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VOL. X

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Carmelite Review

Vol. X

WELLAND, ONT., JULY, 1902.

No. 7

Address communications and make orders payable to **The Carmelite Fathers**, Niagara Falls, Ont.

The Land of Poco Tiempo.



IS the land of Poco Tiempo where the European sees
The dark-skinned Filipino and his docile carabow ;
Where cocoanuts in clusters hang on feather dusted trees,
And the toiler tills his holding with a most peculiar plow.
'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, the land of love and youth,
Where children born of nature speak nothing save the truth.

'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, where undulated fields
Cause the wholesome rice to spring from the bosom of the earth ;
While the world looks on in wonder at the yearly crop she yields ;
For the island of Luzon has of poverty a dearth.
'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, the land of love and song,
Where the native knows his neighbor and the women naught of wrong.

'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, where messengers of God
Call His children to their duty in the churches far and near ;
Where the padre greet the people with a patronizing nod
And bids them "Buenos Dias" in a language sweet to hear.
'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, where sleeps castilian pride,
Where tyrants sought for treasure and oppression found a bride.

Ah ! fair land Poco Tiempo, may angels guard thy shore
And give unto thy people a ruler good and wise ;
And may the peaceful spirit dwell there for evermore,
Reflecting back to heaven the virtues of the skies.
'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, the land of smiles and tears,
The land of hills and valleys, the land of future years.

—STANLY.

A Eucharistic Triumph.

In the year 1894, a Rev. Father, one of the most illustrious converts from the Synagogue to that of the church of the humble Nazarene—our Lord and our God—arrived in Bilbas, Spain,—his dear land of faith. Whilst he was paying this Viscayan city a visit, his sister, her husband and their only and dearly loved child came thither to unite themselves with him. They were, as he had been, members of a wealthy Jewish family, followers of the teachings and ceremonial of the old Law and of the Prophets. They most carefully instilled into their child's mind, not only a knowledge of the solemn and startling lessons of the Old Testament, but with it a profound hatred of Christianity.

But, oh! a miracle of Divine love proceeds from Jesus, veiled in His own great mystery of love. At the time of their visit, the revered Community of Our Lady of Mount Carmel,—the Carmelites' "Discalzed," to which the Revd. Father now belonged, were celebrating in their monastery, situate by the mountain road that leads from Bilbas to one of our dear Mother's celebrated sanctuaries of "Begona," with unusual splendour the annual feast of Corpus Christi—and during its crowded Novena our Divine Lord, who is the living love Himself, from His hermit home in the Tabernacle, deigned to attract the little son George's infantile heart with an irresistible, pleasing violence, so that the child gradually began to believe firmly in the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of His Love. During this visit to his revered uncle, by the force of childish entreaties and in response to his youthful petitions, he succeeded in obtaining the favor from the Community of being allowed to dress as an Acolyte, and then the happiness and the privilege of scattering nature's aromatic gifts along the flower strewn path of the procession. Deluged with joy, on going out from the performance of this angelic function, which the magnificent ritual of Rome provides for Christendom to-day, he ran to his father and said to

him: "Oh, papa, what happiness. I have thrown flowers before our Divine Lord, as he passed along the grounds of the monastery." In the mouth of this little Jew, these words were a profession of Christian faith, revealing an interior world of deep Catholic truth, proceeding from the supernatural operation of the Holy Ghost, and the exuberant activity and inexhaustible energy of the Precious Blood. His father fearing that his only child, in whom all his hopes were centred, would be converted, he at once took his departure from the soil of "Maria Sanctissima," and returned to Paris, where he was living. But before his departure, he little suspected that another most miraculous event had proceeded from the Blessed Sacrament, that its hollowing influence had made another conquest,—that another heart had been drawn within the bosom and inner circle of its gracious influence, and this was no less than the conversion of his wife. During one of her daily visits to the monastery, to see and converse with her dear and Rev. brother, she solicited of him to receive her within the pale of the Catholic Church—to add another soul to Peter's fold—a wish which he quite joyfully acceded to. So that the next evening that she came to visit him—she having made one preparation for it—he administered to her the Sacrament of Baptism, whilst the next morning at the Community Mass, when God was with the victim and the priest, and the majesty to whom it is offered, she partook for the first time of the Bread of Life—the Sacred Heart of the Incarnate Word, and now she strove truly to comprehend those lessons she had learned day by day from the lips of her Rev. brother, when he taught her His beauty, His sweetness, His mercy and His love, whilst the next day to complete her happiness, to prepare her to carry peace to the domestic hearth, and there calm the angry ten per which her conversion is sure to see exhibited, the illustrious Dr. Ramon Fernandez de Pierola, one of the most popular of the Spanish Episcopacy, Bishop of

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Vitoria, administered that of Confirmation. These facts were kept secret from the family circle. The little son, who knew all the details and minute circumstances of the domestic life, was ignorant of his mother's spiritual happiness. All the paternal ingenuity of the father could not persuade him to forget the glad emotion that thrilled his little love—the deep and holy impressions which he felt during the Corpus Christi processions, with its accompaniment of fragrant flowers, its curls of sweet smoke from aromatic guns, its starry lights, its tumult of song. Above all and before all, the holy Eucharist was his dream by day and by night, so surrounded was he by sheer love, so penetrated was his little breast by the darts of heavenly joy.

Every night, first assuring himself that his father was sleeping soundly, he would arise from his little cot and pray for a long time: "Oh, my Jesus," he would say, "when will I conclude my fast. Oh! when will I receive you, my dear Saviour, so that I may press you fondly to my heart, oh, my Lord and my God." That which occupied his mind most sensibly was the great change he remarked in his mother. Since their return from the Peninsula, her habits were so altered, that he imagined she were a different being from what she had been; every act of hers seemed so different from those of the past. One day he said to her: "Mamma, tell me truly whether you were baptized or not, so that my mind may not be so often thinking over it." The mother was perplexed by the question, but without awaiting for an answer, he said to her: "Oh, mamma, I see it already. I anticipate your answer. You are a Christian. With delight, I pardon you for what you have done, because I hope Jesus, in his loving goodness, will unite me soon in the same faith with you. Oh, await your first Communion for me. The mother, agitated between joy and fear, at length confessed to her son that she went to Holy Communion daily. The child burst into tears and sobbed audibly, and raised himself up and threw his little arms around her neck, caressing her, and with his warm kisses fondly embraced her.

"Oh, why did you not await for me,

at least permit me to be at your side when Jesus was in your heart, in order that I could too embrace the Divine Child, so amiable, so kind to us.

"Oh, dear mamma, the first time, keep for me some of your Communion, for you know that a mother divides everything with her children, mamma." At the impressive ceremony of the first Communion of the little children of the parish in which he resided in the French capital, he succeeded in evading the vigilance of his father, and was present, concealed in a dark corner of the church. The sight of so many of his own age, of both sexes, tastefully dressed, filled him with enthusiasm and transports of joy. At this time the mother wrote to her Rev. brother, that she could no longer resist the tears of her son, who was threatening to go and beg baptism from the first priest he would meet. She was completely perplexed, knowing that he had the necessary conditions for receiving it.

After reflecting over all the difficulties that surrounded the fulfillment of his youthful wishes, and knowing the opposition his father would inevitably impose to a public ceremony, it was arranged that the revered uncle should journey secretly from Bilbas, Spain, to Paris. When the child entered the church accompanied by his mother, where he was to receive the waters of baptism. The pious son of Our Lady of Mount Carmel addressed to him this solemn interrogatory:

"What do you beg, my child?"

"Baptism," was the firm reply.

"But do you know well that to-morrow, perhaps, they will strive to oblige you to enter the synagogue in order that you may take part in a ceremonial, abhorrent to your feelings, since it is abolished by the New Law?" "Do not fear, revered uncle, I solemnly abjure the Jewish faith." "But they would demand from you by threats, that you should tramp the crucifix in hatred of our Holy Father."

"I do not fear, uncle; I would die first, but perhaps they may succeed," he added, "in tying my feet and hands, and that in spite of shouts, they would by force place my feet over the crucifix; yet, when I would not have consented to it, I would not have apostized."

"Oh, no, my child, it is will that constitutes the sin."

"Then I beg Baptism as a favor. Grant it to me."

The ceremony took place in the midst of the most profound emotion of those who gathered to witness it. Holy Mass followed the baptismal ceremony, and after descending from the baptismal font, he received his Divine Lord and his God with the most lively transports of joy and pathos, as the celebrant turned round on the altar and presented to the happy youth,—the heavenly object of all his prayers,—the Eucharistic food for which he sighed so often is to-day the all powerful magnet of his soul, that draws from him intense acts of love and of holy faith.

Seldom was there witnessed so beautiful, a Catholic spectacle, so moving a manifestation of love and faith, as when on his knees between his mother and god-mother, he received into his heart the sweet child Jesus, who came to him, accompanied by His Heavenly Court. Nothing disturbed the happiness of the youthful Neophyte,—not even the fear of surprise from his Jewish father.

Six weeks afterwards he also received Holy Communion in company with his loving mother, on the Feast of All Saints and now came the "Crux"—the day of his proof—the first test to which his faith was subjected.

A few days afterwards his father presented to him a book, and said to him, "Let us go to pray."

"Papa, I cannot pray in this Jewish book."

"Why?"

"I am a Christian; I am a Catholic."

"Oh, my child, that is cruel deception. Surely you are not speaking seriously. I suppose, besides your baptism is not valid without my consent."

"You mistake, papa: I have already arrived at the age of knowing right from wrong, and I have sincere faith, and I have had ample instruction to make it valid."

The father was evidently violently irritated against his wife and son, but he suppressed it for a moment, lest his mode of vengeance might be disclosed.

Some days afterwards he left Paris, taking with him his son, and brought

him some hundreds of miles away from his mother. All her efforts to discover his present address were in vain. As the father placed him in a Protestant college, under an assumed name, it was, therefore nigh impossible to find his whereabouts. The affliction of the poor mother, deprived of her only earthly solace, was intense. Her solitude was to her a martyrdom. But the child, as Daniel in the Lions' den, was impervious to the violence of the attacks made against his faith: all the efforts done by his jailors to make him deny it were unavailable.

"I would wish dearly to see mother," he would repeatedly say amidst a flood of tears. "You will see her, but first abjure your faith." His calling jailors would repeat: "Oh, no; I am a Christian. I am a Catholic. I prefer to suffer everything—all—all—before the denial of my Holy Faith."

Many months did the poor mother, harassed with continuous suffering, display martyrlike, quiet bravery. The vicinity of Jesus in the Tabernacle was for her the unexpressible support she needed in the exile of her son. At last she received a letter from the most distant part of Germany, the contents of which were: "Look at this; your son is here." She at once, venturesome and trustful in our Divine Lord, hastened off on her long journey of some 300 miles, and at length arrived at the moment the family were assembled together, and entering without ceremony, she addressed them:

"My son, where is my son?"

"Your son," said one of them. "You will not see him until you swear before God that you will educate him in the Jewish faith, and that you will not allow him in any way to adhere to the religion he has embraced." Her efforts then were in vain, and nigh intolerably deep as had been her sense of his exile, for again she was deprived of the happiness of seeing him. However, a few months afterwards the father began to show that the fires of his malice were quenching, and that he commenced to relent in his vexatious persecution of his wife and son, and to show, particularly to the former, some sympathy. He agreed at last to permit her to see her son, but on the one condition, that at

the interview, religion was not to be even mentioned. Even with this reservation, this to her, was a joyous concession, and she hurriedly prepared for the meeting, and immediately when the son saw his mother, he caressed her dearly, throwing his arms around her neck and lovingly embraced her, bathing her cheeks with his tears.

In a letter she afterwards addressed to her Rev. brother, she described the meeting. "He said nothing to me, but I understood where language could be used; I felt quite certain that he was faithful, that he was "never a rebel to the light." Yes, in his looks, in his kisses, I felt my son preserved his Catholic Faith." Oh, what strong shoots; had not this divine virtue already started and grown in the boyish heart of George—shoots that promised a glorious eternity—through the stirring of the life giving mystery in his little soul.

In a short time afterwards his father conceded to him the privilege of leaving for home and returning to Paris, and once more mother and son were reunited in the adoration of their Jesus. One evening, however, before he left and before the long desired concession was granted, he evaded the vigilance of his custodians, and went into the adjoining forest, where a missionary Priest, procured by his mother, awaited and confessed him. But confession was not enough for him. How was he to receive Holy Communion? The good priest went to the home of his exile, disguised as a lay brother, and ascended without opposition to visit him. In a few minutes his room was adorned with flowers and ablaze with waxen tapers, and little George's fervor and fidelity were soon rewarded, for in response to his ardent faith, Jesus comes in the Divine Eucharist and nourishes him with His own flesh and blood. He at once now starts homewards, and there a loving mother fondly greets him, as if it were a heavenly reward for the sufferings of both in the past, and here again the missionary priest lends his aid, by disguising himself as a friend, and thus evades the paternal vigilance, and no week passed that mother and son, though not beneath their own roof, jointly participate in the joys of heaven because they had Jesus

himself with them, the loving God and the blessed Sacrament feeding and strengthening both by the Bread of Life, which makes us strong in the faith, and mother and son ceased not for many a day to be severed. For as year followed year, and Corpus Christi succeeded Corpus Christi, up to this date, as devoted Catholics they ever after celebrated the triumph which that of 1894 had succeeded in bringing to them. Ever afterwards have they faithfully observed its anniversary as a feast of their loyalty to Jesus in the Holy Sacrament of His love—of their patriotism to the most Godlike of all monarchs, Jesus Christ, in the person of His Vicar, Leo XIII.

Juan Pedro.

A ROSE—WREATH FOR OUR LADY
OF MT. CARMEL.

Roses for my Virgin-Mother,
Whiter than the Alpine snow!
Roses from the joyful mysteries
Of His Childhood long ago.

Roses for my mourning Mother,
Tinted with the Passion-hue!
Roses glistening, as with tear-drops
Of compassion's mystic dew.

Roses for my royal Mother;
Gracefully the buds unfold!
Like the early morning cloudlets,
Pencilled with a ray of gold.

Roses for the "Queen of Carmel!"
Twine them softly round her shrine,
As an humble festal offering
To her sweetest heart from mine.

Enfant de Marie.
St. Clares

Love is the bond which never corrodes.
Man is only what he becomes.—
Amiel.

Men spend their lives in the service of their passions, instead of using their passions in the service of their lives.—Steele.

The best of lessons for a good many people would be to listen at a keyhole. It is a pity for such that the practice is dishonorable.—Madame Swetchine.

Christian Antiquities in Ireland.

The honor of having first preached the Xtian religion in Ireland has been attributed to that great saint, whom our Holy Mother the Church venerates on her altars as the Apostle and Patron of Ireland, St. Patrick. His missionary career in Ireland dates from the year 432, when, after having received Episcopal consecration, at the hands of Pope Celestine, and all that authority which was necessary for one about to embark upon such a foreign mission, he set sail from the shores of Italy, and directed his course to Ireland. There was one, indeed, preceded him, but whose mission upon Irish soil was utterly fruitless; to Palladius was reserved the glory of having first evangelized the sister nation, Britain, where he earned a martyr's crown.

The success which attended the preaching of St. Patrick was unbounded. In fact, when we consider how his work was so amply rewarded, and how, as if by one common impulse, all, rich and poor, king, nobles and plebeian flocked to the standard of cross, and joined the ranks of the Xtians in Ireland.

But how was this success achieved? Did St. Patrick win the people over more by the inspiration of fear, than by the earnest appeal of the words of the Gospel? Was his eloquence supported by the arms of a Roman legion? History records for us that in the civilization of other countries, the Church took a foremost place; that wherever the Gospel was preached there, also, barbarity and ignorance yielded place to Christian meekness, but often this victory was gained only after long and protracted struggles, in which the blood of Xtians and savages was commingled, when the cross only succeeded when supported by the sword. Who is there who is not filled with admiration at the bravery of the Spanish soldiers, who, when led by Cortez, braved the dangers of the deep, and afterwards penetrated into far distant regions where the foot of white man had never before trodden, to bring the blessings of Xtian civilization to the

Mexicans. How many a brave soldier fell at the hand of the savages far away from the shores of his own dear Spain, and gave his last breath for the sake of the religion which was so dear to him and his countrymen. So in other countries the price paid for the blessings of Xtianity was equally great, everywhere else, the pages which record the progress of the Catholic religion, at the same time record fierce battles lost and won, the bravery of the Xtian soldier, the stubbornness and often times the treachery of the infidels.

But it is a relief to turn our attention from those pages of history and read all that it records for us of the mission of St. Patrick to the people of Ireland. The natural poet of Ireland, this time in prose, well describes it in the following words: "While in all other countries the introduction of Xtianity has been the slow work of time, has been resisted by either government or people, and seldom effected without effusion of blood, in Ireland, on the contrary, by the influence of one zealous missionary, and with but little previous preparation of the soil by other hands, Xtianity burst forth at the first ray of Apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer, at once covered the land. Kings and princes, when not themselves amongst the ranks of the converted, saw their sons and daughters joining in the train without a murmur. Chiefs, at variance in all else, agreed in meeting beneath the Xtian banner, and the proud druid and bard laid superstitions meekly at the foot of the cross."

Nor was this success merely a short-lived one; it did not rise like an evening mist to vanish at the first rays of morning sunlight, for, otherwise, the faith was brought to Ireland to remain and flourish in the souls of a people remarkable for their adhesion to the tenets taught them by their apostle. So, for many hundred years after St. Patrick's time, throughout all the land, his successors found the people only too willing to follow their example, to lead lives of

sanctity, to devote their time and attention to the acquiring of that religious learning, for which they became remarkable and which earned for their beloved island the title, "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum"—Isle of Saints and Scholars. A welcome was extended to all the religious orders, for, we are told, that the great orders had flourishing houses at one time or another in Ireland. When we read of the thousands who flocked to the schools and monasteries of Ireland from all parts of Europe; when we remember that Lismore, Bangor, Clonard, Clonmainoise and Arran could proudly boast of schools whose scholars were numbered not by hundreds, but by thousands,—Turks, Germans, Romans, Picts, all gathered together under one roof, seeking the light of learning which they were unable to find at home, then we can form some idea of the wonderful progress which Catholicity had made in Ireland.

To-day, as we travel over the island, north, south, east or west, we can see whatever still remains of those ancient seats of sanctity and learning for which our little island is still remarkable. Those ruined churches, monasteries, abbeys and round towers, still bear silent testimony, to the facts that we have stated.

If those ivy-clad ruins could but speak to us of former days, what a history would they not tell us. They would tell us of the days when St. Patrick or St. Brigid, or St. MacCartan, or Columbanus, or Columba, once visited here and spoke the word of God to many hearers. They would bring us back to the time when here the monks said their daily mass, or chanted the divine praise, or expounded the holy scriptures to their disciples. How they would describe for us the many sad scenes which were enacted inside their walls, the departure of St. Fridolin from his beloved monastery and his fellow-men, to preach the gospel to the whole of Europe; the sad parting of St. Columbanus on a similar voyage, or the noble fortitude of St. Columba, whose exile from the land of his birth to Iona was so pathetic.

And later on, they tell us of the noble devotion of those monks to their faithful people, when the country was overrun by

the Dane and Norman, and fire and sword were carried into a veritable paradise on earth; when tranquil peace was for many years disturbed by the savage invaders who carried desolation over the face of the little island.

They could tell us of many a noble deed of bravery done in defence of home and altars, when those monasteries were a refuge in time of danger, and when the noble monks stretched out a helping hand to shield the poor people from harm, and ward off the sword of the despoiler from the necks of their devoted people. And, of later days, these ruins, could they but speak, would tell us the true story of the horrors of Reformation times, which history tries to picture for us, but faintly. All Europe was subjected to a great change in matters of religion, in France, Germany, England, even in Italy, the Reformed doctrine found many advocates; they welcomed the new idea, but Ireland alone stood faithful amongst the nations of the earth. But, she, too, suffered. Her monasteries, abbeys and schools of learning were ruthlessly despoiled, sacked, burned and levelled with the ground. The terrors of that time are known only to those who lived in those dark days of persecution and suffering. To-day, thanks to the fire and sword of a foreign ruler, our once famous monasteries and schools are now marked by those ruins which still dot the land and bear witness to the facts we have stated. Nowhere else was such a tragedy enacted, and with such terrible consequences.

The traveller may now survey what remains of the wonders of days long since gone by. As he walks through the vale of Glendalough, and sees the remains of the seven churches, around which through memories of St. Kervin and his devoted monks, his mind is carried back to the time when around here once flourished a populous city, whose people were devoted to sanctity and learning. As he surveys the nuns at Monasterboise, the old abbey halls, the round tower and those ancient Celtic stone crosses covered with the insignia of the Catholic religion, he must assuredly feel that the day which brought such desolation on this beautiful spot is accursed. The old abbey's walls on the Islands of Arran still meet

the last rays of the sun, as he sinks in the west. The waves of the wild Atlantic still break upon the beach below them as they broke when St. Brendan launched his frail bark upon their bosom, and with his few faithful companions set sail for that land of the west, which he sighed for.

Finally as we take our stand at Muckross Abbey, beside the lakes of Killarney, and as we gaze upon its ivy-clad walls, rising beside the water's edge, we pause and we are carried back, in imagination, to those happy days of peace and prosperity in Ireland, when those walls were sanctified by the presence of many monks who here chanted the Divine office, or meditated in silence, or taught their many scholars. Assuredly here was a spot eminently calculated to lift the mind heavenwards, because here had nature embellished everything with

a lavish hand. But the despoiler's sword reached even here, and as he did not spare other seats of famous sanctity or learning, so here also his path was marked by desolation and ruin.

But those ancient ruins of Ireland still attract the attention of travellers from all parts of the world. To-day we are proud of our many modern cathedrals and churches, which are, in many cases, built on or near the spot once occupied by the ancient shrines, and if we have lost much that was very valuable, still we have at least this consolation, that the faith which inspired the early successors of St. Patrick to build those vast monuments, still inspires his successors in modern times, and that the same Gospel which he and his successors preached nearly two thousand years ago, is still being preached and practised in the Ireland of to-day.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

July 16th, 1902.

The summer sun illumines, this happy festal day,
 When round Our Lady's altars, the children watch and pray
 With joyful hearts and grateful, in faith, and hope, and love,
 They greet her "Advocata," in land of light above.
 *O lovely fragrant Flow'ret! O fruitful mystic vine!
 O splendor of the heavens, where softly thou dost shine!
 Most gentle Virgin-Mother, so singularly chaste,
 And now above God's Angels, in regal glory placed.
 We pray thee, be propitious, to Carmelites below,
 Celestial benedictions on each and all bestow.
 O silvery Star of ocean! we raise our eyes to thee,
 Whilst thus we softly echo Saint Simon's melody.

—ENFANT DE MARIE,
 St. Clares.

* "Fics Carmeli," etc., St. Simon Stock.

The Congruity of the Scapular.

The congruity of a practise of devotion consists in its appropriateness and consistency with the general doctrines of our religion. It is true, as spiritual writers say, that reasons of congruity are easily found after a doctrine has been taught by God, so that the reason of congruity in itself is not sufficient to establish any doctrine before it is revealed with certainty. In speaking of the Scapular, then the congruity of it is quite interesting for the blessed Mother of God, coming, as we may say, from heaven, into the Church with the Scapular in her hands, and with marvelous promises to those who wear it, quite startles those that view the doctrines of the Church with critical attention.

It is true that no new doctrine may be brought to the Church, and no new practise of devotion that would insinuate such a doctrine, for the deposit of faith has been completed and sealed at the coming of the Holy Ghost. Many, indeed, are the mysteries of God that have not been revealed in as much as they are not necessary for our salvation, but these shall remain concealed from us, for as St. Paul says, even if he or an angel should come with a doctrine other than he had preached, he should be received with anathema. What then if the Blessed Mother of God herself, coming from heaven in all her transcendent splendor with promises and means of salvation greater even or more assuring than even her Son bestowed?

Nothing less than a sign of salvation is given, and the means laid down are seemingly trifling. It seems quite easy to wear a little badge of the Scapular, and the worst of us are capable of a daily thought and aspiration towards the Mother of our Redeemer. We can easily conceive that scarcely a saint or earnest soul that has not craved a sign of such a salvation. What consolation, what buoyancy of hope would succeed in his heart, to such a promise and sign, if given from heaven? There are signs of salvation we know, and tender devotion to the Mother of God is acknowledged by the best of the Fathers as such a sign.

Will, then, the Scapular, as a practise of devotion to the Mother of God, be considered as a sufficient exercise of this to raise our heads in hope to the prospect of final perseverance?

The critical mind seems to feel itself on the very border of superstition, and the greatest assurance is required to inspire confidence. It is here that the mother of God advances to us with promises that the Church recognizes and teaches and enriches with her spiritual treasures of indulgences. To Pope John the XXII, she comes a second time, and as it were pledges herself more deeply. At her first coming to St. Simon Stock, she promises emanity from eternal loss. She said, whoever shall die wearing this shall never suffer eternal fire, and to the Pope, she promises on the condition of certain works to be performed, that Purgatory must yield its victim on the first Saturday after death. As was said, a reason of congruity, before this great event, could never prove that it might occur, but after Her coming it is quite in order to examine if the doctrine of the Scapular assimilates easily and naturally with the general doctrines that Xtians live on and cherish in death as the mainstay of hope. Is there anything, then, new in the Scapular either as a doctrine or a practise of devotion? St. Bernard saw in the Mother of God herself the star of hope, sufficient to direct the sinner out of the abyss of despair. The Scapular, thus as it lies upon the shoulders of the Xtian, is the assuring touch of maternal hands, to inspire us with hope. Some holy writers have called it Our Blessed Lady's Sacramental, for so little is done by us, and yet such great graces are secured. No novelty then appears, for continual practise of devotion to the Mother of God, persevered in through life and accompanied by general good dispositions of will, is a secure pledge of final reformation of conduct. The wearing of the Scapular and persistent irregularity of conduct are inseparable. We know that grace attracts grace, and the devotion is the little investment that yields to us in daily life

many a thought and aspiration that win further graces. Experience shows that it is precisely those that wear the Scapular that are the most fervent Xtians, for the Blessed Mother could never promise that the mere wearing of it would suffice of itself. It is the kindly office of Her solicitude to receive this little practise, in her honor, and present it to God, as a motive to induce Him to further graces, just as she procures for the sinner the grace of a good confession or of perfect contrition. When He bestowed Her on the Church as our Spiritual Mother, as St. John testifies, we understand at once, that the keen watchfulness of a mother is given to us, to warn us and to direct us as to the use of the means Her Son has prepared, and which we might otherwise overlook or neglect. Is it strange now that the devout Xtian wearing this badge in pious solicitude, and daily calling upon Her aid, will finally go astray? We are all guided by our senses, and sensible signs are the expressions of internal devotion and reminders of our duty. 'Tis thus that the Scapular acquires true worth, and 'tis thus the Mother crowns with the promise of salvation. How wondrous, then is the sign not hung out in the sky to guide us on, but set upon our very shoulders. Again there is another reason. It was given to an order that reaches back in the dim ages of the distant past, and has been by profession devoted to Her honor. St. Simon Stock prayed for a sign, and the prayers of the thousand Saints of his order conspired with him, the sign that he prayed for was one of Her special protection to the Order in its difficulties, and he received one. The Mother of God declared on her appearance, that she would be to him and all Carmelites "a pledge of peace and eternal alliance." This occurred when the Order fled from destruction in the East and came to Europe, weak and unknown. It was the blood of his martyred brethren that supported his hands in prayer. Eighty thousand had dyed their white cloaks red under the swords of the Saracens; uncounted thousands of them too had worn away their lives in prayer and penance in the solitudes of the desert, where the perfume of their virtue was wasted on all but good. Tri-

themius tells us that we might count the stars of heaven, but not the Saints of the Carmelite Order. It is then the prayers of saintly souls, living and dead, of this great order, that attend us, and assist us, and are an apology for the efficacy of the Scapular. However it may be the practise of the Church is perhaps the greatest security. There is no devotion so widely spread in God's loving organized Church, so popular as that of the Scapular. It is not to be presumed that the Scapular, if it be a rank weed of superstition, should have flourished so long and enjoyed the fostering attention of Doctor and Saint. Christ said it was by fruits we are to judge things, and the Scapular brings forth the rarest fruits of Xtian life. Thus the apparition of the Mother of God is not a jarring one, and St. Paul's anathema is not to be invoked. It is a sign then, and, oh, what if it be a sign! Little do we realize it.

THE PRESENT AGE.

Catholic Record.

Compared with the age of faith and duty, our age is dry, cold and heartless. We have nothing of that tender sensibilities, nothing of those warm, gushing feelings, fresh from the heart, of that generous love of husband and wife, of parents and children, or that distinguished devotion to the welfare and interest of our neighbor that we find in the old Christian romances. We have nothing of that simplicity, that freshness of feeling, that light heartedness, that sunshine of the soul, that perpetual youth, that characterized the Christian populations of the middle ages. Our hearts are dark and gloomy, our spirits are jaded, our faces are worn and haggard. We have no youth of the heart. Life to us is a senseless debauch or a hateful and heavy existence. Our affections are blighted from the cradle, and we live a burden to ourselves. Oh, give us back the good old times of faith and duty when reigned the soul as love, and the heart's joy gave new melody to the song of birds, and new beauty and fragrance of flowers.—Brownson.

Incidents From "The Month of St. Clare."

By T. P. L. P. (Franciscan Tertiary.)

Translated from the Italian by a Religious of the Presentation Order.

CHARITY OF ST. CLARE TO HER NEIGHBOR.

Who ever truly loves God, should also love his neighbor for the love of God, otherwise he is in error (as we are taught by St. John) and in death. Clare loving God, loved her children, spending herself with maternal love for them, aiding them in their necessities, in their trials, in the gravest infirmities the most revolting to nature. She directed her children in the way of perfection with truly celestial knowledge and wisdom. The Lord had given her a heart for all; hence her charity extended to those outside. She made peace in families, illuminated the doubtful, recalled the wandering, healed the sick, converted sinners, who came in great numbers to St. Damian's moved by the fame of her sanctity, by the splendour of her virtue; they were often sent by St. Francis. And in the meantime she had to provide for her far off children, in the new and increasing foundations, with counsel, with prayers, with letters, with directions; to reply to Queens, to Princesses, who had recourse to her lights; and sometimes to read their characters, conquering her humility, her repugnance, and with the lights of God gave her as to the Supreme hierarchy of the Church, and as St. Francis was seen in a vision sustaining the Columns of the Lateran, so his eldest daughter came to the aid of the Holy Church always combating, never vanquished thus with the shield of her saints and the infallible word of the great Saints, conquering all who undertook to combat with her. Now my soul believe it once for all. If charity to others is necessary for the just, it is much more for sinners, and God superabounds in charity for them. *Char-

ity covereth a multitude of sins," and David a sinner, but penitent, promised to satisfy the Divine justice with charity when he said: "I will teach Thy ways and the wicked shall be converted unto Thee."

Prayer.

Who will give me intense charity, O Lord! to compassionate my neighbor, to instruct the ignorant, to console the afflicted, to visit the sick, to animate them to piety and virtue? Is it not true that you came down from heaven to do good to all? On the other hand, what need have I to make reparation for the little edification and the many scandals of my life. My cold indifference for the many miseries of my neighbor, for the many souls that are lost. Open, O Lord, the door of my heart, that I may be loving and kind, and grant that after the example of St. Clare, at the hour of my death, offer you the mercy done to my neighbor, to obtain mercy for myself Amen.

ST. CLARE TWICE LIBERATES COUNTRY FROM THE SARACENS.

The iniquitous Emperor
ing employed 20,000 Sar-
was a Christian prin-
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*—2 Peter iv. 8.

pyx, and replied to her: "I shall always have you in my care," to which Clare replied: "Protect also, O Lord, this my country, which gives us sustenance for Your Love." And the same voice replied, "Your country shall have much to suffer, but my arm shall be its defence." Filled with courage Clare advanced with the sacred pyx in her hands to the door, the infidels, who were climbing the second wall of the enclosure, threw themselves to the foot, flying together. Obstinate in their malice they returned after some time, and laid siege to the miserable city, putting all to fire and sword. The citizens resisted, but the following day they foresaw ultimate ruin, wanting help and defenders. In this peril came other help and other defence. All the night Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament was implored by Clare and her children who were in sackcloth and ashes, that He would not fail in this danger, and He did not fail. In the morning a furious tempest, directed by an invisible power, burst upon the

heads of the assailants, who, overwhelmed with terror, took flight. Consider, now, the power of prayer, which is more powerful than armies or armed men. Why do you not have recourse to it in your tribulations? You see what and how much aid Jesus gives in the Blessed Sacrament, and how He desired the devotion of Clare to it. In fact he verified anew that which was sung by the Royal Prophet:

Si consistant adversum me castra,
Non timebit cor meum;
Si exurgat adversum me proelium,
In hoc ego sperabo.—Psalms xxvi. 5-6.

If armies were drawn up against me, I shall not fear. If battle should rage against me, I will still hope in the Lord." In fine, reflect how important it is for a people, for a city, that there should be just souls in the midst of them. For a few just, the Lord delivers the multitude from the scourges that they have merited and from ultimate ruin.

The Visitation.

July 2nd, 1902.

What a beautiful month is that of Jesus' Precious Blood! There are many bright feasts of joy flowing from His Sacred fountains. Many mystic "enclosed" gardens refreshed by their glistening waters, and blooming with rare flowers of grace.

Gladly would we linger in each, but as this may not be, we shall at least gather a few white roses from that of our Blessed Mother's Visitation, by these simple reflections, trusting our kind readers' devotion may suggest higher and holier thoughts, more worthy of this second mystery of her most Holy Rosary. It is, indeed, a joyful mystery. The Divine Heart, hidden in Mary as its first tabernacle, rejoices in the conquest of a soul through her mediation. "Exultavit ad gigas ad currendam viam suam.—Ps. xviii. His spirit overflows in Mary, and the glorious strains of her "Magnificat," echo through the hills of

Juda. Our gifted poet-priest* has intoned an exquisite paraphrase of this inspired canticle, which deserves earnest study and unqualified admiration from all who love our Blessed Mother, and desire to enter responsively into her sentiments of humility, thanksgiving and praise.

Then we have the joy of that infant precursor, who, in mature years, rejoiced at the Bridegroom's voice; also that of his aged mother, who was filled with God's holy spirit of joy. Even the "Benedictus," intoned later on by Zachary, belongs, in some manner, to this Visitation. Are not these words beautifully applicable to the grace conferred on St. John, when visited by Jesus and Mary? "Quia visitavit et fecit redemptionem plebis suae."—St. Luke i, 68. Let us enter into the spirit of this feast, a

*—Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P.

spirit of praise, and joy, and gratitude, which, to some souls at least, if not all, is the most powerful incentive urging them to love God, and overflow with charity, sympathy and kindness, towards his creatures. Let this mystery remind us of Jesus hidden, though not as then, yet visiting us in love, and refreshing our spirits with celestial consolations in His Sacramental Union. "Behold, he standeth behind our wall, looking through the windows.—Behold, my beloved speaketh to me. Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come."—(Cant. ii, 8.) Beautiful July feast, fragrant with white roses of pure love! May our souls be embalmed by their mystic odors! May we welcome each visit of Jesus and Mary with the "Magnificat" and "Benedictus" of thanksgiving, and the humble sentiments of Elizabeth: "Whence is this to me?" And may we look forward to and implore that last visit of Jesus as Viaticum, which will strengthen us for the passage from time to eternity.

We owe this feast to the great Franciscan Doctor, St. Bonaventure, who, in the year 1263, ordered it to be solemnized in his order, but it was not until later on celebrated throughout Christendom. What gave rise to its establishment was, a spiritual writer tells us, that "certain good and pious men conceived the thought that it might be the will of Heaven, in order to secure our Blessed Lady's special aid in a great schism which disturbed the Church, Pope Urban VI intended proscribing this feast, but death intervened, and his successor, Boniface IX, decreed it should be observed "with exultation of heart and soul." Here we have again the jovial spirit alluded to! During the Council of Florence, this beautiful feast occurred, and was one of peace, joy and harmony, —a "bond of union between East and West."

It was on the 2nd of July, 1849, that Rome was taken by the French from the Garabaldians, and at the return of Pope Pius IX, of saintly memory, in 1850, he ordered this feast to be celebrated with gratitude to God and His Blessed Mother for so happy a deliverance. The prayer of Holy Church asks for "an increase of peace," and may our sweet Mother

and Advocate obtain it during life, and for eternal ages in the kingdom of untroubled peace. We will conclude these simple reflections by quoting from one of those beautiful stanzas in her "Magnificat" before alluded to, and echoing through the aisles of spirit with holy and poetic sweetness.

***Ceaseless thy song; exhaustless as the light

That streams from Heaven's fountains day and night,

And touches life to sweetness and to grace."

Enfant de Marie.

**—Fr. Sheehan.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Pittsburg Observer.

To the Catholic Church her divine founder, Jesus Christ, has entrusted the duty of teaching all nations. Her mission is to educate, to teach all men, first of all the most necessary of all truths, the divinely revealed teachings of the Catholic faith, and in conjunction with this, to afford every facility for the acquirement of purely secular knowledge.

This teaching office of the Christ is exercised in preaching, by bishop and priest, in the authoritative words of the Roman Pontiff and in Catholic schools.

For this reason she has ever insisted that the work of educating the young is her work, that Christian education falls within her sphere and does not belong to the state. In the past she has erected schools and colleges, as well as churches and monasteries, and every scholar knows that the great European universities, most of which are in the hands of Protestants to-day, owe their origin to Catholic prelates. With the lapse of centuries her policy has not changed, and despite all clamor and opposition, her bishops in this country and at the beginning of the twentieth century insist that a Catholic school must be erected side by side with the church, and that no parish is complete unless it has a Catholic school.— St. Anthony's Messenger.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the *Annals of the Order.*

Year 609.—This year King Chosroes of Persia (not the same Chosroes whom we mentioned before) broke into Palestine and Syria and laid waste the holy places, carrying with him the true cross. On this occasion many of the Carmelites perished.

Years 610-613.—These years saw the beginning of Mahommedanism, which was so destructive for the order, that of the more than 70 large monasteries which the Carmelites possessed in Palestine, Syria and Egypt, not one remained. (Thus reported the Blessed Baptist of Mantua to the Pope.)

Year 617.—Chosroes devastated Palestine again. Antiochus, the abbot of the monastery of S. Sabas, reports as an eye witness, that the Persians, with incredible fury, fell upon the monks, killing all that could not escape. He himself was led by the Abbot Nicomedes and Modestus, to spend a few months in the monastery of the latter; whence again, owing to the threatened invasion of the enemy, he migrated to the monastery of Anastasius. The number of fathers that perished was 44. Modestus, a man prominent in sanctity, rebuilt the churches on Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, which the Persians had burned.

Years 618-625.—Emperor Heraclius waged war against Chosroes, defeated him and recovered the holy cross. A noble Persian, seeing the miracles wrought by the holy cross, left the Persian army, came to Palestine, became a Christian and a Carmelite under the name of Anastasius. Trying to convert his countrymen he was captured, and suffered a very cruel martyrdom. He had lived in the (reconstructed) monastery of S. Sabas, under the Abbot Justin.

Years 626-638.—Hesachius gave order to rebuild the churches and monasteries. John, called the Almsgiver, the Patriarch of Alexandria, contributed largely towards the restoration of the Carmelite Monasteries, and also Modestus, the successor of Zacharias, on the patriarch-

al see of Jerusalem, aided according to his ability.

Years 639-641.—The Caliph Omar overrun and occupied the Holy Land, with his Mahommedan hordes. Then, as S. Cyril, in his letter to Eusebius, relates: "The few, though very reliable monks of our order, leaving their habitations in the towns and villages, resided on Mount Carmel and some deserts in Palestine. They, like the other Christians, suffered a great many hardships, and were afflicted for about 460 years."

Omar forbade the Carmelites to wear the white cloak, because white was the distinguishing color of the Satraps; hence they adopted instead a striped cloak, which they wore till the year 1287.

Aegidius Gelen, canon of Cologne, says in his chronicles: "Though a few of these religious remained under the yoke of the Sacarene, especially on Mount Carmel, most of them fled from Egypt and Syria into Armenia and other Asiatic countries, and came by way of the Aegean Islands into Greece, where they flourished much."

(The striped cloak was also worn by the Carmelites of Europe in the convent at Harlem, lower German convents and at Frankfort on the Main. John of Hildesheim tells us that in 1358 he saw in the Carmelite monastery at the latter place a centenarian monk, Bartholomew, who told him that in his youth he yet wore the striped cloak.)

Year 707.—In this year the Carmelite monastery at Siena in Italy was founded. The manuscript chronicle of the city speaks of this plainly, and in the archives of the order the authentic bull of Leo IV, of 847, is preserved, in which the Pope grants indulgences to those who visit the Carmelite church there. (But this monastery, like so many others, is now lost to the order. Confiscations, expulsions, hostile invasions, etc., have done their work well, and but the memory of better times remains.)

Years 708-713.—During these years the invasion of Spain by the Moors took place. In consequence hundreds of monasteries and thousands of religious perished, amongst them many Carmelites.

In Rome, a girl possessed by the devil, was cured through the head of S. Anastasius, which had been brought there and deposited in the Church of S. John (now called Tre Fontane.)

Year 714-730.—In 714 the Moors occupied Toledo, promising the Christians that they could practice their religion freely in six churches within the city, and a suburban one called Alfizen, which was a Carmelite monastery.

In 730 the most famous picture of the Blessed Virgin in Sicily, that is in Drepane, was cut in wood in Eridithet on the Isle of Cyprus

Year 731.—The Moors having polluted the Cathedral of Toledo, which had been erected by S. Elpidius, the bishop's Cathedral was for a time transferred to the Carmelite Monastery outside the walls, and the monks moved into the monastery of S. Servandus, which had been destroyed, but at least partially restored. (In the year 1095 the Carmelites regained possession of their monastery.)

Years 742-751.—The pope, Zacharias, is, by Aegidius Gelan, counted amongst the Carmelites. The same author also counts among the Carmelites the popes, Clement, Telesphor, Dionysius, Sylvester and Benedict V.

In 743, the foundation was laid for the Carmelite Monastery in Florence. The document of the foundation is the following: "We, Thomas, by the divine mercy, bishop of Florence, testify unto an eternal remembrance, and for the sake of those coming after us, that in honor of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, and all the triumphant denizens of Heaven, in the presence of Maurice C. Cotteri, of S. Geminian and Godfred Cuffa, priests of the Church of Florence, and in the presence of the hermits of Mount Carmel, Genesius, Basilides, Cyril, Enoch, Phrontus, Omyphrio, and Elpidius, who fled from the same mountain from the iniquitous successor of Mohammed, Omar, the King, and came hither, we, on this day, laid the cornerstone of a small church in a retired place for these hermits and the benefit of the

Florentine people, and in their presence, on the road to Pisa, near the river Arno. Given, etc., etc., May 1st to 13th, indications, etc., etc."

The Moslim Sultans, Omar, Girid and Euclid, were at the time persecuting and exterminating the Christians in their dominions, selling many into slavery and giving others the choice between death and apostasy.

Years 772-795.—Under the Saracene rulers, Abdallas, Madi, Moyses and Aaron, the persecution of the Christians in Palestine became intolerable. The Christians were all to be marked in their hands, so as to know them, the churches and monasteries levelled to the ground, and public service forbidden. Hence, most of the religious left the country, dispersing themselves in Europe. Bacucus, a Carmelite, of the monastery of S. Labas, became a martyr.

Years 796-815.—Constantine VI, the Emperor of Constantinople, forced the Saracenes to give rest to the Christians. In consequence many pilgrims from Europe (we presume that they were the dispersed hermits returning) joined themselves to the hermits of Mount Carmel, and the monastic life commenced again to flourish.

In the year 797, a new monastery was built for the Carmelites in Siena. (The first hermits had been received there in 707.) Charlemagne made donations to it. It is also probable, that about the same time a monastery was opened in Pisa, at least the inscription on a tombstone dated 800, would lead us to suppose this.

Years 816-823.—After the death of Charlemagne, the Saracenes in the Holy Land again broke the peace, destroyed the monasteries which had been restored, killed a great many and scattered the balance of the Carmelites so that but few remained in the Holy Land, and these under constant sufferings and privations.

Year 832.—According to an official document the Carmelite Monastery at Lontina, in Sicily, was founded on Feb. 15th, the 11th indication in the year 837. (In the 13th century this monastery was rebuilt by S. Angelus, martyr.)

Years 848-854.—During these years, Leo IV. occupied the apostolic see.

Learning of the persecutions, spoliations and privations, to which the Carmelite Order was subjected by the Saracenes, he granted special privileges and indulgences to all who would assist the Carmelites in their necessities. (His bull was ratified by later popes, especially by Sixtus IV, Gregory XIII and Paul V.) Leo speaks of the Churches of the Blessed Virgin and Mother of God, Mary of Mt. Carmel.

From this on the accounts are so mixed up that it is exceedingly difficult to find any reliable news, and this the more, as there are hopeless contradictions in the claims of the different religious communities. The Carmelites, as well as the Basilians, Gregorians, Antonians, Paulists and Augustinians lacked the organization, which would have allowed all their followers to remain ever united under one acknowledged head. Hence the superiors of different communities added to or changed some of the rules, to meet the necessities of time and place. Wars, heresies in the east, discussions among the rulers of the west, anti-popes, the Saracene and Moorish invasions, etc., did not allow the religious the opportunity to develop and perfect their life in peace. Besides the few historians of this time speak of prominent Anchorites or coenobites without even mentioning the monastery they came from, or the time in which they lived, or the order they belonged to. Therefore, it is better to omit details and simply cling to the constant tradition of ancient, medieval and modern historians of the Carmelite Order, that there was no time from its first institution, in which no Carmelites lived. This note is to explain the dearth of news.

Years 1046-1047.— S. Gerard Sagredo, born in Venice, was in his youth a pupil of the Benedictines at S. George in Venice, became a canon of S. Mars, and finally joined the Carmelites. He proceeded on his journey to Mount Carmel, but was prevailed on by S. Stephen, the King of Hungary to stay in his Kingdom and preach the Gospel. He built for himself and his companion a monastery at Beel. After the death of S. Stephen a revolution and persecution of the Christians broke out, in which S. Gerard gained the crown of martyrdom.

At the same time another Carmelite Gerard, who had come from Antioch to implore the help of the West against the schismatics and Saracens, was sent by the Pope as his legate to the German King Henry. He, about this time founded the monastery of Boppard, which is older than the parish church there, so that for a time it served for the parish church.

Years 1073-1085.— In the year 1073 S. Berthold, the future first latin general of the Carmelite Order was born. His father was Guido of Mallaide, in Limoges. At an early age Berthold was sent to the university of Paris, to prosecute his studies, and there he also obtained the title of doctor of divinity. His brother's name was Aymer. His father had intended to become a religious, but was dissuaded by Gerard, the Legate, who told him that God wanted him to marry since he was to have two sons, who would do much for God and religious life.

At this time also there appeared Peter the Hermit, who gave the impetus to the first crusade. He is said by some to be a Carmelite anchorite, since at the foot of a crucifix in a Belgian monastery he is depicted in the Carmelite habit. He himself had brought this reliquary crucifix from Jerusalem.

The King of Spain tried to have the monastery church at Alfizen, outside Toledo, raised to the rank of a cathedral, but Gregory VII, foreseeing the recovery of Toledo from the Moors, declined the request.

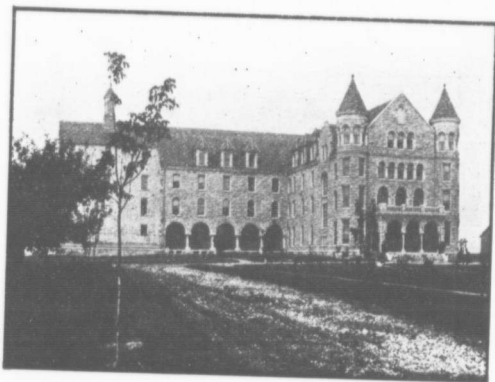
Year 1086-1100.—During this time the first crusade, under Godfrey of Bullion, took place. He conquered Jerusalem, and was elevated custodian of the Holy Sepulchre, since he declined the title of king. In the archives of our monastery in Mantua there was preserved an order of Godfrey, to contribute every Saturday to the support of the Carmelite monasteries erected along the road the Blessed Virgin took when visiting Elisabeth, and also the bulls of four popes, addressed to the patriarch of Jerusalem in favor of the Carmelites.

Carmelites who accompanied French knights on their return from Palestine, founded the monastery at Bourges, in 1099 or 1100. According to the archives

Hospice of Mt. Carmel

Niagara Falls, Canada

The Most Picturesquely Situated Guest House on the
American Continent.



THE HOSPICE OF MOUNT CARMEL

The Hospice of Mount Carmel.

The Hospice of Mount Carmel is an ideal, commodious and modern guest house. It is a part of a grand plan for an edifice to include a Shrine, a Hospice and a Monastery. As yet the Hospice is the only portion completed, but that section has been finished in every detail. It was opened for guests in 1896.

Persons intending to make a permanent stay at the Hospice should write to us (enclosing reference), at least a week previous to their coming.

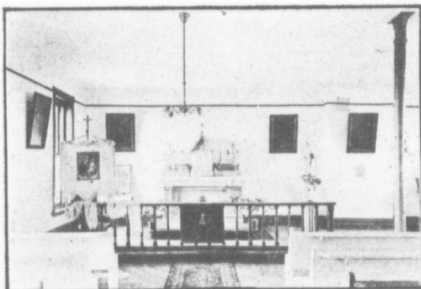
A glance through this booklet will give a splendid idea of the unique attainments of this institution.



IN THE LITTLE CHAPEL

Its Situation.

No more sublimely picturesque or advantageous site than that occupied by the Hospice of Mount Carmel can be found on the Canadian border. The building faces the east at an elevation of 150 feet above, and slightly south-west of the Canadian Falls. From the windows, the piazzas and the grounds can be seen the American and Horse Shoe Falls, the rapids and several miles of the upper river, the great steel arch bridge, the City of Niagara Falls, N. Y., a portion of the wondrous gorge and a vast tract of exquisite landscape over which health-giving and invigorating breezes are ever playing.



A QUIET RETREAT

The Accommodation.

The guest rooms number fifty. Each one is nicely furnished for all necessities and comforts, and some of them are large enough to accommodate a small family or party. The rooms all open into the immense corridors. These corridors are twelve feet wide with lofty ceilings. They are splendidly lighted and are airy and cool even in the hottest days of summer. Off the main hall is a large office with long distance telephone connection and a complete assortment of maps, guides and other sources of information for the travellers.

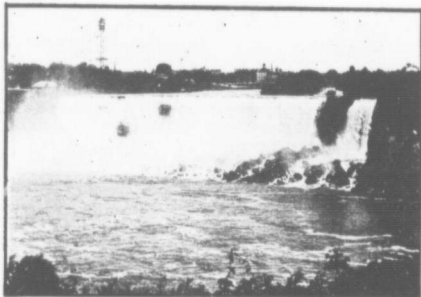


THE LIBRARY

(The Hospice solicits donations of Books, Pictures, etc.)

The Surroundings.

The library, which is on the second floor, has most exceptional advantages as regards space, light and location. It occupies the entire width of the main building and opens on to a balcony directly over the front entrance. It commands an extensive view of entrancing and ever charming beauty. Nor does the soul inspiring scene fade from sight with the passing day; it takes on a different aspect, and when the moon sheds its pure radiance on tossing waters, forest, field and shadowy gorge the scene is one of indescribable loveliness.



THE AMERICAN FALLS

The Appointments.

The comforts and conveniences of the spacious halls cannot be too strongly emphasized; but these are only one of the many agreeable comforts. A large dining room, with seating capacity for over one hundred guests, runs the full length of the front of the building, and outside is a magnificent portico with massive granite pillars, from the shady depths of which one can view the river, rapids, the orchard and the tennis court. There is likewise a charmingly appointed dining room for those who prefer a quieter service than the public dining room affords. The lighting, heating and the cooking, too, is done exclusively by electricity furnished by the great cataract itself. Indeed as regards the completeness of its appointment in this respect, the Hospice enjoys the unique distinction of being the most perfectly equipped building in the world. The water used is from a living spring, which flows from a rock 145 feet below. Ample sized toilet and bathrooms are on every floor, and the plumbing is perfect in every detail.



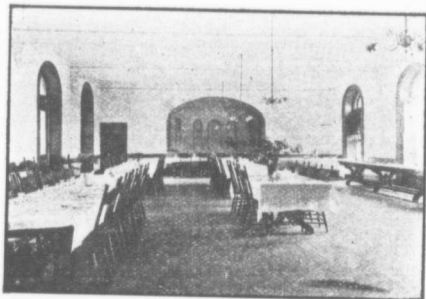
THE HORSESHOE FALLS

Of Easy Access.

Probably no place on the American continent is more familiar to the traveler or more easily reached than Niagara Falls. All the great railroads of the continent have direct connections for that point.

The Carmelite Hospice is on the main line of the Michigan Central Railway. Its grounds touch the beautiful observation station at Falls View. Over this road, besides the main line M. C. R. trains from east and west, there pass the Niagara Division M. C. R. trains, T. H. & B. trains and C. P. R. trains.

The local electric roads, having direct connection with all the electric roads between Niagara Falls and Buffalo, run to the gate of the Hospice grounds.



THE MAIN DINING ROOM



A COSY CORNER

of this monastery the convent was built three times at different places of the city but always within the limits of the parish of S. Eulalia. The first foundation was made by the knight De la Lande. A descendant of his, Gagliard De la Lande, rebuilt it in another spot in 1217, and Lady Catherine De la Lande raised the third building in 1497. There were 5 General Chapters of the order celebrated in this convent and in 1441, Pope Eugene IV erected in it an academy and university.

About 1095, our Religious recovered from Alphonus VI the possessions of Alizen, outside the walls of Toledo, which, during the Moorish occupation, they had ceded to the Bishop and Chapter. At the same time Alphonus granted them a large tract of land and other valuable privileges. The Religious remained in it till 1501, when, on account of some troubles, they were dispossessed but regained possession after a few years.

Years 1101-1117.—After the conquest of Palestine was completed by Baldwin, the brother and successor of Godfrey of Bullion, Berthold went to Mount Carmel, where he received the eremitical habit, and where in a short time he became a pattern of penance and exact observance to all the hermits living there. Of the year 1113, mention is made of a Carmelite monastery on Mount Thabor, which the Turks destroyed, killing all the inhabitants and annihilating whatever they found there. In the year 1115 Peter the Hermit died, as prior of the monastery he had founded in Belgium, after his return from the Holy Land.

In the year 1113, towards the end of October, the first prior of Boppard (in Westphalia) died. His name was Henry.

Years 1118-1124.—According to the report of Bl. Cyril of Constantinople, who was a Carmelite and contemporaneous at the time, the Carmelite Order in the holy land flourished exceedingly, gaining a large number of members from Europe. After they had crowded the caves of Mount Carmel, they settled near Lake Genesareth in the desert, where the miraculous multiplication of bread took place, and also along the banks of the Jordan, on Quarantine, etc. In 1121, L.

Berthold was chosen Superior General, uniting under his jurisdiction all the monasteries and hermitages, and Aymeric, the patriarch of Antioch, handed over to him the translation into Latin of the book of Patriarch John of Jerusalem, that it might serve for their guidance.

A Carmelite called Gerard laid the first foundations of the order of the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem. This Gerard was a lay brother.

About the year 1118, the monastery of Palermo was founded, and in 1121 the first burial took place from it.

Years 1130-1140.—Aymeric, whom we mentioned above, a relation of F. Berthold, was made patriarch of Antioch in 1137. He, as said, gave to the Carmelites the Latin translation of the old rule, and added by his own authority, whatever was necessary to transform the order from an eremitical into a coenobitical one. Hence it is from this time that we see the order established in the way in which we find it to-day. Naturally this transformation took place at first in Palestine only, and the eremitical communities existing at the time in Spain, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy and Sicily adopted only in the course of time, especially after the order had left Palestine and settled in Europe, when it became impossible any longer to endure the yoke of the Mahomedans.

The principal change was in the vow of obedience. There were complaints on the part of the Greek hermits, that the Latin ones did not observe strictly the traditions. In order to remedy this, Aymeric rendered into Latin, the book of Patriarch John, built a wall around the old sanctuary of the Carmelites, collected all the hermits from their different caves, inside of this enclosure, and by their unanimous consent appointed his relation Berthold the first general superior, to whom all were bound not as heretofore by a promise, but by a vow of obedience.

Aymeric also subjected the monks of Mount Nervi, near Antioch, to the supervision of Berthold. The monastery on Mount Thabor, which the Turks had destroyed, was restored under a prior.

The official title of the reformed order was to be "The Hermit Brothers of

Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel." The cloak worn at the time is described by John of Malines thus: "The cloak consisted of seven distinct parts of two colors each. Three were black, or dark, signifying the three theological virtues, and four were white, representing the cardinal virtues. The cloak, open in front and descending to the ground, was white on either side of the opening. The second bar right and left was dark, the third white, and the centre piece in the back was dark."

Year 1148.—On the occasion of the council of Rheims, mention is made of a prophecy of S. Hildagar, a Benedictine Abbess, which is interpreted as applying to the Carmelites: "Varicolored horses shall come whose progress is from the Orient to the Occident. But changing their skin they shall fly and by proceed. Their progress is from the Occident to the Orient. These are the first and the last."

Emperor Emmanuel of Constantinople forbade the religious to possess any real estate.

Years 1149-1151.—There is mention made of two monasteries at Tyrus and Beritus in Phoenicia. But their existence was short, and no details have come upon us, as the Turks destroyed not only the houses, but also the records they found anywhere.

Years 1155-1159.—In these years the monastery of Marsala, in Sicily, was founded by Carmelites, who had come thither with Queen Adelasia of Jerusalem. They dedicated their church to the Annunciation (as they probably had lived in Nazareth.)

Year 1165.—The Carmelites probably in this year established a monastery in the holy house of Nazareth. Also this is the year of the birth of S. Simon Stock in England.

Year 1166.—The Greek Emperor Emmanuel Comnenus made the feast of S. Elias (July 26th) a day of obligation. The same year the feast of S. Cyril of Alexandria was made a day of obligation for the order.

Year 1170.—On the site of the former hermitage of the sons of the prophets at Sarepta, a monastery was built. An earthquake destroyed the monasteries at Tyre and Antioch.

Year 1173.—Bl. Cyril of Constantinople after a sharp controversy with the schismatic patriarch about the procession of the Holy Ghost, went to Mount Carmel, where he received the habit of the order from Bl. Brocard, then local prior of the monastery.

There was at the time also a Carmelite monastery at Messina in Sicily. But how long before this year it had been founded is uncertain.

Year 1180.—P. Alexander III confirmed the Carmelite Order, of whose austerity and manner of life he had been informed the year before on the occasion of the Lateran Council, at which among other Oriental prelates, also Bishop Albert of Bethlehem, himself a Carmelite, was present. Cardinal Bellarmine expressly states: "The Carmelite Order was confirmed by Alexander III, 1180; by Innocent, 1199; by Honorius III, 1216, and mitigated by Innocent IV, 1248.

The Religious of Palestine and Syria, during this and the foregoing years, had suffered a great deal by the devastation caused by Sultan Saladin, and the ravages committed by Count Boemund of Antioch in revenge for the proceedings of the patriarch against his adulterous life.

Year 1181.—Bl. Cyril, whilst living on Mount Carmel, under S. Berthold and S. Brocard, saw in a vision S. Basil, a former Bishop of Cesarea, who commanded him to preach in Armenia and spread the truth. He communicated the vision to his superiors, who gave him Euschius for a companion. After 10 years of indelible labor he brought the King and people to the unity of the Church. They, by an embassy, submitted to Pope Lucius.

Year 1182.—Pope Lucius granted indulgences in favor of the Carmelites.

Year 1183.—At this time the two monasteries on Mount Thabor, the older and smaller one of the Greeks, and the larger one of the Latins, were attacked by the Turks, who, however, were beaten off successfully.

Gratitude is memory of the heart.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty pipes of you who diffuse it. It proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.—George Eliot.

A Wayward Life.

It was an afternoon early in September. The small fleecy clouds were chasing one another across the pale blue of the Zenith. The sun was hot and the atmosphere was sultry. A gentle south wind was blowing, but this, instead of bringing coolness, made the heat all the more enervating, as the wind itself seemed like the breath of a furnace. The earth was dry and parched; the trees were drooping; everything seemed to cry to Heaven for rain, but as yet no sign of the slightest shower appeared above the horizon.

Yet in spite of dryness, sun and sultriness, two boys were playing tennis behind Mr. Ormer's dwelling, in a quiet spot of Lucington. The boys were the sons of Mr. Ormer, a tanner, who was now lying sick abed. They had been at their game well nigh two hours, and were almost exhausted by their play and the unbearable heat. Still they played on, and would have continued to do so for some time yet, had their game not been suddenly interrupted by a heavy storm.

The wind had quickly shifted and was now blowing hard from the West. In a few minutes a dense mass of clouds appeared on the western horizon, and grew blacker and larger till it covered the sky; then the rain poured down, reinvigorating and rejuvenating the gaping earth below.

"Well, Eddie, I suppose we'll have to stop," said the elder of the two tennis players. "I'm tired out anyway."

"So am I," said Eddie. "But that game would be mine, if we had continued and then the score would be three to three."

"I hardly think so," answered his brother, "but if you want to console yourself with that thought you're welcome to it."

They had moved to the verandah and the rain was now pouring down in torrents. The lightning was playing in the clouds with its vivid flames, and the thunder rolled and re-echoed in tremendous confusion.

"That's like a real storm," said Eddie

to his brother, between the peals of thunder. "I wouldn't like to be in the forest now with that lightning and thunder."

"Why, the thunder wouldn't hurt you," said the elder brother. "It's nonsense to think so."

He had scarcely uttered these words when a vivid flash of lightning striking a tall tree within fifty yards of them, was accompanied by a terrific, ear-splitting crash of thunder. The elder brother jumped to his feet in fear, and Eddie involuntarily did the same; then he burst into a laugh.

"I thought you weren't afraid of thunder," he said, looking at his brother Ronald.

Ronald tried to smile, but it was a poor smiler, indeed, that passed over his pale face.

The storm soon began to abate, and as it did so the brothers turned to the discussion of other matters.

There was a vast difference of character between these two. Ronald, the elder by four years, was a determined, self-willed, opinionated fellow. When he had once settled on anything for his own good, he would carry it out at all costs. He would often hector his younger brother, and, although he loved him after a manner, he loved himself more. Altruistic he was,—but for himself. Eddie but seventeen years old, was of a disposition by far more yielding and winning than was Ronald. Where opposing views clashed with his own, Eddie was ever ready to compromise in order to avoid trouble and inconvenience to others. Perhaps it was a fault,—this over-readiness to give in; but if so, it was a fault on the right side. If it, now and then, brought him into a hobble, it certainly freed others more than once from a like inconvenience and embarrassment.

"This hot weather is very trying on papa," said Eddie in a compassionate tone. "I think he'll feel better after that cool rain."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Ronald, half distractedly.

"The doctor was here this morning, and I don't think he has much hope for papa's recovery," said Eddie.

"What did the doctor say?" asked Ronald, suddenly looking up with an air of unusual interest.

"I didn't see him when he came out, but I knew from mother's look that there is but little hope now," replied Eddie, with a sigh as his eyes became moist with tears.

"Oh! those doctors don't know everything," said Ronald coldly. "There's no use crying until trouble comes. It's only wasting energy and time. Anyhow you know papa can live for months yet."

"That is true," replied Eddie, with tears starting from his eyes. "but then, how terrible to think of papa's death! He has been so kind to us, and mamma will die of grief, I'm sure."

At this moment a servant opened the door leading to the verandah, and called Ronald.

"Mrs. Ormer says you must go for the doctor immediately. Mr. Ormer is somewhat worse."

Eddie jumped up and rushed past the servant towards his father's bedroom. As he approached the door, a nurse was leading Mrs. Ormer out. Poor Mrs. Ormer had seen the great change that had come over husband in the last few hours, and the shock was too much for her. She could bear up no longer and burst out weeping at the bedside of her dying husband. The nurse saw that it was hurtful to leave her there, so she gently took her out and was quietly leading her to another room.

"Oh! Eddie, run for the doctor. Your father's dying," cried out the heart-broken mother, as she saw her son coming towards her.

"Ronald's gone for him, mother. Don't cry; everything will be all right," he answered, as he took his sobbing mother by the arm, and aided her to a sitting-room.

The doctor came, and although he saw no immediate danger, he acknowledged that there was but little hope of Mr. Ormer's lasting beyond a day or so. This news brought renewed tears and sobs and grief for the poor wife. Eddie strove to comfort her, and by his efforts, he

succeeded in making the sorrow more bearable to his mother.

Ronald went about the house as quiet and undisturbed as if his father were in the best of health, and not in the very grasp of death. He received all ill-reports of the doctor with perfect composure, and, if one be allowed to judge in the outward bearing, the true internal sentiment,—almost with satisfaction.

Mr. Ormer grew gradually worse, and prepared himself for death by the reception of the Sacraments. On the fourth day after the relapse, he passed into eternity, amidst the sorrow and grief of his family.

Mrs. Ormer was prostrated by the blow and was unable to attend the funeral. It soon became evident that the wife would closely follow her husband to the grave. She was not a strong woman by any means, and the long illness of Mr. Ormer had worn her little remaining strength down to a minimum. In two months the soul of Mrs. Ormer went to join that of her husband.

All that was left of the Ormer family was the two boys,—Ronald and Eddie. They inherited the entire property of their parents, with the exception of a few small legacies for charitable purposes. Mr. Ormer had left a third part of his wealth to each of the two boys; of the remaining one third, the wife was to have the usufruct during life, and at her death, it was to be divided equally between the sons. Thus it was that within a few months each boy became heir to some fifty thousand dollars.

Ronald was in great haste to get control of his money, and showed little grief at the death of his parents. Eddie was almost inconsolable, and cared not for the money inherited from his parents, whose voice he so longed to hear, and whose faces were still fresh in his memory.

The home, together with some twenty thousands of dollars passed to Ronald, who was now of age. With great éclat and aplomb he entered upon his inheritance, but it was a sad day for him when he stepped forth upon the world to face its wiles and its deceptions. Self-assurance is, indeed, necessary to one who is to bear the brunt of life's battle, but it must not be a self-assurance which de-

spises and sets at naught the wisdom of men. For, if men are deficient in the wisdom of the spirit, that of the flesh is strong within them, and he who thinks to outdo the world at its own tricks is a fool of no common type. Ronald thought he was conversant enough with the ways of men to take care of himself and of his money. Others have thought the same; others have paid the penalty of their rashness; Ronald Ormer was destined to pay his.

He lost heavily in speculation. Wily schemers began to use him as their cat's paw. Loss did not warn him; it made him only the more obstinate in his course. All sorts of investments were placed before him. No friend could persuade him that this or that investment was best. He would believe no well-wisher. Old, grey headed experience could teach him naught.

To this reckless risking of his money, must be added the insane squandering of the same. Like the prodigal son, he lived on his portion of the inheritance enjoying it as he might wish. He refused himself no pleasure he desired; his boon companions led him on to sure destruction by all manner of flattery and cajolment. He learned bad habits, but acquired no new and good ones. Nay, his former good habits were set aside as petty nothings, as deserving not even a passing notice. His parents' example and precept had formerly kept him fairly within the bounds of religious duty; but now, precept and example removed, he no longer paid the homage to the Almighty, which even reason tells us is His due.

Amidst all this roistering, he soon found himself in want of ready money. All the surplus money had been spent; investments he now had none; the home was all that remained to him. He had given his note for several thousands of dollars; it was now due. There was but one way left for him to get further money,—to mortgage the home. He had mentioned this to Eddie, who was now just of age. Of course Eddie could not persuade him not to do it. Any attempt at such a proceeding, on the part of the younger brother, would have made Ronald only the more eager to do it. Accordingly Eddie kept his peace.

Whilst Ronald had been carrying everything with a high hand, Eddie had been carefully employing his time in study. He had taken up the study of medicine, and already at twenty-one years of age, had but one more year of the course to put in. When he heard of Ronald's intention of mortgaging the old home of his childhood, his heart was fit to break. He resolved, however, to ask Ronald to let him have the mortgage on the place. To this proposal Ronald consented after some hesitation. Thousand after thousand was borrowed by the elder brother, on the security of the home. When Ronald drew the twenty-fifth thousand, Eddie warned him that he could not expect to get more on that security. Eddie had seen, to his dismay, the downhill course of Ronald. He had seen him squander the borrowed thousands, and had viewed the gradual undoing of his brother's manhood. It would have been in vain to protest, to beseech, to pray his brother to do right, as vain as to command the hoary Alps to bow their cloud-topped peaks to the rising sun.

The mortgage was finally foreclosed. Ronald Ormer had gone through the fortune left him by his father, and that in the short space of five years. He was now a penniless man. Dejected, but not repentant, chastised but not bettered, Ronald returned to the old home the day of the foreclosure. Here, in the library, he met Eddie. The latter held out his hand to him. Ronald refused it with a defiant look in his face, Eddie felt the insult, but showed not his feelings.

"Well, Ronald, you must not think yourself less welcome here than formerly. Make your home here in the future as you have done in the past, and I'll never forget that you are my brother. As long as I live you shall not want."

Ronald raised his head in haughty defiance, and his eyes glittered like steel points, as he said:

"That's what I get for my kindness to you. I let you live here in quiet and peace whilst I was owner, and now, when you are owner, you begin to be proud and supercilious. No, I'll never stay with a man who pretends to be religious and brotherly, and then robs his brother of his last cent. Keep your house and

ill-begotten goods, I'll never trouble you again."

As he uttered the last words, he turned upon his heel and left the room. Eddie stood as if transfixed by a thunder-bolt. He gazed in amazement at the open door before him. He could scarcely believe his ears. As Eddie stood staring, Ronald passed the library door on his way out. The sight of him brought Eddie to his senses, and with a cry he rushed out of the door, through the hall after Ronald. At the front door he called him. Ronald turned not, but kept on at a quick pace down the walk to the gate. He did not even look back as he passed through it, and turning to his right was soon out of sight. It was afterwards learned that he took a train for New York, but this was the last fact that all the searching of brother and friend could discover about Ronald Ormer.

Eddie knew not what to do as he saw his brother hastening down the walk. His first impulse was to rush after him, to implore him to return, and to promise him all he should want. But the foolishness of this flashed across his mind. He called to Ronald, but the call was unheeded. As if petrified, he stood looking in utter dismay at the receding figure of his brother, as it grew less and less in the dim distance. Ronald turned a corner and was lost from his sight. Eddie uttered a groan and wrung his hands in consternation. Dazed and in anguish, he returned to the library, and threw himself on a lounge. At first he could scarcely think, but as his ideas began to clear up and shape themselves, he realized that there was absolutely no use in pursuing his brother or in making promises. To give Ronald more money would not mend, but rather complicate matters. In offering him a home, he had done all he could possibly do for him. That offer rejected, there was nothing further to do. So resigning himself to his sorrows and trials, he offered up a prayer to God and the Blessed Virgin to take care of his careless and spendthrift brother.

In a year Eddie finished his course and received his diploma. He began the practice of medicine in his native place, and owing to his talents, and especially

to his earnest application, he soon acquired for himself a name in medical science. Years came and years went. Eddie married and lived happily with his family. But during all this time no word of information was ever received of his brother Ronald. Ronald was dead to him, and after ten years Eddie began to believe that he had died. He shuddered at the thought of him,—living or dead.

He saw but one ray of hope for poor Ronald, a faint ray, indeed; but to many a man, a similar one has often been the means of lighting up the path of duty in the densest darkness of sin. That ray shone forth from the early habits and education of his brother. A man never wholly undoes the training of his first years. The impressions are too deep, too well engraven on the virgin soul of childhood to wear off by the most severe and continuous grinding. These engravings, these impressions may be covered over with the foulest of litter; they may be besmeared and bespotted with the noisome mire of sin; they may be attacked directly by the stern hand of impartial time, yet they cannot be completely effaced. Let them be never so dulled, the refurbishing can begin at any moment so only the proper circumstances are present.

It was on the training of Ronald's early youth that Eddie relied. The example and instruction of his parents must needs have impressed Ronald's mind deeply. It was only after he had fallen in with unprincipled boon companions, that he had strayed from the right way to return no more. Yet small as this ray of hope was, Eddie received much consolation from it.

In the autumn of the twelfth year after Ronald's departure, Eddie, or rather, Dr. Ormer, was visiting in Chicago. His wife and family were with him, and they all drove around through the parks seeing what was worth seeing, and enjoying a few days of leisure.

One day the doctor and his wife were driving along Michigan avenue not far from the Auditorium. The horses were very lively and the driver did not seem to have them under perfect control. As

they neared the entrance to Van Buren street, an automobile caught the hind wheel of a bicycle which was going across its course. The impact sent the bicycle and its rider pell-mell under the feet of the horses attached to Dr. Ormer's carriage. These plunged forward in fright; the driver lost his seat in the sudden lurch of the carriage, and the horses ran at full speed down the street. Several men tried to stop them, but they succeeded only in slightly retarding their speed. The vehicle rolled from side to side, and threatened every moment to upset. The horses had run two blocks when a rough fellow, with dark face, rough grey beard and tattered clothes, rushed into the road in front of them. As they came up he sprang alongside of the high horse, grabbed its bridle, and by almost superhuman efforts succeeded in holding on and in bringing the team to a standstill. But the effort cost him dearly. As the team stopped, his grasp loosened and he dropped to the pavement senseless,—the legs of the horse which he had caught, had broken three ribs and bruised his body severely.

Dr. Ormer jumped out of the carriage and ran to his rescuer. A crowd soon gathered, and under the direction of the doctor, several men carried the patient to a drug store close at hand. Here he was laid on the floor, while Dr. Ormer examined him. He found that the three ribs had injured him interiorly, and that the injuries were fatal. In examining his chest Dr. Ormer found a brown scapular on the dying man. In the meantime an ambulance arrived, and when he reached the hospital, Dr. Ormer at once called a priest. After all had been done for the wounded man, both temporally and spiritually, Dr. Ormer left, promising to return in a few hours.

Towards evening, the sick man came to his senses. After gazing around the ward for a few moments in utter bewilderment, the patient moved slightly in bed, and immediately the pain in his left side brought him back to the runaway accident. The pain caused by the slight raising of himself was so acute that he lay back in complete exhaustion.

In a few minutes the house doctor and nurse came to examine him. He asked them about the wound, and was told

that the extent of the danger was as yet unknown. As he was now conscious the priest was again called.

The priest came, and stayed and talked long with the patient. At first the sick man showed but little attention to his words, but thrust his hand into his bosom and fumbled around for something. Gradually, however, he softened as he learned that he had but a few days, perhaps only hours, to live. Finally he received the sacraments and resigned himself to the end, which he felt was fast approaching. The look on his face seemed to have greatly changed after receiving the sacraments. The stern hard lines on his forehead lost their repulsiveness; the eye became mild and kind. His lips were seen to move in prayer.

Dr. Ormer called in the evening and was accompanied by the priest to the bedside of his dying rescuer. He was slumbering as they approached, but their whispering caused him to awake. As he did so his eye rested full upon the face of Dr. Ormer, who was bending over him gazing wonderingly at the changed look and countenance. The dying man gazed a moment at the doctor's face, then started up and cried out, "Eddie!"

Dr. Ormer drew back in amazement, but like a flash the truth broke upon him. "Ronald! Is it you?"

"Yes, it is Ronald," answered his brother; "forgive me all the wrong I have done you."

"Wrong? If either of us should ask pardon, it is I. But now let all wrongs be forgotten, and let me thank you for the preservation of my life. I hope God may spare you to return home with me."

Ronald shook his head. His brows contracted with the intensity of the pain and for a moment he could not speak. Soon a peaceful calm returned to the sick man's face.

"No hope for me," said Ronald. "I feel that I am going soon. I cannot stand that pain long."

"Oh! don't give up yet; you may pull through all right," said Eddie.

"I don't wish to live longer. I'm glad I've seen you before I go. I can die in peace now."

"And how and where have you been all these years?" asked Eddie.

"Over all the world. I have gone

from place to place, caring not what happened. I feel thankful to God for his goodness to ——."

The pain caused him to cease speaking. "God has been good and merciful because you have remembered the religious practises taught by our good parents. I knew you would not forget them," said Eddie.

"All,—all but one," said the dying man. A shudder seized upon his whole frame, his lips tightened and a paleness crept over his face. His hand stole slowly to his breast. The doctor and priest thought it involuntarily sought the seat of pain,—but no. It fumbled around for a moment, and emerged hold-

ing a soiled and threadbare scapular of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel. A faint smile flitted across his face.

"Look!" said he, with childish eagerness and simplicity, "look at this. I've never forgotten to wear it since the day of my first Holy Communion. Our Blessed Lady has watched over me. She has brought me back to God at last. I thank her for it."

As he spoke these last words, the hand holding the scapular fell on his breast. Again he shuddered, again his lips tightened and relaxed. A deep sigh issued forth from between them, and Ronald Ormer was no more.

C. J. A., Chicago.

Eventide.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

Far o'er the waving fields of em'rald green,
 Where whisp'ring run the merry rills so free,
 The meadow-lark sounds sweet her melody,
 And sunbeams fading throw their smiles serene.
 The lily pale has laid her head to dream
 Upon the brook's green breast and o'er the lea,
 In notes of prayer, soft, pealing, glad and free,
 The ang'lus, ringing, sings its evening theme.
 O little bell! From out yon belfry gray,
 Thy accents, stealing, linger soft and sweet;
 'Hushed are the noises in the village street,
 Whilst now you echo out the parting day—
 The ploughman hears thy call and doth repeat
 His thanks to God, while bending low to pray.

Editorial Notes.

A special pilgrimage train will leave Buffalo at 7:30 a.m. on July 16th for Falls View.

Special indulgences are granted at the great pilgrimage which will take place at the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady of the Feast, July 16th.

Many pilgrims are expected at the great Carmelite Feast at Falls View on July 16th. A special train will carry the pilgrims from Buffalo.

Do not throw your "Review" aside carelessly after reading it. Keep it carefully and have the numbers bound at the end of a year or two. You will find it pleasant pastime to peruse back numbers in some leisure hour.

The sudden illness of our Gracious Sovereign shocked the whole world, just at the moment when all preparations for the coronation were completed. After all our little human plans are easily frustrated, "Man proposes, but God disposes."

Has it ever struck you, that you could do a good deal in the interests of Mary if you would? In this age of pernicious literature, there is a great need of wholesome journals. The "Carmelite Review" is one of the latter. Recommend it to your friends. We will gladly forward sample copies.

President Cleveland received a doctor's degree from Villanova College, conducted by the Augustinian Fathers. In addressing the students, he gave praise to the teaching orders of the Church. We are glad to find that the religious orders are beginning to receive that credit, which is due to them.

"However harsh God may at times appear, he never inflicts needless suffering upon us. He gives us pain only in order to purify us. The bitterness of the pain arises from the evil which has

to be overcome. He would not probe us were we healthy. He only cuts into our diseased, corrupted parts. It is for our self-love that we suffer most. God's hand spares us as much as possible."

How much truth and also how much sweet consolation do not these simple thoughts of Fenelon contain!

In this month occurs the great Carmelite Feast, on July 16th. A plenary indulgence can be gained by all the faithful during the time between first and second Vespers, or from about 2 o'clock p.m. of the vigil until sundown of the following day of the feast itself, "toties quoties," or, as often as they visit a Carmelite Church and pray according to the intention of the Holy Father, having on that day approached the Sacraments. Every good Catholic will avail himself or herself of this happy opportunity, and gain as many indulgences, especially for the Poor Souls, as possible. The annual Pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace will take place on this day. All lovers of the Brown come to Falls View. You are heartily welcome.

Under the title of "Poisoning the Wells," the editor of the Sacred Heart Messenger has published, in the June number of his excellent magazine, an article that is widely copied by Catholic papers, and which deserves to be read by all.

It shows Appletons' new Cyclopaedia to be the shameful work of bigots who deliberately misrepresent everything pertaining to Catholicism; its doctrine, its history, etc., after heralding their work as a model of impartiality and truth. Such abominable practice, which is disgusting and extremely painful to lovers of truth—and man naturally loves truth—can and must be stopped. Able minds accomplish a sacred mission when they use their talents to refute these slanders and expose to the well deserved contempt of the world these public liars and malicious defrauders. This is one way

of putting a stop to such wholesale deception, and another very efficacious means to reach the same end would be to boycott all products and works of bigotry. Have you read that masterly article of the Messenger?

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Book Review.

Our readers are well acquainted with Mr. Francis W. Grey, as a writer. They have read in these pages, with pleasure, no doubt, his literary compositions, especially poetical, which are always deeply religious in thought and sentiment. They will therefore welcome the little brochure "Love Crucified," in which he publishes some of his select verses.

Many may not know that the gifted and especially fluent writer is a convert living in the Old Country, though for many years he resided in Canada.

The booklet is printed by Chas. Vaude Vyvere-Petyt, Bruges (Belg.)

To be had at the office of the "Carmelite Review"; price, 25c per copy.

* * * *

For publishing "The Dangers of Youth and a Tried Antidote," by Rev. Jos. Jordans, S.J., B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., deserves the sincere gratitude of all who have at heart the spiritual, and for that also the temporal welfare of young people, who, more than others, are exposed to and surrounded by many dangers.

The great moral disease of our day, with which thousands are afflicted, and which is easily contracted by those still free from it, is the vice of impurity. To give an efficacious remedy against this dangerous malady is the object of this booklet. After a short sketch of the life and labours of the distinguished physician of souls, Fr. Zucchi, the author makes his readers acquainted with the remedy which this great man has prescribed, adding the record of the many successes it has achieved.

This no less simple than efficacious remedy consists in this, that as soon as you rise in the morning, and before retiring at night, you say, kneeling, the "Hail Mary," in honor of Mary's spotless virginity, with the prayer: "My

Queen and my Mother, to thee do I offer myself without reserve, and to give thee a mark of my devotion, I consecrate to thee during this day, my eyes, my ears, my mouth, my heart and my whole person. Since I belong to thee, O my good mother, preserve and defend me as thy property and possession."

Before retiring also, kiss the ground three times. When assailed by temptations during the day, say the ejaculatory prayer: "My Queen and my Mother, remember that I belong to Thee. Preserve and defend me as thy property and possession."

In the 3rd chapter are offered a few suggestions as to the method of applying this remedy, and in the last the frequent reception of the sacraments is recommended as a second powerful means to cure souls of this malady, or to preserve them from contracting it.

The precious little work closes with some beautiful prayers to obtain the great virtue of holy purity.

Would to God that this timely and most useful work came into the hands of many of our young people, so that knowing of this wonderful remedy, they may apply it to the temporal and eternal good of soul and body.

Price, retail, 15c per copy; 100 copies, \$10.

* * * *

To expose the true nature of Socialism, which is a political theory with numerous adherents in every state and country, and to show that it is a scheme most absurd and utterly impracticable, a mere utopia, so that those who have a voice by their vote in the councils of the nation, may refrain from promoting its interests by placing socialistic candidates into power, is the laudable object of a pamphlet inscribed "Socialism," which was recently published by Rev. W. Poland, S.J.

This theory, the author tells us, is a solution,—or an attempt at a solution—of the labor question, a means that would remedy the miserable condition of the working classes by the reconstruction of society upon the basis of common ownership. The state is to control all the means and instruments of production, paying to everyone a wage due for the labors which the individual performs for

the community. By this will be effected an equality between all, and the two extremes, of utter poverty on the one side, and superabundant affluence and luxury on the other, the great evil in the present state of affairs, would be eliminated.

This reform the Socialists hope to accomplish through the suffrage of the masses, by a majority of votes.

But the socialistic solution of the problem how to remedy the miseries in the present state, the author shows, is absurd; the application of the fundamental principle of this theory is an impossibility. Socialists, as reformers, know how to tear down, but are unable to build up; they advocate the abolition of the present form of society, but they have nothing that would replace it. The true and only solution of the labor question has long been given. Its supreme exponent is Leo XIII., in his admirable encyclical on this subject. It is advisable to all to study carefully the words of wisdom which this great and learned Pontiff has uttered. For this purpose the "Pittsburg Observer" has conceived the happy idea of publishing in its issues this masterpiece of human learning and sagacity, to spread among the people the principles it inculcates.

We wish this able exposition of the absurdity of Socialism, by Fr. Poland a widespread circulation, especially among the laboring classes. The brochure is printed by B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., and is sold at 5c per copy; 100 copies, \$4.00.

To be had at the office of the "Carmelite Review"; price, 25c per copy.

! bice Petitions Asked For.

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

Steady employment for one; that three children may receive a Christian education; a brother given to drink; a spiritual favor; a very special favor; the conversion of a brother and a god-child; that four may make good confessions before death; several special intentions; many deceased persons.

THE CARMELITE PRIVILEGE.

Our gloriously reigning Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., animated by the desire to increase the devotion to the Bl. Virgin Mary under the ancient and venerable title of "Mount Carmel," has, by a special brief of May 16th, 1892, enriched the churches and chapels of the Carmelite Order with a precious privilege for their great feast day, July 16th.

The privilege granted is identical with the indulgence called *Portiuncula*, which can be gained in Franciscan churches on August 2nd; and it consists in this, that all the Faithful, after they have worthily confessed and communicated, can gain a plenary indulgence as often as they visit a church of the Carmelites during the time between first and second Vespers, or from about 2 o'clock p.m. on July 15th, until sundown on the day following, with the condition that they at every visit pray according to the intention of the Holy Father.

All should avail themselves of this happy opportunity to gain for themselves at least one plenary indulgence— which means the remission of all temporal punishments due to sin—and to help the Poor Souls by applying to them as many as possible.

Flos Carmeli.

Most Holy Virgin! Beauty of Mt. Carmel! Virgin-flower for ever in bloom! Bright ornament of Heaven! Thou Virgin Mother of a Man God! Mother of holy love, Mother of mercy and meekness, Mother honored above all mothers, be thou propitious to thy dear children of Carmel, and to all who have the happiness of wearing the holy Scapular. Amen.

As is customary, pilgrims will arrive in hundreds at the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady for the feast, July 16th. A special pilgrimage train will leave Buffalo at the New York Central station, via the M.C.R., on July 16th, at 7.30 a. m., sharp, and convey the pilgrims direct to the Hospice.

Make your lot the best. Compare yourself not with the few above you, but the multitude below you.—Johnson.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at:

Falls View: from Our Lady of the Lake, Walkerville, Ont.; St. Agnes Church, Ashland, Wis.; Orillia, Ont.; Detroit College, Detroit, Mich.; St. Mary's Church, Hesson, Ont.; Brantford, Ont.; Sandwich, Ont.; Sacred Heart Church, Walkerton, Ont.; Fox Harbour, Newf'd.; St. Michael's College, Toronto; St. Catharines, Ont.; Dresden, Kans.; Chepstow, Ont.; St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Bonaventure's College, Alleghany, N.Y.; All Saints' Church, Strathroy, Ont.; Owen Sound, Ont.; St. Anthony's Church, San Antonio, Fla.; St. Paul's Church, Reading, Pa.; McGregor, Ont.; Tacoma, Wash.; Orillia, Ont.; St. Basil's Church, Toronto, Ont.; St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Ont.; Mt. St. Joseph's Academy, Buffalo, N.Y.; Slaterville, R.I.; St. Alphonsus Church, Windsor, Ont.; St. Thomas' Church, Providence, R.I.; St. Joseph's Asylum, West Seneca, N. Y.; Ticonteroga, N.Y.; Church of the Most Holy Sacrament, Hokah Convent, Minn.; St. Marys, Astoria, Oregon; Canisus College, Buffalo, N.Y.; Sucan, Ont.; North Sydney, C.B.; Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.; Mount Angel College, Mount Angel, Oregon; Seneca, N.Y.; Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Chicago, Ill.; S. Bede College, Peru, Ill.

New Baltimore, Pa: Bunhunis Grove, Ill.; St. Josephs, Braddock, Pa.; St. Boniface's, Peoria, Ill.; St. Mary's, Ridge-ly, Md.; St. Michael's, Dane, Wis.

Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.: St. Gall's Monastery, Devil's Lake, North Dakota; Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash.; St. Mary's Church, Jackson, Mich.; St. Bridget's Church Wateroliet, N.Y.; St. Louis' Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Brendan's Church, Braddock, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Gallitzin, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Covington, Ky.; St. Joseph's Church, Tiffin, O.; St. Mary's Church, Pittston, Pa.; Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Mary's College, St. Nazianz, Wis.; All Hallows College, Salt Lake City, Utah; St. Patrick's Church, Cleveland, O.; St. Ambrose's Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Boniface's Church, Williamsport, Pa.; Hanover,

Kans.; Fort Wayne, Ind.; New Coeln, Wis.; Koeltztown, Mo.; West Bay City, Mich.; San Diego, Cal.; Menasha, Wis.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Dear Rev. Fathers :

I enclose an offering for a favor granted through the intercession of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and St. Anthony, the patent granted in Canada. I promised that if it were granted, I would send an offering to Our Lady and St. Anthony. I pray that it will be a success.

* * *

Since God has deigned through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel to restore the health of my daughter, to fulfill my promise I would like to have you publish it in the Carmelite Review.

C. A. S.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the following deceased :

Mrs. Bridget Phillibin, who died in Allegheny, April the 4th.

William Keilmann, who died, fortified by the Sacraments, in Leimeritz, Austria, of heart failure, June 4th. He had spent most of his life in this country, and was distinguished as a poet and journalist. He was editor of the Rundschau vom Berge Karmel, which during the brief period of its existence was read and admired by all who knew the language. He was a staunch Catholic and was ever ready to defend its cause with his pen. He died as he had lived, a good Catholic.

May they rest in peace.

He is idle who may be better employed.—Scotch Proverb.

He whose work is on the highway will have many advisers.

Most men forget God all day, and ask him to remember them at night.

He who tells the failings of others to you will be willing to tell your failings to others.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Of the "Imitation of Christ," that little book that has brought more comfort into the world than any other except the Bible, Brother Azarias wrote: "How, it may be asked, was the author able to compass within the covers of this slender volume so much wisdom, such a vast spiritual experience, such beautiful poetry and profound philosophy? And he has done it all with a grasp of terseness of expression to which no translation has even been able to do justice. It is because Thomas a-Kempis is more than a pious monk picking up the experiences of the saints and the Fathers who preceded him. He is one of the world authors, and the 'Imitation' is so clearly stamped with the impress of his genius that wherever men can read they recognize it as a book that comes home to their business and their bosoms for all time. Go where you will, you will find its silent influence working for good, and upon natures that seem the least prepared to be affected by it.

"Thus we read how a Moorish prince shows a missionary, visiting him, a Turkish version of the book and tells him that he prizes it above all others in his possession.

"Again, the book has always been a consoler in tribulation. Louis XVI., when a prisoner, found great comfort in its pages and read them day and night. La Harpe, in his love and admiration, or what, in his day, was considered elegant literature, thought the book beneath his notice, even as the Humanists before him had regarded St. Paul. But La Harpe comes to grief, and, imprisoned in the Luxembourg, meets with it, and, opening it, at random, reads: 'Behold, here I am; behold, I come to Thee because Thou hast called me. Thy tears and the desire of thy soul, thy humiliation and contrition of heart have inclined and brought Me to thee.'

"These touching words seemed to come directly out of the mouth of the Consoler Himself. It was like an apparition. He says: 'I fell on my face and wept freely.' Ever after the 'Imitation' was one of La Harpe's most cherished books."—Denver Catholic.

SUPPORT THE PASTOR.

Pittsburg Observer.

Financial support of religion is implied in the first and greatest commandment. God is to be adored by sacrificial worship as well as by faith and prayer. The discharge of this fundamental duty naturally involves everything essential to the appropriate expression of becoming sacrifice. This divine injunction, therefore, carries with it the imperative necessity of supplying suitable places of worship and of maintaining a divinely appointed priesthood. To keep holy God's day and name, to respect the rights of parents and others, are divine commands. There is no less sanction for providing the material agencies necessary for carrying out the true intent of God's first law. There is here no question of charity or generosity, but of duty and justice. In issuing a special precept on the support of pastors (meaning everything pertaining to external worship) the Church merely emphasizes a commandment as old as religion itself.


To put the claims of religion last of all, to offer God crumbs from sumptuously supplied tables, to proffer him a percentage in the possibilities of fortune, is basely to insult the Deity. God does not ask for what man does not need, and He directs the unfolding of the future. He is pleased with the gifts that denote sacrifice; the poor man's penny, the widow's mite. They who promise to give of their abundance exhibit a wrong spirit. It is well to remember that the claims of the church are as positive and as pressing as other obligations; that these claims are to be paid not merely from the ample means of the rich, but also from the slender incomes of the struggling. God should not always be the deferred creditor—in fact, He ought to be the preferred creditor. The support of the Church is a duty of simple justice. Religion would go forward with leaps and bounds if pew rents and church dues were paid from a sense of homely honesty. The Church is suffering from too much "charity."

—♦—
A word and a stone cannot be recalled.

HOSPICE

—OF—

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