

THE Carmelite M Review.

Approved by the Archbishop of Toronto, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop of Buffalo and others.

VOL. 1.

FALLS VIEW, ONT., MARCH, 1893.

NO. 3.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

For the Carmelite Review.

A flood of happiness flows o'er my soul,
That fills it with a sweet surprise,
All life seems fair, and fortune true,
While glowing hopes around me rise.

All life seems fair, aye, e'en death too,
Content supreme rests over all.
With gratitude, and love and faith
No future darkness can appal.

We thank Thee, Lord, for days as these,
Sweet rest in Thee to last away.
They strengthen up our wandering feet
To guide us to eternal day.

JOSEPHINE LEWIS.

Buffalo, N. Y.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

Editor Carmelite Review—Dear Father:

IT was a happy thought to find a periodical in America under the auspices of our Order, not only to spread devotion and piety, but, also to give the clients of Our Lady of Mount Carmel who are so numerous in America, as indeed they are everywhere throughout the church, a chance to become better acquainted with our holy institute.

Therefore allow me, before I enter upon the work which I was commissioned to do by our very Rev. Father General, to congratulate you most heartily upon the beginning of an enterprise which will without doubt become more useful and successful day by day for the welfare of the church at large, as well as for the particular interests of our Carmelite family.

In my first letter I may be pardoned if I dwell exclusively upon our own affairs. I shall not neglect other news in the course of my correspondence. It must be of interest to you and to your readers to know something of the progress of our Order in Europe.

Although the Order of Mount Carmel, on account of the baneful vicissitudes of fortune which it underwent during the revolutionary period at the close of the last century, followed by the Napoleonic wars and the later suppressions during this century, more than any other religious body suffered terrible losses, still with the help of Providence and the signal protection of its most powerful Mother and Queen, it is gradually recovering its ancient vitality, and developing new strength.

In Catholic Spain, at one time the most fertile soil of Carmel which brought forth to the church such glorious heroes, a few years ago only a few dispersed religious were left of our Order, without a single convent, strictly speaking.

In the last few years houses have been opened in Xerez, in Onda and in Candeto, each of which has its full complement of religious. New foundations have been undertaken, with great success in Hinoyosa, Ossuna and Olot and only a few days ago a house was opened in Cordova.

This wonderful progress is no doubt owing to the traditional love for Our Lady, which is such a characteristic of the Spanish faithful. Requests to found new houses are pouring in upon our fathers from all parts of Spain, and the number of vocations is so great, that a house is no sooner opened than it is filled.

The seed left by our forefathers in the heart of devout Spain, and which by persecution and suppression had remained dormant for so many years, is now fructifying with a much more impetuous growth since it was so long restrained. However, it is not only in Catholic Spain that we are progressing.

In Holland our province of the Netherlands has opened a new monastery at Osch. A large body of religious resides there now, to the great joy of a good and sincere Catholic population.

In Bavaria two new foundations are under way, one in Mainberg and the other in Absberg.

Even in Prussia, from which our fathers were expelled during the *Kulturkampf*, negotiations have been opened with the view of establishing a house in the diocese of Paderborn.

In Austrian-Poland our province has recovered the convent of Tremblovia.

The province of Malta has opened a monastery overlooking the beautiful bay of St. Julian in the fashionable watering-place of the island.

Even in our own unfortunate Italy, which at one time counted its Carmelite convents by the hundreds, even here, in the midst of the sad conditions which seem to preclude all idea of a speedy resurrection of contemplative religious life, we can rejoice in indications of a steady and healthy progress.

In Montecatini we have actually regained possession of our ancient convent, suppressed as far back as the last century by Leopold I, Grand Duke of Tuscany. A goodly number of students for the province of Florence are there now.

New cloisters have been opened in Palermo, in Torre S. Susanna, in Nardo, in Scrottaglie (Apulia) in the neighborhood of Naples, and we are just coming into possession of a house in the city of Nocera Umbra, which is to serve as a college. And we hope to be able to open our

new house in Rome before the end of the year. It will be open to our students of philosophy and theology from all the provinces throughout the world.

Thus, in spite of these calamitous times, our holy Order is steadily advancing, to the great joy and consolation of all lovers of Carmel. But I must not forget our Third Order which is flourishing everywhere in Europe, especially in Spain, in Ireland and in Malta. In this latter island, although restricted to its own narrow limits, the Third Order has such a strong hold upon the faithful that there is hardly a distinguished family on the island which has not some member in the Third Order.

It will please you and those among your readers who have visited our magnificent mother church in Rome, St. Maria in Transpontina, to hear that our present General has undertaken its complete restoration and decoration in harmony with its splendid architecture. The work is to be completed in time for the great annual celebration of the 16th of July. Of course, all this entails labors and sacrifices, but so much the more pleasing our success will appear to all those who share our sentiments with regard to Mount Carmel.

In a future letter I shall give you some details about a holy sister of our Order, Blessed Joanna, of Toulouse, who is, as we hope, shortly to be beatified by the Holy See.

ANASTASIUS M. RONCI, O.C.C.
Rome, Feb. 1st, 1893.

THE SCAPULAR AS A PROTECTION.

BY MRS. M. A. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

THE gray twilight was fading into night one summer evening of last year when the writer heard in the pro-cathedral of this, our ancient City of Mary, a beautiful and touching sermon, in the language of old France, on devotion to the holy Scapular. It was one of a series of valuable instruc-

tions, doctrinal and devotional, delivered during the exercises of the month of Mary in the quaint and unpretending edifice used for several years past as a cathedral by His Grace, the Archbishop of Montreal, pending the completion of our great St. Peter's church near by.

I have never since forgotten, and hope never to forget, the impressive words of the eloquent preacher of that particular evening, and I think the substance of the discourse will interest the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. It occupied only some twenty minutes of that solemn twilight hour, but how much was compressed into those brief moments while the shades gathered around and the lights came out one by one on the altar of Our Lady of Victory—on a gallery over the high altar of the church—like the stars in the darkening sky.

The preacher of the evening was the chaplain of one of our principal hospitals, who, from his peculiar position, as he observed, was well qualified to bear testimony to the wondrous efficacy of the holy Scapular as a shield and safeguard to those who wear it.

After dwelling on the devotion of the Scapular, its universal diffusion throughout the whole church, amongst all nations and tribes and peoples, the happy effects of that devotion everywhere, the fervent and eloquent preacher went on to say, for the consolation and encouragement of Our Lady's servants who wear her Carmelite Scapular:

"During the years that I have been chaplain to an hospital which is, as you know, to a great extent, the receptacle of persons injured by the innumerable accidents occurring daily, almost hourly, in our great commercial city, I can truly say, from my own personal observation, that of the Catholic workmen or others, the victims of accidents, constantly being conveyed to that hospital, those who died on the way and were brought in dead were *without scapulars*, while, on

the other hand and in all cases, those who were clothed in the livery of the Queen of Heaven were brought in alive and lived long enough to receive at least some, and frequently all, of the last sacraments, in full possession of their faculties. This fact struck me so forcibly," went on the preacher, "that I made it a point to speak of it to the Sisters in charge of the hospital, asking if they had noticed it. They replied that they had not only noticed it individually, but had more than once spoken of it amongst themselves as the common experience of all. What a consolation for those who have the happiness of wearing the Scapular of Carmel! What an encouragement to wear it reverently and worthily in purity of life and fervor of devotion!"

A feeling of awe mingled with joy and gratitude for this so glorious testimony swelled the hearts of the listeners, for all of them were Mary's devout clients and her liveried servants, as few Catholics worthy of the name are not. It is truly a consoling thought that of the *two hundred and fifty millions* of the children of the Church so large a proportion are vested with this robe of safety, the royal insignia of the Queen of Carmel, next to the Cross of Christ, the most ancient of christian badges!

How thrilling are the memories, how touching the associations connected with the holy Scapular! Volumes might be written on that particular subject, and yet leave it still unexhausted. It is, indeed, a mine of sacred lore lying beneath the substrata of Catholic life and hidden in the hearts of the faithful everywhere.

To the Catholic people of Ireland the Scapular is peculiarly dear. It has all along the ages since its first introduction among them, at an early period of its history, been, with the holy Rosary, the precious solace of that sorely-tried race in the darkest days of their penal sufferings endured for long and sorrowful ages, and how many of those poor sons of toil of whose untimely death the preacher spoke that evening, as the sad victims of fatal accidents in this and all the other cities of North America, were and still are precisely the children of St. Patrick, the faithful servants of our Lady of Mount Carmel!

THE VENICE OF LAKE MICHIGAN.

For the Carmelite Review:

BUT a few months ago the press of the country and of all Europe as well, told the story of the dedication of the World's Fair. October 21st, 1892, is one of the memorable dates of Chicago. From earliest dawn the people had been astir; excitement and enthusiasm were in the air. Before eight o'clock the street-cars were thronged, would-be passengers decorated the street corner, and as car after car passed out of sight, were fain to foot it down town.

The streets were thronged. But it was not till you reached Michigan avenue and caught sight of the triumphal arch and the auditorium, which was one blaze of color, that one really caught the enthusiasm of the day. For miles the carriages stretched—the bright morning sun lit up the helmets of the cavalry-men as the bugle sounded the order to mount, and line after line formed on the lake front. Half an hour's jostling and good-humored crowding and the city was left behind—the white domes of the World's Fair palaces rose on every side. 15,000 people under one roof, and yet a two minutes' walk brought one to silence and solitude amid those grassy lawns and picturesque winding-paths. But silence and order were out of place on Oct. 21. The veriest cynic of them all must have felt that enthusiasm wonderfully infectious. There in the centre, like a mighty white monster from the deep, stretched the Manufacturers' Building. Across the many bridges that spanned the lagoon the crowds surged and swept under the columns of Mercury; while like a smooth-flowing stream marched the soldiers with shining sabres and nodding plumes. In the medley of tunes triumphed the strains of *The Star Spangled Banner*,

"Whose stripes and bright
Stars thro' the perilous fight
O'er the rampart we watched
Were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the
Bombs bursting in air
Gave proof thro' the night that our
Flag was still there."

The scene inside the Manufacturers' Building has been too often described to need comment here. The vast chorus at one end, so soon discovered to be not vast enough, the distinguished visitors on the stage, the sea of up-turned faces,—the moment most thrilling of all when by sudden impulse every handkerchief in the hall was waved, and a miniature snow storm seemed to have fallen from on high,—needs no description.

Two facts were, however, significant. Not only was the Woman's Building the first erected at the Fair, but the Dedication ODE was written by a woman, and the Dedication Ceremonies were closed by the prayer of a Catholic Cardinal in all the scarlet regalia of his office.

These two facts may be taken as an omen of the future. In the vanguard of the world she walks, this young giant City of the West. She is modern, she is progressive, she is of the future, and in none of these does she show herself more so than in her attitude towards Woman and Catholicity.

MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

BY THE REV. J. B. BROUN, OF AKRON, OHIO.

For the Carmelite Review.

IN the year 1890 I had the happiness to make a pilgrimage to Egypt and Palestine. I had the honor of joining the French pilgrims, who leave Marseilles on the second Sunday after Easter. We numbered about 400. On the morning of April 19th we assembled in the beautiful church of Notre Dame de la Garde, where we received the red crosses and the blessing of the good and venerable Bishop of Marseilles. We left about eleven o'clock on the same day for Alexandria, where we arrived about two o'clock on the afternoon of April 23rd. The Christian Brothers, with their pupils, and the Sisters of Charity awaited our arrival, and accompanied us in procession through the principal streets of Alexandria. Having arrived at the grand and beautiful

cathedral, we were met by the Patriarch of Alexandria, who welcomed us to Egypt. We then visited the Catholic institutions, which are well patronized by the native population. The Christian Brothers have a very large school containing over 1,000 scholars. The Sisters of Charity have likewise over 1,000 girls in their school. There is also a large orphan asylum here, and a college conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, who were driven from France. There are over three hundred students in this college.

After a day's stay in Alexandria we left for Cairo, which is also a large city. The Christian Brothers, the Sisters of Charity and the Jesuits do great work for the church here. The next day we walked about the city and then went to see the pyramids, one of the Wonders of the World, one of which covers twelve acres of land and is 650 feet in height. The next day there was an excursion to where once stood the great city of Heliopolis, but of which nothing more is left than a few ruins, the ground being under cultivation and bearing a crop of wheat. An old tree stands on the ruins.

The legend says that when the Holy Family arrived here from Bethlehem, the Mother of God being fatigued rested under this tree. As she did so, the idols in the city were overturned and voices heard to exclaim, "the true God has come!" This tree appears to be thousands of years old. It is propped up on all sides so that the storms cannot move it, and is richly loaded with large leaves. There were 171 priests in our party. We had nineteen portable altars, which we erected under the tree, and nearly all the priests celebrated Mass that morning, which was the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the third Sunday after Easter. The ground on which the tree stands belongs to the Khedive, who has great regard for the place, which he will not allow to be sold. Near by is a large and deep well from which Moses watered his flocks, About a hundred feet

away is a chapel belonging to the Jesuits. It has an open front, so that from the altar can be seen the well and the tree, which is called the Virgin Mary's tree.

About two o'clock we went back again to Cairo, and on the following day set out to visit old Cairo, which lies about eight miles up the river Nile. It was here where the Holy Family remained during their seven years' stay in Egypt. The house in which the Holy Family lived is still there. There is built over it a large church, which belongs to the non-united Greeks. The house consists of four rooms. We were first shown the room which was occupied by St. Joseph, the middle room in which the Blessed Virgin remained, and a third smaller room in which the Child Jesus slept. There is a large room at the side in which the Mother of God prepared the meals and did the washing for the Holy Family. Water was scarce in the neighborhood, but when the Blessed Virgin needed the same, a spring suddenly appeared at her side. The water reached to the mouth of the well, which was on a level with the floor of the house. It remains the same to-day. Our portable altars were brought here and we said Mass in the rooms of the holy house.

Old Cairo is about 300 miles from Bethlehem. Our stay in Egypt was soon at an end. We left for Alexandria in order to take the steamer for the Holy Land. Our landing place was not Jaffa, but Kaiffa, a city which lies at the foot of Mount Carmel, where we arrived after having been on the steamer for a day and a night. It was the last day of April when we sighted the grand and holy mountain, and all the pilgrims were filled with joy when they beheld the Holy Land.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is actually necessary, because there is no better means of obtaining God's graces than through His most holy mother.—*St. Philip Neri.*

MARCIA'S MADONNA.

BY K. MADELEINE BARRY.

*For the Carmelite Review.**(Continued.)*

WHAT aggravated him, too was the feeling that it was all his fault. He was conscious of the effort he was making to switch their errand observations off the conventional side tracks. A sense of dulness and vacuity in his head, of confusion and clumsiness in his speech, of awkwardness even in the disproval of his yellow boots which seemed to him uncommonly conspicuous and big and shapeless, was goading him to desperation. He began to think he would not mind Miss Evelyn half so much, for he could laugh with her even at himself, but this calm, imperturbable demi-goddess looking down at him from the inaccessible heights of her perfect self-possession made him feel small enough to withdraw through a chink in the window-screen—if he could contrive to get rid of his boots.

The ride to C— was never so short withal, and he was both glad and sorry when the station was called. He laid very avid hands upon Miss Marcia's furs, and adjusted them with an almost tender reverence. He wanted very much to say something which might extract an invitation to go and see her as before, but his social vocabulary had suffered a total eclipse and he could not think of a decent phrase. So he piloted her mutely through the darkness and confusion, consuming his own fumes in and confusion, consuming his own fumes in brave silence—like the well-equipped modern achievement that he was. When they were on the platform Miss Marcia looked uneasily around.

"I do not see anyone here to meet me!" she said a little indignantly.

"There may be someone farther up," he answered dryly.

The snow was still falling, and both their heads were bowed against the wind. They

had a goodly stretch between them and the waiting-room.

"I am glad we shall have white roofs for Christmas," the girl broke in after a moment's silence.

"Yes, white roofs are nice," Mr. Walton said down in his fur collar, and Miss Marcia laughed.

This was the last straw. Mr. Walton made a dive at her and pushed his gloved hand under her arm.

"Oh hang it, Marcia, this won't do!" he blurted out in a tone between a sob and a guffaw. "What is the matter? What has come between us? We were not like this before. You know we weren't."

"Well, unless Her Majesty's Parliament has made any change in you, Mr. Walton, I think we meet pretty much as we parted!" and she drew herself away and quickened her pace perceptibly. He winced in the darkness; her thrust told. But for that season in Parliament, he could have taken her up eagerly upon the old pleasant terms; he knew he could!

Before either of them spoke again, Marcia's father called to her from the shelter of the station-house. He was a sickly man who never went out of doors at night, and his daughter was amazed to see him.

"Why, papa, is this you?" she asked in astonishment, throwing her hands about his neck and kissing him with a sort of pathetic tenderness. Marcia's father having put his daughter aside, came towards Mr. Walton with a rather solemn mien.

"Mr. Walton," he said, "I have got to greet you with some unpleasant news. We have had a disastrous fire up in the town to-day, and you are one of the unlucky victims of it."

Mr. Walton shot a quick, curious glance at Marcia before he put the stern question: "Is it the office?"

"No," said Marcia's father, "it is your residence, and it is badly burned."

Mr. Walton was relieved, but it was plain that the news was still bad enough. Marcia approached him and looking straight at him with her wonderful eyes, said, a little tremulously, that she was exceedingly grieved on his account, and hoped things might be better than he feared to find them.

"As we are your next neighbors, and old friends, Walton, I hope you will come and spend Christmas with us, at all events," Marcia's father put in with courtly warmth. Mr. Walton could not believe his ears that he heard aright. He looked again at Marcia, but her eyes were turned away. He let his feelings answer for him, and of course he accepted the invitation.

They drove away together and heard the melancholy story of the day's disaster recited. A great many of Mr. Walton's things had been rescued, but a great many had not. When they passed the bleak scene of the conflagration, he leaned out of the sleigh and peered at it through the storm. The air was still heavy with the smell of smoke and charred timber, and a knot of loiterers who seemed to recognize him came up to condole with him. He ascertained that his servants had stored the salvage safely, and would wait upon him immediately for instructions, and then they resumed their drive. Marcia had sat very still and silent through it all, and he began to fear that he had perhaps been too eager in his acceptance of her father's hospitable offer. But the alternative was so dreary — Christmas in the ramshackle old inn down on Front street, with nothing to distract him from the thoughts of his losses and unseasonable misfortune. "Surely," he argued within himself, "she cannot resent my coming under these circumstances." They were turning in at the gates of the old familiar garden at last: the benches, where they had sat and drunk tea together, were overlaid with the fresh white snow. The flower-beds and the gravel walks were but a trackless

waste in the winter storm, but it surprised him to find that they filled him with a sweet home-feeling, as if he were another Prodigal.

"I am looking at the grounds, Miss Marcia," he said, as if he were musing aloud.

"They seem different, papa," the girl answered, turning towards her father. "I don't recognize them in winter array, they are so bleak and drear!"

"Ah, dear," said her father sadly, "winter array becometh ourselves no better!"

"No indeed," Mr. Walton put in with emphasis, and then the sleigh stopped before the door.

Marcia's home was spacious and well appointed, but it was not cheerful and it was not cosy. It was orderly — they kept a staff of well-trained servants — but the touches of the home-maker's deft white hands were wanting to transform the great conventional rooms into suggestive nooks and corners. Marcia's mother had not loved her nest, because of the quiet grove in which her mate had set it, and though the morrow would be Christmas Eve, Marcia's mother was not within call of either mate or fledgeling.

They had a cheerful dinner, notwithstanding. Marcia and her father knew how to dispense a royal hospitality, and submerge all other things in the effort to make a guest as happy and comfortable as they might. Mr. Walton for his part was entranced, and did not care a rush if all C—— lay smouldering in ashes beyond the gates of his host's dwelling. He began to wonder if he had ever been so consciously and emphatically gratified in all his life. Fickle, foolish man!

When Marcia rose from the table she bade Mr. Walton and her father good-night. It was late and she was feeling uncommonly tired. Mr. Walton escorted her to the door and thought she looked strangely bright, however.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

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

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, MARCH, 1893. NO. 3.

ALL our monasteries have united in sending a substantial jubilee-offering to our Holy Father.

THE shrine of the Infant of Prague at the convent of the Carmelite Nuns in Boston promises to gain more than local prominence.

THE lesson taught us by the mystery of the Annunciation is that purity draws God towards His creatures, and the contrary vice drives Him away from them.

THE greatest and most significant eulogy which can be pronounced on our Blessed Lady's Day is contained in those words of the heavenly ambassador: "Hail! Full of Grace."

THE feast of St. Cyril is transferred to April 12th, since St. Joseph's feast falls on March 20th. Carmelites, even when canonized, are always ready to give the place of honor to the glorious Spouse of our Mother.

A GENEALOGICAL tree, prepared for the Episcopal Jubilee of the Pope, shows that

St. Teresa was an ancestor of the Holy Father. We feel proud that such close ties bind the present gloriously reigning Pontiff to the Carmelite family.

THE Archconfraternity of St Joseph is sending to the Pope a "Spiritual Boquet" of prayers and good works as a jubilee-gift. All who wish to add a few flowers to the boquet shou'd send them without delay to Rev. Father Durin of West Deperre, Wis.

REV. FATHER BROUN, whose letters have been read with intense interest by the readers of the *Stimme der Wahrheit*, will contribute to our next number an interesting account of his late visit to our old and historic Mother-house on Mount Carmel in Palestine.

MANY persons write to us for information about the Brown Scapular. Until now we have answered these queries through the mail. We hope in the near future to open a department on this subject which will be edited by those well qualified to answer all questions.

Do the present pilgrimages of English Catholics to Rome forbode the return of that nation to the faith of its forefathers? We hope so. It is but fitting that the favored land where our Holy Mother deposited the holy Scapular should again become Mary's Dowry.

DURING the late arctic season the *Pascua Florida* came along from the Sunny South bringing with it an agreeable warrath. The fair young editors at St. Augustine tell us that "pointers" can be gathered from THE CARMELITE REVIEW. Before we had opened the pages of the *Pascua Florida* we received a pointer from the motto on its artistic cover, viz:—"Ite ad Joseph." We

trust all our readers will *make it a point* during this month to daily "go to Joseph."

THE Carmelites honored St. Joseph with an Office of the First-class long before it became universal in the church. Our old missals prove this. It is likewise an historical fact that our fathers introduced the devotion to St. Joseph into Europe. What St. Teresa did to honor the Saint is well known.

THE excellent article on Pope Leo XIII by Miss Onahan, the brilliant daughter of Hon. W. G. Onahan, of Chicago, which lately appeared in the Catholic weeklies is well worthy of the subject which it so ably treats. A contribution from the pen of the same gifted writer appears elsewhere in our present number.

ONE of our friends over in Ohio writing about our REVIEW says he does not like the color of the cover. He also suggests that we insert a picture of our Lady of the Scapular, and publish a monthly calendar. The latter we have commenced with this number. The picture of our Lady of Mount Carmel will be prepared by a first-class artist when our exchequer assumes a tangible shape. As regards the remaining suggestion, we intend to stick to *our* colors.

A NOTABLE DEATH.

A NOTABLE member of our Third Order died at Pittsburgh, Pa., on January 27th in the person of Mrs. Burns, known in among the tertiaries as Sister Monica. Margaret Jean Eadie Burns was born at Doone, Perthshire, in Scotland in 1805, of good Presbyterian parents, whom she lost at an early age. Margaret came to London where she was educated by a rich Presbyterian aunt. In 1836 she married Mr.

James Burns, and in 1847 became a convert to Catholicism. She was very familiar with the leaders of the Oxford Movement, among them Cardinals Newman and Manning and Father Faber. Mrs. Burns witnessed the inauguration of the Oratorians in London. Cardinal Wiseman on one of his visits blessed all the children of Mrs. Burns. Her home was a happy one and an atmosphere of faith and piety prevailed. The husband of Mrs. Burns was the senior partner of the well-known Catholic publishing firm of Burns & Oates. Mr. Burns compiled *The Golden Manual, Vade Mecum, Path to Heaven* and other standard books of piety. He was instrumental in introducing a better class of literature among English Catholics. Mrs. Burns sustained her husband in all his difficulties, and sacrificed everything to bring up all her children in the love of God, and to give them a thorough education. The deceased was of a cheerful nature, and the abandonment of friends, reverse of fortune and bigotry of relations at the time of her conversion did not discourage her. Mrs. Burns died on January 27th at the Ursuline Convent in Pittsburgh. On the Feast of St. Polycarp she received the Holy Viaticum, after which she recited the words of the holy martyr, "For eighty-six years have I served Christ," etc. She peacefully expired without a struggle between her two daughters and other members of the community. The funeral obsequies were held on Jan. 30th. Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Lewis, O. C. C., Prior of the Carmelite Monastery of Pittsburgh. The Rev. Father Oster, C. S. Sp., Provincial of the Holy Ghost Fathers, was Deacon of the Mass, and Rev. Father Ignatius, O. C. C., Chaplain to the Ursulines, was sub-deacon. The Very Rev. Dr. Wall, V. G., delivered an eloquent and impressive funeral oration. Among the other clergy present was Rev. Father Murphy, C. S. Sp., President of Holy Ghost College. The remains of the deceased were laid out in the full habit of the Third Order of Mount Carmel. Mrs. Burns leaves two daughters, who are members of the time-honored Order of St. Ursula. R. I. P.

P. A. B.

THE HOSPICE

— OF —

MOUNT CARMEL

— AT —

NIAGARA FALLS.

All letters and communications with regard to this department should be addressed to REV. A. J. KREIDT, O.C.C., FALLS VIEW, ONTARIO.

All legacies, bequests or testamentary dispositions of any kind in favor of the Hospice, should be made to "THE MONASTERY OF MOUNT CARMEL, AT NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO." This is the legal title of our Institute, under which we are incorporated in the Province of Ontario.

A Letter From our Superior General.

STA. MARIA, IN TRANSPONTINA,
ROME, ITALY, Jan. 20, 1893.

DEAR FATHER KREIDT, — Your last letter reached me only a few days ago, as I had been absent from Rome for a prolonged visitation of our convents in various parts of Italy and Germany. I am most happy to hear of the works to which you have applied yourself for the glory of God and our holy Order. The blessings of heaven will surely not be wanting to accompany and sustain your labors, nor the help and prayers of our Carmelite brethren in all parts of the world.

Above all, I am well pleased to know that you will soon begin the construction of the Hospice. This will be a commendable monument of your zeal for the welfare of souls, and for the honor and growth of our holy Order.

I wish also to express my highest satisfaction in regard to your intended publication of an American CARMELITE REVIEW. It will necessarily produce most copious and salutary results in promoting such a great good among the Catholic people, as we all know the devotion to the great Mother of Carmel to be. By means of this

periodical will become better known in America what the Carmelite Order was in the Catholic Church, with all its glories and privileges, with the great work it has accomplished in the past, and is still doing in all parts of the world for the greater glory of God and His holy church.

Enter, therefore, with full energy upon the two mentioned undertakings, the Hospice at Niagara Falls and THE CARMELITE REVIEW. Providence will assist you in the building of the former by moving the minds and hearts of good Catholics to take part in this holy enterprise, which is recognized to be so eminently desirable and advantageous by all who know of it, and which is blessed in a special manner by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII.

And as regards the other work, opportune means shall not be wanting to make it prosper. The whole Order is interested in it, none more so than the Carmelites of Rome, one of whom has already volunteered his services as a monthly correspondent, and who will furnish you with the more important news which should figure in your periodical.

The first letter will reach you in time for the March number, and from month to month it will be regularly continued.

Imploing for you and all your undertakings the most ample blessings,

I remain,

Yours most affectionately in the Lord,

LUIGI M. GALLI,

Prior General of the Carmelites.

TO REV. ANASTASIUS KREIDT, PRIOR,
Monastery of Mt. Carmel,
Falls View, Ontario.

The Carmelites and The Hospice.

ACCORDING to a statement which appeared in the *Ave Maria* some time ago, the first mass celebrated on the territory comprised within the present United States was offered

up at St. Augustine, Florida, by a Carmelite priest.

But no permanent settlement of Carmelite monks was made, as far as we know, until 1865, after the civil war. Two fathers from Bavaria were the first to open a Carmelite priory during that year in the diocese of Leavenworth, Kansas. They soon were joined by some pious secular priests of that diocese, and were enabled to open a novitiate at Scipio, in the same diocese.

From this small beginning dates the establishment of the Order of Mount Carmel, as far as institutions for men are concerned, in the United States and Canada.

The Carmelite Nuns, as is well known, had been established almost a century before, and had several flourishing houses before we came to the country.

But, as it is always the case with early foundations in new countries, there was no settled organization. The various houses, as they sprung up in different parts of the country, were more or less independent of each other, until finally all the branches were united under the first Commissary-General of all the houses, the Very Rev. Anastasius J. Smits. But even the Commissariate is but a transitory state in the organization of a religious body. The regular government is that of a Province with a Provincial at its head, elected by a provincial chapter. It requires a certain number of well-established monasteries and a specified number of regular members, before the Sacred Congregation establishes a new Province of an Order.

It is now just three years that the Holy See gave the necessary authorization to establish a Carmelite Province in the United States, to be called "The Province of the Immaculate Heart of Mary." The first provincial chapter was held at Pittsburgh in the spring of 1890, and the present Pro-

vincial, Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, appointed.

The monastery at Niagara Falls, although in Canada, belongs to "The Province of the Immaculate Heart of Mary."

Under these circumstances, it can easily be understood why the wishes of the late Archbishop Lynch, so clearly expressed in the pastoral letter, quoted in our last number, cou'd not at once be carried out.

As long as the various houses of the Order were not amalgamated into one canonical body, the prospects of succeeding in the attempt to erect, what under all circumstances would be a considerable structure, were not very hopeful.

Whatever little resources there were, were barely sufficient to maintain the small community at Niagara Falls.

But as soon as there was a perfect organization, and all the interests of the different houses were merged into the one common interest of the Province, it was resolved at the first provincial chapter to satisfy an obligation which the very existence of the monastery at Niagara Falls seemed to impose upon the Order.

It was clearly impossible, however, to do this without an appeal to all the friends of Carmel for generous aid. This also was resolved upon and a copy of the resolutions submitted to His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, who, ever since his appointment as successor to Archbishop Lynch, has by his apostolic zeal not only perfected the work of his predecessor, but also given a new impetus to the development of all the ecclesiastical institutions of the diocese. The following noble letter was his answer:

LETTER OF HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV. J. WALSH, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO, TO THE SUPERIOR OF CARMELITE MONASTERY.

TORONTO, May 23, 1890.

Rev. A. Kreidt, Prior, Monastery of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Niagara Falls, Ont.:

DEAR FATHER KREIDT,—

I am glad to hear that you intend to

begin, as soon as means will allow you, the construction of a house for spiritual retreats at Niagara Falls, in this archdiocese. I sincerely hope that your appeal to a charitable public for the furtherance of this most praiseworthy and meritorious object will meet with the success it so eminently deserves. A Retreat House, conducted by your zealous fathers, could not fail to do much good for the salvation and sanctification of souls, especially in a place and amid surroundings where nature itself invites to solemn thought and serious reflections, and where, in very deed, one hears: "The voice of the Lord upon the waters, the God of majesty hath thundered; the Lord upon many waters." (Psalm xxviii.)

Wishing your pious undertaking the divine blessing and a happy issue,

I am, dear Father Kreidt,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

JOHN WALSH,

Archbishop of Toronto

Only a week afterwards the first subscription was handed to me, accompanied by a letter, which, in its generous simplicity, did more to encourage me at the beginning of the arduous undertaking confided to me by my superiors than the kind hearted donor himself has ever been aware of. Here it is:

THE DEANERY,

St. Catharines, May 30, 1890.

My Dear Father Kreidt:

Do me the kindness to accept the enclosed \$50 as my first subscription towards the great and good work you have entered upon. The Retreat House you propose to build will be a blessing to the Dominion, and cannot fail to meet with the approbation and encouragement of all who are interested in the salvation of souls.

Wishing you every success,

I remain,

My dear Father Kreidt,

Very faithfully yours,

W. R. HARRIS, Dean.

Thus the work finally began. How it has succeeded so far, and how the work is going on, can partly be gathered from the list of contributions we publish every month, and will be touched upon in many a future article.

ANASTASIUS J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

OBITUARY.

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

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the souls of:

Right Reverend Mgr. Strain, of Lynn, Mass., who was one of our most generous benefactors.

Mrs. Ellen Mullins O'Brien, of Quebec, who always took an active interest in all pious undertakings.

Augustus Murray, who ended a well-spent life at Watertown, N. Y.

R. I. P.

FOOT NOTES,

ON Sunday, Feb. 19th, Rev. Father Kreidt delivered his lecture on Pope Leo XIII at Pittsburgh, Pa.

REV. FATHER HYACINTHE of the Passionist Monastery at West Hoboken, N. J., was our guest on Ash-Wednesday.

THE panegyric on St. Patrick in St. Patrick's church, Hamilton, Ont., will be delivered on March 17th., by Rev. A. J. Kreidt.

Subscribers who receive from us no immediate acknowledgement of money remitted will find a receipt enclosed in the REVIEW of the following month.

REVS. FATHERS THEODORE O. C. C. and Cyril O. C. C., of our seminary at New Baltimore, opened the Lenten Missions at the Church of the Scapular, New York City.

Whenever St. Joseph's name is heard in heaven, all the saints respectfully bow their heads towards the Spouse of the Virgin Mother, and cast upon him looks of congratulation upon his incomparable dignity.
—*St. Gertrude.*

IRISH NEWS.

For the Carmelite Review.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair!"

—Longfellow.

It may interest many of your readers to know how poor old Ireland is getting along. Things here look bad enough just now, but we live in hopes. The best sign of a country's condition is its population. In 1066, when William the Conqueror landed in England, that country's population, including Wales, was less than that of Ireland. Until the reign of Elizabeth Ireland stood its ground as regards population, but in the reign of Queen Bess it was reduced to three quarters of a million, while the population of England increased. Till 1800 Ireland's population increased, notwithstanding the penal laws and their cruel consequences. In 1846 the number of its inhabitants reached its highest point. It was over 8,000,000, but famine and emigration soon brought it down fully two millions in a few years. Ireland's present population is four millions and a quarter. The Roman Catholics number three millions and three quarters and are annually increasing. There are nearly 4,000 priests in Ireland, including a great number of monks and nuns. The institutions of Ireland for educational purposes and for the relief of all kinds of diseases are unsurpassed by any nation, and her churches, convents and ecclesiastical buildings are remarkable for their size, beauty and costliness. Millions of money have been given by poor Ireland for their erection. Where there are so many Catholics and Catholic works to be looked after it is needless to say that the clergy are not idle. There is not a better or a more hard-worked body of priests in the world than there are in Ireland. Last year was a hard one on those devoted souls. The obituary record had one hundred names of clergymen on its roll, which is a very high percentage.

This is interesting in many ways, but the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW would doubtless like to know how the Carmelites have progressed. Thank God, they have done well. Devotion to Our Blessed Lady of Carmel is, on the increase. Our Province has had to lament the death of two of its members, Fathers O'Farrell and Sheridan. Both were born in the same year and died at the same age, namely, fifty-six years. In these two members the Order has sustained a great loss. Father O'Farrell was a man of great literary renown and of uncommon mental ability. He was a master of the English language in all its branches—a profound Latin and Greek scholar—and was well versed in the French, Italian and Hebrew languages. In a word he was made up in "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*" Father O'Farrell was always kind and genial, and brimful of Irish wit and humor. His loss is greatly felt.

Father Sheridan was a man of a different sort. His forte was oratory. He seemed to inherit in this particular the genius of the Sheridans. He devoted a great portion of his life to Missions and Retreats. His discourses were very fine, and were delivered in a way that kept his audience spell-bound. When preaching on sin and its consequences, and on the great truths of eternity, he was really powerful. In this way he did a great deal for Religion. Father Sheridan's loss is deeply regretted. Both of these good Carmelites will be long remembered and their names held in benediction. Father O'Farrell devoted his life to the school and Father Sheridan to the missions.

The latter travelled a great deal in Europe and America, and likewise the Holy Land and Egypt. He wrote an excellent book entitled "A Priest's Tour in the Holy Land," which went through two editions, a review of which on some future occasion will be sent to THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

A. E. FARRINGTON, O. C. C.

Dublin, Ireland, Feb. 15, 1893.

MARCH VIOLETS.

For the Carmelite Review.

A BREATH of spring they bring to us, those dark eyed blossoms, which, sure as March comes they'll come too, ushering in the hidden saint of the lovely woodland of Nazareth, the glad precursor of Lady Day in spring, the thought of which fills our hearts with a hope, gay as the young spring herself.

Sweet fragrant blossoms those, of this first month of a season, so full of hope and promise. St. Joseph's month with its wealth of happy memories, and its crown of the fair Annunciation, which brings to us ever a maiden, with a lily in her hand. Hail Mary! Fleeter than a bird do the words carry us back to the holy house of Nazareth, to the silent midnight hour, when the Eternal stepped down from His throne, and "swifter than the glad arch angel's wing, answered Mary's answer." So our faith and hope are quickened by the thought that He will come to us too, and take up His abode with us, giving to us even as to Mary, a glimpse of paradise, because of the beauty of the King's daughter within.

Jesus in Mary—yea, and in us. Hail Mary! said the angel to the Lily of Israel. Hail to thee! may he also say to each of us who bears within the Hidden Treasure, the House of Bread, around which angels cluster as in a sanctuary. And the dear St. Joseph—the guardian of that sweet secret of sanctity hidden deep as violets 'neath a hedge, but betraying itself, even as they, by the sweet odor of an unseen presence. What of him, that wonder of silence, of unbroken peace, who knew the secrets of God, yet spake no word? No dear MAGNIFICAT has he left us, in which we may read his story. "Solitude is the city of the strong and silence their prayer." Great soul, he had no need of many words. So let us mutely look into the depths of his mild eyes,

which took their mellow light from the Eternal Hills, and sigh rather than speak our prayer, that he may teach us the lost art of holding our peace, to be "silent and safe" and strong. Sunflowers blaze in every court-yard—violets must needs be sought for. Highly prized are they, and dearly bought, but 'twould take a wealth of them to make a crown for Lady Day. What shall we do then? In lieu of *wood* violets, let us clip *word* violets and so crown with a wreath of silence (dearly bought as the flowers we love) her who kept all things in her heart. Our Lady of the Annunciation, and her blessed Spouse St. Joseph of the Valley of Silence.

DOLORES.

N. Y. City.

Mary stood by the Cross whilst the Apostles fled.—*St. Ambrose.*

Because Mary loved more than all, she also suffered more than all.—*St. Jerome.*

That which the lance did in the flesh of Jesus maternal anguish inflicted in the heart of Mary.—*St. Bernard.*

Mary, more than martyr, was no less wounded by the sword of love than by that of sorrow.—*St. Ildejonsa.*

God has placed the whole Church, not only under the patronage, but even under the dominion of Mary.—*St. Antoninus.*

AS OTHERS SEE US.

ON January 1st. appeared the first issue of THE CARMELITE REVIEW, a monthly magazine devoted to the service of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The initial number sets a high standard of excellence, the continuance of which is assured by the learning and devotedness of the Carmelite Fathers by whom the new review is conducted. The fact that a number of new periodicals like THE CARMELITE REVIEW are coming into existence is one of the most consoling signs of the times, for an age that is devoted to Mary cannot be considered hopeless. The new magazine is well printed, with a simple cover in the Carmelite colors.—*Ave Maria.*

BLESSED BAPTIST OF MANTUA.

AMONG the blessed Carmelites whom we honor in March, Baptist of Mantua claims our special attention. He was of Spanish extraction, but was born in Mantua, Italy, about 1448. Fully comprehending the dangers that might beset him in the turmoil of the world, he determined on seeking refuge in the seclusion of a monastery; and entered the Order of Carmelites in his native town of Mantua. So earnest was he in the fulfilment of his religious duties, that not many years had elapsed before he was thought fit to be proposed to others as an example worthy of imitation. Being yet comparatively young, he became the superior of the Mantuan Carmelites, and so well did he know how to blend kindness with severity in the discharge of his office that he gained the affection of all his brethren. For six successive times he was elected by unanimous choice to fill the office of Prior. So great was his reputation in the Order that in 1513 he was chosen Prior-General of the entire Carmelite Order, in which capacity he died.

He excelled in the virtues of prudence, and charity, and great patience in suffering, as also in the observance of religious discipline. Not only did he excel in the science of the saints, but likewise held a prominent place in the intellectual world of his day. Amongst Christian poets, he certainly ranks with the highest. Many even have not hesitated to place him by the side of that other great Mantuan, Virgil. In Mantua a statue was erected, representing an angel in the act of crowning the successful competitor for the poet's laurels, but hesitating whether to place the wreath on the brow of Virgil, or of the humble Carmelite.

What better evidence could we have of the esteem in which his poetic genius was held? Blessed Baptist died at Mantua, on Maunday Thursday of 1516 in the

68th year of his life. After his death people began to venerate his holy remains, and many miracles were wrought at his tomb. This veneration was in late years confirmed by the present gloriously reigning Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII. A. F. B., O. C. C.

SOME touching examples of the devotion of St. Francis of Sales to St. Joseph have of late appeared in the *Annals of St. Joseph*. Among other things the writer says:—"Another mark of his tender devotion to St. Joseph is related by Father Peter Bernard, S. J. Having already promised to preach in the church of the Jesuits upon the feast of St. Joseph, he was requested by the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons to preach on the same day in the church of the Carmelites to which he replied: Although, when I bring forth twins by one day's labor, I shall not come off well, yet, for the love of St. Joseph, I will do it. However, he performed it in the afternoon with great success, and for an hour and a half employed his eloquence in expressing his feeling devotion to St. Joseph."

Do you recite the Angelus daily? If not, you are a poor sort of a Catholic. When you say this beautiful prayer you commemorate the mystery of the Annunciation and make an act of faith. The custom of ringing the Angelus bell is an old one. Pope Urban instituted it in 1095. All who recite the Angelus gain each time a hundred days' Indulgence.

There is nothing more profitable and more consoling to the mind than to frequently remember the Blessed Virgin.—*St. Teresa*.

Let us seek grace, and let us seek it through the intercession of Mary; for she is the mother of Jesus, and her petition cannot fail to be heard.—*St. Bonaventure*.

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C.,
1588, MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

THE wee tailors of Carmel whom I foretold would have a busy Lent, might like an opportunity to move into a new workshop. We all long for a change once in a while; so let us go on a mind journey, far, far away from the cold north where the frozen birds sit dumb and hie us off to a sunny land, to the little village of Nazareth, where the dear old St. Joseph stands waiting for us at the door of a little house, which many of us know and love as the Holy House of Loretto. He will bid us welcome, and so we will enter and be the guests of the Holy Family. The foster father will let us go into his workshop, and I think we will find it such a cosy, quiet little spot, with the far green hills of Judea in sight from the low window, and the very air sweet with the perfume of heaven that we'll forget to do anything but look and listen. Now, the saints tell us that the Holy Family spoke but little while on earth, yet it seems to me that when the *little* ones came to the door of the Blessed Mother's house, she *did* speak some sweet low words to them as they clustered 'round her. Why even the village children used to say of the dear Child Jesus: "Let us go to Sweetness." And how could they know that he was sweet unless he had spoken to them. "Taste and see that the Lord is sweet," says the holy Scriptures. So I am sure that if we are very quiet, St. Joseph will be a real host, and entertain his little guests who have been so hard at work button-holing for two weeks. Perhaps though, he has been so used to the same kind of work all his life that now,

with a sweet smile, and a shake of his dear old head, he may say but one word—Listen! Persevere! And so says your loving friend, who fears to tire the buttonholers this month,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

March 1893

PUZZLES.

IX

To a circular letter be sure to prefix
Four times five and twenty, without any tricks;
A thousand inverted, just topped in the rear,
Will make what's most useful to man, I declare.

X

Whole I am what boys get into;
Behold me and I am what people wear;
Behold me again and I am a seed for birds;
Behold me again and I become an animal.

XI

What is that which has no body and yet can be
distinctly seen?

XII

Something there is which lives only in winter,
would die in summer, and grows with its root up-
wards?

XIII

What is that which belongs only to yourself, but
is used by everyone else more than yourself?

Answers to Puzzles.

- IV—"Carmel's tailors will have a busy Lent."
V—Herein.
VI—A shoe.
VII—Acts chap. xvi, 14th verse.
VIII—16½ feet (or 1 rod.)

"Sec."

POSTSCRIPTS.

Puzzle No. IV. in Feb. number has been answered correctly by one little tailor or tailoress, S. X. B., of Saint Mary's, Pa. The Secretary has quite a hankering after Saint Mary's. Spent many happy years in *one* St. Mary's J. R., of Pittsburgh, sends a page of humorous writing. Original? Am afraid the reverend Editor might object to any other kind. Try again with J. R.'s own Ed. S., of Chicago, sends a very nice letter, in which the Secretary is much more interested than in the Big Fair, and hopes Edward will live to be a Chief Justice like St. Joseph.

"Sec."