



CARMELITE CONVENT AT COVENTRY.

"THE GATEWAY."

"It was a very aged, ghostly place, the church had been built many hundred years ago, and once had a convent or monastery attached . . . The gate is open. We will sit in the church porch, said little Nell"—*Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop," Chap. 46.*



The Voice of Jesus Crucified.



ARKLY the shades of death had gathered round Him,
 Murmured the trembling lips of ashen hue ;
 " Father, forgive them—these for whom I'm dying,
 Father, forgive—they know not what they do ! "

Like to the incense from a golden censer,
 Wafted the fragrance of that touching prayer,
 Softly the dew of grace and tender mercy,
 Fell on a dying heart beside Him there.

Brightly the star of hope with silvery gleaming,
 Shone through the clouds with gentle guiding ray,
 Breathes forth his humble prayer to be remembered
 By Jesus in His Kingdom far away.

Oh ! gentle answer from our living Saviour !
 Oh ! words divine ! " Amen, I say to thee,
 This day, for ever free from pain and sorrow,
 In Paradise thou shalt rejoice with Me ! "

The fading eyes are gazing on His Mother,
 Who stands beneath the cross in bitter pain :
 Then on the loved Disciple, and the music
 Of His sweet words gives forth this plaintive strain

" Behold thy Son ! " again, " Behold thy Mother ! "
 Oh ! wondrous love ! Oh ! pity all divine !
 What shall we render, O my sweetest Jesus,
 For this most precious parting gift of thine ?

Deepen the shadows round the dying Saviour,
 And o'er His spirit like the stormy sea,²
 Rush the deep waves—oh! hear that moan of anguish,
 "My God! why hast Thou thus forsaken Me?"

Trembling the Mother gazes on her loved One,
 Sees the parched lips she cannot moisten now,
 "I thirst, I thirst!" His Sacred Head is drooping,
 And blood is flowing from His thorn-pierced Brow.

Now, "All is finished!" Like the golden sunset,
 Is fading fast that life of love divine,
 And to the eyes of faith bright rays of glory
 E'en now around that holy Cross entwine.

Once more He speaks, it is the last sweet sighing
 Of those dear lips whose thrilling melody
 Is murmured now in tones of deepest sadness,
 "My Father, I commend my spirit unto Thee."

Now in the lonely depths of Mary's spirit,
 Sink the last echoes of those words divine.
 Like to the boundless ocean is thy sorrow,
 What can comfort thee, O Mother mine?

Soon in her loving arms they gently laid Him,
 Ah! 'twas his first and latest place of rest:
 Sad are the waves of memory round her flowing
 Of a fair Infant on her tender breast.†

Now in the garden tomb her Son is lying;
 Slowly the mourning Mother turns away
 Waiting in faith, and hope, and patient longing
 For the glad dawning of the Easter-day.

² "Salvum me fac Deus, quoniam intraverunt
 aquæ usque ad animam meam." Ps. iv., 18.

† "Has Bethlehem come back to thee, my Mother, and the days of His beautiful
 childhood?"—Faber "Foot 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 XVI. (Continued.)



THE same means which had saved Nicosia were renewed at Famagouste. One day's fast upon bread and water was observed by the entire city, and a general conference was held

in the Cathedral of St. Sophia. Every rank and every age—from the old man, trembling upon the verge of the grave, to the little infant, sheltered in its mother's arms—every condition, from the wealthy merchant to the mendicant asking for alms, responded to the call of the Apostle. Not only the Latins and the United Greeks were there, but even adherents of the different heresies prevailing in the Orient came in great numbers, and *all* agreed to the fast as directed by the Legate. All took part in the procession, barefoot, and with torch in hand, with an air of the deepest penitence and humility. Each nation advanced, according to the rank prescribed, and each chanted hymns, canticles and lamentations, as enjoined by its own special rite. The solemnity of the scene was appreciated even by the Jews and Turks, many of whom, inspired by the example of the Christians, fell into rank, were pro-

foundly affected, and remained with the procession until the end. The crowning point of this memorable demonstration was the sermon preached by Blessed Peter. His intense earnestness, his graceful and impressive gestures, his very look, glance—all combined had such an effect that even those who were ignorant of the language in which he spoke seemed to understand and were moved to penitence.

Private mortifications united to public prayer never fails to disarm the wrath of heaven. St. Gregory, during a procession which he had ordered, hoping to obtain the cessation of a terrible pestilence, beheld an angel putting back into its scabbard the sword of divine justice. At Famagouste the Lord, in like manner, permitted Himself to be touched by the supplications of another of his servants and by the penitence of the guilty city. There were at the time of the devotions, at least two hundred poor creatures writhing in the agonies of the plague. According to the dictum of the physicians there was hope of life for very few, and even they had but a slender chance. Then the astrologers, both at that period and subsequently, held in such esteem by the ignorant and superstitious, proclaimed that not one stricken by the pestilence would recover. "The age of the moon and the conjunction of the stars was so unfavorable!" And yet from the time of those pious exercises there was *not one death from the plague either at Famagouste or at any other part of the*

Ile of Cyprus. The scourge disappeared miraculously. All these statements are authentic—Philip de Mezzieres who relates them was an eyewitness to all. It is time to give some biographical details of this noble chevalier who, from this time on, will be found to be intimately associated with the diplomatic, military and oratorical campaigns of the holy Legate.

Philip de Mezzieres was born in the year 1312, in a castle, in the village, which bears the family name, situated in Picardy. Possessed of an adventurous spirit, he left the paternal mansion—which was fast falling into decay—at an early age, and set off, as he intended, upon a tour of the whole world. After a rapid transit through Lombardy, and a similar course through Sicily his ardent and pious soul felt attracted towards the noble cause of the holy places, and their attempted rescue. Compatriot of Peter the Hermit, it is said that he thought Palestine was to be delivered by an inhabitant of Picardy, and forthwith set out for the Orient. With the Dauphin of Viennois, with Geoffry de Charny and the first Boucicant he made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on his return stopped at Cyprus. There he placed his great eloquence at the service of the most noble cause, thus gaining him the favor of the brave and chivalrous spirits of whom the Count de Tripoli, heir presumptive to the throne, was the soul and hope. The latter, during the comparatively peaceful reign of his father, found his chief pleasure in entertaining the nobles of the court with projects of future conquest. He had quietly affiliated his young friends to a military organization. Mezzieres had most probably drawn up the statutes for this special detachment.

To assure himself beforehand of the concurrence of the French, the Count de Tripoli had sent Mezzieres to Pope Clement VI., to Philip of Valois, and to John, Duke of Normandy. Upon his accession to the throne, under the name of Pierre I., he appointed Mezzieres chancellor of the kingdom.

The education of this cultured gentleman was far more thorough than that of the greater part of the laity, and even surpassed that of many amongst the clergy. "He seemed, therefore," to use the language of a modern author from whom we have borrowed these details, "most specially destined for that office."

During the first visits of Peter Thomas to Cyprus, Philip de Mezzieres had begun to know and appreciate him, but from the date of the second legation of the Bishop to the Orient they were in constant and intimate communication. Their mutual esteem, their perfect concurrence upon all questions of political—or ecclesiastical nature, had drawn together these two illustrious men in the bonds of a sincere and lasting friendship. Holy souls—generous disciples of the gospel—in a word, the saints of God—present the most favorable field for friendship, which they feel alike and inspire in an eminent degree.

To this friendship was added, on the part of Mezzieres the most profound and enthusiastic veneration for the humble religious. One cannot peruse, without being deeply touched, the page whereon after having summed up the marvels wrought by Blessed Peter at Cyprus, and depicting the influence which such virtue gives its possessor over the human heart, the historian proceeds to dilate upon their friendship in the most candid and affectionate manner.

"I have received from him," said he, "so many proofs of fatherly love and kindness that if I wished to relate them I never would have sufficient time. My pen, moreover, could not portray my feelings. I pass by many of the good deeds he has accomplished in my regard. I will merely say that from the hour of my first acquaintance with him I chose him for my beloved father, how much has my love increased since then! From now, and for all future time he will be my father, and, though I am most unworthy, he has chosen me for his most loving and devoted son.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE CARMELITE MONASTERY AT COVENTRY,

(WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND).

Historical Sketch, with Illustrations, by Rev. Fr. Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D., London.



UPON the ill-fated 1st of October, 1539, there remained three alternatives for the expelled monks: (1) to join the secular clergy by accepting a living somewhere in the kingdom. The greatest obstacle, however, to this plan consisted in the reluctance of bishops to grant "letters of quality" i.e. testimonials to prove that the bearer was lawfully ordained and otherwise qualified for the exercise of ecclesiastical functions. Moreover, the Crown was not in the least anxious to reinforce the "Ultramontane" clergy by those who had only just been driven from their monasteries for their adherence to the Pope. (2) They might leave the country altogether and go to some foreign place where religious Orders were free from persecution. We have no evidence that any Carmelite adopted this line. Not only was travelling at that time more difficult and expensive than nowadays, but most of the fathers had long since passed the age when one cares for such a radical change. (3) There still remained a third course to take, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, most of the expelled religious had recourse to it: viz. to return to their families or relations, lead a retired life, observe as many points of the Rule as circumstances would

allow, say Mass in the nearest chapel or church and wait until death freed them from the bonds of a wicked world. As already stated, we lose sight of the Coventry Fathers the moment they are forced to submit to the Royal will. Yet one Coventry man, though not at the time a member of the community, is known to have obtained an ecclesiastical benefit. This was John Byrde, who had held the dignity of Provincial from 1515 till 1518, again from 1521 till 1533, and, after an interval of two years during which the aforesaid Provincial of all the Mendicants, George Browne, did his nefarious work of destruction, he was re-elected to a charge which subsequently remained vacant for more than three hundred years. His last tenure of office expired naturally with the extinction of the Order in England in 1538-9, after which date we find Byrde at Dunmow in Essex.

Although the written records teach us nothing more of the fate of the Carmelites of Coventry, it seems to me that their position may have been a little more favorable than that of most other communities. The monasteries of Friars were far from rich, not to be compared with the great Abbeys of Benedictine or Cistercian monks. Nevertheless there were greedy people who would court the Royal favor and were ever ready to scramble for the crumbs falling from the Royal table. The buildings and the plate may have been of little or no value, but there

was the ground, all the more precious as it was situate within the narrow walls of fortified towns: Consequently corporations vied with private individuals in importuning the King for some small convent or monastery, no matter how poor. Every inch of ground was worth having. Thus it came to pass that most of these monasteries were disposed of almost as soon as they were evacuated by their lawful owners. It was different at Coventry; there six years were allowed to pass until, on August 17th, 1545, the King granted letters patent to Sir Ralph Sadler and his heirs to hold in burgage the house and all that belonged to it with the exception of twenty shillings p.a. due to Mereton's chantry. Probably the monks were allowed to remain in the monastery during these six years, and more than probably their numbers diminished considerably during this time. There remained, therefore, but very few to

"Gain their freedom with a sigh."

Sir Ralph Sadler sold the former monastery to John Hales, who made it his habitation and directed by his will, dated 17th Dec., 1572, that after his death it should be sold, which, however, was not done, for John Hales, nephew of the aforesaid, lived there until the middle of the 17th century. The church, having been omitted from the original grant, was pulled down during the reign of Elizabeth, the materials being used for the construction of Causton House.

In the first half of the present century, the corporation of Coventry acquired the property at considerable cost and utilized it as a workhouse for male paupers, at the same time carefully preserving it from damage and decay. The illustrations we are able to offer to our readers have been prepared

by a friend and will give a fair idea of the actual state of the ancient monastic buildings. "The outer gate," says the historian of Coventry, "and portions of the monastery which lead thereto from Much Park Road may still be seen there in some remains of massive stone walls and arches inlaid and overlaid with brick work and formed into a poor looking dwelling house." It is supposed that this gate house is the one alluded to by Dickens in the "Old Curiosity Shop (Chap. 44)." Of the monastery itself there remains but a magnificent Gothic archway half buried in the ground; the original entrance with a fine Gothic window; two cloisters, namely, an outer and an inner, running side by side, the former being now divided into two portions, one of which serves as chapel, the other as bathroom. The inner cloister, of which we have a fine illustration, runs parallel to the outer one. It now serves as a dining room for the paupers, who will hardly appreciate its architectural beauties. This cloister, the very stones of which one would like to kiss, was the scene of much that goes to constitute the religious life. Through it moved stately processions, here some of the fathers might be seen silently meditating on the last things, while others would sit in the cosy window recesses reading or chatting in a subdued voice. The two cloisters are connected by a large gate, on both sides whereof there are deep and dark recesses, which our guide tells us were used as dungeons. What strange ideas of religious life our 19th century romancers must possess! No monastic building would be complete without a dungeon and some gruesome stories attached it. Here, at any rate, the site would have been badly chosen, being close to the door. A little com-

mon-sense and some experience of religious life suggests that the recesses in question served the much less romantic purpose of sheltering such trivial things as mantles and boots, to be put on and taken off upon going out and coming in.

Above the inner cloister there is the dormitory, now made into one large room, but formerly partitioned off, as is evidenced by the position of the window-mullions. At present this room is exceedingly lofty and airy, but originally there may have been a granary between it and the roof. In the centre of the dormitory there is a large Oriel window, from which Queen Elizabeth addressed the people of Coventry assembled in the quadrangle below, on what subject history does not record. The dark red sand stone, which forms the material of the building, if somewhat sombre, adds to its beauty and impressiveness.

Besides this side of the cloister there is only a part of another left, with a

very handsome doorway leading probably into the refectory, now the scullery, above which there seems to have been a private oratory. All the rest of the building is modern, calling for no particular notice. As has already been stated, nothing is left of the church, but there are no indications that it was in any way remarkable. Some years ago, when its foundations were laid bare for building purposes, a number of skeletons were discovered, some of which were still clothed in the Carmelite habit. They were reverentially transferred to consecrated ground.

On leaving these hallowed precincts, I could not resist the temptation of entering my name in the visitors' book, with the qualification: "Whitefriar from London," considering myself as the lawful owner of this old monastery, and as such I did not omit to greet the Queen of Carmel with a *Salve Regina* in the place where in times past she had frequently been thus saluted by her own favorite children.

Lines on Receiving "The Beauties of Mary."

WHAT precious gems of holy thoughts
 And graceful imagery,
 Into this diadem are wrought,
 O Mother Queen, for thee!
 Thy beauties in poetic souls
 Awake soft chords of love,
 Like echoes from the Angel-choirs
 In land of song above.
 A gift, with kindly greeting, sent
 Across the deep blue sea:
 I love it for the donor's sake,
 But more, my Queen, for Thee!

THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

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



THE Church celebrates the Feast of the Annunciation on the twenty-fifth of this month, and in Catholic countries binds all the faithful to observe it as a holy day of obligation, that they may give glory to God by honoring His Blessed Mother. The festival is of very ancient date. It goes back to the early ages of the Church, and according to several ancient writers of great authority, it is of Apostolic origin. Benedict XIV. and also the Bollandists agree with this statement, on account of the authority that supports it, and the weight of tradition in its favor. Pope Gelesius I. makes mention of it in 492 and several councils at a little later date. At a very early period some churches in Europe celebrated the feast on the 18th of January, and some others on the 18th of December, but this was only for a short time, and was done to avoid the inconvenience of the festival falling within Holy Week, or the week after Easter, which might easily happen as Easter is a movable feast. During the former week, the Church is celebrating the sufferings of our Divine Lord in His passion and death, and during the latter she is celebrating His resurrection — His glorious triumph over death and the grave, and in her exultation is sending up her praise and thanksgiving, for the victory won for her by her divine Spouse. When this occurs, the feast of the Annunciation is transferred to

the first Monday after Low Sunday.

But the festival was celebrated from the earliest date on the 25th day of March, as that was the actual day on which the angel announced the happy tidings of our redemption and on which God, the Son, the Second Divine Person of the Blessed Trinity became incarnate in the sacred womb of the Blessed Virgin. That this most wonderful event, the greatest that ever occurred in time, took place on the 25th day of March we are assured from ancient tradition for Saint Augustine informs us, in his work on the Blessed Trinity, that in his time there was an ancient tradition stating that the 25th day of March was the very day that the Son of God became incarnate. As the angel announced on that day the happy tidings of our redemption to our Virgin Mother, and as on the same day our Divine Lord became incarnate, this feast would appear to be the feast of our Lord as well as the feast of the Blessed Virgin. But Suarez remarks that the gift of Christ to man was not perfectly accomplished till the moment of His birth, and on that account Christmas is the feast of Christ, whilst the Annunciation is chiefly regarded as the feast of the Blessed Virgin.

When God was about to create man, He took counsel with the Divine Persons of the most Holy Trinity: "Let us make man to our own image and likeness." We can very easily understand from these words the importance of man's creation. In creating all other things, grand as they may seem, there was no counsel taken. The earth with all its beautiful productions, the trees, flowers, and plants that spring from its fertile surface; the

variety and beauty of the animals that repose and feed upon its bosom ; the grand luminaries that roll above us in illimitable space, were created by the simple expression of His will. He said, and it was done. But when He was about to create man He, as it were, paused and took counsel. "Let us make man to our image and likeness." What a mysterious being man is ! How astonishing his destiny ! The image of God, spiritual, rational, free, living in time and through the vast and endless ages of eternity. Oh ! angels of heaven be silent when you look upon his destiny. Oh ! bright luminary, when you look down upon him from the height of your noontday splendor, upon him for whom you are flooding the earth with your light, had you only reason you would, were it possible, have long since asked your Creator why He poured out such treasures of light and beauty on this being so forgetful of his destiny.

Although God promised a Redeemer to man, a short time after his fall, yet nearly four thousand years had elapsed before the promise was accomplished. During that long period, man, ever prone to evil, would do without God and be sufficient in himself. But he had a sad experience in his journey through life; there was still remaining, though his understanding was much darkened, the light of natural reason, and through it he beheld the flight of time, the decay of fortune, and death victorious over life. In this sad plight he sought a being superior to himself to lean on, but in the pride of his heart he had turned away from the true and living God, refusing to adore Him, and as a punishment for his infidelity, God left him to follow his own devices and to bow to idols inferior to himself. Nor was he more fortunate

in governing nations and peoples. He tried all the schools of philosophy from age to age ; all kinds of isms were put to the test ; all systems of government were essayed, and political economy studied, but all failed, as nations and peoples will and must fail if they endeavor to throw off God and try to live without Him. As ages rolled by he not only erred in the first principles of justice in dealing with his fellow man, but he lost, through the utter corruption of his heart, light to discover the first principles of morality. He enslaved his fellow creatures and looked upon them as though they were mere animals, goods and chattels, and steeled his heart against their poverty and their helplessness. The loftiest heights of virtue did not stir a sympathetic chord within his heart, the most heroic deeds of charity were beneath his notice, whilst he clothed the gods of his own imagination with the most impure and degrading vices, and offered to them the incense of his devotion. Thus, man was degraded, a slave to his passions, brutal and cruel to his fellow man, doomed to drag out a miserable life here, and had no hope of a happy hereafter. How sad must have been his unhappy state ! Plunged into every species of vice, he frequently wallowed in the mire of unnatural crimes, so that the world was festering in its own corruption, when the plenitude of time arrived that God in the inscrutable decrees of His divine mercy determined to send a Redeemer.

A council is held in heaven, the redemption is decreed, and an archangel, one of the spirits that stand before the throne of God, is sent to earth to bear the happy tidings. But there is a mere human creature concerned in the redemption, without whose co-operation it could not be accomplished, as there

was no other creature conceived immaculate, and as no other had the transcendent sanctity required, which she possessed. She is the second Eve—our mother according to the spirit, as the first Eve is our mother according to the flesh. What a contrast between the two! If we look back to the cradle of the human race, we behold Eve in an earthly paradise, all bright and radiant in the splendor of her beauty, as she came forth from the hand of her Creator. An angel of darkness stands before her, her curiosity is aroused by his deceitful and seductive flattery, her pride and her vanity are stimulated, she is charmed and carried away by falsehood, the virus of the serpent insinuates itself into her bosom, consenting she puts forth her hand—taking, she eats; the deed is accomplished—she is lost. Saint John Chrysostom draws an antithesis between Christ and Adam, between Mary and Eve, and between the angel Gabriel and the serpent. "Death entered the world through Adam, life through Christ; the serpent seduced Eve, Mary gave her consent to the angel, but the seduction of Eve brought death, the consent of Mary gave a Redeemer to the world. What was lost through Eve is restored through Mary; what was lost through Adam is more than restored through Christ." Mary conceived immaculate, endowed with heavenly gifts beyond human comprehension, but insignificant in the eyes of the world, poor and unknown to the great ones of the earth, the wife of a poor artisan, resides in an unpretentious house away in an obscure valley in Judea. She is wrapt in contemplation, an angel of light stands before her, an ambassador sent by God and bearing the most important message that was ever announced to this

world since the omnipotent power of the Creator called it into existence. Her humility is alarmed at the salutation of the angel—those beautiful words so sweet and consoling to the human heart, and so frequently repeated by her children throughout the world: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." Who having heard was troubled at his saying and thought with herself, what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said to her, "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and thou shalt bring forth a son and thou shalt call his name Jesus." And Mary said to the angel, "How can this be, for I know not man." Here the angel explains, and tells her that no word is impossible with God, that by becoming a mother she will still remain a virgin. The fears of Mary are allayed. How sublime the virtue of humility and the love of virginity shone out in the attitude of Mary toward the angel. She trembles and asks what manner of salutation this might be, and demands an explanation, as she is troubled for her virginity. For although the most exalted position to which the omnipotent power of God could raise a creature, is to the dignity of being His Mother, nevertheless grand as that dignity stood out before her, she would renounce it forever, rather than her virginity should suffer the slightest taint. And both these virtues of humility and virginity were necessary for Mary that she might be chosen as the Mother of God, for if they did not shine before His all-searching eye, with such brilliancy down deep in her heart, He would have never chosen her for His Mother.

But this interview between Mary

and the angel was a moment of suspense, the fate of the human race hung in the balance; the consent of Mary was necessary; without it the Son of God would not take flesh in her womb, and no other was worthy to be His Mother. Let us here pause before the great mystery of the Incarnation. Who can fathom its depths? No man on earth can penetrate down to its unfathomable abyss, not even the highest angel in heaven, nor the Blessed Virgin herself, with her all but infinite knowledge and love. So it will ever remain an inscrutable mystery, the admiration, the joy and the rapture of the angels and the saints of God. And it is this great mystery that is to be accomplished. Mary gave her consent "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done with me according to thy word." And immediately the Son of God took flesh in her womb. "And the Word was made flesh." God by His omnipotent power created worlds, suns, and systems. His fiat went forth and a world was created. Mary's fiat went forth and a God became incarnate. In what words will we pronounce her praises! What tongue can proclaim the exalted dignity to which she is elevated! Here we must only bow down before the mysteries of God and unite with our Blessed Mother in praising Him for all that He hath done for her, repeating with her her glorious canticle of praise and prophecy. "And Mary said: my soul doth magnify the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is His name."

From the dawn of Christianity, the

Church has been the defender of the honor and the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin. We find her in the Apostles' creed holding her position with the Divine Persons of the Blessed Trinity, as she holds it now in heaven. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." If we go back to the year 431 we find the council of Ephesus—the third general council of the Church, convoked by the holy Pontiff Saint Celestin. We may remark here that it was this holy Pontiff who consecrated Saint Patrick Bishop, and sent him to Ireland to bear the glad tidings of salvation to the children of the Emerald Isle. As we have said above, the council being convoked, Saint Cyril of Alexandria was appointed Apostolic Legate to represent the Holy Father and to defend the Mother of God from the attacks of the heresiarch Nestorius, who endeavored to rob her of that title. He was patriarch of Constantinople, and the portrait that history draws of him is by no means flattering. The heresiarch was proud, superficial, with great pretensions to depth, and bombastic rather than eloquent. He declared that Jesus Christ had two persons: one the person of the man Jesus Christ, the other the person of God—the Word. Whence it followed, that Jesus was not God, but a man united to God in a more special and intimate manner than any other. Then, as a logical conclusion, the Blessed Virgin was not the Mother of God, but only the Mother of the man called the Christ, to whom the Word united Himself. This impious doctrine destroyed the mystery of the Incarnation, the divinity of Jesus Christ, and

the divine maternity of the Blessed Virgin. It was solemnly condemned in the second session of the council, and the divine maternity of the Blessed Virgin was vindicated. As we have here given the false doctrine of Nestorius condemned in the council, we deem it our duty to our readers to give the true Catholic doctrine taught by the Church on this subject. We consider that the creed of Saint Athanasius contains the clearest exposition of this grand dogma of the Church. "Furthermore it is necessary to everlasting salvation that we also believe rightly the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Now the right faith is that we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is both God and man. He is God of the substance of His Father begotten before all ages, and He is man of the substance of His Mother born in the world. Perfect God and perfect man, of reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting. Equal to the Father according to His Godhead, and less than the Father according to His manhood, Who although He be both God and man, yet He is not two but one Christ. One, not by the conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by the taking of the manhood into God. One altogether not by confusion of substance but by unity of person. For as the reasonable Soul and the flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ." And the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of that one Christ, God and man, and she is therefore the Mother of God.

It is a glorious thing for us to look back and go in spirit across the chasm of fifteen centuries, and view the piety and devotion of the inhabitants of Constantinople to the Blessed Virgin, when they indignantly left the Church on hearing the blasphemies of Nestorius uttered against the Mother of God. Nor were the inhabitants of Ephesus behind in their love for our Blessed

Lady. The streets of the ancient city, converted by Saint Paul, where the council was held, were thronged by the faithful awaiting the decision of the Fathers. And when the result was announced, that the honor of the Mother of God was vindicated, and that the heresy that sought to rob her of her glorious title was crushed, the night rang with their acclamations of joy and thanksgiving, the city was illuminated, and the air was redolent with perfumes burned in honor of the glorious victory of the Mother of God. After the decision, Saint Cyril rose in the council and addressed the Holy Virgin: "Hail, O Mother of God! O Mary! rich treasure of the universe, ever burning lamp, light of the Church, crown of virginity, sceptre of orthodoxy, imperishable temple, Mother and Virgin, through whom He is, that cometh blessed in the name of the Lord! We hail thee who didst, in thy virginal womb, contain Him Who is immense, incomprehensible! Thee, through whom the Holy Trinity is adored and glorified, the Cross honored and venerated throughout the universe, in whom heaven triumphs, the angels and archangels rejoice, the demons are put to flight; thee, through whom the fallen creature is raised up to heaven; thee, through whom the whole world, when crushed under the yoke of idolatry, was brought to the light of truth; through thee holy baptism and the unction of spiritual joy are imparted to the faithful; through thee all the Churches of the world were founded, and nations brought to penance. Through thee in fine, the only Son of God, the Orient from on high, hath visited us, to enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death. By thee the prophets foretold, and the apostles preached salvation to the nations, through thee the dead rise again and Kings reign in the name of the Blessed Trinity."

We have nothing more to add to this glorious tribute of praise, delivered before the Fathers in a general council of the Church, by one of her most distinguished sons, a saint and doctor, but to place it before our readers.

As a Stream Flows.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

"Dear child, you have suffered, too!" he said, and he turned away his glance and laid her bonnet across his knees, while another silence, longer than the first, followed.

"Judith," he said, at last, "do you know who I am? You will say I am Silas Grey; but have you ever heard that name before?"

The wonder grew into her brown eyes, and he seeing it, said:

"Do you remember hearing of the minister who saved Pete, the negro they thought murdered Jake Sharkley, from being lynched? I am that minister."

At the announcement the face of the girl grew ghastly. She sprang to her feet, and clenching the brown fingers over the hand that held the mint, cried, in a sudden passion of fear:

"My God! what brought you here? Don't you know he has vowed to kill you?" Then, a quick return of consciousness that she had betrayed her secret, made her to sink back on the log beside him and throw a hand before her eyes. He leaned toward her, and withdrawing the hand held it gently, but firmly, in his, while, looking down into her scared eyes, asked softly,

"Who said he will kill me, Judith?"

She looked at him appealingly, then, gradually, the great love of her heart welled up into her eyes, and diffusing itself over face and figure made her grow radiant under his glance.

"It does not matter. He shall not harm you," she said, faintly.

"Dear child;" he said, smiling down on her, and in the silence that followed, he felt her fingers tremble in his grasp. "Yes, I am that minister," he continued, "and I came here to find the murderer of Jake Sharkley." At the words, her hand grew like marble against his, her face whitened, but these signs of her agitation did not prevent him from concluding: "And I found him to-day!"

Judith snatched her hand from him and again sprang to her feet. He rose also, and advanced to her, but she stepped backwards from him and he thought for a moment she was going to faint. They stood gazing into each others' eyes, across the narrow strip of mint-covered ground. The face of the woman lost all its softness. The old hard lines came back, the defiant light glanced into her eyes, the figure grew stone-like in its rigidity; and he realized the will behind was well nerved. She would not faint this time, she would not cry for mercy, but would brave it out; and that she should do this filled him with disappointment and indignation. He forgot the sentiments that had appealed to him a few hours ago when he had remembered her silence; he only thought of the great crime she had been accomplice to by that silence.

"How could you do it, Judith?" he asked. "How could you close your

eyes against your duty? How could your heart allow that poor negro to languish in a convict's cell for a crime you knew he never committed? You will say, mercy for that mother? Did you not know Pete has a mother, too? Do you not think the heart of the black woman can feel as well as that of the white, that mother-love is the same, whatever the race or color? And did you not believe," he continued, leaning slightly toward her, and allowing his eyes, now shining with their rare holy light, to bear down on hers until it seemed they reached her inmost soul, "that God rights the innocent? Did you not know that the murderer cannot be hidden?"

Her face never changed under his questioning, neither anger nor sorrow showed on it; but he thought once a reproachful light glanced from the yellowish brown eyes.

"Dear child," he said, after a pause, "you did wrong. Perhaps you thought you were doing right. I would not be your judge. But now you know you have done wrong; now I ask you to make atonement by helping me bring Luke O'Hagan to justice."

An expression he never forgot, passed over her face, and it seemed as if the hand of age smote it there and then.

"Luke O'Hagan?" she repeated, slowly, and even her voice appeared to have changed, in that awful moment; then a laugh, a hollow, mirthless laugh, that sent a quiver along his nerves, awoke the echoes of the silent dell. "Luke O'Hagan," she continued, "would not harm a dog that Lucy Sharkley loved, much less murder the father she idolized."

Silas Grey looked at her in surprise, half-doubting his sense of hearing.

He had condemned her sin for shielding the murderer by her silence, but he was not prepared to find her defending him by denial. For once in his life, the heart of Silas Grey grew hard against a woman.

Unconsciously the haughtiness that had marked him in the days previous to his conversion, came back to eyes and manner, and all the moving softness of face and voice disappeared.

"I would ask you a few questions, Miss Saunders," he said; "you will have to answer them in a witness box and may as well—"

"Then, when I am in a witness box, I shall answer them, Mr. Grey, but not before!" interrupted Judith in a voice so cold and cutting, one who had known him had half believed it was her dead uncle who had spoken. The quick light of the minister's blue eyes crossed the angry fire of her brown ones; but the next instant, her womanly helplessness, for all her defiant spirit, had made its swift, unerring appeal to him. He took a step to her side.

"What, dear child!" he said, with his familiar smile in his eyes, "were we about to get angry at each other? Was I harsh?" he added; "forgive me! But, Judith, can you imagine how close this lies to my heart? Before I was certain that negro was innocent, I risked, and all but lost my life to save him. Here" he continued, laying a finger on his breast, "I still carry the mark of the dastardly bullet meant for my death because I dared do my duty. I lay for long, long weeks on a bed of suffering, tended by strangers' hands, and rose from it with health impaired for all my future life. I have visited that boy, day after day, in his cell, and at his work. I know him as my own soul, and I know him to be innocent. He has revealed to me

a character more beautiful than I had ever supposed a negro could possess, for we Southerners know the negro thoroughly; and there has grown up in my heart for him a regard greater than I had ever deemed it possible for me to feel for one of his race. Do you marvel to see his innocence vindicated has become one of the dreams of my life? But if this were not so, if I believed it were better for him to be in prison than free, still, knowing he were innocent of the crime, I should be compelled to labor for his liberty or be false to the dictates of my conscience."

All the fire had died out of eyes and voice, and a calm more profound than usual showed on his face. As one weary in soul and body, he turned from her and took his seat on the fallen trunk of the tree. For a moment she looked at him, then the woman's heart beat down the stubborn will. The face lost all its defiance, while he caught the gleam of a tear trembling on her eyelash, to fall the next instant on her pale cheek. Ah! when had a tear been shed for him? Not since the one that had frozen on his dying mother's eye. He yearned to fold her to his heart, as if she were his sister, but the memory of that swift, complete and strange transformation as he caught her hand as they met that afternoon restrained him.

"Judith," he said, "will you help me?"

"I will answer your questions," she said, her eyes on the ground.

"Did you not pay Mrs. O'Hagan a visit on the morning of the day Sharkley was murdered?"

"Yes," said Judith.

"And did not Mrs. O'Hagan tell you that Sharkley had called Luke hard names the night before, and ordered

him to come no more to see his daughter? And did she not tell you that Luke was in a towering rage, that he had not slept the night before, and scarcely touched his breakfast?"

"Yes," said Judith.

"Did you not meet Luke as you were entering the yard that morning?"

"Yes," said Judith.

"And did he not wear a pair of blue cottonade overalls, carry a dark coat on his arm, and wasn't his straw hat lined with red?"

"Yes," said Judith, and her voice and eyes were steady.

"Lucy Sharkley admitted on the witness stand the man she saw running from the field wore a pair of blue overalls and a dark coat; Pete testified on the bridge in the presence of death the man he met, and who told him of Sharkley's death, was dressed thus and wore a straw hat lined with red, nor could the most unexpected questions of the lawyers, afterwards, nor mine, ever make him vary in his story. Did not Luke O'Hagan disappear on that very day, and has never since been heard of?"

"You are mistaken there," she said, calmly; "Luke O'Hagan came home to-day. He passed our house an hour ago on his way to his mother's, and stopped to ask me to go to see Lucy Sharkley and beg her to see him once again. I have just come from her house where I went to plead with her not to see him, for—her husband is, and has ever, been jealous of his wife's early sweetheart."

White as the face of the minister had been it grew ghastly under her words. Fate, indeed, had played the long desired moment into his hands, but he remembered the old mother. Merciful heavens! could he do it?

Could he shatter the joy of that mother's heart as she welcomed home her prodigal son? He buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. Then he raised his head and the stillness, if not indifference, of the girl struck on his benumbed senses in all its strangeness.

"Judith, Judith," he cried, "do you not see that he has come back to slip his neck into the halter? Child, I saw his mother to-day, and she told me of her long waiting, of her hope and her faith. She asked me if ever I met her boy to be a friend to him. How shall I be his friend? by sending him to Pete's cell, if not to the scaffold. Judith, say to me but once it is my duty, that, though it blight all my future days to perform it, it is still my sacred duty. Say that once and I shall bless you all my life!"

His agony was so great it alarmed her.

"Mr. Grey," she said, moving a step toward him, then pausing, as if not daring to trust herself further, "I do not say it is not your duty to find and apprehend the murderer of Jakey Sharkley; but Luke O'Hagan is not the man."

"How can you say that in the face of such evidence, the truth of which you admit?" he asked, looking at her half-sternly.

"I cannot tell you," she said, and he noticed all her composure was gone.

He rose then deliberately and went to her side, and because she shrank from him he laid his hand on her arm. He was conscious perhaps of her weakness, but he would not use it against her.

"Judith," he said, "can you say this, you, my friend, when you know I have given my strength and labor to unravel this mystery; when, as you

yourself have said, I have imperiled my life by coming here? If it were wrong for you to reveal your knowledge, I should never ask you to speak; whereas your silence is criminal. Give me one reason."

Once or twice she made a move to shake off his hand, but though light was its touch it detained her. A sudden recollection came to her. It would answer him and yet implicate no one.

"Do you see that stone half way up the hill yonder, beside that elm bush?" she asked, her tone quiet and nervous. "The day of the murder I was coming from the Springs, where I went for the paper. Bluebell had stopped to crop some grass, and I was reading. I caught the smell of smoke and as I looked down the hill I saw a man, standing over a fire he had kindled of leaves and brambles. As I looked, he lifted a dark coat and dropped it into the fire, then, a pair of blue cottonade overalls. When the blaze died down he lifted that stone and placed it over the ashes. All Luke's clothes were at home, are still. There was no place nearer than Carlisle where he could have bought clothes to wear before burning those he left home in, and he could not have made the trip to that town and back walking, and if he had borrowed a horse it would have been known in the neighborhood. Luke O'Hagan was seen by no one that day, excepting his mother and me, that is as is known of," she corrected, hastily.

"Let us go and look under that rock," he said, "we may find a clue." She had not thought of this, and he noticed the dismay that came into her face; but she had the dauntless spirit of her father's people, and would not show the faint heart. He stooped and picked up her white bonnet, and as he gave it to her, the expression of her

eyes, the memory of the tear he had seen quivering on their lashes for him, touched his chivalrous soul. "Dear child," he said, "I would spare you all pain, but we are not our own."

"I do not blame you," she said, her brave soul flashing up, and she made the first step forward. They reached the stone, and not a muscle quivered as he stooped and lifted it. The fire had burned away even the roots of the grass, and the weight of the stone had pressed down the ashes into the earth; but the outline of a dark object showed on the soft mold, under the light of the slowly fading sun. The minister stooped and loosened the earth with his fingers, and lifted up a man's pocket knife. The blades were rusted, but on the narrow strip of steel imbedded on one side of the bone handle, that side which contact with the surface of the rock had preserved from decay, three letters were rudely cut. He looked at them, while the pallor again showed on his face; he then handed the knife to Judith, and as her eyes fell on the bit of steel she saw the initials, "L. O'H." He watched her keenly, and though she flinched not, he thought she would never lift her eyes. When she did, in silence they looked at each other across the place where the stone had been.

"The initials proclaim the knife to belong to Luke; hence, so were the clothes you saw burned?" he said, slowly.

"But it proves nothing," she replied to him.

"Why not?" he asked. But she was silent. "Judith, answer me! Why does it prove nothing?" he demanded, his voice taking on a pitch she had never yet heard, and which made her quiver in every nerve, for it was the voice the heart of every

woman who loves recognizes and fears, the voice of her master and the one who knows he is such.

"Because," she said, her trembling, vibrant tones striving to push him and his authority away, "the man who burned the clothes was not Luke O'Hagan."

"How do you know?" he asked, "the man's face was blackened. How do you know?" he repeated again, in his tone of command, as she failed at first to answer.

"Luke O'Hagan's hair is dark; that man's hair was yellow."

It was then the minister suddenly remembered Pete had said, as he stood on the bridge that awful night with the lynchers' rope around his neck: "Boss, he had a mighty black face, but he weren't no nigger, for his hair was yellow."

Silence fell. The heart of the woman was beating against her breast until she thought its noise ought to silence the blue bird which had now begun to sing in the tree a'near. Her eyes were on the man's before her, nor could she withdraw them, however hard she tried. He held her gaze, as he had made her speak, against her will.

"Judith," he said slowly, directly, voice nor eyes losing none of their command, "who was that man?"

Her answer was the helpless, wordless answer of her woman's soul in the reaching towards him of her clasped hands, the acknowledgment of her weakness and his strength, the pleading with him to be merciful when he was all-powerful, and then was explained to him the transformation he had witnessed as first they met that afternoon. He reached out his hands and clasping her two small brown ones drew her toward him across the place where the stone had been, and in silence they turned their faces toward her home. Her word might save Pete's life, he would never ask for it after that mute confession.

Roman Letter.

ROME, ITALY,

February 10, 1899.

DEAR FATHER,

To sum up all the events of importance in the Eternal City during the first part of 1899, my thoughts first revert to the great centre of attraction here and throughout Christendom—His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.

It seems to be a miracle that the venerable Pontiff, who is now in his eighty-ninth year, and who for the last twenty years has lived a life of imprisonment and full of trials, should continue to do so much work. He gives audiences regularly to various persons, confers a long time daily with his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, and, what is most of all, he governs the whole Church in such a manner as to elicit the wonder and admiration of all. Neither is his little spare time spent in idleness, for in his leisure hours he applies himself to his favorite occupation of writing poetry. He is very abstemious in his diet, and inculcates this mode of living in some of his verses.

Whenever the sensational newspapers have nothing else to talk about, they spread a rumor about the ill health of the Pope; but these tales are always denied by the Catholic papers. According to his usual custom, which shows the goodness of his heart, His Holiness on the occasion of the late festivities distributed 33,000 lire (over \$6,000) among the poor people of the city. Last August the church of St. Joachim, built as a memorial of the Pope's Episcopal jubilee, was solemnly inaugurated. It is situated in the new part of the city called "Prati dei

Castello," in sight of the Vatican. His Holiness has entrusted the church to the care of the Redemptorist Fathers. Great excitement has been caused here in Rome lately by the unusual success of the new oratorio of Don Lorenzo Perosi, the Italian priest. This young musician and composer, who so completely fascinated the Romans, is only 26 years old. His family, composed of parents, brother and three sisters, are all musicians. His former oratorios have obtained such success in the different parts of Italy, that through the exertions of the Circolo di S. Pietro they induced him to come to Rome to perform his new oratorio for the first time. This new oratorio is entitled *La Risurrezione di Christo*, and the words are taken from the Gospel of St. John, the hymn *Pange Lingua* and the *Victimae Paschalis*. The choir was composed of 300 singers and the music was rendered by about 80 select musicians.

It was performed in the spacious church of the Holy Apostles. A few minutes before the time for it to begin, the singers and musicians were in their places, the church was crowded with people—only one was wanting, Perosi himself. All undoubtedly expected to see some large important man enter, when suddenly in walked a little priest in a simple clerical dress, so young and with such an appearance of modesty and simplicity that the whole audience began to cheer. The first part of the oratorio is taken up with the death and burial of our Lord. You would imagine you heard the real earthquake which took place at that time, the rending of the veil in the temple, the hideous yells of the Jews, and Mary

Magdalene mourning the death of her dear Master.

In the second part is represented the Resurrection of Christ, His appearance to Mary Magdalene and the Apostles. Then the joyful notes of the Alleluia, sung by the whole choir resounded through the immense building. It terminates finally with the prose "Victimae Paschalis." The last part especially was very beautiful and pathetic.

At every interval there was tremendous applause. They had to repeat almost every piece. Perosi was always received with immense applause, which continued even when he made his appearance on the street afterwards.

They were compelled to repeat the oratorio five times and on the last day the church was crowded yet.

Don Perosi has also composed some Masses and other pieces of music, which like his oratorios are of a strictly religious character.

The profit obtained by the performance of the oratorio here in Rome was given to the poor people. Many other instances could be related to show how good Perosi is to the poor.

Our glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII., the protector of science and art, was so moved by the energetic efforts of Don Perosi to promote sacred music, that he appointed him master of the choir of the Sistine Chapel, and engaged him to compose a new oratorio with the words of his own poem, written as an act of homage of the nineteenth century to our most Holy Redeemer. Don Perosi will continue to reside at Venice, as he is master of the choir in that cathedral, and will only come to Rome on great occasions.

The Feast of the Epiphany with the octave was celebrated with great solemnity in the church of St. Andrea

della Valle to commemorate the calling of the Gentiles in the persons of the three Kings. Every day the Mass was celebrated in a different rite, both Eastern and Western, and a sermon was delivered in the different languages.

In the Ecclesiastical College of the Propaganda, which has students from almost every part of the world, a literary entertainment was given for the same purpose. There were recitations in thirty-five different languages. What a beautiful proof for the Catholicity of our Church.

According to the wishes of the Holy Father, the bishops of the Latin American republics will hold a council here in Rome during the present year. It will be opened on the feast of the Most Holy Trinity, 28th May. The Bishops chose this city for the council, first, because the access to this place is almost as easy as to some other American city; secondly, because it is the centre of Christendom.

On the Sundays of December and January, Bishop Keane attracted large crowds by his eloquent sermons in the church of St. Silvester in Capite.

Rev. Carmelus Testa has been appointed Prior of our college of St. Albert by a formal declaration of our most Rev. General.—A. W., O. C. C.

Take away piety and charity. What remedy is then left against the evils of the world? What protection? Vain and worse than vain are the amends sought in dissipation, and in the indulgence of all the disorderly inclinations. This is the road of perdition — that dreadful, easy road, against which our Lord warns us in the sermon of the mount.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

Our Patron.



DEVOTION to St. Joseph in the Western Church, was greatly inflamed and augmented by the efforts of St. Theresa. She chose him for her master and guide in the spiritual life; she dedicated thirteen of her monasteries to him, and she affirms, that she never made a request to him that he did not grant her. "Whoever does not believe me," she says, "I ask him for the love of God to make trial of the devotion for himself." The words of the Saint are well known and often quoted, but few know the extent of the zeal and love for her glorious patron, that she infused into the hearts of her children of Carmel. A few examples will be stronger than words. Everywhere, as they went on new foundations, the Carmelites spread the devotion. Three of the four provinces of Belgium before the French Revolution, were dedicated to St. Joseph. Of twenty monasteries, fifteen counted him their patron. At Liege, in the beginning of the XVIIth century, they built the first church in the principality of Liege, dedicated in his honor. Sept. 20, 1686, Innocent XI. permitted them to establish in this church a confraternity, under the title of the patronage of St. Joseph, and the Bishop of Liege approved it in 1688. It was enriched with numerous indulgences, and these favors so rejoiced the hearts of the faithful, that the Fathers were moved to inaugurate the confraternity with all possible splendor. The description of the solemnities surpasses anything that could be imagined in these days. The streets of the city

were a mass of garlands and mottoes, and two months were spent in ornamenting the church with chronograms, inscriptions and paintings representing the Saint on his knees before the Most Holy Trinity, or receiving the homage of the Emperor, etc. The confraternity increased day by day and the devotion of the fourteen Wednesdays, in honor of the seven sorrows and seven joys, took its rise. In 1669 there was a great pest, the Wednesdays were made in the church of the Carmelites and the plague ceased. Fr. Albert of the Saviour, in a recent work on the "Devotion to St. Joseph in the Order of Carmel," names the religious of Carmel who have written on this glorious patriarch, and if from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, then the foster father of Jesus fills to overflowing the hearts of his children of Carmel. Fr. Jerome Gratiën, the friend of St. Theresa, opens the lists. In 1602 he published at Valence a beautiful and learned "Life of the Foster Father of the Infant God." Fr. Joseph of Jesus Mary wrote on the "Excellencies of St. Joseph, the Spouse of the Virgin Mary," published at Madrid in 1612. Fr. Cyprian of Holy Mary compiled a treatise on the best manner of honoring St. Joseph, conformably to the doctrine of St. Theresa, and to this he added a life of the Saint. He wrote the work for the Duke Charles of Lorraine, of whom he was the confessor, and it was published in 1603. Fr. Paul of All Saints edited at Vienna in 1653 a collection of prayers, with Office and Litany in honor of the Saint. There are many more, but the list is too long to give. The titles are sug-

gestive of deep meditation upon the prerogatives of the glorious Saint. His "Patronage" is spoken of in 1702, and in 1720 he is called the "Protector of the faithful in life and death."

The work of Fr. Alexis Louis, published at Lyons in 1860,— "Manual of Devotions," went through four editions in a short time. Of late years Fr. Berthold Ignatius of St. Anne published a "Manual of the Association of the Children of St. Joseph;" then there is the "Crown of St. Joseph," by Fr. Francis de Sales, and the "Golden Room of St. Joseph," by Fr. Averton of St. Theresa, who re-edited the work of Fr. John of the Cross. It is to be regretted that none of these are in English, for surely they would help devout souls. "By their fruits ye shall know them" and the patient toil of so many works, speaks volumes for the love and devotedness of the children of Carmel for their glorious Protector. In America, all four convents of Carmelite Sisters have St. Joseph as Titular Patron. Baltimore is the Monastery of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus Mary and Joseph; St.

Louis is entitled St. Joseph's; New Orleans, St. Joseph and St. Theresa, and Boston, Our Lady and St. Joseph. May the new world vie with the old in homage to the loved Protector of the Holy Trinity, of Carmel, and of all Christian souls!

Palm Sunday.

Spread soft garments in His way,
Lay the green palm-branches down;
Christ rides forth as king to-day,
Hail Him with triumphant song.
Hosannah in the highest be,
Son of David, unto Thee.

Little children, join the crowd,
Who around His pathway press;
Offer Him your gifts, and He
Lovingly your lives will bless.
Hosannah in the highest be,
Son of David, unto Thee.

Let us lay before His feet,
All we have and all we are;
Let us join, with loving hearts,
To hail His one triumphant hour.
Hosannah in the highest be,
Son of David, unto Thee.

Munda Me, Domine!

PURGE from my soul all thoughts iniquitous,

Uplift my spirit far o'er worldly lures,

Inspire my hand to noble deeds, for thus

The striving soul eternal life secures.

—SUSIE M. BEST.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 571 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MARCH, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

Let us hope that the long trying winter is well nigh over and that the glad spring is on its way.

What a strange delight we all feel, young and old alike, in talking of the *Spring*. It means so much; so much of hope, of promise, of gladness. It speaks of struggle that is over and of joy to come. What is the secret? This—that the spring time is the type of immortality; of that inborn feeling which lives in every human breast; the conviction that man will live forever, that after the long, dreary winter of life and the darkness of death are over, the true spring time of eternity will come and it will last forever. The spring is on its way. We could easily make a very good meditation on that simple sentence. Now, during the Lenten season, we are very likely to think some serious thoughts, and they need not always be dull or dreadful ones.

After Lent comes the Resurrection, and that is *our* Spring. Easter is always another name for Spring; and for you, dear children, who are another type of the beautiful season, there is much reason to think about it as your very own.

You are young and full of hope, and your faces are always turned towards the rising sun. Life is very happy and bright for you, and it is quite certain that you have found out the secret of its brightness. Has it never occurred

to you to ask yourselves, "Why did God make *me* a Catholic?" For just in that, the fact that you *are* a Catholic, lies the secret of your bright, happy life. Are not other children happy? you ask. Certainly they are—our Lord did not say "Suffer little *Catholic* children to come unto Me," but "Suffer *little* children."

But other children are not happy in the same *way* that you are.

"Blessed are the eyes that see the things which you see, and the ears which hear the things which you hear."

You are the spoiled children of the house of God. His mother is your mother, and that one gift alone which He made you when dying on the cross, is enough to make the saddest life a happy one. Mary our mother! Oh! what sweetness there is in the words. Is it any wonder that we love so much the beautiful Salve Regina? "Hail holy Queen, Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope!" Yes after God, Mary is our hope, and even when by grievous sin we may cut ourselves loose from Him, yet she, who is the mother of mercy, holds us still by the hand, and brings us back to Him. No soul was ever lost who was faithful to Mary.

The Secretary heard a little story the other day which, as it was about the Scapular, will interest the children who read THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

It was told to her by a doctor of a Philadelphia hospital where a poor unfortunate woman was being treated for an awful wound in her throat made by her own hand. She was a poor

sinner who despaired of ever coming back to God, and in a moment of terrible temptation she cut her throat.

After the wound had been dressed, the nurse who was attending her complained to the doctor that she could not force the woman to let her take off "a dirty rag," as she called it, which she wore around her neck.

The doctor (who was a Catholic) knew at once what she meant, and told her to send to the nearest Catholic Church for a Scapular. "When you bring her a clean one," he said, "she will let you take off the old one."

And so it turned out. Now, dear children, we who know and love the Scapular can easily see the hand of our Lady of Mt. Carmel here. The nurse was disgusted at the woman's "superstition," the doctor annoyed, even though he was a Catholic. As for us, it is only another proof added to the many gone before, that those who cling to the Scapular will not be lost.

That poor creature was saved from hell—from a death in sin, by our Blessed Lady's prayer, who never forgets even the greatest sinner who wears her Scapular.

Dear children, make a fresh start to become apostles of the Scapular. Learn to make plain, cheap ones, and send them to those who will take them to hospitals, to prisons, to the poor who cannot buy them. Be faithful to your own. Don't throw it off because the string bothers you. Wear a silk or a linen string. Make yourselves comfortable, by all means, but DON'T give up the Scapular. It is the hand of our Blessed Lady resting lovingly on our shoulder. Surely you would not shake it off.

The nineteenth of March brings dear St. Joseph's day, and the very beautiful piece on St. Joseph's Workshop,

which follows on the next page, will teach you all you want to know about the gentle saint.

March 25 will gladden us with Lady Day in Spring, our Blessed Mother's beautiful feast of the Annunciation. Go to her altar on that day, dear children, and promise to be faithful to her even to the end. Through sin and sorrow to hold fast to her and to her Scapular, and be sure she will see to it that you come back, come home a prodigal child to your father's house. But, better still, she will hold you so fast that you will never stray away—play truant you will, of course, once in a while; we all do, but you will not go far away—not too far to hear the sound of your mother's voice. May she be to you in life and death a real mother, is the wish of your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR MARCH.

1. Let to-morrow take care of itself, and meet only the evil of to-day.—Bishop Ullathorne.
2. St. Joseph sanctified his work by carrying God with him into his workshop.
3. God alone is holy enough to forgive always.—De Ravignan.
4. O tree of beauty! tree of light!
O tree of royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find
their rest.
—Hymn from the Breviary.
5. Not my will, but thine be done!

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Because it is the end of "life."
2. Because it is between two "eyes."
3. One is heir to the throne—the other is thrown to the air.
4. There is no sand in a hole.
5. All the difference in the world.

FOR THE THINKERS.

FLOWERS OF PIETY—What is the

1. Purification Flower?
2. St. Valentine's Flower?
3. St. Margaret's Flower?
4. St. Edward's Flower?
5. Lent Lily?
6. Easter Flower?

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

We will give an Easter dinner to "Our Young People," who are asked to unravel the following bill-of-fare and give Carmel's Secretary at the end of Lent a true list of all the good things on the well-filled table which have as honored guests:

1. The Apostle whose name means a Rock.
 2. The Pope who sent missionaries to England.
 3. The chevalier without fear and without reproach.
 4. A King, a Crusader, and a Saint.
 5. Whose version of the Scriptures is used by the Church?
 6. The great Irish Agitator.
 7. The Apostle of Temperance.
 8. The first Christian Painter.
 9. A great Catholic Painter, Sculptor, and Architect.
 10. The institutor of the Rosary.
 11. The Bishop who baptized St. Augustine.
 12. The Angelic Doctor.
- For the guests there will be:
13. "A Tailor's Iron" at one end of the table.
 14. "A Country in Europe" at the other end of the table.
 15. "A Beaver" in the centre.
 16. "A Medley of Types" and "Foolish Boys" on each side of "The Beaver."
 17. "An Unruly Member."
 18. "Noah's Son."

19. "What a Bride should have"—as side dishes.
20. A "Pot" and eight "O's"—vegetables.
21. "Cause of Tears."
22. "What Tailors are supposed to do."

We shall have also:

23. The Staff of Life.
24. An Old Sailor.
25. A Pugnacious Goat.
26. The Cause of all our Trouble.
27. What Johnnie Horner liked.
28. What went into the Ark.
29. What was shown Jeremiah.

St. Joseph's Workshop.

We are so used to seeing the fine statues of St. Joseph standing majestically in our churches, with the lily wand in his hand, and Mary resplendent with light and flowers, that we forget they were poor when they lived at Nazareth. Though they descended from the royal house of David, they were poor, and St. Joseph worked at his trade as a carpenter. At Nazareth he bore the white lily of purity in his holy heart, and carried the tools of a workman in his hands. It was the practice of the Jews in those days to learn some handicraft. St. Paul, though so learned a man, had learned the trade of a tent-maker. It is certain the Holy Family were poor, for on the day of the Presentation of the Infant Jesus in the temple, his mother only took two turtle-doves, the offering of the poor. Had she been rich, she would have carried a lamb and a turtle-dove, according to the Levitical law. And then we know just what kind of a house they lived in, for it is now at Loretto, in Italy. It now stands, covered with marble, in a magnificent church. Within is an old olive-wood statue of the Blessed Virgin, blazing

with jewels typical of the splendor of her sanctity and her dignity as the mother of our Lord. Once lighted up with the Presence of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, it is now starry with numberless lamps. But what a poor house, to human eyes, it must have been at Nazareth—only about thirty-two feet by nineteen on the inside, with its dim cave behind it. A hut with Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Think of that! And the angels hovering over it with astonishment, admiration and love! There is the door the Blessed Virgin used to go through, and yonder the well where she went to draw water in the curious oriental jars. The Holy Bible tells us about one angel that came to this cottage—one of the brightest that stand around the throne of God, ready to do His bidding—Gabriel, angel of the Incarnation, with his "Ave, Maria," which we have been echoing ever since, and are never weary of repeating. Think of repeating the words of an angel! How pure ought our lips to be for that! Ah, the Holy Family were so rich in grace that we cannot realize their poverty, humanly speaking. It is because they were poor that the needy have ever since been the best loved children of the Church, if she has any favorites.

Yes, St. Joseph worked at his trade. Therefore, let not the rich despise the laborer. Tradition tells us Mary spun and wove purple linen for the temple; and the seamless garment our Saviour wore on that first Good Friday was woven by her, and the soldiers cast lots for it. Think of that, ye fine children—the Blessed Virgin weaving, and St. Joseph with a plane! And the Child Jesus helped them both. I have seen a charming picture, in which He is holding a skein of yarn for His Mother to wind. And again, there is a legend of His making little crosses. As if men would not make enough for

Him! You young people, too, must make some little crosses—do some little penances every day, to prepare yourselves to enter fully some day on the holy way of the cross.

And there is another picture of the Child Jesus sweeping the floor. Ah, despise homely employments no more; and you rich children, in fine houses and silken garments, look not with contempt on the poor, remembering Jesus. Rejoice, you dear hard-working children; labor was ennobled and sanctified at Nazareth—even the lowest household duties.

"Who sweeps a room as by God's laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

Let us go sometimes in spirit to visit St. Joseph in his workshop. There are some people who live constantly with the Holy Family; at least they live always in the divine Presence of Jesus. We all go daily to him and Mary and St. Joseph, but there are days when we should make a business of it, if I may say so. As, on Saturdays, who does not love to linger all day long in Mary's sweet presence? So, on Wednesdays, we should draw especially near to the benignant St. Joseph, not in church alone, but sometimes in his shop.

Ah, great saint, so hidden on earth but so well known in heaven, how diligent thou art, and how faithfully thou doest thy work! Nothing is half done in thy hands. Were I only the piece of wood thou art holding, what a perfect saint thou wouldst fashion me into. Take me in hand, I pray thee, poor knotty little tree that I am! I fancy I hear the great saint saying he must cut off all the twigs and branches that can be made no use of; useless thoughts, foolish illusions, fatal passions, must all be destroyed.

Cut them off, dear saint! In thy hands I begin to long to be used in building up the city of our God. If I can only be a beam in His house, or a door, a shingle, or even a poor peg for some one else to hang the garment of his virtues on!

Ah, well, says the saint before applying the square and compass, I must

strip off the bark. These sad habits and forgetfulness of duty form a thick, crabbed bark, around the fairest soul.

Strip it off, dear saint. But under the bark, what great knots and furrows!

Yes, the habits leave their impression on the soul, but the plane, with a strong arm and good will, will soon smooth off all that. It is only by self-denial and daily effort that you can overcome the consequences of bad habits.

Do as thou wilt. But oh, dear saint, how thou hurtest me! What art thou doing?

Nailing the wood down. I cannot work unless it is fastened down. The swaying, inconstant heart, is good for naught. It must be firmly fastened on the cross, resolved to serve God always.

Strike then, dear saint, I am ready. I am willing to suffer; I will renounce myself. Already I feel how sweet it is to be fastened in this holy house. What can I wish for away from the dear Child Jesus and the smiling, tender face of the Madonna.

Ah, dear children, Nazareth is a dangerous place to go to, for if you once get fairly into the holy house you will never wish to leave it.

There! we have been making a meditation, and you did not know it.

The memory of a beloved mother will often warm the heart and sway the life of a strong man as her presence never did when, as a boy, she yearned over him.

Many a man is deeply attached to a woman—wife or sister—whom he yet entirely fails in making happy. He thinks too much of himself, too little of her.

A Life Lesson.

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea set blue,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by;
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of long ago;
By life and love will soon come by;
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you
sigh;
There! little girl, don't cry.

—James Whitecomb Riley.

Hymn for Good Friday.

O Lamb of God, on whom alone
Earth's penal weight of sin was
thrown,
Have mercy, Saviour, on thine own,
By each step along that road;
By that cross, thine awful load;
By the Hebrew women's wail;
By the sponge, and lance, and nail;
By Mary's martyrdom, when she
In Thee died, yet offered Thee;
By that mocking crowd accursed;
By thy dreadful unquenched thirst;
By thy three hours' agony;
By that last unanswered cry;
Miserere, Domine! DE VERE.

Editorial Notes.

A Question and an Answer.

Can deceased persons be enrolled in the Scapular or other confraternities? A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences seems to forbid it, but this prohibition has reference to enrollment in a strict sense, that is to say as practised by the living. As the editor of *The Messenger* (Collegeville, Indiana) explains it: "Proper enrollments are those which confer upon the members all the advantages of the pious union, especially the Indulgences." But when all this is out of the question, and when the object of enrolling the deceased is merely to apply the satisfactory merit of good deeds performed by the living members, for the relief of the poor souls, in this case such enrollments do not come under the aforesaid prohibition. Holy faith teaches us that our prayers and good works benefit the suffering souls. It consequently follows that if a confraternity or pious union keeps a register on which the names of those deceased ones are entered, to whose souls they desire to apply their suffrages—such a registration cannot be called a proper enrollment, and hence is not forbidden.

Long Live Leo XIII!

On the second day of this month, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. enters upon the goth year of his age. On the 20th of last month the Holy Father entered upon the twenty-second year of his glorious Pontificate. Two hundred and sixty-two Pontiffs have preceded Leo XIII., but of these only seven have occupied it for twenty-one years. The average length of a Papal reign is but little more than seven years. Ten Popes died within a month

after their election, and the shortest reign in the history of the Papacy is that of St. Stephen II., which lasted only three days. Long live our glorious Pontiff! Well may we repeat the words of salutation used by a writer in these pages on the occasion of the Pope's Episcopal jubilee in 1893:

Hail, ever loving Father, may thy years

By Heaven protected be!

Beam brighter than "Light in Heaven"
which nobly steers

The bark of Peter over time's dark
sea!

Carmel's Cause.

Much commendable energy is being put into action by our Sisters to bring about the early beatification of the sixteen Carmelite nuns who offered up their pure lives to God on the French scaffold July 17, 1794. A petition signed by several American archbishops, bishops, priests and religious is being prepared and will be forwarded to Compiegne. We beg all our readers to join with the petitioners in beseeching our Lord to hasten the day when we shall be able to render to these martyrs public veneration, for in the closing words of the petition: "The whole family of Carmel, and all those bound to it by any tie, humbly crave this grace. They all humbly pray for it, that the name of the Immaculate Virgin of Carmel be glorified. Finally, all who have the good of religion at heart ask it, in order that the intercession of these holy virgins may bring peace and tranquillity to the militant Church, for the love of which these heroic virgins shed their blood."

Religious Reception.

With impressive ceremony, accompanied with all that is imposing in the ritual of holy Church, the presence of venerable Archbishop Williams, a beautiful sanctuary, music and prayers—another novice was received into the Boston Carmel on February 7 last. God grant that this new member may imbibe, and ever retain, the spirit of zeal and holiness of this community whose name is a benediction. These religious receptions mean that—to quote the learned Jesuit, who preached on the occasion—"another soul has heard the call of the Master, and has heeded it, as the young man did not, it means that another flame has been added to those that burn before the throne of God, another victim has been laid upon the altar of sacrifice. The invitation of our Lord could be divided into two parts—first to leave all—to separate from the world, from home, from all that was nearest and dearest; and second, to follow Christ; that was the real call. The religious did not leave all in order to find the peace, the happiness, the contentment and freedom from anxiety, in the cloister, all that was secondary, she left all to follow Christ; in this she was unselfish. Those who were left at home suffered for the absence of a face that was dear, for the loss of a loved voice, but it was not in reality a loss for them, but a gain, for the affection became supernatural and in this way was only stronger and more lasting than before."

A Request.

The New York *Sun* keeps up an endless laugh at the breakfast table of its readers by the quaint collection of literary curiosities which it prints on the editorial page. Lately, without any comments, the *Sun* copied a para-

graph from THE CARMELITE REVIEW with the caption "Roman Catholic Requests for Prayers." If the young men who try to fill the late Mr. Dana's chair will take a day off, and for once in their lives, devote their time to prayer, we will guarantee to supply the whole editorial page for that day with copy compiled from a condensed list of "Answers to Roman Catholic Requests for Prayers."

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus!

That eminent journal *The Pilot* justly lauds a great prelate when it says among other things that "Bishop McQuaid has labored with voice and pen for Christian education in its every grade throughout his long career. But his upbuilding and directing of Seton Hall College, New Jersey, or even of that crown of his later years, St. Bernard's Ecclesiastical Seminary, of Rochester, mean far less to him than the splendid system of popular schools which he founded in New Jersey, and founded and carried to perfection in the Diocese of Rochester. The hope of the Church is always in the children of the people, and the salvation of the children is in the Christian home and the Christian school. This is, in brief, the Bishop's conviction on the school question, and the motive which has reared a body of schools which successfully challenges comparison with the best which the State can show anywhere in America. For many years, all the schools of the Diocese of Rochester have been under the Board of Regents of the University of the City of New York; and the training of their teachers and its results, have won the unstinted praise of members of that board and professors of Cornell University. Nothing has been spared in this direction; for nothing, says this American Catholic Bishop, is too good for the children of the people. The consequence is that men and women now occupying places of distinction in the world, look back with pleasure to their early days in the parochial schools of Rochester, and are proud to own their debt to them."

Looking Backward.

In the good old Catholic times the poor were well cared for. It was, in fact, only in times of severe famine that there was suffering which was not relieved. The poor were so well cared for, both on the continent and in England, that the revenues for the use of the poor were sometimes greater than the expenditures, and they were applied to other worthy objects, such as hospitals, education, etc. The laborers had practically continuous employment. Professor Rogers, summing up in regard to this age, says: "the age, it is true, had its discontents, and these discontents were expressed forcibly and in a startling manner. But of the poverty which perishes unheeded, of a willingness to do honest work and a lack of opportunity, there was little or none." And this was as true of Germany and France as England.

A decree has just been published in which the Holy Father grants all the privileges of the "Jubilee Year," or "Anno Santo," during the year 1900.

During this month, Carmel in America—indeed throughout the world—will offer special and fervent prayer to the holy Spouse of Mary. To the throne of St. Joseph, from many a Carmelite cloister, will be offered the petitions of our friends and readers.

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.

PUBLICATIONS.

Some new, rare, cheap and handsome books are now to be had from B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Write for prices and catalogues from this old and reliable firm.

The *Angel Guardian Press*, 92 Ruggles St., Boston, announces that they have a volume of poems in press by Henry Coyle, entitled, *In the Morning*, to be ready in March. Price, one dollar, postpaid.

For the French Lilies: (A.D. 1511-1512) by Isabel Nixon Whiteley—author of *The Falcon of Langear*, etc. (Lippincott's Magazine).

The period when the smiling fields of Lombardy were devastated by war, and when the ardent hope of King Louis was the restoration of the sovereignty which he claimed, and which was so dear to his heart, forms the historical background for this fascinating story. It was a stirring and picturesque epoch, and the author has seized upon the various dramatic possibilities and used them to the greatest advantage. Romance and chivalry throb and thrill in its pages, into which numerous characters are introduced and vigorously sketched. The same distinctive touch of character which was so marked a feature of *The Falcon of Langear* appears in this narrative. The story opens with the ending of the hero's childhood. Up to his nineteenth year he had been content in the spacious chateau upon the lofty crags of Dauphiny—content, for sport, to pass his days in hawking and fishing and athletic games—and for scholastic lore to go daily to the monks at the Hospice on the pass above. But there came a day when, looking down into the valley, the splendor of a cavalcade of horsemen, the brilliant surface of their armor growing even more dazzling as the sun's last rays fell thereon, passed before his vision, and when one of his companions told him that they were en route for Briançon, that moment naught but the watchword "To Italy! to glory" could find an echo in his heart. Beautifully told is the determination of his father to add another figure to the white robed monks of the Chartreuse above,

"to forget all but thoughts of God and my last end," also the unveiling to Marcel of his beautiful young mother's apartments,—and the lovely miniature of her who was but a dim memory, was then taken from the heart of her husband to rest henceforth upon the breast of her son. Marcel goes with his uncle, a brother of his dead mother. He was a man of wealth and some importance, and had come to take his nephew home with him until his future course could be decided upon. He fondly hoped that, by a marriage with the fair "Margherita," Marcel would bring the ample rentals of his estate into the family of his uncle. Many adventures befel the party on the road. They spend a night in the Hospice de Lauterel, which could shelter one hundred guests at once, and where so many were in advance of them that they could not at first get near the "huge roaring fire" which warmed the vast hall. Marcel has the good fortune on the morrow to draw the sword—(given him by his father with the advice: "True heart—true hand") in defense of a gentle ladie no longer young, but passing fair, who proves to be an early friend of his mother's. Marcel is dissatisfied—nay, *shocked* were a term more fitting—at the pagan luxuriance of his uncle's magnificent villa, at the absence of all religious observances, and the apparent ignorance or disregard of anything pertaining to the faith of our fathers. His faithful attendant discovering treachery on the part of his uncle, with the aid of Messire Ronteni, tutor to Margherita, they with some difficulty leave the villa. Our hero having been given a gracious message from the Bishop of Grenoble, previous to his departure from home, for the nephew of Monseigneur, the Lord of Bayard, Marcel was beside himself, so gratified was he. Captain Bayard at that time was but thirty-two years of age, whilst the Duke of Nemours was a decade younger. Marcel attains the ardent desire of his heart to be attached to the knightly service of Bayard, the noble chevalier: "Sans peur et sans reproche." He tells his uncle, in a letter, of his success, as if it had been the most natural course in the world for him to depart so hastily, and endeavor to gain an audience with Capain

Bayard. The siege of Brescia is described in a most spirited manner. Marcel in caring for the wounded chevalier Bayard, and taking him to a stately mansion belonging to the conquered foe, finds Messire Rontini, also wounded (by a passing missile) secreted in a small house, and ministered to only by a little black boy whom he had befriended. Coming back at night with Pomponio, his servant, they with the little boy manage to transport the Messire, covered by the cloak of a Frenchman, who lay lifeless in front of the house, to the loft of the stables belonging to the mansion which sheltered the noble Bayard. Not wishing to encroach too much upon the space which belongs of right to the "Editorial Notes," I will pass lightly over the two fair maidens found securely hidden beneath the hay: the gentle Afia, and the lively Angela, the daughters of the house, who threw themselves at Marcel's feet crying, "Have mercy, Messire." And also of the assurance which Captain Bayard gave Monna Lucia, their mother, that no harm whatever should befall the household. Then Messire Rontini was taken to the house where the two invalids received the most devoted care and untiring attention. Marcel suffers still more from his uncle's treachery, but escapes. Of a surety love plays no small part in the story, but for all the interesting details, the reader of this little notice is referred to the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The interest of the story never flags, the language is beautiful, the narrative might be likened to a vivid picture set in a quaintly carved mediæval frame. Mrs. Whiteley is the secretary of St. Gabriel's Confraternity, of which the members and associates are pleased to congratulate her upon the success of her work.—S. X. BLAKELY.

The New World, of Chicago, is fortunate in securing a beautiful story entitled *Cardome—A Romance of Old Kentucky*, from the pen of the gifted Southern writer Miss Anna C. Minogue—who is entertaining our readers in her fascinating sketch *As a Stream Flows*.

Printers Ink, recognized as the highest authority on printing and publishing, pays a just compliment to a great publication when

it says that "in its literary character the *Ave Maria* stands head and shoulders above a majority of its competitors."

"*The Ideal New Woman*"—"after *Real Old Models*," is an excellent translation from the French of Countess Ernestine de Tremandan. It is a timely work the perusal of which should dispel many false notions of so-called "higher education" so much discussed in our days. The work is to be had from B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price 75 cents.

PETITIONS.

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

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

Perseverance 2, conversions 12, business success 6, for persons who have lost faith 2, for a wayward daughter, first communicant, unemployed 3, means 2, spiritual 6, health 3, cure 8, special 3, families 6, vocations 2, for an ill-treated person, a brother, a child, family, a son, a wife, a daughter, situation 2, health 1, urgent 1, tempted 1, financially embarrassed 1, deceased 1, happy death, grace of contrition, for a sick policeman and family, general 30, special 1, all intentions not specified, intentions overlooked if any, all intentions of readers, all intentions received by us and placed at the shrine, all intentions of the Carmelite Fathers.

A Chicago client of Carmel prays relief from financial difficulty and promises an offering of zeal if relieved.

FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

A reader in St. Mary's, Ont., returns thanks to the Holy Infant of Prague, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony for the safe return of a lost brother, and fulfils promise to have Masses offered.

M. O'B. promises to perform several good works in honor of our Lady of Mt. Carmel if her many urgent prayers are heard. Our readers are earnestly requested to pray for her intentions.

COLGAN, ONT., Jan. 29, 1899.

Please publish in THE REVIEW a great favor granted through the Holy Child Jesus of Prague. A sick person was healed as soon as the picture was applied.

A LOVER OF THE REVIEW.

A reader in Goderich, Ont., returns thanks to the sacred heart of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for a favor asked for three years.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Names received at St. John's Priory, New Baltimore, Pa., for registration from: Waco, Minn.; Holy Rosary Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; St. Louis, Mo.; Slatersville, R.I.; St. John's, New Baltimore, Pa.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. Paul's, Northington, Iowa.

Names received at Carmelite Convent, Leavenworth, Kansas, from: St. Margaret's Hospital, Kansas City, Kansas; Plattsburg, Mo.; Solomon City, Kan.; St. Scholastica's Academy, Canon City, Col.

ORITUARY.

"*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:

SISTER M. ZITA MONAGHAN, of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who died on February 20th last at Joliet, Ill., in the 58th year of her age and 31st of her religious profession.

MRS. WILLIAM CONNERY, who died a happy death fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, Jan. 11.

MR. T. MORAN, who, fortified by the holy Sacraments, after a well-spent life died at Battleboro, Vt., on Jan. 17th.

MRS. MARY WEIDENBORNER, who died at St. Marys, Pa. on Ash Wednesday. The deceased was a very devout client of our Blessed Lady of Carmel and was a model Christian woman.

WILLIAM JOSEPH QUINLAN died Feb. 23.

CHARLES SEITZ, Paterson, N.J.

MARY A. KERR, Paterson, N. J.

DENNIS KERR, Paterson, N. J.

NELLIE KERR, Paterson, N.J.

JOHN GALLAGHER, Baltimore, Ont.

MRS. JOHN DUNOVAN, Quebec.

JOHN BIRMINGHAM, Little River.

MR. JAMES COUTURE, aged 71, who died a pious death at Gaspe, Que., Jan. 29, 1899.

JAMES WATSON, Allegheny City, Pa.

MR. BAUER, Allegheny, Pa.

FRED BUSSMAN, Allegheny, Pa.

The father of MRS. MARY DOUGHERTY, of St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. MARY TRIGGS died at South Dartmouth, Mass., Jan. 26.

OUR LETTER BOX.

We are in receipt of many letters touching on matters of general interest to the clients of our Blessed Lady. For information on many points concerning the Brown Scapular, the editor refers the correspondent to back numbers of this magazine. There has been a large demand for devotional leaflets, and we shall promptly send same to our friends as soon as our stock is renewed.

IN REPLY.

M. McD., Halifax, N.S.—Several readers promise to have Masses said if their favors are granted.

M. T., New York.—Those who send for such leaflets ought to enclose a stamp. Our postage bill runs high.

M. B., Buffalo.—The Union Store, St. Stephen's Hall will furnish all articles of devotion pertaining to the Holy Infant of Prague.

CARMELUS, Boston, Mass.—Deceased clients of our Lady of Mt. Carmel share in the suffrages of the Order when their names have been registered.

F. X., Dallas, Texas.—Petitions, Obituaries, etc., should be sent to us before the 10th of each month if meant for publication. See reply to J.E.S.

T. O'M., Utah.—If you are sure that your friend's name was not registered when he was enrolled in the Scapular send it in and we will gladly enter it.

J. A. C., Philadelphia.—We hold Novenas before all feasts of the Blessed Virgin. On the days of the Novena

we pray for all the intentions of our readers.

R.A.G., Milwaukee.—Several firms have sent us what they called Scapulars, but we must confess we did not in many cases consider them genuine as to make or material.

L. K., Pittsburg.—“The Carmelite Nuns,” 61 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Boston, Mass., can supply you with books on Carmelite devotions asked for. Write to them for catalogue.

P.T.—A picture of the Holy Infant will answer as well as a statue. We printed a pretty half-tone cut in January, 1898, and shall be pleased to reprint the same on finished paper.

A. E., Rochester.—Back numbers of THE REVIEW have several articles referring to the devotions to the Holy Infant of Prague and Holy Face. Later on, similar articles will be again published. Leaflets will soon be ready.

S.O.K., San Francisco.—We cannot give you price list of Scapulars. Blessed articles are not sold. But the intelligent reader can readily understand that labor and material cause expense which we cannot be expected to bear alone.

M. A. M., Cleveland, O.—The privileges enjoyed by a wearer of the Brown Scapular are: (1) Protection of Mary. (2) Affiliation to the Order of Carmel and participation in the good works of the Carmelites. (3) Communication of merits and good works of the different confraternities throughout the

world. (4) Participation in the graces and indulgences attached to the holy Scapular. (5) Privilege of the Sabbatine Indulgence or deliverance from Purgatory the first Saturday after death.

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T. McG., Wilmington, Delaware.—The conditions for participating in the advantages of the Scapular confraternity are: (1) To receive the Scapular from a Carmelite, or from a priest empowered to give it. (2) To wear the Scapular continually, and (3) To have your name inscribed in the register of the confraternity.

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H. C., Nashville, Tenn.—The principal object of the devotion to the Holy Face is to offer respectful love and homage to the Adorable Face of Jesus, disfigured in the Passion; to make reparation for blasphemy and the neglect of Sunday, which outrage Him afresh; and lastly, to obtain of God the conversion of sinners and profaners of the holy Day.

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S. E., Rochester, N.Y.—If you look at your receipt, you will read on the back of it:

"This certificate entitles the holder to two weekly Masses which are offered up for our subscribers, until subscription expires, by the Fathers of the Order, at the pilgrimage Church attached to the Hospice of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls."

Regarding shrine, see reply to J.E.S.

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Sr. U., Pittsburg.—According to the rule laid down in the "Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart," the cost of a lamp with olive oil is:

For 9 days (a novena) - - -	\$ 75
For 30 days, (a month) - - -	2 00
For one year - - - - -	24 00

The same scale might apply to our Scapular Shrine.

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J. E. S., Toronto, Ont.—Intentions, requests, and petitions printed monthly

in THE CARMELITE REVIEW are placed at the foot of the statue in the Scapular Shrine. All the priests of our Order make a special Memento of these intentions at Holy Mass. The Carmelite nuns also include our intentions in their suffrages. Lamps or candles are burned at the Shrine according to the request of our Lady's clients. It is expected that those so ordering send a remittance to cover expense of oil, etc.

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CHILD OF MARY.—The substance of the devotion to the Holy Infant of Prague is:—It originated in the monastery of Prague in Austria in the early part of the 17th century. On account of many extraordinary favors granted to those practising the devotion the cult spread to all parts of the world. The essence of the devotion consists in practising simplicity, humility, purity the virtues of the Christ Child. In practice no particular prayers are obligatory. The usual custom is to have in your oratory or room a picture or statue of the miraculous Infant before which you offer prayers and petitions. Some pious persons have a lamp or candle burning before the image.

QUESTIONS BY REV. W. M. F.

DEAR REV. FATHER,—Will you kindly oblige us, if not inconvenient, to send some of the Brown Scapulars, or a sample of your Scapular cloth. We find it very difficult to find same here, as Scapulars are purchased everywhere and may be of any kind possible.

Very often I ask persons' opinion of the cloth, and scarcely ever can they (women or others) assure me of the genuineness of the woolen cloth, which I always have told them may be black or brown, provided woolen.

Another item on which I would like

to take counsel is : Persons often cover their Scapulars entirely in a little bag, or sew them up occasionally with other things in a bunch.

I don't fancy the idea bears out the wearing of Brown Scapular ; some more purchase, or get as gifts, Scapulars completely faced, other times ornamented with fancy work of linen or thread. It doesn't look like a Brown Scapular ; I would be thankful to hear your verdict in the above cases, also whether there be any special model (original) V.G., such as we see in the pictures of our Lady of Mount Carmel. The old model was brown cloth worked at home with say I.H.S. and B.V.M. Many at present buy from peddlars.

Please remember me and my special intentions the coming season at our Lady's shrine.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
W. M. T.

ANSWER BY VERY REV. A. J. KREIDT.

The Brown Scapular must be made of wool—woven wool. It may be covered for protection—as it is allowed to wear it over other articles of dress. Our religious wear it over their habits. The small Scapular worn by the faithful is only a copy of the large Scapular worn by the monks and nuns of the Order.

The Scapular may be faced with a picture of our Lady or other religious subject—or with the embroidered monogram of our Lord or our Lady.

There is no objection to the practice of sewing a medal to it—or of attaching it at the top of other Scapulars.

A Supplication.

While here below, where all is sin and sorrow

We seek thine aid and ask thy loving care,

And beg of thee to be to us a Mother—

Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer !

The shadow of the cross lies heavy on us,

Our fainting souls full often would despair,—

Oh ! Mary, look upon us in thy pity—

Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer !

And from the early morn till evening hour

We *Aves* twine in a garland bright and fair

To wreath thy brow, Christ's pure and gentle Mother—

Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer !

And as thro' darkness on life's way we wander,

Oh ! guide our pilgrim feet o'er deserts bare,

To reach our goal, the fair eternal city—

Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer !

And while forever at thy shrine we're pleading,

We go in joy and sorrow to thee there,—

Oh ! well we know thy Mother's ear is heeding,

Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer !

—J. A. S.

MONTREAL, February 15, 1899.