



## OUR LADY OF THE SCAPULAR.

*"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the covenant of peace, and everlasting alliance."*



### 3los Carmeli.

[An English version, by Eugénie de Marie, of the beautiful Latin paraphrase of the miraculous prayer "Flor Carmeli" (Flower of Carmel) which appears in Father Ott's great work, the *Marianum*.]



## I.

ARMEL'S flow'ret, thou of tints the fairest!  
 Vine luxuriant! sweet the fruit thou bearest!  
 In celestial splendor still thou wearest  
     Aureole of mother and of maid.  
 Yes! a virgin robed in garment snow-white,  
 Yet thy heart maternal glows with love-light,  
 Brightening up the shades of earthly twilight  
     When Mount Carmel's children seek thine aid.

## II.

Gently is thy loving care repelling  
 Dangers from their steps—and e'er dispelling  
 Mourning cloudlets swiftly, darkly swelling  
     Round their pathway to the mountain's brow.  
 Hark! resounds a clear and joyful chorus  
 From earth, sky and sea, for beaming o'er us  
 See that star with guiding ray before us  
     Shining with a mystic fairness now.

## III.

Happy hour to our love appealing  
 When o'er Carmel's mount fair dawn was stealing  
 Blessed harbinger! let grateful feeling  
     Celebrate her coming from above.  
 Holy garments for her children bearing,  
 Choice the blessings promised for their wearing;  
 Our best interests she is ever caring,  
     And our shield is Mary's tender love.

## IV.

Ne'er shall wily serpent ever roaming  
 Like a wild beast in the shady gloaming,  
 With undying hatred for us foaming,  
     E'er mislead our Lady's chosen band.  
 Vain his stratagems of deadly seeming,  
 Weak his satelites before her gleaming,  
 Swift they fly like clouds in sunlight beaming,  
     Low they writhe beneath our Queen's command.

## V.

O let Mary's clients still remember  
 All the favors of her goodness tender;  
 Songs of praise, and sighs of longing send her \*  
     With unfailing ardor day by day.  
 See her gently soothe the sick and dying,  
 Calm the wild winds to a soft low sighing,  
 Still the crested waves when onward flying  
     By her mild voice murmured far away.

## VI.

Angry flames that rise with deadly seething,  
 By our Lady's spirit o'er them breathing,  
 Sink to soft light in their cheerful wreathing;  
     Ne'er to Carmel shall they hurtful be.  
 Mother of our Lord and Saviour holy!  
 Blessed Virgin, spotless, meek and lowly!  
 Let harmonious voices, (not mine solely,)  
     Render thanks and heart-felt love to thee.

## VII.

May these gifts—sweet themes of joyful singing—  
 Be received from thee, like angels winging  
 From the King, His gracious pardon bringing  
     To our contrite hearts that need the grace.  
 Mother! to our humble prayers inclining,  
 (See how trustfully they're round thee twining)  
 In His Paradise, so calmly shining,  
     Show to us thy Jesus' Sacred Face! †

\* "Ad te aspiramus." Salve.

† "Nobis post hoc exilium ostende."

# 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 IX.

THE RASCIENS—ENCOUNTER WITH PIRATES—A VIOLENT TEMPEST MIRACULOUSLY  
STILLED UPON THE DEEP BLUE WATERS OF THE ADRIATIC SEA—AUDIENCE  
WITH STEPHANOS—PERSECUTIONS ON THE PART OF THE  
SCHISMATICS—AND THOROUGH RE-AWAKENING OF  
CATHOLIC FAITH—1355.



THE belligerent and courageous race of the Slaves occupy a large portion of the eastern and central part of Europe. They are divided into numerous tribes each one of which, besides the designation of their common origin, has its own special name.

Baptized in the ninth century by St. Cyril, St. Methodius and St. Adalbert, they at one period formed a numerous and glorious band in the vast army of the militant Church. But, unfortunately, they permitted themselves, later on, to be led astray and many of them embraced the errors of the Greek Schismatics.

Those of their provinces along which flows the river formerly called "Rasca," a southern tributary of the Danube, were known collectively as "Rascia."

Stratimir, called also Stephanos, a name which seems to be dynastic, having subjugated the Servians and Bulgarians, had a short time previously arrogated to himself the title of "Emperor of Bulgaria." He had, at the same period, shaken off his allegiance to Hungary, whose vassal he had formerly acknowledged himself to be. Apprehensive, nevertheless, of experiencing the vengeance of Hungary's king, the usurper laid his plans for securing what allies he could, and having this in view he directed his efforts towards the then reigning Pontiff, whose influence was alike powerful and widely extended. The more readily to secure the desired result, he had artfully sought the good offices of the Sovereign Pontiff against the alleged machinations of Constantinople, whence, Stephanos maintained, the churches which still remained in communion with the true fold, suffered constant and serious annoyance. The ambassadors also insinuated that their master and the majority of the people,



who had permitted themselves to be surprised into accepting doctrine so contrary to the principles of Catholic unity, were very much inclined to make their submission to the Prince of the Apostles. How often does not divine grace turn to good account some circumstance which bears upon its face no impress of religion, and thereby bring back to the faith not only those who have wandered away, but those who are absolutely inimical to its teachings! The Sacred College, filled with the spirit of charity, thought it a duty to seek for and nurture the germs of conversion which might still lie hidden in the land. But as the members felt but a feeble confidence in an embassy whose vague promises scarcely disguised the tortuous windings of a crooked political course, and Innocent VI. foresaw difficulties of every kind, the Sovereign Pontiff thought proper to send a specially selected embassy to Bulgaria. Two bishops were placed at the head: Peter Thomas and William Barthelemy. The latter was of the Order of Friars Minor, and Bishop of Tragurium in Dalmatia. To these two prelates were entrusted various letters from the Pontiff. The first epistle was addressed to Stephanos, the second to the Queen Helena, and to their son Orosis.

The third was destined collectively to the patriarch Joannic, to his secretary Gaic, to the first dean Savascotatore, to the despot Oliviero, governor of Servia, to Cesar Prebulus, to the chamberlain Guilbert de Cattaro, to the commander in chief Palmanion, and to all the magnates in the country. The Sovereign Pontiff earnestly exhorted these noble personages to take an active interest in the re-establishment of the faith, and specially recommended to their protection the two

nuncios whom he was sending in their midst. He spoke in the most glowing terms of their unswerving devotion to religion, of the resplendent purity of their morals, and of the edifying lives which they led. Prudence and policy, however, required that, at this juncture, due regard must be observed towards Hungary. There faith still burned with steady lustre, and there the two legates were directed, that they might present a letter from the Sovereign Pontiff to the King.

Hungary had long maintained the right of tenure upon all the territory extending along the right shores of the Danube, and nothing was more remote from its sovereign than to renounce this claim. What were the contents of the epistle which the Holy Father sent to Louis I.? In all probability they explicitly stated that the political question of the independence of Stephanos was absolutely foreign to the powers vested in the legates. In order not to awaken the malevolent suspicions of the Rasciens, the embassy had orders not to go amongst them by way of the Hungarian frontiers. After having made their obeisance to the king, they were to return to Venice, and there embarking for Albania, proceed by land across that province and through Montenegro until they reached the centre of Servia. Letters had been despatched to the Doge of Venice, praying him to expedite the voyage. The response to this request—even though it emanated from the Holy See—was neither speedy nor cordial. The embassy could not procure a galley, and had to resign themselves to the necessity of hiring a vessel of such unpretentious dimensions that their modest suite, a few passengers and the crew filled it to its utmost capacity. Meanwhile a light

breeze sprang up and they set out with swelling sails. The deep blue waters of the charming (but treacherous) Adriatic spread out before them and they fondly hoped and prayed for a happy passage. Alas! a few brief days of "fair winds and placid waters" were enjoyed by our mariners and then a new and serious misfortune arose.

It was a lovely morning—the deep azure of the sky blended harmoniously with the blue and sparkling waters over which it hung in its majestic beauty, and the members of the embassy felt their courage re-animated and renewed. Suddenly was descried coming rapidly, full sail, towards their little bark a large and peculiar-looking vessel—which gained upon them so speedily that it soon became evident, unless something miraculous interposed, what the fate of the Christians would be. They recognized the futility of having recourse to the small supply of arms on board—not only small, but rusty from misuse—knowing well that to attempt to combat with a formidable pirate ship would be folly.

Fortunately during the voyage the captain had observed the great fervor of Bishop Peter Thomas, and frequently had the conviction forced itself upon him that he had the happiness of bearing a saint upon his vessel. Amid the general consternation, therefore, he knelt before the object of his veneration and begged him to intercede in their behalf. Moved by his terror and animated by a spirit of charity, the devout client of Mary prayed earnestly towards his august protectress who had so frequently assisted him—and her miraculous intervention manifested itself before long, and that in a wonderful way. Whilst a number of pirates, from an elevated

point of their vessel, prepared to grapple the trembling little bark, the miscreants were, without a moment's warning, almost blinded by an impenetrable fog which enveloped their vessel and permeated it to the most remote crevice. Nearer and nearer came the densest of black clouds. Plunged in an obscurity which rivalled the midnight darkness of a starless sky, the pirates vainly tried to steer their course in spite of this unexpected calamity. And all the while the children of the Church, released from anxiety, joyously rode upon the waves, under the clear blue heavens, happy in the protection of the "Star of the Sea."

And this was not the only danger from which they were delivered through the miraculous interposition of their Mother and Queen.

Upon one occasion the term "wild waves" proved such a fitting epithet that the pilot, seeing his best efforts prove of no avail, actually left his place at the helm. But our saint was far from accepting, without effort to avert it, so perilous a situation. He had ever one unfailing resource at command—fervent prayer inspired by unquestioning faith. Whilst his suppliant voice, as he directed it to heaven, seemed lost in the hurricane's terrific roar, a wave, high as a mountain, raised the vessel and bore it upon its crest to a place of safety. A lagoon, which none of the sailors had ever seen in that part of the sea, was visible and the peril was passed.

After making their heartfelt thanksgiving, the passengers and crew were favored with a cessation of the storm, and by force of much exertion with the aid of machinery, they had to pass over a long stretch of sandy soil in order to regain the high sea.

The voyage over, new perils awaited

them, although of a different kind. Not a day passed upon which their life was free from danger, but the Bishop of Patti encouraged them by his fortitude and his unwavering confidence in God. The welcome thought of co-operating in the diffusion of the Church, cast an atmosphere of joy whithersoever he was—making his companionship engaging and fascinating. Love, which giveth wings, enabled him to overcome all obstacles as if by enchantment. Never did he see the slightest cause for dread in frightful precipices, deep and dark mountain gorges, or raging tempests. He did not even shudder when the fiery eyes and gleaming teeth of a ferocious wild beast crossed his path, and prayer was the constant weapon with which he met the threatened attack of a brigand. So true it is that to one of *living faith* life or death, prosperity or affliction, opposition or ultimate success—everything is accepted as a gift from the same kind Father, as special favors from his paternal hand. This proved to be the consolation of Blessed Peter and his friends for their heroic efforts which, we would be inclined to say, fully merited the conversion of the Rasciens did not accomplish the desired result. From the moment of their arrival, the legates were harrassed in every imaginable manner. Stratimir was soon recognized as a treacherous personage, and that too of the most dangerous kind. It became evident that his project of returning to the Church was merely a pretence, for at heart he was more of a schismatic than were the emissaries of the Patriarch of Constantinople, whose course he had denounced. His principal object in seeking to deceive the Holy Father was that he might secure his mediation for

a favorable issue with Hungary.

He cherished an unutterable disdain for all around him, and maintained that he alone was entitled to the exercise of free-will, all others were in his eyes the most abject slaves. He obliged all who came into his presence to prostrate themselves, to kiss his feet and to observe certain rules which, even in the Orient, went beyond the limits of all marks of respect. To infringe upon this law, was to risk one's life. He had imbibed a sanguinary ferocity from the Huns, who had pitched their tents here and there in this country, and added to it the arrogance of absolute despotism.

His stature was that of a giant. According to the ancient chronicles, he was the tallest man living, and of prodigious strength. Picture to yourselves such a creature and you will have an idea of the personality of the Rascien king. His subjects bowed before him in abject submission and trembled at his very glance.

But Peter Thomas was absolutely incapable of the slightest feeling of intimidation. Bishop of the holy Church, and representative of the Sovereign Pontiff, he appreciated to the utmost the sublime dignity of his position. When informed of the prevailing code of etiquette, he refused with all the indignation of an elevated soul to kiss the despot's foot. This incident delayed the audience for several days. Finally admitted to the presence of the giant king, his lordship (Blessed Peter Thomas) who as we know was of a diminutive stature, stood there as unmoved as was David before the giant of olden times, Goliath. Then he respectfully advanced, making a profound inclination, such as, in civilized communities, one is accustomed to make use of in

greeting a civilian of very high rank. The descendant "of all the Stephanos," a dynasty so omnipotent in *his* estimation, for once perceived that he had met his master, but furiously enraged as he was he did not betray his feelings. His vanity sought compensation in a long discourse in which he set forth his own royal virtues and the might of his kingdom. Scarcely permitting the visitor to utter a word, he monopolized the conversation until the close of the interview.

A second audience was granted, and the saint succeeded in disclosing the object of the embassy, but he obtained only the most evasive and contradictory statements from the King. And at one time this caricature of a monarch, unable any longer to play the role of moderation, cast aside his mask and so clearly manifested the cruelty of his nature that the drama threatened to change to a sanguinary tragedy. Eight days were required to calm the raging creature. Other interviews took place, in which the King constantly retracted what he had promised before. One day he would propose certain concessions as the basis of an agreement, and upon the next his given words would be scattered to the winds.

During all this time of trouble, the Legate never desisted from prayer, whether public or private, and every day he celebrated the holy mysteries either in the town or the suburbs, or even in the midst of the army. The Catholics hastened to be present and it was a touching sight to witness their fervor; the schismatics came through curiosity, but remained perfectly quiet and reverential. The true faith began to extend its roots, and there were hopes of this arid soil so long deprived of the good seed becoming fructified

and vivified once again.

But the principal promoter of the schism, the tyrant abused the divine grace now offered to him, and hardened his already obdurate heart more and more. Enraged at the success which crowned the efforts of Blessed Peter, he forbade any one to attend Mass, or listen to his sermons under pain of having their eyes burned out, and this cruel edict was proclaimed at the sound of the trumpet throughout the land.

This violent opposition had the effect only of animating the zeal of the fervent monk. Assembling his faithful children, he addressed them in the most impressive language. He demonstrated to them that it was the honor and glory of their holy faith which was menaced, and that they had now the most sublime opportunity to prove to the world that the strength of soul possessed by Catholics is so great as to enable them to meet a martyr's death without a moment's hesitation. In conclusion he announced that he would celebrate Mass upon the following day at the usual hour with all possible solemnity. He invited all to be present, without, however, making it incumbent upon them to comply.

The omission to do so would be, perhaps, a mark of weakness, but not of apostacy, nor even an act of disobedience, for no law of the Church commanded one to assist at the Mass of a nuncio. At the same time, to brave an extreme danger through a spirit of fervent piety would be a glory and a triumph for the faith. Let each one choose for himself. It was, eventually, a question of zeal.

TO BE CONTINUED.

When God makes a particular revelation to a soul, He also inclines that soul to make it known to the minister of His Church who stands in His place.

## AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

### CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)



That fierce onrush of infuriated men, the negro had closed his eyes and set his teeth, an instinctive preparation against the next instant's mortal agony; but as he felt himself plunged headlong into the water, he realized their foul scheme had, some way, miscarried, and the desire for life flashed back into being. The pistol shot following warned him that danger had not passed with his almost miraculous escape and struggling to his feet he waded through the shallow water into the shadow cast by the clumsily builded butment of the bridge. In such moments of imminent danger, the sense became preternaturally sharp, the mind clear, and quick to grasp the situation—a last merciful protection of Nature. The sound of the departing crowd and of that approaching, he comprehended, while the groan on the wooden floor above him, explained itself. The white preacher had been wounded, killed, perhaps, but he was free, while the men who had dragged him hither were flying before the indignant citizens of the town. Yet, while the latter were more just, the only mercy he could expect was a safe return to jail. In all the wide world, but one place rose before him as a haven of safety, his mother's cabin.

Amid the many dangers besetting his path, her love shone out, a promise of refuge. As he stood that one instant to regain breath, the horsemen came pouring down the narrow road, and a cry of horror arose, as their glances fell on the still figure on the bridge. He knew that moment's confusion offered him escape. Noiselessly, as only a negro can, he stole through the water, until he reached the point where the shrub-fringed bank gave support to the outside pillars. Clutching one of the young saplings, he swung himself out of the creek and still following the water-course, started in a hard run. But after a few paces he was brought to a sudden stop by a jerk that threw him off his feet. Turning his wild eyes, expecting to find one of the masked faces over him, he saw, instead, the long white rope, the trailing end of which was securely caught in one of the many shrubs. He sprang to his feet, disengaged the rope, wound it around his neck, and again started. The negro settlement, where his mother lived, lay north of the town, and that guiding instinct, ever so keenly alive, forbade his attempting to reach it by the customary way; so at a point where the bush had been cleared, he left the creek, and broke through the open field, in full view of the few houses marking the outskirts of the town. He then crossed the road, up which there came to his affrighted ears the clatter of a galloping horse's feet, darted

through other yards and garden plots, until he came to the low stone wall surrounding the grave yard. He made a sudden pause, for strong, almost, as the desire to live, is ghostly fear in the negro heart. The sight of the still, white monuments, standing sentinel over each narrow green mound, made him shiver, so firm was his belief within their shadows stood innumerable spirits, waiting to do him evil, should he venture within their domain. The galloping horse was coming on behind and the graveyard was before. Great beads of perspiration hung on his forehead, and it is probable fear and the terrible strain of the night had overcome the weakened frame, had not, at that moment a friendly rooster sent out his clear, cheery announcement of the midnight hour. A human voice could not have been more reassuring to the half crazed wretch, who, at the first welcomed sound, sprang over the wall, and sped through the fearful place, crossing graves in his flight, and passing the bench where, a few days previous, his white deliverer had spent such long hours of bitterness. But as he proceeded, his breath came shorter, attended with intense pain in his chest, while a violent trembling seized his frame. He clutched at the rope, which now seemed choking him, as exertion had swollen the veins of his neck; but he flagged not in his mad run, until, the long way covered, his bare feet pierced and bleeding, his eyes dimmed, he fell against his mother's door.

"Who's dar?" she asked, waking from her light sleep."

"Me, Mammy!" he answered, his voice sounding like a trumpet in his ears, though falling only as a broken whisper on the air.

"Who's dar?" repeated the woman. The voice came to him as from a great

distance. Was he going to die here, with that bolted door between them! He tried to reply again but the parched tongue and lips refused utterance to his words. He drew back, and gathering his remaining strength, flung himself against the door. The pretense of a latch gave way, the door flew open, and he fell forward, almost at his mother's feet. She sprang back, horrified, but raising himself, he turned toward her, muttering, "Mammy!"

"My Gawd! It's Pete!" she cried, clapping her black hands over her head; then, flinging herself by his side, she strained him to her bosom, and he rested there, without any fear. When she recovered from her first transport and her sense returned, she became conscious of the brisk night breeze, blowing in through the open door. She released her clasp on her son, but the figure swayed and fell, for at last, the physical had triumphed over the will and strong desire that had sustained him. She cautiously closed the door before lighting her small lamp. The first object to greet her eyes was the rope wound around the neck of her child, and at the sight she turned dizzy. She knelt down and peering into the face saw the mask it wore was only death's semblance. Her simple remedies to restore him to consciousness were attended with partial success, for, at length, he unclosed his eyes and recognizing the tear-wet face bending over him, whispered,

"Mammy, Ise so tired!"

At the words, she began to weep aloud. Again he looked up, fully conscious now, and with all the night's horror breaking fresh upon him; but he said weakly to her:

"Doan yeh cry, Mammy!" Then, he repeated: "Ise so tired, Mammy!" She helped him to his feet, supported

him to the bed, upon which he threw himself, and with the consciousness of his mother's hands drawing the covering over him, he fell into a heavy slumber.

When that little party of horsemen paused on the edge of the bridge, at the sight of the stiff figure of the minister, lying there, with white face turned to the star-gemmed sky, they uttered a cry of horror. Harry Earle flung himself from his saddle, and kneeling in the pool of blood that pointed the path of the treacherous bullet, lifted the wounded man's head on his arm. As he viewed the face, by the feeble light of the stars, he said, with a suspicious tremor in his voice, "Gentlemen, he's dead!" and a silence, more eloquent of grief than any words, followed. But from the outer edge, one man began to push his way, and the group divided for the doctor, who returning from a sick call, had encountered the party and followed. He made a brief examination and said, quietly,

"Not dead, yet; but dying, I think." He drew a flask from his pocket and directing one of the men to force a few drops between the set teeth, he endeavored to stop the flow of blood, meanwhile, ordering some one to bring a litter and lanterns. After a while, the minister opened his eyes inquiringly on the faces bending anxiously over him, but the sharp pain in his side made him groan. Yet he remembered all, and forced the word "Pete?" between his white lips.

"D——n Pete!" replied Harry Earle, with more force than elegance.

"Pete's all right," said the doctor, soothingly, while another of the men held up before his dim eyes the short, severed rope, still tied to the pier; and with the shadow of a smile on the pain-

distorted features, the minister fell back into unconsciousness.

Tender, strong hands lifted him to the litter and bore him slowly to his home, and Harry Earle, following in that sad procession, leading a friend's horse and his own, while the other hand guided the bicycle, which he had found on the side of the road, could scarcely distinguish the faces around, for the mist filling his eyes. On that slow walk back to town many remembrances and thoughts came to him. He recalled the hue and cry the busy tongues of the town had raised when it was known the minister had purchased a bicycle, and how he, himself, by his silence, had agreed with their caviling. He remembered, with bitterness of soul, the certain contempt he had entertained for the dying man, in common what he felt toward ministers as a class, the contempt of the sceptic for the believer. Last Sunday those still lips had told his hearers, of whom, to please his wife, he was one of the Christian's love, which is strong enough to make a man give up his life, if required for another; and he, Harry Earle, had smiled to himself at the eloquent words, questioning what part had that love in the workings of a world, where the aim of each is to get his hand at his brother's throat; and lo! the expounder of the text had proven it in his own person, for a poor negro, whose existence was of no more account than that of a worm's turned up with a spadeful of earth. His contempt turned in on himself and lashed him furiously. It took all the self-estimation out of him and forced down before the superior moral courage of the follower of a Master he had long ago deserted. The emotions thus awakened sent him, after seeing the horses stabled and the bicycle in a



place of safety, through the deserted street that led in an irregular fashion from the main part of the town to Henryville, where a hundred or more rude board houses represented the homes of the colored portion of the community. The shaft of light slipping out under the door, directed him to Pete's home, and in answer to her sharp "Who's dar!" he answered, in kinder tones than was his wont in addressing his inferiors:

"It's Harry Earle."

"Has Pete come here?" he asked her, closing the door behind him.

She made no answer, but led the way to the bed, and drew back the old quilt from the sleeper's face. The rest and quiet slumber of the past half hour had reduced the enlarged veins on forehead and neck, and the flesh falling back showed the ravages the torturing fears of the past few days and the fearful agony of the night's experience, had wrought. Twenty years of hard work and deprivations, such as the negro knows most fully, had not so aged the boy. The rope was still around his neck, and at sight of it, the mother shivered and quickly folded the covering about the unconscious sleeper. There was a tragic expression on her old face as she then looked from the black child she had borne, to the white man she had nursed, and in that moment Harry Earle felt shame that the color of those who had brought her such anguish and his were the same. Trembling, she sank on the rude stool by the bed and covered her face, for a moment, with her hands. The man's heart was touched.

"Don't cry, Aunt!" he said to her, kindly.

"O Marse Harry," she cried, "my ole heart's 'mos' broke! Ise had trouble in my time, heaps uf it, sence

de day dat bressed angel was cyar'd up to Heaben, an' yoh an' poh Marse was lef' des'late; but dar yaint no trouble what's eber 'fallen me like dis. De white men's gwian to kill my boy, my las' chile, de only liben creature what's lef' fur me to lub an' keer fur. An' dar's been so many, white and blac', what Ise lubbed; but dey's dead ur 'stranged frum me. Dat's de way uf de wurl, Marse Harry, when you's young an' handy, an' kin gib all yoh's time to dem, yoh's liked and made heaps uf; but when yoh's old, yoh fin' yoh bes' friends is de dead uns, fur de liben' doan need yoh any moh. But de good Lawd was min'ful uf dis time fur me, an' sen' me one las' little baby an' I lubed him moh nor all de res', fur 'fore he was a week ole, his poh pappy was felled undah by a tree an' killed. But I didn't mohn, but jus bressed de good Lawd ebery day 'cause he'd sen' dat las' chile. An' now dey's gwian to kill him!"

She buried her face again in her hands and began to sob wildly, and manlike, in the presence of such grief, her one listener looked at her helplessly.

"I did tink," she continued, after a time, "dar wus sum hope an' dat my poh boy wus safe, 'cause de white preacher said h'd die himself soon'or hahm should cum to Pete"——

"And the white preacher kept his word," said Harry Earle, warmly. "Didn't Pete tell you?"

"Marse Harry, Pete bruk in de dooh an' draped like a dead pussen on de flooh. All he said tu me was dat he wus so tired."

In a few words he told her of the night's occurrence, but when he related the fate of her boy's deliverer, she sprang to her feet, and clapping her hands over her head, cried:



"Shot de white preacher! O, my gawd! O, Marse Harry, doan say dey shot him dead!"

"He was not quite dead when I left him at his own door; but the doctor thinks him mortally wounded."

She fell back on her stool and hid her face in her lap, too overpowered to give an audible expression to the great sorrow that anew surged over the grateful, devoted old heart.

"Thus far," continued Mr. Earle, "Pete has been saved, but," and his voice grew hard, "saved with a bitter cost, for two good men may pay for it with their lives. I thought Pete would come to you, so I came here to see him. If he is innocent,"—the expressed conviction marked the victory the usually indifferent man had gained over deeply rooted un-Christian sentiments—"to save him is worth any sacrifice. And Pete will tell me all and the truth; for what he would attempt to hide from his Maker he will confess to me. And if Pete is innocent, I promise you he will not die, and I'll keep my word, if need be, as the white preacher kept his."

The mother dropped on her knees, and before he could prevent her, caught his hand and covered it with kisses.

"I knowd," she cried, a wealth of love and unquestioning faith in her broken voice, "ef eber his ole blac' mammy needed a frien', young Marse wouldn't fargit. Dey ust to try to make me b'lieve yoh'd farget me, but I knowd yoh couldn't do it! My bressed angel giv hur life fur yoh, but her las' words cha'ged me to tak keer uf yoh; an' she promised yoh'd take hur place, whenever I needed hur. Nevah, nevah, did I call on hur to cum frum hur heabenly abode till dis awful day; an' she heerd me, an' fust sen'

me de preacher an' now, yoh!"

In that moment Harry Earle experienced the stings of remorse, for in his careless life, he had forgotten his black nurse, or had left the assistance of her to his warm-hearted wife. He suppose it was necessity made her still a daily toiler, but until now, he had not dreamed all that necessity meant. The poverty of the one miserable room smote him, for in his father's home, as its trusted and faithful superintendent, she had ever been surrounded with the comforts of life. It was true the changes that had followed his untroubled youth, had made him a toiler as well as her; but he could have made the road smoother for her. He had not thought to do so, and he was forced to admit he had not remembered to come to her even in this hour, had it not been for the heroic example of the minister.

A quick step on the one plank that served as a sidewalk for the negroes, broke across his reflections, and answering a sharp knock sounding the next instant on the door, he admitted the sheriff.

"He's here," said Mr. Earle, answering the other's unspoken question. The two men went to the bed, and at the sight of the rope around the sleeping lad's neck, the sheriff turned away.

"Poor devil! he had a close call, didn't he?" he said to Mr. Earle. "I say, Earle," he began, after a moment's thought, "that boy's been through too much to wake him up and hurry him back to jail!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Earle. "It will soon be day. Let him sleep and I'll keep watch with you."

So they took the two old chairs the room boasted of to the open door and there the two humane men sat through the waning hours, while the prisoner

slept, and his old mother kept untiring watch by his side. At daybreak, they aroused him and quietly conducted him back to his cell.

The town was wild with excitement the next day, and the news of the dastardly work of the night before spread over the country. Too long had mob law held sway, too long had justice been thus forcibly deprived of her sacred rights, and the indignation of the people over the horrible results in Carlisle found vent in the Governor's prompt denunciation and the offer of a large reward for any information leading to the conviction of any or all participants. Copies of the proclamation were posted in prominent places throughout the county. The day following their appearance in the Blue Lick district, readers noted these significant words, scrawled under the rude drawing of a skull: "Death to the traitor!" and were disloyalty to each other characteristic of these people, that menace had put a curb on it in this case.

The brave marshal, who had defied death to do his duty, and the minister who had braved the anger of half a hundred men to prevent a crime, were the heroes of the hour. The marshal's wound proved a slight one, for he had been more stunned by a blow than injured by the shot, and his recovery was rapid; but the minister was beside death's door, and the gloom of universal sorrow hung over the com-

munity. The deacons of the church called a meeting and adopted resolutions expressive of their admiration of his bravery and grief over the sad results it had brought to him; nor was one voice heard against the proceeding. The gossips grew still, or praised where before they had blamed, while honest men and women everywhere freely spoke his praises. The court, which opened a few days later, before proceeding to business, paid its respects to his brave conduct; in the several churches prayers were offered up for his recovery, while the press of the State poured on him laudation after laudation. But unconscious of it all the minister lay in his darkened room fighting his first battle with the grim Destroyer. High fever had set in, and in the delirium that followed, his attendants heard oft-repeated, the particulars of that wild ride and the scene that followed. Sometimes, after frantic appeals for mercy for the negro, he would grow very quiet, and his watchers would then catch broken words about green graves, with sunlight playing on them, and the song of a blue bird, concluding with the sad question why ever life's mysterious windings lead us from our heart's desires. But the name of the woman he loved never passed his lips. Even when the will had deserted her post, the loyal heart did not betray his sacred sorrow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

It is a glory and an ornament to the Church.

It is the life of the living, and the Christ of the holy dead.

It is the song of the angels.

It was the light of all Mary's darkness, and the jubilee of all her woes.

It was the device of the Holy Ghost, and the devotion of His love.

It was the devotion and singular possession of Jesus Himself.

It was the devotion, the choice, the complacency of the Eternal Father.

The whole of Mary, and all the benignity of her queendom, and all the glory of her exaltation—are because of the Precious Blood. No part of creation has been made so white by its redness, as her unspotted heart. She is the creature of the Precious Blood, its daughter, its mother, its spouse, and its queen."—FABER.

## Echoes of Carmel.



### I.

OUCH the harp-strings, Holy Spirit !  
Silently they wait for thee ;  
Ah ! my soul would gladly echo  
Each celestial melody.  
Sweeping, with ecstatic gladness,  
Through the white-robed choirs above,  
And, in endless variations,  
Breathing of our Lady's love.

### II.

Lovely Flower of Mount Carmel !  
Many hearts rejoice to-day,  
Gazing upward, through the sun-light,  
To the bright land far away.  
Many weary ones are restful  
Praying at thy sacred feet ;  
Many mourners thou are soothing  
With thy consolations sweet.

### III.

Whiter than the snow-flake's whiteness,  
Is that virgin-heart of thine !  
Fairer than all earthly fairness,  
Sweetly fragrant like the vine.  
God's own love is turning round thee,  
Gentle Mother, glorious Queen !  
And He wills each soul to glisten,  
In thy crown of starry sheen.\*

### IV.

With a silvery ray of gladness  
Light us o'er life's restless sea,  
Till we rest, O mother Mary !  
Safe "*in Patria*," with thee.  
Thou art waiting with glad welcomes  
On the everlasting shore,  
*There* to show the Face of Jesus,  
To our gaze for evermore.

\* Each of us is called to be a star in Mary's crown. Let us not disappoint her of the jewel for which she has paid so great a price. —REV. G. TYRRELL, S.J. "*Novæ et Veteræ*."

## THE FEAST OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE SCAPULAR OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

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



ON the sixteenth of this month the Church will celebrate the Feast of the Solemn Commemoration of the Brown Scapular. This auspicious event occurred on the 16th of July, 1251, when

the Blessed Virgin placed it in the hands of St. Simon Stock. As there is no confraternity in our holy religion so widely extended, we deem it of importance to devote an article to the consideration of the origin of the Scapular, its authenticity, and the advantages that accrue to those who have the happiness of being invested in it.

In order that the circumstances, which attended the origin of the Brown Scapular, may be more intelligently understood, it is necessary to go back to the dawn of Christianity, and even before that time, and direct our attention to a mountain in Judea, known as Mt. Carmel and celebrated in Holy Scriptures as the favorite resting place of the great prophet Elias and his successor, the prophet Eliseus. It was on the summit of this mountain that Elias confounded the priests of Baal, by calling down fire from heaven to consume the holocaust he was offering to the true and living God. It was from there he saw a figure of the Blessed Virgin, rising in the form of a cloud from the sea. "Behold a cloud rose out of the sea like a man's foot." This was after a drought of three years

and a half, when the earth being parched did not give its fruit, and a great famine brooded over the land. But the little cloud extending and increasing as it arose, sending down torrents of rain, fertilizing the earth and producing abundance of fruit was a true emblem of the Blessed Virgin. Before her coming, the earth, in a religious sense, was truly sterile, a spiritual famine hung over the whole world, but through her mankind received the Redeemer who fertilized the world with His blood. The cloud is also an emblem of Mary, looking down upon her dear children whom she has clothed with the garments of salvation, and who with outstretched hands pours into their thirsting hearts the waters of grace which she obtained from her beloved Son.

It is not intended, in this article, to prove the antiquity of the Carmelite Order, leaving that subject for a future paper. Suffice it to say for the present that there were holy men living on Mount Carmel before Christianity, called the sons of the prophets, who fled from the cares and turmoils of the world to devote themselves entirely to God. As a religious body they are known as Carmelites, taking their name from the historic mountain on which they dwelt, and among the first to embrace the Christian religion were these same holy men—a fact that was naturally to be expected, since the sanctity of their lives admirably coincided with the pure and elevating doctrines of the new religion. Tradition again informs us that from the

days of the Apostles, the special characteristic of their institute was a deep and abiding love for the blessed Mother of God, through all the alterations of fortune, down through the ages, as well in persecution as in peace. Indeed, they might say of our Blessed Lady that neither life nor death, neither persecution nor the sword could separate them from the love they bore her.

Many times from the seventh century to the opening of the Crusades, the Carmelites were driven from their beloved retreat, and it was not once but often the scimeter in the hand of the brutal Saracen flashed above their devoted heads as they poured forth their blood for the religion of Christ. About the year 1095, a poor monk of France, named Peter and surnamed the Hermit, on account of his retired life, inspired with a desire of seeing the holy places consecrated by the footprints of his Divine Master, braved all dangers and betook himself to Jerusalem. Upon his return to Europe, he poured out, in burning words, his indignation, whilst reciting the atrocities he had seen inflicted on the native Christians, and on the pilgrims, who had come from other countries. Carrying his tale of woe to Pope Urban II., he told him of the enormities he had seen perpetrated by Arabs and Turks. The holy Pontiff listened to him in deep sympathy, for he was not ignorant of the galling yoke under which Christians were laboring and, while commending his zeal and charity, he commissioned him to preach the first Crusade. The nations of Europe soon caught up the spirit of the Hermit, and engaged in those holy wars against the Turks that have given such glorious testimony to their genuine faith and piety. These Crusaders coming in contact with the

pious inhabitants of Mt. Carmel, and admiring their austere mode of life, prevailed upon the holy monks to accompany them on returning to Europe. About the early part of the 13th century, arriving in England, they built a monastery in Kent. Thus were the Carmelites first established in the West.

At that time there was a recluse buried in the heart of a deep forest not far from Oxford, who when only twelve years was called by the spirit of God to this holy retreat. Illustrious by his birth, he soon became still more illustrious by the sanctity of his life. Spending twenty-two years in solitude, communing with God alone, where he renewed all the austerities of the ancient anchorite of the desert, his love for God and his neighbor daily increased. This holy man was St. Simon Stock. From childhood, penetrated with a deep devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the saint was much affected by the piety shown towards the august Queen of Heaven by the new religious and humbly sought admission into the Order. Edified and encouraged by the penitential life of his new brethren, he soon became a shining light and outstripped all others in the austerity and regularity of his conduct. Upon his election to the high office of Superior General, St. Simon proposed to himself as his principal end, the more exact cultivation of all the virtues practised by that holy institute and especially an increased devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. But the arch-enemy of Mary puts forth all his strength and makes use of every available means he can command to thwart the propagation of devotion of any kind to the Blessed Virgin, hence at that time and at various other periods in the history of Carmel, these dear clients of Mary

were the special victims of satan's most savage persecutions. This we can readily understand, since Mary is his greatest enemy. She triumphed over and crushed him, and, though her the evil he brought on mankind was repaired, consequently any honor paid her gives him intense pain. Again, the Evil One has an undying hatred for God, and were it possible to inflict injury on Him, nothing could give him greater pleasure. Failing in this, he concentrates his hatred on God's image—man, and pours out upon him all the evil he possibly can. Now, theologians assure us that a sincere and tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a mark of predestination—thus it at once becomes clear, that anything which can benefit man and save him from hell and his enemy's clutches, must bear the brunt of the evil one's unutterable hate.

Saint Simon and his brother Carmelites, endeavoring to establish their Order in England, found themselves surrounded with difficulties of various kinds. Persecutions, frequently from sources from which they should least expect them, thwarted them in the noble work they had undertaken. But no adverse circumstances were capable of dampening the ardor of St. Simon, and in these straits he turned to his Blessed Mother for aid. His prayers were not immediately answered, but the former recluse of the desert was not easily disconcerted, and his love for Mary, deep and abiding, engendered in his soul a confidence that was not to be shaken by temporary disappointment. For years he persevered, with tears, in beseeching an outward or a sensible sign of his dear Mother's protection for himself and his Carmelites. It was, beyond doubt, an extraordinary petition, but the inspiration to

ask such a gift, like the gift itself, came from heaven. But if we consider the unbounded love of the Blessed Virgin for her devoted children, and the love of Saint Simon and his unbounded confidence, we need not wonder that the Scapular was an answer to his fidelity and perseverance. At length the time came when his abiding love and confidence were to be rewarded. The Blessed Virgin appeared to him surrounded by a great number of blessed spirits, holding in her hand the holy Scapular, saying: My beloved son, receive this habit as the livery of my confraternity. It is a privilege for you and for all Carmelites, a mark of predestination, a safe-guard in danger, a pledge of salvation and an eternal alliance. Whosoever shall have the happiness to die wearing this garment shall never suffer the flames of hell."

We have stated above the reasons that induced the saint to seek a visible sign of Mary's protection. On account of the elements that constitute man's composition, our Divine Lord thought it necessary to establish outward signs or Sacraments. But we will leave the Sacraments out, as they are visible signs instituted by Christ to give grace to the soul, and always act *ex opere operato*, which no visible sign instituted by the Church can do. But besides the sacraments instituted by Christ, there have been always visible signs instituted by the Church called sacramentals, which are efficacious through the prayers and blessings of the Church to excite in those who piously use them, dispositions that are calculated to prepare them for the more effectual reception of grace. So the Scapular is not the only visible sign in the Church outside of the Sacraments.

But apart from all this, we find in the book of Judges, that God had

chosen a man to deliver his people from the oppression of their enemies the Madeanites. That God commissioned him to the high office was announced by an angel, nevertheless he besought a visible sign of God as a visible approbation of his mission. "And Gideon said to God, if Thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as Thou has said, I will put this fleece of wool on the floor, if there be dew on the fleece only, and it be dry on all the ground beside, I shall know that by my hand, as Thou hast said, Thou wilt deliver Israel. And it was so. And rising before day, wringing the fleece he filled a vessel with the dew. He asked even another sign, that whilst the fleece would remain dry the earth would be wet with dew. And it was so." Here we see the chosen one of God seeking two visible signs, and by his confidence bringing down the dew of heaven on the fleece, an emblem of the grace and strength of God upon himself. And in the second sign bringing down the dew of heaven on the parched earth, an emblem of the grace and strength of God upon His people, and in the strength of these two signs Gideon went forth and slew the enemies of God and saved his people. It was thus that Saint Simon Stock sought a visible sign of Mary's protection, like the dew of heaven falling on the fleece of Gideon and falling on and fertilizing the parched earth. The Scapular is not only a sign of Mary's protection, but also a sign of the heavenly graces, that she pours down upon her dear children who are distinguished by wearing her livery.

Let us now see what may be said of the authenticity of the Scapular, of its tradition to Saint Simon, and the promises annexed to it. John XXII. being consulted on this matter, issued

a bull in the year one thousand three hundred and sixteen, declaring that it had been examined by the weights of the Sanctuary, and found most true. The same holy Pontiff issued another bull in the year one thousand three hundred and twenty-two, in which he renewed the previous one, declaring that in an apparition, the Blessed Virgin told him that she would deliver the wearers of the Scapular from Purgatory, the first Saturday after their death. The words of the bull are: "Ego Mater gloriosa descendam sabbato post eorum mortem, et quos invenero in purgatorio, liberabo, et eos in montem, sanctum vitæ eternæ reducam." "I, their glorious mother will descend into purgatory the first Saturday after their death, and those whom I find there, I will liberate, and bring them to the holy mountain of eternal life." This is called the Sabbatine Bull. Some writers took objection to its authenticity, on the diversity of style in which it is written, and because the original is not extant. But it is written in the Bullarium of the Carmelites and in several other works. This doubt is settled by an authority that cannot be called in question, by Prospero Lambertini, the most illustrious scholar of his age, one of the greatest theologians that ever sat in the chair of Peter. A man on whom it was impossible to impose in questions of this or any other kind, afterwards seated on the throne of the Holy See, Benedict XIV., accepted the above mentioned bull as genuine. But to return to the tradition of the Scapular and the promises annexed, besides the two bulls of John XXII., we find twenty-three popes, his successors, who either by bulls or indulgences or in one form or another, gave their solemn approbation to the confraternity of the Scapular. If any more proofs are

needed, we call the attention of our readers to the annual Festival that is celebrated with the Holy Mass and divine office throughout the whole extent of the Catholic Church, to glorify the Blessed Virgin, and in solemn commemoration of the giving of the Brown Scapular. Thus far we have spoken of the authority of the Church as approving of the devotion to the confraternity of the Scapular, and, as all Catholics know, the approbation of the Church is the approbation of God. But God Himself left no doubt on the authenticity of the Scapular. With regard to the matter, we would ask a few questions. Is a lie contrary to the Divine Essence? Is God Infinite Truth? Can God for any reason approve a lie by miracles? The answer to the two first questions is in the affirmative, to the last question in the negative. A lie is bad in itself and God never can approve of it. But God has wrought miracles through the Scapular. Their number for the last seven hundred years, who can enumerate? On account of the vast numbers in different ages and in various circumstances, that were publicly wrought in the

presence of respectable witnesses, in the presence of men of learning and position, whose integrity was above suspicion, it would be a virtual repudiation of all facts of history to deny or even to throw suspicion on them.

The advantages of wearing the Scapular, that we promised in the beginning of this article to bring forward, we must leave for another time, as space does not permit us to speak of them at present. But there is one indulgence that must be mentioned here, as it refers to the sixteenth of this month. Our present reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII., has enriched the Brown Scapular with an extraordinary indulgence. This indulgence is generally called *Toties Quoties*, from the fact that all those wearing the Scapular, and having confessed and communicated, who enter a Carmelite church and pray for the intention of our Holy Father, will gain a plenary indulgence on the sixteenth of July, the Feast of the Scapular. And not only once on that day, but as many times as they enter with the intention of gaining the indulgence, provided they pray each time for the intention of our Holy Father.

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### LOST TREASURES.

"He is calling us away, and sending on our treasures."—CARDINAL MANNING.

SOFTLY is the voice of Jesus calling

Like to wavelets on the silvery shore,

Where we stand in exile, sadly watching,

For He sends our treasures on before,

To that fair and ever restful light-land

To our Father's home beyond the skies.

Ah! they bloom with beauty in that bright land

Where no flower from the earth e'er dies,

And they wait for us with joyful welcomes,

Lovingly they watch o'er us and pray,

List! *their* voices too are ever calling

Till we glide in peace to Heaven away.

—E. DE M.



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

The Scapular as a Safeguard in Danger.

The following translation from a Parisian journal will be of interest, especially now when so many devout clients of our Lady of Carmel seek her protection whilst engaged in the hazardous work of a soldier :

Whilst on service in Africa, being then only colonel of a regiment of the line, Pelissier, Marshal of France, commander-in-chief and Grand Cordon, was one day waited upon by the doctor of the regiment to consult with him what had best be done to stop the moral epidemic which had been raging amongst the men, and which was leading them by scores to the hospital, and thence to the grave, without any perceptible disease.

"I have found out the cause," said the doctor, "from a young conscript who died this morning. You have been suffering their imaginations to be tampered with by a fellow from Brittany, who pretends to sorcery, and who for a few sous will show them their home, and call up before them the best forms of the dead or absent among those they love best on earth. The feelings of our soldiers cannot stand this; nostalgia and marasm are killing them. You must put a stop to this, colonel, or you will lose them all."

Pelissier, in alarm at the idea of the effect, but without the least dread of the cause, immediately sent for the culprit—a sober, grave, and serious young man, from Brittany, named Coetquen, who had formerly been a shepherd, and had fallen to the conscription, and had been unwilling to leave his aged mother, of whom he was the favorite son. The colonel was

resolved to be stern with the culprit.

"What is this I hear?" said he. "What are those lies thou art propagating in the regiment?"

"Of what am I accused, *mon colonel*?" said Coetquen, respectfully. "Have I failed in my duty with the regiment?—have I once omitted to fulfil my service or disobeyed an order?"

"'Tis not of that thou art accused," replied Pelissier, somewhat embarrassed, "but of a graver crime; in short, 'tis said thou art a sorcerer."

"I am!" replied Coetquen, calmly.

"Pshaw; seek not to impose upon me—'tis said thou hast made foolish lads believe in ghosts and spirits."

"They have seen them," answered Coetquen, still unmoved. "I have but one motive for thus displaying the power I inherited from my fathers—that of buying a substitute; and returning to my beloved home. The money I obtain from my comrades is hoarded for this purpose."

The colonel scratched his head in perplexity. "Well, then, if that is the case, here is a bargain; show me the spirit I wish to have called up, and thou shalt have this piece of gold; but if thou shouldst fail in the attempt, by all the powers of darkness, so surely will I blow thy brains out."

The colonel suited the action to the word by drawing the pistol from his belt with one hand, while he pulled forth with the other the piece of gold. Coetquen gazed wistfully at the latter, and said, with great cheerfulness—

"The bargain is struck, *mon colonel*; to-night, at the entrance of the little wood at the bottom of your garden, at midnight, fear not, I will be there."

"Once more," said Pelissier, owning now, without shame, that he was beginning to feel rather excited, "remember it is time to retreat. I have no wish to see spirits; therefore confess that the boys have been deluded, the influence will be withdrawn, and you shall have the piece of gold all the same."

"Never," exclaimed the sorcerer, the first time roused to emotion; you have defied me, *mon colonel* and must take the consequences."

Midnight arrived, the colonel was true to his rendezvous, and found the sorcerer awaiting him. Once more did he give the latter the opportunity of withdrawing from the bargain; and once more was he refused. The soldier stripped off his jacket and stood in his shirt-sleeves; he placed his sword and belt, his shako and jacket, together with his boots, against a tree, and drew a circle with a forked stick, and placed himself in the midst. Presently he was like one inspired, and the light of the lantern which the colonel had brought fell upon his distorted countenance, which seemed more like that of a demon than of a human being. Suddenly, in the very midst of this violent emotion, he turned to Pelissier—

"Colonel, one thing I forgot to mention; have you no sacred object about you?"

"None in the world," replied Pelissier; "dost thou take me for a Jesuit?"

"But your watch. Sometimes a mother or sister manages to slide a token or medal amongst the seals and *brocheques*—some ring or other trifle which they have got blessed by the priest. It is most dangerous; for mercy's sake, think!

The man was evidently serious—and Pelissier, took off his watch, and put

it down at a distance. The incantation then began—all was silence for a few moments, excepting for the heavy breathing of the man. Not a single word was uttered—not a single movement made, but suddenly a loud terrific shriek, a sound not of this earth for its power and the agony it conveyed, burst upon the stricken ear of the colonel. "*Ah colonel, vous m'avez trahi!*" ("Ah, colonel, you have betrayed me!") These were the words he heard, and then all was silent once more. After waiting a few moments he called aloud; no answer was returned—he waited in vain; the man had disappeared. His shako and clothes had remained against the tree—and Pelissier returned to the camp the same night to give orders for a strict search being made. No trace of the man was ever discovered.

On undressing at dawn, Pelissier remembered the Scapular he had worn for years, the gift of his mother on his first joining the army, and which he had forgotten.

"This had condemned," says the paper quoted, "the sorcerer to his fate, and was the means of bringing Marshal Pelissier into the road of piety and salvation."

#### Efficacy of the Scapular.

The great fire which occurred in the latter part of July, 1864, at Quissac, a canton of a Livernon, threatened to grow beyond control and utterly to destroy three of the most extensive mills in the vicinity. From all points eager groups hastened to the scene of disaster, as the deep toned bell sounded the tocsin for aid. It seemed as though all hope had vanished, when happily some fervent clients of Mary began to implore her assistance, and proposed that a Scapular be cast into the flames. After a momentary hesitation one of the teachers present offered the one which she wore, and a by-stander tendered his services to throw it into the fire. As he afterwards admitted he had not much faith in the experiment, and had fully expected to see the instant destruction of the two little pieces of brown stuff.

The very reverse happened, to the

joy of the faithful and the honor of Mary. It is true the flames were not instantly extinguished, but it was regarded as miraculous that their fury abated as the little brown badge was lowered into their midst, and contrary to all expectations, the greater part of the buildings were saved.

It was wonderful too that the residence of the owner, Mr. Murat, was saved, as well as the barn, which being covered with thatch was especially liable to burn, and was besides exposed to a constant shower of sparks.

Finally it was indeed miraculous that the Scapular which had been thrown into the midst of a raging fire was taken from the debris, intact—not the slightest scorch marred its surface, and nothing gave token of its perilous journey save the faint odor of smoke which clung to the cloth. I saw the Scapular myself and could corroborate the veracity of those who had told me the tale.

The above remarkable event was a powerful incentive to an awakening of devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel amongst the citizens of Quissac, and those of the adjacent parishes, and there could scarcely be found one who had not hastened to be invested with the Scapular, if that duty had been hitherto neglected. And be assured dear reader that such occurrences are of by no means infrequent occurrence.

It is scarcely a year that I gave a retreat, in preparation for the great feast of Christmas, in the parish of Bousquet, near Dehors. Men as well as the "devout female sex" came forward with an ardor most touching to see, to receive the holy Scapular. This impetus of zeal was owing in part to the narration of a most marvelous instance of assistance sent by the efficacy of the brown Scapular. It was told by an old soldier before a numerous assemblage of which I formed a part. It was somewhat similar to that which occurred at Quissac. It took place while he was in garrison at Orleans. The old brave there took the holy habit himself, and both by word and example induced a great

number to do likewise. Without wishing to attribute to the above mentioned facts any exaggerated importance, we may surely look upon them as striking examples of the protection which the Queen of Carmel loves to accord to the members of the confraternity. Of course the miracles of goodness and power performed by the Mother of God, in secret, towards those to whom she vouchsafes her maternal protection are frequent, but often too she is pleased to manifest her power *openly* towards those who devoutly wear the little brown badge. No one can doubt that to DEVOUTLY wear that insignia of our love for Mary is one of the most speedy means to insure her patronage, and to induce her, when occasion requires, to overwhelm us with the treasures of mercy and tenderness which she can always command. From Propagateur de Saint Joseph.—By S. X. B.

Thanks to the Holy Infant of Prague.

The following account of a remarkable cure which is vouched for by responsible witnesses, is published:

A lady, (whose name was gladly given for publication,) converted to the faith about seven years ago, a former resident of Chicago, but now living in New York, was suffering from an internal abscess for several years. One serious operation had been performed with no assurance of permanent relief, but rather the prediction that the abscess would return yearly, and that the patient could not last more than five years. The abscess returned with great malignity late in the year 1897, and as the sufferer was in great agony, unable to eat or sleep, she was advised to begin a novena to the Divine Infant of Prague, asking to be spared for the sake of her little son of six years old. A positive miracle was the outcome of the novena. The lady is entirely cured and, according to promise she wishes to have this signal favor granted her, published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW, for the greater honor and glory of the Little Infant of Prague, and to awaken and encourage the growing devotion to Him.

## 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.

JULY, 1898.

#### MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

For some weeks past many of you have been longing very earnestly for vacation, and thinking of the time when you would have nothing to do.

Now, the working days are over, and you can, and may do, your own sweet will. To many, doing just as they please is the height of their happiness, and doing just nothing is a sort of earthly heaven for others. The trouble is, that some people do *not* know the real meaning of rest, which is not idleness, pure and simple, but a change of work. This is the reason that there is so much dissatisfaction in vacation days, particularly for the young. They are so long and so hot, and everything is a bore, and so one tires of everyone, and even of one's self.

The great secret of the happiness of many people is to be found in a regular life, in having set times for doing things, and set things to do. Frittering away whole hours in "sweet doing nothing," is only delightful in books, and the older we grow the more convinced we are that work is a blessing from God.

Idleness is the mother of mischief, may be a homely old proverb, but there is much truth in it. Sin? I had no time to commit sin, said a busy young girl, who had spent three long months in nursing a sick brother. Yes, work is a safeguard against many evils, and so the vacation days should have some portion set aside for real work.

The girls who have a mother, and so still know the greatest earthly joy, should not find it hard to fill their happy vacation days with loving labor for her who is the very shadow of God upon earth.

How many tired mothers there are

throughout the length and breadth of our land, to whom the vacation time only means more work and less comfort. It should not be so. Vacation should mean a rest for the mothers, because of the unselfishness of their children.

System is the source of success and happiness in every station in life. "Order is heaven's first law," and it is the law of every well-regulated life. So if every girl who reads THE CARMELITE REVIEW would make up her mind to be systematic in taking her vacation, there would be few "blue" days, and very few regrets in September.

I know when school is closed it is very delightful to shake one's self free of restraint; to lie in bed late in the morning, to rock and rock away by the hour, to read lots of novels, and at last to vote all things a bore and to be as hateful and cranky as possible. That's what comes of the "sweet doing nothing."

Now, let us all make a new start this vacation.

What shall we do? You'll laugh when I sing my old song, go to daily Mass. That's No. 1.

It needn't be an early one. No—I think it *wouldn't* be vacation if the boys and girls *couldn't* have a longer sleep in the mornings. But, oh! if you would only learn to love the week day Mass, how much joy and peace and blessing it would bring into your daily lives.

You are young and happy now, but when you are older and sorrow comes into your life, making the brightest days dark and the whole world a desert, then, dear children, if you begin your sad days with holy Mass, you will bear your sorrows, not with a glad heart—oh! no—only the saints did that, but at least you will not grow bitter and unloving because God has

sent you some splinters of the true cross in sending you sorrow.

Yes, go to daily Mass—begin on July 2, the feast of the Visitation, the sweet feast which comes like a benediction at the beginning of vacation days. Our Blessed Lady went to the mountains and remained there three months with her dear cousin St. Elizabeth. Can you imagine those two holy souls idling away their time? Surely not. I know our Blessed Lady helped St. Elizabeth with the housework and took care of the dear baby saint, John the Baptist, who was born on June 24, and made herself so beloved of the household that their hearts were full of thanksgiving to God for sending them such a summer visitor.

Now, dear children, I don't want to preach to you, but do try to be sweet tempered during vacation. It is such a trial to live with some people—little people too. Do try to be good natured. What does Fr. Faber say, something about angels swarming around a good-natured person like flies around honey. I forget just his words, but he makes good nature a virtue, and so it is.

Read something helpful in vacation. Novels? Yes, why not? There are plenty of sweet clean ones—but don't feed on them all summer. Read a chapter of the Imitation every day and THINK as you read. Walk out in the open air, and if you are fortunate enough to go to the country, do *not* stay indoors except to eat and sleep.

Learn to sew this summer, you girls who have yet to be introduced to the needle, and take a friend's advice—don't let your mother do *all* the sewing for you. Dear sweet darling mothers, how they do spoil their girls; but a day comes when *mamma* is not around any longer, and then, oh! the pity of it if one "cannot even thread a needle."

Short prayers if you like, but fervent ones; frequent thoughts of God and our Blessed Lady through the day which will make you send up a loving aspiration—a five minutes to the Blessed Sacrament when our Blessed Lord is so lonely in the summer, when all the world seems on a holiday;

loving thoughtful care of your mother and the dear ones at home; *unselfishness*, which in itself is enough to make saints of the worst of us, if only a pure intention be mixed with it. All this will help to make a happy holiday, and will prepare us for heaven, where after the school of life we hope to go and rest—yes, and work throughout all eternity singing the praises of God. Begin now—learn to sing, even if you only have a crow's voice—train it. Sing for yourself—cranks do not sing for themselves, and the crank at home and abroad is the pest of the summer.

Sweet tempered people are a perfect boon in the world, where even at best there is so much to suffer.

Dear children, don't add to the suffering. Be apostles of a sweet temper and you will do more good than you ever dreamed of.

Devotedly,  
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS  
IN JUNE.

1. Rt. Rev. J. T. Mullock, Bishop of Newfoundland. 30 years ago.
2. Rev. Johann Martin Schleyer. Catholic priest of Constance, Germany.
3. Pope Gregory VII.
4. Pope Urban II.
5. Cadiz, in Spain.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

Subtractions.

1. Take fifty from a girdle and leave a wager.
2. Subtract five hundred from to pull and leave uncooked.
3. Subtract fifty from a product of barley and leave a rug.
4. Subtract one thousand from something always used at dinner and leave to corrode.
5. Subtract fifty from a handle and leave to strike.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Mention the greatest painters in the world of art.

2. What are the Elgin marbles?
3. What ruler is called "Son of the Sun?"
4. First Christian convert in Europe?
5. Who said: Take things always by the smooth handle?

MAXIMS FOR JULY.

1. Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.—Pope.
2. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Dr. S. Johnson.
3. Sweet is the memory of distant friends.—Washington Irving.
4. When anger rises think of the consequence.—Confucius.
5. My soul doth magnify the Lord!

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Which General?

Sometimes mamma calls me "general,"  
I wish I knew which one;  
But I always try to tell the truth,  
So I *hope* it's Washington.

But when I tell my papa that,  
He laughs loud as he can,  
And says if she calls me "general"  
She must mean Sheridan;

Because whenever she wants me,  
And I am out at play,  
I nearly always seem to be  
'Bout "twenty miles away."

The Modern Way.

I went in the school-room, one morning  
My two little girls were there,  
And over their atlas bending,  
Each with a puzzled air.

Mary glanced up as I entered,  
And said, with an anxious look:  
"Mamma, perhaps you can help us:  
It says here, in this book,  
"That we bought Louisiana  
From the French. Now that seems  
queer!"

For Nellie and I don't understand  
How they could send it here.

"Whoever brought the land over  
Must have taken so many trips.  
Nell says they put it in baskets;  
But I think it must have been ships."

How an Angel Looks.

Robin, holding his mother's hand,  
Says "Good-night" to the big folks all  
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,  
Laughs with glee through the lighted  
hall,  
Then, in his own crib, warm and deep,  
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother, with fond caress,  
Slips her hand through his soft, brown  
hair,  
Thinks of his fortune all unknown,  
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer  
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward!  
God's holy angels, my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"  
Asked the boy in a wondering tone;  
"How will they look if they come here,  
Watching me when I'm all alone?"  
Half with shrinking fear spoke he;  
Answered the mother, tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known;  
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes,"  
Robin, waiting for nothing more,  
Cried, and looked, with a pleased  
surprise;

Love and trust in his eyes of blue,  
"I know, mamma; they are just like  
you."

A Queer Hole.

I have heard of a boy who lived long ago,  
For such boys are not found nowadays,  
you know—  
Whose friends were as troubled as they  
could be,  
Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one  
day,  
And the boy said: "Yes," and then  
hurried away;  
But he met a man with a musical top,  
And his mother's words through that  
hole did drop.

A lesson went in, but, ah, me! ah, me!  
For a boy with a hole in his memory!  
When he arose to recite, he was all in  
doubt,  
Every word of that lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—O terrible lot!—  
He could speak only two words: "I  
forgot."

Would it not be sad indeed to be  
A boy with a hole in his memory?

## Editorial Notes.

*"We have full confidence that God will finish His own good work; by inspiring the hearts that love Him and His Blessed Mother of Mount Carmel to contribute to the erection of a church and monastery."—Archbishop Lynch.*

### An Artist Saint.

In one of her works just published, Eleanor C. Donnelly brings to light the fact that our own St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi was of a family which was not only associated with some of the choicest pages of saintly lore, but also with Art. This holy nun, we are told, threw the ardor and energy of her noble soul into the works of her brush and pencil, which are still to be seen in the Carmelite cloisters in Italy. "This same Carmelite Order has been in our own century a protectress to a branch of art which may well stir the enthusiasm of the lovers of our holy place. Of all the mediums of celestial vision, none is more suited to their expression than stained glass windows, to which the sun lends ineffable glories." Thus Miss Donnelly, who further tells us that glass is designed and treated by the Carmelites of Le Mans, in France. One superb specimen of the work of those nuns is to be seen in the church of the University of Notre Dame. It seems fitting that our dear saint of Pazzi should be enthroned in the glories of art, and it is a matter of gratitude to know that one of the beautiful stained windows in the Hospice of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls is devoted to the image of the same blessed Carmelite who justly deserves to be named the patroness of that art which raises our thoughts to the celestial glory that will burst on our vision at the end of our earthly pilgrimage.

### Virgin Victims.

As we devoutly sing the glories of our Lady of Mount Carmel this month,

our thoughts go back to that bloody July, in the year 1794, when, for the mere crime of embroidering and distributing blessed Scapulars, clients of Mary went to the guillotine. Those dark days have passed over France, but they are not forgotten. How we love to read and re-read—it makes our heart burn—of those "victims of salvation with the fragrance of virginity"—the Carmelites of Compiègne. We reluctantly defer sketching for our dear readers the martyr-record of these heroic virgins. Next month we hope to print as our frontispiece, a small picture of these holy nuns as they go to execution. We can well imagine them as they kneel, clothed in brown and white. With a foresight of their martyrdom, they had robed themselves in their white choir-mantles, thus being adorned (during the octave of the beautiful Scapular feast)—on this day of their eternal nuptials—with the symbolic garment which the nun of Carmel wears on solemn festivals, and each time she approaches her divine Spouse at the eucharistic banquet of love. Let us pray that the day may soon appear when for the glory of God, and of the glorious Order of our Blessed Lady of Carmel, holy Church shall officially declare blessed these valiant religious who were put to death through hatred of the Catholic faith, of their religious vocation and of their devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

### Peace and Prayer.

There have been many delays and disappointments, but at last we are to see realized the dream of the late venerable Archbishop of Toronto, Dr.



Lynch. We love to recall these words of the beloved prelate—especially in the month of the annual pilgrimage to our Lady of Peace: "At the commencement of the American civil war, our heart was moved with sorrow at the loss of so many souls going before God in judgment, some, it is to be feared, but ill prepared. The beautiful rainbow that spanned the cataract, the sign of peace between God and the sinner, suggested prayers and hopes to see the war soon ended and we called the Church—our Lady of Victories—of Peace. Our holy Father, Pius IX., has been graciously pleased to confer upon the present little church a Plenary Indulgence and other favors granted to the most ancient pilgrimages of the old world." And we know that in these days our holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has granted a *Plenary Indulgence to be gained at every visit to our Lady's shrine from two o'clock July 15 to sundown on July 16, every year.* It is significant that the holy Father in his letter, granting this great privilege, admonishes those who visit the shrine to pray among other things for *peace between Christian sovereigns.* Peace, indeed, is what all devout Christians are praying for in these troubled times, and it is well to recall Archbishop Lynch's reference to the last bloody strife. Again, many of our readers have fathers, brothers and dear ones now standing at the post of duty and danger. They all need our Lady's protection, so let us intercede for them at the most appropriate place—at the feet of our blessed Lady of Peace!

#### The Initiative.

Some years ago, Archbishop Lynch, of happy memory, wrote of the Carmelites: "The Fathers also propose, when a suitable house is built, to receive prelates and clergy of the

Church, as well as laity, to make retreats." And now what was probable is possible. This year we are able to accommodate a goodly number, and it seems very fitting that the first retreat should be inaugurated by the reverend and esteemed clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto. It is well to repeat here, as published elsewhere, that the laity of the United States and Canada are heartily welcome by our fathers. That no one be disappointed, and that ample arrangements be made, we have made it a condition that all intending visitors notify us at least fifteen days in advance.

#### Words of Wisdom.

The venerable Archbishop of Toronto, Dr. Walsh, before administering the holy sacrament of Confirmation in the Church of Our Lady of Peace lately, gave his hearers some very sound and wholesome instruction. Amongst the good things we heard from the lips of this learned and zealous prelate, we were edified at His Grace's remarks on the necessity of prayer which was "as necessary," he said, "to the Christian, as water is to the fish." Moreover, speaking of those careless Catholics, who run such awful risks by neglecting their all-important duty—His Grace remarked that he knew men who had no fear in meeting an armed foe, but became cowards when it was a mere question of going to Confession.

#### Annual Pilgrimage.

July 16th is a date now well known to those who are interested in the Order of Carmel. Arrangements have been made to make our annual pilgrimage a success. Indeed, we are confident that this shall be a red-letter year. Help to swell the number—tell your friends of the feast, and tell them



in turn to tell it to their friends. It will be good news to all who love the Scapular, and a grand opportunity to manifest devotion to our Lady of Carmel and gain all the rich Indulgences for yourself and the poor suffering souls.

### July Sixteenth.

The above date—the Scapular feast, occurs this year on a Saturday—which will be a boon to all who look forward to the half-holiday usual on that day. This year, then, has opportunities which do not occur annually. There are plenty shade trees and pleasant nooks in the neighborhood of the shrine, and overlooking the great cataract, where families can refresh and recreate themselves. It is the grand chance of a year to escape the warmth, dust and bustle of the crowded city. The railway fare is put at a very low rate—fifty cents from Buffalo and return—in order to make it possible for those of limited means to take part in the pilgrimage.

### Make a Note of It.

The pilgrimage train (Michigan Central) for Falls View leaves Buffalo—Central station—on the morning of July 16th, at 7:15, arriving about 8:30. Services at the shrine commence immediately upon the arrival of the pilgrims. There will be a solemn High Mass at 10 o'clock and sermon appropriate to the occasion by a well-known and eminent preacher. In the afternoon, our German friends will have an opportunity of hearing a discourse in their own tongue on "Unsere Liebe Frau vom Berge Karmel." Remember that the train, which arrives in front of the Hospice, leaves from the same place for Buffalo at 6 p.m.

Trains connecting with boats from Toronto arrive at Falls View before 10 a.m.

Cars of the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway connect with boats at Queenston and stop at the Monastery crossing on Cedar Isle.

Persons coming from Buffalo by the trolley can find the electric cars at the Canadian end of the new arch bridge.

The Canadian Pacific express leaving Hamilton at 8:15 a.m., stops at Welland and arrives at Falls View before 10 a.m.

### Papal Privilege.

In 1892 our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. enriched all Carmelite churches and chapels with a most precious privilege for the great festival—July 16. The letter of the Holy Father, which is reprinted in this number, is self-explanatory. This papal privilege is similar to the Indulgence called the Portiuncula granted to Franciscan churches on August 2nd. By virtue of the same a Plenary Indulgence can be gained by the faithful (after they have confessed and communicated) as often as they visit a church of the Carmelites during the time before the closing of the first vespers of the feast, on July 15 (from about 2 p.m.) until sun-down of July 16. Whilst making these visits, the visitor should pray for the intentions of the Holy Father. *Five Our Fathers, Hail Marys and Glorias* will suffice. You can offer it for the poor souls.

### The Brown Badge.

Each recurring commemoration of our Blessed Mother, under her glorious title of "Our Lady of Mount Carmel," should warm our love towards our Immaculate Queen, increase our confidence in her and remind us of our obligations. We know that every day witnesses wonders wrought by the Brown Scapular; we know, too, that Mary has been pleased to address the

Carmelites as her brethren, and that holy Church grants an indulgence to those who address the members as "The Order of the Brothers and Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel." We know, likewise, that Pope after Pope has enriched the Order with privileges and confirmed the same. Moreover, the Church has allowed the venerable Order to retain its own liturgy in the celebration of holy Mass. Then there is the wonderful privilege of the Sabbatine Indulgence, which (when the conditions are observed) assures the child of Mary that his Mother will free him from Purgatory on the first Saturday after death. These are but a few things recalled to remind us of our Mother's love, and to urge us to appreciate that badge of brown which marks us as objects of Mary's love—her special friends. Let us not forget that we, too, have obligations towards the holy Mother of God. It is a two-sided contract. As regards Mary, her word will *never* fail. Of that much we may rest absolutely certain. Only one thing is uncertain, and that is our want of fidelity to our promises and inconsistency. Let us ask the divine Queen to forget our past coldness towards her, renew our firm purpose to follow in her footsteps, and say to her—in the words of a worthy client :

"Thou hast proved a faithful mother to us,

Blest Queen of Love and Light,  
Who has bestowed upon us

This most glorious badge of the Carmelite."

#### A Good Soldier.

This month reminds us that a few years back—July 16th, 1887—a letter was written, the last one to a friend, by a devoted servant of Mary, whose saintly life is now being unveiled to the

world. This same life is a clear proof that holiness does and can exist in the most unexpected quarters, and under circumstances which one would think should stifle virtue and render piety impossible. We speak of a soldier—General de Sonis—who but a few years since fought his last battle, which took place on the feast of our Lady's Assumption. He left this world under the auspices of her, of whom he himself had said to his own dying soldiers: "Mary is placed on the threshold of eternity, to give courage and confidence to those who are about to cross it." General de Sonis was a member of the Third Order of Mt. Carmel, and we hope some day to give our readers the record of his life. Forty years did he follow an active military life, and never did he in that long period forget his God or neglect to honor the divine Mother. His life is a tale of gallant deeds and hair-breadth escapes. What an object lesson for our young men whom duty calls to take up arms and follow the camp! We all know the dangers of the soldier's life—more important is the danger of his sudden call to meet his Maker, when little prepared to do so. Such lives as that of this great Christian hero, General de Sonis, show that where there is a will there is a way. He was a man of character. "I always," he said "put the head of my ship towards the good God, and whatever winds blow, favorable or contrary, I keep in that direction." As the translator of his life remarks, "he loved the Church as one loves a mother; he had for the mother of God that filial piety which marks with a sign of grace the race of the elect." To such who strive to lead a Christian life in the army, or under trying circumstances—the biography of this great soldier is full of encouragement.

Those who make the pilgrimage to our Lady's shrine at Niagara Falls, on July 15th or 16th, are at liberty to make their confession, if they so desire, in their own parish church.

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The novena in preparation for the Scapular feast should be commenced on July 7th.

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Papal benediction is imparted in all Carmelite churches on July 16.

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Pilgrims are requested to bring their luncheon with them. Bread and coffee will be served on the grounds.

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One way, and a good way, of showing practical love to the Queen of Carmel, is to help this little magazine, which is devoted to her. We need every cent we get in order to complete our work here, and the proceeds go to the Hospice fund.

\*.\*.\*

Can't afford to subscribe? Suppose, then, you go among your friends and get five of them to subscribe. If you succeed, and we know you will—you get a copy free for a year.

\*.\*.\*

A suitable souvenir of your visit to Niagara would be a copy of Archbishop Lynch's beautiful pastoral descriptive of Niagara, from an ecclesiastical viewpoint. It will remind you when far away to turn your eyes towards our Lady of Peace.

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Many cures have resulted from the pious use of the water blessed with the relics of the great Carmelite Saint Albert. If you wish to bring home some of this blessed water *be sure to bring a bottle with you.*

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Saturday is the day of the week especially dedicated to our blessed

Mother—and also because the Sabbatine privilege applies to that day. It is our pious wish that this year we animate our zeal for the poor souls on the Scapular feast which falls this year on a Saturday.

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It was a most inspiring sight a few weeks ago to see the gallant marines lined up on the deck of the receiving ship Vermont and receiving devoutly the holy Scapular from the good chaplain, Father Nash. May our blessed Queen of Carmel protect all her clients on land and sea!

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Dr. Maurice Francis Egan had a very interesting article in the *Catholic Columbian*, of Columbus, Ohio, of June 18 last. Among other things of interest to Carmelites the learned and lovable professor says:—

"There seems to be a fortunate revival of interest in the life of the late James A. McMaster, due no doubt to the publication of some of his most characteristic and tenderest letters by the Carmelites at Niagara Falls and the efforts of our historical societies to foster a regard for all things Catholic and American. McMaster deserves to be better appreciated. "Now that the smoke of battle,—of the many battles he waged,—has cleared away," it is just that the real figure of the man should be made to appear as it was,—great, loyal, rugged and fulgent, at the same time kind and gentle. There was no doubt that he was a good hater, and that he believed all his hatreds to be righteous hatreds; he was, too, an ardent lover and the firmest of friends;—only those who hate can love, was one of his axioms; and, if mixed sometimes the person with the principle he hated, he was ready enough to distinguish if he discovered he was wrong. He was a Scotch Highlander still, in spite of a generation or two between him and the Gael, and the highest spirituality never, until death began to cast its shadow, quite eradicated the old fighting desire to strike the head of an opposing clansman whenever he saw it. To the world he offered the aspect of a warrior, for he hated the world. To the little circle of which he was the centre, he was the gentlest and most considerate of men. A glance only at the letters recently printed in THE CARMELITE REVIEW, will show this."

## PUBLICATIONS.

"The Month of the Sacred Heart" is a complete, concise and cheap little work published by the House of the Angel Guardian, 85 Vernon street Boston. The profits small as they are—the book costs but ten cents—go to the support of poor and orphan children.

A good story about American boys for American boys has been given to the printer by that popular writer L. W. Reilly. B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., sells the book at fifty cents.

Sketches of French and American life "From the Land of St. Laurence," is one of Doctor M. F. Egan's latest contributions to popular libraries. It is also published by B. Herder at 50 cents.

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly's views on woman's work, sphere, influence and responsibility are given us under the title of "Childhood's Handbook of Woman" published at eighty cents by B. Herder. It will be surely read by those who appreciate our interesting book.

Appleton's Popular Science monthly for June has some very interesting articles on physiological subjects.

The second volume of the Canadian Encyclopedia edited by Castle Hopkins has been issued from the press and is now in the hands of the subscribers. Its mechanical finish and great press work is exceedingly creditable to the Toronto publishers. The second volume deals with the exploration and settlement of the Hudson Bay region, the history of the inauguration and building of the great and minor railroads of Canada and on either subject is a mine of information. The second part of this volume deals with the history and doctrinal development of the Methodist and Presbyterian denominations and the Roman Catholic Church.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, has written for this volume one of the most learned and comprehensive abridgments of Catholic doctrine that we have anywhere seen. His Grace's articles cover, after a masterly introduction, the great doctrines of papal infallibility, the Church and the Bible, the Sacrifice and Sacraments, the Sacrament of Penance,

Celibacy of the Priesthood, Doctrine of Purgatory and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. This article is such an able and intellectual exposition on these subjects that the Catholic Truth society of Toronto should at once obtain permission from the publishers and embody the article in pamphlet form. The pamphlet should then be placed in the hands of every Catholic of this Province, either through the influence of the Reverend Clergy or accredited agents, for it is the best condensation of Catholic belief, that to our thinking has yet appeared from any Canadian or American pen.

The Epitomised History of the Catholic Church in Ontario, by Very Reverend Dean Harris, is also, a very valuable contribution to our Catholic literature, the Dean's familiarity with early and contemporary Catholic history attaches to any contribution from him, the hall-mark of scholarship and ability, and ought to be bound up with the article of His Grace, the Archbishop and published under the auspices of the Catholic Truth society.

## 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.

Received names at Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from the following places:

St. Patrick's Church, Brownsville, Minn.; St. Augustine's Church, St. Louis, Mo.; St. Aloysius Church, Evansville, Ind.; Mount Angel, Marion Co., Ore.; Osman, Wis.; St. Peter's Church, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Cincinnati, O.; St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, Cal.

Names received at Falls View from St. Agnes', Morrisdale Mines, Penn.; Immaculate Conception, Formosa, Ont.; Notre Dame, Watertown, N. Y.; St. Lake, Danville, Ont.; St. Mary's, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; St. Columbanus' Blooming Prairie, Minn.; St. Mary's Lindsay, Ont.; Sacred Heart, Walkerton, Ont.; St. Boniface's Detroit, Mich.; St. Mary's, Hesson, Ont., the Assumption, Sandwich, Ont.; St. Columba's, Caledonia, N. Y.; St. Ann's, Guysboro N. S.; St. Andrew's, Antigonish, Co., N. S.; St. Joseph's Pierz, Minn.; St. Boniface's Zurich, Ont.; St. Boniface's, Roslyn, L. I.; Sacred Heart, Paxico, Kan.; Convent of the Good Shepherd, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Barbara's West Brookfield, O.; St. James', Washington, Iowa; St. Lawrence's, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Peter's and Paul's, Atlantic, Iowa, Sacred Heart, Toronto, Ont.

## PETITIONS,

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

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

Special prayers.

Particular favor.

For conversion of W. T. P. for Mr. J. C., ill.

For clerical student, whose mind became disordered a short time before his approaching ordination to priesthood.

For means to meet a debt to be paid next fall.

For vocation to religious life.

That two brothers will become friendly to each other.

That an estate will be settled satisfactory to all parties concerned in it.

Spiritual favors, 3; temporal favors 4; employment 1; special intention 1; for the restoration of health 5; peace and harmony in families, cure for sore eyes.

Miss A. B., Niagara Falls, N. Y., returns thanks through THE REVIEW for a return of health.

## 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:

Mrs. BARBARA CRITZ who died a happy death in her 54th year at Snyder, Ont., on June 10, after a long and painful illness cheerfully borne. A woman in whose life shone brightly all the Christian virtues, and whose love and devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord and to our Blessed Lady of Carmel edified all who knew and loved her.

HANNA KANE, May 13, Fitchburg, Mass.

JOHN TANGNEY, Jan. 11, Chicago, Ill.;

Mrs. MARGARET WHELLEY, St. John's N. B.

JOHN W. HANLON, May 11th, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. Jacob Regier, April Zurich, Ont.

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

## Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received stamps from Miss I. G., St. Louis, Mo.; Master H. J. D., Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. M. D., Providence, R. I.; J. J. O'R., Phila, Pa.; the Ven. S. M. S.; Montreal, Que. Mrs. B. L., New York City; J. W., Laporte, Ind.; Miss M. McC., Caldwell, Ont.; Miss L. K., Utica, N. Y.; Miss J. B., Brattleboro, Vt., Miss M. C., Englewood, N. J.; Mrs. S., Paterson, N. J.; Miss C. Chicago, Ill.

## THANKSGIVING.

DEAR FATHER—Enclosed find \$1.00 for a Mass which I have promised for a favor received.

M. J. S.

Salem, Mass., May 27, 1898.

## PRAYER GRANTED.

REVEREND FATHER:

Please publish in THE REVIEW: Prayers granted through the intercession of our dear Lady of Mt. Carmel. Also through St. Joseph and Holy Family.

K. M.

Buffalo, N. Y., June 1, 1898.

## Thanks to Our Blessed Lady.

PITTSBURG, Pa.,

June, 15, 1898.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER.—When I got them (the Scapulars) I asked him (an unconverted brother to put them on which he did. On the 7th of this month he consented to see a priest who prepared him for death, and on the 10th he died well prepared, being heartily sorry for all his sins. If he died penitent I promised the Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Mt. Carmel to have it published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW. I feel confident it was through the intercession of Our Lady of the Scapular my brother was converted.

M. W.

It is the will of God that the government of one man should be in the hands of another, and that we should not give perfect credit to those matters which He communicates supernaturally Himself, until they shall have passed through the human channel of another man's mouth.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.