



Our Lady, as Queen of the Seasons.

"QUAE EST ISTA?" Like the dawn of morning
 Shining o'er the Spring-time of our year.
 See thy children's eyes to thee uplifted
 Bless their onward pathway, Mother dear!

Fair as the moon-beams in the night of sorrow,
 Radiant as the sun in days of light;
 Softly do we twine the fragrant flow'rets
 Round Mount Carmel's shrine in summer bright.

Queen of Autumn! for thy mourning shadows
 Like the pensive twilights o'er us steal;
 And thy words, so plaintive in their sweetness,
 To our love and sympathy appeal.*

Queen Immaculate! the wintry snow-drifts
 Robe the earth in spotless garb for thee.
 Thus the year's first promise and its crowning
 Seem as emblems of thy purity.

—E. DE M.

* "O vos omnes qui transitis per via," etc.

"Dignare me Laudare te, Virgo Sacrata!"



I.

SILENT is the inward music
That like wavelets ebb and flow,
Whispered softly to my spirit
In the twilight long ago.
Soothing me as angel-voices
From the bright land far away ;
And, in tones of wondrous sweetness,
Luring me to watch and pray.
Oft those zephyrs of the night-time
Gently swept each silvery chord
Waking melodies most touching
For the Mother of my Lord.

II.

Now I gaze upon the starlight,
(Emblem of her radiance mild)
But I cannot sing the old songs
Of her beauty undefiled,
Blessed Mother, Queen of Carmel!
O could I conceive of thee
Canticles of praise and rapture
Beautiful in imagery !
Like the poet's aspirations *
To a songster of the sky,
Longing for those notes melodious
In his own poetic sigh.

III.

So my spirit now is pining
For some lofty poesy ;
Not to have the world listening,
But for love and praise of thee,
Holy Spirit ! thine the heart-strings ;
And if silent now they seem
Thou canst touch with blessed finger
Some soft chord and holy theme :
Some high thoughts and tender feelings
For the Mother—Queen above,
Breathing in low inspirations
From thee, Spirit of God's love !

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

*Shelley—"To a Skylark."

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites:

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD—VISIT TO THE DIOCESE OF CORON—FRUITFUL BENE-
DICTION—ANCHOR OF SALVATION—ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE GARRISON
OF SATOLIA—HELP FOR THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN SUFFERERS OF
CYPRUS—FRIENDSHIP OF BLESSED PETER THOMAS
AND MEZZIERES—1361.



NOT having been enabled to visit his people in person since he had been transferred to the See of Coron, Blessed Peter was naturally most desirous of enjoying that con-

solation.

But, henceforth, special perils menaced him whenever he would venture within the radius of the Hellenic region, since by performing the ceremony of consecration for King Pierre I., he had incurred the enmity of that monarch's rival, and indeed of the entire family. The mother of this disappointed rival was Princess of Achai, and was possessed of several places of some importance in the vicinity of Coron. Far from concurring in the opinions of able counsellors, or listening to the voice of the people, she did all in her power to encourage the process at Rome, and pursued with bitter

hate the promoters of the "spoliation," as she called it. A mother's love disappointed—a woman's pride wounded—what would she not have in reserve for the prelate who had presumed to act in opposition to her will, should he, unfortunately, fall into her power?

Thus, when his intention to make the visitation was announced, many of his friends endeavored to dissuade him from doing so—but zeal pointed out the path of duty and invited him to walk therein. When was he known to turn a deaf ear to such an appeal? Confidence in God was his strength. *Deo confisus*; according to the familiar expression settled the point with Coron. Legitimate confidence! Not another word was said about the redoubtable princess. His courage became contagious, and joy filled the hearts of all. The clergy, the nobles and the masses were delighted at the prospect of the episcopal visitation. The Legate, who never neglected an opportunity to announce the divine word, began to preach to the faithful as soon as he arrived. The attendance

grew larger every day, and the hearers more interested and reverential. His duties as bishop alternated with his obligations as a preacher. Every moment was devoted to his spiritual children. No one was refused admittance and all who presented themselves went away satisfied, strengthened, and deeply impressed. Various abuses, hitherto considered incorrigible, were corrected, and the different parishes placed under the care of good and fervent priests. By such measures the morals of the people soon evinced a decided improvement. The apostle of the holy Roman faith hastened thus to prepare the way for the return of those innocently erring children, who so numerously dwelt in these regions as well as in the Orient, and who so willingly listened to his words.

Many of them, enriched as they were with the priceless treasure of holy baptism, and evidently "men of good will," might readily draw down upon themselves the blessing of heaven, and be led into the fold of Christ. When Blessed Peter came, a great number joyfully yielded to the mild and convincing arguments set forth by him, and responded to the grace so providentially granted them.

The city attended to, the rest of the diocese did not manifest itself any the less sensible to the call of divine grace. The example of a superior dignitary reaches the heart of those subject to his authority and never fails to make an impression upon the people. The austere life of the Bishop was a constant reproach to the relaxed mode of living adopted by some of the priests. His generous and chivalrous character re-awakened in the breasts of the nobles the germ of the virtues which had adorned their ancestors, and wherever he went light and consola-

tion marked his path. Respect and confidence met him at every step.

One of the nobles, in the barony of Arcadia, and his wife were among those who experienced the efficacy of Blessed Peter's prayers. Apparently they were the happiest of the happy. Wealth procured for them all that goes to make life pleasant, and their own goodness impelled them to brighten the pathways of their less favored fellow creatures. And yet to one who looked beneath the surface, it was evident that "there is no rose without a thorn," and that day after day some hidden sorrow weighed down their hearts and grew heavier as time went on. Their union had been blessed by the gift of some lovely and beloved little daughters, but no son having been given to them, it seemed as if the noble name and feudal rights of the family would have to "descend to the distaff."

To avert what they considered a misfortune, they had prayed with fervor and perseverance, but no answer having been granted, the pious count and his estimable wife began to resign themselves to the disappointment. Meanwhile, the tidings that the Thaumaturgus, Blessed Peter, was soon to visit them, enkindled a ray of hope in the breast of the lady. A firm conviction impelled her to solicit his blessing and his prayers. Animated with the same sentiments, her husband, the baron went to the saint, and courteously invited him to honor the castle with his presence. The invitation was accepted, for the recipient rightfully decided that the visit would lead to something conducive to the glory of God, and as soon as possible he went to the castle. His noble host soon revealed to Blessed Peter their desires, and told him what they hoped for

through his intercession. The visitor recognizing their faith, exhorted them to renew their confidence in the divine Master, who alone is the source of every good, and recommended them specially to meditate upon the promise: "*Whatsoever you ask the Father in my name will be granted unto you.*" Before leaving, in presence of the entire family, whilst all knelt in deepest devotion, he recited a prayer composed of various touching passages of the Holy Scripture, and implored our Lord to lend a propitious ear to his petition. Then he solemnly pronounced a benediction upon the baroness and, through prophetic vision, assured her that she would become the happy mother of a son. And in truth the following year beheld the verification of his words, the faith of the parents and the prayer of a saint having produced the desired effect.

From many a family hearthstone do similar wishes and sighs go forth! Encouraged by what had been narrated, Christian women might with equal confidence invoke the aid of Blessed Peter Thomas.

The sojourn of this good and loving shepherd could not, alas! be prolonged in proportion to his wishes. The duties of his universal legation, necessitating an activity scarcely to be imagined, imposed upon him perpetual traveling. From Coron he went to Rhodes.

A large vessel, driven by storms into this port, was now preparing to set sail for Cyprus, Blessed Peter took passage therein.

Ordinarily speaking, the passage between Rhodes and Cyprus occupies only two or three days—but this time, owing to the sudden return of the tempest, it was much longer, and extremely perilous. So much so, that

eventually, dismantled by the storm, the vessel ran against some dangerous reefs in the region of Paphos, although they had made every effort to cast anchor and avert the fatal shock. For a few moments the wind seemed inclined to subside, but a sudden and far fiercer gale threatened them with immediate destruction. In the struggle with the waves, *seventeen* anchors had been broken and lost. Nothing but a miracle now could save the sailors who, docile to the counsels of religion, had confessed and received holy Communion.

Whilst, simply as a matter of duty, they, perhaps for the last time, battled with the fury of the elements, the holy Bishop was suddenly enlightened to the fact that heaven was inclined to relent in their behalf. Inspired with the thought, he stood erect and fastening to a slender cord a little crucifix which he constantly wore, he cast it, like an anchor, amidst the turbulent billows. Conquered thus supernaturally, the sea acknowledged its Master and, the waves receding, it became placid and smooth as a mirror. The sailors, overwhelmed with joy, knew not how to testify their gratitude. But the saint, humble in the midst of praise, as he had been brave when the most imminent peril threatened, admonished them to give thanks to God alone, whose divine hand is always ready to help those who call upon Him with faith and confidence. Upon an ocean more perilous by far during the journey to our heavenly home from this land of exile, the frail bark of our perseverance is often in danger of shipwreck, and tossed about by the waves of temptation. What will be its safe and secure anchor? The emblem of our salvation, the sacred and powerful sign of the cross.

* * * * *

Glad tidings awaited the Legate upon his arrival in Cyprus. Pierre I., the chivalrous Lusignan, since his early youth, had cherished the desire of going forth in glorious warfare against the infidel. His ardent longing had received new impetus when, at the time of his coronation, the saint had discoursed upon his favorite theme and depicted the benefits which would result from that holy war in such vivid colors that the young monarch could scarcely resist setting out at once. A short time after the holy oil had been poured upon his brow, which he hoped would be for him the unction of an athlete and a hero, the king determined upon a crusade. In this decision he was stimulated by a recent Bull of Innocent VI. Taking the command of an expedition, composed of noble and ardent spirits like his own, one of whom was the nephew of the reigning Pontiff, the king made a descent upon Pamphilia, and by a brilliant sortie took Gorhigos and Satalia, the latter being one of the most important places upon the southern coast of Asia Minor. Its situation was most favorable, its means of defense had hitherto been ample, and its commerce extensive and lucrative, hence the enemy lost possession of it with regret.

On August 24, 1361, the King of Cyprus marched upon Satalia at day dawn, passed the trenches, seized the ramparts, forced the castles and beheld himself master of this city which had always been considered impregnable before the emir Tacca, who was lying in ambush with a body of troops to surprise the Christians from the rear, could have had time to prepare for action.

At the first news of the attack, the emir hastened to the rescue with what re-inforcements he could gather, and

entered the city by a subterraneous passage. But, seeing the ramparts embellished with the helmets of the Christians, and the royal standards floating triumphantly from every tower, he hastily retreated, and made his way to Steno, where the greater part of his army was garrisoned. Two centuries before—in the year 1148—a great portion of the troops of Louis VII. had been massacred at this very place. This sad and dolorous memory which, since then, had cried out to France for vengeance was thus most gloriously effaced.

After having supplied the conquered city with provisions, and with an able garrison as well, and after having appointed Jacques Nores as its governor, the king again took to the field. Almost all the petty chiefs of the country were subjugated by his audacity. The emir of Lajazzo and the Count de Candelore offered to pay an annual tribute to the king, and promised besides to respect the territories dependent upon Gorhigos and Satalia.

Hearing of these stirring events, the Bishop of Coron had scarcely landed at Paphos than he re-embarked for Satalia. He could scarcely wait to congratulate the valiant victors upon the theatre of their brave actions, to encourage them in their care of the city, and to remind them of the duty of gratitude to God. To provide for their spiritual wants he consecrated a church at Satalia, and placed there priests of the Latin rite, as also religious, that nothing might be left undone.

After a sojourn of several weeks, seeing that the recent conquest was not merely an ephemeral glory, but that the city had no reason to dread any attacks from Tacca, the Legate went to Cyprus, there to rejoin Pierre de Lusignan, who had returned thither

after his brilliant, though rapid expedition.

It did not require much urging on the part of the Legate to induce the happy monarch to render public testimony of his gratitude for the signal triumph which the Almighty had vouchsafed to his arms. Solemn masses were celebrated in the principal churches, and the grandest ceremonies gave evidence of the universal joy. So propitious a beginning could not fail to call forth the bravest of brave and noble deeds. The sacred fire burned ever with renewed ardor in the ardent heart of Pierre de Lusignan, and was not long in diffusing itself throughout the kingdom. But a terrible trial, and one which greatly retarded this universal enthusiasm, was sent to Rhodes, Asia Minor and Syria, nothing else than the cruel and death dealing pestilence. The approach of danger beheld Blessed Peter, solicitous as the most tender mother when her children are in peril, raise his suppliant hands to heaven, and exhort the Cyprians to reform still more their morals, as yet too much like those of the other Orientals. But he entered into the views of divine Providence in regard to the scourge accentuating itself still more perceptibly, and did not murmur when the black pestilence broke out at Famagouste. The entire island, especially the city of Nicosia, with its immense population, gave way to the wildest terror. To derive some spiritual benefit both the poor stricken ones as well as for those as yet spared from its ravages, the Saint sought an interview with the king. He exhorted him to lay aside his royal robes, to suspend for a time the luxuries and pleasures of the court, and to give testimony before the world that he had repented of conduct that frequently

had been more than frivolous. These kindly remonstrances were taken in good part, and received in that spirit of lively faith which characterized the king. The people thronged to listen to the voice which so effectively preached penance, and hearts which had formerly been deaf to all the inspirations of grace, now became contrite and willing to repent. Expiatory exercises were agreed upon. The entire city was placed under a fast of one day upon bread and water. This was faithfully observed. The next morning so vast a throng repaired to the Cathedral, that immense as the edifice was, many could not gain admission, but remained patiently kneeling outside where the image of the crucified Savior from the cross seemed to extend his loving arms to the stricken people. All were clad in penitential garb. Five times did the holy Legate, in plaintive, imploring tones send forth the ancient chant in honor of the five sacred wounds. "O! Holy God! Powerful God! Eternal God! Have mercy on us!" And five times did the waiting throng with one voice cry out, "O! Jesus crucified; Have mercy on us!" An immense procession was then organized, and walked devoutly through Nicosia. All the participants went bare-foot, even the queen and her royal spouse. Peter Thomas led the assemblage; he was clad in "sack cloth and ashes," and round his neck was a cord, as if he were a criminal deserving of the greatest punishment.

Arrived at the largest cemetery of the place he took his stand upon a slight elevation and began his sermon.

The people had need of consolation rather than reproaches. The orator, having at first congratulated them upon the readiness with which they had learned how to conquer the divine

mercy exhorted them now to be grateful to God and His blessed Mother, for, by prophetic inspiration he formally promised that the pestilence would not come to Nicosia. Lastly, by the authority which this new benefit conferred upon him, he solemnly enjoined all those thus awakened to a better life never to fall back into their evil—or careless ways.

His words were few, for his hearers were already convinced—but O! what rich fruit they produced! “He was so eloquent,” cries out Philip de Mezieres, who was present, “that if St. Augustine or any one of the great doctors of the Church spoken in his place he could not have surpassed blessed Peter Thomas.” “The tears of those devout thousands, as they publicly asked pardon from God, the fervor of my sovereigns and their subjects, but *above all* the devotion of my beloved spiritual father will never be effaced from my memory.” Such is the testimony of the Chancellor of Cypress, who was present during the whole of the impressive scene.

Delivered from the panic which had seized upon them the citizens of Nicosia went in a body to assist at the pontifical mass of thanksgiving, chanted by the Legate in thanksgiving. The long ceremony, the rigid fast, the fatiguing exercise of the morning, and the painful walk to the cemetery had so exhausted the “penitent” that he was pale as death, and seemed as if indeed life were about to depart, yet all the nourishment he would take was a little bread and water. Nicosia saved, the good shepherd went to combat the scourge at Famagouste, where from twenty to thirty victims were daily taken off by its ravages. At the sight of the desolation and misery which met his eye, the Saint cast himself un-

reservedly within the infinite depths of divine mercy. He prayed with a fervor which no words could describe, he multiplied his deeds of penance, his charities, already numerous, were ten fold greater now. A thousand times during the day he offered up the sacrifice of his life. Twelve years before, during the reign of the pestilence at Avignon, this devoted servant of God had learned well how to minister to the afflicted ones. Now he was perfect in the eminently Christian art. Infirmarian-priest, he was seen every day and at all hours going through streets where the atmosphere was reeking with the foul breath of contagion, and caring spiritually and physically for the poor abandoned creatures who could look to him alone.

Well might those unworthy ministers of Christ, who feared to come near their suffering flock, blush before this example of devotion, and well might those hard hearted relatives who shrank from giving them aid feel bitter remorse at leaving a stranger priest to perform the duties which belonged to *them*. As fearless upon the battle field of the plague as he had been when the fortress of Lampsaque had been the point at issue, he finally succeeded in rallying the poor weak cowards. His watchword “*In Deo Confisus*,” “Hope in God,” gradually gained him some assistance. His bravery, and utter forgetfulness of self, not less than his sermons, finally put some spirit into this despairing city.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Remember that one day we shall be only dust; our forefathers were in life as we are; but now they are dead, as we, too, shall be; this is why we ought to love God.—St. ELIZABETH.

THE CARMELITE MONASTERY AT COVENTRY,

(WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND).

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



COVENTRY, a town of considerable importance in Warwickshire, the "Town of the Convents," not far from Birmingham, is probably known to some of

our readers through its connection with the cycle trade. Modern factories on the largest possible scale make up the Coventry of the nineteenth, or shall we say of the twentieth, century? Coventry cycles are ridden through the length and breadth of the world. Yet side by side with enormous red-brick buildings with glass roofs, there is the old Coventry of yore, the town of powerful bishops, the town of monks, the prison of the Royalist captives during the great Civil War, and "to be sent to Coventry" is even now the threat held out to naughty schoolboys and, what is more, the threat respected by them. Imagination is not vivid enough to transplant the casual visitor to the old town such as it was in the times of the early English monarchs who had to reckon with the power that wealth gave even to a second-rate town. Nor can it conjure up the gorgeous pageants when long processions headed by the monks of five or six flourishing monasteries moved through narrow, crooked streets, wending their way to the Collegiate church of St. Michael, where they were received by

the Bishop in Mitre and Cope and with all the pomp of medieval ceremonial. Where at the present day the tram-car swiftly glides along, where the hansom and the fourwheeler rattle over the stones, where the cyclist, serpent-like, moves through crowded lanes, where the "Blindborn" sings his mournful and not over veracious story, and the French-piano kills the air of the latest comic opera, solemn litanies and psalms were once heard, and the pious burgess knelt at the door of his house, signing himself and thanking God for the blessing that fell upon him by the passing of the Blessed Sacrament. Such was Coventry in times gone by. Blackfriars of the Order of St. Dominic, Greyfriars following the Rule of the Saint of Assisi, Black monks under the patronage of St. Benedict, Austin friars, not to speak of Canons, Prebendaries, Parish priests, Curates, held a distinguished place in the civic life of Coventry and occupied considerable room in the thoughts and hearts of the inhabitants of the town. Nor was the clergy, secular and regular, restricted to the Orders and dignitaries already mentioned. A walk of five minutes outside the gate of the town, at the south-eastern corner, brings one to a solemn and silent building, the Charterhouse, whence uninterrupted prayer rose to the heavenly throne by day and night, where the sins of the town and her population were expiated by continual fasts, unbroken silence and works of penance. The Charterhouse is still in existence, as are the Convents

of Greyfriars and Blackfriars and many other ecclesiastical institutions. It is now a private dwelling house, the former common-room, with its magnificent oak-panelling, has been converted into a drawing room where the hostess does the honors of the evening. The old oratory, where the Holy Sacrifice used to be offered by angels in human form, has been turned into bedrooms for the servants. The cloister is neither more nor less than a nursery, with rocking-horse and hoops and miniature wheel-barrows. Yet, there is nothing intentionally profane about it. Even now a cloud of incense seems to hover around the gabled roof, and sweet psalm-tones linger in the walls. The present owner, though not a Catholic, has left nothing undone to ensure the preservation "in statu quo" of the ancient monastery. One cannot help thinking that such piety will draw down upon him the blessing of the former occupants of what is a "fleet-ing" city in more than one sense.

Not far from the Charterhouse, yet nearer the ancient City gate, is the Union Workhouse, or Almhouse, for male paupers. Entering from Much-Park Road, the visitor would find nothing to distinguish this Union from any other Union in the United Kingdom. He will probably meet a few men, with grey beards and short clay pipes, who have chosen the workhouse for their most pleasant residence because they are either not able or, more likely, not willing to work. Then, there are officials of different rank, making a fat living out of a work of charity, supported by the taxes and rates of the real workers of the town. So far, I say, there is no difference between the Union of Coventry and any other up and down the country. But, please, step this way, mind the pave-

ment, now through this door, down a couple of steps and—where are you? In a magnificent cloister, 14th century perpendicular style, groined roof, mullioned windows, soft, subdued light. What is this? It is the old Carmelite monastery, such as it was when Lord Basset of Drayton, in the 7th year of Richard II. (1384) bequeathed to the Prior and brethren a legacy of three hundred pounds sterling, and when William Botener, of Whitbroke, in the year 1413, in the time and with the license of Henry V., bestowed upon the same a piece of ground, one hundred and forty feet by forty-five, for the enlargement of the monastery. The monks were thankful for this most welcome addition to the monastic property, for they pledged themselves to celebrate year by year the anniversaries of one John Percy and Alice, his wife, deceased. In the course of these thirty years, 1384 to 1413, the monastery was erected in its present form with cloister, dormitory, guest-house, church and appurtenances. Half a millenium has passed by, the monks are driven out, but the building remains just as if at the ringing of the bell the brethren were to assemble for Vespers. But, no, it is only the paupers, who are going to get their afternoon tea, which they have not earned by hard labor. Neither are they likely to say even the first letter of a prayer for John Percy or for anybody else, not excepting the Corporation of Coventry which provides them with such a lovely and time-honored home.

Let us leave the paupers to their tea, and think only of the rightful and saintly owners of Whitefriars. They were not strangers when in 1342 Sir John Poultney, "four times Lord Mayor of London," offered them a site

for a monastery at Coventry. For nearly a hundred years they had lived and prayed in England, and the fame of their virtues and holiness had founded for them more than thirty monasteries. Their great saint, Simon Stock, had won for them the esteem of their fellow-countrymen, in spite of opposition and persecution. Nay, the Queen of Carmel herself, had taken them under her protection, and given them and all their friends a pledge of her motherly affection in the holy Scapular. What wonder if the citizens of Coventry thought they could do nothing more deserving of reward than to allow them to open a shrine in their city, where the Mother of God should be honored more than anywhere else for fifty miles around? And not content with giving them a house, they even offered to them the best among their fellow-citizens to become members of their Order. Thus, shortly after the foundation of this religious house, writes the historian of Coventry, one of its friars became very famous for his learning and was commonly spoken of as "William of Coventry." We have it on the same authority that "the Carmelites, or, as they used to be called, the Whitefriars were held in high esteem for the strictness of their rule and the austerity of their lives."

The old saying that the best praise that can be given to a wife is that she is little spoken of, may be applied to a monastery. Evidently the life led by the Whitefriars at Coventry was regularity itself, for the chronicle of Coventry never mentions the monastery again until he year 1507, when Sir Thomas Poultney of Miserton, a descendant of the founder, "by will bequeathed his body to be buried in the chancel of the Whitefriars' church,

ordering that at his funeral twenty-four torches, each having his arms upon them, should be borne by as many poor men wearing gowns with the 'libberds' (leopards) behind and before."

Soon after this date, sad times befell the venerable community. Upon the survey taken in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Henry VIII., (1535) it was found that there were certain burgages in Coventry, belonging to friars, which yielded £3. 6-8 p. a. rent and that the oblations in the chapel of Our Lady did, one year with another, amount to £5. 18, out of which the friars paid twenty shillings unto Mereton's Chantry in the church of St. Michael, and to the heir of Robert Norwood two shillings as rent for the land on which the monastery stood, together with some other small expenses which brought down the net income to £7. 13-8 p. a. So poor a monastery did not excite the covetousness of the King for several years, and it was only in 1539 that the friars received orders to "voluntarily" surrender their house to the royal thief. Like the other Mendicants, they had undergone for many years the most degrading humiliations until at last the very thought of resistance was driven out of their minds. One of the means of coercion was that all the four great Mendicant Orders were placed under one Provincial, a creature of the King, who received instructions from the latter to prepare the way for the total suppression of religious houses. On the 1st of October, 1539, the Carmelites of Coventry were called upon to sign a deed, written beforehand in virtue whereof they "freely" handed over to the King their church and monastery without any reserve, no pension being allowed them. The

names of the unhappy men who were thus turned out into the street, without the smallest compensation for the home they left, were as follows: Hugh Burnby (or Huntley), Thomas Fyscher, Richard Woodcooke, Thomas Vicars, William Walker, William Harryson, John Pasty, John Hurst, Richard Cowper, another Richard Cowper, probably nephew of the preceding, William Madder, John Newbold, John Elyson and William Kyngs.

What became of them after their expulsion? Nothing definite being known, we are left to conjecture. Certain continental writers have spoken of the numerous martyrs from amongst the members of the Order. But, as far as is known, only two Carmelites were put to death by Henry VIII. for their staunch adherence to the Roman See, neither of them belonging to the monastery at Coventry. Some fathers, we are sorry to say, allowed themselves to be led

into error and, upon their secularisation, as we should call it nowadays, left the Church altogether. Yet their number was far from large. The great majority of the monks remained faithful to their Church, but history has not troubled itself very much about their subsequent fate. It is, however, not difficult to form a plausible idea of their experiences after the monastic gate was closed forever behind them. Most of them must have been already aged. In fact, the number of novices had been steadily diminishing ever since the end of the 15th century, to such a degree that many of the thirty-nine English monasteries were inhabited by but a few religious. In large towns, such as London, York, Norwich and Coventry, the monastic communities were more considerable not only with regard to numbers but also in respect of the learning of the fathers there concentrated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

'TIS not he who parades
His deeds before the world,
Holding aloft their worth,
Whose memory lives impearled
In the hearts of a people when
The years have died away,
But rather the man who toils
On quietly day by day.

'Tis he who, at his task—
Be it high or be it lowly—
Strives with never a thought
Of self and praise, but wholly
Lost in the love of Duty,
Who deems no man his debtor,
And quietly toils each day
To make the world ever better.

As a Stream Flows.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)



THE woman's house stood a few yards back from the lane, a square, one-roomed log house, with a moss-covered rough, clapboard roof, and fitting in harmoniously with the steep hill, cedar-clad, rising immediately behind it. To the right was a well-cultivated garden patch; wild morning-glory vines clamored over the door and window, while a round bed of hardy phlox shook its aerial coloring from tall slender spikes of green.

"Throw it down there, anywhere," she said, referring to the bag of chips, "and come in and rest awhile. It'll be hot going back on you."

She brought forward her best chair for her guest, and then removed her sun-bonnet. The tight-fitting black cap she wore had a white frill of finest linen around the face, and was tied with silk ribbons under her still pretty chin. Her dress also was black and, though old, was neat, as was also her one-roomed house, with its humble appointments. In the wide-mouthed fireplace a wood fire burned, and over it hung a steaming kettle.

"I know you must be hungry, young man," she said, her mother heart making the old face to beam. "If you will wait, I'll get you a snack that will keep up your strength until you get to the Springs."

Silas Grey made a demur, a very faint one, for he was fast losing his heart to this charming little old woman, but she assured him he would not put her to any trouble, as she would have to prepare her own mid-day meal. "And it's such a comfort to have one to eat a bite with one," she added, wistfully. "I'm all alone here, now."

Smothering a sigh she set to work, and her visitor interestingly watched her. The contents of the kettle proved to be potatoes, boiled in their skins, as he perceived when she lifted one with a fork to see if it were done. "They'll be through by the time I have the biscuits made," she remarked as she went to the flour barrel. When the biscuits were prepared she placed them in a large iron oven that had been heating on coals and replacing the lid, covered it with hot ashes. Then from the corner she brought forth an iron trivet, and setting it on the hearth drew under it a bed of coals. On this she placed a frying pan, laying on it generous slices of ham. She then drew out the little table from its place under the window and spread on it a coarse but spotless cloth. When the dishes were set, from the spring-house near by, she brought a pitcher of cold milk and hard yellow butter. The potatoes were now cooked as was the meat, and the lifting of the oven revealed biscuits that would make an epicure's mouth water.

"Mrs. O'Hagan," said Mr. Grey, in the course of the conversation, "I

have not seen such cooking since I was a little bit of a boy. I remember just such an oven as that one, and how good the biscuits and cakes cooked in it used to taste."

"But it's mighty slow, my son," she made answer, as they took their places around the little table; "and hard for an old woman, too."

"Would you like a cooking stove?" asked the preacher.

"Indeed, then, I would!" she exclaimed. "But what's the use of liking what I can't get. You see, it's this way: when my husband died, may the Heavens be his bed! he had just bought a patch of ground over beyond the hill. But it wasn't paid for, and what with the burying expenses and doctor bills, everything had to go. But Bryan Lacey—God rest his soul!—got a lot of the neighbors together and they put up this little house for me. Then Bryan gave me one of his cows, and so I found myself well enough fixed. My Luke was a little fellow then, and as he grew older, whenever the neighbors could throw a job in his way, they would. I might have, after a while, gotten enough together to buy me a better place, if—if Luke hadn't left me."

The sympathetic face opposite hers seemed to invite the recital of the trouble that lay on the lonely heart.

"Luke was a good boy, none better," she began, "industrious and kind-hearted, but he had a quick temper. He was a very good-looking boy, though it is his mother says it, and when he was grown up he began to keep company with Lucy Sharkley."

At mention of that name, the minister set down the glass of milk he was raising to his lips, and sat motionless as she continued:

"I had rather he had taken to one

of his own creed, but Lucy was a good girl, and I knew Luke loved her, but her father would not allow her to have any company like young people wants. He was better off than any of the neighbors and they said he wanted a rich man for his girl. I never knew what happened, but one Sunday night Luke came home in a great passion. He sat up the entire night, and that morning he scarcely eat any breakfast. When I asked him what was the matter, he said very short-like, 'Nothing,' so I did not press him to tell me. He was going to hoe tobacco for one of the neighbors, and as he was half-way down the yard, he turned around and said: 'Mother, this is the matter: Jake Sharkley told me last night he wanted no beggar coming to see his girl.' I can almost see him now as he stood there in the sun," she continued, lifting the corner of her apron to her eyes, "in his blue cottonade overalls and clean shirt, his coat on his arm, and big straw hat on his curly head. It was a new hat and I had lined it with calico, for I had it in the house, and didn't have any money to buy black like the others wear. I never saw him look more handsome, my proud boy! I don't know what made me do it, but I ran out and threw my arms around him, and kissed him, and told him he would not always be poor. 'Mother,' he said, 'I am going away sometime, and I'll not come home till I'm a rich man.' He turned off and went up the lane, and just then Judith Evans came in and I forgot all what he had said, for the time. But, my boy, he never came back, and that was three long years ago. That same day Jakey Sharkley was murdered by his nigger boy, and so if Luke had only been less hasty he would have gotten the girl he loved, and been now

happy with her, for she thought more of Luke than she did of the man she married. I know that, for the day before the wedding she came down here to me, and said to me, with that hard, dry look that is now in her eyes: 'My heart is dead like in my breast, Mrs. O'Hagan. I wish the man that shot my father, had killed me, too.'

The face of Silas Grey was a study, and had not the woman been so engrossed with her own thoughts, she had not failed to notice its changing, intense expression. Things seemed to swim around him and a noise as of the surge of an ocean sounded in his ears.

"He never wrote me nor sent me any message," she continued, more to herself than to her listener, "and yet," her beautiful faith shining in her sunken eyes, "I know he is well, for every day, and a hundred times a day, I ask the Blessed Virgin to throw the protecting mantle of her love around him to shield him from every danger, and bring him back to me again. And she will, for when he was a little boy I had him enrolled in the Scapular, and he always wore it. She has promised her special protection to those who wear the Scapular, and she will keep it to my boy."

A wave of unutterable pity swept over her listener's soul, for this woman's unquestioning faith, which the knowledge she had so unconsciously given him must soon be so rudely shattered. She had suffered so much, she was a woman, old, poor and a mother. Could he heap the last crowning sorrow on her over-burdened heart? As he asked himself that question, Pete's thin black face rose up before him and there echoed in his ear the terrible cry he had heard that long past June night on the bridge, "I

never done it, Boss, I never done it!" And then Silas Grey knew if the murderer were his own son, he would still hand him over to justice, that the innocent might go free. As soon as he could, without appearing to abruptly break from her recital of sorrow, Mr. Grey rose from the table and announced his intention of returning home, and though she urged him to wait a little while, for the heat of the day had become intense, he clung to his determination, for he felt afraid of his strength to follow his duty before that mellow-voiced, gentle featured little woman. As he was leaving, she said to him, holding his hand between both of hers:

"You will go away from here, back to the great world. Perhaps you may sometimes meet my Luke; if he needed a friend, you'd be it to him, wouldn't you?"

The minister's sensitive face quivered under her words. After a moment, he said:

"I am your friend while I live," Mrs. O'Hagan," and he left before she could weigh his evasive answer.

CHAPTER XI.

Pursued by the memory of that mother-face, the minister hurried on through the noonday heat. As he climbed the hill, he met Bud Logan, his hands in his pockets, as he whistled a careless tune.

"Logan," said Mr. Grey, "I disabled my wheel; will you take it over to the hotel for me, I am almost exhausted?" and as the young country man threw the bicycle over his shoulder, and cut across the field in the direction of the Springs, still whistling, the minister felt a little pang of envy of the wiry muscles and health thus

displayed. He rested awhile, with his arms on the old rail fence, his straw hat pushed back from his moist brow, his eyes following the disappearing figure; then he, too, crossed into the clover field which lay between him and the road that led from Judith's house to the Springs. The sun poured down its fierce heat on the treeless field from an intensely blue and cloudless sky. The air was pulseless. The whistling had died away in the distance, and not a whisper broke the silence, which was so terrible it seemed to beat on his ears like the sound of a hundred drums. But the faces of the clover blossoms were as fresh as if the dew still bathed them. He reached down his hand and broke off one, and as he drew out two of its crimson spikes and set them between his teeth to extract their delicate sweetness, his memory went back to the days of boyhood. He thought of the clover field that lay beyond the orchard at his mother's country home, the home to which she had retired after the death of her husband, whose devotion to the Confederacy had left his only and unborn child fatherless. He thought of the day he had made a crown of its crimson blossoms for his cousin Lucy, reckless, laughing, frolicsome Lucy, whose delight was to ride the wildest horse in the stables, over hill and hollow, who loved the mad sport of a "possum hunt" by moonlight, and followed the hounds with the zest of a man, but who, when the little animal was finally located, would plank her determined little form against the bole of the tree, and defy the dog or man who would attempt to bring the trapped creature to its death. Many a night's fine sport had she spoiled, that fragile bit of inconsistency, who had taken, and worn as her right, the first

love of his heart. But one day they had brought her back dead from one of her wild rides, and the horror and anguish that followed, had hurled him into his course of wild dissipation. He had torn himself from his mother's house, and dear as was that spot to her, she forsook it to follow him. How different his life had been had Lucy lived. His mother's days had not been shortened, and he and Lucy, with their children growing up around them, had, perchance, been living happily and peacefully in the old homestead. As it was!— His steps grew weaker as he came back to his present, the clover bloom dropped from his loosened grasp, and his head sank on his breast. The sweet old mother-face, framed with its frill of spotless linen, rose before him, and again her mellow tones, pleading with him to befriend her son, fell on his ear. Yet circumstantial evidence strong enough to bring twenty men to their doom pointed out that son to be the very criminal for whom he had been searching for years, the one he had sworn should feel the right of justice. He should do it, but could he? Another year of prison life and Pete would be dead. He was dying daily, but not of consumption, as the physician declared, but of home-sickness. No caged wild lion ever longed more madly for the freedom of its jungle than that negro for the poverty and love he knew awaited him in his mother's cabin, he never openly repined or spoke rebelliously; he only sung, and his one song was "Old Kentucky Home." Its heart-touching strains floated out from his gloomy cell at day-break, went with him to his work, and the guard, pacing the long corridor, nightly heard them as the boy waited for sleep to come.

"De moon shines bright on de old
Kentucky home,

It is summer an' de darkies are gay,
De corn top's ripe and de meadows' in
de bloom,

An' de birds make music all de day."

The minister thought he heard the words coming to him from the far away Frankfort penitentiary. Another year and it would all be over with the negro. Then the life that was precious to only one black woman's heart had paid the penalty for the crime another had committed; and there would be no need for his to be the hand to bring down the white mother's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Poor old loving, loyal heart that had tasted so much of life's bitterness, that had known poverty and death and living sorrow in all their unrelenting fierceness, yet bore up under them with a faith in God and a trust in man! Dared he shatter this faith, this trust? But beside her loving white face, edged with its frill of snowy linen, came the drawn, tragic black face of Pete's mother, framed with a red bandana kerchief, and the wild, sunken eyes demanded justice. Then he thought of Judith Sanders. Did she know that old woman's son was the murderer of Jake Sharkley? Was Luke O'Hagan's the face she had seen that evening peering from behind the quince tree, the sight of which, bringing with it grim, horrible knowledge, had left her on Lucy Sharkley's floor like one dead? Was it compassion for the old mother that had tied her tongue during these long years? He felt it was, and the pity of it drew him to the girl in a closer bond of sympathy. With her, mercy for the woman had been stronger than justice for the man, and now he must break down her silence, and force the truth from her reluctant lips, that justice, at

last should be done to the man. Could he do it? If Judith were to clasp her two clinging little brown hands over his, if she were to look at him with that heart-break in her eyes, and ask him in the name of her womanhood, to spare that mother as she had done, could he refuse? He thought of Lucy Sharkley, who loved the murderer of her father, and then, suddenly loosing grasp on the deep question of the moment, he thought how strange it was that the names of the first and last woman he had loved, should be borne by these two into whose lives he had been so strangely thrust. His mind went on helplessly from present to past and from past to present again, every sorrow was again experienced from that that beat on him as he gazed on his cousin Lucy's dead face to the mental anguish that rocked his soul as he had that morning hurled the book from his hand, knowing to go one step further would bring him to the realization that he was wrong, that his life had been spent in following the shadow of truth, his work in the building up of error. He had now reached the road, with its line of shrubby trees, and as he entered the grateful shade he threw himself on the ground, spent, exhausted, and burying his face in the deep clover, its scent recalling other days, he moaned once aloud,

"Mother!"

Do not tell me the love of a mother ceases to enfold her child when she slips this garment of the flesh! I had almost as soon doubt the providence of God. She came to him as he lay there, in his trance of grief. He felt her presence, knew the touch of her hand on his brow, heard her comforting voice.

"My son," she said, "you are consecrated by the hand of God to do His

work. Do not falter, do not lose heart. All is well that he ordains. You loved your cousin, but He loved her better. You know what life means to a woman; would you have had it strike down the joy of her young heart? Was the second love of your life snatched out to bloom apart? His purpose was in that too. Is there a task before you that is hard? He appoints it unto you. Is a new, harder, more painful way opening up before you? His hand led you toward it. A little while, a very little while, and your weary feet shall be set on the hills of joy, a little while and you, too, shall enter your land of promise."

The voice ceased and he lifted his head, half expecting to see her standing before him. But only the shadow lay on the grass while not a leaf overhead was stirring. Again he bowed his face and waited, thinking she would again speak; but her message had been delivered. Lying there he pondered it, and when he arose the sun was hours west of the meridian. He crossed the road—it was at the place where he and Judith Saunders had held their conversation on that memorable Sunday morning—and struck into the path that led through the fields to the Sharkley home. As he reached the narrow dell, through which a silvery rill, fringed with willow and edged with fragrant mint, wandered, he was surprised to see Judith coming toward him, swinging her white sunbonnet in her hand. She stooped to gather a sprig of the mint, and, gaining her former position, she lifted her eyes, and blushed to see him almost beside her. She made a hasty movement to replace her bonnet, but he caught the lifted hand and laughingly held it in his strong tender grasp; and then, with her eyes, it seemed to him

the erect, supple young figure drooped. Something pulsed in his heart, whether knowledge or fear, or what, he could not tell so rapid was its passage; but he withdrew his hand, while a second's conscious silence, made fragrant by the sprig of mint, already wilting in her fingers, fell. She replaced her bonnet and waited for him to speak. The brook went by with a gurgle of baby laughter and save that other sound there was not in the dell; and listening to it for that one minute, the minister's thoughts went forward blindly, and all his physical weariness came back overpoweringly.

"Judith," he said, but she did not start that he thus addressed her, "let us rest here awhile. I have walked far and gone through much to-day," and as he spoke he took a seat on the trunk of a fallen willow tree and motioned her to a place beside him. The rivulet went on with the laugh in its song. Its depth was not two inches and the ray of sunlight here and there, resting on its pellucid surface, showed the tiny pebbles and yellow sands of its narrow channel. The minister sat silently looking at it. Sometimes the mind at a single bound finds itself in a situation to reach which, under other circumstances, it had taken years of slow and painful travel. In that moment Silas Grey realized that he should never again stand in a pulpit as a Baptist minister, and all the loneliness, the torturing pain that were his in the after-while crowding into his heart in that one moment, made him instinctively reach out helpless hands for womanly companionship and sympathy. With that dumb anguished instinct, he felt he might find these in the heart of the girl beside him, that she was the only human being to whom in such moments he could turn. He lifted his eyes from the water to her face, but it was screened from him by the white bonnet. He raised his left hand and gently removed the bonnet and looked steadily on her face, which first blushed, then paled, under his eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR THIRD ORDER IN INDIA.



CARMEHITE nuns of the Third Order have been working for the last twenty-three years in the missions of the Malabar coast, southern India. In 1868 the Father General of the ancient order commissioned a sister—who years before, as the daughter of a Protestant clergyman in England, had been received into the Catholic Church—to found a community of the Third Order for the missions in India. At first failure seemed to threaten the entire project. After five years the little community had to be broken up. But out of apparent failure came great success. From the little mustard seed of only two European sisters who remained have sprung eight or nine religious communities, with over eight nuns who are educating more than 120 children, all classes, castes and religions.

But the most remarkable character of these noble workers for God's glory is an Irish religious whose name is held in veneration in Malabar. This is Mother Elias of Jesus, who, after laboring for ten years in the Mangalore mission, then belonging to Carmelites, was afterwards placed in charge of the Convent of the Holy Angels, Trivandrum. Concerning this admirable woman, whose name ought to be known and esteemed in Ireland, a Belgian periodical, *Chroniques du Carmel*, says :

"Rev. Mother Elias is an Irish-woman, a religious of pre-eminent merit, enjoying the highest consideration of the Maharajah and of all the authorities of Trivancorn. For twenty-

three years she has devoted her life with admirable generosity to the education of the young natives of the Carmelite missions."

Two or three years ago Mother Elias returned for a short time to Europe to recruit her shattered health and strength, and also hoping to find some missionary vocations for her beloved Malabar. Unfortunately, she had to return alone as she came.

We shall now quote, from one eminently qualified to speak with authority, an account of this wonderful woman and her extraordinary activity, which will be read with interest and sympathy. Our correspondent writes :

"The establishment at Trivandrum is very flourishing, but depends entirely upon Mother Elias, and if anything happens to her there is no one to take her place. There are nearly 300 children, boarders, day scholars and orphans, who are separate, divided into fifteen classes. Each class has its teacher; and as the whole community consists of only eight nuns, of whom only five are capable of teaching, the reverend mother is obliged to pay teachers, and some very highly, in order to maintain a standard equal to that established by the Protestant government school, otherwise as the Catholics of Trivandrum are very careless in religious matters, they will make no difficulty in removing their children from the convent school and sending them to the Protestant. This is, and has ever since its establishment, a perpetual struggle.

"Thanks to Mother Elias' zeal and educational talents, but above all to her Irish faith and trust in God, and

also to the esteem and unbounded affection she has gained from all, the schools are an honor to the missions of Quillon; but as a missionary just come from thence told me the other day, 'I do not know how Mother Elias exists. She works hard all day, both in giving lessons, and with all her duties as superior, that she is obliged to sit up at night for her correspondence, and besides she eats scarcely anything, and this life has been going on for the last thirty years.'

"The pecuniary resources in this mission are extremely small, as you may see from the letters of the Propagation of the Faith. In the convent they have just enough to live, and all they gain by the pupils' fees goes to pay the teachers, and is not even sufficient.

"For this reason Mother Elias is obliged herself to take the first classes in English, French and music, which occupy at least six or seven hours every day; but as she tells me she is gradually weakening down from over work, and the poor sisters with her, notwithstanding their good will and their heroic efforts. She needs if possible some good religious vocations, at least two or three young ladies with a good education, who can be found to help them in their arduous work, and who for the love of God and the salvation of souls will not fear to undertake

the long journey, and bear the tropical climate to lay up treasures in heaven. The harvest is very ripe and plentiful, but the laborers are few, and these few are almost falling under the burden which is above their strength.

"I see the prioress of the Dominican convent has succeeded in carrying away twelve postulants. If poor Mother Elias could obtain only two or three, how very thankful she would be!

"Oh, if God would inspire some one like Mlle. van Ypersele to devote herself to our Indian missions. Her touching history brought tears to my eyes, and I have not failed to pray for this dear soul. Would that her spirit might rest on many others!"

Were the dead permitted by God to return to this earth what would they often see and experience! They would be pained beyond measure to see in what little respect their memory was held; unconsolated, they would cry out; "Ah, my loved ones, you think of me no longer; I am completely forgotten. My name, too, is forgotten, for no one ever mentions it; my tomb is forsaken, no one ever comes to visit it and recite a prayer over it for me. I am a stranger, an entire stranger; there is no room for me any more in that house where they pledged themselves never to forget me.—I am completely forgotten." Poor soul!

WHEN thou goest forth to battle with the world,
O lion-hearted youth!
Catch all the poisoned arrows at thee hurled
Upon the shield of Truth.

—SUSIE M. BEST.

To a Priest.

[REPRINTED BY REQUEST.]

THY soul is a harp string
Melody riven,
Some angel's heart-beat
Fallen from Heaven!
Ev'ry touch thrills thee—
Responsive to all,
Gladness and sorrow
Hold thee in thrall.

Mystic, Eolian,
Sympathy's breath,
Thy harmony blendeth
Even with death.
Chord of sweet music,
Why art thou here?
Earth has no guerdon
For thee but a tear.

The cry of the human
Pierceth thy heart;
Love and compassion
Dwell where thou art.
Delicate, sensitive,
Quiv'ring with song
Yet in the strength of thee
Many grow strong!

Loving the sinner,
Reproving the sin,
Thy charm prevaieth
Where none enter in.

No heart rejects thee;
Ev'n the vile
Crave for the sunlight
Of thy sweet smile.

Lifting the feeble ones
Thy life is spent;
To what shall we liken thee,
God's instrument?
Did the saint's aureole
Gleam on thy brow,
Thou could'st not be to us
Dearer than now!

Like a white lily cup
In golden light
Standeth the heart of thee
In Heaven's sight.
Only the angels know
On earth's altar stairs
The fragrance and holiness
Of thy pure prayers!

Thou hast the martyr's palm
In thy frail hand:
More hast thou conquered here
Than we understand.
But in the light from thee
Thankful we rest;
The flock God hath given thee
Calleth thee "Blessed!"

—MARION MILLER IN *Melbourne Catholic Advocate*.

"NOT understood; how many hearts are aching
For lack of sympathy; ah, day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking,
How many noble spirits pass away,
Not understood."

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 471 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

The month of February is an unsatisfactory sort of month—why? I wonder. It seems neither one thing nor the other, but always as if it were getting ready for that part of the year which brings a grimace to one's face as we speak the word *Lent*!

Now another question. Why should Lent bring wry faces? Because it means penance? Oh! no indeed—it *doesn't* mean anything of the kind for most of us. But it *is* a hard time for all the same. Never are cake and candy so inviting; never are we so hungry between meals, and never do we find it *so* hard to do without even a glass of water. "Pesky" is a funny sort of word used only in the United States. Well, it is the word that best suits the devil in Lent. He is bad enough at any time, we all know, but in Lent he makes us what some people call "contrary," wanting what we may not have, and altogether very crooked. How shall we outwit him? By being good natured. Good nature is such a help on the road to heaven, and it has the happy faculty of bringing a good part of heaven to earth. Even our blessed Lord hated a long-faced vinegar sort of piety. Didn't he tell His disciples when they fasted not to be as those who let the whole world know it, but to be bright and happy and to "wash their faces." Yes, "wash thy face," were His very words. So now, I think, we will all to get up early for that blessed action which He Himself prescribes for Lent.

Like the brook that goes on forever, the Secretary comes back every once in a while to preach the gospel of daily Mass, and in Lent particularly.

The best of us do very little nowadays in the way of penance; and our holy Mother, the Church, doesn't even *ask* us to do much, so considerate and indulgent is she to the weakness of her children.

But most of us *can* go to daily Mass and that *is* a penance which our Lord will accept as a very loving act of thanksgiving for His sacred passion.

Think of it, dear children—going to Mass means going to Calvary. Which one of us will *refuse* to go each morning in Lent? Not one, I am sure, and we will go lovingly and reverently and thoughtfully, not rushing back and forth like one little girl whom the Secretary knows, who felt very bad when told that if *she* went to Calvary when our blessed Lord was dying she would have gone on horseback—that, because *she* was always in a hurry.

Well, I think if the dear, warm-hearted, impulsive St. Peter had been *brave* enough to venture up Mt. Calvary, he *too* would have gone on horseback, so anxious would he have been to *get* there at any cost. So our little friend needn't have felt so bad—provided we *get* there it doesn't matter much how we go.

Let that be the one resolution for Lent then—daily Mass—all else will follow. Easy? No, not at all: it is never easy going up a hill. But on Easter morning we will be very happy to go with the blessed Magdalene to seek our risen Lord and our box of spices shall be daily Masses. Courage then, dear children, and a happy Lent to you all.

"Wash your faces" early each morning before Mass. You will then give your soul a bath as well.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR FEBRUARY.

Jacques Ferronnier and the Wolf.

(A TRUE STORY.)

1. Father! the sweetest, dearest name that men or angels know.
—Faber.
2. God will bless the little you have, and he will content you.
—St. F. de Sales.
3. Fear is the back-bone of love.
4. We must seek God if we would find Him.
5. Let one either suffer or die.
—St. Theresa.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Why is the letter "E" the same as "death"?
2. Why is the letter "L" in "military" like a nose?
3. What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a bomb shell?
4. How much sand is there in a hole 3 feet deep and 3 feet wide?
5. What is the difference between the North and the South pole?

ANSWERS FOR THINKERS.

1. By Nola, Bishop of Campagne, about A.D. 400.
2. Roger Bacon, a monk.
3. In the time of Alfred the Great.
4. Guido of Arezzo, an Italian monk, in 1124.
5. John Barry, an Irish Catholic.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Quicksand.
2. Lead pencil.
3. Alphabet.
4. A mouse in a library.
5. Eye.

Jacques, or Jack, as we will call him, lived in a small village near Vitry, in France. He was eleven years old, and small for his age, but full of courage.

It was the winter of 1700. The cold had been intense. The snow covered the ground for many weeks at a time, so that the wolves of the neighboring forests, not being able to find anything to eat, penetrated in full daylight into the interior of the farms, and even into the villages.

Jack had a great horror of cruel beasts, and animated by the bravery of his little heart, he wished to exterminate them all. One day he begged his father to tell him the best means of combating them, "for," added he, "if I should meet them, I should wish to kill them."

His father thinking that the question was dictated by curiosity, or perhaps a little vanity, replied laughingly, "I will tell you, Jack, the surest way of killing a wolf. As he does not fail to come upon you with his mouth wide open, thrust your arm adroitly into his throat, force it down as far as possible, even to the tail, then draw the tail towards you, and in this way you will turn the wolf inside out, as you would a stocking."

"Oh, but," said Jack, reflecting seriously on this singular manner of proceeding, "I should not be able, perhaps, to do this; my arm is not long enough to reach to the tail of the wolf."

"In that case," replied the father, "I think that forcing the fist strongly down the throat would suffocate him."

"Good! thank you," said the boy, going thoughtfully to one side of the room, while his father went laughing to the other.

It happened one morning that Jack's father and mother went out, and left in his care his little sister sleeping in the cradle. He sat quietly watching her, when suddenly the door was pushed open, and in the door-way appeared a large wolf, who, without ceremony, directed his steps to the little cradle. But the wolf, to his misfortune, had not counted upon the pleasant lesson Jack had received, and upon which he had often reflected very seriously.

Without hesitating, therefore, Jack threw himself upon the wolf, and closing his fist, thrust it into the throat of the animal. The wolf fought, but Jack grasped with his other hand the neck of his enemy, and forced his fist still more strongly down his throat. With great effort he then pushed him into an angle of the wall, where he held him tightly in the corner until the beast rolled suffocated on the floor. Overcome by the excitement and the efforts he had made, the brave little fellow fell fainting by the side of his enemy.

Soon the parents returned, and one can imagine their terror and surprise at seeing their child stretched upon the floor by the side of a wolf. They lifted him up anxiously, and the movement restored him partly to himself. "My little sister," said he, "she is not eaten, she is safe, is she not?"

They assured him of her safety, and when he was quite restored they listened to his story with breathless attention. "I could not succeed," said Jack, in reaching the tail of the wolf, father, but I did the best I could."

You may be sure the father and mother were satisfied of this, and felt not only thankful for the safety of their little one, but proud of the bravery of their son.

A charming little anecdote is related in the life of Father John Bosco, the founder of many charitable institutions in Europe. One day a little boy belonging to his orphanage was found weeping bitterly. The lad was about to make a general confession, and had written his sins in a copy-book, either because he was scrupulous, or because he found them too numerous to remember readily. He lost this inventory of all he had, or rather of all he had not, for when we commit sin we lose virtue and gain vice. The child's grief was uncontrollable, and so he was brought to Father Bosco. The latter took the little fellow upon his knee and asked him what the trouble was. "I have lost all my sins!" he said amid his tears and sobs. "Happy boy, to lose your sins!" said the kind old man; "but still happier are you if you never find them, for being sinless you will be near to God." Then he consoled the little chap by telling him that he had found the copy-book containing his sins. "If I had known that," the little fellow said with a happy smile, "I would not have cried; and when I went to confession I would have said 'Father, I accuse myself of all the sins in your pocket.'"

There is for us a lesson to be learned from the child's simplicity and earnestness. There is no danger we will write down our sins and then lose them. No; the trouble is we won't lose them, but instead will lose ourselves in them. Nor have we need of a copy-book. All we have to do is to remember what we can, confess them and be sincerely sorry for them.

Frequently repeat the words of the psalmist: Create a clean heart in me, O God.

Editorial Notes.

Convent Culture.

The first solicitude of Mary and Joseph was to present the divine Child to the Lord in the temple. It is not always the first thought of parents in our age. They have an eye to the altar of mammon. With some noble exceptions, home influence has no efficacious effect on children. What will take its place? A *religious* school alone. There are tendencies nowadays to let the pupil rest on his own responsibility and false notions of freedom and independence. The maternal instinct of holy Church points out the safest methods that are sanctioned by centuries of experience. The religious school absorbs the cream of what is best in worldly halls of learning, but holds aloof from what is prejudicial. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is the watchword of the Catholic teacher. A boy or girl without religion is an anomaly. We cannot subsist solely on the supernatural. Neither can we in our fallen condition always worship with impunity at the altar of Nature. The two must go hand in hand. As Archbishop Ryan once said, in speaking to some students :

"There is nothing in religion that is opposed to the natural. Whatever is strong, whatever is beautiful in the natural is made stronger and more beautiful by religion. Religion elevates, religion refines human nature. It is like the character of our Lord, which united within itself all the strength of the noblest manhood with the tender gentleness of a woman. He was the model gentleman, with a gentleness that could win the love of all, and yet the courage to denounce the Scribes and Pharisees, and drive the sellers out of the temple. So in you there must be that union of

strength and gentleness, that harmonious blending of the natural and supernatural."

Those wise men of immortal memory, who gave glory to the pallium, sought the educator's paradise and found it on the Niagara frontier. It is a consecrated spot. It is historical, its atmosphere is soul-raising—moves to piety, elevates the mind and rejuvenates the body. If not, then lay the blame at the door of human excess or neglect. Thank God, we have here educational establishments worthy of the place. Let mention of one suffice. Looming high over the cliffs circling the Cataract is a temple of learning and prayer, whose influence is felt from Gulf to Georgian Bay—Loretto Academy, whose walls enclose consecrated women whose fame as teachers *par excellence* is known in two hemispheres—we refer to the "SISTERS OF THE INSTITUTE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY."

Friars to the Front.

The late war brought the friars to the front, and once more made them the objects of unjust calumny. Now that the smoke has blown away, the truth is again coming to the surface. One lie is first nailed, namely, the supposed wealth of the friars in the Philippines. As Father Alvarez, an Augustinian, just home from those islands, remarked: "It is simple falsehood to assert, as some have done, that any Philippine friar possesses a rod of land or a peso that he can call his own, except temporarily and by permission of his superiors. The Catholic Church in the archipelago is organized on the same basis as in other parts of the world, but the number of clergy is much less in proportion to the population than in any other Catholic country."

Pray for Your Parish Priest.

"The Parochial Clergy" is the general Sacred Heart League Intention for this month. The busy parish priest, daily absorbed in a multitude of care, should be ever the object of our fervent prayer. Alas, too often is the hard-working and self-sacrificing priest a most misjudged and misrepresented man. He needs our prayer and sympathy. Be he an angel he is not above criticism. Well may we say to him with the poet, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." After all his labor for a good cause and the salvation of his neighbor, the saddest moments in a priest's life are when he is misunderstood and misrepresented. The world is full of rash judgments. Sinners ourselves, we are severe judges of sin in others. God remembers the irreverence to His anointed one and, to avenge Himself, visits our children's children. On the other hand, He shows mercy to those who pray for, and show love towards His priests. Unfortunately, we have a stereotyped idea of what a man should be according to our little rules. If our parish priest does not exactly please us, we condemn him. Let us be charitable. Pray for your parish priest—for him who is at your service day and night, who is ready to sacrifice himself for you, and who will in turn be ever mindful of you at the altar.

The White Friars.

The editor of *The American Herald* reminds his readers that the Carmelite Fathers have special claims to the gratitude of the Irish people. He says: "During the long, dark night of religious persecution in Ireland, the Carmelites kept the lamp of learning burning, and ministered, as best they could, to the spiritual wants of the Irish

people. And when Catholic Ireland was permitted to worship in public the Carmelites were the foremost champions of civil and religious liberty. They took an active part in O'Connell's great campaign for freedom. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, in his story of Ireland, says: 'Owing to the attitude of the Bishops, the secular or parochial clergy for a time deemed it prudent to hold aloof from any very prominent participation in the movement, though their sentiments were never doubted. But the regular clergy—the religious orders—flung themselves ardently into the people's cause. When every other place of meeting, owing to one cause or another, was closed against the young Catholic leaders, the Carmelite Church in Clarendon street, became their rallying point and place of assembly in Dublin, freely given for the purpose by the community.'"

Carmelites in Cuba.

There is a paragraph going the rounds of the "penny dreadfuls" that certain religious orders own large blocks of real estate in every Cuban town of importance. The Carmelites are mentioned as large property holders. If they are such, they became so honestly, and it need not trouble the minds of rapacious preachers. But the chances are that the Carmelites in Cuba are poor as elsewhere. If by chance they did possess a decent monastery, they were soon robbed of it, witness the thirty-nine houses which they lost in England alone. Every Carmelite by profession is a mendicant, and no individual member can say the coat on his back is his own. Moreover, our Order as such does not exist in Cuba, as far as we know, but there are pious Catholics in the Island who belong to the Third Order, which does not interfere with personal proprietorship.

Train the Will.

In education the most important thing is the cultivation of the will. Men and women with wills are very few, and those without wills are many. In his late work on education that eminent Dominican, Father Didon, says that the man of no will power "is as inevitably weak as the man who can resolve effectually (who never lets his resolution shrink, who makes all things converge to the attainment of his aims), is unconquerably strong. Therefore the primary duty of him who wishes to form a man of action, is to inculcate in his pupils the desire, the will—the resolute will—to make a good use of their life."

The men we want to-day are men of strong wills and purposes—men who are able and resolved to serve God, obey the Church and help their fellow-creatures. The saints have been men of iron will. Submissive as children to the law of God and the wishes of His representatives, they looked on the world with an open eye—they were men of one idea, and they followed it out. So has it been with all men who have left a mark in the Church.

"To the training of the will should be added," says the learned Father Didon, "the cultivation of the initiative in the child, which is, as a rule, greatly neglected. As man is essentially of free initiative, it is of importance to teach him how to use his freedom; and since he is able to resolve of himself, it is imperative on educators to teach him by repeated acts far more than by words, to resolve with deliberation, and in clear and conscientious independence. Man's education consists in bringing out far more than in putting in. Some people wrongly think that they can put good habits in a boy as they might put his clothes on him.

They say man is a creature of habit, and therefore passive. So we will give him habits, and when he passes away from our cares, and is left to himself, he will fall perhaps, but still something will remain in the habits he contracted."

The Salt of the Earth.

A French writer in *La Croix* asks, "What are the religious of both sexes good for?" He then points out that the members of Orders, and especially those in France, helped in evangelizing three hundred millions out of the fifteen hundred millions inhabiting the globe, that the rest of the human race will be evangelized by their aid within fifty years through the new means of communication opened up, and that 7,000 nuns in this country are engaged in saving fallen women, thereby effecting a work which astonished and held in check the Communists in 1871, who could not and did not dare to attack the Good Shepherd Convents. As to the contemplative Orders of penitence and prayer, the writer truly considers them to be the intercessors for those who go out to do battle with the devil.

The Chair of Honor.

Speaking of the position held by the Catholic editor, Rev. Dr. Kiernan gives all honor to the men who enter this career, but says "it is generally a thankless one, though fruitful of lasting good. It is but too true that no man is tempted to take up Catholic journalism in order to make a fortune. There must be a higher, nobler ambition than money-making to attract a man to enter on such a career. It is often said that Catholics do not support their literature as well as members of other religious bodies support theirs. Scanty is the encouragement given to those who wish to promote Catholic truth with their pen. And yet there is no nobler field, if the cultivator looks not for his reward here, either in fame or money."

German Generosity.

Already the Catholics of Germany have collected a considerable sum for the purpose of building a handsome church on the spot of the "Dormitio Virginis," donated by the Emperor, the very mountain of Sion, plans for which are being prepared. Moreover, Father Schmidt, director of the German Hospice, has been commissioned by the Society of the Holy Land to commence immediate excavations for the purpose of discovering whether any part of the foundations or even of the walls of the original structure of the Coenaculum are still existing. In case, as is hoped, any such remains are found, the plan of the new church would be modified so as to correspond as nearly as possible to that of the ancient building. The excavations are naturally being watched with great curiosity and expectation.

The Devout Sex.

No more beautiful tribute from a non-Catholic can be found than this extract from a letter of Mr. R. F. Guernsey, writing from Mexico. He says amongst other things:

"The womenfolk are earnest believers, and they are almost invariably sweet and good, and all that true women should be. If the Catholic Church is that defiler of all things pure that the harsh critics of her faith and practice say, why are not the women of Latin America vile at heart, corrupt and degraded? Put all that sort of talk, and I have heard it from men who should be better informed, put it down to ignorance. Let Catholicism be what you will in the way of an over-decorated form of Christianity, seek for all the pagan rites carefully concealed about her premises if you care to, but admit that the essentials of the Christian faith are hers and that she communicates them to her daughters. If there is one thing above all others that the Catholic Church may

boast of, if boasting be the proper word, it is the lovable woman-character it produces."

"Mr. Guernsey, it will be noticed," says *The Catholic Columbian*, commenting on the above, "simply states a fact which has impressed him very strongly, without endeavoring to give an explanation of it. He declares that Catholicism makes womankind lovable because it renders women sweet and good and virtuous. Were he to look into the matter more closely this correspondent would readily discover that one of the chief causes why the Catholic Church thus influences womankind is because it proposes to all women as its exemplar and model that Immaculate Virgin, Maid and Mother, in whom all graces and virtues shone in so pre-eminent a degree."

Fact and Fiction.

For three hundred years the wells have been poisoned. Fable and fiction has gone down deep into the minds of the people. As *The Church Progress* says: "It will take another hundred years to sweat it out of the marrow of their bones." It is only now that we are getting at the true facts of the so-called "Reformation." Father Gasquet, the noted Benedictine, in our days is bringing to light documentary evidence which goes to make a true, black and ghastly picture of the great Revolt. The eyes of many have been opened. In his famous book on "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries"—now in its seventh edition—Father Gasquet gives us an insight into the monasteries which were veritable homes of learning and sanctity. Now that history is being re-written, it is a pleasure this month to listen to a genuine "Whitefriar" who tells the readers of *THE CARMELITE REVIEW* all about our Monastery at Coventry, so rich in historical reminiscences.

An Event of Yesterday.

"Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death: Amen."

The newspapers of last month recorded a sudden death in Buffalo, which was attended by consoling circumstances, that were probably not taken into account by the busy reporter.

On Thursday, Jan. 5, Mrs. Annie Smith, a well-known nurse, left her home in Buffalo, apparently in the best of health. She took a Main street car and went straight to Wm. Hengerer's Co's store to do a little shopping. Later she came to Adam, Meldrum & Anderson's store. Here she had a pleasant chat with some of her friends whom she met there. No one remarked anything unusual about Mrs. Smith, who left the store and slowly wended her way along Main street. As she turned down Court street, she was noticed to stumble and then quicken her pace. She hastened her steps until she reached the undertaking establishment of Mr. Jeremiah Donovan.

Entering the door, Mrs. Smith complained of feeling unwell and asked permission to rest awhile. Mr. Donovan gave her a chair, and went to get her a glass of water. Struggling for breath, the woman tore open the collar of her dress. After about three minutes it was seen that Mrs. Smith was in a dying condition, and the undertaker hastened to call Dr. Guess, whose office was upstairs. Nothing could be done to save the poor woman, who, fully conscious, saw her end was rapidly approaching.

In opening her dress she brought to view a Brown Scapular which Mr. Donovan at once caught sight of, and, seeing the woman was a Catholic, im-

mediately telephoned to the Cathedral Rectory for a priest. Unfortunately all the priests were engaged elsewhere and the Rector was confined to his bed with la grippe.

In the meantime there accidentally happened along Rev. Father Blakeney, of Akron, who had just arrived on business with Mr. Donovan. Taking in the situation at once, the priest hastened to give the dying woman the last rites of holy Church. Five minutes later she was a corpse.

Worldly-minded persons may only see herein a strange coincidence at our very door, but we agree with the "Niagara" of Buffalo in saying that first we have here a case of a client of Mary who found the "help of Christians" at her sudden but not unprovided death. Secondly, our Lady of Mt. Carmel sent a priest to her dying child. It is a consoling incident which should cheer the heart and strengthen confidence of all who wear the Brown Scapular.

All those columns of calumny against the monks, sent to their gullible customers by the clipping bureaus and "boiler plate" men, was rather stale news. Those same charges had been dished up long before the Olympia had trained her guns on Manila. The outrageous programme had been made up by anti-clericals. The charges were sent direct to Spain. The superiors of the houses in the Philippines replied at once and demanded names and dates. They said their convents were always open to inspection, and that their parishioners knew them too well to believe the false charges of wicked men. The enemy was silenced then and the matter dropped. But these evil reports were re-cooked by malicious preachers and dished up to a gullible public. As the famous showman remarked, "the world wishes to be humbugged."

An interesting and soul-inspiring ceremony took place in the Carmelite chapel, Boston, on January 25th last, when a large number of children were publicly consecrated to the Holy Infant of Prague.

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An educational establishment in the East advertises itself as the "School of the Holy Infant of Prague." We are certain that the Divine Child will be honored in a special manner in that school, and a blessing must necessarily follow.

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In its innocence *The Independent* wonders whether the secret societies had any hand in hastening the late war, or in aiding the American occupation. Next time that paper will be asking whether Satan was responsible for any disturbance in the Garden of Eden. *The Independent* is, moreover, anxious to know whether these same societies will prove a help or menace in the future. Ask the man who sees no harm in nurturing a viper in his breast.

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Reputable persons have again and again given evidence that the Filipinos are a civilized and peaceful people. More than this, they owe their civilization to the friars, who, after years of labor, raised them from barbarism. In spite of all this, the sensational newspapers go on repeating lies. Thus is bigotry and ignorance nurtured in the minds of the people of this continent, who have already a native prejudice against the Latin races and the Church. We are right, but it is one of the hardest things to convince a people against its will.

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In order to fix our attention on the details of our Lord's passion, the Church presents to us on the Fridays before Good Friday some one of the instruments of that passion, that it may speak to us and touch our heart. On one day she presents the sacred crown of thorns, on another the holy nails that pierced our Lord's hands and feet, and the spear with which Longinus opened His side; another day the holy

winding sheet in which His sacred body was wrapped. Again, she presents us the Five Wounds, another day the precious Blood, and, last of all, she bids us think of the Sorrows of our Lady, and in union with her to contemplate the sacred passion. By these partial commemorations she sets us thinking of our Lord's sufferings, and so prepares our minds and hearts for the solemn commemoration of Holy Week.

PUBLICATIONS.

A nicely bound volume of *Le Conteurs Leader* for 1898 has been gratefully added to our library. The *Leader* deserves everything that thousands say in praise of it.

Autumn Leaves—verse and story—by Mary Agnes Tincker, is published by Wm. H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay St., New York. Price, \$1.00. The same firm puts on the market, at \$1.50, a new translation of *The Four Gospels* by the famous Dominican, Fr. Aloysius Spencer.

"A Pious Preparation for First Holy Communion; With a Retreat of 'Three Days,'" is a neatly printed and strongly bound little book. Pastors looking ahead to the spring days, with First Communion celebrations, will find it to their interest to make a mental note of this book, published by Messrs. Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York, at the low price of seventy-five cents. Parents could not give a better book to their children anxiously awaiting the happiest day of their lives.

"Key to the Spiritual Treasures," a book for the Clergy, by Rev. Cosmas M. Seeberger, C.P.P.S., Missionary Priest of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood. With the approbation of Most Rev. W. H. Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati. 560 pages; post paid \$1.50.

This book fills a long-felt want of the clergy and is the only book of its kind in the English language. It is a safe and reliable guide for the Rev. Rectors in erecting any of the many Confraternities in their respective parishes. The first edition of this work was given only to foreign missionary priests free

of charge: but as it was earnestly desired by many priests who became acquainted with this book, that it should be obtainable for all on account of its practical use and intrinsic value, it is now offered for sale in its second revised and enlarged edition. This book enjoys the approval and recommendation of three Cardinals, twelve Archbishops and seventeen Bishops. Numerous requests were received from missionaries of foreign countries for more copies, and this made a second edition necessary. The many favorable testimonials of high Church dignitaries show the great usefulness of this work for the clergy. The poor and indigent missionary priests all over the world will receive the work gratis as before. The net proceeds of the sale of this book will be used to distribute more copies among the missionary priests. The book contains its own best recommendation, as it is a concise and reliable guide in erecting Confraternities. All approved and authentic authorities have been carefully consulted and the whole *modus agendi* is laid down. Part First treats explicitly on the History or Origin, the Excellence, Object, Advantages, Conditions, Obligations and Indulgences of the Confraternities. Part Second gives the correct knowledge and method of establishing the Confraternities. Part Third contains the formulas and prayers to be used for the enrollment into the Confraternities, and the blessings for the different religious articles connected with the respective Confraternity, such as cords, beads, medals, scapulars, etc. This book can be obtained by addressing *The Messenger*, Collegeville, Ind.

Mariae Corolla, by Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C.P. Benziger Bros., New York Cincinnati, Chicago.

The cultured reader will find much pleasure in these poems. They seem to harmonize with the rich paper of their pages and their delicate covers in pallid blue and gold. For, in point of finish, Fr. Edmund's work deserves praise. His lines glide on acceptably to the ear, in rhyme and rhythm most musical, while his choice of words shows nice command of English.

But what impresses the reader, beyond and above all this, is the peculiar simplicity of his thought. We see the poet himself in and through every one of these verses. They are subjective, in a most attractive way. The pathos of the lines to his sister, those entitled, "A Corde Mariæ," and the longer production, "A Poet's Quest," is felt at once, and the whole volume becomes a miniature biography. We sympathize with the author, whatever our own mood at the outset;—drawn on by his evident sincerity and the exquisite transparency of his self-revealing. It is that touch of nature which "makes all men kin."

These beautiful stanzas, apparently written at Lake George, and entitled "Pulchra ut Luna," will serve to show the daintiness to which we allude:

The moon behind her pilot-star

Came up in orbid gold;

And slowly neared a fleecy bar

O'erfloating lone and cold.

I looked again and saw an isle

Of amber on the blue:

So changed the clondlet by the smile

That softly lit it through.

Another look, the isle was gone—

As though dissolved away.

And could it be so warmly shone

That chaste and tender ray?

I said: "O Star, the Faith art thou

That brought my life its Queen,—

In her sweet light no longer now

The vapor it has been.

"Shine on, my Queen: and so possess

My being to its core,

That self may show from less to less,

'Thy love from more to more."

A touch of the oars and on we slid,

My cedar boat and I.

The dreaming water faintly chid

Our rudeness with a sigh.

The reviewer can safely recommend this volume; for all poetry-lovers, Catholic or Protestant, will surely rejoice therein. Its clearness and tenderness befit its subject and make it truly "a crown of Mary."

—C. D. S.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude favors received from: Miss B. M., London, Ont.; Miss J. J., Arichat, C. B.; Miss K. A. C., Saxonville, Mass.; Mrs. M. D., Providence, R. I.; Mrs. H. C. D., Latrobe, Pa.; Miss M. H., Bornholm, Ont.; J. W., Laporte, Ind.; Mrs. S., Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass. (2); W. W., St. Marys, Pa.; Sr. M. C., Harbor Grace, Nfld.; Miss M. N., Eagle Centre, Ia.; Mrs. M. & H., East London, Ont.; Mrs. J. D., St. John, N. B.; Miss A. M. N., Sagole, Wis., A Friend, Rochester, N. Y.; A. T. K., Lindsay, Ont.; L. H. D., Washington, D. C.; J. S., Findlay, O.; Miss M. McC., Caldwell, Ont.; M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix, 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

HENRY BLAKE.

PATRICK F. HARRIGAN.

MR. and MRS. JOHN BURKE.

MRS. MURRAY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MR. and MRS. PETER O'CONNELL.

PATRICK BURKE, who died at Cincinnati, O.

PHILIP MOODY, who died in San Francisco, Jan. 4.

EDMUND MOODY, who died suddenly at San Francisco.

MRS. JAMES BURKE, who died last year at Sudbury, Ont.

MRS. BRIDGET O'BRIEN, who died Jan. 3, in Pittsburg, Pa.

REGINA TOPPER, who died on Dec. 15, 1898, at Camden, N.J.

CHARLES MOHAN, who died on Epiphany, at Paducah, Kentucky. Deceased was a model Christian, devout Catholic, ardent devotee of our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and upright citizen, loved by all who knew him.

All deceased readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

MRS. ELIZABETH STRAUSS who died at Buffalo, N.Y., January 4th. Deceased was a truly Christian woman, kind to all and generously aided every charitable object.

REV. FATHER SERAPION J. MENZL, O.C.C., founder and first editor of the *Stimmen vom Berge Karmel*, who died in his eighty-third year on December 15th, 1898, in the Carmelite Convent of Our Lady of the Snow, at Graz, Austria.

On January 11th, the angel of death took from the Community of St. Joseph, Peterborough, their beloved SISTER M. GERALDINE. This good religious had been an invalid for some years, especially for the last year. Her name in the world was Joice Chidwick. She was born in New York City in 1862, and was the only daughter of Mrs. J. Chidwick. She entered the Convent of St. Joseph's, Toronto, 16 years ago. The deceased religious was of a most beautiful disposition, having been blessed by God with excellent gifts of nature and grace. Among all her virtues, her patient, cheerful endurance of her sufferings was most remarkable. Though a sufferer for years, never once was there a murmur on her lips, nor frown to be seen, but ever a sweet smile. In disposition she was indeed like her noble brother, "The Chaplain of the Maine." So beautiful a life had a most consoling death. The Sister was perfectly conscious till the last. Her last word was thanksgiving for her religious vocation, and with aspirations of praise, and thanks to our Divine Lord, she breathed her pure soul to God an hour after receiving Holy Viaticum.

Rev. Father Chidwick came from Washington to attend the funeral, having paid a visit to Sister Geraldine only two months previous. Her brother, William, also came from New City to attend the funeral, the two sons of a widowed mother, who was with our beloved Sister till the last.

SR. M. V.

Peterborough, Ont., January 16th, 1899.

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

An Efficacious Prayer.

Efficacious prayers in honor of St. Peter-Thomas, Bishop and Martyr of the Carmelite Order, Latin Patriarch of Constantinople, to be protected from contagious diseases and epidemics. Feast, February 15:

O Glorious St. Peter-Thomas, who hadst the happiness to hear from the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mt. Carmel that her chosen order would last unto the end of time, turn thy loving gaze upon it, protect and defend it from all its enemies, and obtain from the Most Blessed Virgin that thy religious brethren may ever increase in virtue and aspire to more sublime perfection.

V.—*Pray for us St. Peter Thomas.*

R.—*That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.*

Prayer of the Mass and Office: We beseech Thee, O Lord! that being appeased by the intercession and merits of St. Peter-Thomas, Thy Martyr and Bishop, Thou wilt grant us pardon of our sins, and keep us free from the ravages of pestilence. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Names received at Carmel Priory, New Baltimore, Pa., for registration from: St. Mary's, New Albany, Indiana; St. Thomas, Bedford, Pa., and Lohrville, Iowa.

Names for registry received at Carmel Convent, Niagara Falls, from: St. Louis', Gervait, Oregon; Holy Cross, Pomquet, N.S.; St. Louis College, Honolulu, H. I.; St. Joseph's, New Almelo, Kans.; Presentation Convent, San Francisco, Cal.; St. Leo Military College, St. Leo, Fla.; St. Andrew's, Guysboro, N.S.; St. Patrick's, Queenston, Ont.; St. Louis', St. Louis, Ore.; St. Ann's, Nieponser, Mass.; St. Boniface, Rochester, N.Y.; St. Francis',

Traverse City, Mich.; St. Mary Immaculate, Crysler, Ont.; St. Patrick's, Mainadieu, N.S.; St. Catherine's, King, Iowa.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, c. 16.

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

That a very sick cousin may have his health restored. For the conversion of five persons. Cure of eczema. For an absent brother. For an intemperate husband. For an invalid mother. For a woman in a critical condition. For success in building a house. For recovery of health. For perseverance. For a careless brother. For the spiritual good of two children. For a father's cure. Recovery of health. For two conversions. For information of absent friend. For spiritual and temporal blessings. For a brother's restoration to health. For the conversion of a friend. That a father may attend to his religious duty. That a subscriber may find a virtuous husband. For all our readers and all their intentions. For spiritual and temporal needs of two children. Means, 1. Perseverance, 1. Three persons neglectful of religious duty. Conversion of a son, of a wife, of a son-in-law. A favor from the Infant of Prague for an urgent case.

FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

A reader wishes to return sincere thanks to the Divine Infant of Prague and St. Joseph for a temporal favor received and promised to have published in the REVIEW.

Dec. 30, '98.

L. G. METUCHEN.

A reader thanks our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for the conversion of a non-Catholic.

From Staffa, Ont.

"We could not do without THE REVIEW now."

From Arichat, N.S.

"As long as I live I trust I may be able to take it (THE REVIEW) for it is a source of great pleasure to all."—E. DE M.

From Rhode Island.

WOONSOCKET, R.I., Dec. 27, 1898.

REV. DEAR SIRS,—I wish to continue taking THE CARMELITE REVIEW, and mean to (if God gives me means) while I live.

Your humble servant,

C. C.

From a Well-Known Editor.

"There are many sweet things in your little monthly (THE CARMELITE REVIEW) and it is a nice thing to have a bound volume to pick up once in a while so that one may drink in a little fresh information from Holy Church's treasury."

From the Pacific Coast.

A zealous priest in Oregon, in sending us names for registration in the Scapular album last month, said at the close of his letter to the editor: "I must say before closing that I am very much pleased with THE REVIEW, and feel much encouraged in the holy service of Mary by the perusal of its pages. Thanks for your recent kind letter and your present kindness in accepting our list for registration. I should add a word of thanks at the same time for the salutary influence extended to us through your fervent publication. Wishing the work of your Order every success, and recommending myself and flock to its pious suffrages, I remain, with the wishes of the season, etc."

From a Child of Mary.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 29, 1899.

The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

DEAR REVEREND FATHERS,—I write this to you, to ask you to grant a request, and that is to be so kind as to send me a Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

My reason for requesting this favor is, on account of a miracle that took place in the years 1861-63.

When the great Civil War broke out, my father, who was then a young man and a Southerner by birth, enlisted in a Southern regiment, and at the battle of Gettysburg he

had on a Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and being stationed at the front of his regiment, was within range of the enemy's guns. One man standing two feet from him was shot through the heart and instantly killed, and my father received a rifle bullet in his left side, which had been aimed for his heart, and which passed through his thick overcoat and all of his other clothes, and when it struck the little Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel it stopped. Father ever after said it was a miracle, and he never would leave the house without he had on that little Brown Scapular, and I am happy to say he had it on when he died, and that he died a good and happy death, calling on the names of Jesus and Mary.

Dear fathers, I wish to ask another favor of you, and that is that you and all of your community and the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW will pray that I may be faithful to my vocation, and that is, that I may become a good, holy and zealous priest, and that I may serve my God, the Infant Jesus and Our Lady of Mt. Carmel faithfully unto death as a good and holy priest should.

I will close now with love and prayers for the success of your little paper which is doing so much good, and I hope it may continue so.

I remain,

In prayer,

F. McC.

Statues and prayers of the Holy Infant of Prague can be had from Joseph Schaefer, No. 9 Barclay street, New York, and also from The Union Store, St. Stephen's Hall, Buffalo, N.Y.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.