



JUNE'S LESSON.

For The Carmelite Review.

What say the roses of June's sunny hours?
 What tale are they constantly telling?
 What lesson lies hidden in rose laden bowers?
 From nature's rich bosom now welling.

Ah! *Love* is the burden of June's rosy song;
 Each chalice of crimson o'erflowing
 With mystical wine, speaks throughout the day long,
 Of *Love* which is burning and glowing.

Of *Love* which is stronger than death—mighty foe;
 No waters can quench its great fire,
 The Heart of a God filled with bitterest woe,
 Is the victim on *Love's* sacred pyre.

How plaintive it's accents, how pleading its tone!
 "Behold, what a meagre return,
 From hearts which in very truth should be mine own,
 In which I so long to sojourn."

The sunbeams so fervid, the roses deep hue,
 Are types of that *Love* e'er so tender;
 Ah! pity, 'tis pity, that love which is due,
 We hasten now gladly to render.

E'en nature reproaches—ah! let her not say,
 That we alone nought will return
 For *Love* at which angels do marvel each day,
 Sacred Heart! make the icy hearts burn.

New York.

M. C.

OUR religious communities of women form armies of noble virgins as pure and as chaste as Agnes and Lucy, as learned as St. Catharine. They have not the glory and the renown of the short martyrdom, but they have the merit of the long-enduring martyrdom in the Christian school-room.—BISHOP McQUAID.

"Thou art the King of king's delight,
 The plane of heaven, its portal bright."

Venantius Fortunatus.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

(CONTINUED.)



O Carmelita sat still and looked
 at the red embers as they peeped
 at her through the bars of the
 stove, while the shadows closed in
 about her, and she heard the old
 woman go shuffling upstairs and back and
 fro in the room above, slowly, heavily,
 regularly, like the pendulum of the old
 clock in the hall without.

"I would like to have said good-night to my grandmamma," said Carmelita, when Hepzibah had returned to the kitchen.

"Well, its a right good thing you didn't do it," said Hepzibah, "I found her scarey and lookin' into all the corners, as I never seen her before, and cryin' out that Araminta had come back and was lookin' at her. Not that you be anything like Araminta. You ain't got her good looks. She had real pretty blue eyes and brown hair and a skin like cream. You're well enough but you've got something kinder outlandish about you, with them big black eyes and black skin, too."

Carmelita listened, only half comprehending, as the old woman passed to and fro, at her work, talking the while in a careless monotone.

"Any way, she took you for Araminta, and it gave me a turn to see her settin' up there and callin' out kinder pitiful. And I kep thinkin' of you settin' down here in

the spot Araminta she used to set and makin' them idolatrous signs."

It began to dawn upon Carmelita that Araminta was her mother. She had known her by her baptismal name, when she became a Catholic, of Mary, softened into Maria. But upon Hepzibah's mind as upon that of the old woman above, had seized the image of another young girl, who used to find her chief solace by the kitchen fire and who had shown a degree of affection for this grim, old woman, to which she had been otherwise a stranger.

"Yes Araminta she set right there," said Hepzibah, "it was after the Spanish chap had come into the town, I reckon the Romish priest, he brought him here, to look after the music at the mass-house. Well, Araminta, she sat there, and she never was one to talk much, but I seen she kep lookin' out of the window, uneasy like, But I never know'd that she'd walked home from meetin', lots of times, with the foreign chap—not that he went to her meetin'. He was that uffish he wouldn't put his foot in it. Well, she sat there, and when it was dark and she couldn't see out any, she asked me to light the candle, and then I see'd she been cryin.' I asked her if it was her head, or if she felt rheumatiz anywhere and she said, 'Oh, no, Hepzibah, the pain is all here.' She put her hand to her side and then I wanted her real bad to take some boneset, because folks says you git pleurisy jest that way. But she wouldn't hear of it.

"Don't be afraid, Hepzibah," she says, with a sickly smile, 'I'm not gettin' pleurisy. But something else might happen. Would you miss me, Hepzibah, were I to go away from here.'

"I thought she was clean takin' leave of her five senses, and I says, I'll tell you that, when you go, there's not much danger.

"After that she never said a word, jest gave a sigh, like, and afterwards I was kinder sorry that I hadn't said I would miss

her, because I did, often enough." To Hepzibah's astonishment, Carmelita, arising from her seat, threw her arms in warm southern fashion round the old woman's neck. Imperfectly as she understood Hepzibah's manner of speaking English, still the word picture had been very vivid to her mind. She could recall the old kitchen and her mother sitting there, young as she was then, silent and reserved, but very fair and sweet as Carmelita had known her. She could fancy her craving the sympathy, of which any demonstration was so studiously withheld, and yet the presence of which she had been conscious.

"You loved my mother," said the girl "you did miss her. You were kind to her. Oh, thank you."

Hepzibah slowly withdrew herself from the young girl's embrace. She regarded her, a faint smile stealing over the grimness of her face like the firelight on the rough deal table. Then she said, with marked emphasis:

"You ain't like Araminta, nohow."

But from that moment she took the young Spaniard into her heart, to fill the place long since left vacant by the demonstrative New England girl—by Araminta.

II.

From that month of May a revolution began in the old house. The neighbors began to see, with wonder and an uncontrollable curiosity, the figure of a young girl flitting about in the brick courtyard, or bending over the flower beds, or training the long neglected vines about the front door.

The front door itself was usually wide open now, so that all the sweetness of the spring might steal in and drive thence the musty past, with its shadows and its prejudices and its bitternesses. As if, symbolically, the lilac tree, just bursting into luxuriant bloom, thrust itself obtrusively inwards. The warm south wind blew in and

up the great stairway and into the very face of the old clock, standing at its station in the hall.

Grandmamma's room was daily adorned with a bunch of lilacs or other spring flowers, the chintz curtains during the day were drawn far back to let in as much sun as possible. New life seemed coming into the shrivelled figure on the bed. Perhaps it only seemed so because new curtains had been hung upon the bedside, of bright and cheerful coloring. But there was distinctly a gleam of hope, of pleased expectancy in the old eyes, as they watched the door for the coming of a bright, young presence. How bright they grew as Carmelita entering, knelt impulsively to kiss the wrinkled hand, or put an arm about the withered neck, whilst coaxing grandmamma to eat.

The brown room was relieved of its curtains and other gloomy appendages. A neat toilet table took the place of the cumbersome bureau and distorting mirror. Pretty trifles in fancy work gave touches of harmonious color to the apartment. Upon the walls were pictures of the Sacred Heart, of Our Lady of Lourdes, and a print which Carmelita highly prized of St. Simon Stock receiving the Scapular from the hands of the Blessed Mother. This had been given to Carmelita by her dead mother, and besides, said the young girl once to Hepzibah:

"It is my name-picture. I was born upon the feast of Our Lady of Carmel and that is why I was called Carmelita, and why my mother always loved this picture." All of which was Greek to Hepzibah, except the fact that Araminta, despite her godly training, had grown to love "idolatrous images."

The old woman's astonishment, indeed, upon first seeing the room thus adorned, was more easily imagined than described.

"Sakes alive," she found voice to gasp, "I would'nt a good deal any of the folks 'round here got into this room. Why, Car-

melita," she always pronounced the "i" broad,— "whatever makes you go to hang up graven images, right here under your grandfather's roof, him that was an elder of the church."

"You call these pictures graven images," said Carmelita with some anger, "why, do you not see that they are the countenances of our Lord and His Blessed Mother."

"Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven image," began Hepzibah, in the sing-song voice of the Bethel Sunday-School, which forty odd years before she had attended.

But Carmelita put her little hand upon the woman's mouth.

"Bah, my good Hepzibah," she said playfully, "if we may not have the faces of those we love to remind us of them, then take away that portrait of my grandfather from the parlor below, and that other, oh naughty Hepzibah, which hangs in your own sleeping room."

"Sech a child," said Hepzibah, no little flustered by this allusion to the counterfeit presentiment of a half-legendary and long departed sweetheart, "I declare you'd most argue the birds of the bushes. But all the same——"

"When you see the faces of our Lord and our Blessed Lady here all the time, said Carmelita, "you will grow to know and love them much better than you do. I want to put them wherever I can in this old house. It needs warmth. I wish you could put one in grandmamma's room."

"Don't you do nothing of the sort," cried Hepzibah, "you'd most kill her if you did. It gave me a turn comin' up here in the dim light, Sabbath evening, and I just home from setting right under the pulpit, where Parson Jenkins, he preached on the idolatry of the Papists."

"He must be a very foolish, ignorant man," said Carmelita, coolly, "but I suppose he cannot help it. I pity him."

"You pity a minister of the Baptist

Church," cried Hepzibah, "and a righteous and God-fearing man."

"I pity them all," said Carmelita, "but we must not talk about religion. Only, I do wish I could warm a little this cold house and this cold village."

With which enigmatical words, Carmelita went down to the brick courtyard, where she had had a little seat put up for herself in the sunniest corner, which was, however, shaded by the great tree, just overhead. There she sat, while the rooks cawed so loudly and the robins twittered so mirthfully that the little Spanish canzonetta she was singing, was almost drowned.

Here she was first seen by three persons, who were simultaneously approaching the house: Minister Jenkins, whose fame had already reached her by Hepzibah; the Catholic Priest, Father Brady, pastor of a very poor and scattered flock, and Andrew Rutherford, the rich and handsome son of a neighboring property-holder and who had but lately returned from abroad.

Of these three, who observed her keenly and closely, the priest was the only one who passed through the gate and addressed her. Minister Jenkins was eyeing her, with the instinctive feeling of the war horse scenting the battle from afar, for despite Hepzibah's caution in the many interviews which she had had with curious neighbors, and despite her desire to keep the disgraceful truth a secret, rumors concerning Carmelita's religion had already got abroad. Andrew Rutherford took up his station in the shadow of a tree. He was not ashamed to stand thus concealed and observe the most delightful picture which, he said to himself, had ever met his eyes in this grim New England village. And thus he saw and heard Carmelita's interview with the priest. Minister Jenkins had likewise observed it from another vantage corner. Carmelita had arisen a little surprised, a little doubtful. After a quick glance, a strange little cry of delight escaped her.

"Oh, *Padre mio*, forgive me, sir, but you are a priest?"

"Yes, my child," said Father Brady, "and you are the young Spanish lady of whom I have heard."

"Oh, the joy of seeing a priest once more. Oh, *Padre*, you cannot guess what it has been. And the church, is it near?"

"A good two miles," said the priest.

"I shall go there to-day."

"You must not attempt to go alone," said Father Brady. "It is far and some factories to be passed, where there are plenty of rough characters."

"Hepzibah, perhaps, will go with me."

"Not unless you have brought a talisman from the south to charm her," said the priest, smiling, as a remembrance of certain passages between him and the old woman came to his recollection. "I go away from home to-morrow for a month, that is I have to visit outlying districts under my charge. When I come back I shall see what can be done."

"Can I not drive there?" asked Carmelita.

The priest shook his head.

"It is not customary here to take out any vehicle on the Sunday."

"Not even to go to church," said Carmelita, wonderingly.

"Not even to go to church," repeated the priest, with a twinkle in his eye, "so rigidly do our Puritan fellow townsmen keep, not their Sabbath of the Bible, but our Sunday of the christian church. But I must leave you now, my child."

"So soon," said Carmelita, regretfully.

"I am on my way home from a sick call. But we shall be better acquainted soon, I hope."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEANING OF THE SCAPULAR.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN thus beautifully explains the meaning of the brown Scapular :

"Some ignorant people are said to regard the wearing of the Scapular as a foolish, or at best a childish thing," says His Eminence. They ask what possible advantage can there be in wearing two bits of brown cloth? What is the use, they say, of these externals, when virtue and religion have their place in the heart?

They forget that external acts of worship, by striking man's senses, force upon his soul thoughts and feelings of devotion and piety;—that inward acts of worship naturally manifest themselves by outward signs, which re-act upon the soul;—that religious rites are always external, and that there is no religion without them.

They forget too the value which the most educated and civilized nations attach to their flag, the sign of national honor. How men reverence it! How willing they are to bleed and die for it! And yet what is their flag, if considered in itself, but a piece of hunting?

How many civil and military Orders have been founded in different countries! How highly their emblems are prized! The greatest personages consider it an honor to wear the clasps, ribbons, medals, and cloaks which have been chosen as the insignia of these Orders. These are outward signs of honor and pledges of loyalty; and civilized nations universally recognize and value them.

The Holy Scriptures themselves show us that from the earliest times the bestowal of a garment has been used as an indication of love and favor. The Patriarch Jacob gave his favorite son Joseph a many colored tunic as a sign of special love. Jonathan stripped himself of the coat with which he was clothed and gave it to David, because he loved him as his own soul (1 Kings 18). Elias, ascending to heaven, bestowed his cloak upon Eliseus as a sign of the descent

upon him of his own prophetic spirit. And the Church hastens after baptism to clothe the adopted child of God with a white garment, as indicative of the purity bestowed, and of the innocence of life to which it has been pledged.

Now, the Scapular of Mount Carmel is the badge of an Order of devotion. It is an external mark or sign that the person wearing it has been enlisted under the banner of the Queen of heaven, as a knight bound to her honor and service.

Great houses have their liveries; and those who wear them are known by their livery to be in the service of a particular family. In like manner, the Scapular is a livery; and those who wear it are considered to be in the service of the Blessed Virgin. If they are faithful, and place confidence in her, she will protect them; she will show them special favor, as it is natural to her character to do. Even in this world, lords show a preference for the servants who wear the livery which they recognize as their own.

The Scapular then is the badge of an Order of chivalry, which is purely devotional; it is a livery of the Blessed Mother of God, which all are free, and none are forced, to wear. It is an external sign of love, fidelity, and service. It is a great honor to be enrolled in the Confraternity and to wear the Scapular, both on account of its origin, its meaning, and the numerous and extraordinary privileges which have been attached to it.

"Our Lady of Mount Carmel, thus
Sometimes thy name is known;
It tells of the badge we wear,
To live or die thy own."

—A. A. Proctor.

COLUMBUS daily recited the Hours of our Lady. The pious navigator received a beautifully bound copy of the little Office of the Blessed Virgin as a gift from Pope Alexander VI.

The Return of Columbus.

For The Carmelite Review.

On from Seville comes one whom all acclaim
 And none deride ;
 For of late days applause hath caught his name
 In mighty tide
 That rushes like a torrent through the land
 And bears away
 Each word that might oppose the high command
 Of him to-day.

Trampling of horse at Barcelona's gates
 Bids all the town
 Rush forth to speed him where the court awaits
 His coming down.
 So fares he on, as those to Rome of old,
 With fine array
 And splendid show of rough-wrought virgin-gold
 That gilds the day.

But not in Roman triumph was their face
 Like this aglow
 With patient majesty which told the trace
 Of much sorrow ;
 And noble impress of strong will power bore,
 Perhaps his glance
 Aside the veil of fortunes favoring tore,
 From future chances,

To-day there is no high ceremonial
 Of old Castile
 Not largely greater than his Admiral,
 The king doth feel.
 And all the gracious sweetness of her soul
 Queen Isabella
 Expects on him who hath won hard the goal
 And so done well.

The holy tomb and Sacred Palestine
 Dwell on the thought
 Devout of navigator and of queen,
 And high hopes wrought
 Of ransom from the Mussulman, with gold
 Of boundless West.

• • • • •

And so, Columbus' day of triumph rolled
 At last to rest.

MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK.

RELIGIOUS ART.

For The Carmelite Review.

It has been a fashion of a passing generation to refer to the so-called "ignorance of our Catholic population." This is the last fading shadow of the fluid arrogance of the Puritan fathers.

It would be amusing, were it not exasperating, to listen to "the sweet girl graduate" of the protestant seminaries, as she talks about the dark ages, her information drawn totally from those writers who condemn all modern as well as past monastical institutions. May we ask them to kindly remember that the early illuminated manuscripts and artistic church decorations are properly our inheritance. Let us demand that the good old maxim, "credit to whom credit is due," be put to the test. If all the books and parchments, the metal and stone work of those so-called dark ages descended into their rightful possessors, the members of the church militant, while all other elegances came to the living representatives of the opponents of the church, how should our fortunes compare? The injustice of laying claim to early art, while ignoring the spirit of beauty and truth which wrought these evidences through human agents, amid dissension and earnest toil, somehow remind us of the early German barons, whom later ages have entitled the noble robbers of the Rhine.

While pursuing a course of art history a few years ago, the writer studied up to that age of wondrous artistic development—the fifteenth century. When the student enquired from the instructor how such barbarians as the early popes were reported to have been, could have produced the only surviving monuments of the dark ages, "the director of art studies" replied that these curious things were not to be explained. Why not seek an explanation?—history is not a puzzle, it is but a problem with a definite answer.

The recent wonderful discoveries in the

Catacombs, have brought to light undreamed of expressions of the early christians. The monasteries of the eighth and ninth centuries have bequeathed to us the only art works of that time. The fourteenth century and the revival of the poetry of art which subsequently developed into the splendor of the sixteenth century, all belong distinctly to the Catholics.

The whole history of art is indissolubly connected with the spread of truth. The time is now ripening for a new era of christian art.

While attending an organ recital recently in Grace Episcopal Church on Broadway, New York City, the attitude of that denomination in regard to christian art, assumed a somewhat illogical aspect. Pray what evil have the brush and canvas been guilty of that our separate brethren should abjure them? Listening to a rendition in that church of a Mass written by a *Catholic* musician, my eyes rested upon an upper stained glass window, representing the Nativity, then upon one figuring forth the Crucifixion, and finally upon two angels adapted from Fra Angelico. Pray what right have these people to claim the handiwork of the angelic monk, who would have scorned him in the flesh? And why, pray, should a picture be permitted to be painted on glass, that would not be allowed to hang upon the wall should it have been painted on canvas? Would any Episcopal association dare to order an Annunciation from a modern artist to adorn the walls of their church? But if the subject be permitted in small size and in glass, why not life size and on canvas? Our Jewish friends are more logical in tolerating conventional design only in their glass, in accordance with the law: "Thou shalt not make unto thyself a graven image!" It is the illogical spiritual state of most artists that deprive them of an essential requisite in their work, which is *belief* in their subjects. How shall they paint Her whom the nations call

blessed among women, if they deny Her recognition?

Fancy a cultured Greek presented with an Oxford bible and asked to reproduce the scenes? Do you not think that the tales of Homer would appeal more near to him? So stands the modern artist who rejects the wealth of the centuries. *What*, not *who*, built the middle age cathedrals? Conviction. *What*, not *who*, painted the great frescoes of the world? Conviction. What gave birth to the great musical genius? Conviction. It is *not* skill we lack to-day, it is conviction and love of Her who is the Queen of the Art Realm, Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

JOSEPHINE LEWIS.

EXCHANGE LIST.

THE *Rosary* for May comes to us full of the best that its readers can wish for. Father Goggin does not occupy the editorial chair in vain.

Our Young People, of Milwaukee, in the kind mention of THE CARMELITE REVIEW refers to our little monthly as a weekly journal. We hope that this remark of our e. c. will be verified in course of time.

THE *Stimmen vom Berge Carmel* contains among other good things, in its May number, an interesting letter from a member of the Third Order in Norway. Notwithstanding many drawbacks, we learn that our Fathers and Sisters, under the leadership of Father Elias Paul, O.C.C., are succeeding in making our Lady of Carmel known and loved in that northern clime.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
 DEVOTED TO

OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

PUBLISHED BY
 THE CARMELITE FATHERS

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

*Blessed by the Holy Father and approved by many
 Bishops.*

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

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, JUNE, 1893. No. 6.

THE May number of THE REVIEW did not reach some of our subscribers for several days after we had mailed the same. Every copy of the last edition was delivered to our postmaster on April 27. The delay can only be attributed to the neglect of some postmaster outside of Falls View.

THE pious custom of honoring the Holy Face mentioned this month by our Irish correspondent, is not altogether confined to our brethren across the Atlantic. The devotion has been long since canonically established in several of our churches and convents in North and South America.

THE approaching feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist should be an occasion of great religious solemnity in all our houses. According to the learned Jesuit, Cardinal Bellarmin, and other ecclesiastical writers, the holy Precursor spent most of his time on Mount Carmel with the sons of the prophets and followed their rule of life.

THERE are few who do not feel a little sad when May is gone. It is usually such a bright and joyous month. Even the sad-

dest have found Mary to be the "Consoler of the afflicted." Mary has prepared the way for Jesus as she always does. Through her shall we be better able to love the Sacred Heart of her divine Son.

BISHOP RYAN, of Buffalo, says:—"The grand and beautiful ceremonies of the Catholic Church would be but human, if we did not have that glorious Centre, which, as a magnet draws all hearts to it."

ON June 25th, 431 the Council of Ephesus declared Mary to be the Mother of God. For nearly fifteen centuries, therefore, has our blessed Lady been greeted with this title of dignity. And neither shall we cease to so honor her, since, as the archbishop of Cashel once remarked, "devotion to the Holy Mother of God shall last as long as Christianity itself."

ALTHOUGH we would wish it to be so, the Feast of Corpus Christi is not a holy day of Obligation. Nevertheless, it should be only the most urgent reason which would prevent any Catholic from going to church on that feast, and doing his, or her, share in making reparation to our Lord in the Sacrament of Love. No child of Mary is worthy of the name who shows no anxiety to honor Jesus in the Tabernacle.

THE Shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Niagara Falls has been endowed with all the privileges of the European sanctuaries by Pope Pius IX. All who come to pray before our Lady of Peace on Sunday 16th of July next can gain a Plenary Indulgence at each visit, as in the case of the Portiuncula. The latter favor was conceded to our order last year by Leo XIII. We shall have more to say concerning this next month.

THERE was nothing attractive to Ingersoll in Niagara Falls. When in the neigh-

borhood lately he remarked: "There is too much noise, too much tumult." Just so. Nothing gives rest to the godless, or peace to the wicked. All right-minded visitors here (minus noisy infidels) generally found like Dickens, that "the first effect—the enduring one of the tremendous spectacle of Niagara was Peace. Great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness,—nothing of gloom or terror," except, we might add, to those who are too deaf to hear the "Voice of the Lord upon the waters."

MANY of our friends will be disappointed this month when they look for the department in THE REVIEW which is devoted to the Hospice of Mount Carmel. Reverend Father Kreidt, although rapidly convalescing from his late illness, is not as yet in a condition to attend to all his duties, and hence regrets his inability of addressing our benefactors in these pages. We beg the prayers of all our readers for our reverend Superior that he may quickly regain his former strength and vigor, and so be enabled to complete the work he has commenced here for the honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel and the benefit of her many clients.

WORDS of praise for our Holy Mother from those not of the household of the faith is unusual. A minister who is the pastor of a prominent Methodist church in Ontario has sent us "With compliments of the author" a book which he has written on the Blessed Virgin. In the introductory the writer says:

"I am ashamed beyond measure, as I come face to face with the record divinely given for our edification and salvation, that I should have been so long blind to the beauty and worthiness of the one chosen of God for the mission so divine. And when I read the words uttered under the sense of the divine presence and blessing, and find that the prophecy declared that "henceforth" she shall be called "blessed" by all generations, I feel guilty that my own soul has never uttered its "Amen" to the sublime "Magnificat," and never before chosen

her character as a theme for study in the course of twenty years' exposition of the revealed Word and will of God. I am glad, indeed, that others have been truer than I to the sacred record, and that her place in history has not been hidden to the gaze of the mothers of earth's children, amid all their peculiar sympathies, touching the life of them who come into this world."

POSTSCRIPTS.

SUBSCRIBERS will please notify us if they change their address.

THE Carmelite Seminary of St. John the Baptist celebrates its Patronal Feast on the 24th

ON the 12th of May was commemorated the fifth anniversary of the death of the saintly Archbishop Lynch.

NAMES received for registration in the Scapular confraternity at New Baltimore have been received from Bellefonte, Pa.

A VERY successful theatrical performance was given at Niagara Falls on April 28 for the benefit of the church of our Lady of Peace.

ON June 16 we commemorate the many Carmelite friars who shed their blood for the faith during the reign of King Henry VIII.

THE 26th of this month is the Feast of Our Lady of Meliapore, in the East Indies, the shrine wherein St. Francis Xavier loved to pray.

No important changes resulted from the meeting during last month of the superiors, consultors, etc., of the Carmelite monks of America.

THE venerable dame figuring in "Carmelita" assumes her proper name of "Heptzibah" this month. The type had christened her "Nepzibah."

NAMES for registration in the Scapular confraternity have been received during the past month from St. Helen's, of Brockton, Ont., and Brechin, Ont.

AMONG the jubilee-gifts to the Holy Father was a box of beautifully-wrought

vestments. It was an offering from the Carmelite Nuns of S. Matteo, near Florence.

A CEREMONY of Profession was held a week ago by the Carmelite Nuns of Boston. Archbishop Williams presided, and the Rev. Father Langcake, S. J., preached the sermon.

THE summer arrangements made by the railroad and steamboat companies have made it quite convenient to all who can spare but a few hours in which to visit Niagara Falls.

A LETTER just received from Dublin informs us that Rev. Father Feehan, O.C.C., had left for Rome much improved in health. He will afterwards pass some time in one of our Monasteries on the Island of Malta.

MANY improvements are being made from year to year at Niagara Falls for the accommodation and pleasure of sight-seers. Visitors here during the season will return home with many pleasant recollections.

PRIOR Southwell, of New York City, has been lately giving some very interesting discourses on the various shrines of the Blessed Virgin. The Reverend Father illustrated his lectures by the aid of a stereopticon.

AMONG the visitors at our monastery during the past month were: Col. Fellows, of New York, Rev. Dr. P. Cronin, Editor of the Buffalo *Catholic Union* and *Times*, and Hon. T. V. Welch, superintendent of the N. Y. State Reservation.

AMONG the religious Orders devoted to the moral and intellectual education of woman that of St. Ursula holds a prominent place. The order retains all its time-honored lustre and likewise adapts itself to present times and circumstances. These religious will show to the world at Chicago what they can do and have done. The "Columbian Souvenir" catalogue kindly sent us from the famous Ursuline academy at

Pittsburg, is a sure proof that the Ladies of that institution are true to their motto "Let your light shine." May its brightness never grow dim, is the wish of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

AMONG OUR FRIENDS.

OUR mail-bag daily brings us scores of encouraging letters from the many friends of THE REVIEW. Below we give extracts from a dozen letters taken at random from those lately received:—

A Government Official at Ottawa, Ont., says:—"It is a fine specimen of Catholic literature."

From an old friend in Kansas:—"I will, please God, take it as long as I am able to read and pay for it."

From a lady in Washington, D. C.:—"I am indeed interested in your project, and wish you all success."

From a subscriber in Cambridgeport, Mass.:—"I consider it an honor conferred on me to be allowed to help such a work."

From a merchant in Austin, Texas:—"Enclosed find my subscription. I wish you success in your worthy undertaking."

From a lawyer in Ohio:—"I wish you success which I am sure will attend your exertions for the honor of our dear Mother."

From the Reverend President of Villanova College, Pa.:—"I need not say we are pleased and edified by its matter and spirit."

From a prominent Catholic in Rochester, N. Y.:—"I hope God will bless the enterprise and swell the subscriptions into the thousands."

From an architect in Belleville Ont.:—"I beg to congratulate you on the issue of a paper which should be welcome in every Catholic family in the land."

The Rev. Rector, of St. Patrick's Taberg, N. Y., says:—"I hope it will meet with a speedy and abundant recognition, and thus increase the number of Mary's Servants."

From a lady in Vicksburg, Mississippi:—"I hope it may prove a success. There will be better times when Cleveland takes his seat, and then I will send you some more subscriptions."

From a prominent Catholic writer in California:—"I hasten to lay my mite at the feet of Our Lady of Mount Carmel by asking you to enroll my name among your subscribers. May our all-powerful Mother bless your undertaking, and your journal be a messenger of great joy to many hearts who will glean from its pages knowledge of the glorious attributes of the Immaculate Queen of Carmel."

ST. ATHANASIUS.

For the Carmelite Review.



NERO, it is said, lighted up his gardens with burning Christians, who, clad in oil-soaked hides of beasts, were fastened at intervals and slowly roasted alive. Nero is dead, but his spirit has survived him; and as we glare through the garden of history we see at stated intervals—epochs of exceptional hate—the giant figures of Christian heroes, afire indeed and affording fiendish joy to the persecutors, but at the same time shedding on the surrounding darkness rays of a light which is the dawn of heaven's day.

Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, in Egypt, was one of these victims of the world's malignity, and as his feast falls in this month it is opportune to pass in review his wonderful career. Born in 296 at Alexandria, his education was conducted by Alexander, later metropolitan of the great Egyptian See. While yet under twenty, we find him seeking spiritual direction from the famous Abbot Anthony in the desert; and when he was but a deacon his eloquence charmed, while his extraordinary learning amazed the Fathers assembled in 325 in the Council of Nice. A few years after this St. Alexander died, and the young Athanasius was chosen, amid universal applause, to succeed to the See of Alexandria.

Athanasius ruled the See for forty-six as stormy years as our holy Church passed through. During this period six Popes succeeded one another in Peter's chair, while six Emperors wielded the absolute sceptre over the vast Roman empire. At this time heresy, like a pleasant but deadly intoxicant, claimed its victims among imperial and episcopal dignitaries. Courtier bishops fawned on crowned heads and foreswore their allegiance to the centre of unity, while inferior clergy and the laity ran about in

bewilderment like flocks without a shepherd. Arianism, the fad of emperors and the bane of the church, was victorious in a worldly sense, and earnest, honest hearts like St. Jerome's were almost broken at the spectacle of delirious and rampant error. In the midst of all this wreck and ruin the faith of Athanasius, ever one with that of Rome, shone above the strife like Pharos over the treacherous waters of the Alexandine harbor. And one man was the cause of all this trouble. What the demagogue Luther was to the 16th century or Voltaire to the 18th, that and more was Arius to the 4th. A born conspirator, prepossessing in appearance, captivating in manners, magical in eloquence, and matchless, even among Greeks, in diplomacy this heresiarch pulled down with him a "third part of the stars" in his fall. His ambition was to become Patriarch of Alexandria, but when St. Alexander was appointed he sought balm for his disappointment in schism and heresy.

The "Meletian" heretics, whose chief fault was exaggerated asceticism, welcomed Arius to their ranks, and together they began that series of persecutions which rendered the life of St. Alexander bitter and that of his successor a martyrdom. Arius denied the godhead of Christ, and after the Council of Nice was banished by Constantine; but shortly after, through the influence of courtiers like Eusebius, he was recalled and admitted to the friendship of the emperor, with whom he posed as a persecuted man.

These were not the days of parliaments or of constitutional monarchies. The emperor was the government; his pleasure, law; his frown, exile or death.

The adherents of Arius, many of them noble and powerful, became so unruly that the peace of the empire was disturbed by their tumults. They affected submission to the decrees of Nice, and thus deceived the emperor, whose nature was frank and ingenuous. They held numerous councils

and formulated countless professions of faith, that always came near to calling Jesus God, and yet made him but a creature. These formulas satisfied Constantine, who ordered Athanasius to admit Arius to his communion. The saint refused the compromise and was banished. Five times in all, under Constantine, Julian and Valens, was a like sentence passed on the intrepid defender of our Lord's honor. He was exiled into Thrace and into Gaul, he wandered about the deserts of Thebais, sharing the frugal meals of the Anchorets, and lay concealed in tombs and caverns, his haunts known only to his clergy. He was driven from his cathedral and dragged from his native city, forced to stand before judges who had no jurisdiction to try his case, and accused of crimes that only such monsters could commit, as invented the charges against him. Before the Emperor he was accused of withholding the corn supply, of misappropriating revenue, and of favoring a rival to the throne, and before the Bishops he was charged with rape, simony, witchcraft and murder! Divine Providence baffled his accusers on one occasion. A suborned woman fixed her charges on a deacon whom she mistook for the saint, to the chagrin of the Arians, and Bishop Arsenius whom they had accused Athanasius of murdering, walked into the court alive to confound their hideous malice. Nevertheless the Patriarch was judged guilty and deposed. He appealed to the Pope and after a trial was acquitted of all charges brought against him. Christ's Vicar even upheld him while the world struggled to cast him down. And this struggle lasted almost half a century.

There are two reasons why Athanasius was so persistently assailed, even after the death of his personal foe, Arius. First, the Alexandrine See was nearest to Rome in honor—the Patriarchate of Egypt, established by St. Mark. If a heretic were

bishop of this See his influence would speedily establish Arianism in the East. Hence the struggle to get rid of the orthodox pastor. Second, a vast number of irregularly ordained bishops, intruders in the Sees of exiled Catholic bishops, feared the great champion who upheld Catholic unity, and by implication condemned them. It was their interest to protect their livings, no matter what the cost. But the saint never faltered in his course. He knew no compromise, welcomed no truce, spared no energy, feared no danger. The asperity of exile only whetted his pen to keener logic, and isolation in the desert served but to etherealize and refine his style. His daily meditation of the scriptures, which he knew by heart, and his filial obedience and attachment to the centre of Christian authority buoyed him in his struggles for the right and gave depth, solidity and order to his prolific writings. Had the doctrine of Christ's divinity fallen at that time, the church could not have presented a united front to the barbarians in the next century. The motive would have been taken away from Christian endeavor to convert these savages, and letters, arts and religion would have shared the fate of civil government, a fate we read in the moss grown ruins that cover Italy and Gaul. The life work of Athanasius was the providential lion in the path of heresy. Many of his persecutors, struck by his unselfish heroism, returned to the faith and rejoiced the church by their penances. His obstinacy, as his enemies called his steadfastness, revived serious thought, and thought conversion. It abashed the proud, nerved the weak, encouraged the timid, and aroused the dormant martyr spirit in the faithful at large. While unyielding in faith, our saint was merciful in discipline, pardoning and sparing where others would have exacted more prolonged penances.

Thus we see this great athlete made a spectacle to angels and men, like his Divine

Master. His whole life was a martyrdom. Learned, his science was employed in preaching and explaining Catholic truth. Charitable, he never sought to revenge himself even by words on an enemy. Courageous, he bore tortures rather than betray the faith, and finally, victorious, even over the Emperor, who tired of harassing him, he died in the city of his birth, and the scene of his valor, in the year 373. His clear exposition of the mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation has been embodied in the creed that bears his name, and wherever that symbol is sung or recited in the wide world the odor of Athanasian virtue, like the fragrance of flowers wafted on a summer breeze, floats across the mists of intervening centuries, refreshing and stimulating to sterner effort the soldiers of Christ and His holy cause.

P. J. HAROLD.

Petitions and Thanks-givings.

S. M. Colgan, Ont., requests a novena of masses in honor of our Blessed Lady.

J. McC., Springtown, Ont., thanks our Lady of Mount Carmel for a special favor received.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the repose of the souls of: REV. FATHER RYAN, one of our benefactors, who died on April 16 at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland; VALENTINE SCHAUS, who died at Buffalo, N. Y., on May 7; JAMES BARRY, who died at Ottawa April 30; PATRICK O'LEARY who died at Manhasset, N. Y.; JAMES A. GARDNER, who died April 14th at Great Neck, L. I. MARY A. QUINN, who died at Lakeville, L. I., April 21; WINIFRED J. WELSH, KATIE McMAHON and KATIE GRIFFIN who died lately at Fitchburg, Mass; EDWARD, CATHERINE and JOHN BENNETT, of Independence, Kansas; MRS. CATHERINE FOY, who died lately in Toronto

PRAYER AGAINST CHOLERA.

[Approved by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, during the epidemic in Europe in 1885. An Indulgence of 200 days granted to all who recite it with a contrite heart. Rescript S. C. R., Feb. 5, 1885.]

O GLORIOUS Patriarch, St. Ignatius, we humbly beseech thee to obtain for us above all things the grace to avoid sin, and also to be preserved from the destructive disease of the cholera, one of those scourges with which the Lord punishes the crimes of nations. May thy example excite in us a strong desire to devote all our energies to the greater glory of God and the salvation of our neighbor. Obtain for us from the most loving heart of our Lord Jesus, that grace which is the crown of all heavenly gifts, namely, final perseverance and eternal salvation. Amen.

"It is lawful for the Carmelite Fathers to preach that Christians may piously believe that the members of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel will be assisted by the continual intercession, suffrages, merits, and special protection of the Blessed Virgin after death, and principally on the Saturday, the day consecrated to her by the Church, if they have died in the grace of God, worn her habit (the Scapular) during life, observed chastity according to their state, recited the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, or if they did not know how to read, have kept the fasts of the Church and have observed abstinence on Wednesdays and Saturdays, except when Christmas Day falls on one of these days." —[Decree of the Holy Office, Feb. 15, 1613.]

IRISH NEWS.

For the Carmelite Review.



WAS delighted to see, in the April number of THE REVIEW, the beautiful lines on the Holy Face of Jesus. It shows that you are not exclusively devoted to the Brown Scapular, but that you will include occasionally, I presume, other devotions. We Carmelites have a great devotion to the Holy Face, and can claim it, to a certain extent, as our own.

Love and reparation to the Holy Face, like devotion to the Sacred Heart, are as old as christianity itself, but the Arch-Confraternity owes its origin to a Carmelite nun, Sister Mary of St. Peter. Our Blessed Lord appeared several times to this holy soul at Tours, and revealed to her His desire to establish and extend devotion to His Holy Face, and promised most precious graces to those who would practise this devotion. A few extracts will make this clearer.

On the 11th of November, 1845, she writes:—"Our Lord transported my spirit to the road which leads to Calvary and represented to me in a very life-like manner the pious office rendered to Him by St. Veronica, who with her veil wiped His Most Sacred Face, which was all covered with spittings, with sweat, with dust, and blood. Then the Divine Saviour made me hear impious men, by their blasphemies, renewing the outrages inflicted at that time on His Holy Face." "Then I was made to understand that our Lord said that by applying ourselves to the reparation of blasphemies we render Him the same service that the pious Veronica rendered Him, and that He looks upon those who render it with the same complacent eyes with which He looked at the holy woman during His Passion." And again He said, "I seek Veronicas to wipe and honor My Divine

Face, which has few adorers." "All those who honor My Holy Face in a spirit of reparation will, by so doing, perform the office of the pious Veronica." "In proportion to the care you take to restore My Face, disfigured by blasphemies, I will take care of yours, disfigured by sin." I will imprint My image upon it; and will make it as beautiful as when it was washed in the waters of baptism. Then He made beautiful promises in favor of those who would practice the devotion."

Sister St. Peter died in the odor of sanctity on the 8th day of July, 1848, and the devotion to the Holy Face was taken up with the greatest fervor by M. Dupont, known as the Holy Man of Tours. This great promoter of the devotion died in 1876. The Archbishops of Tours, Collet and Rene-Maignan established the Confraternity of the Holy Face, and Leo XIII in 1884 approved of it, and thus after years of prayers the devotion was established. It spread very rapidly and miracles and graces without number have been wrought through the Holy Face.

All this and much more is well known to your readers. The devotion in this country spread very quickly, as do all forms of piety, for Ireland is a country, on account of its great Catholicity, well adapted for that end. There is a beautiful shrine to the Holy Face in our church here. A very fine marble altar with a painting of St. Veronica holding the veil on which is represented an authentic likeness of the suffering Face. Lamps and candles burn constantly before it. The Archconfraternity was canonically established here by the late Cardinal McCabe, and the members now number fully 25,000. The exercises are regularly carried on with both pomp and solemnity. Even little children love the devotion and are taught in the schools to say "Blessed be God," when they hear anyone curse or take God's Holy Name in vain.

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

Carmelite Convent,
Dublin, May 1, 1893.

Children's Corner

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

Our Lady's Letter Box.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

THE month of roses has come, and I wonder if there are not many of them on the cheeks of the little early morning pilgrims, who went with light hearts and quick step to greet the blessed Queen of the May all during her own sweet month? I am sure there are. And now what will come of it? Mary leads us to Jesus. Fair and bright as was her own beautiful month, still it could not equal this crowning glory of the year, this glorious month, the ripe rich June, with its deep crimson roses whose petals are heavy with fragrance, and whose wealth fills our hands with daily offerings for the shrine of the Sacred Heart. How fond we all are of saying something about our *hearts* when we write letters to those we love—and, rightly so—because the heart is the *seat* of love. Well, let us remember that when we talk of the *Sacred Heart* it means a living, glowing heart of flesh like our own, but filled, as only the heart of God *could* be, with love—burning love for you and me, dear children, love which told its story in blood. These are the days of strong, ardent devotion to the Sacred Heart; and it was through a gentle nun of the Visitation, a daughter of St. Francis de Sales, (whom they tell us was the most perfect copy of our Blessed Lord that ever lived) that it was made known to the world, Blessed Margaret Mary, whose name is now a household word. What a queenly name it is. Margaret! what a womanly name! but now what a holy name! So let all the girls who own it be passing proud of it, because of the pearl of the Visitation, so dear to the heart of Jesus, and so great

a glory to His church. "Love is the strongest rope in the world. Even God will follow when you draw with that." Let us then make cables all this month, joining our poor little hearts with the great heart of Love. Let every breath we draw, and every word we speak, be a thread in the strong rope which will draw us into the safe haven of His Sacred Heart. Think how many rose leaves there are in the world—then say each morning, "Oh, sweetest Heart of Jesus, I offer thee an act of love for each one of them." Our Lady of the Sacred Heart will count them—leave that to her.

Your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

June 1893.

PUZZLES.

XXIII

Which letter in the alphabet is most useful to a deaf old woman?

XXIV

Why is an egg under-done like the same over-done?

XXV

What bird is a child's plaything?

XXVI

What we all do at every meal?

XXVII

Nothing, twice yourself, and fifty?

XXVIII

To-morrow I shall be, to-day I am, was yesterday, yet still the same?

Answers to Puzzles.

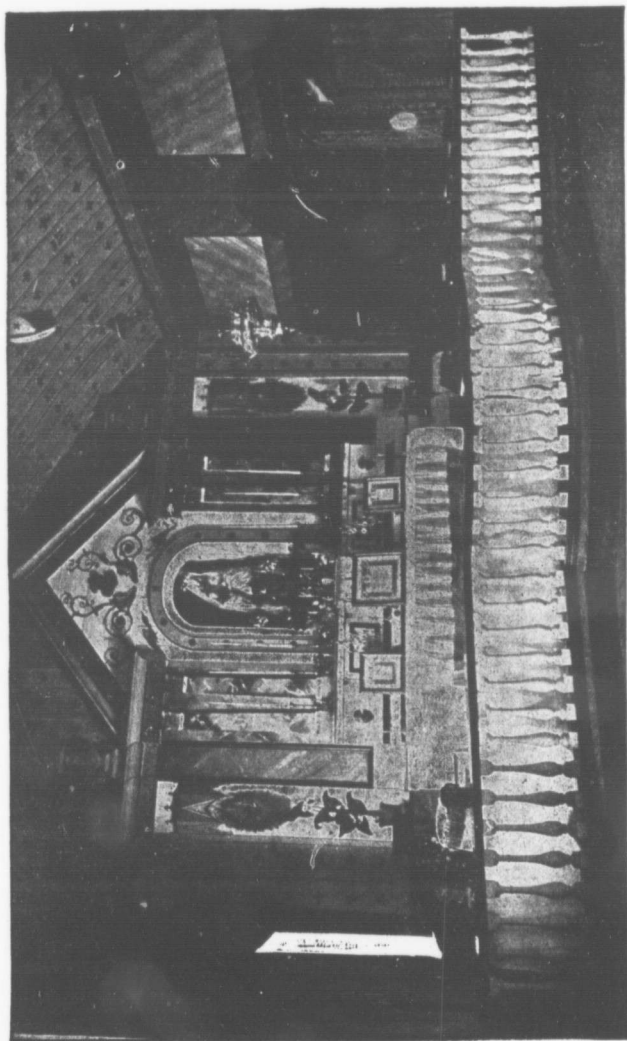
XX—A pillow.

XXI—A coffin.

XXII—One is for females and the other for males.

"SEC."

COLUMBUS set sail under Mary's auspices, and one of his vessels bore the name of the Santa Maria. He invoked the Blessed Virgin in all dangers and at the end of his voyages named many places in her honor.



Interior view of the present Shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Horseshoe Falls. Erected into a Pilgrimage and richly indulgenced by Pius IX. A Plenary Indulgence (similar to the Portiuncula) can be gained during every visit to this Shrine on the sixteenth day of July.