



Die Krönung der seligsten Jungfrau.

COURONNEMENT DE LA SAINTE VIERGE | CORONATION OF THE HOLIEST VIRGIN.



Saint Rose of Lima.

E. DE M.



LOVELY flower of Lima!

We may well call thee "Rose!"
 Love's sweetly scented symbol
 Which in the Summer blows.

Yet thorns are circling round thee
 O patient, suffering Rose!

To guard thy pure heart's fairness
 Where Jesus will repose.

List to His invitation:

"Be thou My spouse, dear Rose!"*
 To thy enraptured spirit
 It will His love disclose.

Thou art the New World's glory,
 O first-crowned, saintly Rose!
 And in the Lamb's blest nuptials
 Thy beauty softly glows.

Amidst His white-robed virgins
 Thy blessedness o'erflows;
 O shed on us thy fragrance,
 And pray for us, Saint Rose!

*"Rose of my heart, be thou My spouse!"—Words of our Lord to St. Rose.

"MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

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

CHAPTER III.

ALGERIA. KABYLIA. 1854-1859.

Africa and his military life—A life of sacrifice—Phases of the French occupation of Algeria—Immolation and spiritual training—The population of Algiers—Immorality—Mgr. Pavy—The Lazarist Missioners—The Jesuits—Orphanage at Bouffarick—Ambition of de Sonis to Christianise the army—The cholera—Fever—In danger of death—Solitude and Sadness—His life with God—Retreat at La Trappe, Staoueli—Love of Jesus Christ—He establishes the nocturnal adoration at Algiers—His interior troubles—God alone and his family—His family join him at Milianah—Birth of a fourth child—De Sonis de Blidah—The move—*Deo gratias*—Catechism with his children—Return to Mustapha—Noble poverty—Sacrifices—Arabic studies—Expedition in Kabylia—His family return to France—The camp of Tizi-Ouzou—End of the campaign—His fifth child—His wish for the Arab Bureau—Disinterestedness—His dream of a life of peace, piety and friendship—Campaign of 1857—Great Kabylia—Fort National—The attack of El-Amiz—Submission of the Beni-Raten—De Sonis at Orleansville—He passes to the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique—Return to Mustapha—His discreet apostolate—He is ordered to the Italian campaign—Duty above all—A letter of Turenne.



T was in Africa that almost all the military life of M. de Sonis was to be spent. He passed twenty years in Algeria. This country with its constant dangers and surprises suited this "child of the islands," as he called himself, and there he found what existed in no other part of the world for a French soldier—active service and a real soldier's life.

The country at that moment was under the command of General de Randon, who had been appointed Governor. In his Memoirs he writes :

"From 1830 to 1841 nine Commanders-in-Chief or Governors-General succeeded one another in Algiers. The army was admirable, and accomplished marvels with small means, like the taking of Constantine. But the home government seemed rather alarmed than pleased at these successes. From 1841 to 1847, Marshal Bugeaud devoted himself, not only to the conquest but to the colonisation of the country. He remained six and a half years in

Algeria, quashed the insurrection, which was fomented by Abd-el-Kader, proved the French strength in the battle of Isly against the Emperor of Morocco, and conquered a portion of Great Kabylia. Then he attracted colonists by founding villages, opening roads, and encouraging agricultural progress in every way.

But then came the February Revolution. From 1847 to 1848 no less than seven Generals were sent as successive Governors of the country. This naturally checked all the improvements of Marshal Bugeaud, and stopped all further attempts at conquest.

The tribes revolted in many places, and a great rising in Kabylia threatened to spread even to the gates of Algiers. It was to arrest this movement that General Randon was sent by the Emperor. The investment of Djurjura began in 1852; the following year the East and West of Kabylia yielded to the troops of Generals Bosquet and MacMahon. In 1854, the South submitted to their conquerors. But the centre of the country had yet to be subdued. The French army in Africa being reduced by the Crimean war from 75,000 to 45,000 men, the Commander-in-Chief was compelled to postpone the expedition for a short time; but the attack was imminent, so that de Sonis arrived at the right moment.

In the month of August, 1854, we find him established as Captain commanding a squadron of Hussars at Mustapha Superieur, on the heights above Algiers.

"The camp is on the sea-shore," he writes to M. Louis de Seze, "but I live in a little house above. My lodging is not very spacious; it only consists of a bed-room and sitting room; but it is beautifully clean and fresh, while a

lovely panorama is seen from the windows. To my left is Algiers; beneath is the shore and the camp of Mustapha, while to the right are the mountains of Kabylia, the whole being bounded by the sea, which is always covered with ships. I feel quite ashamed of the time I spend at my window! Especially in the evening, I love to meditate there. . . . I have never before so keenly felt my own nothingness, but also I have never hoped more firmly in the mercy of God, Who has made us so little to excite us to raise our hearts towards Him Who is so glorious in His works." "The heavens in Africa speak to one of religion," wrote another. "It is under this sky that Cicero placed the dream of Scipio, which under its pagan prose reveals to us the evangelical depths of immortal life."

M. de Sonis was then thirty years of age. Separated from his wife and children, and voluntarily abstaining from general society, his time was spent in the exercise of his duties, and afterwards in prayer and charity.

He was painfully struck by the condition of Algiers, especially what was by way of being the Christian part of the population. He deplored the profound immorality of the French colonists, both merchants and soldiers, while around them, the natives, though absorbed in all the errors of Mahometanism, were eminently religious. He became intimate with the Bishop, Mgr. Pavy, an admirable man, whose one object was the moral and religious resurrection of Africa. The Cure of Mustapha was a Lazarist priest, and a worthy son of St. Vincent de Paul. The Conferences of that society, to which de Sonis had so long belonged, were held at the Bishop's house, and no one was more diligent than the

young Captain in his visits to the sick poor, who abounded in certain quarters of the town. He also made friends with the Jesuits in the Rue de Saluste, whose Superior was the Pere Reynaud, afterwards Provincial. "I often see those good fathers," he writes, "and when I am in the town, it is a great happiness to me to be able to refresh myself amongst them."

He was delighted also with the orphanages they had founded, one at Bouffarick, and one at Ben-Aknoun. Pere Brumaud had collected all the stray waifs he could find, and founded an agricultural school, which answered admirably. De Sonis writes of this: "I was so struck with the bright happy look of these children and the Christian atmosphere which one feels everywhere. I cannot help hoping that this work will be one of the principal elements for regenerating this poor Africa, and that the day will come when God will be really loved in a land where He is now blasphemed."

He was very hopeful too about the future of the army. "Those who practice their religion," he writes, "are excellent Christians. It is the numbers which are wanting. There is an immense apostolate to be done in the army, for there is genuine, honest faith under their uniforms, which one sees especially in campaigns and in the midst of privations and death. A priest who accompanied the last expedition to Kabylia assured me that every wounded soldier had joyfully accepted the consolations of religion. Here in the military hospital, the chaplain told me that, of all the men who had died there during the year, only one had refused to go to Confession. When I am with my squadron and my Hussars take off their dolmans to file their arms, I almost always see a medal

of the Blessed Virgin or some religious emblem round their necks. It is very unlucky that we cannot establish here the same work we did at Limoges for the soldiers,—there is so much good in these poor fellows!"

M. de Sonis' frank and simple faith won the respect of all his brother-officers here as in France. "I find myself on capital terms with my comrades," he writes. "All the officers receive me most kindly, though I did not hesitate at once to profess myself a Christian. That is the essential thing; and, that done, our good God takes care of the rest and rewards one hugely for the little one does for Him." Our Lord, Who found in him so willing and faithful a servant, made him pass through the crucible of suffering. The cholera raged at that time in Algiers, and the sanitary state of the barracks was very bad. "Almost all the young men who arrive from France die after a few days," he writes, at that moment. "Fifteen died in one night, and on Sunday at the review two of our poor soldiers dropped down and never recovered."

It was not the cholera which attacked de Sonis, however, but fever, which brought him to the very brink of the grave. It seemed hard to die so young, away from all he loved! But His fiat was ever ready, and God restored him to health. He still suffered very much from the loneliness of his position and wrote to a friend:

"I am very solitary here, among people I scarcely know, and who do not in any way share my ideas. As soon as my daily military duties are over, as well as the officers' mess, I take my horse and come home. Then I read, write, and meditate till evening. At first I found it very hard to accustom myself to this life. I love

my wife and children so much that it seemed to me impossible to live away from them, but I have placed this at the foot of the Cross like all the rest. I hope also I may be better for this new state in which Divine Providence has placed me. I think of the words of Holy Writ: 'I will lead him into solitary places, and there I will speak to his heart. May I not be too unworthy to listen to that voice!'

He made a retreat at this time with the Trappist monks at Staoueli, under the guidance of the famous Father Francis Regis, who had founded this monastery in 1843, and had succeeded after superhuman difficulties in making the property one of the most fertile and beautiful oases in the neighborhood of Algiers. De Sonis came out of his retreat transformed, and full of fresh plans for the salvation of souls. Gathering together a little knot of men like himself, he began the night adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in the Jesuit chapel. "Pray for us," he writes to his friend, "especially on the eve of the feast of the Assumption, when for the first time in Algiers we hope to begin the nightly adoration of the Divine Eucharist. I shall think of and pray much then for you and yours. The more I see of this country the more I long to make reparation for the many outrages which our Lord is continually receiving here!"

He could not conceal, however, the sadness which he felt at the separation from his family. He writes touchingly:

"I cannot turn away my thoughts from that dear little mother in her house a few miles from Castres, where she is living like a widow, surrounded by her children and waiting the arrival of another. She is certainly the best woman in the world!" He wrote to

her by every mail, even when he had broken his arm. Of this he was afraid to tell her, and therefore bore the suffering writing entailed, lest she should be alarmed.

"Ever since I have been in this world," he wrote, "I have been separated from those I love, losing father and mother, and brothers and sisters, whom God knows if I shall ever see again! But, in spite of all this, I should be blind indeed if I did not acknowledge that God has always guided my steps. How often has He given me a helping hand as a father, while I wandered hither and thither like the prodigal son!"

At last the happy moment of reunion came. Madame de Sonis and her children rejoined him in Algeria towards the end of the autumn. But at that very moment the attack upon Kabylia was decided upon, and the siege of a town called Tuggurt, whose sheik, Selman, had revolted with all the neighboring tribes. The expedition took place, and Tuggurt was taken after a bloody battle. But de Sonis' regiment was not called upon, to take part in it, greatly to his disappointment. His regret was softened, however, by the arrival of his wife, who had given birth to a fourth child, Albert, a month before. She only brought the two eldest with her, leaving the little ones with their grandparents. They installed themselves at Milianah, where de Sonis' regiment was then quartered, and which stands in a good and healthy position. But three months after they were transferred to Blidah. He wrote:

"I hoped to stop at Milianah for some time, when orders came to start the very next morning for Blidah! I had to pack in the greatest haste, and make every arrangement besides for

the departure of my squadron, which drove me almost to despair, and I fear my Christian resignation was for once at fault. It was not on my own account, but for my little wife, who had to ride with my children on muleback by frightful roads, across rivers which became torrents every moment, and in which I myself was nearly drowned, for the rain fell in such torrents as this country only knows! One of the horses was carried away by the current for more than a kilometre. All this was not pleasant, and I had almost made up my mind to leave my family at Milianah, had I not been deterred by the prayers of my wife, who could not resign herself to a fresh separation which would have lasted till the spring. But, as usual, God came to our aid; the rain diminished, and we only took three days to march the twenty leagues to Blidah. It is true that the mule which bore the children in panniers fell and threatened to squash the whole family! But the poor beast got up, and I thank God that we had nothing worse than a great fright."

At Blidah, they lived in a Moorish house with an interior court planted with fine orange-trees, to the children's great delight. "Our life is passed entirely alone together," he writes; there are no society duties, and no one to go and see. You can guess how happy we are at last!" He began to give his children their first religious lessons, and speaks of "their long talks about the catechism," ending with, "I think our little darlings are quite disposed to become good Christians, and that is all I care for."

He was not allowed, however, to remain long in peace anywhere, and an order came in a few months for their return to Mustapha. "I was very grieved at first at having to change

my quarters," he writes, "as a move is always a great expense. But now we have come back here, where the air is so pure and the sea-shore such an amusement to the children, I thank God, Who always brings good out of what we fancy will be evil." His wife writes: "We ride a good deal together, and pay visits to the Arab chiefs among the tribes. We are so very happy to be together again that all minor discomforts are forgotten, and I should find even a charm in our frequent changes of residence, if only it were not for the money they cost."

This, in fact, was the real cross which de Sonis had always to bear—that of poverty. Even promotion was ruinous to him. "My new uniform is terribly expensive," he writes, "and one has to pay by a multitude of little sacrifices for each step in one's profession." He would not diminish any of his charities, however, and managed to continue them by depriving himself of what most men would consider necessaries. He gave up smoking, his favorite newspaper, his visits to the Cafe, and made many similar sacrifices; but he did not give up the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. On the 20th of July, 1855, he writes: "We were all united, my dear Louis, on the 19th at the altar of God, as you doubtless were also, imploring our Lord to fill us with that spirit of charity which burnt in the heart of our great St. Vincent de Paul. There were three Captains, two Engineer-officers, and several naval men. May our numbers increase!"

Among other things which he undertook and carried out about this time was the study of Arabic. There are two branches of that language: the one learned or literary, known to the Marabouts, but quite unknown to the

mass of the people; the other a popular dialect in use among the different tribes. De Sonis mastered both better than any other officer, which made him invaluable in dealing with the natives.

In the month of April, 1856, the 7th regiment of Hussars received orders to start immediately for Kabylia. General Deligny was sent to defeat the tribes who had risen simultaneously in the Djurjura, and Captain de Sonis was the next officer in command. As a soldier this was a joy to him, but it involved his parting again with his wife and children. "My expenses have been so heavy," he wrote, "in consequence of our constant changes, that I dare not incur any fresh ones, and must separate myself from what I love best in the world. But the price of everything in this country is enormous, and I dread above everything being in debt. I do not think my wife and I could have borne the parting, had we not sought courage and strength from Him Who is their only source."

He wrote this from Tizi-Ouzou, the only really fortified position at that time on the borders of Kabylia. A little later he had brilliant news to give of the success of their arms. They had carried the Forts of Djemma, which were supposed to be impregnable, and all the hostile tribes had been subdued one by one. The campaign only ended when the heavy rains converted the rivers into torrents. On the 10th of October, General Randon addressed his troops in a general order, praising them for their bravery and announcing his intention of resuming operations in the spring. De Sonis took advantage of this lull to pay a little visit to his family at Castres, where his wife was about to present him with a fifth child. He

was very much disappointed about this time at the post in the Arab *bureau* which had been promised him, being given to another.

Then there was a question of his being sent to Tunis to give military instruction to the troops of the Bey. But from one cause or the other all these things fell through. His independence of spirit and proper pride prevented his stooping to the ordinary ways of obtaining such appointments; nor would he let others plead for him. Count de Seze having tried to bring about an improvement in his position through Horace Vernet, the great painter, de Sonis wrote at once: "I thank you, my dear friend, for having striven to interest M. Vernet in my case; but I must repeat what I have so often said before,—that I will never ask for anything of anybody. This is not, believe me, from any foolish pride, but because I cannot bear to be an occasion of worry and annoyance to my friends, and never would do anything to curry favor with the dispensers of promotion;—not that I do not think it is a duty to provide for my ever-increasing family; but I have great faith in Divine Providence, and I do not think that God will ever leave those in misery who strive to be His faithful servants."

Sometimes, it is true, his love of home made him think with longing of a life where he could have devoted himself entirely to the education of his children and the care of the poor. But he felt that duty called him elsewhere. "God has willed it otherwise," he wrote. "Let us submit to His holy Will. To be a Christian, after all, consists in that; and if I were to sum up in two words what I look upon as the essence of our faith, it would be *Love* and *Resignation*." At the be-

ginning of the year 1857, his leave was over. "How quickly the time goes when one is happy!" he writes. "I have done my best to profit by the time of Advent, and to prepare myself for a separation which may be an eternal one. But I have placed my life at the feet of Him Who gave His own for us."

On the 17th of May, 1857, the army in three divisions, under the command of Marshal Randon, marched to the attack of the Beni-Raten, the most powerful tribe of Kabylia. The Yusuf division, in which was de Sonis, were ordered to carry the position of El Amiz by assault, and in two hours, in spite of the vigorous defence of the enemy, the heights of Souk-el-Arba were wrested from the Arab gunners, and the French army was triumphant. The battle was fought on the 24th of May, the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians. at five o'clock in the morning. A special Mass of thanksgiving was at once offered up by Abbe Suchet, Vicar-General of Algiers, on a temporary altar made up of military emblems, and crowned with a great wooden cross made of the branches of trees. When climbing up the rocks to the attack the soldiers had come upon an old Roman stone on which was the following inscription: "*Oh Christ, mayest Thou take possession of this land by means of Thy people!*" The Abbe naturally alluded to this in his little sermon to the men, telling them how for thirteen centuries this prayer had slept, as it were, on these mountains, till awakened by the victory of that day.

Before pushing their conquests further, the Governor-General thought it would be wise to make a military road uniting Tizi-Ourou and the Fort which was to be built on the heights which

had just been won. The Engineers under General de Chabaud-Latour at once began the work, and in eighteen days a road of twenty-five kilometres long and six metres wide had been made through these hitherto impenetrable rocks. On the 14th of June, which was the anniversary of the disembarkation of the first French troops in Algeria, Marshal Randon laid the first stone of the Fort called "Napoleon," and which is now the Fort "National." That morning again a magnificent altar was erected, where Abbe Suchet offered the Holy Sacrifice, and in his sermon congratulated the army on having crowned those infidel heights with the sign of the Cross."

The Kabyles understood very well that this Fort would be the grave of their independence. An old chief, having come to Souk-el-Kara and asked a French officer what they were building, on receiving his reply, said: "Commander, look at me. When a man is going to die, he recollects himself and closes his eyes. I, a noted chief among the Kabyles, shut my eyes also, for Kabylia is about to die!" and he turned away with a sob.

The Beni-Raten having sent in their submission, the General now directed his troops to the attack of Beni-Yenni, another powerful tribe, separated from the rest by the deep valley watered by the Oued-Djemma river. The heights were carried by MacMahon's division, to the astonishment of the Kabyles, who had mustered 4,000 men, and kept up a murderous fire. On the 1st of July, General Massiat established himself on the summit of the Djurjura, on the mountain of Chellotta. The natives exclaimed that it was their death-blow. By the 12th of July there was not a village left in the whole of Kabylia which did not recognize

French authority. The Governor-General announced the end of the campaign in a triumphant proclamation. The Yusuf division returned to Algiers. Their glorious expedition had only lasted forty-five days; 27,000 soldiers had taken part in it; 1,500 officers and soldiers paid with their blood for the conquest of Kabylia.

In the beginning of the year 1856, we find that de Sonis was at Orleansville, and once more with his wife and family. But his care of them did not in any way relax his watchfulness over his soldiers. His daughter remembers at that very time having been at play in the hall of what was called the officers' quarters, and seeing a poor soldier going into her father's room, crying and exclaiming: "Ah, Captain! what shall I do? My poor dear mother is dead!" Her father took him in his arms and led him into a little room, where he remained consoling and strengthening him for a long time, till he had reconciled him to a calmer acceptance of the Will of God. But in all their troubles it was to de Sonis that the men invariably turned for advice and comfort.

Soon after, finding that the 7th Hussars were about to return to France, he begged to be transferred to the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique, who were in garrison at Algiers and only left their quarters to go on active service. He was warmly received by the Colonel, the Count Jules de Salignac-Fenelon, who shared all his convictions. One of his brother-officers writes of him at this time:

"I knew de Sonis when he first joined us. He was young, tall, well-made, and rather slight in figure, a wonderfully good rider, well-informed, modest, very kind-hearted, and charitable towards every one, but very severe

towards himself, and a strict observer of discipline and rule in the regiment. He very soon won all our hearts."

De Sonis took this time an old Moorish house at Mustapha Superieur, commanding a glorious view of Algiers and its harbor. He was expecting a sixth child in the month of November. His brother Theobald was at that time an attache at the Arab-Bureau of Blidah, and de Sonis worked quietly but steadily to make him as good a Christian as himself. The Cure of Mustapha, M. Alaudet, wrote about him at this time:

"His apostolate consisted in making religion pleasant and attractive to his companions by rendering them every kind of little service. If any of them were ill, he was the first by their bedside; and should any danger supervene, he would not only fetch the priest himself, but suggest holy thoughts to the sick man, and dispose him to receive me. He really was like a Christian of the Middle Ages. His interior life was more like that of a Religious than a soldier. Constant prayer and frequent Communion raised him daily nearer and nearer towards perfection. All I can say is, that whenever my ministry brought me into closer contact with this soul, I felt myself inspired to greater zeal and devotion towards my duties as priest and missionary."

One of his last joys at Mustapha was the erection of a great iron cross, which, with his Colonel and the Cure's assistance, was placed at the turn of the road leading to the Governor's summer palace. The whole parish assisted in procession, the Bishop blessed it, all the officers of the staff were present, and the military band played. It was a striking act of faith, and the Mussulmans were both astonished and edified by it. De Sonis

always felt "that Algeria would never be conquered by France till the Christian religion was firmly established; and that more would be done by the cross than by the sword."

In the spring of 1858, he was sent with his regiment to subdue certain hostile tribes to the south of the colony, and there caught a nasty fever, which hung about him till the beginning of 1859. But he never would yield to physical discomforts, and in the month of February was preparing for a fresh expedition to Kabylia, when war broke out between France and Austria, and the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique were ordered to take part in it.

"This Italian campaign did not please my husband," wrote Madame de Sonis. "But he was a soldier to the back-bone, and he loved his profession with a sort of passion. As for me, though I was full of fear and anxieties, I never ventured to hinder him—I do not mean from doing his duty—but from going wherever his wishes inclined him, however much I

may have had to suffer in consequence." She and her children returned to France during this campaign, and they parted as usual after Holy Communion together. He offered his life to God, and asked simply that he might do his duty. Two centuries before, on the 11th of June, 1660, another illustrious French Captain wrote to his wife before crossing the Pyrenees, as follows:

"We are just beginning the campaign. I have prayed hard to God that He may give me the grace to pass through it without fear, knowing no greater good than to have one's conscience at rest, as far as human frailty will permit. I am always in the same state of mind, praying that God may keep me in His faith and fear, and make me a better Christian than I am."

He who wrote these words was Turenne. True Christian heroes in all ages resemble one another.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On the "Salve Regina."

There is not, perhaps, a more touching appeal to the Immaculate Heart, than that sigh of its "exiled children," the "Salve Regina;" and this, because it is at once a song of praise and a prayer of petition to the "Mater Misericordiae." There is not one word which is not sanctified with the unction of mercy.

We call her "our life, our sweetness and our hope," for Jesus who is all things, in an infinite degree, came to us by her. We remind her that she is our "Advocate," like another Esther

raised to the throne "for the salvation of her people."

We will ask our "Mater Misericordiae" to turn on us to-day the merciful eyes which gazed on the Crucified, and not only on ourselves but on every sinner or sorrowful soul; the eyes of Jesus follow those of His Blessed Mother! Yes! and the love and mercy of His Sacred Heart incline to her prayers. Let us say to her "look on us, O Mother! in mercy now, let us look on thee in love and gratitude in our eternal home."—ENFANT DE MARIE.

A Trip to Acadia.

BY JOHN A. LANIGAN, M.D.



WE were sitting on the veranda of the Carmelite Monastery which crowns the summit of the ledge and overlooks the far-famed Falls of Niagara. It was a beautiful afternoon

in July and we were discussing the merits and demerits of the various sea shore resorts: Coney Island, Manhattan, Atlantic City, Bar Harbor and many others were spoken of, but after much discussion pro and con the palm was finally awarded to the Land of Evangeline—"Acadia, home of the happy," as presenting the greatest and most diversified attractions to the seeker of solid comfort and midsummer sports.

The attractions of Niagara may well be "taken in" in three or four days, for they are all centered in the great gorge of seven miles length, bordered on either side by electric railways. But the tourist who has three or four weeks at his disposal can see more beauty and enjoy more pleasure in a trip to the Land of the Mayflower than to any other spot on the whole American continent.

There are many roads that lead to Rome, and there are many ways of reaching Acadia, or, as it is now called, Nova Scotia; but to my mind, and I have travelled by all routes and speak in the interest of the traveller, the Yarmouth line of steamers from Boston to Yarmouth and thence by rail up

through the heart of Nova Scotia, is by far the most interesting and attractive. An item of considerable interest to the tourist, inasmuch as it enhances the enjoyment of a journey, is to have the officials one comes in contact with courteous and affable. This is most emphatically the case with the officers of the Yarmouth Line from the captain and purser to the waiter. Besides, it is considerably the shortest route and provides the greatest accommodations.

In speaking thus warmly of this line and its gentlemanly officials, I am certain I am voicing the sentiments of the merry party of six which left Boston on that July afternoon a few years ago, and after a most enjoyable night on the water, during which we revelled in a feast of music and song, landed bright and early the next morning at the pier in Yarmouth where we found the train "the flying Bluenose" awaiting our arrival. Ample time being allowed for breakfast, we started, after many adieus to the captain and other officers, on our journey through "the forest primeval."

"Where the murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss and with garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms."

It was a glorious morning and we sped away over rugged hills and through delightful valleys, along the borders of Annapolis Basin to the famous old town of Port Royal—the

oldest town in the Province, and the principal theatre of the early wars between the French and English when they fought for sovereignty on this continent.

Here may be seen evidences of the highest tides in the world as they flow in from the Bay of Fundy, rising in a few hours sixty or seventy feet. From here the train bears you up through the Annapolis valley in a few hours to the shores of the Basin of Minas where "distant secluded still lies the little village of Grand Pre"—the scene of Longfellow's *Evangeline*, as also the treasure-land of the various Indian legends. Off to the left of us at the head of the North Mountain range

"Old Blomidon a century grim
Stands out to stud the deep."

Blomidon, or as I heard an old Irish woman call it Blow-me-down, is a cape not far from Grand Pre.

One cannot do justice to this beautiful land in a cursory description like this. It is a veritable Paradise. To the right of us as we move along is the tranquil valley of the Gaspereau, through which flows like a long slim serpent the sparkling river from which the valley derives its name, and beyond this is the South Mountain range, and between the North and South Mountain ranges lie the most fruitful valleys on the North Atlantic coast. The artist, the poet, and the man of science will here find material of the most varied kind to satisfy his taste. But onward a little farther and we are plunged into another kind of scenery: The granite rocks of the Acadian period, as it is called in geology, begin to manifest their existence by immense boulders crowning at times the tops of hills as if placed there by the "giants of old" as the legends tell, but, as some scientists say, deposited there

during the glacial period, while others assert as confidently that they were the result of the primeval upheaval of Nature when the Lord "divided the sea from the dry land." However this may be, the scene presents to the eye a spectacle of magnificent albeit rugged grandeur. The forests are principally of dark evergreens, pine, spruce, fir, and cedar. Myriads of small lakes are scattered here and there among the hills and occasionally a flat bog surrounded by rocky hills and resembling a defunct lake reminds us forcibly of how the waters of the earth are drying up.

A few miles more and we arrive at the Atlantic coast again. Halifax with its glorious harbor—the largest and most beautiful in the world—appears before us, crowned by its famous citadel.

Halifax is not like Niagara Falls where the idea of novelty abounds. At Niagara everything has the air of newness, of rush and hurry and only a few hours to spare; but in Halifax there is an air of repose, a quiet that spreads its influence over the soul and makes one feel that life is, after all, something more than a hustle for wealth.

Put down your satchel here, my friends, and come and enjoy life. Take whichever hotel you please, there are many first-class ones, but we took the Waverly which seemed a little more retired than the others.

A stroll to the top of Citadel Hill gives you a grand view of the famous Harbor from Bedford Basin and the Narrows to Thrum Cap, a distance of about eight or nine miles, and from gently sloping Dartmouth on the Eastern side of the harbor to York redoubt and Falkland with the snow white church of *Stella Maris* crowning

the precipitous cliffs of the western shore. And away beyond for fifteen miles in any direction may be seen ranges of hills and points of historic interest. On the eastern shore the soil is a sandy loam and abounds with numerous beaches, notably one, Cow Bay, whose homely name suggests anything but beauty, but which in reality is a most delightful spot and compares favorably with any beach on the continent.

On the western shore the granite cliffs and rugged hills bespeak charms for the artist's eye. A stroll of an hour or two in the public gardens, covering about twenty acres of land, with ponds and fountains, flowers and statues in profusion, and then a drive through the park, covering about two square miles will take up an afternoon comfortably. On the morrow we will have a sail around the harbor in a yacht, or perhaps we will take a drive around the Northwest Arm. If it be near full moon, there are ample opportunities for indulging in a moonlight ride on the waters of the harbor and the Arm.

In the summer time there are basket picnics without number and one is sure to be invited to some of them. Coaching parties are a common occurrence and you can safely count upon being one of the guests; the only difficulty will be to be permitted to pay your share of the reckoning.

Boating parties are also a favorite amusement there, and nearly every young man is able to handle a sail or an oar, or to manipulate a tiller. Public band concerts occur twice a week in the public gardens, sometimes in the afternoon, at other times in the evening when the gardens are lighted by electric (colored) lights and the fountains are in full flow.

To those who revel in rustic simplicity it is easy to jump into a boat at Point Pleasant and be rowed to the opposite shore (about half a mile), and there one may ramble at will over rocky hills or through shady groves and drink in the fresh sea breezes that roll in from the mighty Atlantic. An afternoon may be spent in this way and one will never regret it; all visitors to Halifax who have a day to spare invariably "take this in."

One afternoon while rambling along the western borders of the North West Arm about a mile from Point Pleasant, we encountered over half a dozen artists making sketches of the various charming spots with which the place abounds. One was seated upon a rock depicting a shore scene with the hull of an old vessel lying at anchor in the cove, a few children were playing upon the beach. A little further on we encountered a gentleman under his artist's umbrella painting a nook in the woods, where "rippling through the branches came the sunshine," and a little brook came tumbling down over the rocks. Still further on we came across one, perhaps a Titian in embryo, "laying in" the groundwork of a glorious sunset.

To the tourist who can handle a brush on canvas I would say he might easily fill his portfolios with sketches of the most varied kind without having to travel more than a mile from his residence. Some artists I observed preferred to rent apartments and board in the various villages along the shore of the harbor outside of city limits, and it did not require a fortune to do this, for three or four dollars a week generally covers all ordinary expenses. Although the western shore is rocky, with steep cliffs abounding in boulders of granite, interspersed with ironstone

ledges, and here and there a cove of blue cobble stones, still there may be found many little retired coves with pebbly and sandy beaches where one can enjoy a quiet bath in the deep green waters of "Chebucto Bay."

Chebucto Bay was the ancient Indian name for Halifax harbor, and even at the present day nomadic encampments of Indians may be encountered around the shore of the harbor, enjoying as of old their birch bark tent with its accompanying big iron pot for general cooking, and the squaws, with their papposes strapped on their backs, making fancy baskets or bead work.

If the philologist is so inclined he may here have an opportunity of studying the beauties of the ancient Mic-Mac language, for, unlike some nations that we know of, these Mic-Mac braves have not adopted the language of their conquerors. It is curious, however, to note some of the words in their tongue, which is by no means barbarous as one might suppose. The cat they call by the most significant name of "Meowch." This is a decided exemplification of the "Bow-wow theory" of language. A plate was evidently first introduced to their notice by the French, for it is known to them as "Lasiette," whilst, perhaps, it was Eric the Norseman when he visited "Irlandet Mikla" that gave them the idea of a gentleman whom they designate by the word "Sagamore." But their ordinary words are of pure Indian origin (whatever that may be), and are very musical, in fact it has been termed the Italian of the Indian tongues.

But this is a digression. Yet one is compelled to digress at times when he is confronted by such unusual sights as crop up at every turn in this Acadian land. If the tourist rises early of a Saturday morning, and takes a "turn"

down to the market square, he will be confronted by a most unique sight. Negroes from Hammond's Plains, Indians from the settlement in Dartmouth, farmers from "up the country," fishermen from "down 'long shore," and the lineal descendants of the Acadians "with their Norman kirtles of homespun," and speaking the same French as was spoken in Normandy three hundred years ago, are gathered together in one conglomerate mass like the "pudding stone" of Roxbury, cemented together only by the common ties of trade, each nationality disposing of its own particular articles of merchandise. The Acadian woman is sure to have her basket of eggs and her bundle of hand-knitted socks or some few other articles of home industry, the negroes from the Plains generally have berries to sell,—"blue berries two cents a quart" will often greet your ear, and always in the African dialect. The Indians may be depended on to furnish you with fancy baskets, and very artistic bead work, or bows and arrows if you need them as souvenirs. The countryman has generally farm produce as is his custom the world over, and the 'long-shoreman presents his fresh fish scarcely an hour out of the salt water. By the way, how it comes that one gets fresh fish out of salt water is a sort of paradox that I, for one, have never been able to explain satisfactorily.

Sunday is Sunday the whole world over, but in Halifax it is the Sabbath of the Lord. All stores and public houses are closed as tight as a steel trap, and the music of the church bells is not marred by the sound of the steam whistle, nor are the faithful on their way to church compelled to wait under a broiling sun or in the rain for five or ten minutes at a time, until some interminable freight train drags itself by as is so commonly the case in American cities. Nor is the discourse

of the preacher interrupted by some vociferous steam syren or screeching locomotive. Sunday is indeed a day of rest here, but this does not preclude enjoyment of a quiet kind to those who desire it. The parks and gardens are continually open to visitors, and you may go fishing or sailing, or amuse yourself generally if only you do it in a quiet and decorous manner.

Where public festivities and promiscuous gatherings abound, the home circle is generally at a discount; and it is precisely in this one particular feature of the home circle and private social enjoyments that the city of Halifax presents its greatest charm to the traveller. No matter into what "set" you may be introduced you are sure of a warm reception, and a pleasant social time. This was our experience, and it is the conceded experience of everyone who has ever spent a vacation in Acadia. The generosity and social character of the inhabitants is proverbial.

Well, what next? We have spent a day at the famous watering place called Cow Bay, and we have seen the chain of lakes on the Dartmouth side of the harbor, we have visited Mt. St. Vincent and viewed the rich brilliant bosom of Bedford Basin which confronts it—the spot where the French admiral ran on his sword in despair of escaping from the English. There, too, is the Prince's Lodge, built by the Duke of Kent, the father of the present Queen of England.

We have been all around the North West "Arm" by land and water, by daylight and moonlight; what more? We have gone all through the parks, delighted in the public gardens, watched a game of baseball on the commons and a game of cricket by men who knew how to play it. Had we been here a little earlier in the year we might have witnessed a sham battle by Her Majesty's troops and the ships of the squadron stationed at Halifax, the whole of which was witnessed by 5,000 persons from the top of Citadel Hill. We must not forget to mention that we had the pleasure of seeing Her Majesty's ship, the "Blake," illumi-

nated by electricity from hull to mast top, from bow to stern, as it was lying at anchor upon the bosom of the broad harbor. You may perhaps enjoy the target practice of the artillery at Point Pleasant, or the application of the search light, for the stranger cannot but notice that although the place is notably peaceful and the inhabitants the most affable, still they ever appear to be anticipating a war of some kind or other, and hence are ever on the alert. "Who goes there!" quite frequently rings in your ears from some stern sentry as you happen to pass some piece of territory marked with the broad arrow or the significant letters "B.O."

Well, our artists have filled their kodaks and their portfolios with scenes and sketches taken here and there, and our poet has filled his thesaurus or note book, our scientist has stored away a thousand and one facts to work upon in the future, our monk has regained his wonted vigor without losing any of his pristine fervor, and our doctor, well, pardon me, generous reader, but I am perfectly satisfied to this day with my share of the journey. We all had a most delightful time.

Of course we return by the same road we came for several reasons, to wit: We desire to traverse once more the charming Annapolis valley—the home of Evangeline which Longfellow described so admirably although he never saw it, but, as he once told the writer of this, the name of Acadia produced a deep impression upon him from childhood, and we wish to plunge once more into the forest primeval, and to get a glimpse again at the highest tides of the world. And lastly we desire to meet again the genial Mr. Baker of the Yarmouth Line and enjoy the hospitality and conviviality of the good ship that bears us back to Boston.

It is some years now since we took that never to be forgotten trip, but its many incidents of pleasure are so vividly impressed upon the writer's mind, that the reader will please pardon him if at times he paints them with the same enthusiasm with which he gazed upon them then.

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

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

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

By MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XXII. (Continued.)

THE LEGATE OF THE CRUSADE AT RHODES—CONCENTRATION OF THE CHRISTIAN
ARMY—INFLUENCE OF THE SAINT UPON THE PIETY AND MORALS OF THE
TROOPS—GENERAL COMMUNION—BENEDICTION AND ENTHUSIASM—JUNE—SEPTEMBER—1365.



PIERRE DE LUSIGNAN, specially impressed by the holiness of the Legate and his wise counsels now began to share his confidence in God. A letter which Urban V. addressed to him at this time went far to increase his ardor and fortify his generous sentiments.

Far from giving up at the thought of the resources, which after three years of faithful efforts were still extremely inadequate to the thousand difficulties which he had to manage, he tried to conquer by a firm faith that adverse fortune which seemed perpetually plotting against him. To propitiate the divine Goodness, he made a vow not to return to his kingdom until, even at the peril of his life, he had accomplished a descent upon Mussulman soil.

Before setting sail he reiterated his petition for aid from the Catholic princes, they having met him at Rhodes.

In case they could not at once comply, he entreated them to send supplies, later on, to sustain him in an enemy's country. But his appeal was by no means successful, and elicited but a cool and indifferent response.

There was one amongst the royal rulers whose invincible soul no dart of misfortune could reach—who gave a most efficacious support to the generalissimo, Urban V. of blessed memory, when he heard that the King of Cyprus was about to depart, addressed to this dauntless champion another gracious letter. "We fervently pray God," said he, "to direct your steps, to sustain your army, and to grant you health, prosperity and success. We pray that the infidel will tremble with fear, and that a vast throng of valiant Christians will be inspired to follow your heroic standard—to imitate your sublime devotion. Courage, O

dearest son! Wage the war of the Lord with your well known valor and lively faith!"

Encouraged by this loving condescension from such a source, the King of Cyprus cast himself resolutely, with his whole soul, to the fulfillment of the great work. He sent some vessels, in advance, with five hundred horses, and in the month of June he embarked with Peter Thomas and the other Crusaders who had assembled at Venice. Although amongst the soldiers of the Cross were representatives of Germany, Italy and Hungary, Provence and Gascony, France and England, two vessels were sufficient to transport this first deputation of troops. This did not include the sailors who numbered about six hundred. One galley, as we had said, had been furnished by Venice, the other and the general expenses were provided and cared for by Lusignan.

After a prosperous voyage of fifteen days, the Crusaders landed at the capital of the Hospitallers. The new Grand-Master Raymond Berenger received them with joy. Faithful to the promise of his predecessor, he delayed not in producing the quota agreed upon. One hundred knights of St. John formed an honorable portion of the whole, and ten galleys were under their command.

Around this nucleus the Cyprian troops were to assemble. They formed the most numerous part of the expedition, for, before leaving Venice, the King had sent out the order to all the troops of his kingdom to come and join him at Rhodes. His brother, the Prince of Antioch, therefore, soon made his appearance at that port with sixty vessels bearing all the soldiers of Cyprus, implements of war, provisions, and ammunition for the siege. All in

all there were 1,600 cavalry, and 10,000 foot-soldiers, bowmen and the like. The heterogeneous elements of which this expedition was composed did not tend to promote good order and discipline. Soldiers, it is said, are at no time whatever models of virtue, but in the fourteenth century they might pose for a resume of every vice. Petrarch has left us a most caustic criticism on the armies of his time. Allowing even for poetic exaggeration we find in his letters a historical indication which cannot be denied.

"When you enter a camp," says the writer, "you draw back, thinking that you are going into a noisy tavern or some disreputable place. They will not drink any brand of wine, they must have rare foreign wines. If such are refused them, there is an outcry that the army provides nothing for them, that they will die of thirst; they are not surprised at desertion from the ranks, quite the contrary, they think it natural. The officers, far from correcting the soldiers, set them the example. 'What can be done with drinking men?' They pass the time in games, they drink, the noise is worse than feasts of Bacchus ever could produce. They waste their time with the women whom they have in their train. Can they be relied upon in battle? They leave their ranks, do not even know their commanders, and have no idea of obedience whatever. Idle, cowardly, boastful, if they take arms it is not to follow their prince, or to defend their country, and gain a well merited glory. No! it is merely from a motive of interest, or that they may enjoy themselves in their own wicked way."

The Crusaders of 1365 most certainly might, to some extent, be included in this general criticism. If they did

not formally set aside the holiness of the two-fold object of the holy war, the correction and forgiveness of their failings and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, many of them, nevertheless, in their secondary intention, knew not how to keep intact, in all its sublimity, the religious aim of the war. Too many were even influenced by sentiments in which faith played a very meagre part. The road men thought only of the pay roll or of booty. The courtiers of Cyprus aimed rather at an easy way to the good graces of their sovereign than to increase the glory of religion. Some valiant knights, carried away by love of self-glorification, hoped to gild their swords with praise beneath the Orient's skies. Ordinary adventurers, precursors of our modern tourist, cared only for novelty and excitement, and thought they would find both during the war. Human passion burned fiercely amongst these novices of the Cross. Frequent quarrels, brought on by the clash of interests, or by distinction of class between the nobles and the people, or by different nationalities, caused many a fierce altercation. But amid all this tumultuous contention, there stood calm and unmoved one who deemed it a privilege to place no limit to his labors for the conversion of souls. To lay the foundation of a truly religious expedition he first sought to enlighten the mind, elevate the heart and cleanse the conscience. Those who had been bound by pleasure's glittering chain were made to see the real joy of sacrifice. He recognized the noble and generous, but misguided spirits of many, and taught them that to be brave and heroic at the requisite moment, to be fearless upon the battle-field, to give one's life to God *without reserve*, the

best preparation is to offer, in detail, that life *at every instant of the day*.

The Crusader should especially guard his virtue. If he wished to have his name inscribed amongst the heroes of some epic poem of Oriental valor, he should begin at once to realize in his own person the true type of a soldier-monk. If he would show himself worthy of his glorious title, he should have the heart of a saint. These considerations did not fall upon arid soil. In but a little while *the spirit of faith* began to be the order of the day.

In this multitude of warriors there were many who had not been to Confession for ten or twenty years. After each sermon the zealous Legate spent hours in hearing confessions, but not being able to attend to the throng of waiting penitents, he sent for several other priests to aid in the good work.

He also celebrated solemn Masses, had processions, visited the sick, and arbitrated international disputes. He seemed to multiply himself. Now he assisted at a conference with the King, and again, like a venerable patriarch in the midst of his numerous family, he mingled with the sailors and common soldiers. Never had there been such a *veritable feast* for his indefatigable zeal. Scarcely giving himself time to take a little nourishment barely sufficient to sustain life, and a few hours' sleep, he gave himself up entirely to others for the love of God. And he was repaid, for all were eager to hear and converse with him. They regarded him not merely with veneration but with sentiments akin almost to adoration, says our faithful chronicler, Mezzieres. It was the Legate to whom they always had recourse, and when they were so happy as to receive his blessing or kiss his hand, they felt

the better for it all that day.

If he did not succeed in reforming entirely a body of military so long unused to place any restraint upon themselves, at least there was a very great change. No open disorders appeared, the most turbulent and the most irreligious saluted him with the deepest reverence. Licentiousness, that devouring scourge, which, like the hyena scenting the bodies of the slain, always follows in the train of an army was banished from the vicinity, and before long modesty, good feeling, and perfect order reigned. Never had the military duties been performed with such vigor and enthusiasm.

Such is the salutary influence of the priest in the midst of battalions. His presence, awakening the idea of immortality in a happier world than this, inspired courage. The Sacraments which he administered filled their souls with new and redoubled valor. Animated with lofty sentiments, they burned to sacrifice their lives, to shed their blood for the holy cause of God.

Far otherwise it is where the presence of the priest is wanting. Forgetfulness of the divine Remunerator leaves in an army an empty void, a weakness, which so unnerves the soldiers that they lose courage at the very first repulse.

This marvelous transformation gained for the troops of de Lusignan a renown which was borne across the sea. A great terror seized upon the Turks in the vicinity. The Emir of Alto-Lago, who had before, it will be remembered, made his submission to the Legate, now renewed his obeisance. Other chiefs, notably the ruler of Palatscha sent, with all due ceremony, ambassadors to Rhodes to solicit an alliance with the King. They even asked his protection, acknowledged

themselves his tributaries and made offers of assistance and provisions. It was for Pierre de Lusignan a continuation of his campaign at Karamania, but without the striking of a single blow. The King took all these offers in good part.

But far above all human measures must be placed the invocation of the Most High. A few days before the final departure, the King, the Chancellor, the barons, the knights and the men at arms received into their hearts that God from whom alone victory can come. The Patriarch celebrated the august sacrifice with fitting solemnity, and administered the bread of the strong to every combatant. Not one Catholic refrained to participate in the sacred banquet.

The Greek schismatics and the Mussulmen who served in the army were so impressed by the sublime spectacle that they tacitly agreed upon some religious exercises of their own, and forthwith the practices of their respective beliefs were entered upon with singular fervor. Upon the eve of departure the Generalissimo held a secret council to designate the point which must be first attacked. Following the advice of the wise Legate, he concluded to aim directly at the Mamelukes of Egypt. Their Sultan or Caliph, who was also Sultan of Aleppo and Damascus, holding Syria in his domination, kept his arms stretched forth over the holy city of Jerusalem. Pierre I. proposed to strike a direct blow and take by assault one of the most powerful cities of Egypt.

It has been questioned by history whether it was not mad folly, with so small an army, to arouse the Mahometan hydra in his very den. The outcome of this expedition, which would merit to be called inconsiderate, does

not authorize any censure. For at the time of the deliberation arguments in favor of the bold and daring stroke were numerous and seemed well founded.

The army was small, it is true, but the fact of its comparative proximity to Europe was a reasonable cause for a hope of increase. It might be looked upon as the advance-guard of a more powerful battalion, for the Christian princes, with the Emperor and the Duke of Savoy at the head, at this late hour were aroused, and thought seriously of preparing the way for a *general passage*. This thought would merge into certainty if the contemplated brilliant coup would prelude a glorious victory. To this end the point of attack must be carefully chosen.

To attempt at once the capture of Jerusalem with so insignificant an army would have been an escapade too rash to dream of, for this city, which the infidels knew was so earnestly longed for by Europe, was fortified by a well-appointed garrison. Hedged in with defences of a far more formidable nature than existed at the time of the first Crusade, it was almost impregnable to an assault, and, before its walls, the Crusaders would but lose time and expose themselves to utter ruin by attempting anything of the kind.

The Arabs, who regarded Jerusalem as a holy city on account of the mosque of Omar being within its walls would, at the first sound of the tocsin, come from all points to defend it.

On the contrary, by a coup de main upon an Egyptian city near the shore they could seize it unawares, and, once masters of the place, the Christians under the shelter of solid ramparts could await assistance from the East. And besides, supported at this central

point they could prevent the Mussulmen of Africa from joining those of Asia.

All these points were, without doubt, pondered upon by the council, and led to an agreement with the plan of the Generalissimo and the Legate. This decided upon, the departure took place on September 30, at day-dawn.

The fleet of Pierre de Lusignan presented a most imposing appearance. There were in it twenty-four vessels of all forms and dimensions capable of breasting the "ocean wave," and showing forth a picturesque collection that would have delighted an artist. If Protogenes, whose studio formerly shed lustre upon the city of the Rhodians, had been witness of the scene he would have left to posterity a memento well worthy of the event.

The standard of the Cross, high up on the tall masts, waved gracefully to the morning breeze. The crowd upon the wharves saluted reverentially the noble warriors. First came Pierre de Lusignan, the Generalissimo. After him came the Legate, the Grand Master of Rhodes, the Chancellor of Cyprus, and then the captains with their soldiers, all embarking in perfect order.

The vessel destined to carry the King and the most prominent officials was unmoored. The other galleys followed in its path. At the stern appeared, robed in brown habit and snow-white mantle, and surrounded by the Chiefs, the Patriarch of Constantinople who, by uplifted hand, indicated his desire to speak. Then in the profound and instantaneous silence which ensued, his beloved tones were distinctly heard. With that appropriateness, of which he knew so well the secret, he applied to this great event several passages of

the Old and New Testaments which came direct from his heart to his lips. Then stretching forth his venerable hands, he invoked the benediction of heaven upon all the different elements essential to the success of the Crusade. He blessed the arms, the implements of war, and all the combatants. He blessed the ships, the sailors, and the sea itself. Love of the good is inseparably united to hatred of evil.

After these good wishes for the Christians succeeded condemnation of paganism.

With a holy vehemence he called down the malediction of heaven upon the Saracen nation, for the confusion of Mahomet and the glory of Christ.

The King and the troops bowing their heads in deepest reverence and arming themselves with the sign of the Cross, responded with one accord to the final prayers of the Legate.

This ceremony over, the tall mast of the galley was draped with the standard of Pierre I. The army waved their banners for very joy. The sound of trumpets arose with loud acclaim, and triumphantly stirred the air. From every breast went forth a ringing cheer, a loud huzza: "Long live the King of Cyprus and Jerusalem!"

Meanwhile Blessed Peter Thomas and his inseparable companion, having taken leave of the King, were escorted to the galley destined for their accommodation.

Everything was now ready. A favorable wind inflated the sails. The gently undulating waves invited the waiting galleys, not a cloud marred the beauty of the sky, and the soft west wind whispered cheering tones of hope. The anchor was raised amid universal joy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Favor Through Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

BY S. X. BLAKELY.

IT has frequently occurred, to me to offer, as a little tribute to our dear Queen of Carmel, the narration of an escape, through the protection of her holy Scapular, which it does not seem too much to consider very remarkable, if not indeed verging upon the miraculous. It is a story to which we as children never wearied of listening, accompanying the principal actor from one point to another, and feeling the same wondering thrill at the climax, although we knew well what the denouement would reveal.

It happened many years ago, indeed before the writer of this sketch saw

the light—a period not very recent—and the scene of action was in a city over which the mighty power of change has been since written with an ineffaceable finger. I fancy it was then just struggling into existence, having its own laws and rules, and thinking itself of vastly more importance than it really was! Could that scattered tract of land, hallowed by the celebration of the "first Mass in the wilderness" and other historic memories have looked forward to the time when from every quarter would resound the busy signs of life, the burr and the whirr of the loom and the spindle, industries

without number, the swift flight of the trolley, and the boon of clear sparkling water taken not to their doors but into the dwellings of all!

It was Mary's own month, lovely May, but with the caprice which prevails down to the present day, the morning, although bright and sunny, was so cool as to render a fire pleasant if not essential.

My mother was seated at her desk, or table in the sitting room, busily engaged in writing. Perhaps it was a poem in honor of the Blessed Virgin, for her poetical talent was great. She often described the gown she wore that day, a new "chintz," a material then in vogue, light and easily ignited, a point which she especially commented upon. My mother was a very beautiful woman, and I can imagine how she looked in her pretty dress, for even when she had, by more than a decade of years, passed the threescore and ten allotted to man, her eyes were bright and her dark hair unmingled with the silver of age.

But it is not of her looks—nor yet of her happy death—that I wish to tell, and the reader will please pardon this digression. My mother was placed between the desk and the fire, with her back to the open grate. No doubt the fire was hotter than she fully realized, or the desk nearer, for she became aware suddenly that the skirt of her dress was beginning to burn.

With great presence of mind and ardent faith, she compressed the burning material into as small a compass as possible, holding it in one hand, while with the other she drew the Scapular from out the folds of her dress and prayed to our Lady of Mount Carmel for aid. Then she went to the kitchen for water, expecting to find there the one servant of the little

household, but alas! that functionary had taken the two pails and gone to refill them, not from the "faucet over the sink," but at the corner pump! Up the stairs then went my mother for some heavy wrap or shawl to smother the flames which were growing brighter, but still kept in check by the power of the brown badge. Then remembering that her mother and little child were there, she feared that her burning dress would set fire to the voluminous draping around the bed, and again turned her steps below. My mother was sure always to call our attention to the time consumed by her going to the kitchen, then upstairs to the third story, and down again. And when little flames were creeping round the lower part of a light spring gown it would seem like an eternity. She always said that no earthly power could have held them in check. They would recede again and again as she held the Scapular over them and fervently prayed. Who can measure the Blessed Virgin's love towards those who really deserve it! Under ordinary circumstances my dear mother's clothing would have been in flames in less time than has been required to write this. Then the door opened to admit my father who had been out. We can imagine his feelings, but he soon completed the work of rescue so graciously kept for him by our Lady of Mount Carmel,—my mother for once claiming the privilege of her sex, which certainly could be accorded to her by her presence of mind and fervent devotion—of fainting away. All who heard of the occurrence united in considering it a most remarkable proof of the protection accorded to those who faithfully wear her livery, by our Lady of the Scapular.

Sermon Preached at the Pilgrimage at Falls View, Ont., July 16, 1899.

BY REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O.C.C.



MY dearly beloved brethren, I come before you this morning, on the solemn commemoration of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, to speak to you on a subject that is dear to every child of the Holy Catholic Church. It was on this day, as you know, that the holy Scapular was given by our Blessed Lady to her beloved Order of Mount Carmel, and the Order from that time has never ceased to clothe the children of the Church with the garments of salvation, that is with the Brown Scapular.

I will endeavor to show you this morning that the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is a garment of salvation. In the second place that whilst it was a free gift on the part of the Blessed Virgin, the Order by its love and fidelity to her was an impelling cause that drew down this heavenly gift to earth. And in the third place I would bring before you the folly of neglecting to be enrolled, and by that means depriving yourself of the benefits attached to the holy Scapular.

The holy Scapular is a garment of salvation, but that we may understand this matter more clearly I will repeat the words of the prophet when looking on the spiritual desolation of the Gentile world, and the change that took place in it by the grace of re-

demption: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, and with the robe of justice He hath covered me." *Isaias c. 61, v. 10.* As one standing on an eminence, when nature is bereft of all her beauty, views the corpse-like form of the world, the earth wrapped in its winding sheet of snow, all the sources of fertility locked up, till the great luminary throws the light and warmth of his rays upon it and calls on the world once more to rejoice. It was thus *Isaias*, the great prophet of God, looking upon the supernatural scene stretched out before him, saw the sterility, the waste and the desolation of the gentile world. But through his prophetic vision reaching through the dark ages of futurity, he saw in the distance the grand mystery of the Incarnation, saw its redeeming power, its benign influence, the elevation of human nature and its exalted dignity. He beheld the Church encircling the gentile world, gathering the nations within her vast embrace, nurturing them within her bosom, pouring out and enriching them with the graces of redemption. It was thus whilst his eyes rested on peoples and nations adorned with graces and virtues, that an ecstatic thrill went through his heart and made him exclaim: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, and with the robe of justice He hath covered me."

These words are also applied, or rather they are put into the mouths of the clients of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, who are clothed with the garments of salvation, by wearing the brown Scapular. For although our Blessed Lady did not redeem us, she was nevertheless a potent factor in the Incarnation, and although a finite being, and as a necessary consequence unable to offer to God an infinite satisfaction, still in a certain sense she co-operated in the redemption by uniting her compassion with the passion of her beloved Son, in the awful hour when He offered Himself a victim to His Eternal Father for the sins of the world. If through the redemption, and through the operation of His divine spouse, our Divine Lord clothed the bleak and sterile gentile world with the flowers and fruits of virtue that dazzled the sight of the prophet; in like manner the Blessed Virgin adorns her clients with special graces and the most exalted virtues which she obtains from her Divine Son, so that her children of Mount Carmel, as soon as the Scapular is placed upon their shoulders, may cry out with the prophet, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, and with the robe of justice He hath covered me."

The holy Scapular is a garment of salvation, for it was pronounced such by the Blessed Virgin when giving it to her beloved son—Saint Simon Stock. Let us hear her words and promises: "My beloved son, receive this Scapular of thy Order, as the distinctive sign of my confraternity, and a mark of privilege which I have obtained for thee and the children of Carmel. It is a sign of salvation, a safe-guard in

danger and a special pledge of peace. Whosoever dies wearing this shall be preserved from eternal flames." How consoling the above promises are! A sign of salvation!—what more dear to the Christian heart! How consoling it will be to the poor pilgrim travelling through the darkness of this vale of tears, weary with the burden and the bitterness of life, aggravated with the uncertainty of the future, to turn to the promise of salvation given him by his Blessed Mother. For the poor sinner trembling on the verge of despair, when the shadows of death are gathering around him, when a vast eternity endless in duration is opening up before him, when the world with all that was dear to him in this life is receding from his view forever, when the enemy of his salvation holds before his eyes, dimmed with approaching death, the gloomy catalogue of his sins; it will then be sweet to remember the words of Mary: "Whosoever shall die wearing this Scapular shall not suffer the eternal flames of hell." Though wearing the Scapular, in strength and health he may have forgotten the promise: now it comes back to him, as it were from afar, but sweet as the music of paradise, it enters his soul, hope lights up the abode darkened by the fierce contest of the enemy, a true and sincere sorrow enters his heart, the last Sacraments of the Church are worthily received, and the child of Mary is saved.

This garment is not of recent date; it is respectable for its antiquity. For seven hundred years the Church has consecrated it with her approbation, her blessings and her indulgences. During that long period it has been and it is today held sacred by nations and peoples, and if you ask me to what sphere or class of people it is confined,

Answer that it is confined to no particular nation or class, that it is almost as widely extended as the Church herself. Wherever the Cross—the emblem of salvation—points toward heaven, whether it stands above the pinnacle of the gorgeous cathedral in the rich and populous city, or whether it crowns the unpretentious little church in country village, or whether it distinguishes the rude and lonely hut in the jungles of India or of Africa, there you will find the worshippers, at least the greater number of them, clothed with the Scapular of our Lady of Mount Carmel. All devotions approved of by the Church are good, some obtained from the cradle of Christianity, others sprang up to meet the exigencies of the times, others again were confined to particular countries, the circumstances of which demanded them for the time being, but the devotion to the Scapular has never been confined to any particular nation, it has always been universal. Its life has not been a spasmodic one; it has been vigorous and healthy from the beginning, and at no time during the lapse of ages has it shown any symptoms of decay. And never, with the generations that came and went, as the ages rolled by, was it more full of vigor and life than it is to-day.

Cities, nations and peoples, by the wickedness of their lives, draw down upon themselves the well-merited chastisements of God. But God did not make the world for the wicked, they are merely tolerated for the sake of the just; the tares would never be allowed to grow up and flourish in the field of the Church were it not on account of the wheat. Had there been but a reasonable number of just persons on the earth at all times, the world would never have been destroyed by the

deluge, and ten holy people would have saved two wicked cities. So we draw the conclusion from the above considerations, that sinners have a mighty power to draw down the vengeance of God upon themselves, and that the just have an intercessory power to avert it and to draw down blessings on their neighbors and themselves. There have been certain periods in the history of the world when a tide of iniquity swept over the nations of the earth. It was a crisis of this kind that Saint Simon found himself and the Carmelite Order contending against, and in his distress he sought the help of his Blessed Mother. He asked her for a sign of her protection and she gave him a sign in the holy Scapular. He was a scion of an illustrious baronial family of England named Stock, and received this heavenly gift from his Blessed Mother in the year twelve hundred and fifty.

There may have been many reasons why our Blessed Lady gave Saint Simon the Scapular, one of them no doubt was his exalted sanctity. But if we take into consideration the fact that he did not receive the Scapular while yet a recluse in the desert, and if we also consider his vocation to the Carmelite Order and the warning to join it given by his Blessed Mother, and that it was only after several years, when he was at the head of the Order ruling its destinies, he received this heavenly gift; we must seek for the principal cause in the Order itself. That cause was the singular devotion that the members of the Order for twelve hundred and fifty years unceasingly manifested towards the Mother of God. In all the alternations of fortune that the Order underwent during the lapse of so many ages, even when tossed by the fierce

billows of adversity, her children never turned away their gaze from the bright star, whose gentle light was ever their guide and their protector. They were not remiss in practising other devotions. Anything that contributed to the greater glory of God had always for them a sweet and an attractive power, but above all things the love of Mary was a particular and prominent feature of their life. They not only saw but they felt the cruel persecution of the Roman emperors for three hundred years; they saw the rise and progress of Mahometanism, the conquests of the Saracens and felt their fierce persecutions. In the ages of the world as they rolled by, they beheld kingdoms and empires spring up, rise into power and opulence, flourish and decay. They saw the fall of the Roman Empire in the east, the barbarian hordes pouring down from the north and on its ruins forming new nationalities. They saw sceptres broken and thrones crumbling into dust, but amidst all things changing around them, as the ages of the world went on, there was one feature of the Order that never changed and that was the fidelity and the love of its children for the Mother of God. This constant devotion to the Mother of God was the cause of that singular perseverance that distinguished the Order coming down through the ages of Christianity, both in times of persecution and peace. It brought down not only Mary's protection, but it brought special graces to the children of the Order to undergo the most fierce persecutions and to practise the most heroic virtues. Some writers say that the Carmelite Order gave eighty thousand martyrs to the Church, but Trithemius, a holy and a learned Benedictine Father, who wrote on this subject, after a patient and ex-

haustive research, puts the number at one hundred thousand. But who will tell us of the Carmelite saints? Lift up your eyes and count the stars of heaven, and then you may be able to number them. How many blessings they must have drawn down on Christian people, as the ages of the world rolled by, since the Order was founded by the great prophet! If the angel of God stood by the great throne with the golden censer, and if the incense given him were the good works and the prayers of the saints, with what an odor of sweetness must the blood of the Carmelite martyrs have gone up before the throne of God! And what blessings, sweeter than the dew of heaven must have come down on the children of the Church!

But among the many blessings which the Carmelite Order gave to the world, the most singular and far reaching is the Brown Scapular. It was directly given to Saint Simon and to the Order, as the words of our Blessed Lady imply: "A mark of privilege, which I have obtained for thee and the children of Carmel." Love is the active principle of the communion of saints, and the heart of the saint was wide enough to embrace the whole world. There was nothing selfish about himself or his Order, and he would clothe all the children of the Church, if possible, with this heavenly garment, and would enroll them in the confraternity of the Scapular that they might enjoy the protection and promises of the Blessed Virgin, and participate in the good works of the Order. This holy man spent twenty years a recluse in the desert, away from the converse of men, constantly communing with God. He always had a singular devotion to the Blessed Virgin, who obtained for him particular graces,

by which he practised the most exalted virtues. Wrapt in the highest contemplation, he learned to know more of God by the clear light that was given him. He could easily understand the enormity of sin—an insult offered to the Divine Majesty, and his soul was pierced with sorrow when he saw Christians offend Him with so little concern. He could never think on the torments of the reprobate, but with the deepest anguish, when he saw the children of the Church so little concerned, at least at times, about the pains of the life to come. After years of prayer to his Blessed Mother for a sign of her protection, the Scapular was an answer to his perseverance.

So far I have spoken of the Scapular as a garment of salvation, and the share the Carmelite Order had in bringing down this heavenly gift to clothe the children of the Church with the garment of Mary, and I would now in conclusion say that I pity the Catholic who is so cold in his devotion to the Mother of God as not to consider it worth while to wear her holy habit. I may say the same, but with deeper sorrow, of those who once wore the Scapular, but now wear it no more; it is like the soldier taking off his uniform and deserting the ranks where he once held a proud position. What will our Blessed Lady think of these recreant children who despised her promises and her protection. But for her faithful children, who fly to her for protection during life, who comply with the graces she obtains for them, how sweet it will be at the last hour. When the child of Mary enters for the first time the kingdom of God's glory, when the radiant light of the court of heaven flashes upon his sight, when he is

entranced, bathed in the light of the beatific vision, when he looks to the future and finds that this happiness will not fail, the weight of eternity rolls back upon him to complete his unspeakable joy. At that moment he will look back and bless the day that he put on the garment of his Blessed Mother. I will conclude as I began: I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God, for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, and with the robe of justice He hath covered me."

A Favor Obtained Through St. Theresa.

In the Carmelite convent of M—— was a Religious, who was for many years afflicted with infirmities, which made some relaxation of the rule necessary for her. As a true daughter of St. Theresa the poor Carmelite suffered doubly. Praying fervently, she had obtained already a remarkable relief, for since she can observe the fast. Something, however, remained as yet; it was an impossibility for her to digest any food cooked with oil; her stomach revolted so against that kind of food, that it was rejected immediately when swallowed. Now, our sister addressed herself straight to St. Theresa, her mother, saying: "My mother," she said on the day of her feast, "it is you who forbade us the use of butter on fast-days, obtain for me to be able to take the nourishment prepared with oil, and thus to follow the community in all things!" This simple prayer was fully heard, for since the feast of St. Theresa, her stomach has become reasonable and retains the nourishment which it formerly rejected. The Carmelite, to whom this favor was granted, requests us to join with her in returning thanks to our seraphic mother.—(*Chroniques du Carmel.*)

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

AUGUST, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

The vacation is well on its way and we have had ample time to enjoy the rest which is so sweet after a year of work. Many of us, I think, have discovered the truth of the old saying that no work is the hardest work, and therein lies the secret of much of the dissatisfaction of the vacation time.

In olden times people used to say, "as happy as a king," and yet the world knows that kings were not often happy men. Then the poet sang

"My crown is in my heart,
My crown is called content,"

and the world believes him although it thinks the crown very hard to find.

Shakespeare speaks in one of his plays of "the winter of discontent," but the summer deserves the title for many reasons, whereas the winter is blessed by the necessity of work. We chafe under its yoke, and fret because it has to be worn, but, looking back on the school term we have a certain amount of self-satisfaction, quite laudable and permissible, which never comes to us when reviewing the vacation.

People have very queer ideas of heaven, particularly as to how we will employ our time, and then St. John comes to our aid and tells us, "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," what heaven is. So when we are tired doing nothing in vacation, we are likely to appreciate the feeling of the old woman who had

inscribed on her tomb stone,

"Don't cry for me now, don't cry for me never,

I'm going to do nothin' forever and ever."

With August comes the gay feast of the harvest home, the beautiful Lady Day in harvest, so Catholic, so comforting, so full of the truest idea of heaven.

The lesson of our Blessed Lady's Assumption is full of sweetest consolation. It appeals to every one of us because we are all exiles waiting for heaven and home, and very like her during those fifteen long weary years between the Ascension and the Assumption.

Dear children, it would be a very delightful thing if we too could learn to long for heaven, to be homesick for it, and not to be so much afraid of death as we are.

What is the secret of our Blessed Lady's longing? This: that she obeyed the law which says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, thy whole mind, thy whole strength." She did this perfectly and of course she could do nothing else save long for Him who was all the world to her.

Let us pray for desire of heaven on August 15, for an increase of hope which helps the desire and for a great, strong personal love of God which will make the longing for heaven the most natural thing in the world.

We all go home after the summer holidays with a perfect rush of joy. There is no place like it, no place

where we are so safe, so sheltered, so happy as in our own dear homes.

Dear children, pray for those who have no homes, who are really exiles, and who should look forward to heaven with a great, a mighty hope as ending the struggle here on earth.

Try and enjoy very heartily the remainder of the happy vacation. Don't get blue, if you are away from home, and if you have the joy of being with your dear mother, make much, very much of those precious days when she is all yours; yours to love, to embrace, to treasure—your truest link with heaven.

Make friends with our Blessed Lady now, and prepare for the day which will surely come—long may it be in coming, dear children—when you will have only your mother in heaven to claim the sweet title from your lips. Don't forget poor sinners during your idle days, and remember also

Your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR AUGUST.

1. If God lets you stumble it is only to show you that if He did not hold you, you would fall down.
—St. F. de Sales.
2. Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee.
St. Peter.
3. St. Alphonsus is the father of those who love sinners, and his sons are ever found among the lowly, leading them quietly to God.
4. Exile—no one knew the meaning of the word as did our Lady from the Ascension to the Assumption.
5. Home—the true harvest home is eternity and there we shall truly rest.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who is called Doctor Mirabilis? (admirable doctor).
2. Of what poet was it said by Dr. Johnson, "He touched nothing that he did not adorn"?
3. What city was called by Milton "the eye of Greece"?
4. Who is the author of the saying, "When in Rome do as the Romans do"?
5. Who are the seven champions of Christendom?

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. When is a pie like a poet?
2. What wind do we look for after Lent?
3. If I were in the sun and you were out of it, what would it become?
4. What passes before the sun without making a shadow?
5. Why is a king like a cloud?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Early in the fall.
2. Sage.
3. Cell it.
4. His superior.
5. Through the custom house.

Grains of Gold.

"I have read," says L. Veillot, "that, one day, there arrived in heaven a little, unknown soul, who entered at once without having felt fatigue, or shed a tear, or suffered a misfortune, or done anything remarkable.

"The good God gave this soul a very glorious place, and a sort of murmur of amazement ran through the assembly of saints. All looks were turned towards the angel guardian who had brought the little soul. The angel bowed before God, obtained leave to speak to the heavenly court; and from his lips fell, with a softer sound than the rustle of butterflies' wings, these words, which all heaven heard:

"This soul has always taken cheerfully his share of sunshine, shadow, and has never resisted anything which would not offend God."

Editorial Notes.

The New Bishop of London.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW extends its hearty congratulations to the newly elected Bishop of London, Ont. The Rt. Rev. Bishop-Elect, Fergus P. McEvoy, is a Canadian by birth, he was born near Lindsay in 1854. He made his classical course at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and graduated with high honors from the University of Toronto; his theological studies were made at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. The late Archbishop Cleary raised the young levite to the holy priesthood in 1882. After his ordination he was first assigned to work at Kingston, and after the formation of the Peterboro diocese, he was transferred there and had charge of several missions in that diocese. In 1887 he was appointed Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral; it was while holding this office, in which he showed himself a zealous pastor and a thorough business man, that he was successively raised to the honors of Private Chamberlain, then Domestic Prelate to His Holiness, Leo XIII. The Rt. Rev. Bishop-Elect was one of the earliest friends of the REVIEW, and it is with a hearty good will that we wish him "ad multos annos."

Odious Comparisons.

There is a tendency among our Catholic writers to praise the gloriously reigning Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII., at the expense of the late Pope Pius IX. of saintly memory. This odious fault is more common with the writers belonging to the laity than with ecclesiastical authors. We could not suppress a feeling of annoyance when in reading the late work of Marion Crawford, "Ave Roma Immortalis,"

we came across his remarks on the late Pope. There was, however, a certain consistency in his treatment of the subject, for Marion Crawford to judge by this book, only knows one lovable Pope, and that is the present one, whom he admires so much, that he can hardly muster a word of praise for any preceding one. And now, another great admirer of Pope Leo XIII, Justice McCarthy, in an article recently published by the New York Herald, draws comparisons between the two Popes, extolling the present one as a great improvement on his predecessor. Pope Leo XIII is so great that to build up his reputation for wisdom and power, he needs not the ruin of another man's glory and nothing can be farther from his wishes, or more alien to his heart than such mistaken display of friendship. He may well say: "O Lord, save me from my friends!" in these instances. The fact is, God always puts the right man in the right place, when He calls forth a new Pope. Pius IX was as necessary to his period, as Pope Leo XIII is to the present. All comparisons are foolish, that are based on mere human reasoning.

A Good Example.

There are very few Catholic papers or magazines which have not at one time or another complained of the evil and injustice of our public school system. Professedly non-sectarian, it is only by eternal vigilance that we can save our American children from being taught false doctrines and false history in these schools. The Protestant mind seems incapable

of fair play as far as the Catholic Church is concerned. But, after all, we can obtain a certain amount of consideration from the Public School Boards. A worse evil is found in our Public Libraries. Every book against religion in general, and the Catholic Church in particular, is sure to be placed on the shelves as soon as published, whilst Catholic books and books by Catholic authors cannot obtain admission and are, as a rule, entirely ignored. How can this evil be remedied? We hold that the plan adopted by the *Catholic Record* of Indianapolis is one of the best means to obtain recognition and fair play. This paper has lately been publishing a list of the Catholic works and works referring to the Catholic Church, which are to be found in the Public Library of Indianapolis. This list is compiled by the librarian, and contains a surprisingly fair number of our best Catholic literature. The good example set by the *Catholic Record* ought to be followed by every Catholic paper in the country. The Americans do love fair play, and commit injustice mainly through ignorance. Let them know the facts and they will do right.

The Roman Elections.

At the late municipal elections in Rome the clerical party, that is to say, the party in sympathy with the Holy See, carried the city by a good working majority. There have been clerical mayors before, but they were handicapped by a hostile board. It seems this election has placed the entire government of the city in the hands of the Papal followers. Rome being the capital city of Italy, and the robber government of Italy residing there, we foresee considerable friction between the two hostile camps in the near

future. But it is fortunate that Catholic pilgrims flocking to Rome from all sides during the Holy Year, may rely on being protected from foolish and even wicked molestations on the part of the civic authorities of Rome. It is a pity that the Legislature cannot be made Catholic also. The Holy Father has not countenanced Catholic candidates for the Chambers, as they could not, even if elected, take their seats, not being allowed to take the required oath of fealty to the crown. There is no Daniel O'Connell among the laymen of Italy, one who would be willing boldly to refuse the oath and thus pave the way for a mighty Catholic protest against the sacrilegious occupation of Rome, and the frightful misrule of all Italy by the oath-bound secret societies. Could the Holy Father rely on such heroic action on the part of Catholic deputies, he would undoubtedly allow candidates to stand for election, and, almost beyond a doubt, Italy would prove itself Catholic in spite of all the calumnies and lies of the sects.

PUBLICATIONS.

The *Rosary Magazine* begins its fifteenth volume with the July number, brighter and more replete with good things than ever. There is an interesting story of the Scapular by S. N. Blakely, a name familiar to our readers, and in the children's department Mrs. D. A. Munro relates another miraculous intervention of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in favor of one of her faithful clients. The Rosary and the Scapular are two great devotions dearest to the heart of Our Blessed Mother, and have both been taught and communicated to Saints by her, in order that her children on earth might make use of them for their corporal and spiritual welfare.



The Hospice of Mt. Carmel.

The Annual Pilgrimage.

The feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel on Sunday, July 16th, was celebrated at the Hospice of Mt. Carmel by a greater splendor of ceremonies and a more numerous attendance of pilgrims than ever before. One of the local papers published such a good account of the festivity that we can do no better than to make room for it in these pages. After a few introductory remarks, the report continues: "Notwithstanding that the leaden skies of the morning's early hours were most discouraging to the devoted pilgrims, they flocked from both sides of the river as though a city was sending forth its inhabitants.

Buffalo's devout pilgrims and generous patrons numbered 1,600 and the whole throng might be estimated at twice that number.

The ceremonies began with high mass at 10 o'clock, in which religious functions, dignity of ritual, animated oratory and the heartfelt devotion of the pilgrims were blended with inspiring effect.

The music was furnished by the united talent of several church choirs, and was fully worthy of the occasion. It was the oratorical display, however,

that elicited special admiration and lent effect to ceremony and music. Rev. Theodore McDonald, the venerable veteran of his order, whose hoary locks seem like a score of his laborious days in the past, and whose generous and beaming countenance, relaxing so readily to kindly smile, added paternal authority to fervid words of youthful enthusiasm and vigor. He was full of his subject, mounting to many a climax of lucid exposition and stirring exhortation.

Two well known orators were in reserve for the afternoon, Very Rev. A. J. Kreidt, General Superior of the Carmelites and founder of the Hospice, and Very Rev. Dean Harris, the popular speaker and writer of St. Catharines. Father Harris, with the finished grace of moulded sentences, well poised delivery and calculated effect, dwelt on the practical benefits that the splendid work of the Hospice conferred on its patrons and on the great cause of religion in general. He indicated the monumental works of Carmelites in past times and with the power of an historian drew the conclusive induction, that if every age heretofore, even back to the dimly recorded era of infant christianity, disclosed the tri-

umphs of Carmelite fidelity and activity, this age too would not be deficient but rather witness the old unvarying success. Father Kreidt, with the geniality of a host, addressed in his usual style of easy gracefulness and sparkling originality, greeting and encouraged to the pilgrims. He won their hearts to generous interest in his great religious work, which they amply exhibited afterwards with their purses, and with many well timed pleasantries, like pebbles into the expanse of water, spread ripples of pleasure and even merriment over his audience.

Much has been accomplished in the unfinished grounds for the comfort of the guests, so that many a grassy spot and shaded nook invited repose and the opening of the lunch basket. The fine spread of canvas was particularly grateful, affording abundant shade to heads bowed in worship.

The purpose of the Hospice may be briefly stated as a resting place of Christian hospitality where refreshments for body and spirit are supplied and the mind directed to the highest interpretations—picturesque nature

surrounding.

Among all the structures of pleasure, business and repose at least one shrine should be reared where God's voice in the cataract may be interpreted and man's spirit be attuned to its ceaseless hymn of praise.

The Retreat for Teachers.

The first annual retreat for Catholic teachers will be given at the Hospice of Mt. Carmel from Monday, Aug. 28th, to Saturday, September 2nd. The Spiritual Exercises begin on Monday evening and close with General Communion on Saturday morning. It is intended for all our Catholic laywomen, who teach in Public schools, but, no lady wishing to join in it will be refused, unless for lack of room. Applications should be sent in time. Terms are very moderate. Inquiries for particulars should be addressed to *Hospice of Mt. Carmel, Niagara Falls, Ont.*

From the 1st of August to the 28th, the Hospice is open to all visitors.

HE whispered to St. Theresa of Jesus.

HE lured her into solitude

On Carmel's Mount, and then,

He whispered, "I will have thee speak

With Angels—not with men."

—E. DE M.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from: St. George's Church, Louisville, Ky.; St. Francis Xaviers, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Helen's Church, Toronto, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Lindsay, Ont.; St. Kilian, Wis.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont.; Holy Angel's Church, St. Thomas, Ont.; Cardigan Bridge, P. E. I.; St. Michael's Church, Munroe, Mich.; Sacred Heart Church, Minising, Mich.; La Fayette, N. Y.; La Salette, Ont.; Eganville, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; St. John's Church, Oswego, N. Y.; St. Agnes' Church, Greensboro, N. C.; Capuchin Convent, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Paul's Church, Reading, Pa.; Leavenworth, Wash.; St. Anthony of Padua, Centreville, Ont.; St. Vincent's Orphanage, Cleveland, O.; Maidstone, Ont.; Assumption Church, Sandwich, Ont.; St. Paul's Church, Oswego, N. Y.; St. Stephen's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Mary's, Hesson, Ont.; Buffalo, N. N.; Holy Angel's, Buffalo, N. Y.; Brechin, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.

Names received at our New Baltimore Monastery from: University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. John's, New Baltimore, Pa.; St. Michael's, Dane, Wis.; St. Peter's, Oconto, Wis.; Evansville, Ind.; Scranton, Pa.; St. John's, Bellifonte, Pa.; Holy Cross, Wis.; Newport, Va.; St. Louis Church, Louisville, Ohio; Racine, Wis.; Antonius, Ill.; Lake Church, Wis.; Holy Family, Rochester, N. Y.; Worthington, Iowa; Boise City, Idaho.

OBITUARY.

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

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

SISTER MARY CELESTINE, who died last month at the Convent of the Precious Blood, in Toronto, in the 25th year of her age, and eight year of her religious profession.

GASTON NORTH, who died July 4th, 1899, in the 13th year of his age, after a weary sickness of 25 days, borne with true Christian patience. He was an exemplary boy, loved by all who knew him. Being a bright and gifted son, his death has caused a wound to his fond parents hearts, that no time can entirely heal.

MRS. MARY MCGUIRE, who died a truly holy death on the 17th of Jan. 1899, in the

72nd year of her age. She was a native of County Cavan, Ireland, and had always led an exemplary and pious life, dedicated mostly to works of piety.

JOHN B. BUSHELL, who was killed on March 9th, 1899, in a railway accident.

MRS. MARY COWHEY, Henry Meibusch, who departed this life, full of years and merits; Eva Bauer, Mr. Kelly, Rev. A. J. Grant.

PETITIONS.

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

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

For employment, 6; for health, 3; for a sick mother; for a family's peace; for the conversion of a family; for the welfare of a young lady; for the conversion; for a person to find his vocation; for the conversion of a father and two sons; for mother and son; for seven special intentions; for success in a lawsuit; for two temporal favors; for living and dead members of a family; for restoration to health; for happy death; for nine special intentions; for a young lady; for grace to know vocation; for spiritual assistance, seven; for peace in family; for souls in Purgatory; for young lady in poor health; for patience in severe illness; for perseverance; for three special intentions; for perseverance; for nine special intentions; for the conversion of six persons; for two temporal favors; for two vocations; for three spiritual favors; for restoration to health; for a son's recovery from a serious illness; for employment seven; for six conversions; for two spiritual favors; for two vocations; for three spiritual favors; for success in an undertaking; for a sick mother; to obtain pupils, two; for conversion; for higher wages; for employment; for extrication from pecuniary difficulties.

Favors for the Hospice.

M. D., Providence, R. I.; C. K., St. John's, N. B.; M. A. K., St. Mary's, Pa.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; S. X. B., St. Mary's, Pa.; M. T., Boston, Mass.; S. B. St. Mary's, Pa.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; B. K., New York, N. Y.

Falls View.

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