



*"O all ye that pass by the way, attend, and see if there  
be any sorrow like to my sorrow."*



## A Beacon Bright.

BY HENRY COYLE.

**O**UR Lady of Mount Carmel, with sincere  
 And trusting heart, I pray Thee, help Thou me !  
 Have pity, Mother ! hearken to my plea.  
 The shadows gather round me, and in fear  
 I cry for help. Alas ! no friend is near  
 To succor and relieve my misery :  
 In dire distress I now remember Thee,  
 O refuge of the sinner—Mother dear !

Serene and steadfast is Thy gentle love,  
 Though we forget Thee, still thro' night and day,  
 We pray that Thou wilt shield us, be a stay ;  
 In time of sorrow, may we look above  
 To Thee, O star of night—a quenchless light,  
 Shining thro' clouds and storm, a beacon bright !

## Mater Misericordiæ.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

**M**OTHER of Mercy ! Mercy show to those  
 Who seek it of Thee ! And to us, the least  
 Of all who serve Thee, mercy be increased  
 According to our need : for friends, for foes,  
 This gift we humbly crave ; and sweet repose  
 For all whose time of trial here hath ceased ;  
 Grant all who serve Thee, bishop, layman, priest,  
 And nun, the peace that from Thy mercy flows.

Mother of Mercy ! Let Thy mercy rest  
 On us, who oft have grieved Thee in the past ;  
 And, when the way is long, the sky o'er-cast,  
 Teach us the way Thou choosest must be best ;  
 The joy that comes of doing Thy behest :  
 Grant peace and endless happiness at last.

## A Message For March.

BY REV. J. L. O'NEIL, O. P.

**A** REQUEST from the Editor of THE CARMELITE REVIEW that I would contribute to the pages of his March number some thoughts on the Rosary and St. Joseph, I could not gracefully decline. Indeed it is a genuine pleasure to accept the invitation, for the children of Carmel, as champions of Our Lady's honor, merit well of the sons of St. Dominic.

The Rosary and the Scapular, which, by excellence, is the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, are admittedly the most popular, the most widely spread of devotions to the Queen of Heaven. They are so closely allied that we find, from time to time, their clients banded together under the title of Rosary and Scapular Society. While this is uncanonical, inasmuch as each pertains to a distinct confraternity, the identity of which may not be merged with another, but must be preserved intact, according to clearly defined regulations of the Holy See, the fact is here noted, not critically or censoriously, but as an evidence of the tender ties binding together the lovers of Our Lady's Beads and the wearers of her Livery.

I am assured, therefore, that a message concerning the Rosary will be welcomed by the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW, independently of its form or bearer, and solely because of filial piety. Aught concerning St. Joseph is likewise dear to them, for where the Spirit of Carmel breathes, there the memory of St. Teresa is in benediction. And every reader of her life, every one familiar with the story of the growth and development of devotion to St. Joseph, understands

how eminent is her place among the apostles, who have preached and taught in writing the glory of Our Lady's spouse, his claims on our love, and his power in our behalf.

In harmony with his office and mission, that of guarding the infancy and childhood of Our Blessed Redeemer, St. Joseph's relationship to the Rosary is confined to the first part, to the joyful mysteries—the scenes of Bethlehem and Nazareth, after the silence and separation of Egypt, and lastly, of the temple when the Beautiful Boy astonished the doctors of the law, whose wonder grew not less as He passed out and went down with Mary and Joseph, being subject to them. Upon the life of the gentle Joseph naught fell of the sorrows (save only the Circumcision with the prophecy of Simeon, and the Flight) with which, in such generous measure, his Foster Son redeemed our race. Nevertheless into all the trials and pains which the Holy Family encountered, before Our Lord began His public life, St. Joseph entered, lovingly, reverently, bearing such share of the burden as might best spare the beloved objects of his tender care. But once the ministry of Jesus was commenced, as the Master in Israel, we hear naught of St. Joseph. Even before the marriage feast of Cana, he had fallen asleep; he had gone to announce to expectant Limbo that redemption was at hand.

Thus we are restricted, in our contemplation of this singularly favored saint, to scenes sweet, precious and sacred of Mary and Jesus, of Mother and Child, in days before which hangs the veil of silence drawn by the spirit of God, over which rests a calm of

holy peace, from whose secure shelter Our Lord did not depart, for the conflict and the victory, until the hour had struck in which the law permitted Him to teach, in which He went forth to do His Heavenly Father's will. As standing between the old covenant and the new, as closing the line of Patriarchs, and heading the grand phalanx of the sanctified who would walk after Christ, we behold St. Joseph, the shadow of the Eternal Father, the guardian of Jesus in His infant years, the docile instrument of the Holy Ghost, for the accomplishment of wonders and marvels during the unspeakable period of the hidden life.

It is a happy plan that so attaches the memory of St. Joseph, in his festival of March 19th, to the splendid commemoration of divine power and wisdom and love, in the Incarnation, celebrated in the Feast of the Annunciation. The month of the Son of God become man is the month also, by Catholic piety, of His Foster Father. With faithful devotion, as by a natural law in the spiritual order, our hearts lovingly turn to St. Joseph, for it is a necessary outgrowth of our faith in the Incarnation. This stupendous mystery on which are built humanity's hope and salvation, is the root, the explanation, and, if necessary, the vindication of our love for Our Blessed Mother. It is also the root, the explanation, and, if necessary, the vindication of our love for St. Joseph.

However, in this, the first joyful mystery of the Rosary, St. Joseph takes no prominent part, and yet, as St. Jerome tells us, his place was one, in a manner necessary, assuredly of divine appointment, and for grave and precious reasons—the safe-guarding of the honor of Mary, among men, the

concealing from the evil spirit of the mystery that had been wrought, and the designating of the lowly carpenter of Nazareth as invested with such relationship towards the adorable Trinity, as never before had come to mortal, nor shall they to another.

In the Visitation it is not certain that St. Joseph was the companion of the Blessed Virgin, for not only is St. Luke, who records the beautiful event, silent as to the holy patriarch, but solid reasons are given by eminent theologians showing the probability of his stay in Nazareth, while the Blessed Virgin found protection and an escort in some worthy matron, whose assistance he had secured. The argument that St. Joseph must have accompanied Our Lady during the long, laborious and somewhat perilous journey over the hill country from Nazareth to the home of Zachary and Elizabeth in "a city of Juda,"\* is not convincing. The honor of Mary did not require this attention, nor could St. Joseph have well remained for three months absent from his work and duties. Assistance, companionship and protection he becomingly provided, and these sufficed. Had he made that memorable trip and heard the solemn words of Elizabeth, no doubt could have troubled his mind after the return to Nazareth. †

In this view, we may not contemplate St. Joseph sharing in the gladness of that divinely arranged meeting between the mother of the Baptist and

\* According to Blessed Albert the Great and St. Bonaventure, this city was Jerusalem; other authorities name the town of Hebron.

† In the "Divine Life of the Most Holy Virgin Mary," written by the Venerable Mary of Agreda, we are told that St. Joseph accompanied Our Lady to Zachary's home, remained a few days, then retired to Nazareth, and in due time returned to escort his Holy spouse to their home. (Chapter IX.) The saintly author of this remarkable book assures us that she received from Our Lady the account narrated in its pages. The difficulties alleged by theology, as given in our text, are not irreconcilable with the statement of the Venerable Mary of Agreda. However, as this is not the place for a discussion of this question, the reader may choose as he will.



the Mother of Jesus, when not only was Zachary's tongue loosened to praise the Lord, not only did Elizabeth proclaim the divine maternity of Mary, not only was John sanctified in the womb, but Jesus effected this miracle through His Beloved Mother, and she herself proclaimed that all generations should thenceforth call her Blessed. Yet in the fulfilment of this prophecy no voices are more lovingly raised than those of the children of Carmel and of the Rosary, nor may more devout clients of St. Joseph be found than those who thus honor his glorious spouse.

The Nativity of Our Blessed Lord in Bethlehem, the third joyful mystery, presents St. Joseph to our devout meditation in so touching and tender an attitude that we at once realize his place and power as head of the Holy Family. Verily, the Lord "made him master of His house and ruler of all His possessions,"\* beginning here, in visible form, that sacred commission of which Pharaoh's to the other Joseph was only a figure. The Egyptian king raised Jacob's son to dignity second only to his own, in all the lands that owned his sway; but the King of Heaven has elevated our Joseph to heights sublime by giving to him the care of His greatest treasures, His Divine Son and the Immaculate Virgin Mary—a thought and truth which at once brings us into the region of divine wonders as we enter Bethlehem's holy cave to venerate Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

An intimate, integral part of this beautiful mystery is St. Joseph. Dogma and devotion, fostered by Christian art, picture the Holy Three, the Earthly Trinity, as Catholic theology permits us, in reverent spirit, to name them.

And thus, by a certain spontaneity Catholic piety links their blessed names, nor yet loses sight of the immense space that intervenes between Creator and creature. That we say lovingly and from our hearts and often through the day, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph I give You my heart and my soul! Jesus, Mary and Joseph be with me in my last agony!" is a tribute to the unerring instinct of Catholic faith enkindling piety into a flame of tender devotion, the divine fires of which are burning in the Incarnation, in the coming of Jesus, born of Mary and fostered by Joseph—a plan designed by the wisdom of Almighty God.

And as no Christmas crib is complete without the image of Joseph, venerable and tender, so no Catholic heart has made fitting habitation for Jesus and Mary that welcomes not her holy spouse.

His place in the Presentation of the Divine Child in the temple is no less clear. "They carried Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord," is the manner in which St. Luke\* tells us that Mary and Joseph began the work prescribed by the law; and further, the Evangelist records that "His parents were wondering at those things which were spoken concerning Him,"† by holy Simeon. Joseph shared in the sorrow of Mary when the inspired priest foretold the sword that would yet pierce her heart. It was in God's design that he should share in all the joys and griefs affecting Jesus and Mary during the holy childhood. And thus it is becoming that we invoke him, asking that he will teach us the meaning of the blessed mysteries in which he participated and for the profitable learning of this lesson, that

\* II., 22.

† II., 33.

\* Psalm civ., 21.

we may be, as was the Divine Child, subject to him and Mary in devout obedience, in the following of God's leading as revealed by them.

And this brings us to the closing Mystery of the Rosary's first part—the Finding of Our Lord among the Doctors in the temple. After this brief appearance of the Holy Patriarch, in the sorrow of the loss of Jesus, in the grieving while the weary search went on, and in the burst of joy wherewith they found Him whom their souls loved, we watch the gentle Joseph going down to Nazareth, where the hidden life settles about him in an unbroken calm, from which no sound comes to us, nor is it permitted even to enjoy a passing glimpse of his blessed ways as he rounded out His lowly but sublime career. Mary and her Beloved Son we shall behold amid sorrows and in glory, as we make the round of our Rosary decades, but Joseph we shall see no more.

His work was not for the days of the Passion, nor was it intended that he should mingle in the ministry of Jesus after the public life had begun. His place, in our contemplations, must be near the Infancy, and in the silence and solitude of the "Hidden Life," with that one break in the long stretch of thirty years, (between the Flight and the Marriage of Cana) when the Holy Ghost was pleased to manifest the marvels of wisdom in Jesus growing in grace before men, as he appeared, a boy of twelve, among the doctors.

Pre-eminently the patron of the humble and the lowly, of those whom the world knows not, whose lives are in hidden and laborious ways, St. Joseph stands as the model of the Christian parent, and the protector of little children, for the love of Jesus once a child. His example and patronage hold lessons of life and

power of grace for all who desire his comfort and aid, and who are willing to walk after him. In the joyful mysteries of the Rosary he may be easily studied. Even in that mystery in which he figures not,—the second—he is our guide. He does God's will. Silently he labors and prepares for the maintenance of his holy spouse, and patiently waits her coming in the time appointed by God. To do likewise in our state is to do according to God's highest law.

For the children of Carmel and for the lovers of the Beads this month of St. Joseph should be a time of special meditation, a time of special petition. Gathering in spirit, in the home of the Incarnation, entering with holy confidence into the companionship of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, their devout clients of the Rosary should find in the study of these mysteries, wherein St. Joseph holds so important a place, streams of light, abundance of grace, strength for every need. Having before our eyes the example of the Earthly Trinity we can better understand the splendid design of God. Realizing the magnificence of the Father's love in sending His Divine Son for our salvation, witnessing the unspeakable humility wherewith Our Lord accepts the charge, conscious of the mighty share of the Holy Ghost in this marvellous manifestation of goodness and mercy and power, we can more readily learn the lesson of ardently loving Him who hath so loved us, of humbly following Him who hath annihilated Himself for us, of loyally corresponding with the inspirations of the Divine Spirit, the Sanctifier of our souls.

In this work of grace here and of glory hereafter we can have the powerful co-operation of Mary and Joseph, who will benignly listen to our pleadings, who will enlighten our minds and move our hearts, so that we may gradually and surely come to participate in their love of Jesus Christ. And this is the crown of their desires on earth, while its endurance in heaven will be a portion of their unending triumph.

## “As of a Little Child.”

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

THE Rev. James Carman, appointed rector of Eastbury, Saint Simon's, in succession to the Rev. Thomas Huntley, “lapsed to Rome,” was a man after the Bishop of Middlehampton's own heart, which is as much as to say that if he had any “views” at all, and “views” were foolishness, or worse, in the opinion of “John Middlehampton,” they were as “broad” as those of his predecessor had been “high.” More, no one could, in reason, require of him.

In his previous charge it had always been his endeavor, to use his own favorite expression, to “to keep his church in the middle of the road,” meaning, presumably, half way between “Roman excesses” and “Protestant shortcomings.” As a matter of fact he had as strong an objection to “labels” of any kind as his bishop had to “views,” and was, in his heart of hearts, strongly inclined to sympathize with those who claimed to be “religious,” while declining to be “labelled” as Christian.

He seemed, therefore, the last man who was likely, as human probabilities go, to follow his predecessor's example and “lapse to Rome.” Rather he was much more likely to drift into Unitarianism; unless, indeed, the deep, real devotion to the Person of his Divine Master, which possessed his inmost being, should avail to keep him from such an insult to Him he loved so well. In that, if in nothing else, he was a man spiritually akin to the Rev. Thomas Huntley, as, also, to many others with whom, as yet at all events, he little dreamed that he had aught in common.

He was not, moreover, disposed to make any sudden changes in the ritual to which his parishioners had grown accustomed. Ritual, indeed, to which, as it seemed to him, both parties to the eternal controversy attached so undue and exaggerated an importance, had for him little or no meaning, since the doctrinal convictions which it was supposed to symbolize were wholly unworthy of serious consideration. Lights, incense, vestments; if his parishioners desired them he had no objection to using what might be, and probably were, “aids to devotion”; to teach what the former rector had taught was, for the Rev. James Carman, a moral impossibility. He could not teach what he did not believe; he would not if he could. Truly he had learned one lesson at least from Him he loved so faithfully, that “lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord;” and to preach what he held to be false was to utter lies in the sight of God. That was something about which he had convictions, and very strong ones too.

And in regard to this matter of the message which he must deliver to his people it fell to his lot to practise another lesson which he had laid well to heart: “Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones that believe in Me.” Little ones: the ignorant, as he deemed them; mistaught; credulous of childish superstitions; these were they whom he must not scandalize. They had been brought to believe many things that he knew to be false; doctrines distinctively “Roman” and mediæval. These he would simply leave untaught, for the reason already

stated; hoping, praying, it may be, that they would in time fade from the fickle imaginations of a rustic population, eager, like all rustics, for something new, ready always to follow suit if their "betters" set them the example, their jealous distrust of said "betters" notwithstanding. But there were other dogmas, certainly not more distinctive of "Romanism" than of "orthodox Protestantism," which, to him, were erroneous and misleading to say the least: the infallibility of Scripture for example, with all that followed from such a "gratuitous assumption." In his view the Old Testament was a collection of Jewish legends, historical and poetic, written long after the dates assigned to them by "antiquated tradition;" compiled by writers who, in Eastern fashion, personated the prophets and law-givers of their race in order to gain an influence otherwise hopelessly unattainable. As to the New Testament, that, also, was, in great part, mythical; of no greater authority or authenticity than the earlier and later legends of the Saints. But, under all, lay his devotion to Our Lord as to One Divine; One who had a supreme, inalienable right to his complete, unhesitating obedience.

Could he teach his people the latest conclusions of the higher critics, conclusions which might, and probably would be, as others had been, set aside in favor of newer and more startling ones? His own belief in Holy Scripture, as a revelation from God to man, was, to say the least of it, in a state of solution, if not actually dissolved. Here, again, his unformulated, but none the less vivid faith in the Divinity of Christ, withheld him from utter infidelity. If the wisdom of the Father, the teacher sent from God, had deigned to quote "Jewish legends" in order

to enforce His own teachings—if His, indeed, they were—who was he that he should question their moral usefulness, whatever he might conclude concerning their origin or authorship. For his people, certainly, for most men possibly, the advice of Thomas a Kempis was the soundest and safest: "Search not who spoke this or that, but mark what is spoken."

How could he, in any case, give intelligible expression to the chaos of his mind? Could he, dared he, destroy the "cosmos" of his parishioners' belief, such it was; shatter the airy fabric of their spiritual vision, and, literally, "leave not a wrack behind?" What had he to offer them in its stead? Guesses? The theories and conclusions of scholars each at variance with the other? They could not satisfy even him, though he had given the best years of his life, the best powers of his mind and brain, to the study of them all, seeking, "as a merchant-man seeking goodly pearls," for one that he could accept as true and final, in which he could rest and find peace, yet, so far, had failed to attain such a "pearl of great price." His parishioners were content with the "baubles" which had pleased their forbears. Why should he tell them that they were worthless? Not, at least, until his own quest had proved successful.

In the meantime he could preach "Christ Crucified," what his evangelical father had been wont to call "Gospel Sermons;" devotional, that is, not doctrinal. The "fall," as theologians called it, might be a myth; there was, at least, a "survival" in each and all of us of habits and tendencies acquired in a lower state of physical and moral development, which "survival," with all its attendant circumstances, consequent or otherwise,

was, in its effects, equivalent to the "traditional" fall of man from a condition of innocence into one of sinfulness. Sin, therefore, was the retrograde tendency of a nature not yet perfectly developed: it followed that the whole duty of man is to "press upward, working out the beast" in him, the "beast" that still formed part of his physical "ego," that "law of sin in his members" of which Paul of Tarsus spoke as "warring" against the law of his mind. Which "beast," he doubted not, was strong in many of his parishioners; who could conquer it but Christ?

This, then, was the conception of the duty that devolved upon him. In place of "myths" he would give them this one, transcendent fact, that the Man, Christ Jesus, had conquered the beast Sin, by His death on the Cross, that, in Him, we too can overcome "and let the ape and tiger die." For theology, or theological phraseology, he had little use, and less love; the "how" was of no account, if only the result were attained.

So he allowed the services of the old parish church to be carried out as hitherto, and wore the vestments as his predecessor had done. For the great Rood, on the old, black oak screen, he had a deep, loving reverence: did it not proclaim, to all who had eyes to see and hearts to be touched, the stupendous fact that formed the sum and substance of his preaching, even as it formed the sum and substance of his belief? It was for the same reason that, being passionately fond of music, he could never hear Bach's chorale, "O Caput Cruentatum!" or the "Stabat Mater," without being moved to tears. Nor was it mere "sensible" devotion; rather, it was the very desire of his

heart, as it was that of Paul of Tarsus, to be crucified with Christ. That he should ask the Mother of Sorrows for a share in her Son's passion and her own, seemed, to him, his "latitudinarianism" notwithstanding, only right and natural.

But, like many another who deems himself "emancipated" from the "trammels of an antiquated tradition," he was peculiarly susceptible to the influence of dreams, and of other "psychic phenomena," as learned men are pleased to designate what our more simple-minded grandmothers were wont to call "ghosts." The late rector, so he was not long in learning, had been "convarted to Popery," as William Hart, the sexton, put it, by a dream or vision of Carmelite Friars singing Mass in the old Parish Church of Saint Simon's. "They du say as how parson he seed Popish monks in t' old Church" the sexton lost no time in reporting to the new rector, adding, by way of corroboration that "old Gaffer Goodenough, up by at Eastbury Union"—anciently a Carmelite Monastery—"he seed some queer figgers one night in t' old passage;" the cloisters, namely.

"Is Gaffer Goodenough still alive?" the rector had asked with much interest.

"Naw, zur," was the disappointing response, "he wor burried last April, was a year agone." So that the Rev. James Carman had to content himself, for the present, at all events, with such hearsay evidence as this.

In any case whether the late rector had merely had an unusually vivid and circumstantial dream—and that, even, might have been "induced" by some "exterior intelligence," a Carmelite ghost, for example—or had actually experienced an "objective hallucin-

ation" it did not greatly matter which, since, whichever it were, it was characterized by all the congruity of personality and local coloring which mark a genuine "psychic manifestation." He, personally, was in favor of the latter theory; had, in fact, very little doubt but that the Rev. Thomas Huntley had, to all intents and purposes, "seen" the spirits of the Carmelite Friars.

A most interesting experience, certainly; he quite envied his predecessor. Not that such a phenomenon could or would have the same effect upon him as it had produced in the case of the late rector. He, of course, had no illusions concerning "continuity" between the pre-reformation "Roman Church" and the past-reformation "establishment," which last was merely the ecclesiastical branch of the civil service; nor had he "superstitions," in respect to the "Real Presence," or, in fact, in regard to "Sacraments" of any shape or form, except as convenient and conventional symbols of what no human mind could possibly understand, much less express with any degree of adequacy. Still he certainly would like to see the Carmelite Friars; to be as fortunate as the Rev. Thomas Huntley, or even the ignorant old pauper, Gaffer Goodenough.

It was chiefly a matter of temperament, of course, and his temperament was, he felt sure, the exact opposite of that of the late rector; yet, also, to a great extent, a matter of local influences, so to speak. Moreover, if the Rev. Thomas Huntley had really "seen" the Friars in the old Parish Church, and Gaffer Goodenough "queer figgers" in the desecrated cloister, such "facts," by all the rules that govern "psychic phenomena," indi-

cated a disposition, on the part of the "intelligences" whose will power had "induced the hallucinations"—the Friars, in short—to remember the scenes of their earthly sojourn; to remember them so vividly as to wish to revisit them, perhaps to do so as "actually" as it was conceivably possible in the case of "disembodied spirits."

All of which, and much more that I am wholly unable to make plain, simply because I, at least, do not pretend to understand it, held possession of the Rev. James Carman's thoughts to a greater extent than, I fancy, he at all realized. He found himself, almost without consciousness of what he was doing, walking round the old church, which was close to the rectory, the last thing at night, as if he fully expected to hear the Friars chanting their solemn-sounding offices. But the days passed, and no "manifestation," visual or aural, was vouchsafed to him. Clearly, it was more a matter of temperament than he had imagined; possibly, also, in order to be "*en rapport* with the manifestants," as the phrase goes, it was first necessary to have beliefs—"superstitions," he deemed them—akin to theirs, as the Rev. Thomas Huntley had evidently had. As to Gaffer Goodenough, an inherited credulity concerning ghosts was sufficient to account for his experience. In either case it was, after all, a matter of temperament, and a man can no more change his temperament by an act of volition than he can change the color of his eyes.

But, though he did not see the Friars or hear them chanting, he thought about them constantly, chiefly, I think, when, as he often did, he looked up, lovingly and reverently, at the great Rood, the carved image of Christ

crucified, on the black oak screen. That, he knew, had been replaced there, after centuries, during which its place of fitting honor had stood empty and neglected, by his predecessor's generous devotion; it was the one point of concord between the Rev. Thomas Huntley's temperament and his own. It was, also, as he grew to recognize more clearly every time he looked at it, the strongest, truest point of concord between the late rector and the Carmelite Friars, who, in the olden days, had first placed the blessed Rood on the screen they themselves had carved with loving, patient, skilful hands; placed it there to preach, silently, yet with power none might presume to limit, from day to day, from year to year, to poor and rich, to learned and to ignorant, to saint and sinner, the surpassing love of Him "who bore our sins in His own body on the tree." And since he, in common with the late rector, had this point of concord with the Friars, the temperament of all of them had so much in common, that they were, each and all, dominated, controlled, pervaded by the Cross of Christ.

It was a stage in God's way to peace which it had taken him a long time to travel; that first step which, proverbially, cost so much, compared with all the rest. Christ crucified: that was the central fact in the spiritual life of the Friars, as in that of the Rev. Thomas Huntley in his own. That fact had produced, in the lives of the Friars, certain very definite effects: their chastity, poverty, self-denial, penance: their whole sacramental system, which to them, at least, had been a reality, and not a mere conventional expression of the inexpressible, had centered round the Cross of the crucified God-Man. So had it been

with the Rev. Thomas Huntley, with the result that he had sought, within the pale of Rome, sacraments that were realities—if such there could be—and not the badges of warring parties; concerning which all men who owned allegiance to the ancient Church spoke with one voice, in all ages, and in all lands. In his own life the grasp of his soul on that transcendent fact had saved him from utter unbelief, and he knew it. Much as this was, much as it implied, was it all that it could do in aid of his spiritual development, which must advance or else retrogress?

Advance? Whither? Towards Unitarianism, into which so many "liberal" churchmen appeared to be drifting, he could not take one conscious, deliberate step without denying his Master with a treachery blacker and more unpardonable than that of Judas. Whither, then? Towards Rome? Was that, in very deed, as he himself had so often asserted, the only alternative logically possible?

His whole philosophy, at all events, pointed, with unwavering, inexorable insistence, in that direction; as did his belief of the inevitable law of evolution for all organisms, physical and moral, individual and social. And, since social organisms were subject to the same laws as those which govern the physical, moral and spiritual development of each individual, consisted, in fact of the sum of such entities in one or other of these aspects, the organism which represented the sum of the spiritual entities—the souls of the human race—must, of necessity, conform to the same conditions. If so, where should he seek for it?

To the Carmelite Friars, at all events, the answer had seemed simple enough, though they had known nothing of the theories of the higher critics, still less



of evolution, of social or of spiritual organisms; but had, like Paul of Tarsus, known only Jesus Christ, "and Him crucified," with a reality of experimental, personal knowledge such as neither higher critics nor "liberal" churchmen could hope to attain to. For them the voice of the Church had been as the voice of God, a voice which said: "This is the way, walk ye in it." They had obeyed, without doubt, hesitation or question, and, in obedience, not in skill in exegesis, not in philosophy, but in simple faith, "as of a little child," had found that "pearl of great price" which he had sought so long and so vainly.

"As of a little child." The Old Testament, for aught he knew, might be merely a collection of Jewish myths, historical and poetic; of no more authority than those of Greece, Rome or India; the New, a set of legends; but as to the Cross he had no doubts at all. And it was in keeping with the Cross that He who died thereon should require of His brethren faith "as of a little child." That, as he was slowly but surely beginning to realize, was God's way to peace. It was the way the Carmelite Friars had walked it, the way which had led his predecessor—to Rome. Was submission to Rome, then, synonymous with submission to Christ crucified?

"As of a little child." The Carmelite Friars, the Rev. Thomas Huntley, had loved Christ crucified better, more faithfully, more vividly than he could ever hope to do. More: even such love

as his, feeble and faint as he knew it to be, as compared with theirs was incompatible with "liberalism." The Cross was a dogmatic fact; he must either accept it with all that these others had found in it or he must let it go. The music of the Cross was out of harmony with the rhythm of his philosophy: the critical spirit was inimical to such faith as the Master asked of him. To these others the voice of Rome had been as the voice of Christ; they had obeyed with the humility and readiness of little children. Had Christ misled them? God forbid the thought! But they had found "joy and peace in believing;" and he? Between him and the outer darkness of practical infidelity stood the Cross of Christ; but, if all else were legend, was the Cross a fact? His inmost spirit gave the only answer possible: "Yes, for I know whom I have believed." That Cross, to which he clung with all the strength and fervor of his heart and soul, how had it influenced those who had realized it most vividly, who, crucified with Christ, had, thereby, been transformed into His likeness? It had led them to obey the Church of Rome, the only Church that fulfilled the essential requirements of a true and living spiritual organism. And as he bent in loving reverence before the carven Christ crucified, he "humbled himself, even as a little child." So humbled, he found peace, for to that, at last had he attained by "The King's Highway of the Holy Cross."

Ah! the mournful scenes of sadness  
Cast their shadows over me,  
Wakening plaintively the heart-strings  
Of responsive sympathy.  
Yet, the golden rays of gladness,  
Emanating from above,  
In my spirit find a reflex  
From the sympathy of love.

E. DE M.



## Short Sketches.

By VERY REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O. C. C.

**N**IAGARA Falls—the subject of this sketch—would require the pen of a poet or the delicate touches of an artist to do them justice, claims to which the writer makes no pretensions. However that may be, their grandeur, at least in a general way, captivates all who behold them, some more, some less, as the capacity of enjoying the beautiful is more or less developed in the soul of each individual. The power and brilliancy displayed by the wild and troubled waters as they precipitate themselves into the deep chasm below do not overwhelm those who have a keen sense of the beautiful and who possess a vivid imagination, for these grand faculties of the soul seem to expand and drink in deep draughts which the grandeur of the scene affords. Other minds, whose faculties are not capable of grasping the various beauties displayed in the mighty cataract, experience a sense of disappointment. This is frequently occasioned by the imagination being over-wrought, even by a true description without the slightest exaggeration, for there is such a harmony in all its parts that the whole fails to bring out their power, majesty and grandeur at first sight to the ordinary beholder. It is only after frequent visits and after close inspection that they begin to grow on the imagination, for all objects have an innate faculty of presenting themselves to the human intellect, and the intellect has in turn, from its own nature, the power of forming conceptions of the object, which grows upon it.

I may here illustrate what I have been saying by giving a short description of a few peculiar features of one

of the grandest works of architecture known to the world—Saint Peter's Church in Rome. On this grand structure the highest art is displayed by the architect, the sculptor and the painter. It was a subject worthy of their best efforts, for it is the largest and the most magnificent temple ever erected in ancient or modern times to the glory of the true and living God. I am speaking here of one of the most stupendous and most beautiful works of nature and of one of the grandest works of art. My object in mentioning the latter is to show that both produce a similar effect when seen for the first time by the ordinary observer, and that it is the colossal proportions of both, with perfect harmony in their parts, that are accountable for what would appear at first sight a mere delusion.

To give an idea of its vast dimensions it is enough to say that from sixty to seventy thousand people hear Mass in the grand Basilica. The porch at the front entrance is four hundred and fifty feet long by fifty feet wide, and its roof is a blaze of gold. However, I do not intend to give a description of its grandeur at present, a few features, only, will answer my purpose. The great dome is the exact size of the pantheon, for it was the boast of Michael Angelo that he would put the temple of the gods in the air. From the floor to the summit of the cupola, where the cross crowns the globe, the height is 450 feet. To the ordinary observer standing in the piazza the globe appears to be about two feet in diameter and the entrance or neck about four inches, yet a large man can

pass through, and the globe holds twenty-four ordinary sized persons. There is a perfect harmony maintained throughout the vast structure, for distance, light and shade were always taken into consideration by the great architect. When, by drawing back the heavy leather curtain, one enters, the first object that arrests his attention are one hundred golden lamps that burn day and night around the tombs of the Apostles, and glitter like stars in the distance. Then to the right there is a beautiful marble statue representing an angel, holding in his hand a shell-like variegated marble Holy Water font. The angel, from the door, appears the size of a child four years old, but as he is approached he seems to grow, and when reached an ordinary sized man comes only to his shoulder. The statues of the founders of Religious Orders are of heroic size, from eighteen to twenty feet, still on their pedestals, when viewed from below, they appear only life size. The mosaic figures of the four Evangelists, which adorn the interior of the dome, are each thirty-six feet high, and the pen held in the hand of each is six feet, yet when viewed from the floor they appear only life-size, and the pen appears to be only six inches. Persons who have read of Saint Peter's Church and of the size of its vast proportions given in detail, are frequently disappointed when they see it for the first time.

It is very much the same with Niagara Falls, persons having read of the great cataract and having been told that the beautiful river having flowed somewhat calmly for twenty-four miles suddenly narrows when it reaches the rapids. That from there it hastens over a plain with an incline of fifty-two feet, and with impetuous velocity hurls

itself over a perpendicular ledge of rock two thousand eight hundred feet broad on the Canadian side, and on the American side about half that width. On the Canadian side the precipitous leap of the waters is one hundred and fifty-six feet and on the American side one hundred and sixty-eight. They are told, also, that the falls present a scene of unexampled grandeur; that the tint of the waters, varying from a pale green to a light blue, is too delicate to be reproduced by the brush of the best artist; that the sound of the falling waters is heard at a distance of many miles, and that under certain atmospheric conditions the spray rises in an almost perpendicular column till it loses itself in the clouds. Very often, even by an imperfect description of this kind, which does not by any means come up to the reality, the imagination of the reader is so wrought upon that in all probability he will be disappointed the first time he beholds this grand phenomenon of nature. But it will grow upon him and will be to him ever new, and the oftener he sees it the more his delight will increase, for it is only to old acquaintances this stupendous work of nature unfolds the treasures of beauty which it conceals from the ordinary observer.

There are very many people in the United States and Canada who have a great desire to see the grand scenery and the beauties of the old world. This is quite pardonable, or I might say rather it is quite laudable, for curiosity is a very strong feeling in man's nature and is a great blessing if he always uses it for a good purpose. But it is the belief of most people, who have travelled extensively, that there is no scenery in the Old World grander than that in the United States and Canada. What can be grander

than the Niagara river and its continuation, the Saint Lawrence? What more beautiful river than the Hudson in the United States? It is called the Rhine of America, and most travellers say that for fine scenery it is superior to the far-famed Old World river, whose beauty has throughout Europe been celebrated in song. The palisades on the Hudson—a perpendicular wall of trap-rock rising from four to five hundred feet—give a sublime appearance to the magnificent river as they cast their rich daguerreotype into its deep waters beneath. The scenery of this beautiful river for one hundred and twenty miles north of New York City is unsurpassed by that of any river in Europe. But the Rhine has other advantages which the broad, deep waters of the Hudson do not possess. From Coblenz to the boundary of Holland, the magnificent heights that rise above the beautiful river are studded with the ruins of old feudal castles, each one of which has an interesting history of its own. These ruins, venerable for their antiquity, tell the story of other days and the civilization of past ages. The feudal system, though hampered with many imperfections, did some good work in its day. It grew out of the customs and the manners of uncivilized and barbarous people, and was the only mode of government that the times would admit. The Church, whose task at that time was an herculean one, in softening the manners of the barbaric hordes that were pouring down on the fairest countries of Europe, did not change the customs that nations and tribes were wont to observe, but occupied herself in abrogating the worst features of the system and in refining and softening the manners of the people. This was a task she could not

have accomplished had she been merely human. None but a divine institution armed with divine power could fuse the races and bring into harmony so many elements of discord. The chivalry of the middle ages bear witness to the fact that she succeeded in accomplishing what to human calculation would seem impossible, and that she refined the rough material at her disposal and moulded it into a chivalrous and high spirited Christian people. The influence of the Christian spirit and the refinement of manners that she instilled into the people and the nations of Europe at that period are felt even to this day, not only by her own children but by those who went out from the bosom of their loving Mother. This is the advantage that certain localities in Europe, celebrated for the beauty of their scenery, have over the New World, for the former have a history that is entirely wanting to the latter.

In the Old World there are many varieties of beauty—some wild and majestic, others more tame, and others again more domestic. In the first class I may place the Alps, lifting their majestic forms with their cloud-capped summits crowned with eternal snows. As one views the mighty glacier bearing all obstacles before it in its headlong course, he is struck with awe, for the immense mass, gathering strength by its velocity, reminds one of the Almighty power of Him who drew all things out of nothing.

From the heights above Geneva there is a scene of unsurpassing grandeur. Looking down one beholds the clear blue waters of the lake and the beautiful city lying in repose on its southwestern extremity. To the north-west at a considerable distance stretches the long line of the Jura, and far away to the south, above La ser Saleve, rises the haughty dome of Mont Blanc, crowned with eternal snows. This is the highest mountain in Switzerland. It

rises to the enormous height of eighteen thousand feet. When the noonday sun strikes its snow-crowned summit it flings back a shower of glittering light that enchants the beholder. Though this is the highest mountain in Switzerland its summit has been reached. But there is another mountain there called the Jungfrau, though not quite as high as the former, its height being thirteen thousand seven hundred feet, that has baffled all the efforts of man to reach its summit. It is the seat of eternal snows, the purity of which has never been sullied by the footprints of sinful man. What a grand and suitable place for angels to congregate and hold their councils when visiting this earth to give their protection to men!

In a short sketch like this I dare not speak of the beauties of Italy; they are so numerous that it would take a book to contain only a few of them. And then what pen can do justice to the Bay of Naples and to Vesuvius? The domestic beauties of Italy, its broad valleys teeming with the richest productions of nature, the vine-clad slopes of the Apennines glittering in the morning sun, made a charming picture that the cupidity of the first Napoleon could not resist. From the deep study of Thucydides he well knew how to address his soldiers, and under the existing circumstances what would appeal more directly to their interest. He accordingly took them to an eminence, and from there showed them the rich plains of Italy teeming with flowers and fruit. He addressed them thus: "Soldiers! you have for a long time in the Alps been badly clothed and badly fed. The Directory owes you much and can give you little, but," he said, stretching forth his hand, pointing to the fertile fields of Italy, "there is a land worth fighting for." Yes Italy was rich and beautiful. Who has ever seen her profusion of roses blooming in the hedges and in the fields without an impulse of joy possessing his heart; and who has ever in that blessed land lifted his eyes towards heaven can ever forget the glory of her deep blue skies.

But what shall I say of Ireland, that

most fertile of islands; there are beauties there peculiar to her alone. Her shorn meadows and lawns are more like a rich texture of woven carpet than a mere production of nature. How many an exile would wish to stand once more where her beautiful rivers flow, and sit beneath the old ancestral trees, the trees he loved so well in the morning of his days. How fair and balmy is its summer climate! I may say in the words of the poet who sang so sweetly of home: "A charm from skies seems to hang always there;" there, there is a heavenly balm that no other sky can impart. If you add to this the moral beauty of the Emerald Isle, where shall you find a land so fair? If any one doubt of what I have been saying I would refer him to the old land so dear to many of its children in the New World. The scene that I am about to speak of occurred in the month of May. The meadows were in bloom, the bleating of the flocks and the lowing of the herds were heard from afar, the fertile land, the deep rich green of the luxuriant pastures studded with wild flowers, gave the surrounding country the appearance of a veritable paradise. In the morning the lark rose early from the meadow, rose on swift wing toward the clouds and commenced her matin hymn to the glory of her Creator. The loud voice of the blackbird was heard at intervals during the day, from the hazel copse the last sweet notes of the thrush were dying away in the distance, and the plaintive voice of the ringdove was heard from the tall elms. It was the close of evening, the air was laden with the sweet fragrance of the hawthorn blossoms and of the eglantine, and from the neat thatched cottages close to the road floated the sweetest of all music. It was the voice of the Irish Catholic family, the voice of the father and the mother, together with the children, reciting the Rosary. The witness of that scene declared on that very evening that Ireland was the most beautiful place in the world, and after many years and after seeing many lands he has not yet changed his opinion.

## Soliloquies.

BY FRIAR JOHN, O. C. C.

**O**UR earth does not stand still. It turns around itself once in every twenty-four hours. The motion is from west to east. At least we are told so by science. It would be a greater disgrace for an educated man not to admit this than it would be if he were to deny all the dogmas of Christianity. And yet this scientific fact is not demonstrated. It is only what is called a scientific hypothesis. Whenever in science the true cause of certain occurrences in nature is unknown, we assume a cause which will present a satisfactory explanation of every single one of these occurrences, and we call that a hypothesis. Should anything happen in the course of natural events which could not be explained by the hypothesis accepted until then, it would conclusively prove that we were upon the wrong track and that our hypothesis does not hold good. Then we must look around for a new hypothesis which would cover all the explored ground. Everybody nowadays believes that the sun stands still, as far as our earth is concerned, and that day and night succeeds each other because our earth turns itself around once every twenty-four hours. And we believe all this, and look down with pity upon those benighted individuals who still think that the sun moves, because our hypothesis explains all the various happenings, or, to use another scientific word, all the phenomena of our solar system.

So far nothing has been observed which could not be explained by this hypothesis, but for all we know there

may be quite another explanation of all these phenomena.

Many a one went to heaven who knew nothing of all this, and many a one died a happy death believing that the sun did all the moving.

I dare say one of the great delights of heaven will be the solution of all these questions, and God will unfold to us all the wisdom displayed in His creation. Our present theories may then seem to us very silly and short-sighted, just as the theories of the ancients seem to us now.

One of the strange facts resulting from the daily revolution of the earth from west to east is the experience of a traveller around the world who moves in the same direction as the earth. By traveling east continuously until he arrives at the point of departure, the globe-trotter finds upon his return that he has gained a day upon his friends who stayed at home. He has actually seen the sun rise and set one day oftener than if he had remained at home.

The clever winding up of Jules Verne's story, "Around the World in Eighty Days," is based upon this fact. It must be a novel sensation, and I have no doubt that in the near future, when the great Trans-Siberian Railway will make it possible to go around the Earth in forty days and less, many a one in search of new sensations will take this means of increasing the number of his days.

All of us who have lived until this month of March have been treated to a similar sensation. Only instead of gaining the day by moving faster than

the earth we gained a day by skipping a leap-year. If this year were not a centurial year it would be a leap-year. It is now four years since the last leap-year, 1896. The next one will be 1904.

The rule for calculating leap-years which I learned in my school-days was a very simple one. Our teacher told us to divide the last two figures of the year by four. If the division left no remainder that year would be a leap-year. Whenever the two last figures would be 00, which is the case in all centurial years, we should divide the first two figures by four. If these figures formed a multiple of four, that centurial year would be a leap-year.

The last centurial leap-year, therefore, was 1600, and the next will be 2000.

The present centurial year is no leap-year. We skip the extra day this year and put up with a February of only twenty-eight days.

Now comes the question which has puzzled me for a while, and which I leave to others to solve: Did I gain a day in my life, or did I lose a day?

When I die the date of my death will certainly be one day later than it would be if this year would have been a leap-year.

The real reason for dropping three leap-years in every 400 is, of course, to get the civil year as even with the solar year as possible. By this wise arrangement introduced by Pope Gregory, the civil year accords so closely with the solar year that it takes 3866 years to make a difference of a day.

The last day of February this year was the 28th, not the 29th, on account of this wise ruling of a Pope, whose calendar has been adopted by all the civilized countries excepting Russia. But Russia is going to drop into line

on the first day of next January, the first day of the twentieth century. Another proof that Russia is to be one of the civilized countries.

Some years ago a Russian officer assured me that it was the providential mission of Russia to evangelize and civilize Asia. He accused England of having demoralized rather than civilized China, and mentioned the opium trade as a proof. He pointed to India, and, alas, with too much truth, to our American Indians, to prove that the English only know how to exterminate the natives and not how to Christianize them.

According to his view of things, Russia has a divine mission to bring about the downfall of heretical England. He said: "The day will come when Russia will be the great Empire of Asia, when China, India and Persia will be Russian provinces, and the Church will be Catholic in all the world."

"But," I replied, "the world would not be the gainer if, instead of having the present religious liberty which England gives in all her territory, we would have the narrow-minded persecution of the orthodox church, which you call Catholic by a misnomer."

"You are mistaken," the Russian answered, "in your idea that we intend to force the present orthodox church of Russia upon these countries. On the contrary, the Czar and the higher nobility of Russia are well aware of the difference between the Roman clergy and the Russian popes, between the well organized Roman system and the Petersburg Synod, and the desire for an ultimate union with Rome is growing day by day. The day of a better understanding between the two only representatives of the true Church has dawned, and should our present

Czar live long enough you may witness the complete healing of what your historians call the Great Schism."

Many a time since that conversation have I remembered the predictions of the Russian nobleman.

The actions of the Czar within the last year seem to point to a partial rupture, at least, with the Petersburg Synod. The appointment of Catholic Bishops in Lithuania by the Holy Father at the request of the Czar, his ukase concerning the restoration of the Polish language in church and school in Poland, and most of all the opening of diplomatic relations with the Vatican by having a Papal Nuncio appointed to St. Petersburg, are all manifestations of an entirely new spirit in Russian government circles. It cannot be that the Procurator of the Synod meekly accepted all these changes. He is too well known as one of the most bitter enemies of Rome to allow any doubt on the subject.

Should it come to pass that Russia will eventually return to the bosom of the Church, then it will disturb the Catholic heart much less to see her gain possession of all Asia than it would under present conditions.

Great Britain is now fighting for supremacy in South Africa. Whatever may be one's views about the justice or injustice of the present war, it is certain that sooner or later a struggle between Boer and Briton for supremacy in South Africa would have to come. It may be all the better for Great Britain that she provoked it before the Boer became invincible. He seems to be very near that point now.

This struggle, however, is nothing in comparison with the tremendous struggle for supremacy in the East, which is approaching with inexorable fate.

The last day of February was also Ash Wednesday. When the priest with blessed ashes signed our foreheads he bade us remember that we are dust and into dust we shall return.

At no time in the history of the Church was his warning reminder more needed than at present. Our very progress in material things, which is called modern civilization, has a tendency to make us love the material goods of this world, the physical comforts of our earth life more than heavenly treasures and the consolations of the Cross.

Ash Wednesday ushered in upon us the great penitential season of Lent, a time of fasting, abstinence and voluntary mortifications.

Lent is not any more what it once was. We are so afraid to hurt ourselves, so fond of our physical lives, so sensitive against all bodily pain or discomfort that the Church has gradually relaxed her precepts of penance. How many are there who fast? How many Christians are there who realize that it is a proof of a mother's love for us that the Church has provided so many more fast days than feast days? Who believes nowadays that penance is absolutely essential to salvation? Or, at least, who lives up to this belief?

The whole trend of modern thought is materialistic. This earth must become a paradise worth living in. Disease must be stamped out. The body should suffer as little pain as possible. Our days on earth must be multiplied. Health clubs are organized, health foods are widely advertised, sanitary clothing, sanitary plumbing, sanitary everything, is the cry of the day, and all our inquiries about each other begin and end with a question about our bodily welfare.

Some of us, otherwise good Chris-



tians, become the veriest cowards when there is a physical pain to be endured. The fear of sickness unnerves the modern confessors of the faith more than persecution did the martyrs of old. I have heard pious people remark at the death of some one who had had a painful lingering disease: "Well, it is a blessed thing that he died. It was a release from his sufferings!"

Now we all know that God loves us more than we do ourselves, that he never inflicts pain wantonly or uselessly. It is always of infinite good for us to be crucified at His will. If we could obtain the views of some poor sinner, who is now suffering in purgatory, on this subject, would we not find him ready to suffer the worst disease on earth if he could by that means diminish his purgatory?

Are illness and suffering really the worst misfortunes that can befall us? Are the crosses that God sends us a curse or a blessing? Does Our Lord

really demand of us to deny ourselves and to take up our cross daily?

Does the Kingdom of heaven suffer violence? Why then do we profess to be Christians when we try to avoid the least little sacrifice of comfort for the sake of penance, when we complain of the crosses God sends us, when we make use of the flimsiest pretext to dispense ourselves from fasting and abstinence?

Do we expect to feast with Dives in this world and with Lazarus in the next?

Instead of trying to avoid all penitential acts and mortifications we should not only do all the Church asks but add voluntary privations and self-inflicted mortifications, even if our pampered bodies cry out in agony. There are many reasons why we should hate our bodies, and only one why we should spare it.

But of this at some other time.

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## Monthly Patrons.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.—*March 7.*

**W**E cannot counsel you too much to read the Lives of the Saints. It is the great school of sanctity. It is the poem of Christ, and the glory of the Holy Church. Sanctity is a contagion. The life of a Saint is an atmosphere which transmits it along all time."

These words of the learned Bishop of Poitiers seem especially applicable to the "Angelic Doctor," (patron of this month), whose doctrine is, indeed, "a school of sanctity" and erudition. His tender and devotional praises of the Most Holy Sacrament, emulating

the melodies of celestial spirits, make his life also a "poem of Christ;" and amidst all the glories of Holy Church, one of the brightest is her "Angel of the Schools."

His holy example is "a contagion" to all devoted to him, and an "atmosphere" which transmits it to all time.

In this short tribute of devotion we do not propose to dwell in detail on a life so well known, so ardently loved; nor shall we endeavor to portray its marvellous beauties and the scholastic lustre of this luminary of holy Church.



To all time the teachings of his wisdom,  
 ("Written well" in cloisters which he trod,) Shall, like sparkling streams of living water,  
 Flow within "the City of Our God."

Neither are we gazing at him in the light of the sanctuary, reserving for a future time the contemplation of his love for Jesus in His Sacramental presence. It is as a lover of Mary we select this glorious saint as monthly patron, in order to emulate, afar off, his saintly example. When very young he spent a considerable time in his father's residence near Loretto, and must have prayed frequently in that holy house where the celestial "Ave" first greeted the Immaculate Maiden chosen as Mother of the "Word made flesh." Most tenderly devoted to Our Lady, he resolved to enter an Order specially belonging to her, and his choice fell on that newly founded by St. Dominic.

We are familiar with the history of a vocation that encountered many trials and cruel opposition, and even snares laid for his virtue.

In that great need he had recourse to the Queen of Angels, and ever attributed to her intercession the preservation of innocence.

Angels girded the young novice with a celestial cincture, emblematic of that rare purity by which he was henceforth exempt from temptations against this virtue which makes men "a little less than angels," and crowns him with "glory and honor."

There is a beautiful prayer indulged for all who, in imitation of St. Thomas and to secure his aid, wear a blessed cincture.

In it he is styled "*chosen lily*," and "*angel in human flesh*," who "*preserved his baptismal innocence unsullied*." We implore him to obtain from Jesus, the Immaculate Lamb, and Mary, Queen of Virgins, that we may on earth be crowned with the lily he so dearly loved, and in heaven receive "*amongst the chaste bands of the angels the palm of never-ending bliss*."

Many souls dear to Jesus and Mary, amongst them another "angel," St. Aloysius, have obtained precious graces by devoutly wearing this cincture; and a holy Jesuit said he could fill

volumes were he to relate all the graces that, to his own knowledge, had been received by its means. If any one of our readers desire to participate in these graces, a Dominican Father can give further details and invest with this holy cincture.

How profound are the teachings of St. Thomas on the greatness of Mary! With regard to God, he says her Divine Maternity "*borders on the infinite*." With relation to herself, he extols the splendors of grace, the incomparable height of glory to which she is elevated; and, like another Esther, how she has thus become the Mother and mediatrix and "salvation of her people."

He tenderly loved the "Hail Mary," and preached an entire Lent on the marvels contained in it.

Sweet, indeed, must it have been to Mary when she heard that salutation first breathed by angelic lips, ascending from the silent cloisters, where an earthly "angel" invoked her aid, and was fervently making melodies in his pure heart from the contemplation of her joys, sorrows and glories! What treasures of grace must she not have obtained to perfect that vast intellect and seraphic heart in all virtues theological, moral, infused and acquired!

Sublime like celestial intelligences, humble as a child, ever yearning for the vision of Jesus' Face, receiving Him at last in Holy Viaticum with inexpressible faith and love, he passed to the glorious reward prepared by Him of whom he had "written well." It was for God alone he lived, taught, suffered, died, and from early youth consecrated all the virgin-love of his heart. May his feast be one of joy and grace for us! May he obtain for us that cleanness of heart to which is promised the Beatific Vision! "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God!"

"O good will! O purity of heart! Well did Jesus know your value when He placed you among the Beatitudes. What greater happiness than to possess God and be possessed by Him? Let others, Lord, ask Thee all Thy gifts—I have but one prayer to make: Give me a pure heart!"\*

\* Pere Causade, S. J.

# Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route.

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,  
Vicar General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

## I.

VARNA, BURGAS, CONSTANTINOPLE.

\* JERUSALEM, September 19, 1899.

A letter from the ancient City of Sion will, I am sure, be the most welcome acknowledgment I could make you and the many kind friends whose good wishes have God-speeded me on my present pilgrimage.

Whilst I would gladly begin the same by giving you my impressions of the sacred places I have seen here thus far, I shall postpone doing so for the moment and follow the more regular order of describing, though necessarily somewhat in brief, the chief features of my coming hither.

On the 16th inst., then, accompanied by Rev. Paul Corsellis, C. P., a Belgian and a member of our Bulgarian Mission, I set out from Rustchuk for the seaport town of Varna, on my journey to the Holy Land. Various commissions entrusted to me by our beloved Bishop, Mgr. Doulcet, C. P., in the interests of the same mission—one for Constantinople and another for Jerusalem—were the immediate occasion of this long and delightful voyage.

In Varna my companion and I were the guests of our confrere in religion, Very Rev. F. Dunstan McGuirk, parish priest of the Catholic congregation there.

On the morning following our arrival, at his invitation, I sang a solemn High Mass in our Church of the Immaculate Conception, the occasion being the birthday of His Imperial Majesty, Francis Joseph of Austria.

This ceremony—a truly religious manner of commemorating an event so dear to the people of the "Dual

Kingdom"—is observed in all parts of the world where Austro-Hungary is officially represented, and is enhanced by the presence of resident foreign ministers, consuls, etc., as also by that of the respective state and municipal authorities in diplomatic relation therewith. These, in their resplendent military and civic uniforms, and accompanied by the elite of their several Colonies, make a fitting background to this grand ecclesiastical function, testifying, as they do by assisting at it, the high regard in which the actual head of the Hapsburg Dynasty is held by the Powers of the world irrespective of creed or nationality. And indeed the present "Kaiser" well deserves this honor, for his name is synonymous with good deeds, a fact to which our numerous missions in the Orient can bear ample witness.

A solemn *Te Deum*, chanted in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, closed the service just described, after which, with the above mentioned officials, the entire Austrian Colony and a host of other, I went in company of the local clergy to pay my respects to the Emperor in the person of his representative at the Consulate. A pleasing feature of the celebration in honor of the day was my making the acquaintance of the commandant of the vessel on which I was to sail the same evening for Constantinople. He and a detachment of his marines had assisted at the Mass, etc., and when I went on board he graciously waived a letter of introduction which I handed him, remarking, as he did so, that he already knew me, and at once extended me the courtesies of his ship, the *Saturno*, placing me during meals in the post of honor at his own table. When we

\* This article was written as a series of letters to his cousin, Walter J. Blakely, of St. Louis, Mo., with whose consent the Editor of the *CARMELITE REVIEW* has made extracts therefrom.

arrived at Bargas, a Bulgarian port in which we cast anchor on the morning of the 19th, he sent me ashore in the "captain's yawl" in order that I might have the opportunity of offering the Holy Sacrifice, and on my return to the vessel accompanied by the resident parish priest, a Capuchin and a townsman of the commandant (both natives of Trieste) he entertained us royally. Before taking leave of this truly gentlemanly officer—whom I take no ordinary pleasure in naming here, to wit, Capt. Richard Colledani—after anchoring in the Golden Horn, Sunday a. m., 20th, he added yet another to the many kind services he had rendered by giving me, unsolicited, a note of introduction to the captain of another vessel of his line (the Austrian Lloyd) on which I was to sail for Jaffa, warmly commending me to the latter. An unforeseen event, however—difficulties thrown in my way by the Turkish officials, who on my landing in the city of the Sultan informed me that in addition to my United States passport an Ottoman ditto was indispensable for further progress in Abdul Hamid's Dominions—rendered this courtesy unavailable and delayed my voyage nearly a week. But this halt was by no means one of ennui, the cordial hospitality of the Augustinian Fathers of the Assumption—whose guest I was during my visit to Constantinople three years ago (just a little before the awful massacre of the Armenians in that city and elsewhere throughout Turkey)—making my enforced sojourn there most agreeable. With many of these good religious I am personally acquainted, as they have several missions in Bulgaria and afford me from time to time the pleasure of entertaining them in my turn when passing through Rustchuk to their various fields of labor. The work of these Fathers in the Church is something marvellous. Though an Order of but some fifty years' standing (modeled on that of St. Augustine of Hippo), they have spread most rapidly throughout France, which is their cradle, and have branched out into other countries, particularly into Italy, the Argentine Republic and the Orient.

They have also recently opened a foundation in New York City. In Paris, which is their stronghold, they have a most extensive establishment at Rue Francois Premier, consisting of a Monastery and Church. The latter is one of the most frequented in the city, and missionary work, both in the pulpit and the confessional, is daily conducted there without interruption. Their gigantic printing offices situate on Rue Bayard and adjoining the property occupied some two years ago by the ill-fated "Bazaar de Charite," where during the frightful conflagration that destroyed the same some three hundred persons—among them the Duchess d'Alencon, sister of the murdered Empress of Austria—lost their lives, are too well known both at home and abroad to require any description at my hands. But I cannot refrain from making a cursory mention of some of the publications there issued. Among these are *La Croix*, a daily religious, social and political paper, whose circulation is two hundred thousand. This sheet has affiliation, or branch issues, in over seventy of the eighty-four departments of France. These appear weekly and are printed in each of the several districts for whose use they are intended. The Paris edition, which is called *La Croix Mere*, gives the key-note to all the departmental issues. It is edited by the Very Rev. Vincent de Paul Bailly, whose nom de plume is, very appropriately, Le Moine. He is the soul of all the literary and scientific publications, etc., of this Order. These number some thirty, the principal among which, after *La Croix*, are *Le Pelerin*, a weekly brochure, devoted mainly, as its title indicates, to the various pilgrimages organized and conducted by the Fathers; *Le Cosmos*, a scientific monthly, treating chiefly of mechanics and physics; *Les Questions Actuelles*, the nature of which is sufficiently shown by its name; *Les Oeuvres de Mer*, a bulletin published for the instruction, religious and otherwise, of fishermen and sailors; *Les Contemporains*, a monthly biographical review of unsurpassed interest and merit; *Le Mois Litteraire*, a periodical

which resets the gems of thought of leading writers both past and present; *Noel*, a magazine for boys and girls, and other works which I cannot stop to enumerate here, but which under the most attractive forms (nearly all of them are illustrated) reach all classes of people and influence countless minds for good, blending as they do the "utile cum dulce" and breathing the purest morality mingled with religious sentiment of the highest order.

Add to these herculean labors the fact that the Assumptionist Fathers have for the last eighteen years conducted annually vast pilgrimages to Jerusalem, Rome, Lourdes, etc., (to the first-named in their own ship, "La Nef de Notre Dame de Salute,") and that they have two large sailing vessels, "Le Saint Pierre" and "Le Saint Paul," one in Newfoundland waters and the other in the Icelandic seas—hospitable ships they are, aye, floating churches—for the spiritual as well as bodily weal of the fishermen in those regions (this branch of their work is known as "Les Oeuvres de Mer," of which the publication of that name mentioned above gives a detailed account), and you have a birdseye view of the colossal enterprises of the Augustinians of the Assumption. Just think of a Catholic Religious Order of (lazy?) monks accomplishing all this good—at once so varied, so wide-reaching and so prolific!

But this is by no means all. Here in the Orient, where they number two hundred, they have flourishing institutions at Koum Kapou, Constantinople, on the European, and at Kadi Keni and Phanaraki on the Asiatic side of the Golden Horn. Then, as I have intimated further back, they are established in Bulgaria, notably at Sophia, the capital of that principality, and at Philippopolis and Adrinople. In these cities they direct orphanages, colleges and schools, besides exercising the office of missionary priests. At Koum Kapou (where I was their guest while in Constantinople—or "New Rome," as that city was called after the transfer of the seat of the empire thither by Constantine the Great) they have under their direction—adminis-

tered by their own priests—churches both of the Latin and Greek rites, their Order having been specially commissioned by our Holy Father Leo XIII. to promote that darling object of his pontificate—the "Union of the Latin and the Oriental Churches." This they do to an extent little dreamed of on our side of the Atlantic, and they are certainly in the van of all religious organizations in this feature of work in the East. In Koum Kapou I have assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated according to the Latin, Greek, Syro-Chaldaic and Armenian liturgies, as also at Vespers in the second and Benediction in the first named rites. Their seminary in the quarter first mentioned is composed exclusively of Greek youths, numbering some forty, who are preparing for the ministry and are destined, let us hope, to be largely instrumental one day in eradicating the lamentable schism which since the second half of the seventh century has robbed the Church of countless souls and cast a blight over the entire East. Again, at Kadi Keni and Phanaraki they have seminaries for young men of the Latin rite, and in the latter place a novitiate of their Order containing sixty novices. In Jerusalem, where at this moment I am their guest, they have completed an immense edifice of a most imposing character in which there are four hundred rooms and extensive wards capable of lodging a thousand persons. It is within its hospitable walls that the large bodies of pilgrims which they conduct to Palestine every year find the comforts of a home whilst visiting the sacred spots hallowed by our Divine Saviour's birth, labors, sufferings and death. I shall revert to this and kindred subjects further on, for I am not done as yet with these good fathers and their marvellous works, seeing that they are to conduct me and my fellow-pilgrims through the chief portions of the Holy Land for days to come, and thence to Constantinople, where I shall bid them adieu, to wend my way back solitarily by the route I came, namely the Black—anciently the *Euxine* Sea, to my mission in Bulgaria.

## "Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mar Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

### CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

IN truth, the enemy was only temporarily disarmed, and M. de Sonis was destined to make but a short stay with his family at Laghout. He began at once making his preparations for a fresh campaign in the spring. The most formidable enemy which the troops have to combat is—not the Arab—but thirst. The rivers marked on the maps are habitually dry; and if filled for a few hours in the winter, the water quickly evaporates, leaving only a few pools here and there, which a handful of camels exhaust in a few moments.

The only permanent resource are the wells, built in ancient days, some of which are of a great depth. But these wells are each at two or three days' distance from one another; so that the only water which the troops can depend upon is that brought by the Commissariat. The expedition this time was to be of a more important character than the previous one. Bad news had arrived.

On the 16th of March, the young Si-Hamed had advanced to the north of Geryville, and had attacked at Ben-Hattab a body of French troops under Colonel Colomb. Many men and officers were killed and wounded, and the victorious Marabout had pushed on

his forces to the 'south. De Sonis's orders were to pursue and avenge this defeat before Si-Hamed could effect a junction with another rebel chief, Ben-Naceur, who held that part of the country called Mزاب, with a numerous following.

This expedition has been described in detail by one of the officers, M. Bernard d'Harcourt, in a brilliant article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* from which we will extract some passages. \*

On the 25th of March, the Feast of the Incarnation, the army started, M. de Sonis having intentionally fixed on that day, and having been to Holy Communion in the morning, as he always did before any fresh campaign. The officers remaining at Laghout accompanied their comrades for an hour, and then parted from them with some emotion, as the enterprise was a dangerous one in many ways. The 2,600 men of which the corps was composed, with 1,900 camels, filled the whole plain. "Nevertheless," writes M. de Harcourt, "we started in good spirits and full of hope of avenging the defeat of Ben-Hattab, while the cheering words of Colonel de Sonis filled us with confidence and courage. After three days' march across an in-

terminable plain, covered with little bushes of 'Alfa,' we came to the small village of Tadjrouna, where there was a spring of water, which was quickly exhausted by our thirsty soldiers, to the great despair of the natives. On the 29th of March we bid adieu to all civilization, and for three days followed the course of the Oued-Zegoum, pitching our tents each night on the borders of a *r'dir*, or pool, where the horses had, at least, some green food."

On the 31st, de Sonis ordered his Goums to go to the Mzab and desire the Chambaas to attack Ben-Naceur, so as to make him believe that he was the object of the French attack, and then after this demonstration to return to the camp. In that way he hoped that Si-Lalla would be deceived as to the real object of the expedition, and, fancying the troops were going to Mzab, would not leave the waters of Oued-Gharbi, where he hoped to surprise him. After waiting for three days, the little army marched resolutely south. Then began the struggle with the elements. On the 4th of April the wind rose suddenly, and raised masses of sand, which in a moment developed the whole column. M. de Harcourt writes of this simoon: "So complete a darkness followed that no one could see his nearest neighbor. In vain we tried to speak or call to one another; our voices were buried in our throats, and our eyes, filled with sand, could distinguish nothing. This went on for two hours, at the end of which time the hurricane diminished in violence, and the sand formed the most delicate arabesques on the soil."

A bivouac was installed, and the roll-call made; but one man was missing. The whole camp was searched in vain. De Sonis sent men on horseback in every direction; but they returned at

the end of two hours without having found any trace of him. Great fires of brushwood were lit and burnt all night, but no one came; and never more was the poor fellow heard of.

The march continued at the rate of eight or ten leagues a day; but the desert seemed interminable. Not a tree or tuft of grass relieved the monotony. Here and there a little line of hills appeared in the distance, where they hoped to find a rock or a ravine; but the nearer they came the quicker the mirage disappeared. "We felt," wrote M. de Harcourt, "as if we were in face of eternity."

When the day's march was over, M. de Sonis alone took no rest. It was he who traced the limits of the camp, who determined where each corps should be placed, who watched over the installation of both men and horses, who regulated the distribution of food and water, and who gave all the orders to the officers for the next day. He might be seen even at nights going among the tents, by the light of the bivouac fires, and seeing that every man was properly cared for. After that, wrapped up in a sheep-skin, he would snatch a few hours sleep on the bare ground; but even that was shortened by his long and ardent prayers, or by a serious talk with some young officer, whose soul he had at heart.

It was four days since they had left Tadjrouna, when they came upon a deep ravine, in the centre of which was a Ksar—a sacred spot, where the first ancestors of the tribe of Ouled-Sidi-Cheikh were buried. Two little white marabouts containing their relics were all that remained; at the foot of which was a well, containing a small quantity of water.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Editorial Notes.

### Vivat Papa !

"Hail ever loving Father, may Thy years  
By heaven protected be!  
Beam brighter that 'Light in heaven'  
Which nobly steers  
The barque of Peter over Time's dark sea!"

These words, which closed the Ode (appearing in these pages) to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. on the occasion of his Episcopal Jubilee in 1893, fly to our pen when we remember that on the second day of this month the Holy Father celebrates his ninetieth birthday. We love to say *Ad multos!* although it seems inapplicable to one who has lived a score of years beyond the allotted "two score and ten" of the Psalmist—but then, "no word shall be impossible with God." We recall those ten pious maidens, (mentioned last month by our Roman correspondent,) who were willing—if it was God's will—to give up one year of their own lives in order that the venerable Pontiff might complete a century of years. We are told that an address is to be presented to the Pope on March 2nd, signed only by nonagenarians, and already there were upwards of six hundred signatures last month. Of course this number has been since enormously supplemented. One of these ancient gentlemen announced his intention of going to the Sacraments in honor of the event after an interim of fifty years. Here is a hint to those careless ones (God grant there are none!) amongst our readers who have neglected so pressing and necessary an obligation as the Easter duty. The Father of the Faithful yet lives—but some of his so-called children, alas! are dead—spiritually. How it would rejoice his large, noble and paternal

heart if he saw his prodigal sons and daughters seeking the peace of the confessional, and the lost and scattered sheep coming back to the one and only true fold. How can you refuse this last will and wish of your beloved shepherd, who will soon go to receive his reward from the Shepherd of Shepherds? With Ash Wednesday has arrived the season in which we can perform our Easter obligation—let us make it at once—make it in honor of the Father of Christendom. It will enhance his gladness and make this indeed a holy year of Jubilee for us and bring joy to the angels in heaven.

### Glory to God in the Highest !

From North and South and East and West expressions of gratitude reach us from devout souls who owe much to the Holy Infant of Prague and Our Blessed Lady. And now from across the broad Atlantic comes a request from our own *Enfant de Marie*, so dear to us all, who brings "good tidings of great joy," and says she desires to "return thanks for the recovery of a dear invalid and the preservation of some cherished friends in time of prevalent sickness. These favors were the objects of novenas to the Holy Infant of Prague and Our Lady whom we love to invoke as *Salus infirmorum*. In fulfilment of a promise to publish thanks in the CARMELITE REVIEW, I earnestly ask a little act of gratitude from kind readers, and in return will pray for all their intentions. I have found the recitation of the *Gloria in Excelsis* a most efficacious novena in union with the angels, and, in the *Memorare*, St. Bernard's words are ever



softly murmuring to us that Mary's intercession was never known to fail."

#### Our Father's Business.

Another candidate lately received the veil in the Boston Carmel, Most Reverend Archbishop Williams officiating. Father Halpin, the eminent Jesuit, preached the sermon on the occasion, and we regret our inability to print in full a report of his golden and burning words. He indeed gave us some thoughts for Lent when he said that the regeneration of society can only be wrought through prayer and penance, for "some demons cannot be cast out except by prayer and fasting! This is the two-fold mission of the Carmelites to the world. This is how they help to kindle the fire which Christ came to cast on earth. But first the fire must burn away all selfishness from their own hearts. There is something which grates a little on us in Our Lord's answer to His Blessed Mother, when she and Saint Joseph, after three days' search, found Him in the Temple in the midst of the Doctors; but that is only because we could not have seen the tenderness of His glance, the sweetness of His inflections. 'Knew ye not,' He said, 'that I must be about My Father's business.' So with those, whom He calls to the priesthood and the religious life. They must always be about the Father's business. The Carmelite has no other care but the Father's business, the salvation of souls and the welfare of the Church. To the dear child, who has gone in to devote herself to the interests of the Father, we offer our congratulations. She will offer her prayers for the priests of the Church; she will pray for the mother who bore her, for the father who so generously gives her to God; for her brothers and her kindred. May

she advance in holiness till, as the true Carmelite should, she holds God's hand in her's; He knows her petition by her pressure of it, and with the other hand of His almighty power reaches forth to grant her desire."

#### "We Can Get Anything We Ask."

From time to time we are in receipt of communications from our readers who relate the many and frequent favors from Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. For the encouragement and edification of the clients of our Queen it is fitting that we make known some of these letters. The following has been sent to us by a prominent lawyer in the United States, who has been a reader of our "REVIEW" from the beginning. At his request we withhold his name, and at the same time vouch for the genuineness of the letter:

January 31, 1900.

Rev. Carmelite Fathers,  
Falls View, Ont.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHERS:

During the past few years I got in debt over \$1,200.00, and the outlook did not look very encouraging to ever get out of it. I had recourse to Our Blessed Lady for assistance and did not miss a day for many months asking her help, promising her that I would make known through the CARMELITE REVIEW the fact that she had helped me if she would do so. Not long ago I received a fee as attorney in a case the sum of \$1,250.00, and a prospective fee which will substantially wipe out my debts. Please mention the circumstances without giving my name or place of residence. I believe that we can get anything we ask of the Blessed Virgin if it is good for us. Thanking you in advance for this favor until you are better paid, I remain,

Your devoted son in Christ,

X—



### As to the Jubilee.

It is definitely announced in the *Rosary Magazine*, which is generally well-informed, that on November 2nd last an Apostolic Letter was issued by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., in which the place for gaining the Jubilee Indulgences was extended to all localities during the year 1901. Hence next year in America we can all gain the Jubilee Indulgences. Regarding the uncertainty as to the suspension of faculties during the Jubilee year, His Excellency, Mgr. Falconio, the Papal Delegate to Canada, has consulted the Holy See, and the answer from Cardinal Ledochowski was that "all faculties *pro foro externo*, granted to Bishops and Ordinaries, remain in force for the Jubilee year. Regarding the faculties *pro foro interno*, granted by the Propaganda, the Holy Father, in an audience given on the 9th inst., has graciously declared that these faculties might be used even during the time of the Jubilee *in casu gravis incommodi*.

### For Our Readers.

We have been exceedingly fortunate in being made the recipients of some intensely interesting letters, which are most graphic pen-pictures of Catholicity in the East. The reverend writer, who is well known in America, needs no recommendation from us. His letters will be published in this magazine under the title of "Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land with impressions en route, by Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely, C. P., Vicar General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria." Speaking of forthcoming literary contributions to these pages during the present year, we might mention the fact that we are also made happy by the receipt of a charming little story,

full of life, entitled "Pepita," written for us by Miss Caroline D. Swan, that clever New England authoress, whose name is becoming familiar to a host of readers in America and Europe. This month we are also privileged in having a message from that eminent Dominican Rev. J. L. O'Neil, former editor of the *Rosary Magazine*, now residing in California. We are glad likewise to introduce to our readers this month a bright English writer, Francis W. Grey, Esq., whose name in prose and verse is familiar to readers of the American and Canadian *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. And the Augustinian Father—whose pen is prolific and versatile—Rev. F. X. McGowan, who last month wrote so beautifully of the Holy Father, gives us promise of something good in the near future.

### Sifted Truth.

Most of the current news is made to order by the newspaper syndicates. The telegraph wires on land and water run through a poisoned atmosphere. We must take contemporaneous history as revised and annotated by unscrupulous clipping bureaus. It took us a long time to find out the truth buried beneath the mountain of falsehoods concerning the Friars cabled from the Philippines. And now we are getting garbled news from France about a Religious Order lately suppressed by an irreligious and masonic government existing under the auspices of his satanic majesty. The Assumptionist Fathers are doing God's work. That is distasteful to the devil, who does all in his power to annihilate them as he does to all that is of God. From what we read in the daily press we learn little about this grand Order sufficient to illicit our sympathy. They are wrong as we see them through the cable-man's

glasses. According to one brilliant contemporary, of the "yellow" type, which applauds the action of the French Government, whilst it confesses its own inability to understand the bearings of the case, "the evidence showed that the *Redemptorists* were very wealthy, that their newspaper, the *St. Croix*, was a bitter foe of the government, a determined hunter of Dreyfus, and supported every gang of politicians and treason-mongers." As we write we are filled with pleasure when we announce that the CARMELITE REVIEW has received information from an impartial and truthful eye-witness, who, in his valuable letters now on our desk, will tell our readers the wonderful works done for God in our day by the much reviled Assumptionist Fathers.

#### The Scourge of God.

Perhaps in a year from now those who live in quiet, isolated country places will not regret the fact. The dreaded plague is slowly but surely on the way, and they who are qualified to speak say that modern science cannot stop its advance. It would seem that the great cities are destined to be swept by the bosom of the Black Death. It is almost certain that the globe-circling march of the pestilence has never been stopped once it has begun. It has, we believe, gone around the world, completing the circuit. This year it has lodged in Portugal, and is now threatening America from the East. It is also threatening this continent from the West by way of Honolulu and the Pacific line of steamers which run from Japan and China to British Columbia. It is not our office to write anything sensational or startling. We state a cold fact. We cannot overlook that fact, although we would wish

to, that Providence plays a prominent part on this planet. God's chastising instruments are wars and plagues. Let us admit it, confess our sins and do penance. During these days of compunction remember that long ago Thomas a Kempis complained of "the hardness and dullness of the human heart, that dwelleth only upon things present instead, rather, of providing for those which are to come."

#### The Protector of Carmel.

As has been customary, since St. Teresa's time, during the month of March, the Carmelite Fathers, Brothers and Sisters throughout the world dedicate the thirty-one days to St. Joseph, their Patron, and consecrate to him all their prayers, works and sufferings. In the solemn novena to this great Saint we shall recommend all the intentions of our friends, benefactors and readers. All our convents in America and Europe are notified of the intentions sent to us. All those desiring any favor of St. Joseph, or who may wish to make any promise or offering to him, should write to us as early as possible as the novena commences on March 10th.

#### Preaching on Paper.

Our Lord never commissioned a newspaper to preach, nevertheless the editor who has an eye to the interests of all his readers prints a weekly quota of soothing "firstlys" and "secondlys." These sermons (?) may be good, bad or indifferent. A recent thousand-dollar prize sermon in a New York paper on the "Power of Gentleness" had some real good points in it. There was much truth in the closing sentence, which is worth quoting: "The world needs nothing more than it needs

gentleness and love," says the writer, and "human hearts are hungry for the music of gentle voices and the touch of tenderness. Why should we not all try to show that we are the sons and daughters of the gentle God? Rough, rude boys have been made great for time and eternity by the sweetness and gentleness of mothers and sisters. Dull, wilful, petulant scholars have been made thoughtful and earnest by the tender, patient love of self-denying teachers. Souls small, mean, selfish, sinful, have been made great by the gentle, faithful labors of those not willing that any should perish."

#### A Truth-Lover in His True Light.

The passing of John Ruskin has called forth many kind eulogisms and divers comments. Perhaps the most concise and honest is this brief summing up by the editor of the *Antigonish Casket*, who says this great Englishman was truly "a man who though in the nineteenth century was not of it, if we regard as its distinguishing characteristics the skepticism, materialism and commercialism that have been so marked throughout almost all its course. No one more intensely hated or more unmercifully scourged the grovelling materialism of British nineteenth century civilization. He told the enterprising investors of England that if they were convinced that a railway to the infernal regions would pay, they would not only readily subscribe the necessary capital, but would stop the building of churches for fear of injuriously affecting the dividends. He was one of the great masters of English prose—inferior only to Newman in the range and fulness of his style; perhaps superior to him in vivid picturesqueness. With a culture far broader than either Carlyle or Emer-

son—of the former of whom he was wont to profess himself a pupil—he had escaped many of their faults, but not, unfortunately, their intense egotism and dogmatism. Had he had the guiding, steadying hand of the Catholic Church, which so strongly appealed to the artist and truth-lover in him, he would have been spared many mistakes in the intellectual world, as he would have been saved from an act of folly in the moral order which embittered his life and had, not improbably, much to do with the ultimate clouding of his mind."

#### Some Forgotten History.

"Priests and monks have done nothing for science" is the time-worn cry of those who hate religion. It is a libel refuted *ad nauseam*. During the past few weeks there has been going the rounds of the German Catholic press an interesting and comprehensive list of the many valuable contributions made to science by priests, monks and friars. We translate a few of these questions and answers which are of general interest:

Who invented gun-powder? A monk. (Berthold Schwarz.)

Who was the inventor of the metric system? A priest, Fr. Hanny.

Who made the first organ? The monk Badus.

Who constructed the first movements of the watch? The Friar Pulchifex of Verona.

Who made the first compass? The Deacon Flavius Gobia.

Who first gave quinine to suffering humanity? The Jesuits.

Who unveiled the laws of electricity? Father Lana.

Who invented the first telegraph? Fr. Chappe. (Morse improved but did not invent.)

Who gave us the first telescope? Fr. Schraeiner.

Who made the first microscope? Fr. Maguan.

Who constructed the first balloon? Fr. Desforges in 1772.

Who brought the first silk cocoon to Europe? A Catholic missionary.

Who encouraged and helped Columbus? A priest.

Who was the author of the deaf and dumb alphabet? The French priest L'Epee.

## An Incident.

A late number of the Baltimore, Md., *Katholische Volkszeitung* says:

"The following incident is related in the letter of a young man who belongs to a troop of cavalry: 'Allow me,' he writes, 'to say a word about my Scapular. One day, the strings breaking, I lost it. A reckless comrade found it, and holding it up he jokingly asked who may be the owner of such a thing. At first I was silent, then remembering my dear old mother at home who gave it to me, I told the boys it belonged to me. More out of fear from me than anything else my companions kept silent. On the day following, the one who made fun at my Scapular was drowned. Others of my Catholic comrades wear the Scapular, and we all owe to it many marvellous escapes.'"

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Last month, by some oversight, we overlooked a memorable event which occurred out West. It was the occasion of much joy to all the many friends of the good Father Alphonse Brandstaetter, the worthy Prior of the Carmelite Convent at Scipio, Kansas, for he solemnly celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first Holy Mass. One conspicuous participant in the celebration of this Silver Jubilee was the venerable Carmelite Father, Cyril Knoll, who, weighed down by eighty-seven winters, is still active by word and example in promoting the glory of Carmel. To the esteemed Jubilarian, Father Alphonse, we say *Ad multos annos!*

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During the late missions in the Diocese of Brooklyn, in which nine of the Carmelite Fathers were engaged, three hundred and ninety-seven con-

verts were received into the Church and nearly 2,000 adults confirmed.

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According to the *Catholic Columbian* "a hundred and fifty years before Watt, Fr. Lourochon composed a learned work on steam; while the first persons to attempt aerial navigation were two priests named Lala and Galien."

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The matter appearing in each number of this magazine is original, with some insignificant exceptions. Editors are kindly asked to give us due credit when occasion calls for it. Moreover, it is painful to those who write for this "REVIEW" to see isolated paragraphs from their articles cut up in sizes to suit the knights of the shears and used as "fillers." Lately some have, consciously or unconsciously, fallen into the sin spoken of. Hence this word in season.

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On Sunday, February 11th, an unknown man fell from a stairway of the elevated railway in New York City and lay unconscious, says the *Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph*. A crowd soon gathered, and two priests who were passing by noticed that the unhappy man wore a Scapular, which marked him as a Catholic. They knelt beside him, and administered the last rites to the dying man, while a crowd of the curious gathered about the strange spectacle. When they had finished and the man had been taken to the hospital, the priests continued on their way without disclosing their identity. The man's skull was fractured.

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The United States has acquired a new Saint in annexing the Philippines, —namely St. Philip, the martyr, a native of Manila.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., has just brought out three neat and interesting books at low and reasonable prices, namely:—1. "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska," by Charles Warren Stoddard. Cloth, 75 cents. These interesting sketches of the North-land found many eager readers when they first appeared in the *Ave Maria*. 2. "The Catechism Simply Explained," by Mgr. Henry T. Cafferata. Cloth binding, 50 cents. The simplicity and arrangement of this little work should be its own advertisement. The chapter therein on the Scapular was written by a Carmelite Father. 3. "For the French Lilies." Price, cloth, \$1.25. For an extensive review of this latter book from an able pen, we refer the reader to vol. vii, page 97, of the CARMELITE REVIEW.

"Grandma's Stories and Anecdotes of Ye Olden Times," by S. M. X., of the Visitation Academy, Baltimore, Md, is a pretty little book sure to make an early and lasting impression on the tender mind of young America. It is daintily gotten up by the Angel Guardian Press of (92 Ruggles St.) Boston, Mass. Price, 50 cents.

The readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW will be gratified to learn that we are enabled to present for their perusal an interesting account of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and all those sacred places so precious to the Catholic heart, written by one who was so happy as to participate therein. Father Aloysius Blakely, C. P., has prepared the papers, and we are sure that his descriptions will bring many a holy spot vividly to our view.

*The Catholic Columbian* deserves all the good things said of it by editors of all shades of belief, on the occasion of its silver jubilee. It is a bright, breezy, clean, cautious and readable journal. *Floreat!*

"The Perfect Religious" is a new and very useful book just issued by Messrs. Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay St., New York. No ascetic library is complete without this book. Price, \$1.00 net.

THOUGHTS FOR ALL TIMES. By Monsignor Vaughan, with a preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. One volume, large 12mo., cloth, 90 cents. New York: O'Shea & Co.

"Thoughts for All Times" is one of the most fascinating books ever read. It is at the same time as instructing as it is unctious and soul-inspiring.

The right reverend author meets the wants of our times in a manner as consoling as it is convincing. He puts before us the knowledge of God, the truths of religion and our final destiny in a simple, solid and unctious language that charms and captivates the reader instead of repelling him. Indeed, the author makes the way of salvation more sweet and attractive than the briery paths of sin.

The main principle pervading "Thoughts for All Times" readily finds an echo in every human heart; namely, the principle of *Love*. The author irresistibly initiates us into this principle by appealing first to the magnetic power of human love. He describes its wonderful influence in romance and story; in poetry and fiction; in art, painting, music and song; in the valor of the soldier, the daring of the explorer, the perseverance of the scholar and the unflinching courage of the martyr. "Love," says our author, "changes, transforms and ameliorates whatever it touches and infuses a nobler and higher impulse wherever its influence penetrates. Love is so congenial to man, so completely in accordance with his natural temperament, that he cannot wholly dispense with it. This would prove a sad and dreary world but for the bright, warm sunshine shed by loving hearts." After reminding us of the marvelous power of human love, our author explains to us the still more charming and consoling principle of *Divine love*.

These few thoughts give only the faintest idea of the uplifting and consoling doctrine contained in this remarkable book. In the words of Cardinal Gibbons: "We should be glad to see a copy of it in every family in the land. It needs only to be known to have its merits appreciated."

A valuable pamphlet, which should be scattered throughout the continent, has been reprinted from the Sacred Heart Review of January 13th. It contains the able reply of Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S. J., to Professor Elliot's accusations against Jesuit Colleges, and takes to task those who wage an unholy crusade on Catholic classical institutes.

We are grateful to Mr. Matthew P. Brazill, Superintendent of Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis, Mo., for his generosity in sending us a large number of leaflets of the Holy Face and the Prayer of the Golden Arrow, illustrated as revealed to the holy Carmelite nun, Sister St. Pierre. We shall be pleased to mail copies to any reader asking for the same while they last.

Almanac and Annual Calendar of the Apostleship of Prayer for 1900.—Among the means for spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart, this *Almanac* holds an important place. As it contains the Calendar for the whole year, it should be put where it may be easily reached when information concerning a feast, or a League indulgence is sought. The *Almanac* will continually remind the Associate of the obligations of the League, and encourage fidelity to its practices. The verse and prose texts have been written or selected with the greatest care. The music and illustrations are exceptionally good. The unique feature of the present *Almanac*, and one which adds to its value, is a list of Patron Saints, with an explanation of the object of their patronage and a glossary of their virtues. Sent postpaid on receipt of 12 cents.

*The Sunday Companion* makes its appearance at the earnest solicitation of a number of priests, sisters and parents. It will try to do the work which the friends who called it into existence desire it to perform. The paper will be a weekly, coming each Sunday to aid in the most important work to be done on earth, that of teaching the young how to save their own souls and how to work for God's honor and glory. There will be forty numbers each year, no issues appearing during the summer vacation. Lessons will be outlined for each Sunday and suggestions given as to methods of teaching the same. All the Catechism lessons will be under the direct supervision of a priest and will be arranged according to the Baltimore Catechism. In order to make the work systematic and effective, the arrangement of lessons and suggestions for teaching will be given for each division or grade of the Sunday School. Pictures and literature, to be used as aids in the class work, will be given in each issue. *The Sunday Companion* will be sent to all its subscribers in time sufficient to give teachers and pupils an opportunity to prepare the lesson in advance. Every child in the school ought to have a copy of the paper in order to use the material pertaining to the lesson assigned him for the next Sunday. In order to have *The Sunday Companion* a weekly visitor

in every Catholic home in the land, it will be sent to subscribers at the following low rates: Single subscriptions, for one year, 40 issues, fifty cents; ten or more in a package to one address, for one year, each, forty cents; ten or more in a package to one address, for one week, each, one cent. You are earnestly urged to send ten cents, at least, and receive in return *The Sunday Companion* for two months as a trial subscription. Address all orders to *The Sunday Companion*, D. H. McBride & Co. General office, Akron, Ohio; New York, Chicago.

#### PETITIONS.

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

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

For restoration to health; for relief from a tumorous growth; for employment, 3; for spiritual favors, 6; for health; that an operation be not necessary, or if necessary, that it be successful; for special intention; for success in a grave undertaking; for a very special intention; restoration to health; speedy settlement of temporal affairs of a family in difficulties; health of a sick wife; employment for a young man and father.

A reader requests a Mass to be said in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel at her Shrine in thanksgiving for a favor lately received.

#### ONE OF MANY.

Toronto, Feb. 2, 1900.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar (\$1 00), being my subscription to the "Carmelite Review" for the current year. I am always delighted with the monthly visits of your excellent and admirable Review. I enjoy reading it very much, as I find it both instructive and entertaining. I always feel refreshed and elevated after reading it. I should regret very much being compelled to do without it, for it is to me as the monthly visits of a very dear friend. Hoping that this Holy Year and the new century may be to you and your Review years of prosperity and success, and trusting that you will sometime remember me in your prayers,

I am, yours very truly,

T. C.

## THANKS TO OUR LADY.

New York City, Feb. 13, 1900.

Dear Fathers:—

I give thanks to Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for a favor received, and which I promised to have published in the Carmelite Review.

Very respectfully,  
Jos. A. K.

## ORBITUARY.

*"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:

Anthony J. Behringer, a loving husband, kind father and devoted son, who was suddenly called to his reward at Buffalo, N. Y., on February 4th last.

Edward Colgan, who died at Owego, N. Y., January 25. Deceased was the father of Rev. John T. Colgan. He was a life-long wearer of the Brown Scapular, and was buried clothed in the habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

William H. Nagle, one of our readers, who died lately at Somerville, Mass.

Arthur Ryan, who died at Moncton, N. B.  
Miss Mary Lochran, who died at Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Frostburg, Maryland, Council of the C. B. L. ask prayers for a deceased brother, John Thomas Meadows, who died January 13th, 1900.

Mrs. Sheehan, who departed this life on Feb. 1st at Toledo, Ohio. The deceased was a good and gentle mother, a kind friend, and a fervent Catholic.

Mrs. C. Skelley, who died on Jan, 24th.

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

## Favors for the Hospice.

Favors for the Hospice received from: P. D., Southport, P. E. I.; A. D., Montreal, P. Q.; Mrs. J. D., St. John's, N. B.; Sr. F. H., Saginaw, Mich.; Sr. M. C. D., Fort Dodge, Iowa; B. M. O'L., Coleraine, Ont.; Sr. M. R., Fraserville, Que.; Mrs. E. W., Pierce Valley, Ky.; A. J. K., Nelson, B. C.

## 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 for registration received at Falls View Monastery from:—St. Mary's Church, Hagerstown, Md.; St. Mary's Church, Joliet, Ill.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Moose Creek, Ont.; Villanova, Pa.; St. Rose's Church, Newtown, Conn.; St. John's Church, Oswego, N. Y.; Payneville, Ky.

Names of persons enrolled in the Brown Scapular received at Carmelite Convent, New Baltimore, Pa., from:—St. Louis University; Guardian Angel Asylum, Chicago.

## THANKSGIVINGS.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 1st, 1900.

Reverend Fathers:—

Some time ago I sent you a letter with a request that you publish in the Review a thanksgiving for a favor received from the infant Jesus of Prague, and also thanks for favors received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. To-day I have received the Feb. Review, and find it is not published. Will you please be kind enough to publish it in the next number of the Review?

Very sincerely,  
S. L. E.

A reader in Staffa, Ont., offers thanks to Our Lady for a corporal favor.

Eau des Carmes (see advertisement) is for sale at Carmelite Monastery, Fulton St. and Centre Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. Write there for particulars.

## 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.