



Salvator Mundi.

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Salve Regina.

(Change of Our Blessed Lady's Anthem.)



IES away "Regina ceoli,"
For the Paschal time is o'er,
And we hear the plaintive "Salve"
Sighing from an exile shore.

"Hail!" O Queen of men and Angels!
"Clement, loving, sweet" thou art!
Flow'ret from the earth transplanted,
Lily of the Sacred Heart.

In thy virgin-petals glistened
Dew-drops of the Saviour's grace;
Now arrayed in golden vesture,
Thou dost see Him face to face.

Shed on us celestial balsam,
Gentle Mother, Virgin, blest!
"Advocate," like Esther, pleading
Ever in the land of rest.

In the Lenten-shades we murmured;
"Great thy sorrow as the sea!"
Now more joyful tones are waiting
Through the May-time unto thee.

Twine around the holy Altar
With thine own maternal art,
All our loving aspirations
To His meek and humble Heart.

"Salve!" this our restful cadence;
Queen of Jesus Heart Divine!
"After exile," may its beauty,
O'er our spirits ever shine.

—ENFANT DE MARIE,
St. Clares.

Little Christian.

(A Christmas Story.)

Translated from the French by Antoinette LeBlanc.

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas Eve, of the year 1759. Winter had set in with great severity; snow covered the earth, and gathering together here and there had assumed fantastic shapes; the river was frozen over, and a sharp wind whistled through the trees of the forest which surrounded Furth, a town situated on the frontier of Bavaria. Clouds covered the sky, and still numerous stars shone in the firmament, as if they too wished to honor the Saviour's birth, while earth celebrated this glorious mystery by thanksgivings and hymns of praise. The soft light of the stars and the whiteness of the snow enabled the faithful, going to midnight Mass, to take a short cut through the woods.

Amidst the roaring of the storm might be heard the majestic sound of the bells calling the faithful to the celebration of this grand feast. Alas! many, were unable to respond to its call; some by reason of sickness, others again whose household duties kept them at home. Of the numbers, was Dame Sabine, whose house was situated about a mile from Furth; she could not leave the house, having contracted a severe cold, and was now seated by the fire piously reading her prayers. In the centre of the room was a table set for three persons. Now and again she would stop her prayers to ask her daughter if she saw her father coming. George Putter, who was a forester in the service of the Prince Elector, had the day before received a summons to appear at the head foresters home at Furth. He promptly obeyed this order, telling his wife that she would likely go to midnight Mass before he came home. While her mother was thus employed, her daughter, Agatha, a sweet child of fourteen summers, was busily engaged in decorating a fir tree, for it is a custom with the Germans that this tree should be placed in the best room on

Christmas eve, in memory of the birth of Christ.

She had twisted colored ribbons and papers among the foliage, and hung golden nuts and apples on its branches, while here and there tame birds flitted gaily from bough to bough, and a pet squirrel ran up and down its trunk with as much joy as if it were free among the trees of the forest. At the foot of the tree was a beautiful crib, which brought to mind the mystery of Bethlehem. George, who was a very pious man and pretty well skilled in the art of sculpture, had taken great pains to carve each memory of the holy family, and Agatha had dressed them. Numerous candles burned around the crib, and shed their light over the room. The young girl was so interested in her task that time was passing so quickly. At last her mother said to her "Agatha, dear, you had better get the fish ready. Your father must soon be here." The child did as she was bid, and while the fish were frying said to her mother, "Tell me what you think of my crib." The mother smiled and said, "You are getting too big to be so passionately fond of these things; when you are older and have more work to do, you will soon forget all this nonsense. It seems to me that at your age I was not childish." "Even if I live to be a hundred," said Agatha, "I shall always love to decorate the crib. See the angels' wings, mother, are they not pretty, and do not their robes fall in graceful folds? Does not the sight of the Mother of God fill you with a holy joy? Look at St. Joseph with his long cloak and pointed hat, has he not a beautiful expression? And how sweet the Divine Infant looks with his large blue eyes and smiling lips. You could almost imagine that father had seen him when he was carving this. "Oh! mother," the child continued, her eyes shining with a holy love, "if you only knew how I wished for the coming

of this night! If you knew how full of joy is my heart at its approach! for of all the feasts established in his honor, this one is, without doubt, the most precious to me. At this cold season of the year, I feel as if my whole being was warmed by this lovely sun. Oh! why cannot I take away the snow that covers the ground, and see it strewn with flowers, and the trees ornamented with their beautiful foliage? Why cannot I unite the stars of the firmament, that they may light and warm the atmosphere? It is painful to think, that on account of our sins, Jesus was born in this cold month, when the nights are so dark and dreary, and the wind so piercingly cold. Yes, this thought makes me sad at times; yet my sadness is of short duration, for my heart is filled with a holy joy at the thought of the Messiah, who has come, and I feel like singing, with the angels: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." How can one not be moved when they think of the Son of God leaving His heavenly throne to become a miserable mortal like unto us. What love! What mercy! Often I think of his submissiveness, and I can hardly conceive how an infinite God could have loved sinners so much. We were lost forever had not this Divine Infant come to save us; that is the reason why I feel more joyful at Christmas, than at any other time of the year. Though the feasts of Easter and Pentecost are also consecrated to him, still it was only on Christmas Eve that the angels sang, "You are perfectly right, dear Agatha," said her mother, deeply moved. "I am glad to see you so pious and grateful to your Lord." "This night," the child continued, "reminds man of the glory due to God the Father. Did not Jesus, by his obedience, give us an example of resignation to his Father's will? Did not Jesus proclaim by his terrible suffering and ignominious death all that we owe to the justice and mercy of God? Alas, a victim was wanted, to redeem man, condemned by original sin. Oh! how severe is divine justice; when, to appease it, a God must need be immolated. How happy I should have been," the pious child continued, "had I been amongst those who knelt at the crib. I envy the

happiness of the shepherds, to whom his birth was announced." "I admire your disposition, dear child," said her mother, "and I must say that such piety as yours is rarely seen; still I hope that this exalted piety may not one day make you leave your father's roof, for a religious life. You are our only child, since we lost our baby boy." "Dear mother," "Dear mother," said Agatha, "you are mistaken; I shall never leave you alone. Every day I pray that our Divine Saviour may leave me with you, and give me his grace, that I may perform well all the duties imposed on a dutiful child, for you know he has promised a long life and abundant graces to those that observe the fourth commandment, and I wish to merit them." "They will not be lacking, dear child," said her mother, "if you always remain as you are now—an obedient and dutiful child. Your conduct has been all that we could ask for. Poor child, well I remember how kind and patient you were last year, when your little brother was ill." "Not so much as you think, mother," the young girl answered; "he was such a little darling, that I really loved to take care of him. How he amused himself with my angels. Sometimes when I think of him, with his fair hair, prominent forehead, and large blue eyes, I think he looked like an angel himself." "He must be in heaven now," said his mother, wiping away a tear; he was our only son, and the pride of the house." "He was mine also, mother dear," said Agatha. "Oh! how I wish he were alive. For some time there was silence in the room; the mother was grieving for her lost child. Agatha respecting her mother's sorrow, began preparing the fish for tea, and when she had shaken up the fire and put them on, she went to fetch his slippers, that they might be dry and warm. After a few moments, her mother again asked her if she did not see her father; he is later to-night than usual, and this delay makes me anxious"; "he is often later than this, mother," said Agatha, trying to reassure the sick woman. "You are right, child, yet it seems to me that on Christmas Eve, every father of a family should be at home, that he may gather them around the tree to pray." "That is precisely

why you should not worry, dear mother; this is a night of mercy and the angels are watching. Besides father has his dog Castor with him." Dame Sabine rose, and walked over to the window, from which she could see the highway; but she gazed in vain, for there was no sign of her husband. Suddenly they heard a dog's bark. "There is Castor, dear mother," cried Agatha; "it is all right; nothing has happened; father is coming, but not by that road." As she spoke she ran to the door with a light, and her father entered, all covered with snow. The dog ran on ahead of his master, and jumped up on Sabine; after caressing it, she pushed it gently from her, and rose to welcome her husband, regarding with great curiosity a small basket he carried in his hand, and which he set down so carefully. "You are very good, George," said Sabine smiling up at him. "I see you have not forgotten us; doubtless this is a Christmas present." "You are right, my dear Sabine," answered George. "This is a present which I hope will please you both," and he looked at them anxiously. "I am sure," continued Dame Sabine, "that it is some pastry, and perhaps a bottle of liquor, and some of the famous Nuremberg biscuits. Oh! I shall be so pleased if it is." "You have not guessed rightly, Sabine," said George; "the basket contains something better than eatables."

"Oh! mother," cried the child, "I am sure these are the doves that father has been promising me," saying these words she opened the basket. But what was her astonishment when she saw a lovely little child, smiling up at her, and trying to hold out its little arms to her. Agatha's face was a study, and as for Dame Sabine, she could hardly believe her eyes. At last she said: "O, George! what a dear baby; it only looks about a year old; how comes it here?" "Dear Sabine, I will tell you all about it, but before I begin, I wish that you would give it something to eat, and see that it has a warm bed; it needs it." "Agatha, you can look after it, as you seem to like babies. When you have put it to bed, get me my supper; I feel ravenous after this long walk; meanwhile I shall change my clothes for these dry ones.

Dame Sabine made a sign to her daughter not to mind anything but the baby, she herself began to prepare a dish of carp for her husband. This was one of his favorites, and as he had a good appetite it was thoroughly enjoyed. At the same time he kept his eyes fixed approvingly on Agatha, who was warming the baby near the fire. His wife, however, did not seem to share their joy; she shook her head with a preoccupied air, and it was easily seen that she would have preferred another present. At length she said to her husband: "Tell me, frankly, my friend, is this child really a stray waif?" "Alas, it is too true, Sabine," answered George sadly. "And that his wife might be better disposed towards it, he said he found it in the middle of the forest." "Oh, how I pity its poor parents," said Sabine. "Please God, that he belongs to a good family, and that his arrival will bring down a blessing on the house." "We do not know who or what he is, but I shall leave no stone unturned, till I find out something about him. But as for doubting that God will reward our charity to this poor infant, for charity it is to bring it home,—this poor child to a good home and a kind mother and sister. It is almost impious to doubt that he will not bless us for this good action. Did I not do my duty, Sabine?" said her husband. "Indeed you did," answered this pious woman; "you could not have done otherwise, but tell me about it." Instead of answering, he looked over at Agatha with a smile, and told Sabine to look also. After she had caressed it to her heart's content, she had put it in the basket, and was kneeling beside it, holding its little head on her arm. At her feet lay Castor. Now and then he would raise his huge head and look at the little mistress approvingly. At last, Dame Sabine approached the little group, and watched the baby caressing Agatha; these marks of gratitude from so young a child quite won her heart. "Dear little babe," said she tenderly, "we will take good care of you. But, George," said she to her husband, who had also come over. "You say you found this child in the forest. What were you doing there at that hour of the night. I thought you were at Furth with the

head forester. The forester was about to begin, when he was again interrupted by Agatha. "Dear mother," she said, "take the baby; it is comfortable now. How cold it was when it came in. I must run and make it some food, for I know it is hungry. See how it turns its little head and opens its mouth just as my brother used to do. Oh, mother, do not refuse to be kind to it; remember Anthony. Then placing the baby on her mother's knee, she ran down to the cellar for milk to make the soup. Dame Sabine took the little one up in her arms and covered it with kisses; then she begged her husband not to delay his story any longer, that she might know something about its origin. "Dear wife, it would be impossible to tell you all you wish to know. I saw this poor child in the forest, alone and abandoned, and as it cannot talk, I could not learn anything about it. I shall endeavor to give you an idea of the day's proceedings, hoping that you are not angry with me for bringing the child home. You know how the brigands are devastating our forests, and giving such trouble to the guards of the frontier. Very often they attack places by night; and, sometimes my comrades have to pay the villagers to help disperse these wretches. The director of the customs was informed that a noted band were about to attack three places on the Bavarian frontier. This expedition was to be made on Christmas Eve, as they thought that all the people would be at church or praying at home, and therefore would not be on the lookout. "Oh! the fiends," cried Sabine, "thus to profane Christmas Eve. If they do not want to pray, let them leave the others who want to do so alone." "I am sure," said George, "that they did not want to interrupt us; as they would have been better pleased had we been in church. Of course, the roads were all carefully guarded, but there were not enough men; that is why the director sent for me, as he wished me to accompany him on this expedition. As soon as I arrived, they placed me in command of a small body of men. We searched the forest thoroughly, and it brought us within the limits of Neumarch; at this particular place several taverns are found, which

are more frequented by brigands and poachers than by any honest people. The director had now come up with us; also Sebastrian and the foresters of Bar, with their men. Here we investigated thoroughly, but failed to find anything which would confirm our suspicions, but we could see nothing, and were just beginning to think that we had received false information. Still, we wanted to be on the safe side, so we decided to hide ourselves in the thickets that lined the highway, and here await the brigands. They could not possibly cross the frontier without being seen. We had been posted thus for about an hour, and were almost numb with cold. Our chief, however, exhorted us to hold out for a while longer. Another hour passed. Suddenly Castor, whose scent is keen, as you know, gave the alarm and became so restless that we could hardly keep him. Sebastrian, whose eyes are as keen as Castor's scent, told us that he saw three men and a woman coming. We allowed them to advance quite near, and then called to them to halt; for, if they moved another step we should fire. Without awaiting to hear any more, they threw down their things and took to their heels. We tried to follow them, but the head forester missed his footing and fell into a drift, with several of the men. Besides the frost had spoiled the rifles, and only one was fit for use, so that when we had helped the forester and his companions out, the thieves had fled, in time to give the others a warning. However, we took the booty, which consisted of several bags, filled with rich stuffs, and a casket of Bohemian pearls. These things the director divided among the men. I refused to accept my portion, as I knew the goods had been stolen, and God never blessed the fruit of theft. I feel very happy to think that this encounter passed without any blood being shed. We were just going home, when Castor began howling, and running back into the thicket, trying in every way to attract our attention. The head forester went over to see what it was, and after a few moments returned with a basket, and said "here is more booty," saying this, he raised the lid of the basket. O, Sabine! you should have seen frozen to death. All of us were as much

surprised as he was. At last the director spoke, "This is the queerest thing I have ever seen, surely our orders did not prepare us for this, neither did they say what punishment would be inflicted on those who stole children. May God punish them as they deserve; in the meantime what are we to do with this child?" "Why take it with us," I said; "how could we leave it here, and not be more cruel than its parents," "Yes, but which one of us will take it; to bring it back with us is all right, but to take charge of it is another thing. Those poachers might have taken it themselves. God knows how I pity it, yet I dare not take it home, for my wife would probably make a terrible scene. Catharine is not a bad hearted woman; still she dislikes children so much, that I would not risk it. Sebastran then said, "I have a family of ten, and find it hard enough to get food for them, still, I could never forgive myself if I abandoned it." My position made me better able to keep the child than did that of either Sebastran, the guard of Bar, or my friend Peters. All seemed undecided; when an animal, by its kindness, shamed us all. There sat Castor beside the basket, looking at the baby as if he wished to help it. O, Sabine, if you could have seen him keeping it warm with his breath, and licking its little hands and feet. It brought to my mind that Christmas Eve so many years ago, when the Divine Infant was warmed by the breath of an ox and an ass. This spectacle would have softened the hardest heart, so I took the child and said to the forester: "I will bring it home with me. I have more confidence in my wife than you have in yours. Sabine has a good heart, and will not say a word if I bring it to her." "Did you really say that, George," said Sabine, greatly satisfied. "Was not the forester angry when you said that about his wife?" "No," he said "George, you have taken a great weight off my mind. Yes, I know that you have a good hearted wife, who will take good care of it, and I am sure that it will be much happier with you than it would be with us." "I think so myself," said Sabine, "for, although the head forester's wife is a good woman; still, as he said, she dis-

likes children, and I am sure that I will bring it up more tenderly and carefully than she could have done. But, George," said she, "after we have kept it weeks and perhaps months, what shall we do if its parents do not claim it?" "Why, keep it longer, of course," answered her husband, "and if they never come, we must not think it a misfortune. We will try and replace its parents; Agatha will be a sister to it, and the good God will do the rest." "Yes, we must submit to the divine will," continued the pious woman, "but let us not forget to pray for its poor parents, who are grieving for it. If they could only know that it is in good hands, how thankful they would be. Is there no sign by which it could be recognized," said Sabine." "I did not notice any," answered her husband. Dame Sabine then went over to the basket, which was lined in white cloth. The child was wrapped in swaddling cloths, which, though they had seen wear, were evidently very costly; and its little chemise was of the finest linen and bore the letters "A. T." The right sleeve of the chemise was embroidered with three red stars. These were the only marks that the hunter's wife found on him.

"Surely God will send us some sign by which he may be recognized, I am sure, however, that he is not a poacher's son, for they do not dress their children in such fine linens and beautiful swaddling cloths. I am very glad," said George, "that no such blood runs in his veins, but Sebastran, who can easily read what is on the tower of Furth, assures me that the woman who was with those men carried a basket just like this one in her hand, and that, wishing to run faster, she had thrown it there, intending to return for it later; for I am sure that its mother would rather have died than abandon it. So, dear Sabine we will keep it and care for it tenderly. No one shall be allowed to claim it unless they can really prove it to be their own child." He then put his hand out to his wife, trying at the same time to read his answer in her eyes. She did not hesitate, but answered as a mother would, "Yes, we shall keep it, and care for him as if he were our little Anthony." "God will

bless you, dear mother, for these kind words in behalf of a poor forlorn babe." She then took him from her mother to feed him, and was well rewarded when she saw how he enjoyed it. "See how healthy he looks. Oh! mother, are we going to keep him?" "Yes, Agatha, dear," her father said; "we will try and bring him up to be an honest man, and I am sure that you will not be the last to see after it." "No, indeed," cried Agatha, "but father will you not give it to me for a Christmas present, I shall see that he is always kept neat and clean, and teach him to walk; as soon as he can talk, he shall be taught his prayers, and also learn to read. When he is old enough he can go to school at Furth, I will also attend to his clothes, and I promise you to bring him up that he may always walk in the path of virtue and obedience." As if the child seemed to understand Agatha, it tried to put its arms round her neck. Agatha then placed it on the table, between her father and mother, and said, "I want it for a Christmas present; won't you give it to me?" "Welcome to our humble home, dear baby," said George and Sabine. "But is not he too young for you to take charge of?" "The young grow old soon enough," said the hunter gaily. "Anyhow remember the words uttered by our Divine Saviour, when he said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'" Then addressing the baby, he continued, "May you grow up an honest and virtuous man; may this house be a sure haven against the temptations of the world; we promise to care for you as if you were our own son." "As if he really were our little Anthony," said Sabine, sadly. "But," said George, "we must give this child a name, as we do not know what one he received in Baptism." Sabine chose the name of her lost babe, whose absence was brought so vividly before her by this little stranger's presence. Agatha objected, saying "As this is Christmas Eve, why not honour the infant Saviour by calling this child Christian?" "You are right, dear," said her father, with an approving smile, "let us call him thus, until we know what his other name is. It will be dearer to me, as my grandfather also

bore it." The child was now sound asleep, so Agatha put it back in its basket, until she could make it a more comfortable bed. Sabine then asked George if he wished to retire, but the good hunter said that he did not feel fatigued. "Anyhow, we will not go to rest without having first feasted, Christmas Eve. I brought a flask of liquor and cakes from the city, and we shall regale ourselves at the same time thanking God for allowing us to perform a good action. Now I have another present for each of you." He then took from a leather pouch that hung by his side, the flask of liquor and the cakes, and from an inner pocket a small case, containing a silver chain, for Sabine, and a beautiful pair of mother of pearl beads for Agatha. They were much pleased and thanked him for the beautiful gifts and the pleasure he had given them. George then filled their glasses, but before Agatha eat anything, she went to see about the baby. A few moments later she returned with the cradle and all it contained which had belonged to Anthony, and which Sabine, of course, had carefully kept away. They then decided that they would put these things on him, and that the cloak and chemise should be carefully put away, as they were the only means by which he could be identified. George was very much pleased to see how Agatha cared for the child. "We will try and make this a happy home for him," said Sabine, tenderly. They then knelt down before the crib to pray, and beg our Divine Lord to bless the little stranger whom he had sent them.

CHAPTER II.

Thus in his new home, surrounded as he was by kindness and tenderness, he received the most edifying examples of Christian virtue; thus little Christian grew up to boyhood. George and the director of the customs house did everything to trace his parents, but without success. The villagers said that he was probably a poacher's son, and that his parents were very glad to be rid of him, as he was in such good hands. George and Sabine have him on their hands, and God knows when they will be able to get rid of it. About a year had passed since this. No one spoke of Christian

but as a member of George Putter's family. This pleased George so much that he hoped they would always keep their adopted son. But, it was really Agatha who had charge of him; he went to her for everything he wanted, as George's position did not allow him to look after the child very much, and Dame Sabine, who was now completely cured, had enough to do with attending to her family duties, and could not pay much attention to him. Still the child would rather be with Agatha, and the young girl was quite equal to the task which had fallen to her lot. She had been four years at the Ursuline Convent of Straubing, and though not very talented, she outshone all the others by her amiable and virtuous character, her solid piety and perfect innocence. So, that after her father and mother, Christian held the first place in her heart. Her affection did not make her weak, for she considered her duty so sacred, that she would not encourage in him any of the faults of childhood, and although very kind to him, she would be quite severe when an occasion required it, for, though Christian had a good heart and generous nature, still he had a very irritable and impetuous character, which often got him into trouble with his father, who generally got very angry and would threaten to beat him if it occurred again. But it required all the firmness of her nature to correct these dispositions, and her sad face would often have more effect than words. The greatest punishment she could give him was not to notice him for the rest of the day. Then, when she thought he was sorry, she would show him how grievous are the effects of disobedience. Notwithstanding her great influence, she never exacted anything but what she thought he could do, and always tried to set the example herself. Agatha understood that obedience can only be obtained by patience, and so she never tired repeating to Christian the answer which the celebrated bishop of Nicholas gave to some one who asked him, what is the most difficult thing to do? And he said to obey, and the most meritorious, to obey. As he grew older, she began explaining the mysteries of religion, and it was touching as well as edifying to see

them kneeling together before the altar reciting the Rosary. She also taught him to read and write, and all were pleased at the progress he made. His efforts to correct his faults made him more and more beloved by Agatha. The boy returned her affection, and was never more pleased than to be in her company, and, though he loved to play in the forest, still if Agatha could not come, he would stay at home. Thus he grew up, 'neath Agatha's watchful eye, as under that of an angel. George and Sabine were surprised, as well as pleased, at the change in his character, and encouraged Agatha to go on as she had begun.

Christian was now nearly six years of age, and as yet nothing had been heard of his parents. Of course he thought that George and Sabine were his father and mother, and that Agatha was his sister; they did not want to deceive him. He was the hunter's son, and as such he would remain until his own people came to claim him. One beautiful May day Christian said, to Agatha, "How pure the air is and how the sun shines. I would like to go into the forest and gather mother some violets and hear the birds sing." As Agatha never refused him anything that was reasonable, she consented; moreover she wished to visit a chapel of the Blessed Virgin's, about half a mile from their home. They started early for their walk; Christian ran hither and thither, picking a flower here and there. At last they passed a hedge of rose bushes. Christian gathered a bunch for Agatha, who was greatly pleased, and said they would weave them into a garland for the infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother. She told Christian not to go too far away from her, but the boy, not heeding her, ran on ahead to find the springs near which the lilies grew. Agatha entered the chapel and knelt before the altar, which was her special charge. It contained a statue of the Blessed Mother, and over the altar was a picture of the Divine Infant. After praying for a while she sat down to weave the flowers into crowns; these she placed on the heads of the two statues, then kneeling down she sang a hymn she had learned at the convent. While Agatha

was thus employed let us see what Christian is about. After leaving Agatha he had gone on farther into the forest, and, having found the lilies, was on his way back to the chapel when he was suddenly confronted by an old woman, who caught him by the arm saying, in as soft a voice as she could, "Are you the son of George Putter?" "Yes, I am," said Christian, "But what do you want to know for?" "I am not going to hurt you," she said, "only I would like to speak to you for a few minutes." "I do not want to listen to you" said Christian, "let me go or Agatha will fix you." "Oh, my fine little fellow, you won't escape me so early," said the wicked woman, seizing him in her arms, "Don't you know old Ursula, who took care of you for so many months?" "You are telling a lie, nasty old woman," said the child. She was so enraged at this that she hit him on the face. "If you don't stop I will soon make you keep quiet," and despite his piercing shrieks she was carrying him off, laughing at his fear. "Now listen to me," said she, "You have no father, I am your mother, come with me at once." However, Agatha had heard his cries and rushed to his rescue with Castor, but when she saw who it was her heart sank within her. Ursula's eyes had an ugly gleam in them, and one would have thought that such a delicate child as Agatha would not be much use, still her only thought was how she might rescue Christian. At length, summoning up her courage, she said, "What do you want with this child? Give my brother back to me this instant." "Your brother," said the old woman, sneeringly; "this is queer language; you know that this is not true; you know it as well as I do. Six years ago next Christmas Eve, I was chased by the hunters; in flying I received a bullet in my arm. This made me drop a basket containing my son, and this is the child and you call him your brother." "Leave the child go, and harm him if you dare." "I shall not hurt it," said Ursula. "But it belongs to me; if I had not cared for it all these months, what would have become of it?" "I am its mother, and wish to take it with me"; she then put her arm around the child and tried to drag it away; but

Agatha, forgetting her weakness, sprang at her. The attack was so unexpected that for a moment the old woman was surprised; but she suddenly seized Agatha's arm and pinched it so hard that the poor child nearly fainted from the pain. Ursula watched her with a savage joy.

At last she said, "You thought that you could frighten me, Agatha, but let this be a lesson; neither you nor anyone else can frighten me. I know that sometimes you pray in the forest chapel, and the Virgin protects you. Old Ursula prays, though perhaps not as well as you. Take the child and say that you have found its mother; when I have enough money, I shall repay all you have done for my son; until then, accept my thanks." Agatha, who still kept hold of Christian's hand, then threw herself at old Ursula's feet, and said: "Oh! do not take my brother from me; I shall die of sorrow if you do; you do not love him as I do; you would not teach him to be virtuous as we have tried to do. The life you lead would corrupt his soul as well as his body." "O, woman, I beg of you, by the wounds of our Saviour, leave him to me." These words were said in such a sad voice, that the old woman was moved, and she said: "I thought my heart was long dead, but I am wrong. Old Ursula is not as wicked as she seems; she does not wish to separate you; stay with each other and be happy." This relieved Agatha greatly, but not so of Christian, who was still so terrified that he kept calling Agatha to come away. "I must tell you Agatha," Ursula continued, "that in wishing to take the child, I meant to be kind to it. But you are right, it will be better with you. Your good example will make an honest man of him. I wish him to be happy. My life was miserable, may his be more blessed. You have been kind to him and have loved him as your own. On this account many misfortunes have been spared you. Take your brother home, continue to be kind to him; but remember, that some day I shall come to claim him." "God bless you," said Agatha; "I shall pray for you every day of my life; but tell me before God, who hates untruth, are you really Christian's mother. It seems impos-

sible." "And why?" said Ursula crossly. "I had several children; two of my sons died in the Emperor's service, but," she said, after reflecting for a few moments, "I am not his mother." "Then may be you can tell me who its parents are," said Agatha. "You will be performing a good action by doing so." "I shall tell you all I know, but, remember, though, that I have no more idea than you have who its parents are. "I found this child by the body of a dead woman, who was richly dressed and evidently belonged to some good family. It was during the war between the Austrians and Prussians, and bullets were flying everywhere. "I took the child from its mother's arms; she must have been struck, for she had a wound in her forehead. I picked up the child and fled through the enemies' fire." "But can you not tell me when and where you found it?" "I do not know the exact date, but it was about the end of October, 1759. As for the place I will show it to you." Just at that moment Castor sprang out of the thicket, and growled fiercely at the old woman. When she saw the dog she seemed frightened, and was hurrying away, when Agatha said: "O, do not go yet, show me the place." "Another time, my child," said she. "I am sure your father is in the neighborhood, and I do not wish to fall into his hands. In fact a few minutes after George appeared on the scene, and Christian, who was still sobbing with fear, told his father all about it. Shaking his head, the father gave chase to the old woman, but after vain efforts to catch up with her, he returned. What would he not have given to be able to speak to her. Only one thought consoled him; it was this, that Christian was not a poacher's son. But who were his parents? After this Christian was dreadfully nervous, and would often say "that old woman was not telling the truth. You are my parents, Agatha is my sister, isn't she?" "Yes, dear," said Agatha, "we are brother and sister." "But, all the same," said Christian, "father should give me a gun, so that if I meet old Ursula again, I shall not be afraid, for if she dares to touch me, I shall say, 'if you do not go away, I will shoot you.'" Dame Sabine felt very nervous

after this. For many years past she had heard terrible stories told of old Ursula's frequent robberies, and repeated offences; moreover, the way she had threatened that she would some day claim the child, filled her with misgiving, for she knew that the poacher's wife was capable of carrying out her wicked designs. So one day she said to her husband, "George, dear, you know how often I have begged you to leave this place; try and find some place where we can live in greater security. Your position exposes you to all kinds of danger. Remember the sorrow it would bring, if you shall one day fall into those poachers' hands. As you know you are not a young man, and it would be easier for you to not have to go out at night. Grant us this favor, for you know that your love is one of our greatest treasures." "Sabine," said George, "you are right; I feel that I am not as strong as I used to be; my knees are very much weaker, and may any day give away. I shall therefore go to Furth this afternoon, and see the forester; he is always kind to me. Perhaps there may be a place vacant, and, if so, I might be able to get it, if it be God's will." From this time, however, Agatha watched over Christian with more vigilance than ever, and would not let him leave her side; if he wished to go for a walk, she always chose the most frequented paths, and Castor went with them. Ursula was never again seen in the forest, although George endeavored to meet her, as she was the only person that could tell them where the child was found. Christian had changed a great deal since that day. The thought that he might again meet this old woman acted like magic, and he was now more obedient and submissive than ever. Often he would say, "I do not want any other parents but you. Agatha, dear Agatha, you will always be my sister will you not; it would surely break my heart if I had to leave you and live with that woman."

To be continued.

—♦—
The little man is still a man.—Goethe.

The greatest man is ever the son of a man.—Goethe.

The "Our Father."

(For the Carmelite Review.)

We read some time ago of an Indiana preacher advocating the amendment of the "Lord's Prayer," because to his scholarly mind it is wanting in "scientific accuracy."

We fully endorse the remark made by one of his critics: that, if this modern Solomon of the West wishes to add to the seven petitions an eighth one, asking for a little bit of common sense, we shall hardly object to the change in his case. Pitiable ignorance alone can be the cause and also to some extent an excuse for this remarkably thoughtless utterance.

Taking for granted the divine origin of this prayer,—of course there are Protestants who no longer believe in the Divinity of Christ—we must conclude a priori, as the schoolmen would say, that it bears all the marks of divine and infinite wisdom, and possesses "scientific accuracy" in an eminent degree. And, in fact, if we subject the "Our Father" to even a cursory analysis only, our intelligence, feeble and limited as it is, will discover in it a sublimity and beauty of thought and sentiment which argue the Divine Composer.

This grand universe with all the myriads of beings that are in it, is the masterpiece of divine wisdom and omnipotence. All that we see around us is an image and copy of the Creator, more or less closely approaching the great Original. Like a mirror, creation reflects God's perfections; it manifests His power and goodness, His beauty and wisdom, and this reflection, this manifestation, is one continuous act of praise and adoration which all creation offers up to its Maker. This external glory, that accrues to God from His works, or God Himself, was the motive of the creative act; the cause of that omnipotent "fiat," which gave being to innumerable natures. This is the universal and necessary end of all that is made.

If, then, we receive existence and life from the Almighty, and this not only in the order of nature, but moreover also

in the order of grace—the divine gift of sanctifying grace being the life of the soul—we are truly the children of God, and hence are taught to address Him by the sweet and significant name of "Our Father."

Man, a free creature, acknowledges the plan of the Creator and uniting his will with the Divine will, that all creation should give Him praise; he prays: "Hallowed by Thy name." Whilst the King of the visible world is the end of all that stands below him, since the irrational creatures are made for his use and benefit, he has, in his turn, for his end and object, none less than God Himself. To possess God, by knowing Him as the Highest Truth and loving Him, the Supreme Good, is the secondary and hypothetical end for which he is destined. For no other purpose was he endowed with the power of understanding and free will, the two-fold distinctive prerogative of his nature.

The second petition of the "Our Father" regards the attainment of this noble end: our eternal happiness in the Kingdom of Heaven. "Thy Kingdom come."

This particular end of man is hypothetical; we shall attain it only on condition that we do the work of God by observing His Holy Law. "If thou wilt enter into life (everlasting)," Christ said, "observe the Commandments." Obedience to God's holy will therefore, is the one thing necessary, which must engage all our care and solicitude. For this we pray when we say: "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

But without God we can do nothing, in the natural, much less in the supernatural order. Without Divine help and co-operation, therefore, the observance of God's Holy Law — the necessary condition of salvation—is impossible. "Without me," the Redeemer said, "you can do nothing." This Divine help, however, or "actual grace," as it is technically called, is given to all, so that all can be saved, and damnation is only the result of resisting God's grace. Still the

sufficiency of grace depends also on us, for God wishes to be asked for it. "Ask" the Divine Teacher exhorts us, "and you shall receive," which is to say: if you ask not, you shall not receive, as Christ expressly said in another place: "You receive not because you ask not." Hence prayer is a necessary and indispensable means of salvation. Without it we cannot attain our end, and therefore the fourth petition is: "Give us this day our daily bread."

If our eternal salvation depends on the fulfillment of God's holy will, then sin, which means disobedience to God, in as much as it is the violation of His Law, necessarily impedes the attainment of our end, since "nothing unclean can enter into heaven." This impediment must, therefore, be removed, and we must obtain forgiveness of our sins. For this we ask when we say: "Forgive us our trespasses . . ." and God will hear our petition, if with contrite heart we confess our sins to those who have the power to bind and to loose, to forgive or to retain.

This eminently scientific prayer, which embodies the deepest philosophy, closes with another appeal to God for help in the arduous work of our salvation, that we may be enabled to overcome all difficulties and temptations leading us into sin, and that we may be delivered from all evil which is sin and its natural consequence, — eternal damnation. "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

This brief and but superficial examination of the sublime prayer taught us by Jesus Christ, elicits our sincere admiration, as do all the grand works of the Redeemer, by which the Divine plan, regarding the restoration of our fallen race is carried out, such as the Incarnation, the Sacraments, and that glorious institution, Christ's Holy Church.

These should be the frequent objects of our meditations, and the beautiful "Our Father" must be our daily prayer.

Fretting cares make gray hairs.

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another.—J. M. Barrie.

Legend of the Bells.

O, how beautiful the woodland,
And the tints of waving trees!
O, how musical that sighing
Of a gentle evening breeze!

Nature seemed to Saint Paulinus
Like a mystic harpsichord,
Softly touched by unseen angels,
Giving praise unto their Lord.

Yet, arose an ardent longing
For some melody of love,
Whispering through aisles of spirit,
"Thou art dear to God above."

Swiftly came a mystic answer
To the Saint's low-breathed prayer,
From the azure flow'rets drooping
In their graceful beauty there.

Listen! they are sweetly ringing,
And that wondrous music swells
Wakening echoes through the woodland,
To a chime of flower-bells.

Great and noble thoughts are pealing
Through Paulinus' saintly soul,
Now the records of tradition
To our mental gaze unroll.

Hark! we hear from lofty bellfries,
Ringing through Italia's air,
Silvery melodious voices
Calling men to holy prayer.

Chiming gladly like the angels,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Tolling "Requiem" so plaintive,
Like the mournful night-wind's sigh.

Echoing the glad "Exultet"
Of a dawning Easter day;
Pleading, morn, noon and evening,
For our Queen so far away.

Beautiful their blessed accents!
Sweetly eloquent each tone!
Thanks to God and Saint Paulinus
For that chime of woodland lone!

Through the ages still are ringing
Tiny blue-bells' melody;
And we hear, in each vibration,
Glorious Saint, God is love for thee.

Enfant de Marie.
St. Clares.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.

Year 1185.—In this year, Albert, the future patriarch of Jerusalem, was raised to the See of Vercelli. He sprang from a noble family, of German descent, his family name being Walters. Though not himself a Carmelite, he became the framer of the rule of the Carmelite Order, as will be seen later on.

The monastery of Soteres, in the province of S. Angelus, Sicily, was founded this year.

Year 1186.—About this time the twin brothers, Angelus and John, were born at Jerusalem. Their parents were Jesse and Mary, pious Jews, who fervently praying for the coming of the Messiah, were favored by an apparition of the Blessed Virgin, in consequence of which they became Christians, and had their twins baptised. Angelus, the martyr, figures conspicuously amongst the Saints of Carmel. We shall hear more of him anon.

Year 1187.—About this time two sorrowful events occurred. Sultan Saladin of Egypt recovered the whole of Palestine, and though he spared the inhabitants of Mount Carmel, nearly all the other monasteries of the order in this country were destroyed and the Latin monks martyred, whilst the Greeks were spared under the conditions that divine services should be held only according to the Greek rite. The monastery in the house of S. Aaron in Jerusalem, in which at a later date Angelus and John entered, was amongst those that were spared.

The second event was the death of S. Berthold, the general of the order, which caused disturbances in the rule, as reformed by Aymeric no provision had been made for the election of a successor. Before his death, S. Berthold, in a vision had seen the souls of the martyred Carmelites ascend into Heaven. He had ruled the order for 45 years. Many miracles were wrought at his tomb, and the Church acknowledged his sanctity and permitted mass and office in his honor.

The monastery of Osche in Spain, and

that of Catena in Sicily were founded this year.

Year 1188.—About a year after the death of S. Berthold the scattered Carmelites found means to congregate, and they elected Bl. Brocard, as successor of the first Latin general. Under his rule the order remained for 33 years. He wrought miracles during his life; amongst others he raised a dead man to life. Where the chapter convened is not positively known, since at the time Mount Carmel was occupied by the Turks.

Brocard, after the victories of the western powers, gathered again his scattered flock, and composed for them in Latin a more elaborate rule, based, however, on the rules as framed by the Patriarch John of Jerusalem, and Aymeric of Antioch, borrowing also a few items from the rule of Basilius. This rule was a few years later revised and shortened by Patriarch Albert of Jerusalem, and is the present rule of the order.

Year 1192.—In this year the celebrated vision of Bl. Cyril, returned from his Armenian mission, took place. Whilst saying mass in honor of S. Hilarion, an angel brought him two silver tablets containing prophecies of future events and commanded him to commit the prophecies to memory, and then melt the tablets, making of them a chalice and a thurible for divine service.

Years 1193-1194.—The king of the newly founded Kingdom of Cyprus brought with him from Palestine, Carmelite monks, who first founded a monastery in Nicosia, the capital, and afterwards in quick succession 7 monasteries in Neapolis (new town) near Ama Thumte, in Famaugusta, Limisum and Cagliana. Besides these there existed smaller hermitages.

Yegr 1196.—This year is remarkable because Bl. Brocard invested with the habit of the order Bl. Angela, the daughter of the King of Bohemia, and after her

death her body was deposited in the Carmelite Church at Prague.

Year 1198.—This year the Knight Bruno of Bonnerhof of Cologne on the Rhine, returning from the crusade, brought with him some Religious of Mount Carmel, who founded the monastery at Cologne. In the year 1219, under Archbishop S. Engelbert, their church was built. They still wore the striped cloak. In 1240 Pope Nicholas granted large indulgences to those who visited this church. In 1363, under the provincial Gotterhalk, the monastery obtained its largest dimensions, and in 1550, under Edward Billig, its greatest splendor. On Feb 7th, 1606, the greater part of the church collapsed, but was rebuilt in increased magnificence in 1642.

A number of distinguished men came from this monastery, amongst whom we mention: Henry, bishop auxiliary of Cologne, who was present at the general chapter of the order in Monte Pessulam, when, on July 22nd, 1287, the white cloak was resumed; 2—Daniel von Wichterisk, bishop of Werden; 3—Eberhard von Murgon bishop of Caron in the patriarchate of Antionch, and auxiliary of Cologne; died January, 1397; 4—Simon of Spires, and John of Brammart, professors of Theology at the university of Cologne; 5—Conrad of Aronsberg, bishop; 6—Henry Book, bishop, auxiliary of Spires, (1433); Hilger von Burgen, Conrad von Haiden, John von Arena, Casper Manster—all bishops.

Alanus Brito, for five years general of the order, and known for many miracles; Peter Amiliani, the 9th Latin general and others equally famous belonged to the monks of the Cologne Carmel.

The Convent was also well known for the number of relics, and the miraculous pictures in the church.

Year 1200.—About this time there were monasteries of Carmel erected in Sacca, Agrigenti, Lilybed, Ferula, and Motysa in Sicily and on the Isle of Malta.

Year 1204.—Probably in this year Angelus and his brother John joined the order and received the habit from Fr. Jerome, prior of the monastery in Jerusalem.

Year 1205.—After the death of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Pope Innocent III selected the cardinal of S.Praxedis as his

successor, who, however declined the appointment, whereupon Albert, the Bishop of Vercelli was nominated Patriarch of Jerusalem and Papal Legate in Palestine. By him the rule of the order, as it is to-day, was reformed, and rendered more precise. The year in which this took place is not certain. It must have taken place between 1205—1214, the last year of Albert's rule. But, as the patriarchal see was moved from Jerusalem to Acron, at the foot of Mount Carmel in 1209, it is probable that the conference with Brocard and his brethren, and the new framing of the rule took place then.

The principal difference was the fixing of the mode of electing a superior (general), and the arrangement of the monastery, the oratory, etc. The rule is very short, but clear, avoiding all metaphors or parables, and taken for the greater part from the old rule of Patriarch John, changed only, in as far as the change from an eremetical to a coenobitical life rendered it desirable.

In this year Angelus and John made their religious profession in the monastery of S. Anne, the place where the Bl. Virgin had been conceived without sin.

Year 1206.—This year a monastery was founded in Petralata in Catalonia, which from the beginning followed the rule of S. Albert. Also a monastery was commenced in Venice. A number of bishops and also a papal legate proceeded from this monastery.

Year 1207.—William von Sannish, a contemporaneous writer, enumerates in this year, the following monasteries in Palestine: Phoenicia and Syria, which stood under the general of the order and obeyed the rule of S. Albert, to wit; Mount Carmel, Acron, (formerly Prolemais), Tyre, Sarepta, Tripolis, "fair place," Antioch, Mount Nervi, Quarentene, Jerusalem and Valijn. (Samaria, Galgal and Jericho had been utterly destroyed by the Turks). Most of these monasteries had existed for hundreds of years, but now an organic union with the mother-house was effected, and the writer says, that very large numbers from all parts of the world joined the order.

Year 1211.—This was the year of the birth of the Bl. Francis in Grotti near Siena.

Year 1212.—It is said that in this year some of the Carmelite Anchorites came to England, with returning crusaders. However that may be, no monastery was built there this year. But there were monasteries commenced in Perpignan and in Sanguescein, Arragonia. (The church of the former was dedicated to the ——— Conception.)

Year 1213.—Pope Innocent III sent out invitations for the Lateran Council. Patriarch Albert and Bl. Brocard were messengers to the Sultan of Damascus, to lay before him the offers of Innocent, and also intimated his intention to bring Brocard with him to the council.

Year 1214.—On Sept. 14th, 1214, S. Albert the patriarch, was stabbed to death in the church of the Holy Cross in Acon (Ptolemais.) In this year S. Angelus and his brother were ordained priests by the Superior Patriarch of Jerusalem.

Years 1215-1216.—Pope Innocent III founded and endorsed the Carmelite Convent at Cinita Vaeschia. Honorius III, the successor of Innocent confirmed the rule of S. Albert.

Year 1217.—John, the brother of S. Angelus, and himself a Carmelite, became Patriarch of Jerusalem.

Year 1214.—Jerusalem was again taken and destroyed by the Sultan of Damascus, but the fate of the Carmelite Monastery there is uncertain. S. Angelus during the preceding five years, was in Quarantene, but now in obedience to a divine command, visited the Patriarch of Alexandria, Athanasius, of Claremont, who sent him and his companions, Peter, Joseph and Enoch, to his brother Frederick in Palermo. Angelus brought thither the relics confided to his care by the Patriarch. Near shore they were intercepted by Saracen pirates, who were partly destroyed by lightning and partly converted. Angelus and his companions abided in the monastery at Massena, where the delivered the relics into the hands of Honorius III. Afterwards they came to Rome, where Angelus met S. Francis and S. Dominic. The monastic cell of the Dominican monastery, where this meeting took place, is now an oratory.

The following year Angelus and Enoch travelled through Italy, preaching the word of God, and founding the monas-

teries of Brindisi and Grottaminarda, and probably also in Capua. Finally they returned to Palermo, in which as yet there was no monastery, since the ancient hermitage was outside the walls. Thence he went to Agrigentum and Leocata, and finally to Leontini. (In all these old monasteries he likely introduced the rule of S. Albert.) Angelus suffered a most cruel death at the hands of a certain Belingar, whom he had reproached for his immorality. The order venerates him as a martyr. He was buried in the Basilica of S. Philip and James, in Palermo, the very church in which he had been stabbed to death. The bishop and population severely bewailed his loss, and joyfully venerated his relics.

Year 1220.—Pope Honorius III gave to the Carmelites the old Transpontina, which later on was transferred to a new site and became the mother-house of the order.

Year 1121.—Bl. Brocard, the second Latin general of the order, died, 80 years old, having ruled the order for 33 years. For his successor, S. Cyril was elected, who for years had been a companion of Bl. Brocard. Cyril was told by the Bl. Virgin that the Catholic faith would be taken from the east on account of the crimes of the Catholics, but that the order, transplanted into Europe, would flourish and increase very much. Hence Cyril appointed Simon Stock as his vicar general for Europe. In a letter to his former companion in the Armenian mission, Eusebius, Cyril traces the history and the changes in the order from the time of the prophets.

Before or about this time John, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and brother of Angelus, died, and was succeeded by Onuphrius, in whose time under the presidency of Athanasius, the Alexandrian patriarch, a Synod was held in Jerusalem, which pronounced on the sanctity of Angelus, and counted him amongst the saints.

Amongst the distinguished Carmelites of these times there are mentioned: Jerasimus, archbishop of Nazareth; John, archbishop of Cesarea; Peter, bishop of Bethlehem.

Year 1224.—This is the year of the death of S. Cyril, the general of the or-

der. He ruled but 3 years. He was succeeded by Berthold II, a Lombard. There were some in the general chapter on Mount Carmel, who opposed a migration to Europe, but better councils prevailed, and a beginning was made at once. Some Cyprians went to Cyprus, and Sicilians to Sicily, to found new monasteries, and there prepare a new home for their brethren. S. Simon Stock was again appointed vicar general, and whilst Berthold ruled Palestine, Syria and Cyprus, S. Simon united under his sway the convents of Italy, Germany, France, Spain and England.

Year 1226.—The Carmelites asked Pope Honorius III to approve the rule, but he at first declined. But during the night the Bl. Virgin appeared to him, commanding him to take the order under his protection, and announcing that the two officials, who were most opposed to the order, would be found dead in the morning. Hence Honorius, on Jan. 30th, 1226, by a solemn bill, confirmed the order. The following year Gregory IX confirmed this approbation.

Year 1227.—In the savage persecutions of the Orient not all of the Carmelites had been faithful. But contrite and disconsolate they sought to retrieve their fault. Hence at the petition of Berthold Gregory IX, by brief, dated Perusiam, granted the general power to absolve them from the censures and rehabilitate them.

Enoch, a Carmelite and former companion of Angelus, and now Patriarch of Jerusalem, wrote this year the life of S. Angelus.

Year 1228.—Disturbances arose in Mount Carmel on account of the question, whether the order could hold collective property. Some also showed themselves ambitious of office. F. Berthold settled both points and quieted all.

About this time a hospice of the Carmelites was founded at Vilcord (Belgium), by Duchess Sophy, the daughter of S. Elisabeth of Thuringia.

Year 1229.—Jerusalem and Nazareth were recovered for the Christians by the treaty between Frederic II and the Sultan of Egypt.

One of the Carmelites of Siena, Blase by name, died in the odor of sanctity, and was famous for his miracles. He

was buried in the walls of the Carmelite church of Siena. Alexander Galosci, another Carmelite of Siena, wrote his life, according to which Blase died as Bishop of Cremona. But it is more likely that he was Bishop of Lavona.

Year 1230.—Gregory IX confirmed the rule of the Carmelites, and at the request of S. Simon Stock took them under his special protection.

Year 1231.—This year saw the death of Berthold II, the general of the order, and the election of Alanus, an Englishman, for his successor. He retained S. Simon Stock as his Vicar General for Europe.

Year 1234.—S. Louis IX, King of France, called the Carmelites to Paris, and gave them a house for a domicile.

Year 1235.—Owing to the constant disturbances, caused in the holy land, by the Turks, and by the quarrels between the Pope and the Emperor, some of the Carmelites transmigrated to Europe, and founded the convent of Valence (Belgium.)

Year 1237.—As the persecutions in Syria and Palestine became every day more intolerable, there was a general chapter of the order held on Mount Carmel, at which representatives were present of the monasteries of Mount Carmel, Quarantene, Valigin, Prolemas, Tyre, Sarepta, Tripolis, Fairplace, Jerusalem, Antioch, Mount Nervi, and other places, that had adopted the rule of S. Albert, and in obedience to the instructions of the Bl. Virgin, given in a vision to the General Alanus, a decree was passed, allowing all the monks, who were willing, to go to Europe and found monasteries there; whilst others, determined to brave death, remained in their old places. Also before this migration to Europe had taken place, but only with the consent of local superiors, and in small numbers, now the order itself transferred from the Orient to the Occident.

Year 1238.—Many of those coming from the Orient went to places in Europe, where monasteries already existed, but they brought with them their rule and organic union. Many new monasteries in the old places were erected. In Cyprus they founded or refounded Fortania and Famagusta, in Sicily especially, Messina, Drepane and Leon'iai.

According to the report of the Jesuit

father, Placidus Samperi, the new comers first built a monastery two miles north of Messina, which they called Carmel. But as the citizens complained of the distance, the monks moved to the outskirts of the town, in the neighborhood of the Cathedral, and when the cathedral clergy objected to this proximity, they invoked the Pope, and he decided to locate them at the church of S. Cataldus, in another part of the city.

In France the monks erected a monastery near Marseilles, whence they spread into Provence.

Year 1239.—The fathers remaining on Mount Carmel were driven off by the Turks, and found a temporary shelter in Ptolemais. From there a father, Ivo, went with the English knight, John Versey (1240, Christmas) and founded a monastery near the Scottish borders, Alvelic. Father Rudolph came with Knight Richard Grey and founded Aisleford. Out of these two monasteries of Holme in Northumberland and Aisleford in Kent, the order spread so fast in England, that at the time of its suppression by Henry VIII, it counted 140 monasteries.

Year 1241.—The two monasteries of Nervenden and Burnham were founded in England. (Peter Franington, the historian of S. Simon Stock, was a member of the Burnham convent.) Also London saw this year a monastery.

Year 1242.—From times unknown to us some Carmelites had settled near Toulouse, in a place called Chateau Narbonne, but the citizens of the town wishing to have them nearer, Count Raymond, jr., in 1242, allowed some Jews in town to sell their houses to the Carmelites in order to build a monastery there.

Year 1243.—Innocent IV approved, declared and mitigated the rule of the order, recommended it to the bishops, protected the monasteries already existing, and gave them some spiritual privileges, among which the General reserved the power to grant faculties for hearing confessions to his subjects. The Carmelites were also freed from the duty of paying tithes, and allowed to say mass in their chapels during an interdiction.

Year 1245.—The General of the order, Alanus, had left Palestine and gone to England. There he assisted at a chapter

in Tileford, where he resigned his office, and thereafter lived in Cologne, where he died. He was the first general buried away from Mount Carmel. His body lies before the high altar of the Carmelite church in Cologne.

At this general chapter at Aylesford, S. Simon Stock was unanimously elected as the sixth Latin general. He went to Pope Innocent, then at the Council of Lyons, and was very kindly received as we said above. At this time the monasteries at Aquilege, near Marseilles, and at Avignon and Arles were commenced. The Carmelites henceforth ranked amongst the Mendicant Orders.

Year 1207.—The Carmelites who had remained in Palestine and Syria were hard pressed and persecuted by the Tocomen. But also the clergy and some bishops in Europe tried to prevent them from saying mass in their churches and burying their deceased brethren. They therefore had recourse to Pope Innocent, who, by a brief dated VI Cal. Augusti, 1847, forbade the bishops and priests to interfere with them, and again recommended them to their favor.

Year 1208.—The monastery at Bamberg was commenced this year.

Year 1259.—This year the monastery at Brussels was founded. In this monastery two general chapters were held. In the same year the Convent of Harlem in Holland was founded by the Knight Simon of Harlem. Also the monastery at Ypern is credited to this year. The monks of this convent had first lived in a place called Hollalick.

Year 1250.—A general chapter convened by S. Simon Stock elected Nicholas Gallious as vicar general for the oriental portions of the order. A new and large monastery was built at Drepane in Sicily, where the same year S. Albert was born. Also in Bivone, in Sicily, a monastery was erected.

Year 1251.—The persecutions of the order on the part of the parish clergy waxed fiercer and fiercer. In Cambridge the monastery was opened, and the convent at Mauza in Portugal founded.

This year will be forever famous in the annals of Carmel on account of the Scapular. According to the official report of Fr. Swanington, the secretary of S. Simon Stock, the latter very old, ex-

hausted by penance, and oppressed by grief at the persecutions, which his order suffered in the East and in the West, addressed himself to the Bl. Virgin for redress, reminding her that it was the order of her brethren that sought help. He repeated the invocation: Flower of Carme, blossoming vine, splendor of heaven, virgin mother, singularly meek mother, not knowing man, grant privileges to the Carmelites, oh, star of the sea." The privileges he asked for consisted in some badge by which the order might, as it were, legitimize itself as that of Mary, and under her special protection. Then Mary, with a grand suite, appeared to him, holding in her hand the Scapular, and said: "This will be a privilege to thee and all the Carmelites; who dieth in this, shall not suffer hellfire." Whilst Mary disappeared, she commanded him to approach the vicar of her son (Pope Innocent) who would put an end to all grievances.

John Paleonydorus in narrating the event, adds yet the words, as used by the Bl. Virgin: "Behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in dangers, a covenant of peace and everlasting alliance."

The vision was recognized universally as genuine, and Popes, Saints and Doctors of Divinity, not only acknowledged it, but they made practical use of it by receiving it from the hands of the Carmelites and wearing it.

In the first times thereafter the novices of the order received the Scapular with the hood attached, whilst the professed members of the order wore the hood detached from the Scapular and sown to the cuculla.

Year 1252.—The Carmelites, obedient to the command of the Bl. Virgin, appealed to Pope Innocent IV, who sent encyclical letters to all the bishops, commanding them to receive the brethren of the order kindly, to protect them in their rights and against imposition, and under censure to compel their clergy to do likewise. This put a stop to petty persecutions and the number of monasteries increased fast, spreading the order over all Europe.

In Wurzburg a monastery was founded and that of Bamberg completed. Also Winton was commenced.

Year 1253.—This year is believed to be

the year of the death of Bl. Angelo, who, as we said in the year 1196, had received the habit of the order in Palestine. There she lived for half a century, but obedient to the voice of God, had returned to her native soil, and died in Prague. What time this latter convent was founded is uncertain, but it certainly existed in 1253.

ODORS FROM THE "VALLEY OF LILIES."

Religious life has been thus styled, and some words of one who was not only a "lily" of the cloister, but even an "angel" of purity, sublime knowledge and seraphic love, have refreshed us with celestial fragrance, and seemed worthy of being suggested to Carmelite readers. "These are virgins, pure as light, em-purpled as charity; their sacred phalanx, says St. Thomas of Aquino, is like a heavenly flower bed enamelled with the variegated colors of all other virtues, for Jesus, like a Divine Artist, is pleased to adorn them each day with His graces in return for the glory they procure Him in their feeble and tempted flesh. They are virgins, pure lilies, and clothed with splendor; immortal flowers which the breath of earthly prosperity has not parried, nor the winter of adversity withered; white corollas, where he loves to dwell, like the morning dew, until they shall bear to Heaven a fragrance of incomparable sweetness, God Himself being present in them for all eternity. There are the virgin souls, the royal spouses of the King of Kings, receiving from Him the sceptre by which they govern so absolutely all the passions of the body. They possess an inestimable treasure which is more dazzling than the treasures of snow spoken of in Scripture, and having bought it at a great price, they hide it carefully in the sacred field of the monastic life."

The less men think, the more they talk.—Montesquieu.

The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity.—Cervantes.

The hell of these days is the infinite terror of not getting on, especially of not making money.—Carlyle.

The Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

JULY 16TH.

The annual pilgrimage to the shrine of the Carmelite Monastery was this year, as usual, a very large one, and we are happy to say that the arrangements made beforehand by the good monks were all excellent, and we congratulate them on the successful issue of their great celebration. To say that we were edified by the fervent devotion of so many pious people, who came from near and far to honor Our Blessed Lady in this Her favored devotion, is very far from expressing what we have felt during that great day, and does not represent justly the impression made upon our minds by the concourse of so many liveried sons and daughters of Mary of Mt. Carmel. It was Mary's special day on which, as it were, she held a grand review of her valiant soldiers, and the occasion did Her honor, and besides gave glory to Him who rejoices to be where Her name is praised, and Her intercession invoked. Thus it was shown to the world of those who scoff and sneer at our holy religion and at its pious practices, and particularly at our devotion to Mary the Mother of God, that this practise of wearing the Scapular is not at all on the decline, but is becoming, day by day, and year by year, more widely spread, and more loved by the children of the Catholic Church. If, as our Father has promised, that those who glorify him before men, will be glorified by Him before His Father who is in Heaven, we may well hope that all those who so piously testified before men on the last feast day, to the love of Mary His Mother, will receive an equal return of favors and blessings.

To Rome, the centre of Catholicity on earth, and the seat of many shrines of the Apostles, people are accustomed to go at various times of the year to pay homage to our Holy Father the Pope, and visit those ancient spots sanctified by the blood of many martyrs. France has its many shrines, such as Lourdes, where we honor the apparition which testified to the Immaculate Conception,

or Montmartre, where our Divine Lord showed Blessed Margaret the beauties of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

In Ireland, too, are found some shrines for special devotion. European countries naturally have been selected as the favored places for such devotion, but yet, on this side of the great Atlantic, where, comparatively speaking, the gospel is only of modern growth, yet we are proud to see that we have here, too, our shrines, although not favored with such apparitions, yet loved by pious souls, and honored as we have seen Our Lady's Shrine honored on the recent great Feast Day of Mt. Carmel.

Wednesday, the 16th of July, was favored with delightful weather, although falling in a season which has been unusually unpleasant near Niagara Falls. The sun shone out from early morning with all his brilliancy; not a cloud appeared in the blue sky to dim his brightness. The surroundings of Niagara were looking at their best, but none more beautiful than those which encircled the holy hill, the Carmelite Monastery, the Loretto Convent, the little Carmelite Church and lastly the palatial Hospice. Writers tell us, nowhere else does nature embellish the scene so lavishly, and with such varied beauties, and the loud song of Niagara's green waters hurling themselves down the steep descent, and dashing themselves against the great rocks below, came through the air, as it were, to mingle its notes with the voices of the thousands who sang the praises of Mary upon the slopes above.

From break of day almost, many people could be seen coming to Our Lady's Shrine, and masses were being celebrated there from a very early hour, but the principal devotions of the day were timed to commence at 8.30 o'clock a.m. with public mass, at which all who were fasting could receive Holy Communion. Shortly before this hour two special trains steamed in from Buffalo, and pulled up opposite the little church. About 2,000 pilgrims took advantage of this

grand trip from Buffalo. It is to be regretted that the little church of the Shrine is not sufficiently large to contain such a great number as came on the 16th, but we have every reason to hope that in a few years, another great church will rear its tall spire heavenwards from a place near that now occupied by the present Shrine. As there were so many to receive Holy Communion, the High Mass which was timed to begin at 10, was postponed to 10.30 a.m.. In order to give all an opportunity of being present, a very large pavilion was erected in the Hospice grounds, and as the day was so warm this arrangement found favor with everyone. The solemnity of the occasion was very edifying. Devotion to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel was expressed by the silent attention with which the thousands assisted at the public mass, and as the Holy Ministers chanted the words "Gaudemus omnes in Domino, diem festum celebrantes," "Let us rejoice in the Lord, celebrating the Feast Day," and the solemn tones of the organ were wafted away on the breeze, we could hear the hum of many voices praying to God in thanksgiving for His many favors, or with the Ave Maria, saluting Mary the Lady of Mount Carmel, on this Her festive day. The sermon at this mass was preached by the Rev. Provincial, who spoke as follows:

Taking as his text the beautiful words of Eccles. I, 15, "And they to whom she shall shew herself, love her by the sight and by the knowledge of her works." The eloquent preacher introduced his subject as follows, "Blessed the angels and saints to whom the most venerable Virgin manifests all her transcendent beauty, the sublimity of which increases the glory of the Seraphim. She is the first and the most beautiful of all the ideas of the Creator. The heavenly Queen, who to-day sits upon her throne of glory, rejoicing with the saints and angels, rejoicing ever, but more particularly on this, the feast day of Mt. Carmel. Do not the heavenly choirs sing to-day in union with us the praises of Mary of Mt. Carmel, and with reason, because it is the glorious manifestation of her constant love for mankind. It is, as it were, the new covenant, which she instituted with man; her Scapular is the sign

of that Covenant, as the rainbow still remains to testify to the Covenant which Jehovah formed with the Jews of old. This, then, is the reason of our rejoicing to-day, because to-day we have revered again for our greater assurance the pledge with which our Heavenly Queen once bound herself to be our protectress against all the perils and dangers of our journeying here below.

The speaker then went on to explain the beautiful analogy between the preparations for the final revelation of our Lord, and the preparations for the final revelation of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel. In the dark days of the Old Testament, when the chosen people were settled in the Blessed Land, but when they were suffering from persecutions at the hands of the foreign nations, God held out hopes to them through his prophets of a Redeemer to come, who would change the old order of things and institute a new religion. For fifty centuries before his coming, men sighed for Him, who was to be their deliverer and their king. Through the darkness and gloom of those days, when they were encompassed around with dangers and perils, their one hope was centred upon the coming of that great man who would dispel the darkness and lead them safe on their journey heavenward, and God gave them continuous signs of His coming. So a similar course was followed before the institution of the Order of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel. She was the beloved of God and the beloved of men, who beheld her, their dear mother, given to them as a mother on Mt. Calvary. She was to be their shield in all the spiritual dangers and difficulties which they would encounter here below, but the glories of Mt. Carmel were only another proof of her vigilance, another manifestation of her maternal solicitude, and another bright star in the diadem with which her son crowned her in heaven.

The little cloud which the prophet of old saw arise from the sea, he took to signify the glorious Immaculate Virgin Mary, who was to spring forth out of the infected and bitter sea of our corrupt nature, without any corruption and like an auspicious cloud, being overshadowed by the virtue of the Most High,

was to water this barren world with the heavenly rain of the expected Messias. There and then, as it is believed by the express command of Almighty God, he instituted the Order of Mt. Carmel, which was to be specially dedicated to the honor of this Sacred Virgin. This was enacted not far from the place where many years afterwards the Virgin was to conceive without stain, and bring forth the promised Redeemer. And as the new revelation of the gospel was opposed by the powers of earth and hell, so the new Order of Mount Carmel was opposed by all the persecutions that the devil could hurl against it, or the wicked minds of men plan to overturn it. All the persecutions of the Saracens, all the bitter calumnies cast upon the order were just as fruitless in the one case as in the other, as the blood of the early martyrs only became the seeds of thousands of Christians, so the martyrs of the Carmelite Order, throughout its many years of persecutions, became only the seed from which sprung up the glorious order of after days. Of martyrs for the faith it can boast of thousands; of martyrs of charity, the saints are numberless. "Count the stars of heaven," says an ancient writer, "and you may count the saints of the Carmelite Order."

The speaker then described in beautiful language the calling of St. Simon Stock in the spirit of the Baptist, from his abode in solitude; the Blessed Virgin called him to join the Carmelite Order in England, and to him she manifested herself in a very special manner, and through him gave us the devotion to the Brown Scapular.

After explaining fully the above analogy, between the preparations for the coming of our Blessed Lord and the preparations for the giving of the Brown Scapular to St. Simon Stock. The preacher next debated upon the last words of his text, "and they shall love her by the sight and by the knowledge of her works."

That the members of her chosen order loved her is amply verified in the annals of our Church. The saints of the order are the great saints of the Church. There are saints of love and prayer, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, and thousands of others whose names embellish the pages

of our Church histories. Through the example of such saints as these the order spread rapidly and found devoted disciples in every country of Europe.

Finally the preacher summed up by speaking on the promises which Mary holds forth to those who are devoted to her Brown Scapular; it will be the greatest safeguard in dangers in this life; it will be a guarantee under certain conditions of an early release from Purgatory. Devotion to her Scapular is a sign of her favorites, and a sign of predestination.

Mass over, the pilgrims next filled in the time before twelve o'clock by making visits to the Shrine, or in enjoying the beauties of the scenery all around, but when twelve o'clock came, it found us all busied about the daily bread. The Hospice had ample accommodation for all and meals were served quickly and neatly to all comers. The arrangements were excellent and pleased everyone. The reputation which the monks have always had, as being hospitable and kind, was only once again exemplified, and on all sides nothing but praise was heard of their efforts.

At three o'clock again our next public devotion took place in the pavilion, where the rosary and solemn Benediction and the Papal Blessing were given. This, the closing exercise of the great feast day, was not by any means the least devotional. The pilgrims were treated to a very fine sermon in German by Father Louis, in which he treated on the devotion of the Scapular. After mass, Father Kreidt spoke for some time and then gave the Papal Benediction. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed, and all the pilgrims united in singing the various hymns for the occasion. The service closed with the singing of the hymn, "Blessed the name of God."

This concluded the various exercises of the great feast day, and shortly afterwards the pilgrims from Buffalo took their departure. Thus ended a great day at Niagara Falls, a day on which much devotion was manifested, a day on which Our Lady was honored by Her faithful children, and as we are all trying to be faithful wearers of her livery here below, let us hope that if all of us

do not meet again at Her Shrine, we may one day meet again at the Shrine where we may behold Her face to face, and do her honor in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Near the Altar.

"Adoro te Devote," etc.

St. Thomas.

Kneeling in this restful silence
Near the Sacred fount of grace,
Longings waited o'er my spirit,
For the vision of His face,
For one gleaming of its splendour
From that land where Angels sing,
Thus they gaze, with love celestial,
On the beauty of their King.

Then I heard a mystic whisper,
Echoed from a Saint of old,
One whose Eucharistic praises
Thoughts replete with grace unfold,
"Hidden God ! I here adore Thee !
And I did not pray to see
Wounded hands and feet, like Thomas,
Let Thy word suffice for me."

"Blessed they on earth who see not !"
May this guerdon, Lord, be mine,
Till there dawns eternal morning
Radiant with Thy Face Divine.
Angel of the schools and Altar !
Glorious lessons Thou hast taught,
Yet, to me, these aspirations
Seem with special meaning fraught.

And they soothe my inward sighings
With most sweet and holy balm ;
Whilst, in exile, I am watching
For the vision of the Lamb.
"Hidden God !" I too adore Thee,
In this Eucharistic shrine !
May there beam a soft reflection
Of St. Thomas' faith in mine.

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

"Go, miser, go ! for lucre sell thy soul,
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from
pole to pole ;
That men may say, when thou art dead
and gone,
"See what a vast estate he left his son!"
—Dryden.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

On Wednesday, July 16, two of the venerable sisters of Loretto Convent celebrated their golden jubilees. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. F. L. Guenther, O.C.C., chaplain of the sisters at Fort Lee, New Jersey, being assisted by Revs. Dr. Koehler and X. Trynan, as deacon and subdeacon respectively.

The singing of the Mass by the venerable sisters of Loretto was beautiful and impressive. After Mass the sisters received their crowns from the hand of Rev. F. L. Guenther, who also delivered a short but touching panegyric. Those who have had any dealing with sisters, and who are more or less acquainted with their mode of living, can only poorly understand and appreciate what fifty years of religious life means, what sacrifices have to be made and what crosses have to be borne, and this for no other motive than the love of God. For, could any other motive induce persons to give up the world and its pleasures ?

A diamond jubilee would be the wish of the Review, did it not perceive the difficulties and crosses that would accompany so many years.

However, the Review hopes that the crowning which took place on Wednesday may be a true symbol of the golden crown that awaits them in heaven.

GLEANINGS.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—Napoleon.

Poets have looked at the "Stella Matutina," and written their sweetest songs in the light of her gleaming.—Anon.

"He never touches us save with a touch which has Mary's touch on it. It follows then that a Christian heart should never separate Mary from Jesus."—Dr. Hedley.

"For although there are many ways whereby we may do honor to our Lady and afford her pleasure, yet none of the accidental joys we thus procure her equal that which we can give her by hearing Mass."—F. Cochem.

Capt. "Cornstalk" Jackson.

(Written for the Carmelite Review by a Roman Student.)

The sunshine of peace beneath whose rays two nations had basked together, was suddenly darkened, for the angry clouds of war had gathered overhead and seemed ready to burst in all their destructive violence. The thoughtless youth leaped with joy at the signs of the approaching storm, but older heads and experienced men became serious, and prayed that the storm might be of short duration; while mothers mingled tears with their prayers for loved ones who must brave its fury.

Many of us recall the story of the late war with feelings of deepest regret, for the enemy (as we are all well aware) had once proved a friend, tried and true, in the days of our nation's childhood. However, it is not my object here to discuss the justice, or injustice, the cause, or the details of the war, but I shall leave this to your own knowledge and convictions, and pass on to our story.

In regard to external appearance, I confess "Cornstalk" Jackson was in no sense a "dandy," in childhood he had been considered the blackest little pickaninney that southern suns had ever smiled upon, and as he grew to manhood his complexion never deserted, but clung to him with a natural tenacity; he was tall, straight and very thin, and a small coconut-shaped head adorned this rather imposing form; two large rolling eyes did not contribute much towards beautifying him, and his lips!! Well, if quantity constitutes beauty in this regard, "Cornstalk" was the proud possessor of the most beautiful pair of lips in the country.

However, there is an old proverbial saying that, "appearances are deceitful," and in this case we have the proverb verified, as Mr. Jackson was by no means a mere bundle of imperfections, for behind his dark complexion, within this ungainly form, was as manly and as pure a Catholic heart as ever throbbed beneath a military uniform; and every Sunday morning in the days of peace "Cornstalk" knelt at the altar rail of St.

Jerome's church in the city of Macon, and with great devotion received the Bread of Angels.

Although "Cornstalk" worked hard every day in the boiling suns of summer, and the winter's chilly blast, it was his custom on returning home in the evening to kneel before a shrine of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel, and there recite a decade of the beads.

This shrine was situated on one of the principal thoroughfares in the city of Macon, and at times the holy man was exposed to the jeers and abuse of street gamins, and the uncharitable remarks of passers-by; nevertheless, he prayed on unmindful of his surroundings, and while jeers and taunts passed off into oblivion his prayers ascended a sweet smelling incense before the Eternal Throne.

Among the first troops sent to the front in the conflict was the Georgia Volunteers, and it is in their ranks we find the hero of our narrative.

The day of the volunteers departure was a gala one, all business was suspended in the city, martial airs and plantation songs resounded from all sections, whilst time and again a mighty cheer from the assembled throng shook the very city, and died away on the breeze like the roll of muffled thunder in the distance.

Many a joke was passed at the expense of "Cornstalk" Jackson, as he appeared in the ranks of the Volunteers, and wearing the distinguishing mark of first lieutenant. His fellow soldiers could not refrain from teasing him, but he, in his cool, deliberate way, responded, that time and action would determine who were the nation's protectors, who unworthy of the name.

Months have passed since the departure of the troops; months since the first hostile shots rang out; the enemy has proven herself a formidable one, for every battle has been stubbornly contested, and our troops have encountered foemen worthy of their own steel.

Numerous battles have been fought.

With scrutinizing eye and anxious mind men search the papers and find that both sides have lost heavily; that the enemy has the advantage of position, a favorable defence, and that the final battle which will determine the destinies of both nations has begun.

Who could describe the feelings that animated the men who took part in this battle? "Win or Die" was every man's motto, and no motto was ever better abided by, for they feared not the canons roar, the bayonet thrust or the sabre blade, and the number of gallant men who breathed forth their last in this field shows how earnestly their words were chosen and uttered. Many were the deeds of valor and daring, and many a hero fell, but one hero stands out conspicuously as the hero of heroes, and shall go down to posterity with an immortal crown upon his brow..

All day long the battle raged; the heavens became sickened, and drew her mantle of night around her to shut out the terrible scene; but man's thirst for blood was not yet satiated, and with human blood running in small rivulets beneath him, and stumbling over the dead bodies of friend and foe, he still fought on.

Our army was now on the brink of despair; officers and men had fallen alike before the destructful cross-fire of the enemy and the canon's terrible work; confusion reigned supreme in all sections of the battle line, and destruction was staring our men in the face; when suddenly, one gallant lad pressed forward, roused up the troops to action, and sword in hand, led the charge upon the enemies' lines.

It was a wild, hazardous undertaking; the canon's mouth had been defied, the crack of musketry unnoticed; men and leader fought like demons, drove the tenacious enemy from their position, a conquered and beaten foe.

the funny expression on his face, when he saw what the basket contained; for of course he thought it was more jewels. Instead, he saw a harmless babe, nearly

Some time has again elapsed, the hero of this charge has been sung in poetry and lauded in prose, and high honors conferred upon him by the government; but victory and high honors, lofty posi-

tion and praise, have not caused this man to forget the higher and nobler duty to his God, and at eventide, when the Angelus bell, in the city of Macon, (Ga.) announces the hour of prayer, a vast throng gathers before the statue of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and responds to the Pater and Ave of "The exemplar soldier, the model Christian"—Capt. "Cornstalk" Jackson.

To Sister Mary Catharine.

(Lines suggested by the reading of her golden jubilee.)

All breathless my pen is running,
Running a race with time,
For 'twas only to-day I heard it,
An echo of sweetest chime.
The sound of the gold bell ringing
Thy jubilee loved and true,
As I wish a share in all things good,
May I be glad with you?

'Tis forward, I know, of a stranger,
Tho' waves of distance roll
Between us, gentlest sister,
Yet, we are related in soul.
O, sweet, when I caught that echo
Before its voice could die,
To the soul of prayer I gave it
And this hour 'tis heard on high.

Still, may thy years be many,
Life's conquests rich and bold;
O, may He set the diamond
Of years within thy gold;
And may that gem most sweetly
Drink in His beauty bright,
Imprison it forever,
As it does the morning's light.

Mary Allegra Gallagher,
11 Chelsea St.,
East Boston,
Mass.

He who lives for no purpose, lives for a bad purpose.

He who offers God a second place, offers Him no place.

The honest man, though e'er so poor, is king o' men for a' that.—Burns.

The formation of character ought to be the chief aim of every man.—Goethe.

Nellie's Reformation.

(Written for the Review by John S. Ormsby.)

She was an old woman, poorly but cleanly and neatly dressed. In her face one could read a story of much suffering, but her eyes had that look of fortitude and patience which denotes the thorough Christian. The homely old shawl which covered her scrawny shoulders mutely told a story of olden times, and the oft mended gown she wore, was cut in the style of nearly a decade ago. Altogether she was a veritable "old fashioned mother," living in a big city.

She was coming from her morning devotions at St. Joseph's Cathedral, and close to her side walked a young girl of eighteen, in whose face could be traced the incipient marks of dissipation. They had reached the city hall, and passersby could plainly hear that the two were in a heated argument. The day was rainy and chilly, but the argument alone was sufficient to keep the two women warm. The passersby heeded them not, but one young fellow, who devoted considerable time to the study of human nature, walked in their wake, and unintentionally, overheard their conversation.

"Now that you have made your peace with God," said the old woman, "I hope you will continue to be a good girl. It is all your own fault, just as Father told you."

"Aw don't be always jawin' me. I'll do the best I can, an' I've already promised to stay home from dances, isn't that enough for you?"

"No, it is not enough. You'll have to live up to your promise to his reverence. I don't care how you treat me, treat yourself with becoming decency, and I'll trust to God to do the rest."

"There you go again! Jaw, jaw, all the time, as if I could not take care of myself. For heaven's sake shut up! I guess I'm old enough to take care of myself, so what need you care, anyhow?"

"What need I care?" repeated the old woman with a shudder; "I, the mother that bore you. Oh! would to God your father had not died before you

were properly settled. God forgive you, Nellie; if you keep on as you are going, no honest man will have you."

The young girl's eyes flashed angrily. She shot out her arm and gave her mother a violent push. The pavement was slippery and the poor woman fell heavily to the sidewalk, with a cry of pain. The passersby walked hurriedly on, unheeding the incident. What did they care? It was no affair of theirs, and then it was raining and growing colder, and they were in a hurry to reach their homes.

The young man came forward, assisted the old woman to her feet and supported her with his arm. The young girl had started on her way, but walked only a few steps, when she returned. She saw her mother was hurt, and became frightened. The young man, seeing that the injured woman was unable to walk, accordingly called a hack.

"Where is your home?" he asked of the daughter. She did not seem disposed at first to tell, but finally yielded, and the good samaritan accompanied the two to their lowly tenement in a respectable though humble quarter of the city.

The old woman was put to bed, and a physician was called. He said the woman had sustained a slight fracture of the thigh, and liniments were prescribed for her. On questioning his patient he learned that her husband had died several months previous, leaving her to "get on" as best she could. Her daughter had obtained work in a local factory, and was supposed to be attending a school of stenography and typewriting in the evening. The mother worked hard to secure for her child all the advantages of an education that would fit her for routine office work. Everything appeared to go along well until she heard that her child, instead of attending the school of instruction, was spending her time with frivolous companions. Late hours became the order, and on two occasions, the girl appeared at her home seemingly under the in-

fluence of liquor. This was the last straw, and the mother made enquiries only to learn that her daughter had been frequenting questionable resorts. She spoke to the clergy, and, on her knees, importuned her daughter, who had, in the meantime, lost her position in the factory, to mend her ways, until finally she consented to visit the church in company with her mother. She behaved very well and made brave promises, while in the presence of the clergymen, but when she started for home, the spirit of evil again possessed her, with the result shown.

When Nellie saw what her mother was suffering on her account, she became immediately a reformed girl, and has done

all in her power to alleviate her parent's pain. The outcome was, the physician and the good samaritan set their influence to work and secured a respectable position for the repentant girl, and to-day she is one of the most devoted of daughters, to a crippled mother. The latter says she does not now regret being a cripple, or the cause of it, as her lameness will ever remind her child of the time when she was so near the total collapse of morality. Nellie is now the respected forewoman of a local industry, and has the good opinion of a sturdy young official in the employment of the city.

J. S. O.

Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary is the greatest of all the festivals which the Church celebrates in her honor. It is the birthday of her true greatness and glory, and the crowning of all the virtues of her whole life which we admire singly in her other festivals. On this great festival our holy mother, the Church, desires us to commemorate the departure of the Virgin Mary and her glorious assumption into the kingdom of heaven, where she received, from the hands of her Divine Son, that crown of glory which she above all the children of men had merited through all her life.

Of the life of Mary, very little is told us in the Scriptures. We learn a little about her in the Gospels, but after the passion time we are told still less about her. It is certain, though, that she was specially committed to the care of that Apostle whom Jesus loved, St. John, and to whom He recommended her when dying upon the cross. Now it is a fact, proven from incontestable evidence of history, that the labors of St. John were spent in his later days, at Ephesus; that he carried there some memorials of our Blessed Lady is also to be presumed, but that, as some historians hold, the Blessed Virgin also retired to Ephesus and died there also, is not at all certain.

To us, it appears more likely that she breathed her last breath near the spot where her Divine Son died, that is, at Jerusalem. That this is more certain is confirmed by the fact that in the eighth century St. Willibald, having arrived at Jerusalem was shown a tomb which the people believed to have contained for a time the body of Mary. The venerable Bede, and an Irish monk, Adaman, who visited the same sacred places, also speak of her tomb in Jerusalem. Also amongst the Greeks and Armenians, a pious tradition existed which ascribed the burial of Mary to the Holy City.

So much having been said as to the probable place of her death, we will now go on to consider more closely the nature of the mystery which we celebrate each year upon the 15th of this month.

It is a traditional pious belief amongst all Catholics, that the body of Mary, after death, was not allowed by God to share the lot of all other bodies, that is to crumble into dust, in the grave, but by his special providence, it was raised up soon after death, and assumed into heaven. Of this, we cannot have a reasonable doubt. It was held as true by the earliest Christians of both Eastern and Western Churches, as evidenced by the writings of St. Gregory

of Tours, and St. Andrew of Coete, and it is only conformable to the opinion of respect and reverence, which we and all Catholics form, of the Blessed Mother of God. Her body was not as ours, tainted by the foul stain of original sin, it was Immaculate. Her body was the fair temple of God, his abode for nine months after his Incarnation. His adorable flesh was received from that body of hers; her hands nourished and clothed him in his early years, and to her he was devoted as a loving child to a loving mother.

The Solemnity, which we commemorate, is called by early writers, the assumption, passage, or repose of the Blessed Virgin. Whether it was an assumption of her soul alone, or of both body and soul, is disputed, but the more probable opinion is, or at least the one more comfortable to the pious belief of Christians is that both body and soul were assumed, or taken up into heaven. Of course, it does not matter which is true, the object of the present festival is still the same. Just as we honor the departure of other saints out of this world, so we honor the day on which the Queen of Saints passed from earth into the possession of Eternal glory.

Our principal duty upon this great feast day is to praise and thank God, who has bestowed such a privilege upon our Blessed Mother. And as the blessed spirits rejoiced exceedingly at her entrance into heaven, and as God Himself rejoiced, so it is our duty to exult, to glory in her exaltation.

And let us say to her in the words of St. Bernard: "O, blessed funder of grace, mother of life, mother of salvation, may we, through you, have access to your Son, and that He who has given us through thee, may receive us through thee. May your integrity and innocence excuse before Him the stain of our corruption; may your humility, so agreeable to God, obtain the pardon of our vanity; may your abundant charity cover the multitude of our sins, and your glorious fruitfulness supply our indigence of merits. Our Lady, our mediatrice, our advocate, reconcile us to your Son, commend us to your Son, present us to your son. By the grace with which you are honored, by the mercy

which you have brought forth, obtain that he who through you, put on our weakness, may, through you, make us partakers of His bliss and glory."

BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

Catholic Record.

Cardinal Manning once remarked; "We do not mean to be negligent, but we are too prone to believe that all good things will take care of themselves, without any effort on our part to make them better." The public morality of our community is something we are more or less concerned in. It is not enough that we go apart and try to save our own souls. We are, to some extent, "our brother's keeper."

If there are good movements afoot, it is a sin of omission on our part that we do not lend a hand. Let us examine our conscience along this line: "What am I doing in aid of good causes?"

"Do I, by act or word, help those movements which are making for a purer mortal atmosphere in my neighborhood?"

"Good things" will not take care of themselves. Unless good people are zealous to do their part, good things often fail. Evil things often succeed. We are not a force in the community merely because we are "good." We must be "good for something." Many a time the devil has occasion to be proud of his allies among men; and at the same time the angels weep over the apathy of "the neutral good."

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment.

Money is a good servant but a dangerous master.

Custom may lead a man into many errors but it justifies none.

The good are better made by ill, as odors crushed are sweeter still.—Rogers.

The great river courses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed.—George Eliot.

The greatest heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.—Jean Paul.

"Ecce Agnus Dei!"

What rays of light stream from these inspired words, spoken of old on the banks of Jordan by that "Angel," who went before the face of Christ and echoed thousands of times in the aisles of Holy Church, by His Priests about to administer Holy Communion!

Countless other titles might be used: "Behold the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords," "The Word," etc., but the Holy Spirit directs God's Church, speaks through her voice, and it is "the Lamb" she presents to our faith, hope, desire, adoration and love. To our faith: Jesus is God and man, "Lamb of God," "Light of Light," in His Divine Nature, a victim in His Sacred Humanity, for us men and for our salvation. We behold him, by faith, beneath the Eucharistic veils, before we "see Him as He is," a "King in His beauty." He appeals to our confidence, for He has taken away "the sins of the world," and comes in sweetness and mercy, to "preserve us unto life everlasting," free us more and more from their bondage, renew the memory of His Passion, fill our minds with grace, and, finally, give us a pledge of future glory*. Behold, desire, adore this Divine Lamb! love, thirst for Him, like the royal Psalmist, "from break of day,"** or like "the Angel of the schools" and of the altar," for the vision of His face.***

These beautiful words also present Jesus as the archetype of our imitation in all virtues relating to God, our neighbor, and ourselves. What humility, obedience, self-sacrifice in this priestly victim of the Father's glory! And he much desires we should unite our selves to the dispositions of His Sacred Heart, especially at Holy Mass! "Behold, I come to do Thy will! Not my

will but Thine be done! Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!" This Adorable Heart is a "golden censor in the hands of the great High Priest." Let us put ourselves like incense into the Altar fire of Divine love and "die daily" for His sake. "Ecce Agnus Dei!" The gentle teacher of fraternal love "Greater love than this no man hath!" We have already alluded to His mercy, taking away sins, for our attention is especially called to this, and oh! how consoling to souls just freed from the enemy and still struggling with their temptations and passions, to look up humbly at the Immaculate Lamb, and remember that, by one word, he can heal them.

To souls advancing in holiness, Jesus whispers, "Learn of me," etc., "Come to me * * * and I will refresh you." "Behold this Heart which has so loved men! And to those called to a state of perfection, He promises the Virgin's crown. They are to follow him more closely, not only here, but also in His Kingdom, as "the Lamb," and sing of His chaste espousals.

In all that regards ourselves, He is the source; the Exemplar, the means of practising lamb-like docility, for, as a holy writer remarks, "You can lead it by a silken thread."**** Purity, for He is "holy innocent, undefiled"; mortification--This Eucharistic Victim is "as it were slain." Let us then behold the "Lamb of God," and pray that His image may be reflected in our souls, so that when called to the marriage feast, in God's restful Kingdom, illumined by His radiance, we may eternally chant with Angelic choirs, and the multitude of blessed ones who have washed their robes in His Precious Blood. "To the Lamb, benediction, and honor, and glory and power for ever and ever."-- Apoc. v.

13.

Enfant de Marie.

O, Sacred Heart! ere fades the eve,
In this sweet month of thine,
Accept, as mystic coronal,
These living thoughts of mine.

*--"O Sacrum convivium in quo Christus sumitur recolitur memoriae Passionis egas-mens inpletus gratiae, et futurae gloriae, nobis pignus datur."

**--"Deus, Deus meus, at te de luce Vigilo."--Ps. LXII.

***--"Jesu quam Velatum nunc aspicio," etc.--St. Thomas.

****--Rev. M. F. Clarke, S.C.

To thank Thee for this festal month,
Which swiftly fades away,
And pray that we may love Thee still
More tenderly each day.
(Last day of the sweet-rose month of
Jesus' Heart.)

Sweet Thoughts of Mary.

"O, it is as if some fragments
Of the golden calms of heaven,
By the mercy of our Father,
Into Mary's hands were given."

—F. Faber.

These beautiful lines of a learned and graceful writer, are, as it were, the prelude to our little tribute of love for Mary, and their key-note echoes in the words of another holy panegyrist of her place in the economy of man's salvation. "But the firm Catholic belief is that, as regards the immediate distribution of grace, it is she who is the agent * * * * If a heart in the morning is lighted up to adore and praise its creator, that grace comes now with an added softness and human feeling, which sweetly enfold in their sweep, not the intelligence only, but all the human powers.

It carries the tender touch of Mary's hands. If the devout soul is moved to offer all its powers and self to God, that grace, coming through Mary, bears along with it to the creature, always in awe of its judge. Some sense of that infinite stooping down of the Most High, which it is Mary's perpetual office to proclaim, and which has made the creature's oblation so full of trustful joy. When we have the grace of thanksgiving, we cannot doubt that that grace comes to us fragrant with that unspeakable association of frank recognition of God's favors with truest humility, which is expressed in the "Magnificat." * * * * He never touches us save with a touch that has Mary's touch on it."

Extract from "The Light of Life"; pages 320—321.—Dr. Hedley.

The learned writer goes on to develop this holy idea with regard to our acts of sorrow, petition, etc., how they resemble her attitude on Calvary, or in quality of mediatrix, and so of the rest.

He says there is always some "vibration" of Mary.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus is ever thrilling with the celestial melodies of praise, thanksgiving, petition and reparation; these are echoed in her Immaculate Heart, and our acts, in their turn, according to the measure of grace, derive their sweetness from the silvery tones of this mystic harp.

It is to be feared this imperfect exposition of Dr. Hedley's beautiful and eloquent words, will convey but a slight idea to our readers, but we may, perhaps, by the blessing of God, awaken some desire to study for themselves "The Light of Life," and especially the pages entitled "The Ark of the Covenant."

The perusal cannot fail, we are confident, to illumine their minds with soft rays of light to know more intimately the place our Blessed Mother occupies in God's Kingdom of grace. This illumination will enkindle new love, and desire to imitate her in their intercourse with the Divine Heart of Jesus, and, when honoring His Mysteries, to do so in union with her most loving Heart.

The fervent lover, from whom we have quoted so largely says, "We can best love and serve God through Mary, and in Mary."

Let us resolve to do so, and then, indeed, she will, one day be our "Gate of Heaven, and show us, as we daily implore her to do, the unveiled face of Jesus, her Beloved Son.

Enfant de Marie.

St. Clares.

No author is a genius to his publisher.

He hath ill repented whose sins are repeated.

A word from a friend is doubly enjoyable in dark days.—Goethe.

He is happy, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his own home.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

Half the ease of life oozes away through the leaks of unpunctuality.

The ideal of friendship is to feel as one while remaining two.—Mme. Swetchine.

Editorial Notes.

Midsummer with all its wealth of pleasant summer days and balmy nights, is the most suitable season for "Our Lady's Day." Her triumphant entry into heaven is commemorated during the month of August. We can only imagine the ecstatic joys of the heavenly hosts as they join us in our greetings to the Queen on the anniversary of her coronation.

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The concourse of the faithful at the solemn celebration of the feast of Mt. Carmel was unusually large this year at all the Carmelite churches and convent chapels throughout the country. A detailed description of the great pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady at Niagara Falls will be found on another page. Many priests from various dioceses, accompanied by numbers of their people, came to take part in the celebration.

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How different this feast of the Coronation of Our Lady in Heaven from the theatrical ceremonies attending the coronation of the King of England. Monarch though he be, of the mightiest empire on earth, how paltry and unreal will be the significance of this earthly celebration. If God spares him, we wish him all the consolation he may derive from the more or less sincere plaudits of his subjects. He deserves the gratitude of the world for the honorable peace with the Boers which he was instrumental in effecting.

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The feast of St. Albert, which occurs on the 7th of August, will give joy to more Christian hearts in this country than ever. The devotion to this great Carmelite saint is ever on the increase, as his powerful intercession manifests itself more and more. At the annual pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady at Niagara Falls, on the Feast of the Scapular, the demand for St. Albert's water, water blessed with the relics of St. Albert, was so great that it exhausted the large supply. Many a favor granted through his intercession, when human means seemed inadequate, was told to interested listeners.

The dedication of St. Cyril's College, 6413 Star Ave., Chicago, which was to have taken place on July 13th, had to be postponed on account of the death of Archbishop Feehan, who died on the previous day. The ceremony will very probably be held on the last Sunday of this month, just before the opening of school. The college was built by the Carmelite Fathers, at the request of the late lamented Archbishop, and he had cherished the hope to be able to assist at the opening ceremonies. It is the last monument to his great zeal for Catholic education. His zeal in this direction is so well known, that it has merited him the title of "Defender of the Schools." Today the diocese of Chicago has proportionately more pupils in its Catholic schools than any other diocese in the United States.

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At the time of this writing, it is very difficult to come to any definite opinion on the results of the negotiations between the United States and the Vatican concerning the Philippine friars. With all due reverence to the published approbation of the administration by the distinguished prelate of St. Paul, who declares Roosevelt, Root and Taft to be all honorable men, we are almost certain that the assertions against the friars are without just foundation. In all countries which the Church has civilized, and especially in those in which it has not been face to face with heresy, secret societies are made use of by the Archemy of Christ to destroy her work, work usually begun and mainly sustained by the religious orders. The numbers of these secret societies are all receding and mostly rebellious children of the Church, who have lost their love and reverence for her institutions. We have met so many of them in France, Italy and Spain. As a rule they are full of conceit and intellectual pride, because they have a smattering of worldly knowledge, often obtained at the schools of these very friars, and led away by the atheistic tendencies of modern socialists, they learn to despise and gradually even

to hate their mother, the mother of all science and art. It is this body of men that furnishes the information to the representatives of the United States in the Philippines. No specific, individual charges are made against any particular friar. They are simply condemned without a hearing. "The people will not be pacified unless the friars are removed." What people? Surely not the millions who throng the churches and the confessionals of the friars. It is the same old story. We have the same thing going on in France, Italy and Spain at this very moment. The people have nothing to say in the matter. A handful of renegade Catholics, with a sprinkling of heretics and Jews, abetting them, do the work of Satan. We doubt not that some of the native clergy, who owe their education, and in many instances, their positions, to religious orders, will be gratified to witness the expulsion of the friars from the Philippines. There is an analogous feeling in our own midst. If this feeling were based solely on the unworthiness of the friars, it would not be so discreditably, but it is based on much less holy and much more selfish motives. We know that God will take care of his own, and the Philippine friars will not be permanently injured by any unjust treatment. Besides the Holy See, with its superhuman wisdom and authority will not allow the machinations of the enemy to prevail. If there is to be injustice in the name of liberty, it will have to show its true colors sooner or later.

Book Review.

Book I.—A new catechism of Christian Doctrine and Practise.

Author—Right Rev. James Bellord, D. D.

Publishers—The "Ave Maria."

We have received for notice this beautiful little book, which hits upon a novel idea in the matter of explaining the Catechism. To all of us, who have had any experience in teaching Catechism, the work of making the little children understand each question and answer sufficiently, is very difficult. The mere routine work of being able to repeat the

answers, is not regarded now as being a sufficient knowledge of the Catechism. Now this little book takes up the new idea of explaining in simple words the meaning of each answer, and therefore simplifies the very difficult work of the teacher and pupil. Besides it makes good use of texts of scripture, which bear upon each answer. Another very useful idea, because the children are thus made acquainted at an early age with the Scriptures. We heartily recommend the new Catechism to all Catholic teachers.

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Book II.—Statistics concerning Education in the Philippine Islands; by Rev. Samuel Hedges.

Publisher—Benziger Bros.

We recommend all readers to procure Samuel Hedges' book on the Philippines. We can vouch for its accuracy. So much has been written about this subject, and so many contradictory reports published, that we are at a loss to procure reliable information, and all who read this little work will become convinced that education was well provided for in the Philippines before the States took possession of the Islands.

* * * *

Book III.—"Rational Physical Culture."

Author—Constance F. McGuire, A.M., M. D.

We thank Dr. McGuire for his treatise on Physical Culture, and we are pleased to find the subject so ably treated. Bodily health is an important factor of our lives, and the old maxim, "A sound mind in a sound body," is still as true now as it was in the days of the ancients. Dr. McGuire gives us the keynote of this little book in a few words, which are found on the last page:—"Stand erect, breathe through the nose, vocalize properly and cultivate repose."

* * * *

Book IV.—"Searchlights through three centuries of Franco-American History."

The subject matter of this book extends from the time when the first Christian missionaries and explorers landed upon the American continent, bringing with them blessings of Christian civilization, down to the present time. In Canada, the Catholic Church has made from

that distant day a rapid progress, and her territories now extend from the banks of the fair St. Lawrence to the wild Pacific. We are pleased with this historical work. It is a grand epitome of the history of the Catholic Church in Canada, and deserves a wide circulation.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at : Falls View—from St. Luke's, Plain, Wis.; St. Dominic's, Parson, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Stephen's Point, Wis.; St. Elizabeth's, Philo, Pa.; St. George's, Louisville, Ky.; Sarnia, Ont.; St. Mark's, Inkerman, Pa.; St. Stephen's, Cayuga, Ont.; St. Francis Davier's, Carlsruhe, Ont.; Beaver Dam, Wis.; Trinity Bay, Nfld.; Fredericton, N.B.; Sacred Heart Church, Uxbridge, Ont.; Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal.; Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont.; St. Mauritius' Church, Ashland, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Antigomsh Co., N. S.; Raddolph, Cedar Co., Neb.; Assumption Church, Swomville, N. Y.; Thorold, Ont.; Port Credit, Ont.; St. Francis' Convent, Dubuque, Iowa; St. Francis Havers, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Joseph's, Toronto, Ont.; Our Lady Help of Christians, Cheektowaga, N.Y.; St. Mary's, Oswego, N. Y.; St. Mary's, Hagerstown, Md.; Sacred Heart Church, Chicago, Ill.; Flos, Ont.; Sacred Heart Academy, Madison, Wis.; City Hospital, Ogdensburg, N.Y.; St. John's, Andrian, Ky.; St. Augusta, Minn.; All Saints' Church, Strathroy, Ont.; St. Mary's, Mineral Point, Wis.; Mary's Home, Mo.; St. Mary's, Toronto; St. Joseph's, Stratford, Ont.; Sacred Heart Church, Port Lambton, Ont.; Oshawa, Ont.; St. Benedict's, Atchison, Kans.; St. Paul's, Toronto, Ont.

At New Baltimore, Pa.—St. Peter's, Louisville, Ky.; St. John, Waunakee, Wis.; Trinity, Avon, Ohio; St. Maurice, Napoleon, Ind.; Racine, Wis.; Sacred Heart Convent, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Augustine's, St. Louis, Ind.; Holy Cross Hospice, Milwaukee Co., Wis.; St. Patrick's Nicholson, Io.; St. Wendel's, Wis.; St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.; East End, Wilksbarre, Pa.; St. Mary's, Larresville, Ind.

At Pittsburg, Pa.—St. John the Bap-

tist, Scranton, Pa.; St. Paul's Church, St. Paul, Mo.; St. John the Baptist, Scottsdale, Pa.; St. Alphonsus Church, Wheeling, W. Va.; Holy Trinity, Evansville, Ind.; St. John's, Nokomis, Ill.; St. Mary's, Cleveland, O.; St. Joseph's, Peoria, Ill.; Holy Name, Duquesne, Pa.

At Scipio, Kans.—St. Mark, Kans.; St. Joseph, Kans.; St. Peter's Church, Joplin, Mo.; Glencoe McLeod Co., Min.; Zell, Mo.; Andale, Kans.; St. Mary's College, Kans.; Canardis, Kans.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Carmelite Fathers :

Rev. and Dear Father.—Enclosed please find an offering for a Mass to be said in honor of our Blessed Mother for the poor souls. I obtained my petition. I promised to have it published in your paper.

Now that it has been granted, kindly publish this.

Brooklyn. K. M. B.

* * * * *

Independence, Kans.,
July 18, 1902.

Dear Rev. Fathers :

I had a very severe pain in the back of my head; it would come every two weeks, and seemed almost unbearable. I promised my sweet Mother Mary, if she would take it from me, I would have it published in the Carmelite Review. Please publish it for me.

* * * * *

Pittsburg, July 17th, 1902.

Dear Rev. Fathers :

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for a Mass to be said in honor of St. Anthony, in thanksgiving for a favor received. In returning from a park one evening last week, we were overtaken by a terrific thunder storm while riding in an electric car. I had just promised a mass in honor of St. Anthony, if he would take us safe home, when the lightning struck a pole near where the car was standing, and knocked the globes off the lights in the car, and all the lights in the car went out leaving us in total darkness, yet not one person on that car received the least shock. Please have this favor published in next month's "Review"; also

the death of Mrs. Mary Flynn and Mrs. Mary Ryan, of this place, who died yesterday--the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Very Sincerely,
Margaret Woodward.

* * * *

A very contagious disease having broken out in one of our wards, was liable to spread through the entire hospital. We had recourse to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, promising publication in her honor, if she prevented the spread of the contagion. Not another patient contracted the disease, and those who were infected grew rapidly better, thanks to our dear Lady.

Yours in Car.
Sr. M. V.

Obituary.

The Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago, died on Saturday, July 12th, at his residence on State street, in the City of Chicago, nearly 73 years of age. By his death the Carmelite Order has lost one of its most devoted friends and members. For some years he had been affiliated to the order by a special diploma of aggregation, issued by the Father General of the Order, at the request of the Provincial Chapter of America. Many years ago, when the Order was still in its infancy in this country, this zealous prelate, being a devout client of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, wished to see a house of the Order established in his diocese. But it was only two years ago that the Carmelite Fathers found themselves in sufficient numbers and in a position to gratify his ardent wish to establish a Classical and Commercial College in the southern portion of Chicago, a district hitherto unprovided with such a home of learning. He took the greatest interest in the purchase of a suitable site, and in the construction of the beautiful and classical building of St. Cyril's College, which is to be opened in September. We therefore recommend our noble departed friend to the prayers and suffrages of all our readers. It is a matter of consolation to us to know that he died on a Saturday. We are mindful of the pro-

mise made by Our Lady of Mt. Carmel to those who fulfilled the conditions of the Sabbatine Privilege, that she will deliver their souls from Purgatory on the first Saturday after their death. We have no doubt, on the other hand, that the late Archbishop of saintly memory fulfilled all these conditions to the letter. May he rest in peace, and may the Carmelite College of Chicago be a monument worthy of its illustrious founder and patron. His memory will always be held sacred within its walls and in its sanctuary.

The prayers of our readers are also requested for the repose of the soul of Mrs. John Rourke, who died on Sunday, July 6th, in the 84th year of her age, fortified by all the rites of the Holy Church. Until recently, when her eyesight began to fail, she was a constant reader of the Review.

Also for Mrs. Whalen, who died in Pittsburg, June 25th.

May they rest in peace.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land

If the querulous heart would wake it;
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,

And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth
The grass is green and the flowers are
bright,

Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to weave in the web of life

A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart

And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver thread

Of our curious life asunder,
And then Heaven blame for the tangled
ends,

And sit and grieve and wonder.

Habits are first cobwebs, then cables.
He is nearest to God who has fewest
wants.

The hardest step is over the thresh-
old.

God often visits us, but most of the
time we are not at home.

THE LAST SACRAMENTS.

I find this a very pleasant and enjoyable world—one that has used me kindly. Everything has gone smoothly. I have health and happiness and comforts; I freely relish all the innocent joys about me—reading, study, the arts, plays, society. Though many friends are dropping away, it seems to me that I am to be exempt. Yes, the end seems a long way off yet; not that I am so rash as to assure myself of such a thing, but there is that sort of instinct within. But these things scarcely touch me. There is influenza about, and I hear of those known to be "succumbing," as it is termed. I catch cold myself and stay in for precaution's sake, meaning to "shake it off." It is of a shivering sort; and a smiling doctor comes and says that I "have such a fine constitution we shall do very well;" of which I am more certain than he is, but still it is amoying.

So it goes. Some nights are sleepless and oppressive; the cough, too, does not mend, and I find breathing hard work; almost painful and annoying and tedious, but I am to recover, by and by, of course; that is assured. Suddenly some one comes in softly and even tenderly, and, with many hesitations and apologies, falters something about "would I not like to see Father So-and-So?"—just for my comfort, that's all. That's all! The notion makes me start, gives a sort of chill I have never experienced. Father So-and-So comes in the next moment, and, after a little general talk, glides off to the subject—the last Sacraments. What does this mean? It is such a shock—yes, shock to me. Can there be danger? "No; only precautionary," he says, in a very soothing, yet rather peremptory way, as though time were precious. But now for Confession, and he will be back in a couple of hours to give me the last Sacraments—"God above!" I gasp when he is gone, "this means dying, and naught else!"

Such, like enough, is the common sequence of things in this dread matter. On three-fourths of the world it comes somewhat after this fashion, and with a terrible shock.—Catholic Citizen.

TASSO'S DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The great Italian poet, Tasso, was, like Dante, profoundly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and sang her praises in some of the most beautiful verses ever written. It happened that he was once journeying from Mantua to Rome; and, although weary and without money, he having made a vow to our Lady of Loretto, turned out of his way to visit her shrine. He might have fared badly if it had not been for a friend—one of the princes of Gonzaga—who happened to be visiting Loretto at the same time, and who ministered to the poet's simple wants, and enabled him to fulfil all the duties of his pilgrimage. That done, and body and soul refreshed, Tasso wrote an immortal canticle in honor of Our Lady, and then proceeded on his way to Rome.

When the poet was about to die, he called young Rubens, son of the great painter, to his bedside.

"I once gave your father a silver statue of the Blessed Virgin," he said, with much difficulty.

"And I have it with me now," exclaimed Rubens.

A look of happiness came into the face of the dying man, and he held out his hand, into which the young man reverently placed the precious little statue.

"Take it back when I am dead," whispered Tasso. And then, clasping the sacred image tightly in the hands which were fast growing cold he prayer fervently until the end came. Young Rubens was profoundly affected by the scene, and while the body of his father's friend was being borne to its last resting place, he, instead of occupying an honorable position in the procession of mourners which followed it, was prostrate before an altar of the Blessed Virgin in a quiet corner of St. Peter's at Rome, holding the little silver statue and praying for the soul of Tasso.

He who pleased everybody was dead before he was born.

He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight.