



BLESSED JOANNA OF TOULOUSE, CARMELITE NUN.



LIFE OF ST. JOANNA OF TOULOUSE, CARMELITE NUN.

BY L'ABBE BAURENS DE MOLINIER.

CHAPTER I.

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY IN EUROPE AND IN LANGUEDOC. RAYMOND VI.
AND RAYMOND VII., COUNTS OF TOULOUSE.

HE thirteenth century was a century of fearful disasters for Toulouse and Languedoc. Triumphant heresy and Judaism spread death, massacres, conflagrations and revolution all around them.

The Counts of Toulouse, aided and abetted by the kings of Arragon, the counts of Foix, and a great number of the nobility of the Provence, tried to shake off the sweet yoke of the gospel. Their gross impiety was only excelled by their revolting immorality. Controlling the estates and the revenues of the church, they used their power to oppress the clergy. Deaf to the remonstrances of the Popes and the Papal legates, they perjured themselves over and over again, whenever they could gain anything by so doing.

Italy and Germany also suffered severely from the bloody contests, caused by the ever renewed quarrels between the clergy and the rulers.

France, under Philip Augustus, Louis VIII. and St. Louis, enjoyed

comparative peace and order.

Spain continued her crusades against the Moors.

England was recruiting her forces and gathering fresh strength. The crusades had ceased to excite Europe.

The Popes, solicitous as ever for the welfare of Christendom, not being able to send help to the Christians of the Orient, turned their regards upon the south of France, which, from Marseilles to Agen, was abandoned to political and religious anarchy.

Blessed Peter of Castelnau, the Papal legate; Blessed Foulques, bishop of Toulouse; the bishop of Osma; Saint Dominic and his first disciples; all tried in vain to persuade the misguided people to a return to religion and duty.

It became necessary to appeal to arms. The French nobility, so faithful to the interests of the church, became indignant when they found out the sufferings of the church in the Provence and in Toulouse. Barons, knights and common people rose to fight the Albigenses. Indulgences were granted to those who fought under the standard of the cross. Simon of Montfort was proclaimed chief of the holy expedition. Heresy

and the power of the Counts of Toulouse received a fatal blow at the battle of Muret, in which Peter Arragon lost his life in a deadly hand to hand combat.

Count Raymond VI. did not long survive this disaster. The body of this debauchee, fratricide, traitor, and excommunicated perjurer, for two centuries lay unburied in the deserted cloister of the Knights of St. John at Toulouse.

Blessed Foulques, St. Dominic, Honorius III. and Gregory IX., profiting by the triumph of the Catholic army, made use of its success to restore peace, and to force upon Raymond VII. at the proper time to submit to just political and religious laws. But the young Raymond, seduced by the senseless talk of some neighboring noblemen, and deceived by the perfidious advice of the King of England, did not yield to the pacific desires of the Popes, but on the contrary, openly rebelled against God and the church.

Simon de Montfort had died, and the Count of Toulouse tried to profit by the want of experience of Amaury, son of Montfort, in order to renew the prestige of his house, and to recover the possessions of his family lost by his weak father. Vain endeavors! God is not mocked with impunity. Raymond soon found that he had to face, not a few poorly equipped French noblemen, as it had been in the days of his father, but the King of France himself at the head of a powerful army.

Raymond VII. was ignominiously defeated. Conquered, disarmed and made a prisoner, he was obliged to humble himself before God and man in the church of Notre Dame at Paris, just as it happened to his father at St. Giles, on account of the assassination of Blessed Peter of Castelnau. He was

imprisoned in the Louvre, and only succeeded in breaking his chains after the conditions of peace had been accepted by him, under the eyes of Queen Blanche and her august son Louis IX. He had to consent that his daughter Joanna should be united in marriage with Alphonse of Poitiers, second son of the King of France, and that the provinces of Toulouse and the Provence would be ceded to the crown if his daughter, his only heir, would die without offspring.

How much blood, how many foul murders, especially the death of the blessed martyrs of Avignonnet, rest upon the memory of this disgraced prince!

William of Puylaurens, notwithstanding the fact that he was his chaplain, and that he tries to find excuses for his master, imputing his crimes to his weakness of character, is filled with shame and horror on account of them.

And thus it came to pass that this wretched man, bearing upon his forehead the brand of his cruelty and perfidy, died, dishonored and disgraced, at Milhau, not far from Rodez, in Rouergue, whilst his daughter Joanna, and her husband, the Count of Poitiers, accompanying St. Louis, are waging war against the infidels.

Toulouse does not even possess the remains of its last Count, for his body was brought to Fontevrault and buried there.

And who could believe it?

From the old trunk of this accursed race, nearly dead, from the degenerate descendants of these ancient counts established by Charlemagne, springs forth a lily, pure and immaculate, the glory and honor of her country, of her family and of Carmel, St. Joanna of Toulouse. Her memory and the perfume of her holiness survive all the disgraces of her ancestors, and force

us to bless, even in our days, the forgotten name of the sovereigns of Toulouse.

Her remains, preserved for six centuries in silk and gold, relics of miraculous efficacy, offer a wonderful contrast to the abandoned and proscribed bones of her ancestors, repudiated by heaven and earth.

So true is it that the glory of God, which is found in holiness, is imperishable, while human glory, so much sought for by prince and beggar, withers and disappears like the grass of the field, blighted by the tempest of revolutions, or the pernicious breath of human ingratitude and human ignorance.

CHAPTER II.

BALDWIN OF TOULOUSE. HIS MISFORTUNES. BIRTH AND YOUTH OF ST. JOANNA.

Raymond VI., called "Old Raymond," had a brother whose name was Baldwin. Their mother was Constance of France, sister of Louis the Young, King of France.

Baldwin, with the consent of his brother, had married the daughter of Manfred of Rabastens, and received as her dowry the estates of Bruniquel, Montclar et Salvagnac. The deed of this donation is dated December, 1202. At the beginning of the war against the Albigenses, Baldwin sided with his brother, and assisted the latter in his struggles with Simon of Montfort.

Baldwin, while residing at his castle of Montferrand, was besieged by Montfort. Compelled to surrender his stronghold, he could only save his life by promising his conqueror that he would *never again wage war against the latter or move against him*. And although Baldwin frequently went to Toulouse afterwards to see the Count, his brother, he continued to be a follower

of Montfort, and aided the Catholic army against the heretics.

Raymond, angered by the conduct of his brother, finally treated him as an enemy and besieged him in the Castle of Olme, in Quercy, near Cahors. Having taken the castle, he made Baldwin his prisoner. He forced his poor prisoner to march chained and manacled to Montauban. In this city, Raymond, to satisfy his bitter feelings of revenge, barbarously ordered his brother to be hanged to a tree in his presence, by Roger, Count of Foix, Bernard his son, and an Arragonese called Raymond of Portellis.

When the Knight Templars heard of the tragic death of Baldwin, they came to Raymond and demanded that the body should be delivered to them in order that they might bury it. Having obtained his consent, they brought the body to the castle of Ville Dieu and there interred it near the church.

This fratricidal murder took place in the year 1213. Profane history makes no mention of the names of Baldwin's children, but everything indicates, according to the church historians, that Baldwin was the father of St. Joanna et St. Ann, both Carmelite virgins, whom historians designate as *Countesses of Toulouse, Saints of the house of Toulouse, or Virgins descending from the Counts of Toulouse*.

It was during the glorious pontificate of Innocent III. that our saint first saw the light of day.

The well known date of her death, and the equally well known years of her age at the time of death, are sufficient to determine with some degree of certainty the year of her birth as 1212.

This blessed child was baptized under the name of St. John the Baptist, the Precursor of Our Lord. Her very name was a presage of her future love

for poverty, chastity, solitude and penance.

She had hardly learned to smile at her father and to lisp his name, when he was cruelly torn from her, as we have seen. The enemies of the church call him a traitor, but, in our eyes, he was a noble martyr, for he who defends the church defends the cause of God. The real traitor was Raymond VI., that accursed heretic, who did not hesitate to imbrue his hands with the blood of his own brother, stifling at the same time not only the voice of his own blood, but also the voice of religion and of conscience.

No other protection was left to the poor orphan, but the loving arms of her bereft mother, the pious daughter of Manfred of Rabastens.

We can imagine how sad must have been the widowhood of this poor mother.

Living a solitary in her home, never showing herself at any worldly entertainment, repressing in her wounded heart all thoughts of revenge, she, as a true Christian, fully forgave the murderers of her husband.

In the midst of her isolation and sorrow, Heaven showered upon her spiritual graces in abundance. And when she heard the result of the battle of Muret in September, 1213, in which the army of the cross obtained a complete victory, she saw that the Lord was her avenger, as He is the avenger of His church.

Joanna, her daughter, grew up under her eyes, increasing in wisdom and piety day by day. She taught her from her earliest infancy to love God above all things. Joanna was her mother's only hope and joy. Carefully the pious mother formed the child's heart and mind until the result surpassed her fondest expectations.

The young saint, of delicate body,

although rather tall of stature, had a strong and heroic soul; in fact, she possessed the noble soul and chivalrous heart of her father.

During the year of her first communion, her progress on the road of perfection was marvellous. How can we describe the fervor with which this heavenly soul prepared herself for the reception of her God, hidden under the eucharistic veil? The angels alone could tell us what passed between her and her Redeemer during these happy days. Her whole countenance shone in seraphic beauty at the moment when the priest, for the first time, placed upon her virginal lips the consecrated Host.

This divine ardor manifested itself on her countenance ever after, whenever she was present at mass, or received Holy communion. Prayer and the divine office were her greatest delight. Strong was her faith, invincible her hope, perfect her charity.

To the Holy Ghost she consecrated her body and her soul, choosing Him as her guardian and master of all her faculties.

The fame of her beauty, of her intellect, and of her extraordinary virtue, enhanced by the supernatural loveliness of her disposition, soon became known in all parts of France.

The most powerful princes sought for her hand. But the saint, from her most tender years, had renounced all that the world can offer, and was filled with contempt for all worldly vanities.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy, everywhere, and leaving it behind them when they go. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. They give light without meaning to shine. Their bright hearts have a great work to do for God.

A MORNING BLESSING.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



SOFT as the dewy shine,
Holy and sweet,
Love, in its mystic sign,
Pardon complete.
Gentle, it falleth
On tear-laden eyes;
Daily it calleth,
"Mortal, arise!"

Ever thy future shines
White as the day;
Ever my grace refines
Sin-dross away.
Heav'n, it discloses
Deeps glory-bright!
Wake like the roses!
Wake to the light!

Silent, the silver dew;
Silent, my grace,
Daily distilled anew,
Falling apace.
Sinner, Omnipotence
Aids thee within,
Holy, thy confidence;
Crush out thy sin!

Pardon is over thee,
Calm as the blue;
Trust in my victory
Death-won and true.
Rest in thy meekness!
Bendeth above,
Over thy weakness,
Infinite Love.

Thus in all lowliness
Daily increase;
Growing in holiness,
Following peace.
My love, brimming over
While angels adore,
Hover and cover
Thy heart evermore!

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

I.

An Explosion.

From Ghent we receive the following communication:

REVEREND FATHER,—About thirty years have passed away since a dreadful catastrophe excited a whole quarter of this city. The boiler of a large

factory, in which many people were employed, suddenly exploded with a terrible crash, sending into the air a whirlwind of dust, shattering strong walls and burying under them many victims.

I will not depict the heart-rending scenes which followed this catastrophe.

The crowd which had gathered at the first detonation was stupefied at the terrible spectacle. The walls had crumbled to pieces, scattered about were lying fragments of human bodies. Disfigured corpses were drawn out from under smoking ruins. But in midst of this general terror shone forth the maternal love of the blessed Queen of Carmel. Under a great mass of bricks and stones were found, perfectly safe, several laborers. Those present could hardly believe their eyes. They asked how it was possible that those men had such a wonderful escape. How was it possible that they were not hurt at all, having been buried alive under the stones of the fallen walls? But there had been eyes watching them. Those workmen, living witnesses of the mercy of the blessed Queen of Carmel, belonged to the confraternity of our Lady of Mount Carmel, whose holy Scapular they wore. This miraculous fact spread like wild-fire. Everywhere people spoke of the efficacy of the holy Scapular.

You will easily understand the deep emotion of the good people and how many hearts beat for the devotion of the holy Scapular. For several days following this catastrophe thousands of people, representing all classes of society, went to the monastery of the barefooted Carmelites, where they were received into the confraternity of our Lady of Mount Carmel. All wanted to wear the habit of the Virgin to insure their lives against dangers.

(CHRONIQUES DU CARMEL.)

II.

Never Forget the Scapular!

Under the above heading we receive the following communication from Puisserguier:

Many an unbeliever smiles at the

very mention of the word, 'Scapular! A true Catholic never will sneer at the Scapular, he will love it and consider it as the banner of Mary. A true Catholic respects the Scapular and this fidelity of the child to the emblem of the mother always is rewarded.

Who can tell the moral dangers which were avoided by means of this sacred habit? Who can enumerate the favors granted by its power? Alas! The full extent of it we will know only on the other side of the grave.

But the monuments of the power of the Scapular are not scarce even from a temporal point of view. How often has a bullet been deadened before that little garment! Our Lady of Carmel did not want the widow to be deprived of the last of her children, the prop and the staff of her old days. Many are the instances when by the mere touch of the Scapular dangerously sick people were cured in a miraculous way.

What you are going to read now treats about two young men, saved from a watery grave.

On the 26th of July, 1889, at 5 o'clock p.m., Henry and Ferdinand, eldest sons of Dr. Cadilhac, took a bath in the Mediterranean sea, not far from the rock of St. Peter, near Fleury (Aude). The sea was rough and agitated. Suddenly Henry believed he saw his brother carried away by a huge wave. He called out to his brother and went to his assistance. Useless! Henry is carried away himself. Both brothers shout for help. Mr. Paul Bringer from Nissant (Herault) hears the shouts and notifies his wife, who, at this moment, alone with her three children, is on the beach. Madame Bringer and her children begin to shriek for assistance. Meanwhile Mr. Bringer tries to rescue the two brothers. The waves drive

him back, and since he is no swimmer he rushes to the nearest hotels and cafes, summoning help. All rush to the beach, but precious minutes have already passed. Two men throw themselves into the surging waters. One of them, after unheard of struggles, succeeds in bringing Ferdinand to the shore. The crowd on the beach, which had been watching anxiously, shouted: "He is saved." Meanwhile the second of the brave rescuers strained all his nerves to bring back to the beach the other brother, who was already unconscious. But it was impossible. He could not reach the body, which was tossed up and down by the furious waves. The man, totally exhausted, swam back to the beach, where he almost fainted.

About 1200 feet from the spot, lying on the beach, was a bark. After a great many efforts the people succeeded in launching it. Three fishermen jump into the bark and with their strong arms ply the oars. Up and down swings the bark, now dashing forward, then thrown back. At last! After ten minutes—minutes of awful length—Henry is in the bark. He looks like a corpse. His eyebrows are unnaturally swollen, his glassy eyes show no signs of life, his cheeks are pale, his lips livid and swollen. The fishermen say that they never before saw such a horribly disfigured corpse; the doctor, who had been a navy surgeon for twenty-five years, declares that he never saw anyone come to life again who had drowned under such circumstances. The custom-house officers, whose office building was a quarter of an hour's walk from the spot and who had seen the accident, arrived and declared that the body had been too long dashed and beaten by the billows to attempt to revive it. But the friends of Henry did not give up hope. They

rubbed the body and pressed on the stomach and the chest. After futile efforts, which had lasted over fifteen minutes, they began to despair. At this moment a feeble quivering is perceptible—and from the mouth oozes some foam. The bystanders say, "Now he is dying."

But men of strong heart, among them Mr. Louis Decanes from Lespignan (Herauld) and Mr. Bringer, do not lose courage. They hope against hope. They continue to rub the body. Another fifteen minutes pass. There—little by little—the body begins to warm—respiration returns. Henry is saved.

Let us render thanks to Mary. It is Mary who has protected her children. To be convinced of this we must consider the wonderful coincidences of this drama. It was the evening of the feast of St. Anne. The bark, which was sent to the rescue of Henry, bore the name "Mary."

Another incident: When the fishermen had dragged from the sea the inanimate body of the young man, they saw the Scapular float above him. The strings, which always remained around his neck, seemed to hold him on the surface and to prevent him from sinking.

The case was such an extraordinary one that the doctor declared it as a phenomenon. He said: "I have never seen any one drowned under similar circumstances, return to life."

One man said: "Henry must be our Lord to resurrect again."

A good merchant, shaking hands with Henry, said, "Never forget the Scapular."

Yes! Never forget the Scapular! Though clouds of unbelief may darken your souls, I beseech you—always wear the Scapular respectfully over your chest. By the feeble strings with

which it is suspended to your body, it will prevent you from foundering into the yawning gulf of death eternal.

III.

Baptism of an Eregumen.

MOULONGAMOUDE, February 26, 1888.

Last year I had baptized at Ereurnarday, three miles from here, a remarkable man, whose wife, so it was said, had been possessed by devils for two years. Under the pretense that the house could not be left alone, the woman promised to receive baptism some other day. But she had postponed the baptism so often that almost a year elapsed. The devil had not tormented her for the last six months.

On the third of February last a group of catechumens came to receive baptism. Among them was the woman, accompanied by her husband. They hardly had entered the chapel when I heard cries, singing, an uproar, in short, a noise of all the devils. What was the matter? The woman from Gnanamandken was agitated by the devil as soon as she had entered the church. Well! As long as she does not kill anybody let her jump, dance and enjoy herself. I will go as soon as I shall have transacted my business with these persons. We are so much accustomed to such things that we hardly heed them.

The woman is a little over fifty years old. When I enter the church I am astonished to see a woman who looks no more than thirty. Her fixed eyes glitter like those of a serpent. She was sitting on the floor, and beating the ground and her chest with her hands. She sang in a language which nobody understood, she shrieked, threatened, etc. As soon as she saw me she ran towards me, shaking her fists and exclaiming: "It is you who made me feel so bad. I do not want

your baptism." She would have torn my eyes out if her husband and two strong men had not held her. Then she made a dash against the statue of the Virgin before the altar, attempting to throw it down.

I have not the faculties to exorcise, but she gave to my questions the strangest answers. Then, like exhausted, she fell down on the steps of the altar. I sprinkle holy water on her. She said with a sneer: "Do you think this frightens me?" I said: "Liar, depart! If not, I will make thee drink holy water." "I will not depart. Why doest thou make me suffer so much?" While this conversation was going on the three men continued to hold the woman though she showed no more resistance. I took a Scapular, but before I could put it round her neck she took hold of it with her left hand and clenched it so firmly that it was almost impossible to unbend her fingers. Then I tried to put my rosary around her neck, but she took hold also of this. "You must try tongs to tear these away from me," the woman said. In fact she held Scapular and rosary with an iron grasp. She made the strangest remarks about the Scapular and the rosary, complaining that the former caused her terrible sufferings. I touched her breast with the image of the Scapular, but this increased her lamentations. "Why do you torment me? Give my hand free and I will give back these things." "Liar, thou wilt tear the Scapular and break the rosary." "No! Let me go and then you can put on my neck the Scapular and the rosary." "Liar! What is thy name?" "God." "Yes! God of lies." I requested the men to hold her arms as tight as possible and again I apply the new image of the blessed Virgin on her. Then a threatening

and mocking voice, "Wash me now. I shall depart but not before." Since it was not the woman who spoke and since she was unconscious, baptism appeared premature to me. But from this very moment she became more quiet, only complaining that the Scapular and the little chain caused her much pain. After two hours of torment, the evil spirit left her. She was so exhausted that she fell into a deep sleep. Then I put the Scapular

round her neck. She slept for about half an hour and then awoke like a person that had been dreaming. She seemed unconscious of what had happened. At once more she looked again like a woman of fifty, retired, quiet and modest. I baptised her the same night.

Yours in Christ,
F. VICTOR DE ST. ANTOINE,
C.D. Miss. AN.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL

Sermon Preached at the Pilgrimage Church at Falls View, Ont., July 16, 1897.

BY REV. THEODORE M'DONALD, O.C.C.



Y dearly beloved brethren, I come before you to-day to speak to you on a subject that is dear to your hearts and to mine.

The subject of which I speak is the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

The Scapular is a gift of heaven, but like all other good gifts, it is variously appreciated by different classes of persons. Some receive it with joy, wear and cherish it with deep veneration and love, others receive it with apparent zeal, but after a time, insensibly grow colder by degrees, and alas! soon cease to wear it altogether. Others, again, I am sorry to say, at least practically, as they do not wear it at all, consider the gift not worth having.

To all these I would wish to prove this morning the value of the gift. First, from the dignity of the donor. Second, from the protection it throws around the recipient, and third, from the approbation of the church.

Who is the donor, or who gave this heavenly gift to men? Oh! who is worthy to pronounce her name? It is the most blessed Virgin Mary, or Our Lady of Mount Carmel. What shall I say of her, weak mortal that I am? For if, like the prophet of old, my lips were purified with a burning coal from the altar of incense, even if I had the tongue of an angel, I would yet feel incapable of worthily pronouncing her praises. In corroboration of what I say, let us go back nearly fifteen centuries to the early ages of the church, and let us behold the great Augustine addressing a congregation of early Christians. "What," said the holy doctor, "shall I say of the blessed Virgin, whose dignity is so great that if all the members of men were converted into tongues, they could not adequately proclaim her praises." This shows beyond doubt what the fathers of the church taught the faithful concerning devotion to the blessed Virgin, even at that very early period of Christianity. But Augustine was not alone in his zeal for the honor of our blessed Mother. Who forgets St. Cyril of

Alexandria, the devoted son of Mary, and his eloquent defence of her prerogative at the council of Ephesus, an event that even at the present day is dear to the heart of every Christian throughout the world? Nor did the zeal of the church grow cold in Mary's defence as the ages of the world rolled by; for when we come back to the middle ages, the ages of faith, what do we find? A galaxy of saints and doctors, like bright jewels shedding a lustre of glory on the crown of the church, all animated with a most fervid devotion to the mother of God. It is enough to mention the name of St. Bernard, who bore such a tender devotion to his blessed Mother, who would have all men, whether saints or sinners, repose an unbounded confidence in her holy protection. But we cannot forget the seraphic doctor, St. Bonaventure. He was a lover of nature like the seraph of Assisi, and looking around him he said: "God could create a more beautiful world than this, an ocean with greater depth and majesty, a sun with more brilliant light, flowers with a brighter hue, but He could not create a creature more perfect than the blessed Virgin." Thus we see through the ages of the church, from the dawn of Christianity even until now, the saints and doctors pouring out their devotion and their love at the feet of their blessed Mother. From all this we draw the necessary conclusion that Mary is exalted above all creatures—that only God in His heavenly throne is above her. This is the legitimate outcome of her relation to the most holy Trinity. God, in the wise decrees of His providence, determined from eternity that she would become the mother of an Incarnate God. This means that such a mother would be blessed with the highest degree of perfection, which a creature is

capable of receiving from her creator. We, therefore, should not wonder at this unique and singular prerogative of Mary. All other creatures are the servants of God, even the burning seraph on fire with divine love is but his servant, but Mary is His mother. As our divine Lord was coming forth from the Jordan, John the Baptist proclaimed to the people, "Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him that taketh away the sins of the world." There was one and only one, who at that moment could have stood there and proclaimed to the world: "Behold my son," and that only one was the blessed Virgin. The spouse in the canticles calls her "One." One is my dove, my perfect one is but one. She alone is the lily among thorns. As a lily among thorns, so is my beloved among the daughters. She is the sealed fountain, the enclosed garden where God alone could enter. Holy David in his prophetic vision was enraptured with her beauty, he called her the city of God: "Glorious things are said of thee, O City of God." He loved her and compared her to a house where God loved to dwell. "I love," said he, "the beauty of thy house, O Lord, and the place where thy glory dwelleth." But let us hear St. John the Evangelist, John who was loved so much by his divine Master, who received his blessed Mother at the foot of the cross from her dying son, and who loved her so tenderly in this life. Amongst the four living creatures that symbolize the evangelists, the eagle represents St. John, for the eagle takes swift flight, soars above the clouds, fastens his gaze on the sun, and is not dazzled by its rays. So John with an eagle eye penetrates the heavens, looks into the holy of holies. He tells us of that glorious city whose streets are paved with gold, as it were, of crystal. He saw an angel before the great

throne with a golden censer, offering up the prayers of the saints, and a river of crystal water on whose banks grew the fruit of the tree of life, but in all he did see he mentions only one wonder, and that was Mary. "Behold," he says, "I saw a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Such was the exalted position of Mary in heaven that the great seer of the apocalypse called her a wonder. I think for the present I have sufficiently proved the dignity of the donor.

And it is no other than this Queen of heaven, clothed with the sun, accompanied by a multitude of angels, that gave to her beloved Carmelite, St. Simon Stock, the Scapular of Mount Carmel. It was a gift of heaven, for it was not woven on the looms of earth. Our blessed Lady, holding in her hands the Scapular of the order, said to St. Simon Stock: "My beloved son! Receive this Scapular of thy order as the distinctive sign of my confraternity, and a mark of privilege which I have obtained for thee and the children of Carmel. It is a sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, a special pledge of peace. Whosoever dies wearing this shall be preserved from eternal flames." I know some persons will consider the gift of little value, and some have gone so far as to say that it is merely two pieces of brown cloth with a string connecting them. That is true so far as its material form is concerned, but it is more than that, it is a sign of Mary's confraternity and of her protection. It is a privilege that she has given to all Carmelites, a protection in danger, and according to her promise, a pledge to those who die wearing it, that they shall not suffer the eternal flames of hell. If she brought a crown of jewels set in gold,

would it be a more certain guarantee of her protection than the mere Scapular is? How many could be enrolled with the duplicate of such a costly gift as the former? The blessed Virgin gave her gift not to the wealthy and the great alone, but to the poor and to the lowly, whom she loved, and whom she still loves so much. She would have the gift simple, within the reach of all, that no one would be excluded from her love and protection on account of poverty. Her gifts and her love are not withheld; they go out to all that seek them. It was thus our divine Lord acted in establishing the sacraments. They are the channels through which the merits of our divine Lord's suffering and death are conveyed to the individual soul, and some of them as baptism, for instance, absolutely necessary to salvation. He made the outward sign of baptism, water, as simple as possible, that all might conveniently find it. Others will say: "It is an easy way to go to heaven; commit as many sins as you please, but die wearing the Scapular and you are saved?" I answer this objection by saying that the Scapular was not given to encourage sin, but to encourage the humble and the despondent, to lift up those who fear, and to give them more confidence in God's holy love and in Mary's protection. And, besides, the most holy things can be abused. Alas! how often has the most holy sacrament of the altar entered the heart of the sacrilegious sinner.

So far I have shown the value of the gift from the dignity of the donor and the protection it throws around the recipient; it only remains now for us to consider the approbation of the church. There is another factor, however, of great value in this matter that so far we have scarcely mentioned, that is St. Simon Stock, who received the

Scapular. Can he be trusted? Yes, as is evident from his birth and life. He was born of noble parents. While yet in his youth, when life has its greatest charms, he trampled on the glory and the pleasures of the world, he left the halls of his fathers, where he was nurtured in the lap of luxury, and buried himself in the wilderness away from the haunts of men. There he remained communing with God alone for twenty years. His only sustenance were the wild apples, roots and herbs that he found in the woods, except on festival days, when God sent him a loaf of bread by a dog. His whole life was a life of sanctity and self-denial, but the virtue that shone most conspicuously during his whole career was charity to his neighbor. When he received the Scapular, his greatest desire was that the heavenly gift, given by Mary, should be participated in by as many as possible.

I may be asked, probably, how do I know, and what authority have I to show that the blessed Virgin gave the Scapular to St. Simon? In answer to this question, I say that I have the authority and the approbation of the church. The church examined the apparition and approved it. It examined the life and the well authenticated miracles wrought by St. Simon during life and after death, and not only approved them, but put his name into the catalogue of the saints, and exalted him and placed him on her altars for the veneration of the faithful. The number of miracles wrought through the Scapular itself is sufficient to prove its divine origin. Do I say that a short record of each would fill a large book; yes, I say more than that, I say that it would fill a large library, and then I would not have told you of the thing like their number.

But the church has not only approved

the authenticity of the Scapular, but from her divine treasure has enriched it with numerous indulgences.

Honorius the third, John the twenty-second, who promulgated the Sabbatine indulgence, and, in fact, all the sovereign pontiffs for the last six centuries, have been the protectors of the Carmelite order, and by their approval and encouragement have been the propagators of the Scapular. Our present illustrious pontiff Leo XIII., about ten years ago, in order to distinguish the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel from all other Scapulars in the church, issued a rescript, that for the future it should be given by itself alone, and not in conjunction with any other Scapular. The above mentioned holy pontiff has also within the last few years enriched the Scapular with an extraordinary indulgence. This indulgence is generally called, *Toties quoties*, from the fact that all those wearing the Scapular, and having confessed and communicated, who enter a Carmelite church and pray for the intention of our holy Father, will gain a plenary indulgence on the sixteenth day of July, the feast of the Scapular, and not only once on that day, but as many times as they enter with the intention of gaining the indulgence, and pray for the intention of our holy Father. I think I have said enough now with regard to the approbation of the church.

But before I conclude I would wish to remind you of your duty to our Blessed Lady and the Scapular. If there are any persons here who have hitherto been so cold in their devotion to the mother of God, that they never thought it worth while to be enrolled in her holy Scapular, I would beg of them to consider the approbation of the church, to consult their own salvation, and to receive the Scapular as

soon as possible. To those, who once wore the Scapular and who, through the suggestion of the evil one, or through mere carelessness or sloth, wear it no longer, I would say, let them consider the insult they offer their dear Mother, and let them immediately resume the habit of wearing it. To all, who through malice or human weakness have sinned and lost Jesus, I would say with all the power of my soul, seek Him through Mary, with her you will ever find Him, without her who has found Him? Who brought the first grace of the redemption to the house of Zachary? It was Mary, because she brought Jesus, and through her instrumentality the infant Baptist was blessed, even before his birth. The heavenly hosts announce to the simple shepherds on the hillside of Judea, that the Saviour of the world was born in Bethlehem. Where did they find Him? With Mary His mother. When the miraculous star led the Magi from the East, the first among

the gentiles who were called to the faith, where did they find Him? In Bethlehem, with Mary His mother. Holy Simeon was a holy priest and prophet in Israel. The burden of his prayer during his life had been that God would not take him out of this world till he would see the light of the gentiles, the Redeemer of the nations. And when a life's sanctity was about to be crowned, and the burden of a life's prayer to be realized, from whom did Simeon receive Jesus? From Mary His mother. And you, my dear Carmelites, who wear the livery of your Mother, the day will come when you shall lie on the bed of death, when your eyes are about to be closed to the world forever, when the dawn of eternity is beginning to open upon you. Oh! then seek Jesus through Mary, and as you always found Him with her though life, you will find Him with her in death, which is another way of saying, that your salvation will be secure. Amen.

TO OUR LADY, QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.

My soul, O Queen, on thee relies,
When all is dark and drear;
To thee my weary spirit flies,
To thee I lift my yearning eyes,
O be thou ever near!

II.

Be thou a guide to light the way
To my eternal home;
Look down on me by night and day,
In all my trials, be a stay
While I this earth must roam.

III.

Though sorrow all my days attend,
Awake, or when asleep;
I know on thee I can depend,
And to thy heart my prayers ascend—
Thy vigils o'er me keep!

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER XI.

"For dear to gods and men is sacred song."—POPE.



AND Mrs. Werker was the sole occupant of the Fenton cottage one bright Sunday afternoon. The rest of the family—a happy trio—Fenton, Faith and Charity, had gone to church. This was their second trip there, for you can be sure that the morning mass was not neglected. The afternoon service was new to Fenton, and he went along partly through a pardonable curiosity. On other Sunday afternoons, he passed the time wading through the mammoth Sunday newspapers. On the way Fenton was talking of how well he had behaved at the morning services, and getting points as to the time of kneeling and standing at the afternoon ceremonies.

"You do very well," said Charity, "and would put to shame many of our so-called instructed Catholics, who at times act very stupidly. Why, I have seen some sitting down during the creed, some kneeling, and others more sensible, standing. Look at them during the elevation, and at benediction! Some gaping around, others burying their heads in their hands. A profound prostration seems proper, but it seems to me our eyes should look towards our Lord, for surely that is the reason the priest elevates the sacred Host, namely that it may be seen by

the people. And watch the postures. It is neither sitting or kneeling. I mean the way some let their bodies fall back and as it were sitting on their heels. It seems so irreverent and reminds me of some pet animal earning a crust by sitting on his haunches. And what an indecent haste to sit down during the interval of Mass, such as at the offertory and Post-Communion. Strange, isn't it, that we can't kneel down quietly and devotedly for only half an hour? Why, mamma says that in her old home there was no such luxury as pews in the churches, which were houses of prayer, not of rest. Again, just watch those people genuflect. One would think they were afraid of fracturing their knees. And one of the most ridiculous things is the way the congregation mumble the prayers after mass. Everyone seems afraid of being heard by those kneeling near him."

"You would make a good preacher," remarked Fenton.

"Plenty chances to practice in Boomfield," said Charity, with a laugh. "Why, I heard that Mrs. Bygvoise, who lives just below us, is going to occupy the pulpit at St. Dive's church to-day."

"Something like what Amiel speaks," said Fenton, "the woman preaching love in the ears of justice and the man justice in the ears of love."

The Boomfield contingent found Father Angelo's church already filled.

Faith was placed among the little flower girls, who were to take part in the procession, and Charity herself went to the organ loft to arrange her notes, while Fenton was taking mental notes in a pew in the front row. He was quite conspicuous and people were wondering who was the strange Signore.

The altar was soon a blaze of light, and Charity slowly played a processional march, while two by two the altar boys, with measured steps, eyes modestly cast down and hands together, solemnly filed out of the sacristy. First came the cross-bearer; then the torch-bearers who were followed by two acolytes, carrying thuribles. Lastly came the venerable priest himself. His face attracted Fenton at once. There was a something there which fascinated him. Father Angelo had handsome, classic features which in themselves were pleasingly noticeable—and those lips, now moving in silent prayer, how they spoke of benevolence, love and piety. How often had they opened to welcome a penitent, to console the dying or give praise to God. Those lips which at the daily sacrifice reverently touch the immaculate linen which held the spouse of virgins. Truly

"His eyes diffused a venerable grace, And charity itself was in his face."

Yes, there was a something in those features which even Fenton could not fathom. That face seemed to him a composite of angelic purity, self-denial, faith, love, grace and learning, and close intimacy with things holy and heavenly.

All this was now enhanced as the venerable minister of God stood in his gorgeous and dazzling vestments amidst the glorious lights of the crystal candelabra.

The remonstrance containing the

most Holy One was placed on the rich throne, and the priest descended the altar steps. He knelt a moment in prayer during which an indefinable silence prevailed. Fenton could hear his own heart beating. Then, as if coming from some angelic trumpet, soft and musical arose gradually some celestial chant. It was the priest intoning the old familiar, but ever new words of *O Salutaris Hostia*. And then Fenton beheld the words wafted on clouds of sweet smelling incense returning heavenwards. It was a picture on which he loved to dwell. He felt moved to tears of devotion, which was not exactly in accord with his nature. He himself admitted that it was the second time only that he felt so moved. The first occasion was years ago when as a mere stripling, he beheld a great semi-religious pageant pass by as he stood high above the crowds in the Friedenhouse.

A pretty sight, too, was the procession around the church. Immediately preceding the priest were several beautifully attired little maidens scattering flowers in the path of the King of Kings. It looked so lovely—sweet little dears—they seemed like a band of cherubim sent down from heaven for the occasion. How acceptable such service from innocent hands to Him who of old said "Suffer little children to come unto me!" And Fenton thought Faith never looked so pure and lovely as she did in that band of innocent young virgins walking before the blessed sacrament. In his heart Fenton secretly prayed that Faith would some day be God's own. She was too good for the polluted paths of this wicked world. Such fragrant flowers should be closed off from the world's pestilential air. So ran Fenton's thoughts and little he dreamt that his prayer would be heard.

And here a digression might be pardoned if I may anticipate the closing scene of this whole panorama which a feeble pen endeavors to recall—pardoned, I say, if I let the reader for the moment behind the scenes. There he will behold Faith in the sombre robes of the sisterhood passing her days, praying, working and living under the shadow of the sanctuary lamp—which, as the light of faith, ever glows when other lights have given away to darkness.

To return to Harry Fenton. The sacred hymns and litany penetrated his heart. They were so sweet and soul stirring. More than once afterwards when at home did he beg Charity to sing and play for him the beautiful *Ave Maris Stella* and *Flos Carmeli*. Parts of the litany too, struck a tender chord of devotion in him. All the way home he could hear humming in his ears the invocations!

Regina Angelorum

Regina Virginum

Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii

Ora—pro—nobis."

Fenton likewise found himself repeating the prayers after Father Angelo. Some parts of the salutation were very touching, for instance such snatches of the sentences as:

"I praise and bless Thee (O Jesus) as many times as there are stars in heaven and grains of sands in the sea.—I unite my praise with all the praise in honor of thy Father either pronounced or thought of by Thee."—and the salutation to Mary as the "Temple of the holy Trinity and Joy of the angels." And then all so sweetly terminated by the tender hymn of *Adoro te devote*, dying off with the devout soul's cry and parting salute.

"Ave Jesus, Pastor fidelium aduague fidem omnium in te credentium."

[Hail O Jesus! Shepherd of the faithful, increase the faith of those believing in Thee!]

Fenton was very much impressed. And why would he not be amidst all this splendor of flowers, incense, light and dulcet sound? Miserable we who allow the magic poetry of religion to fall flat on the desert of our prosaic hearts dried up with choking world-dust.

Charity saw the good effects of the afternoon service on Fenton. He was much more light-hearted. "It's the first step," thought Charity, "perhaps he will next go to confession." Although Fenton did seem changed for the better, nevertheless Charity's sharp eyes could yet discern a little discontent lurking in his face. With all her shrewdness, however, she was not quite sure on looking at Fenton, whether she saw

"Merry eyes that make us glad,"

or

"Mournful eyes that make us sad."

"Well, how did you like our Scapular Devotions this afternoon?" asked Charity of Fenton.

"Exquisitely, Charity! but how come you to name it *Scapular* devotion? I do not quite understand it," said Fenton.

"It would perhaps require a long explanation," replied Charity, "still I will try to make a long story short. When I was a flower-girl like Faith to-day—at the procession in New France—"

"Leave New France alone," said Fenton. "I care to hear no more of that place than I care to recall some of the women who in times past loved to pose in tableaux as the three Graces."

Fenton spoke somewhat testily.

"That's a nice compliment to me or my poor sister Faith," said Charity.

"Not at all, Miss Werker."

"Well then, there is only one left—and I would like to know how you could be acquainted with her—I mean the third of your so-called Graces—my sister——"

But Fenton changed the subject very curtly. He saw what was coming. He made things worse, however, by saying, "You better attend to your work. Don't think I am willing to be bored always. There now——" and he slammed the door behind Charity.

Poor boy! he did not mean all he said, nevertheless, he had been reminded of unpleasant days. This was the first falling out, and Charity went and cried to her heart's content.

An hour, or so, later, she picked up courage and walked straight towards Fenton's room. By now he was in a rather repentant mood and felt ashamed of himself.

"Mr. Fenton," commenced Charity, "for some time I have been thinking of seeking employment elsewhere. My resolution had not been fully determined on until this last misunderstanding, so I hope it will be satisfactory to you if my mother and I leave this week."

Fenton could not formulate an answer. This was a blow altogether unexpected. He was mentally calling himself the worst names he could think of. Finally he got courage to speak.

"What, you leave me?" he said. "Why, my heart will break—and what will Faith do? You are the only friend in the world to whom I can look for consolation. Make any other conditions and I am willing to abide by them."

"You misunderstand me," said Charity. "I always feel I cannot do what is right, although I try to. This afternoon I hurt your feelings, I know, but I never intended it. Since I do act so wrongly, I thought perhaps

it would be better if I were out of the way. Now, if I did speak amiss, forgive and forget."

With this, humble soul as she was, she stretched out her hand for forgiveness, and had not Fenton prevented it, she would have fallen upon her knees. No words were spoken, but looks showed, as they both stood beneath our Lady's picture, that if this was the first it was also the last falling out between Charity and Fenton. The thoughts which passed between them that beautiful summer evening seemed to mutually say:

"Many such eves of gently whispering noise

May we together pass, and calmly try

What are this world's true joys, ere the great voice

From earth's fair face shall bid our spirits fly."

* * * *

This last little scene almost made Charity forget the explanation she had started to make about the Scapular. She did so the next evening.

"No person," she said, "is under any obligation to enter into this devotion. Still, the one who has no desire to participate in it is acting very foolishly in not taking advantage of so easy a means of salvation. Two classes of persons err in regard to the Scapular—the two little pieces of brown stuff which we wear on our shoulders in honor of the holy mother of God. First, there are persons who *believe too little*. We should remember the giving of this holy garb to a Carmelite, Saint Simon Stock is no myth. It was a reality. It took place on July 16, 1251. Several popes have confirmed the truth of this indisputable tradition. For 600 years have millions of devout people, poor and rich, learned and unlearned, been wearing

this Scapular. The obligations are easy, namely, simply wear it in honor of the holy Virgin. And see also the advantages: A promise of deliverance from hell-fire in the next world, and protection here on earth. That, in short, is what we mean by the Scapular, and those devotions you witnessed at church are in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel. Such beautiful practices cannot but help to arouse our love for Mary."

"You believe all this, Charity?" said Fenton.

"Most certainly," said Charity.

"Well, then I am going to wear one," said Fenton.

Charity then took from her pocket a beautifully embroidered Scapular and handed it to Fenton.

"Now," she said, "take that to Father Angelo, and ask him to invest you. Tell him also to be sure to send in your name for registration to some monastery, so that you can also participate in all the indulgences. And promise me that you will wear this little religious souvenir from me. Of course you will not let me mention names, and why I know not, however, let me tell you that I have kept but one relic given me by a dear one, and may Mary bless her if she lives, and that little book-mark deprived of its anchor will perhaps tell you whose hand worked this Scapular, which you now promise me to wear."

Fenton kept his promise, and never laid the Scapular aside after Father Angelo invested him. He said the wearing of it ever reminded him of the blessed Virgin's protection, and, he confessed, at times it recalled things he vainly strove to forget. Yes, it reminded him of vows made and broken, of duty neglected, and of the necessity of following the dictates of his troubled conscience. Furthermore, it reminded

him that it is never too late to mend.

Business called Fenton away for several days. In a way he was glad of it. It would help to drive unwelcome thoughts from his mind. However there still lived in him the resolve to see Father Angelo some day—to tell the priest all his troubles. Yes, he was going to make a clean breast of the whole thing *some day*.

Fenton's absence gave Charity more time to attend to her mother, who was becoming very feeble.

"Charity," said Mrs. Werker one day, "we might have to leave here if my health declines. It might be a sacrifice for you to leave. Oh, how often have I prayed and felt sure you would be with me until my end. Will you leave me, too?"

With tearful eyes Charity answered, "Never, mother, never will I forsake you."

CHAPTER XII.

*"I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp,
the flight,
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with
pain."*

Business took Fenton beyond the city limits. He jumped on a crowded trolley-car, in which, although well packed with human freight, our traveler felt as lonesome as a hermit. He was in a thinking mood, and was studying the faces of those who crowded around him. To look at Fenton one would imagine that he was oblivious to everything. Not so, however, and let it be known that the best observer is he who is not himself observed. As Fenton glanced through the dark, stuffy car and beheld

*"So many souls within its dim recesses,
So many bright, so many mournful
eyes"*

He seemed to say,

"Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with

dreams and guesses.

What threads of life, what hidden histories;

What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses;

What unknown thoughts; what various agonies!"

And Fenton fell into a dream—and not altogether a happy one. He went over all his past steps—what hopes, ideas and ambitions he had had. Friendships formed only to be broken, union and separation, a "glad to meet you" and a "good-bye." Was it not true what he heard Charity once read from a golden book—written by one Thomas a Kempis—yes, true indeed those memorable words:

"Rest and undisturbed content have no place on earth,"
or again

"Have a good conscience and thou shalt find peace."

The faces in the car were all strange to Fenton. Some he may have seen before. If so, age had wrought great changes. And such voices; some shrill, harsh and coarse, others soft and sweet. Fenton did not judge rashly either when he looked in the direction of the owner of the treble voice or the two hundred or more of *avouirdupois* with the *basso profundo*. He judged rightly, methinks, for, as a well-observant statesman, Disraeli, tersely put it, "No index of character is so sure as the voice."

The talk of his fellow-passengers was not the most interesting. In front of him a couple of women were carrying on an animated discourse about "imported wraps," "flannelettes," "fur neck fixings," "ostrich and paradise trimmings," and a lot of other unintelligible things. Two old men with silk hats were discussing "preferred stock," and a couple of young men, apparently rivals, were summing

up all the fun they had on some roof garden. One of these "gents" who sported a "biled shirt" had just wound up his picturesque profanity with the remark, "Aw, wot 't 'ell, if de gang *is* on ter me!"

Fenton will probably agree with us, that like letter-writing, the art of conversation is lost in these busy days. You hear only small talk. It's a meaningless exclamation, or a stereotyped remark about the weather. Another noticeable thing is that you will often find a painful silence hovering over a crowd of presumably intelligent persons. I mean those of the masculine persuasion, for 'tis said that most of the fair sex can talk, and it would not be malapropos to say in a whisper (what Le Sage has before said) that "the pleasure of talking is the inextinguishable passion of woman coeval with the act of breathing."

What is the cause of such silence prevailing at times in the home or abroad, where you will sometimes see the whole company turned into what some one ironically calls "Our Social Club," whose members, with the exception of the nether limbs, are buried in the all-absorbing newspaper? Perhaps you will find the answer in the fact that we have nothing new to communicate. We have all read the identical daily paper, and there is nothing to speak of, if we do not wish to be called bores. And woe betide us if we resuscitate what in vulgar parlance is christened a "chestnut." And, finally, we can often start or sustain an entertaining conversation if we would, but we often are victims of what is known as intellectual laziness.

A gentleman now got aboard and squeezed himself in next to Fenton.

"That's a familiar face, I wonder where I met him?" thought Fenton to himself, as he took a mental measure

of the new passenger. The latter turned and also seemed to recognize one whom he had met before. He took out his card and handed it to Fenton with the remark, "I think we have met somewhere before."

The card read: "P. M. Cutting, M.D."

"The name I cannot remember, but I think I know your voice," said Fenton. "Didn't you and I once play a game of chess at the old Friedenhouse?"

"Exactly. Did you lose any more queens since then?" said Cutting with a laugh.

"No, nor gain any. My horoscope is an unfortunate one," said Fenton.

"Yes," said Cutting, "it is queer how things do turn around, still it strikes me that things are often providential which to us seem purely accidental."

"Do you practice here in the city?" asked Fenton.

"No," replied Cutting, "I have up to now had my work in the country. It is rather rough, but then a man has an appetite and can sleep at nights. Besides, I love the country with its exhilarating elixir of the bouyant atmosphere. The meadows, the trees and the people whom I like—they are so natural. Country folk are not put to the necessity of assuming a false or artificial smile, nor are they the creatures of environment. Unlike the city folks, they are their own masters. And then again in the country I have time to study, and have around me plenty material to dive into—the mysteries and beauties of nature."

"You are right, doctor," said Fenton. "I had my share of living in a dark damp flat in deep canons of the city. I had enough of it. I have no desire to be stowed away in a long monotonous row of sombre brown faced houses. Where did you start

out, doctor?"

"Oh! I went first to a little one-horse town," said Cutting. "It was too exclusive for me. I became tired of being penned up in a small office next door to a Chinese laundry. I was disgusted, and as they say, 'suddenly flew de coop.'"

"Back now to stay in the city?" asked Fenton.

"By no means," said Cutting. "I just came in to get a few months' practice at the hospital here. I intend to settle down when I return to the country. I have some ideas of getting married, provided I come across the right kind of a girl."

"I hope you do get the right kind of a woman, and woe to you if you don't, doctor," said Fenton.

"Been through the mill?" said Cutting, smiling.

"Yes," said Fenton, "I have taken my medicine. I suppose you medical men see much of the weak side of human nature?"

"Yes, we see the good and bad," said Cutting.

"It seems," said Fenton, "that you physicians are tracing everything to heredity, nowadays. Why, according to the doctrine you preach a man is responsible for nothing in the moral order. Why, to read the papers one would think that free will didn't exist any more except in the catechism. Why, it seems new fashioned diseases are cropping up which were formerly unknown. It is generally *la maladie sans maladie*, as the Frenchmen say. What people called laziness when I was a boy is now more politely called nervous prostration. How times have changed!"

"There's a heap of wisdom in what you say, Mr. Fenton," said Cutting. "The conclusions of the medical fraternity are very much warped, but

how could it be otherwise with the immense batch of unbelievers annually turned loose on the country. What do they know or care for an immortal soul? Their probing knife never reaches it (they say) and hence they make no allowance for the spiritual part of a man. They pose as philanthropists, try to lessen human suffering somewhat, and send their patients into eternity by the morphine route without a chance, perhaps, to make any preparation for that awful leap. Why, I have seen them ridicule the idea of calling a clergyman to a sick-bed, for fear of disturbing the patient, and go so far as to throw aside anything savoring of religion."

"Oh, well, we must have the doctor, he is a better judge than we are in dangerous cases," said Fenton.

"True," said Cutting, "but after all, what do we know about that wonderful bit of mechanism, the human body? Whole libraries of medical works have been written to show what we do *not* know. The physician comes to your house, looks wise, tries the patient's temperature, finds the pulsation, looks at the tongue and all that. Even then the bit of paper with those mysterious hieroglyphics and high-sounding names, which he tells you to take to the favorite druggist who knows the doctor's favorite beverage, what is it after all but an experiment? I often, indeed, regretted having followed the profession. Still, after all, one can do plenty good and I guess we cannot be our own surgeons even if we do know the limits of a dose of Rochelle salts."

"Plenty of new remedies turning up, I suppose?" said Fenton.

"Yes," said Cutting, "but they amount to little. I believe in sticking to the old reliable ones. Your question reminds me of what Dr. Holmes once

said—you have of course enjoyed his writings—well, he once remarked that as soon as he received his diploma every young doctor had twenty remedies for one disease, but after a few years' practice he had one remedy for twenty diseases."

"Did you ever meet any lady-physicians?" asked Fenton.

"Yes," said Cutting, "but I think their vocation is sewing on buttons rather than stitching up lacerated limbs, and preparing our meals rather than compounding powders. The truth is that our cooks are responsible for most of our ills, and my experience has taught me that wretched tables have driven thousands to the saloon around the corner. If I ever get a wife she is welcome to call herself Mrs. Doctor Cutting, but she will regret the day on which she opens my medicine chest."

"It is a treasure to have a woman who knows how to prepare a meal," said Fenton. "I have such a one. You ought to come up and try her home-made bread and butter, doctor. It will be a sad day when I lose my housekeeper. When a man has his meals as he deserves after a hard day's work, and otherwise takes good care of himself, I don't think he ought to run up any high doctor's bills."

"A great deal of truth in that," said Cutting. "A person can build or ruin his health. If he wants to ruin it, let him worry and become irregular in his habits. To ensure good health he requires but four physicians, Doctor Diet and Doctor Quiet, Doctor Conscience and Doctor Merryman—and they do not send in any exorbitant bills. A very necessary thing, however, is that a man must practice self-denial if he wants to enjoy good health. This is essential, and with plenty of fresh air and sunshine he

will live to a ripe old age. Look at the abstemious old monks—working, praying, preaching, teaching, writing books, and for all that fasting hard—and look at the long lives and good health. In my opinion the church is very wise in prescribing her annual fasts. She shows that she also cares for our bodies as well as for our souls."

And thus they discussed medicine, religion, and a thousand other topics. When they alighted, both walked a square or two, talking as they went.

"Don't forget to come up and see us at Boomfield, doctor," said Fenton. "I will give you a chance to see what my house-keeper can do. Don't come when I am away, or you might take advantage of my absence and steal her from me. It would not be the first time you captured my queen," said Fenton, laughing.

"No fear," said Cutting. "When I want a good house-keeper I know where to find one, and it won't be in Boomfield."

If Fenton was a mind reader, he would find that Cutting was picturing to himself a happy family hidden away in poor little New France. As the two stood on the corner of a street intersecting the main thoroughfare, nearby where stood the Friedenhouse, Fenton remarked:

"This spot recalls very many recollections to me. 'Twas here, years ago as a mere youth, I stood with eyes of ecstatic joy as I witnessed a great religious demonstration, and the picture is to-day as fresh as ever in my memory. And so it is with life, doctor; life's gay moments pass us by and only a bitter memory remains."

"And do you know that I also went along this street one day as a mourner in a sad procession. It was the funeral cortege of a dear friend of mine, one Faith Werker, whose mother I have

often attended since. I hear the family has since left the country, and I often wondered what became of them. There were three sisters of them, "my three graces" the widow used to call them. One of them, Faith, is gone over to the "great majority;" another, Charity is doubtless with her mother."

"Most probably," said Fenton, with a rather knowing look.

"And the third sister, Hope, I only know of by hearsay," continued Cutting. "Heaven only knows what became of her. Perhaps she lived to break her own and many other hearts."

"Not unlikely," said Fenton, who showed impatience to get away.

Right then a hospital ambulance quickly wheeled around the curve.

"I must be going now, Mr. Fenton," said the doctor. "That might be a job for me."

"I hope you will succeed in relieving the poor creature, who ever it may be, and send him, or her, again in his way rejoicing. Miserable world this, doctor; little we know of all the human misery of which life seems so full.

"Yes," said Cutting, as he dashed towards the hospital. "I'll soon be up to Boomfield to see what mysteries there await unravelling."

"What does the fellow mean," thought Fenton. "I probably know something of these Werkers. Strange acquaintances meet at times. After all 'tis good he never knew Hope. If he comes up he will be able to get no information from Charity. It will be a surprise for him, though, to meet her and her mother. I am afraid he will not excuse me for not mentioning their names."

And Fenton went on his way, thinking of future possible surprises and unravelled mysteries, of his own sufferings of mind and dark days. Bear in mind, gentle reader, that

"Faith's abode, is mystery for evermore,

Its life to worship and adore
And meekly bow beneath the rod
When the day is dark and the burden
sore."

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

AUGUST, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

One month of the happy vacation time has passed away, and I wonder how many of you are tired of the days of sweet doing nothing.

It does not take very long to teach every one, even the young, that the hardest kind of work is *no* work. A vacation is a necessity for all; but very often it is a very unhappy time. If I were asked what I considered the greatest blessing in life, I think I should say a contented disposition. When we hear people talking about resignation to the will of God we only think of sorrow, and suffering and sacrifice. No; good common sense which makes the best of everything which says only one word to God's holy will, and that one word, "Amen!" that is resignation.

A contented nature is able to do that. It is something worth praying for; because the want of it turns thousands into that great army of most undesirable people, commonly called "cranks." Now, since we *must* bear with things, whether we will or not, it is very wise to begin early to learn the lesson. It is worth while trying to be reasonable in all things, and above all things earthly to be "livable beings," as the ducky said. How much discomfort is caused by unreasonable people, unhappy themselves they make every one else miserable, and even an unreasonable virtue is detestable. There is no such thing as unreasonable virtue; but many people deceive themselves in that direction. The test of

true virtue is forgetfulness of self. "He loved not himself" is the testimony given to our Blessed Lord, and again, "He went about doing good." That is the whole secret in a nutshell. Sometimes we hear people say of a girl, "Oh! she is so self conscious," and at once she loses in their estimation. Dear children, long ago when the Secretary went to a convent school, the good sisters were constantly saying to the girls, "Be simple, be natural, and so you will always be amiable and admirable."

It is an excellent lesson; let me add one to it: DON'T be singular. To walk the common way as we go through life, not leaning too much in any one direction; and to avoid anything that savors of eccentricity, particularly in the line of piety, is very high wisdom. Good taste suggests that we avoid being remarkable in any wise; in dress, or manners, or conversation.

Affectation is always vulgar, always disgusting, in man or woman.

There are different ways of giving bad example, and one of them is to be singular in religion. A gracious manner, a winning word, a smile, a willingness to oblige, and a total absence of a carping or fault-finding spirit, *those* are the things that edify and that give good example. The French have an untranslatable proverb about a saint sad being a sad saint, which means that good humor is the half of sanctity.

Let things pass, don't see everything; don't hear everything, and don't take offense quickly.

The summer vacation tells many tales about character.

People whom one knows at home in the city, and who seem quite affable and agreeable, betray themselves sadly when thrown into every day close relations in a summer resort.

Then one finds out very quickly who the selfish ones are. Dear children, watch the people whom you meet, and see if the really *lovable* people are not the unselfish ones. Those who forget their own aches and ills, and try to make people laugh. St. Teresa once said she would bless anyone who would give her daughters a hearty laugh. There is *so* much misery in the world, so much sin and suffering, that to go about trying to make others forget their sorrows, even for a short quarter of an hour, is the work of a saint. To go to *Mass* on *week* days, not to *talk* piety, but to act it by being sweet tempered and good natured—for *the love of God*—don't forget that part of it—that is true missionary work at all times. The morning mass, for one's self and God, the rest of the day for God and one's neighbor. The saints worked pretty much on that principle.

The fifteenth of August brings us the sweet feast of our Blessed Lady's Assumption. Lady Day in harvest. We all know what it is to be home sick in summer. No matter how delightful the country may be, we all long for home, even in a big crowded city. For fifteen years our dear blessed Lady had that longing multiplied indefinitely for home, for heaven, for the sight of the holy face of her Son.

Even in our own poor way long for it too—the holy face of our Lord, whom we will one day meet in judgment. Ask our blessed Lady to obtain for you a strong desire to see that Holy Face. Maybe you own a counterpart of it every day you live. Be gracious and kindly in your looks, and make people happy merely to look at you.

I began by talking "contentment" and I end with it. Be satisfied with your lot in life. It is genuine piety. I think it is not unseemly to ask your prayers for our very dear and good friend, the editor of the CARMELITE REVIEW. Perhaps you do not all know that he has been elected Provincial of the Carmelite Order in North America, and so is like Atlas, carrying a little world on his back. Pray for health and strength for him, and a continuance of that sunny nature which helps one to carry burdens gracefully and well.

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN JULY.

1. Because she has the keys.
2. Flowery ones.
3. Because it is a "dear little time."
4. Because they are two tonics (Teutonics.)
5. The calf, parchment; the goose, quills; the bee, wax.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN JULY.

1. Elihu Yale, founder of Yale University.
2. Cathedral of Milan, Italy.
3. Napoleon.
4. To lead the mind upward to God.
5. Murillo.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who said:
"Not till a man is prepared to say, 'I don't know,' is he ready to learn anything?"
2. What was the greatest state prison of France?
3. Who was called "Lovely Georgius" by the English soldiery?
4. Who were the three successful physicians of the olden time?
5. Who are considered the most graceful women in the world?

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Of what profession was Adam?
2. When is it dangerous to enter a church?
3. What river in Bavaria answers "Who is there?"
4. What becomes of all the pins?
5. Where do we read of the first use of currency?

MAXIMS FOR AUGUST.

1.
August sinking, flush'd and fair,
In the harvest fields to rest;
"Welcome!" (cries) "L'Assunta, blest,
Queen of Heaven! hear our prayer!"
—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

2.
Thou shalt be served thyself by every
sense,
Of service which thou renderest.
—Eliz. B. Browning.
3.
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
—Shakespeare.
4. Dark the way and dreary,
Our feet have trod,
Sad are we and weary,
Mother of God!
So at thy mercy seat,
Bow we the knee;
Safe are they, Mary sweet,
Who trust in thee.

MARIAN'S TEMPTATION.

BY S. X. BLAKELY.



THE blue waters of the Atlantic sparkled in the rays of a brilliant sun, and the charming appearance of the ocean gave hopes of a prosperous voyage to the passengers of a stately vessel which slowly unfurled her sails, and bade farewell to the shores of the old world. We wish to introduce to your notice two families who, though very different in position and education, were yet on their way to America with the same intention, that of improving their fallen fortunes. The first consisted of Mr. Hamilton, his wife and one child, the little Marian just entering her fifth year. Mr. Hamilton was an English gentleman who had been destined by his father for the church. However, he incurred the lasting displeasure of that prejudiced parent, first by marrying a Catholic, and afterwards by embracing the true faith himself. His father disinherited him,

and he thought best to leave his native land forever.

The other family numbered six members, Dennis Maloney, his wife Kate, and four children, Nora, aged thirteen; Maggie and Murty, twins of nine, and Patrick, a boy of six. Before embarking, Mrs. Hamilton had been pleased with Nora's neat appearance and engaged her services in Marian's behalf during the passage. Everything went well for a week and then a malignant fever broke out. The heart-broken Kate was called upon for the sacrifice of her husband and the two bright-eyed twins.

Mrs. Hamilton with true charity went below and assisted her in caring for them during their illness, and it was a charity which Kate but too soon found occasion to reciprocate. Within a few brief days the little Marian lost her beloved and devoted parents. Sad indeed was the thought that they would have to leave their darling child an orphan, in a land where they knew not one to whom they could appeal in her behalf. But with their latest breath they recommended her to Our Lady of

Mount Carmel, and then, the sorrowing Kate assured them that whilst she lived the child should never want a friend. So, trusting in the mercy of God, for whom they had given up wealth and position, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton closed their eyes in death almost within sight of their new home. One of Kate's fellow passengers gave her the address of a boarding house where she would find accommodations within the limit of her purse, and as others were going to the same place, she had no difficulty in finding it. Here she decided to remain for a few days.

The "landlady" advised her to rent a room, and when she had heard the sad story of the bereaved widow, she took time, even in the midst of her multifarious duties, to find a suitable place. Through the exertions of the same kind woman, Kate soon had as much fine laundry work as she could attend to. Her first care, however, was to attach herself to the nearest church, and there, many a morning before beginning her daily task, she, with one or other of the children, devoutly assisted at mass. So her life went on for three years. Despite his mother's care, Patrick fell into bad company and, child as he was, became so careless, untruthful, and insubordinate, that her heart was well nigh broken. She determined to leave New York. In this she was encouraged by her first friend, Mrs. Murta, who told her that the village of Elmwood, at no great distance, would be a suitable place. Thither she accordingly went, and by her industry and skill in her special department, before long she was the favorite assistant of the ladies in that pretty little place.

And now, do you not feel anxious to hear something about Marian? Her grief for the death of her parents was at first, and indeed for a long time, so excessive that her kind friend feared for the result. But change of scene proved beneficial, and her loving nature attached itself to Kate and her children.

Kate had told Father Morris, the pastor, the little girl's story and given him the address found amongst Mr. Hamilton's papers of her grandparents in England. But no answer came to the letter written to them by the priest.

Marian attended the school taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Surrounded by care and affection, as she was, she still often evinced a dislike to her humble home, and the trifling tasks allotted to her after her return from school. Then, as she grew older, it seemed dreadful to have her pretty name "Marian Hamilton" unknown, and to hear the village children calling after her "Mary Anne Maloney." She evidently lost sight of the fact that those two were the names of the blessed Virgin and her venerated mother, but our heroine was by no means perfect, as my little readers will eventually discover. She and Patrick were preparing to make their first holy Communion. There were twelve girls and the Sisters would sometimes say to them, "Children, you are just the number of the apostles. Pray fervently that no Judas may be found amid your ranks." The day appointed for the happy event was the feast of the Assumption; to the children it seemed a long time, for a year's careful attendance in the first communion class was necessary.

It was a lovely evening in Indian summer, and some of the village children were playing on the green. Marian stood at a little distance from the merry group, watching the splendor of the setting sun as it disappeared amid an "after glow" that might well elicit admiration. A party of visitors who were spending a few days with Mrs. Sanford, a wealthy resident of the place, passed by and were attracted by the scene. One of them, Mrs. Clifton, was so charmed with Marian's beauty that she could talk of nothing else on her homeward way. "How lovely she would look if she were properly dressed," she reiterated. "I must find out who she is." So she asked Mrs. Sanford. "That is Mary Ann Maloney. Her mother is a good, honest creature. The one who was here yesterday." "Well," rejoined Mrs. Clifton, "I never can believe that she is the daughter of that woman, but I will go and see if she will give me the child. I will take no refusal." And the very next day a carriage stopped at the door of the cottage with Mrs. Sanford and her guest. "Well, Mrs. Maloney,"

said the former, "I am sure you do not know what we have come for to-day." Then she told her that Mrs. Clifton, who had no children, wished to adopt "Mary Ann." They had heard she was an orphan, and considering the advantages she would enjoy, there should be no objection. Kate was amazed at the proposition. She thought that perhaps it would be wrong to deprive the child of the advantages which would have been hers had her parents lived, and which were so unexpectedly offered to her now. It never occurred to her that Mrs. Clifton was not a Catholic. Marian was called in and with tears—for she loved her kind foster mother and the children—decided to go with Mrs. Clifton. "But there's one thing, ma'am," said Kate, "she hasn't made her first communion, and I don't think Father Morris would allow her to leave before she does. To be sure, if the priest didn't object you could send her to the sisters in New York to go on with her preparation and

have her come *here* in August to receive with the rest." Mrs. Clifton stared during this speech, and when it was ended she told Kate of her mistake in very decided tones. "But what possible difference can it make? I have none of the vulgar prejudices against your religion, but I could not and would not promise that Marian should practice it. In fact I would pity the child too much to burden her young life with all that your pastors require."

"Well, then you *can't* have her, ma'am, and that's the end of it. Her dying mother gave her to me, and poor as I am with God's help she has never been in actual want. Never, never would I let her go where she would lose her faith."

There was nothing for the visitors to do but take their leave. Mrs. Clifton told Kate "she was a good, faithful creature, but mistaken." She kissed Marian and told her she would not give her up yet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

August Saints.

Speaking of the August saints, does it not warm our hearts towards the holy Mother of God, when we read the homilies of the gentle St. Bernard? We are drawn closer towards him and love him because he has written so sweetly of Mary. Well do we know how he tells us when in trouble, tossed about in earthly storms or in any distress, to invoke the "star of the sea." And who, praying the beautiful *memorare*, can forget the mellifluous monk who composed it. And then St. Alphonse Maria with his grand "Glories of Mary." What a mine of pious thought and consoling doctrine, even for the most abandoned! Nor must we overlook another monk—the great St. Dominic. How grateful we feel towards him when we fondle our pre-

cious beads! Who shall count the wonders wrought by the holy Rosary? Yes, dear readers, these saints point out to us a sure and easy way to Jesus, namely, through Mary—but while we thank these favored saints let us not pain them by refusing to follow the counsels which they have given us.

Founders of Religious Orders.

Amongst the world's greatest benefactors none excel the founders of religious orders. To them the human family owes a great debt of gratitude. How much do we not owe to an Augustine, an Alphonse, a Bernard or a Dominic. We can never measure their work—it is yet unfinished, and will see its consummation when the world itself shall cease to revolve. Well then does holy church this month call upon her children to render homage to some

of these great sons of hers. They were made of the same flesh and blood as we are—they were men of courage—weak as they were, they were giants in thought—they feared nothing when God's honor was at stake—they became willing instruments in the hands of the Holy Spirit, and conceived noble plans, which like the mustard seed have spread to gigantic proportions. How it must rejoice the hearts of these saints to see thousands walking in their holy footsteps, and the great things being done for God under the same banner which they themselves threw to the breeze. Centuries have rolled by, but the memory of these saintly heroes is ever fresh, and with gladness do we, year after year, chant their praises.

The Most Pure Heart of Mary.

Love grows cold. Time changes it—our best friends cease to love us—everything is changeable, so much so that we lose faith in all earthly affection. How many a poor deluded soul pined away with grief on account of unrequited love! and love is so selfish. Too true indeed is it of all human love. But is there nowhere to be found a heart true and loving—a heart that will embrace us and never forsake us—a heart that will love us when all the world forsakes us—when the darkest clouds envelope us—when all seems lost? Yes, there is one such heart—the most pure heart of Mary. Holy church wishes to advise us of this when, on the 29th of this month, she honors the immaculate heart of Mary. Mary's loving heart is true, constant and merciful. Go to it! There you will find rest, peace and consolation.

Without Decay.

What worry, expense and anxiety to keep intact this human casket of ours! What sacrifices are not made

and actual suffering undergone in order to preserve our bodily life and beauty? How we fear the approach of decay, and how we try to fight against it. But all in vain. Human flesh withers as the grass. Everything ends in the grave. The heart will some day cease to beat and fall to dust. But is no one spared this cruel fate? Ah, yes; but only one, she, the fairest among earth's daughters—Mary—the spotless one. She lives. Her body is intact. No decay approaches her. Her heart is still young, and day and night never ceases to beat and yearn with love for us in this land of exile. Our Queen is immortal; she has passed the gates of death and is waiting to receive us into the city of endless life. Let us redouble our fervor and spend heaven—in spirit—with Mary on the day of her glorious Assumption.

The Patroness of the American Carmel.

It was a happy thought to dedicate all our Carmelite houses in America to the "Most Pure Heart of Mary," and make it the official and hallowed title of our young and vigorous province, which, we are sure, has ever been near to our mother's immaculate heart. We feel grateful to that same pure heart for untold blessings. May it shower new blessings on all those who, by prayer or labor, help us to spread the reign of the Queen of Carmel.

The Heart of a Carmelite.

In this "month of hearts" we have a special festival in honor of a Carmelite saint—namely, the *Transfiguring of the Heart of St. Teresa*. The whole life of St. Teresa could be summed up in one word—love. How her heart must have burned with devotion to the mother of God! Teresa's heart was ever in harmony with the heart of

Mary. They beat together. May the saint obtain for us a spark of divine love to burn up in us all that is not Mary.

The American Flower.

We hear much of a national flower. There is much indecision as to choice. Tastes differ. But be it as it may, the fairest flower grown on this continent is, according to our way of looking, a hallowed flower—symbol of the heart's best gift—love—and it is impersonated in the fair virgin of Lima, Saint Rose. She is America's flower par excellence. She now blooms in heaven, but the odor of her loveliness still remains. St. Rose's heart ever beats in unison with that of the divine mother, and still retains a love for her fellow pilgrims in the western hemisphere. Let us pray to St. Rose that she may obtain for us a greater love for Mary—for in proportion to the honor shown to our Queen will be the blessing descending on our beloved country.

St. Albert, the Carmelite.

On the 7th of August, the Carmelite order celebrates the feast of St. Albert of Sicily. To many of our readers this saint is well known as a powerful intercessor at the throne of God. The pages of this REVIEW would be completely taken up with the records of favors received through the use of the water, blessed with the relics of the saint. The Fathers of the Monastery at Niagara Falls were unable to supply the demand for St. Albert's water on the occasion of the pilgrimage, on the 16th of July.

The Pilgrimage.

Greater than ever before was the number of pilgrims who flocked to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View, Ont., this year. The great *Toties* Quoties indulgence of the Scapular was the chief object of the pilgrimage.

From early morn until sunset there was a continuous stream of visitors to the privileged church. The English sermon, delivered at High Mass by the new prior of the Monastery, the Rev. Theodore McDonald, induced all those who had not yet been invested with the livery of the Blessed Virgin, to ask for this blessed gift. Our readers will be glad to find this sermon on another page. The open-air sermon in German was preached in the afternoon, from the porch of the new Hospice building, by the Rev. Pius R. Mayer, the late Father Provincial of the Carmelites. The Papal Blessing was then given, followed by benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Te Deum.

The Third Provincial Chapter.

The triennial chapter of the Carmelite Fathers of the United States and Canada was held this year at the new Hospice building attached to the Monastery of Niagara Falls, Ont. It was the third chapter in the history of this young province. The most Reverend Aloysius Galli, general superior of the order, who resides in Rome, was prevented from attending the chapter, although he had been expected. The elections held at the chapter resulted in the following changes: Very Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt, formerly prior of the Monastery at Niagara Falls, Ont., was elected provincial. V. Rev. Pius R. Mayer, the former provincial, was elected prior of the Novitiate and House of Studies at New Baltimore, Pa. Rev. Ambrose Bruder was elected prior of the Monastery at Pittsburg. Rev. Dominic T. O'Malley, formerly pastor of Niagara Falls, Ont., was elected prior of the Monastery at Englewood, N. J. Rev. Theodore McDonald, formerly pastor of Englewood, was elected prior of the Monastery and Hospice at Falls View, Ont.

Rev. Louis Guenther was elected prior of the Monastery at Leavenworth, and Rev. Alphons Brandstaetter, prior of the Monastery at Scipio, Kas. Rev. A. J. Smits, formerly prior of Englewood, was appointed director of missions. Through the kindness of benefactors, who contributed \$50 each, for the furnishing of a room, a sufficient number of rooms had been prepared for the members of the chapter. Although the Hospice will not be officially opened for retreats until next spring, persons wishing to spend a few days at the Falls, have been admitted as guests. The Fathers are willing to allow the use of the Hospice for this purpose during the present season, as far as the number of rooms permits.

Mgr. Merry Del Val.

The Papale Ablegate, Mgr. Merry Del Val, who had been sent to Canada by the Holy Father, to examine the school question of Manitoba, before departing for Rome paid a visit to Niagara Falls. The guest of the ladies of Loretto, he spent several days at this beautiful spot. While here, his first visit was to the Carmelite Monastery and the new Hospice of Mount Carmel. He greatly admired the Hospice building, and highly praised its object. Being told that the Holy Father had manifested unusual interest in the undertaking, he promised to give a full description to His Holiness on his return to Rome. Mgr. Merry Del Val is, in many respects, a most remarkable man. Only 34 years of age, he has shown the greatest possible wisdom and discretion in fulfilling his delicate mission. A most distinguished appearance, joined to the possession of all the accomplishments of a modern gentleman, won for him the hearts even of those who would never have been able to appreciate his superior qualities as priest and prelate. In his farewell ad-

dress to the Catholics of Canada he prudently advises a truce, until the Holy Father, after receiving the report of his ablegate, shall have given a decision on the school question.

Carmel in Spain.

In a recent letter from our correspondent in Spain he communicates to us the result of the elections held at the last chapter of the Carmelite Province of Spain. The former provincial, Rev. Anastasius Borrás, through whose zeal the order was restored in Spain, is now prior of the beautiful Monastery of Xerez. Rev. Eliseo Duran, who had joined the order in Rome, at a time when it was still proscribed in Spain, and who has been the most helpful companion to F. Anastasius Borrás in his effort to restore the order, has been elected provincial of Spain. This flourishing province, since the restoration of the order in 1879, has founded eight monasteries and counts more than a hundred professed monks.

PUBLICATIONS.

The *Pittsburg Catholic*, the venerable old veteran of the Catholic press, like the Phoenix of old, seems to regain a new youth every now and then. It has lately put on a most becoming dress, cut to the latest style, making it look more spry and youthful than many of its younger contemporaries.

The July number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* should be on the desk of every priest, ready for reference. We invite all reverend pastors to read the article on page 98, entitled, "The Essentials Regarding the Brown Scapular." Everything there is plain and comprehensive—but in few words. If that article is carefully noted, we shall be spared a large amount of correspondence. Moreover, devout clients of our Blessed Lady will not be debarred from reaping the full benefit of the favors dispensed through our Order. The reverend editor of the *Ecclesiastical Review* gives information as to obtaining all the desired faculties. To this we add, in order to facilitate matters, that the reverend clergy may write direct to the CARMELITE REVIEW, Falls View, Ontario.