recommend that "Priests and others who have taken the vow of celibacy be permitted to renounce said vow, and enter into marriage relations the same as other persons." They also advocate the liberty of divorce and the liberty of public school education.

And why, in the name of American liberty, should priests not be free? And why should not married people be free to renounce their vows? And

why should Catholic children not have the liberty to go to public schools? And why should not bad and excommunicated Catholics have the liberty of a burial in consecrated ground? And why should not American soldiers in the Philippines not have the liberty to loot and desecrate churches, and demolish sacred images? It is evident that the Catholic mind is not able to understand the blessings of American liberty, when it is shocked by these logical consequences of the spirit of independence. Alas! In spite of these outrages upon our consciences, there is a cry for more Americanism in our own camp. Instead of manfully and courageously protesting against these infamous abuses of true liberty, the President is publicly assured of our readiness to be loyal, true American citizens, willing to suffer anything and everything for the glory of our flag. True loyalty might save the Republic from all this shame and disgrace, but not this blind, cowardly waving of a flag which is dishonored by brutal, fanatical vandals in the East.

#### PUBLICATIONS.

*Reaction from Agnostic Science*, by W. J. Madden. Published by Herder, of St. Louis. Price, net, 75 cents.

This work is intended to indicate the return of this century's independent thinkers from the vagaries of science on spiritual matters to traditional and natural views. It seems to assure us that the fever is abating in the scientific pulse, with its concomitant fantasies, and that sound reason may soon assert itself. At first glance one might say that it was a small book on a great subject; but the author makes no pretense of entering the school to explode notions, confound doctors and extinguish the lights; he rather stands by to mark the confusion and absurdities of those who would lead. No consensus of opinion can be arrived at that nature is God, and the expectant laity are informed or allowed to conclude that faith, prayer and old fashioned morality are still in possession. The four gases at which men arrived when abandoning a personal god and revelation are unable to maintain their sovereignty, and we may yet hold our souls with their aspirations and destiny from a higher source than oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon.

Educational requirements begin to abate from the necessity of wading through Dar-

win, Huxley, Tyndal, &c., as these authors have waded through swamps and quagmires, among tadpoles and mudfish in quest of cells and protoplasmic matter. The chapter, "Difficulties and Their Answers," contains some sensible explanations to impatient difficulties and queries. The summary of the author might be expressed in saying that if the world is evolved from its own independent elements, our minds are too involved ever to appreciate the arguments adduced, and reason, this guide of ours, resenting the impositions of ephemeral sciences, looks wistfully to God and his teaching.

*Manual of Patrology*, by Rev. Bernard Smith, O.S.B. Herder, St. Louis. Price, \$1.25.

The title of this volume quickens the interest of every student at first sight and he is not disappointed after examining it. It is merely a guide to the shrines of the ancient doctors of the church; it arranges the reverend tomes before us in proper order of time and importance, opening each and familiarizing us sufficiently to set us on reading terms. The little work is remarkably timely in its English translation. The theological student will appreciate its real value as an aid to patristic reading and Church history, and among the laity it will serve efficiently to revive a taste for the ancient lore of Christianity, of which we speak so much and know so little. If such translations continue, the English language, which has so long been the vehicle of heresy and opposition, promises to soon equal those of Catholic peoples in the propaganda of Church literature.

*Carmel in England*, a History of the English Mission of the Discalced Carmelites, 1615 to 1849. Drawn from Documents preserved in the Archives of the Order. By Father B. Zimmerman, O.C.D., London. Burns & Oates.

The author presents to the public and especially to the admirers of St. Teresa and her fruitful labors a generous addition to the annals of the Order of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The history of this Order has ever been the record of Saints, and it is gratifying to have disclosed to us during this long and trying period, true Carmelites bearing St. Teresa's faith and love from her many sanctuaries on the continent to English people. These portraits of Saintry Carmelites are, as we might expect, outlined on the dark background of penal times. Although this period is most familiar to us, the present volume is to be welcomed since we all desire to know how the White Friars then newly kindled to primitive ardor by their great St. Theresa, bore themselves in the ordeal.



## The Hospice of St. Carmel.

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

### The Scientific Value of the Hospice.

Gradually the Catholic laity of the United States and Canada are learning to appreciate the great advantages offered them in the use of the great Retreat house at the Falls. Visitors have come from all parts of the country, and after a stay at the Hospice have gone away full of praise for its beauty, its unequalled surroundings, and its holy atmosphere.

To the scientific world the hospice has been another revelation of the old truth, that the Catholic Church is not averse to true progress, and that the "everlasting monk is always in the vanguard of science," as one of the speakers at the civic housewarming so tersely expressed it.

Our readers will, therefore, pardon me if I give more than the usual amount of space to an elaborate article on the electric wonders of the Hospice, which appeared in the *Western Electrician*. Illustrated articles on the same subject have also appeared in the *Electrical World* and the *Scientific American*.

The article in the *Western Electrician* was written by Orrin E. Dunlap, and is profusely illustrated. I am sorry I

cannot reproduce the illustrations, but I shall give copious extracts of the text under its own heading:

### "ELECTRICAL HEATING AND COOKING AT THE CARMELITE HOSPICE."

Electricity is now used for lighting, heating and cooking purposes in the new Hospice building of the Carmelite Fathers on the Canadian side at Niagara Falls. The plant which has been installed in this institution has several novel features, and as it is operated in connection with Niagara electric energy, it is of much interest. It was installed by Mr. A. Harth, an electrical engineer who makes electric heating a specialty.

The Hospice plant consists of a transformer station, which is located about 150 feet west of the main building. It is a small, wooden structure in which are located two 30-kilowatt Westinghouse and one 25-kilowatt General Electric transformers primary 2,200 volts and three-phase secondary 110 volts, the current being transmitted from the transformer station to the main building through an underground cable. The switchboards are located in the basement of the main structure and are two in number. A switch-

board with double-throw switches controls two phases of the current, and the third phase is controlled by a switchboard adjoining, and is used for cooking, lights, etc. The switchboards are so arranged that either transformer can be used independent of the other for either purpose.

The total amount of electric power used in the building is 100 horse power. Of this amount 25 horse power is applied to lighting, cooking and heating water, while the remainder, 75 horse power, is devoted to heating the lower floor of the building. The space thus heated consists of 11 bedrooms, reception room and office and the dining room, also the corridor. This corridor is 120 feet long, 10 feet wide and 15 feet high. In it have been placed nine four horse power electrical heaters. Each bedroom is 10 by 12 by 15 feet in size, and each has an electrical heater of four horse power, equipped with a changeable-heat switch of two heats.

While there are many places in the country where electricity is used for cooking small dishes, it is probable that there is not another electrical kitchen in the world like that installed in the Hospice building, the intention being that it shall have a capacity of cooking all the meals of the residents and guests at the Hospice. The kitchen has not been installed as a novelty, merely to outline the possibilities of electrical cooking, but it was adopted to supersede all other kinds of fuel commonly in use in kitchens, coal, gasoline, oil, etc., and it may be said that it has answered all the demands made upon it in splendid style. This kitchen is operated by an electric combination range and three electric ovens. The range has a heating surface of six square feet. Each square foot of surface has its individual switch and can

be controlled at full or half heat, as desired. The range, as a whole, consumes 90 amperes of current and each square foot of surface 15 amperes. The oven capacity consists of two small ovens and one large oven. Each of the two small ovens has three compartments and each compartment consumes 23 amperes at 110 volts. The large oven takes 50 amperes and its facilities are such that it will accommodate four large roasts at one time.

The electric current is carried into the butler's pantry, where tea and coffee are made. Here are three five-gallon urns and a chafing dish. Each of the urns is electrically connected. One is used for tea, another for coffee, while the third is used for heating water to supply the tea and coffee urns.

Adjoining the switchboards in the basement there is to be seen a barrel-like apparatus. This is a 400-gallon boiler in which water is heated for laundry and bathroom purposes. It takes a current of 120 amperes, being divided into three heats. Opposite this boiler, but not shown in the illustration, stands a smaller boiler of 150 gallons capacity. This boiler is used for heating water for kitchen use, but can be used in connection with the larger boiler. The small boiler takes 125 amperes of current, being also divided into three heats. Both of the boilers are covered with  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch asbestos covering, to add to their efficiency. It may be remarked here that an effort is made to heat the water when there is not a demand for the current for other purposes.

The current used by the installation is obtained from the Canadian Niagara Power Company. It is generated in the station of the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway Company, which is about two miles distant from the Hos-



pice. It is transmitted to the Hospice from the station over No. 3 copper wire. With the exception of times in winter when anchor ice has bothered the generating station, the service has been ideal. The cleanliness and comfort with which electricity can be used in a kitchen has been well portrayed, and the cook in charge speaks very highly of the use of electricity for kitchen work. She has had many years of experience with coal and other fuels, but she pronounces electricity as far superior. As to what can be accomplished by the installation of this kitchen, it may be pointed out that on the occasion of the recent formal opening and blessing of the Hospice, dinner was cooked for 250 persons in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. This did not include the soup making; this requiring some hours of attention, the soup was prepared the day before.

The efficiency of the ovens has been found to be very high. The door of the large oven is fitted with a thermometer, which indicates the stage of heat at which the oven is prepared to bake or roast. This is plainly indicated, and thus the cook can make no mistake in the proper time at which to place her meats or other articles of food in the oven. As the heat is always uniform, so should be the cook's output from her kitchen. There is a noticeable absence of the smell common where gas is used, and also of the ashes and dirt where coal is the fuel consumed. The dinner or other meal cooked, the heat can be turned off, leaving the kitchen as cool as any other part of the house in summertime. There is no lingering fire to watch and care for; no getting up early to see if the fire is out; no hustling over a slow fire for a quick meal, for the simple turning of a switch sends the current through the range or ovens to any degree the cook

may desire. With no call for current in the kitchen, it may be directed to the boilers to heat the water for the various purposes outlined. In the 400-gallon boiler water is boiled from 60 degrees to 212 degrees in six hours with full heat. In the small ovens bread can be baked in 18 minutes.

The special apparatus for the plant was built by the Hadaway Electric Heating and Engineering company of New York.

One who has been an ardent advocate of the use of electricity in the Hospice is the Very Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt, the provincial of the Carmelites in the United States and Canada. For years he has had such a service in mind, and in his relative, Mr. Harth, he has found one who has most excellently equipped his institution. The present building is but a portion of the plan, as contemplated at this point. When the plan has been perfected the institution will be one of the finest buildings on the Niagara border, the idea being to have a religious house where pilgrims from all sections will be drawn to adore Nature's God in spirit and in truth. The present little chapel or shrine of Our Lady of Peace erected in the early '20's.<sup>1</sup> The idea of the Niagara Hospice was conceived by the late Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, who petitioned Pope Pius IX. to grant all the favors and privileges of the European sanctuaries to the little shrine at the Falls, with permission to transfer the privileges to the new shrine when completed. This was granted, and when the building is completed it will form one of the most striking buildings for completeness of detail and architectural beauty in America. At present the main building and one wing have been built, forming an "L," the dimensions of

which are 200 by 250 feet at the foundation line, the height to the top of the towers being 85 feet. In time the hospice and shrine will be combined, and then the shrine will occupy the centre between the two wings, the northernmost one of which will be the home for guests or pilgrims and the southern one will be the monastery. From this it will be seen that the Niagara Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers is destined to be modern in every particular and founded on the latter-day principles of the Order.

Standing on the bluff, back of beautiful Victoria Niagara Free Park, the hospice building overlooks the most magnificent scenery in the world. From it the Falls of Niagara and long distances of the upper and lower river may be seen. Far off to the north the glorious Niagara Gorge runs in all its

wonderful sublimity, while the speeding of the waters, as they hurl themselves down from Lake Erie, over reef after reef, in delightful shades of green, broken by the whitened waters of the rapids above the falls, convinces one that not only is the Niagara fortunate in its scenic features, but in the wonderful possibilities of its power development, of which the hospice installation is most significant.

### Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

## The Outward Tide.

MOTHER, the seaweed-ebbing tide doth flow

Out by the sin-foamed space,

But thou'lt caress thy wearied children back

With lingering embrace.

Mother, the tide is strong and bears us far

From where thy true heart dwells;

Waves of our childhood's memory turn to thee

With lessening farewells.

Mother, we wave our hands. The day forgets

Hearts crushed with storms and fears;

The saddest of the voyage-dim regrets,

And cares half lost in tears.

Mother, so loved and longed and waited for,

So patiently besought—

Beat back the waves of sin and fill with love

Our desolated thought.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Manual of Meditations*, for the use of the Sisters of St. Joseph. B. Herder, St. Louis, price 75 cents.

*The Old Patroon* and other Plays, by Geo. Stanislaus Connell, published by Wm. H. Young & Co., New York. Price 40 cents.

*More Fun Than Huckleberries*, by Felix J. O'Neill, illustrated. Published by Wm. Young & Co., New York. Price 50 cents.

## PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—*St. James, v. 16.*

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

68 school children, San Francisco; special request by an afflicted person; petition for three sister for Special Intention success of brother in examination, employment means; 12 petitions for health; 3 for success in undertaking; 4 for vocations; 2 for employment; 5 for temporal success.

## OBITUARY.

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

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

MRS. LYMAN GRAVES, Rochester, N. Y.

MICHAEL RYAN CARTER, Chippewa, Ont., buried at Falls View, Ont., July 29.

MRS. CATHARINE SHIELDS, died July 31st, 1897.

FRANCIS J. MALONE, Falls View, who after a long illness patiently borne, met his end with Christian resignation at the early age of 24 years. He was buried from the Chapel of "The Shrine," Aug. 5th.

MRS. PRICE, Wallaceburg, Ont., who departed this life July 5, 1899. The deceased was an old subscriber and ardent devotee of Our Blessed Lady.

ANDREW SHANAHAN, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. BEHRINGER, who died August 11th, at Buffalo, N. Y.

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

## Favors for the Hospice.

Mrs. B. L., New York City; The Ven. Sr. M. N., Longue Point, Que.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; Miss A. F., Lexington, Mass.

## WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from: Moore Creek, Ont.; St. Michael's, Belle Isle, Nfld; Corpus Christi, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Basil's Novitiate, Deer Park, Ont.; Orillia, Ont.; St. Rose's Church, Hastings, Mich.; New Market, Ont.; Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont.; St. Basil's, Brantford, Ont.; St. Wenceslaus', La Crosse, Wis.; St. Lawrence's, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Alphonsus, Wheeling W., Va.; St. Francis Xavier's, Carlsruhe, Ont.; Dundas, Ont.; Wilkes Barra, Pa.; Fenelon Falls, Ont.; Dresden, Kan.; Barkville, Mich.; St. John's Newark, N. J.; St. Vincent's, Niagara, Ont.; St. Mary's, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Jasper College, Jasper, Ind.; St. Mark's, Shakopee, Min.; St. Ann's, Glace Bay, C. B.; Our Lady of Sorrows, Manzano, N., Mex.; Sacred Heart, Alberton, P. E. I.; St. Joseph's, Ant. Co., N. S.; Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.; Sacred Heart, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; The Cathedral, Alexandria, Ont.

Names received at our New Baltimore, Pa., Monastery from: Germantown, Pa.; St. Aemilianus Orphan Asylum, St. Francis, Wis.; Napoleon, Wis.; Rylfountain, Mo.; St. Mary's, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.; Beaver Dam, Wis.

## LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

From T. T. M., Springfield, Mass. I am thankful to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, who obtained for me from the Divine Source of Light the recovery of my sight.

From Mrs. R. Ruten, N. Dakota.—After a novena in honor of our Lady of Mt. Carmel, I was completely cured of a dangerous chest trouble. I promised to have it published in the Carmelite Review.

From M. W., Rochester, N. Y.—I have obtained the position I asked for from Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

From N. Y.—I promised to Our Lady to have it published in the Carmelite Review, if I should obtain employment. I have obtained it and wish to express my thanks in your pages.