



TO OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS.



CAY autumn leaves will make a crown,
 For thee, sweet Lady, mistress fair!
 The trees will drop their jewels down—
 Their golden treasures all so rare.

 The oak will give us acorns brown,
 We'll twine them into chaplets now;
 With Aves string them for the crown,
 Which love will place upon thy brow.

 The harvest home will ring thy praise,
 The hunter's moon reflect thy smile;
 While happy hearts and voices raise
 Magnificat! to thee the while.

 The wide world round sweet vesper bells
 Are chiming, while thy beads are told,
 The same old tale of love each tells,
 As Gabriel hailed thee with of old.

 "From pearly dawn to dewy eve,"
 The blessed beads are told and told,
 In busy towns where sad hearts heave,
 And out upon the open wold.

 One word alone all hearts repeat
 Ne'er tiring of the sweet refrain;
 'Tis Ave! Ave! At thy feet
 The whole world meets—'tis *May* again.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

*Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and
Catholic Register.*

Edited by REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER II.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT LED TO McMASTER'S CAREER AS A CATHOLIC JOURNALIST.—HIS TRIP TO EUROPE.—CARDINAL NEWMAN AND McMASTER.—HIS INTIMATES, WADSWORTH, WALWORTH AND HECKER.—HE ENTERS THE NOVITIATE OF THE REDEMPTORISTS TO BECOME A LAY-BROTHER.—HIS PROVIDENTIAL CALL TO JOURNALISM.—ARCHBISHOP HUGHES AND McMASTER.—HE IS, AT FIRST, SUB-EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, THE REV. JAS. ROOSEVELT BAILEY, D. D., BEING CHIEF EDITOR.

CONTINUED.



In those days of our young convert, religious bigotry was prevalent. Native Americanism was rampant. Broken heads were not uncommon at church doors, and the figure of a convert to Roman Catholicism was peculiarly inviting to attacks from the objectors to his creed. This was the condition of affairs that stirred the faculties of Mr. McMaster. He went into the fray eagerly, and soon showed extraordinary polemical skill in articles written by him for the *Freeman's Journal*.

He came out boldly against all those who attacked his religion, or who uttered and defended opinions that were contrary to its tenets. He showed to Protestants that Christ had built his church upon Peter. "So," said he, "where Peter is there must be Christ's church. And as there is no Peter in any of the Protestant sects, none of them is Christ's church. We can be saved, not in error and heresy, but only in the truth which can be found only in Christ's church.

"Now, God is infinite truth itself. He knows things only as they are, and can speak them only as he knows them. As sovereign Author and Lord of all things, he has an absolute authority over all men.—an authority which He can exercise either

directly by Himself, or through an angel, or a prophet, or one or more of His reasonable creatures. God, therefore, has a right to command, under pain of eternal damnation, the human understanding to believe certain truths; He has a right to command the human will to perform certain duties, and the senses to make certain sacrifices. Nothing can be more reasonable than to submit to such a command of God.

"To know what God has commanded us to believe and to do is to know the true religion or the true way to heaven. As God is but one, so His holy will is but one, and therefore His religion is but one and the same. In order that we might learn, with infallible certainty, this one true religion, Almighty God appointed but one infallible teaching authority—the Roman Catholic Church—and commanded all to hear her and believe her infallible doctrine, under pain of exclusion from eternal life.

"The truth is one; errors are many; the Church, the pillar and ground of truth, is one; sects are many, that deny the truth and the Church's infallible authority to teach truth. Every sensible man, then, seeing a class of men drawn into a whirlpool of endless religious variations and dissensions, is forced to say: This is only an ephemeral sect, without substance and without any divine authority; it is a plant not planted by the hand of Almighty God, and therefore it will be rooted up; it is a kingdom divided against itself, and therefore it will be made desolate; it is a house built on sand, and therefore it cannot stand; it is a cloud without water, which is carried about by the winds; a tree of autumn, unfruitful, twice dead, by want of divine, Catholic faith, and therefore it will be plucked up by the roots; a raging wave of the sea, foaming out its own confusion; a wandering star, to which the storm and darkness are reserved forever; a withered branch cut off from the body of Christ, the One Holy Roman Catholic Church, which alone is established by Christ on earth as His pillar and ground of truth, in one fold, watched over by His own chief shepherd, ever immovable amid the storms of hell; with unshaken faith, amid the variations of philosophical systems, the infernal persecutions of the wicked, the revolutions of empires, the attacks of interest, of prejudice, of passion, the dissolving labors of criticism, the progress of physical, historical, and other sciences, the unrestrained love of novelty, the abuses which sooner or later undermine the most firmly-established human institutions.

"The main spirit of Protestantism has always been to declare every man independent of the divine authority of the Roman Catholic Church, and to substitute for this divine authority a human authority. Pope Pius IX. spoke of Protestantism, in all its forms, as a revolt against God, it being an attempt to substitute a *human* for

a divine authority, and a declaration of the creature's independence of the Creator. A true Protestant, therefore, said McMaster, 'does not acknowledge that God has a right to teach him; or, if he acknowledges this right, he does not feel himself bound to believe all that God teaches him through those whom God has appointed to teach mankind. He says to God: If thou teachest me, I reserve to myself the right to examine thy words, to explain them as I choose, and admit only what appears to me true, consistent and useful.' Hence St. Augustine says: 'You, who believe what you please, and reject what you please, believe yourselves or your own fancy rather than the Gospel.' The faith of the Protestant, then, is based upon his private judgment alone; it is human. As his judgment is alterable, he naturally holds that his faith and doctrine is alterable at will, and is therefore continually changing it. Evidently, then, he does not hold it to be the truth; for truth never changes; nor does he hold it to be the law of God, which he is bound to obey; for if the law of God be alterable at will, it can only be altered by God Himself, never by man, any body of men, or any creature of God.

"There are, we like to believe, among Protestants, many individuals who are far superior to their Protestantism, who have not yet learned to distrust reason, who hold that truth is obligatory, that religion is the law of conscience, who are honest, upright, kind-hearted, and benevolent according to their light, and who mean to be true Christian believers. These can be reasoned with and be more or less affected by argument; but they are not genuine Protestants. They may not very well understand the doctrines retained from the Church by the early reformers, but they believe them to be revealed truths, which it would be sinful in them to deny, not mere opinions which one is free to hold or not hold according to his pleasure. These serve to keep up a show of religion in the several Protestant sects, but they are not governed by the Protestant spirit, and if carried away by the Protestant movement, they are not its leaders. They are the laggards in the onward march of Protestantism.

"It is worthy of remark that in the war which Protestants and infidels have hitherto waged against the Church, neither has pretended to have any truth or principle to oppose to her. They do not fight for the truth, nor for any affirmative or Catholic principle that she denies or neglects, but for what they call the rights of the mind, which, translated into plain English, means the emancipation of the human mind from the authority of truth, and therefore from God who is truth, or, in simpler terms still, the liberty to treat truth and falsehood as of equal value, as equally indifferent, or to deny all real distinction between them, and therefore between right and wrong. Neither

reason nor revelation can tolerate this sort of liberty—intellectual and moral license rather; and the very existence and presence of the Church condemns it. Hence the irreconcilable antagonism between the Church and the sects. Yet is there a notable difference between the temper and motives of the two parties. The Church is always calm and collected, for she knows that she has the truth; she indulges in no passion, resorts to no violence, to no cruelty or harshness against her enemies, for she knows that they are only harming themselves, not her; and hence she is moved in her resistance to their blind rage only by that divine charity which seeks to save souls, not to destroy them. She is moved by love for her enemies, and seeks at all times, by all the means in her power, to do them good—good for time and for eternity. Her temper towards them is that of infinite tenderness and compassion. But the temper of her enemies towards her is that of hatred, and hatred without cause; they are moved, not by charity, by love of souls, for, if they believe in salvation at all, they believe that souls can be saved in the Church at least as well as out of it, and hence, the dupes of their own hateful passions, there is no extreme of violence or cruelty to which, where they have the power, they will not go, if they judge it necessary or useful to their cause.

Such utterances of McMaster made in public and in private conversation with Protestant friends attracted the attention of Bishop Hughes, who was firmly convinced that in him lay a vocation second only to a calling to the priesthood. Full of zeal, overflowing with learning, a master of a direct style, of strong vitality, and possessing fearless courage—a man as sensitive of the Church's honor as is a well-nurtured woman of her chastity, and, when it was attacked, with the strength of a giant to strike in its defence—such was James A. McMaster in his young days, and such he remained to the end.

At that time, the *Freeman's Journal* was the property of Bishop Hughes, whose private secretary, the Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, acted as its editor for two years. Writing on Oct. 6, 1877, of this period, Mr. McMaster gives the following glimpse of his labors and his relations to Father Bayley—as well as of his own trenchant ideas:

"Thirty years ago the New York *Freeman's Journal* was the property of Bishop Hughes; and Father James Roosevelt Bayley was its nominal editor. For some months the present editor and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal* attempted the task

of writing its editorial matter, under this supposed editorship. One day, the then sub-editor asked Father Bayley to read, or hear read, the editorial matter, ready to go to press. Father Bayley was well pleased with it all. The sub-editor, wishing to be open-hearted, drew Father Bayley's attention to the fact that *thirteen* parties, calling themselves Catholics, were hit in that one number of the *Freeman's Journal*, and that some of them would *howl!* *Romish* orthodoxy was not then recognized, as it is now, among Catholics of the United States. In jocose mood we suggested to Father Bayley that he had better get ready for *explanations!* And so, at the foot of the fifth page of that issue of the *Freeman's Journal*, as a quiet joke, we agreed that the line should be put: "*Apologies next week!*" The "apologies" were worse than the first slaps. But the points then made in the *Freeman's Journal* are no longer open to controversy."

Bishop Hughes and Father Bayley were convinced that in Mr. McMaster they had the man they wanted. He was precisely of that needful combative nature, and when he had stirred up matters he showed that he was able to take care of himself. Accordingly, in 1848, the *Freeman's Journal* was transferred to him, and he became sole editor and proprietor.

END OF CHAPTER II.

A THOUGHT.

"The year roll us as they pass."—FATHER FACER.

For the *Carmelite Review*,

Swiftly the tide of life is onward flowing

Into the tearless land so far away,

And on its rippling waves are ever going

Some loved and loving spirits day by day.

Low 'neath the shady trees are dear ones lying

Springs o'er their graves the daisy-sprinkled grass;

Ah, how the years, un mindful of our sighing,

Glide ever on and "rob us as they pass,"

Yes! but the ties they seem to rudely sever,

Bind us in Him to whom no spirit dies;

Deep in His loving Heart they live for ever,

There in His blissful home beyond the skies.

R. I. P.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

CHARACTER is what a man is in his inmost thought.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the *Carmelite Review* by
Miss Matilda Cummings.



THE queen month of the year is upon us, and the charming days of the delicious Indian Summer are near. The air is perfectly transparent, and the clouds which float in a sky of purest azure are gorgeous in their draperies of crimson and gold. The thought of God as a beneficent being seems as a first principle among all the nations of the earth, and so this exquisitely beautiful time of the Indian Summer takes its name from the belief of certain tribes in a south-west wind blowing direct from the court of their great and benevolent god, *Chautauwit*—the south-western god. Little knew they! poor children of nature, of the south wind which in very truth blew through the garden of God, where the aromatical spices filled the air with a perfume as if from *Araly*, luring many to follow the beloved into His Garden, there to feed and gather lilies. Nature and grace are ever in sympathy; so we find the holy church quick to recognize and appropriate the beauty of the one as a dowry for the other. May belongs by every right and title to Mary, gracious Queen of the Spring, and now October twines its wreath of autumn leaves for the Queen of the Holy Rosary, graceful mistress and patroness of the harvest home.

Many and varied were the delights of the happy summer, and its twilights found us in the full enjoyment of its hours of rest and perfect abandonment. Now come the mellowing influences of the autumn, when the twilight is filled with a certain soft melancholy, and the memories of other days flit before eyes that are closing our fast gathering tears.

The last, the last, the last!

Oh! by that little word how many thoughts are stirred.

That sister of the past.

The autumn seems like a reminder of the eleventh hour to many of us, and as with bated breath and fast beating heart we

gave affrighted over the days that are no more, we grasp with all the hope of a believing heart, and never a thought of despair the precious chapter of the Rosary, the joy of youth, the strength of manhood, and the stay of declining years. Countless are the heart stories which the well worn beads could tell, dearer and of more moment in the counsels of God than the chronicles of Kings. Let them plead our cause in the twilights of October, the month of benediction to the children of the Holy Rosary. "The mother's treasure is thine; take and profit thereof," says St. Bernard, he of the honeyed tongue, who had drawn his sweetness, first from the holy home of Jesus, and then from the lily blossoms of Mary. Yes, the treasures of the Rosary are at our disposal; let us amass them through the golden grains of oft told Aves which Mary will store for us in the royal mint.

And now a word of the great daughter of Carmel, the strong-hearted, the valiant woman, Teresa of Jesus, whose feast we celebrate on Oct. 15th. Much need have we of her heroic constancy in these days of limp courage and failing hearts, at the thought of the kingdom which suffereth violence and which the violent only bear away. How magnificent is she in the strength of her womanhood, who, despite all the glory of her intellect, knew so well how to keep within bounds, ever submissive to that authority which is the queen of the world, her brilliant imagination--"that mad member of the household," as she herself calls it. Short shrift and little quarter would she have given to the so-called advanced women of to-day, who, forgetful of the crowning glory of their state, force themselves into the world's great crowd, where never a knight is found to save them from the strife of tongues into which they have fallen. And how brave she was, this daughter of Catholic Spain, of Avila, the "City of Knights." She suffered twenty years from disinclination to prayer without letting herself be disheartened. *There* is a lesson for us of these latter days whose mouths are open for the honey of spiritual consolation, and who hunger for the manna which oftentimes we will not even seek. Let us learn of this glorious woman, saint of Carmel, fit teacher of many minds, great doctress of the Church of God, a woman's

lesson--"Land that grows fallow gains a quiet power"--in His own good time God will make use of it. St. Teresa sought a cloister; since then, she has taught a world.

LOOKING-GLASSES.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY MARY A. SPELLISEY.



"THAT you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves," Coriolanus, ii-ii.

I have read of one who had the walls of an apartment lined with mirrors in order that the occupant might have the benefit of every possible point of view. We live in the presence of reflectors; unconsciously we are giving ourselves away all day long. Often very discreditably, and when the consequences of our ugliness come upon us, few are wise enough to recognize where the blame belongs. "Arabella is highly accomplished, she speaks three languages, plays on four instruments, she has an artistic temperament, but--she is poor, proud, and peevish, she enters an entertainment with a "nobody-here-to-speak-to" air.

In society she appears ignorant that in accepting an invitation she has assumed a responsibility. Loyalty to her hostess should prompt her to gracefully adapt herself to the exigencies of the occasion, and endeavor tactfully to elicit from her companions the best they have to give. On the contrary, she is usually consumed by the desire to receive the attention of the principal persons present. Her selfishness is grossly apparent, and she disgusts where she would attract. Seeing herself neglected, she vents her spleen by sulkiness or by ill-natured remarks. In the eyes of the thoughtful she is making a sad exhibition of herself, and she is vaguely conscious she is not a success; instead of seeking the cause, she makes matters worse by attributing her failure to the dullness of "people," she declares them very uninteresting. "Alas! she has closed many a loving heart and charming home-circle against her. When she shall meet neglect and coldness in the future, her lack of self-knowledge shall pre-

vent her recognizing the cause; in her blindness she will declare she is omitted from this or that company because she is poor. Is it not a pity that she will not try to see herself as others see her?

Paula is poor, pious and pleasing. Always ready to oblige, she wins all hearts. She is ever a welcome guest, because sunshine enters with her. She is an interested listener, to all who approach her, be the subject politics, foot-ball, fishing, or fashion. Thus she develops harmoniously, she enlarges her horizon, and, meanwhile, she has the love of many, the admiration of all.

When her engagement to a man of high estate is announced, Arabella is "surprised" and wonders what he saw in her. "Paula is not a bit pretty, and she has no polish." High polish often prevents the usefulness of an article; because it scratches so easily, it is simply ornamental. The man who thinks, chooses his wife as a helpmate.

He is deeply conscious that "The anuity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie." Therefore his love embraces such as Paula, in whom he has ever found a sympathizing listener, and prudent counsellor. It is wise to have a decent respect for public opinion and to learn its uses.

"He that loveth correction loveth knowledge, but he that hateth reproof is foolish."

A SOLEMN anniversary Requiem Mass was celebrated on September 17th at St. John's Church, New Baltimore, Pa., for the repose of the soul of the late Father Albert Heimann, O. C. C., who died a year ago. The large number of parishioners who were present showed that their late beloved pastor is held in lasting remembrance. On the same day, at an earlier hour, the members of the Carmelite Monastery assisted at a Requiem Mass offered up for their deceased brother.

WE will never renounce the world as long as we preserve in the depths of our hearts the treacherous treasure of our own will.—ST. FRANCIS.

THE highest wisdom consists in giving ourselves up to good works, in having a guard over ourselves, and in meditating on the judgment of God.—ST. FRANCIS.

Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Spain.

Correspondence of the Carmelite Review.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



THROUGHOUT Spain and its dependencies, as well as in the States of North and South America, which once owed allegiance to the Court of Castilla, the Feast of Our Lady of Carmel, is pre-eminently one of the most popular, as it is positively the most solemn of the many instituted by Holy Church in honor of the Immaculate Mother of God. Since there this devotion figures amongst the most ancient, whilst none now existing is more extended, or claims more associates, neither is there one more in harmony with the pious inclinations of the Spanish heart, than the devotion to the Most Holy and Immaculate Mother of Carmel. From the moment that the music of the church bellries proclaim the "Vespera" of the Feast, until the late hours of the day itself, there is one continued stream of human beings flocking to her churches, invading her shrines and visiting her sanctuaries, no matter in what part of the peninsula they may be situated, be they in the high inaccessible summits of its "Picos" or hidden in the deep recesses of its valleys; whilst the devotion in these to the Queen of Heaven, is both solemn and sumptuous, and few, indeed, are the Spaniards, even amidst the glacial indifference and cold positivism, which is too frequently visible in the populous centres of industry, who do not, although not of precept, crowd to hear the Mass of Carmel. To-day her altars are superbly decorated and ablaze with myriad of lights, the offerings of her pious votaries; the floral wealth of the country, fragrant in its freshness, is generously contributed with fastidious prodigality, to make her altars one series of parterres of the most exquisite contributions of nature—a very kaleidoscope of bright and varied colors, as hue artistically vies with hue in lending splendor to the picturesque surroundings of the Divine Solitary of the Tabernacle in His hermit home, whilst the most distinguished pulpit orators are invited to

preach with tender pathos and burning eloquence in the sonorous tongue of Cervantes the annual panegyrics; in fine, all the treasures of art and all the resources of musical lore, are generously enlisted in imparting splendor to the divine melody that swells forth from the orchestras and infuses itself with the hymn of praise and voice of prayer that ascends the altar on High from choir and sanctuary. But if the august ceremonial of the festival may be thus described, as taking place in all the churches of Spain on the 16th of July, yet there is one province, that of Catalonia, in particular, the intrinsic grandeur and brilliancy of whose religious ceremonies the eye may be enabled to see, but the pen flags and fails to describe:

"Ah me, what hand can pencil guide, or pen
To follow half on what the eye dilates?"

No wonder, then, that it is truly styled the Province of the Devotion of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, since in Catalonia she has an altar in the hearts of her devoted children. Nor is this of recent growth or ephemeral solidity. No, long before it took root in the affections of the faithful of other provinces—long before it had founded its numerous convents of both sexes in the various dioceses of the peninsula, and spread its offshoots through the vast empire in the new world, over which once waved proudly, in the halcyon days of Spain's supremacy, the red and golden banner of Castile and Leon, Catalonia had marshaled a noble army of Carmel, and clothed her children in the livery of Mary, proving that this was the pre-elect land of "Maria Santissima." To it, too, came direct from "Monte Carmelo" the first Apostles of the devotion in 1202, at the invitation of one of the noble Counts of Navarre, who constructed for them the first Spanish house of the order, and enriched it with a beautiful gothic church within the grounds of his palace, at Peralda, in the Province of Gerona—beneath the very shades of the Pyrenees. Subsequently they extended themselves into the various towns and cities of the principality, notably in Barcelona, whose convent became one of the most renowned in the catholic world of that era—a focus of religious and scientific light, and distinguished for the number of its community, and for the aroma of their virtues, their eloquence in the pulpits, and

their profound learning in the professional chair. Thus for 653 years, from this "alma mater" of Mary, sons of Mount Carmel went forth, giants in learning and in holiness, keeping ablaze throughout Spain's vast empire the torch of science and literature, amidst the comparative ignorance and intellectual darkness of the age. Like the sainted religious of the "Insula Sanctorum et doctorum," they were not only unwearied in the protection, in the teaching and in the fostering of the arts and sciences, but they also relieved the truly destitute, lodged the homeless, sheltered the pilgrim and the stranger, re-established concord amidst the tumults of the age, minimizing the tribal warfare, which was then so frequent, carrying consolation to the bosom of families, guiding the youth with the saving hand of true religion and christian charity, and securing them adequate employment; scattering, in fine, wide-spread thousands of blessings, temporal and spiritual. Yes, these were the days when the sons of Elias witnessed their days of glory; but if they have had their "Thabor," later on, in their chequered history, they have had, too, their Calvary, for in the first half of the present century, they, like those of Ignatius, and of Dominick, and of the Seraphic Francis and of Bernard, have endured their hours of bitterness—their days of affliction and of sorrow.

On the closing day of the novena of our Lady in 1835, the feast, too, of Spain's glorious apostle, during the reign of Christina the seventh, of Bourbon, of unhallowed memory, what the disciples of anarchy and the enemies of social order would feign do to-day, the godless revolutionists of '35, the hireling assassins and communists of that epoch, under the eyes of a soldiant liberal and catholic government, had achieved. Then the wave of infidelity and religious spoliation had crossed the frontier; bearing on its crest all the hideous excrescences of satanic hate, exciting all the rancours of religious intolerance, and focusing against the religious orders all the batteries of bigotry; in fine, in their mad frenzy, effacing God, depreciating religion, insulting and mocking virtue; then was the evil hour, when the convents and monasteries were promiscuously wrecked, pillaged and despoiled, and left tenantless, at the mercy

of the communists' torch, reducing these homes of prayer, of learning and of peace, to a pile of rubbish, burning within their ruins, in one hecatomb of ashes, the bodies of those, whose saintly lives were devoted to the honor and glory of Almighty God, and the temporal and spiritual welfare of their neighbor, thanks to the historic fact, that the plighted word of government protection was turned into the con-
 vining attitude of looking on with folded arms and passive indifference in a city amply garrisoned with battalions of troops and batteries of artillery. The persecution did not end with the fire of the incendiary, for the Religions who survived this merciless ordeal were impoverished and ostracised.

For nigh forty years religion lay prostrate beneath the feet of a triumphant revolution. Yes, for nigh half a century the lamp of the sanctuary had been extinguished, the white robe of Carmel found no home, no recognized sanctuary, from one end of the peninsula to the other; but, thanks to the Almighty God and to the signal protection of the immaculate patron of Carmel, the dark cloud of persecution has in the last few decades of the declining 19th century, been rift asunder, and once more the sons of Elias are returning and re-possessing themselves, even at the prayer and entreaty of the descendants of many of their persecutors and spoilers of their ruined shrines and desecrated sanctuaries. And once more the recuperative and constructive character of the order owes much to the memory of a revered and noble son of Cataluna—a saintly friar of the ancient convent of Olot, who became the pioneer of the restoration, and which, before his death, he had the happiness of seeing enter on an era of a bright and glorious future. And this, his work, so nobly and energetically begun, has received a sterling impetus from the zeal, the perseverance and successful direction of the present learned and eloquent Commissary General, the Very Rev. Anastasius Borrás y Buadas, which bids far to eclipse in the near future the ancient fame of this glorious and favorite order. Within the comparatively few years that he has been ruling its destinies in the peninsula, he has succeeded in re-establishing the parent house of the order in the historic Jerez de

La Frontera, with its beautiful church, erected and sustained by the inexhaustible munificence of a noble Carmelite lady; the magnificent University Church of Osuna; the once classic "Gemina Urbanorum" of the Romans; the neat and picturesque novitiate house of Onda, beneath the Sierras of Espadán; the monastic houses of Hinojoza and Candete; and last, not least, the ancient convent of Olot, in the Pyrenees. Their restoration is due to the unwearied labors of this distinguished son of the order of "Carmelitas Cabados," Fr. Anastasius Borrás y Buadas. But in paying this well-merited tribute, it would be unpardonable to forget the noble and unselfish efforts of his truly large-hearted lieutenant—the ever popular Father Prior of Jerez—Fr. Elias Durán, whose unceasing energy and zeal has, in season and out of season, seconded successfully the aspirations and glorious achievements of his worthy superior, for the glory of God's House, the honor of Carmel, and the propagation of its devotion. Throughout the peninsula, from Gibraltar to San Sebastian, from the shores of the Duro to the banks of the Llobregat, everywhere are to be met the impress of their minds, the noble work of their hands, in undoing the evils which the tyranny of the revolution and the despotism and draconian legislation of the civil power had inflicted on the glorious order of Carmel.

If the Communistic incendiaries and their equally guilty connivers—the Spanish government of Queen Cristina de Bourbon of '35, did justly call forth from the lips of the glorious Pontiff of that day—Gregory the 16th, his malediction, the generous restorers and their hosts of charitable supporters, and the increasing army of Carmel to-day, equally merited the Pontifical blessing of one of the grandest prelates that ever held the helm of the barque of Peter in the august prisoner of the Vatican, Leo the 13th, and that inestimable benediction, he has in an especial manner bestowed during the late Spanish Pilgrimage, when the sons of Carmel intermingled in large numbers with their fellow pilgrims to the threshold of the Vatican.

BARCELONA, SPAIN, August, 1894.

MARY, dawn from which arose the Sun of Justice.—ST. PETER DAMIAN.

The Catechism

OF MOUNT CARMEL,

BY REV. A. J. KRUEGER, O. C. C.

CHAPTER IX.

Local Indulgences.

Ques. What are the conditions for gaining local indulgences?

Ans. Besides the general conditions mentioned in the last chapter, local indulgences require a visit to a Carmelite church, or a parish church in which the Confraternity of Mount Carmel is established.

Those who are prevented from visiting a church by sickness or imprisonment can gain the local indulgences by observing all the general conditions and performing some other good work substituted for the required visit by their confessor.

Local Plenary Indulgences.

1. Once a year, on any day of the year.
2. Once a day, on any day on which the sacraments are received.
3. On one Wednesday every month.
4. On the feast of the Dedication of all Carmelite Churches (Aug. 31st).
5. On the titular feast of any Carmelite church.
6. At the forty hours' devotion in any Carmelite church.
7. At the Papal Benediction, which is given in Carmelite churches four times a year; on the feast of St. Stephen (Dec. 26); on the Tuesday after Easter; on the Tuesday after Pentecost, and on the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel (July 16).
8. A plenary indulgence can be gained by each and every visit made to a Carmelite church from the Vespers (2 p. m.) of the 15th of July until sunset of July 16th. Each visit need not be longer than is necessary to say a few devout prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father.
9. Once a day on the following feasts:
 - Sts. Fabian and Sebastian (Jan. 20).
 - Purification of B. V. M. (Feb. 2).
 - Once during the octave.
 - St. Andrew Corsini (Feb. 4).
 - On one of the nine Wednesdays preceding the feast of St. Joseph.

- St. Joseph and octave (Mar. 19).
 - Annunciation of B. V. M. and octave (Mar. 25).
 - Thursday in Holy Week.
 - Good Friday (Holy Communion not required).
 - Easter Sunday and octave.
 - Third Sunday after Easter, feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph and once during the octave.
 - Feast of the Ascension.
 - Finding of the Holy Cross (May 3).
 - St. Angelus (May 5).
 - St. Simon Stock (May 16).
 - St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi (May 25).
 - Pentecost Sunday and octave.
 - St. John the Baptist (June 24).
 - Sts. Peter and Paul and octave (June 29).
 - Visitation of B. V. M. (July 2).
 - St. Elias (July 20).
 - St. Anne (July 26).
 - St. Albert (Aug. 7).
 - Assumption of B. V. M. and octave (Aug. 15).
 - St. Joachim (Sunday after Assumption).
 - Transverberation of St. Teresa (Aug. 27).
 - Nativity of B. V. M. and octave (Sept. 8).
 - Exaltation of the Cross and octave (Sept. 14).
 - St. Michael and octave (Sept. 29).
 - St. Teresa and once during octave (Oct. 15).
 - All Saints and octave (Nov. 1).
 - All Souls (Nov. 2).
 - All Carmelite Saints (Nov. 14).
 - All Souls of the Carmelite Order (Nov. 15).
 - Presentation of B. V. M. (Nov. 21).
 - St. John of the Cross and once during the octave (Nov. 24).
 - Immaculate Conception of B. V. M. and octave (Dec. 8).
 - Christmas.
 - Attending at High Mass on Christmas.
- All these indulgences can be gained also by a visit to the parish church whenever it is impossible to visit a Carmelite church or a Confraternity church.
- All Carmelite churches have also the Indulgences of the Stations.
- Q.** What are indulgences of the Station?
- A.** Indulgences granted to Roman churches on certain days.
- Q.** What are the conditions required to gain the Indulgences of the Stations?
- A.** They are the usual ones, excepting that prayers for the Holy Father must be

said in all cases, even when there is only a partial indulgence, during the time of the visit to the church.

Q. Can these indulgences also be gained by those members of the Confraternity who cannot possibly visit a Carmelite church?

A. No. The indulgences of the Stations are only attached to Carmelite churches, and those parish churches in which the Confraternity of Mount Carmel has been canonically established.

Only the indulgences mentioned under number nine can be gained in any parish church whenever it is impossible to go to a Carmelite or Confraternity church.

We shall also give a list of partial local indulgences in the same order as we have given the plenary indulgences: First, those that can be gained in any parish church whenever it becomes impossible to visit a Carmelite church, and then those that can be gained only in Carmelite churches.

Local Indulgences not Plenary.

1. 87 years and 87 quarantines every Saturday and Sunday.
2. 7 years and 7 quarantines once a day by saying one Our Father in the church for the living and the dead.
3. 3 years and 3 quarantines every Thursday.
4. 3 years and 3 quarantines on every feast day of the Blessed Virgin.
5. Partial indulgences on following days:
 - 35 years and 35 quarantines on the feast of Sts. Fabian and Sebastian, and each day during the octave.
 - 425 years and 425 quarantines on the feast of the Purification of B. V. M.
 - 65 years and 65 quarantines on each day of the octave.
 - 87 years and 87 quarantines every week in Lent by a visit to the church on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.
 - 425 years and 425 quarantines on the feast of the Annunciation of B. V. M.
 - 65 years and 65 quarantines on every day of the octave.
 - 195 years and 195 quarantines on Good Friday.
 - 35 years and 35 quarantines on Easter Sunday and on every day of the octave.
 - 195 years and 195 quarantines on the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross (May 3.)

35 years and 35 quarantines on Pentecost Sunday and on every day of the octave.

35 years and 35 quarantines on the feast of St. John the Baptist and octave (June 24.)

39 years and 39 quarantines on the feast of the Visitation of B. V. M. and octave (July 2.)

425 years and 425 quarantines on the feast of the Assumption of B. V. M. (Aug. 15.)

65 years and 65 quarantines on every day of the octave.

The same indulgences on the feast and during the octave of the Nativity of B. V. M. (Sept. 8.)

195 years and 195 quarantines on the feast of the exaltation of the Holy Cross (Sept. 14.)

35 years and 35 quarantines on the feast and during the octave of St. Michael (Sept. 29.)

35 years and 35 quarantines on the feast and during the Octave of All Saints (Nov. 1.)

39 years and 39 quarantines on the feast and during the octave of the Presentation of the B. V. M. (Nov. 21.)

The same indulgences for the feast of the Immaculate Conception (Dec. 8.)

Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

Translated for the Review.

BY S. X. B.



"Y parents," said the narrator, "sent me to a well-known seminary to finish my studies—I had just entered philosophy. On the Feast of the Assumption, 1811, I was invested with the Scapular.

As the ceremony did not take place until evening, the various exercises of the house prevented me from reciting certain prayers which the confraters were in the habit of saying through devotion, every day. The hour for retiring came. I did not remember the omission until I had already lain down, and was about to extinguish a taper, which, through a sort of timidity, I had left burning up to that time. I then placed it near my pillow, without a thought of possible consequences, and proceeded to re-

eite the forgotten prayers. It was about nine o'clock when I finished, and fell fast asleep, and almost ten when I awoke.

"My first thought was of the taper so thoughtlessly left burning, and I sat up in an instant only to find myself in the midst of fire and smoke. The taper had fallen over and set the pillow on fire, the mattress was burned, the head board was charred and blackened, the room was so full of smoke that as soon as I opened the door to call for aid, the corridor was filled.

"As to myself, I was not injured in the least. Not a hair of my head was burned. The physician was astonished next day when he saw the traces of the conflagration in my room, that I had escaped so thoroughly.

"He said that one would think if I had been spared by the fire, the thick smoke would have suffocated me.

"I cannot think with calmness upon that night. What a tragedy might not have been the result! I attribute my wonderful preservation entirely to *our Lady of the Scapular*, that dear Mother who vouchsafed to protect me, doubtless for the prayers, in her honor, which I was reciting at the very moment when slumber closed my eyes."

November 21, at midnight, witnessed the breaking out of a fire which threatened absolute destruction to Dompnac, a small town of Vivarais. The wind was high, the night cold, for it was below zero, and intensely dark.

Every one was in his home, most of the citizens asleep, and the only sound which disturbed the silence was the varied cadence of the wind, as it brushed along. Now it would howl and shriek, as if a midnight demon rode the storm, then faintly moan as if lamenting the danger soon to come.

Suddenly the alarm bell sounded, and the terrible cry, "*Fire!*" rang out and brought despair to every heart. The storehouse of a wealthy merchant was in flames. In it were stored 5,000 bushels of flour, straw, and other inflammable materials. In a few moments the entire population appeared upon the scene. All were eager to assist. This impulse was so general that men came from a great distance when they heard the alarm bell. Water was carried, but the fire had gained

such headway, having reached the hay and straw, that all hope of saving the town seemed at an end. The heavy slate roof loosened by the heat now swayed and a new danger was to be apprehended.

The adjacent buildings filled at this season of the year with chestnuts, drying upon large tables, awaited a speedy destruction; the flames had already caught the doors of a large granary, and desolation seized the anxious crowd. What was to be done?

Suddenly a young girl, Anne Reynaud, a fervent member of the Sodality, moved by a happy inspiration, cried out that if a Scapular of our Lady were thrown into the fire it would quench the flames. She took off her own and handed it to one of the men, who, unable to throw it directly on account of the high wind, rolled it around a stone, and with unerring aim sent it into the blazing mass.

At that instant the fury of the fire abated, and it *reilly* seemed as if several tons of water had been poured into the seething pit. True, it was not entirely extinguished, but it went no further; the door of the granary above mentioned was charred, but nothing more.

At this signal mark of Mary's protecting power, hope sprang up in every heart, but the most remarkable fact was as yet unknown. At day dawn the town awoke to remember that it was the feast of the "Presentation" and to renew their thanks to Mary. Willing hands were ready to remove the debris of the fire, which was smouldering still. What was their astonishment to find the Scapular amid hot coals and stones, of which the heat was so great that they could not touch them, detached from the stone around which it had been twined, without a sign of the fiery ordeal through which it had passed the night before! The picture of the Blessed Virgin was perfect, even the strings had been preserved. The Scapular was placed at the feet of the Queen of Carmel in the chapel dedicated to her honor, where it can be seen by the faithful who daily come to pray at her shrine and find therein a new motive for confidence in our Lady of the Scapular.

(Signed.)

GUILHON,

Pastor of Dompnac, Ardeche.

From "Devotion a Marie," vol. ii.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
 PUBLISHED BY
 THE CARMELITE FATHERS
 IN HONOR OF
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
 AND IN THE INTEREST OF
 THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons,
 Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Arch-
 bishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, Oct., 1894. No. 10.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

PERSONS who write to us requesting answers must give their full address, as we cannot afford to guess at the writer. We have a letter signed "An Admirer of the CARMELITE REVIEW," asking a very personal question. We cannot send the answer to every "admirer." Always sign your full name, and if a woman, prefix "Miss" or "Mrs."

THE late decrees of the Congregation of Rites on sacred music have been rendered necessary by the frightful abuses that have crept into church music. In, alas! too many instances the character of church music had been altogether perverted. Some of the abuses would have been scandalous were they not so ludicrous, so evidently the outcome of ignorance.

MUSIC is the language of the heart, the language of emotions. Church music is, or ought to be, the language of the heart of the church, of the spouse of Christ. It should express *her* love, *her* praise, *her* thanksgiving, *her* petitions. How can this be done by adopting the languid, sentimental music of earthly love; the boisterous, noisy, turbulent music of worldly praise and thanksgiving; the frivolous, insolent petitions of human beggary? Is this the divine language of the spouse of Christ?

THERE will be no change in spite of the recent decrees until organists and choirs understand the divine feelings of the church, until they learn to love, praise, give thanks, and plead in harmony with

the church. Gregorian and so-called Cecilian music cannot even be rendered in a becoming manner without this higher perception of the inner life of the church, and of her supreme love for her spouse.

LET all our subscribers make an effort to increase the number of subscriptions to the CARMELITE REVIEW. We are doing very well so far, but it should be remembered that all the profits are to be for the benefit of the Hospice. The more subscribers the greater the profits. The greater the profits the greater the benefit to the Hospice. We are meeting with so much encouragement from the clergy as well as the catholic laity, that we do not make this appeal in a complaining spirit; it is merely an utterance of holy impatience. We are certain of the outcome, but we can hardly brook the delay, in our anxiety to do the good contemplated.

HIS HOLINESS, THE POPE, in his late letter on the holy Rosary, refers indirectly to Zola's infamous novel—"Lourdes," "Faith in the Blessed Virgin Mary," says the Pope, "has been called into ridicule by the impious." Let us, during this month, beg our Lady to strengthen our confidence in her, and answer the sneers of infidels by an increased devotion to the Queen of the holy Rosary.

WE have followed the doings of the Catholic Summer School with lively interest and rejoiced to note its success. It is our earnest wish that there be as many reading circles as there are parishes; that they all affiliate with the Catholic Summer School; that the resolutions adopted at the meeting of the Board of Trustees in August be carried out by all the circles; and that the *Chaplain Review* meet with far greater success than the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*. It fully deserves it, not only because it is a representative magazine of catholic learning and thought, but also because its editor, Warren E. Mosher, should not be expected to make personal sacrifices in the good cause without receiving full acknowledgement from all those who are interested in the success of a school which teaches catholic truth and science, the only truth and science there is.

BUILDING operations on the Hospice are to be resumed at once. All our friends and benefactors are requested kindly to further the work by their own continued interest in its completion, and by interesting others in this great undertaking, blessed by the Holy Father. We have received several applications from priests, advanced in age, who desire to spend their remaining days in retirement, and it has been a source of grief to us that we were forced to refuse them, as the building will not be completed for many a day to come, unless the means, furnished by Christian generosity, prove to be more abundant in future.

* *

We ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Mary Brett, Dublin, Ireland. We have received a letter from her daughter, *Enfant de Marie*, giving the most edifying details of her death. We cannot refrain from quoting some parts of the letter.—"Her life and death were saintly. Monsignor Plunkett who attended her daily said he never met so edifying a sufferer, and that she was really a saint. Her sufferings were awful but her joy, peace and continual prayer most wonderful.... Monsignor said mass in the room on Corpus Christi, the day she was laid to rest and several of the family received holy communion in presence of the dear departed who looked very saintly in the Carmelite habit, pure, white as snow, and a saintly smile on her face... The last gift I ever sent her was the lovely picture of our Lady of Mount Carmel you sent me. She used to add to the Litany, 'Mother and Ornament of Carmel pray for us.'"

* *

THE Eucharistic Congress, lately held at Notre Dame, is a gratifying sign of the times. For the times are not altogether bad. Side by side with the steady increase of crime and corruption of the world there is a constant increase of godliness in the bosom of the church. Witness the surprising spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart which has, in such a short time, produced such an immense harvest of prayer and good works. The clergy has been at the head of this movement of supernatural life, and is trying to draw nearer and nearer to the Hidden Lover of mankind, as He alone is

able to satisfy the hungry multitudes, slaves of a brutal, selfish world. "Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you," saith the Lord. Salvation for the world can be only found at the foot of the tabernacle, not in liberal theories and social panaceas, which exert such a fatal influence even upon some of our modern clergymen.

* *

THE great secret of Saint Teresa's holiness lay in her utter indifference to anything and everything that was not connected with the love of God. For Him and His service nothing could be too good. She made a vow always to do the work of God in the most perfect manner possible to her. Therefore she was afraid of nothing. A bookmark which she used bore the following beautiful aphorisms written by her own hand and translated from the Spanish by our American poet, Longfellow:

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing afflict thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

* *

THE month of the ROSARY! The month of the most democratic prayer, the people's prayer, the most catholic or universal prayer. It is the creed of the catholic, the Lord's prayer, the angel's prayer, supplemented by the prayer of the church and the doxology, wound around the life and passion and glory of our Lord and our Lady. Surely not one of the many families, reached by our REVIEW will turn a deaf ear to the expressed wishes of our Holy Father. Gathering all the members of the family around the throne of Mary they will every evening offer their garlands of roses to her, 'The white roses of the joyful mysteries; the red roses of the sorrowful mysteries; and the golden yellow roses of the glorious mysteries. The rich perfume of these roses will not only ascend into heaven but will also suffuse sweetness in their houses, and make parents more fatherly and motherly to their children, and children more filial to their parents. Our Lady of Peace will be the Queen of that household.

KIND NOTICES.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW of Falls View, Ontario, is publishing in serial form a very interesting and instructive life of that eminent Catholic journalist, James A. McMaster. No doubt this new feature of that excellent periodical will procure for it many new subscribers in the United States.—*The Review*.

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We cull the following from a long article on the Carmelites in a late number of *La Vanguardia*, an able weekly published at Barcelona, Spain:—"The Carmelites of our day, although poor and reduced in number, understanding the noble and powerful mission of the press, and the necessity of fighting valiantly the battle of intelligence in the cause of the church, for sixteen years patronized the publication of a periodical which formed an epoch in the annals of our press. They edited a Carmelite library of good and useful books among which there are many written by Carmelite authors, and they encouraged art by publishing many engravings, pictures, and other works of art. They gave the impetus to other similar publications in different countries, the most excellent of which is the CARMELITE REVIEW, published by the Carmelite Fathers in Canada. This monthly is certainly one of the best periodicals of its kind that can be found anywhere."

THE DYING SINNER.

For the Carmelite Review.

I.

"Help—help me!" What was that?
O! whence came that cry?
From yonder death bed: From
A man, doomed to die—
A sinner—and one who
Repents of his crime
But not with true sorrow
"O time—give me time!"

II.

List—Let us listen
Ah what does he say—
He calls upon God
But it is not
To pray.
Remorse—'tis remorse,
Not repentance sincere;
He shrinks from God's judgment.
Ah! well may he fear.

III.

"Help! help me! I'm lost,"
Still rings out that wild cry—
"Away with those demons—
Do not let me die.
See, taunting and mocking
They stand all around;
O! save me from hearing
That horrible sound."

IV.

The friend of the dying—
The priest—hastens there—
With sweet words of mercy
With love, hope, and prayer—
"I'm dying, and there is
No mercy for me
Or from these dread visions
I would be set free."

V.

The badge of our Lady—
He flings far away—
"I forgot her for years—
Why invoke her to-day!"
One moment's true sorrow
Would cancel his crime,
And the merciful Saviour
Gave more than that time.

VI.

But though mercy incarnate
To man—God is just,
And this obdurate sinner
Alas! must be thrust
Into hell—into tortures
That never will end,
Where darkness and fire
Together will blend.

VII.

Take warning, O! sinners
From his dreadful fate,
And call upon Mary—
Before 'tis too late,
Sure refuge of sinners
And Mother most dear,
Our Lady of Carmel,
Protect us whilst here!
—EUGENE J. BLAKELY.

WHATEVER our place, allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of honor and duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—EDWARDS.

Something About the Life and Spirit of St. Philip Neri.

(Written for the Carmelite Review by a Father of the London Oratory.)

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

§ 8. *Philip's Ways.*



N bringing back the Apostolic age, St. Philip was asserting the sanctity of *homo*. In that first age of the church, there were no convents—but, what mighty saints! The world does not get better, the older it becomes.

The descendants of Adam, neither in health, nor strength, nor wisdom, nor science improve on that, which the first man received in his creation, and was taught directly by his Maker. Nor are our modern saints greater than those of the Apostolic times. The holiness of those who lived upon earth in the company of Jesus and Mary is simply indescribable. And yet, it was homely, unpretending, in external aspect common-place, though really guided by the Holy Spirit, and crowned finally by glorious martyrdom. Early Christians were not told to "keep time-tables" to make "particular exams." They were told to avoid sin and to rejoice in the Lord. In innocence and joy, these Christians loved one another, and lived holly in a corrupt and wicked world. Now, these things were the very points on which our saint laid stress when guiding and guarding souls, these constitute his spirit.

With beautiful sympathy, gentleness and brotherly affection, St. Raphael once came from heaven, and occupied himself with the affairs, the joys, the sorrows, the marriage, the temporal and spiritual welfare of Tobias and his family. Angelic being though he was, he made himself one of them while with them here. In the same way, Philip came to the world, in compassion, in kindness, in condescension to its weakness. He moved about fearlessly, joyously, winningly; men thought it was one of themselves, only wondrous bright and pure, the very personification of joy and innocence. They were not far wrong;

he was not a second Raphael, nor was he just one of themselves—he was a living saint.

As to joy, "no one ever saw him melancholy, nor would he let others be sad." A playful, painless box on the ear was what people got from him if they looked dismal. He would say: "Look cheerful." He inculcated his doctrine in the following maxims: "Cheerfulness strengthens the heart and makes us persevere in a good life, wherefore the servant of God ought always to be in good spirits." "The true way to advance in holy virtue is to persevere in holy cheerfulness." "The cheerful are much easier to guide in the spiritual life than the melancholy." "In this life there is no purgatory; it is either heaven or hell; for, to him who serves God truly, every trouble and infirmity turns into consolation, and amidst all kinds of trouble he has a paradise within himself even in this world; and he who does not serve God truly and gives himself up to sensuality, has one hell in this life and another in the next." Thus taught Philip, and his room was called: "The School of Christian Mirth."

Then, as to innocence and avoiding the sins to which those living in the world are especially exposed, he had his spirit and his sayings—very like the teachings in St. Paul's Epistles, of which he was so fond. "The Patriarchs possessed riches, and had wives and children, but they lived without defiling their affections with these things, although they possessed them, because they only allowed themselves the use of them, and were ready to abandon them in whatever way the majesty of God might require." "Let us despise gold, silver, jewels, and all that the blind and cheated world prizes." "Men of rank ought to dress like their equals, and be accompanied by their servants as their state requires; but modesty should go with it all." Detachment, not abandonment, was all he asked. To be "poor in spirit" sufficed. He said: "Give me ten men really detached from the world, and I have the heart to believe I could convert the world with them."

§ *Philip's Way with Men.*

Undoubtedly, Saint Philip is the saint for men living in the world. Founders of religious orders have with cautious pity

called men from it, but what other saint has had the courage and kindness to tell them to stay there, and that he would help them? He said: "When seculars have once chosen the secular state, let them persevere in it and in the devout exercises with which they began, and in their works of charity, and they shall have contentment at their death." And this was said at a time when the secular state was infested with dangers as the south seas are with sharks! Idleness, pomp, ambition, evil companionships, dissolute practices, were then corrupting the manhood of the Roman lady, and making society thoroughly wicked. However, St. Philip seems to have thought that perhaps it was not all their own fault that people were what they were, and that with a little good advice and kind encouragement they might do better. So, he said: "When fathers have given their sons a good education, and put everything clearly and distinctly before them, their sons who succeed them and continue to follow the road marked out for them, will have the advantage of seeing the family persevere in holy ways and in the fear of God." He was against the modern, wild and inordinate desire to be first, to get to the top of the ladder, to become rich at a bound, however much others might be injured. Sons were to remain contentedly in the state and occupations inherited from their fathers. They had no need of shop windows and advertisements. It would have startled St. Philip not a little, had he seen the frantic and grotesque efforts of these days to secure customers at any cost, by any means; but, all the same, he would still try, perhaps all the harder, to win men in the world to the love of God.

Neither then, nor now, nor at any period would it be easy to make men pious. Think of the difficulty in their case as contrasted with the case of women. These have in their domestic life sources of sanctification not vouchsafed to men. Whereas, men are divided into those who are perpetually hard at work, those who cannot work, or, worse still, who need not work, and, lastly, those whose work is dull, mechanical, uninteresting—rather a new danger than the blessing-bringing punishment imposed by our merciful God.

Well, what was Philip's method with

men? In the first place, he gave them the love of his heart in quite a peculiar way. He cared for them, he loved them in a feeling, affectionate way, a way that was full of tenderness and sympathy. He had left home, but he did not leave his heart there, he brought away from that home an undiminished power of love, gentleness, affection, sympathy, caresses, and offered them generously, heartily, alike to rich and poor, noble and lowly, old and young—with, perhaps, a little partiality to the young. You may fancy, because of our British reserve and English stiffness, because of a certain coldness of manner, and an attitude of almost defiance, of indifference, a dislike to exhibit any emotion, that men, being men, are very little moved by such winning ways as these: by kind looks and smiles and caresses. If they come from a beautiful, venerable, white-haired saint, perfumed with the fragrances of heaven and of his own sinless soul if they tell with tears and sighs to the sad, the sick, the tempted, that they are held most dear by God's priest—if poor, thought-tempted heads are taken between white hands and pressed to a throbbing breast—then, believe it, men will yield them to the spell, and become Philip's sons, ready to do anything for his dear sake.

Then, as now, human respect was that part of worldliness which did most mischief to souls. St. Philip waged cruel war upon it. I will tell you a secret—in this, men are not so brave as they fiercely pretend to be. They shrink from being laughed at, noticed and despised by other men for any attempt at piety. Even good women seem at times to think less of a pious young man than they think of a careless and wicked one. What a horrible accusation, what an atrocious charge! Nevertheless, it is true. He is more interesting, is credited with finer qualities who goes dashing to the devil, than the one whobridles his passions, inflicts no injury, commits no sin. Worldliness does this, and thereby, human respect reigns victoriously. Extravagance, sloth, idleness, wrong conversations, and things yet worse, are done out of human respect and fear of ridicule!

St. Philip came to the rescue, and, thanks to his attractiveness, the cause of piety and devotion became popular and strong. To overcome human respect, he banded his

men together, brought them to know one another, made them affectionate with one another (easier, perhaps, to Italians than to English,) made them all meet at the same time in his own room, and there talked vice and folly out of them and goodness into them. "Avoid bad company, avoid nourishing your bodies delicately, avoid idleness." This he would say to the young, and he would see that they did so. "Let young men be cheerful, and indulge in the recreations proper to their age, provided they keep out of the way of sin." He would make them play, and himself join in their sports. One of the companions of the saint, when he was dying of old age, used to talk of those days of his youth when Father Philip, as he boasted, used to like to have him on his side when playing quoits. Cheerful, bright, happy, truthful, playful, earnest souls—in these he delighted, these he kept from evil by a hundred holy wiles.

To show that his horror of human respect had not been exaggerated, let one more characteristic saying of the Saint be quoted: "He who cannot put up with the loss of his honor can never make any progress in the spiritual life." And he exercised them in a thousand follies to make them truly wise. He did not imprudently leave them too much to themselves, nor would he tolerate self-confidence. "There is no greater danger than not fearing danger." "When a man does not distrust himself and is without fear, it is all over with him." "To say, I shall not fall, is an almost infallible sign that he will fall, and all the more grievously." "It is absolutely necessary for young men to make sure of persevering, that they avoid wicked companions and be familiar with good ones." And so, they found themselves in the little oratory, watched over and entertained, mortified and encouraged in a thousand ways. In those days, and with S. Philip, the "devout female sex" did not have it all their own way; men, for a time at least, took the lead in piety.

§ S. Philip's Direction of Women.

It is only fitting and right to declare that Saint Philip did not exclude women from his kind care and guidance, although the degree in which he occupied himself with their spiritual welfare was small com-

pared to his work with men. Still, we should not understand his spirit, unless we studied his method of directing women in the paths of holiness and virtue. Women have shown a disposition to resent the manner in which his especial care of men is pointed out by certain writers, who fail to reflect that a saint may do certain things and take a line of his own, and displease nobody, while the mere recital of the saint's views, when made by a sinner, seems enough to rouse a storm of indignation. Let this explanation account for the caution amounting almost to cowardice with which the following account is hazarded:

To women, St. Philip, then, gave this counsel: "To stay indoors, not to go abroad willingly, and to attend to their household duties, Martha of Spoleto was so much praised by him, because "she minded her spinning."

Why should women stay at home? To avoid observation. Women naturally have a great desire to be seen and admired of all their vanities this is the greatest. In order to attract notice—admiring notice is of course what they expect—too many of them sacrifice health, comfort, everything, and persist even to extreme old age silly provoking the derision of those to whom their object is all too plain.

Women should stay at home—to avoid the dangers to which they are exposed by their love of finery—finery which they would rather display to others than gloat over in private. They calculate on producing an effect not merely by the face and features nature has bestowed, but even by dress and ornament, by affected manners, by fine airs. They try to surpass one another in these things—mothers, daughters, shop girls, servants, all alike ludicrous when abroad, though quiet and sensible enough for the most part when at home.

Women are told to stay at home—because of their love of useless visits, and the faults to which these give occasion. It is asserted, sometimes untruly, often ill-naturedly, that the conversation during such visits chiefly consists of gossip and criticism, that some women then indulge in frivolous chattering, some in spiteful remarks, that then jealousies are aroused—jealousies because of friends, of dress, of wealth, of good looks, that then are con-

municated aversions and dislikes! If only part of all this is true, it is easy to see why St. Philip counselled women to stay at home.

Stay at home—out of theatres, galleries, shops, out of one another's houses, remain un-noticed. Many women crave for some notice even of their piety. Now, St. Philip knew this well, and though never unkind or discourteous, was rather short and sharp even with the best of them, ever with his own penitents. It must be admitted, it was easy for him to assume this manner; he was in a catholic population, whose women understood and rather expected something of the sort. In catholic countries, the women for the most part are sensible, and submit. Where there is no real sickness, or sin, or sorrow to be dealt with, there can be, according to St. Philip, only "waste of time." He said he thought little of women's spiritual favors, visions, tears, ecstasies, and he let them know it. He said their confessors were not to make much account of such things. He knew so much can be put down to hysterical nervousness; and in one case, where a girl—to be noticed—was making out that she was possessed by the devil, like an old-fashioned Irish priest, he told her brother "to give her a good beating when she carried on that nonsense."

Let no one think that St. Philip despised, or undervalued women, or failed to avail himself of their assistance in all good works. Cardinal Capecelatro, St. Philip's illustrious son, has been well inspired to set forth in his eloquent "Life of the Saint" the more exact truth on this debated point, and shows that devout women have every right to claim St. Philip as a friend and father.

The nineteenth century woman would scarcely obtain countenance from our saint. She disregards his first counsel, and declines to stay at home. The political, athletic, gymnastic, public-lecturing, the photographically-celebrated, the strong-minded, muscular women of our days would "try the patience of a saint"—even of St. Philip! And so, let us deprive them of the gratification of which they too are keenly desirous—the pleasure of *being noticed!*

But it is necessary to end. Our undertaking was to say *something* about St. Philip, not everything. Devotion to him is still ardent, and requires no promptings;

few saints are more popular, if we may use the word, than he. Three hundred years ago his earthly labors ceased, but his work has lasted to this day, and his spirit sways more and more the mind and heart of the church. Of this there can be no stronger, no more consoling proof than the fact that already numbers of the faithful throughout the whole world are associating with the faithful of the Eternal City to celebrate next year with due splendor and devotion the tercentenary festival of the Apostle of Rome.

THE END.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND NICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

"IT'S THE LAW."

II.

"Have you any more restrictions to the rule of the majority?"

"Yes, as you will presently see. Supposing a law were passed, involving such rapid changes, that no one would derive any benefit from it, or at least but few, would such a law be good?"

"I suppose not, but I do not think that any such law was ever made."

"Remember the law referring to national parks of the size of a state. They are useless to the great majority, cost large sums of money, and will be a source of corruption."

"Yet I understand, that the object of these parks is chiefly the saving of the forests, and this is not only a good, but a necessary thing."

"I admit this. But a park is not necessary for the purpose. All the government has to do is to refuse sale of these lands and to appoint a few watchmen to see that no wood is stolen. Anything beyond this is useless, and a law to be what it should be, must confer a real benefit to the country as such, else it becomes an abuse and caricature of a law, and therefore any measures passed for sectional purposes, which are useless to others, is useless and unjust."

"Now you are going too far. On the strength of your principle we might object to any bill for harbor improvement, custom

houses and the like, for they benefit only certain localities."

"You are mistaken. Anything calculated to improve commerce, industry or civilization does not benefit the place only from which it starts, but confers real and lasting benefits upon the whole country, just like the rays emanating from the one sun shed light over our whole planet. Such bills are decent and just."

"But surely you cannot expect every single bill to apply to every single body, and hence according to your ideas most of the laws are unjust, and restricted to your standard, legislation would become well nigh impossible."

"Not at all. First of all we are talking not of federal law only, but of any kind of law, and therefore the idea of 'all' is to be measured by the origin and compass of the law, and secondly the term justice applies differently according to the object in question."

"I understand your first proposition well enough, but I confess I do not know what you mean by the second. Justice is either what the term implies, or it is injustice."

"Pray, what does the term imply?"

"Why, I take it to signify a fair and equal dealing with all subject to the law, so that there are not different measures for different bodies."

"That's good enough, Sam, as far as it goes, but let us apply it practically and you will find that it is not a comprehensive definition. You say justice forbids different measures for different bodies. How would you apply that to custom laws, for instance?"

"In this way, that no one would be allowed to smuggle or to beat the government by undervaluation, or claim exemption from duties, but all would pay the same amount of duties for the same quantity and quality of imported goods."

"Is that all?"

"What else should it be? I do not see how you can make it any fairer."

"Not in regard to individuals, but do not the legislators owe a duty to the commonwealth as such; are they not bound to legislate so that the greatest good accrues therefrom to the nation?"

"Certainly, but this is always supposed."

"In this case the supposition is false. For the tariff is not arranged to benefit the

country, but to enrich the few at the expense of the many, and to maintain a fictitious standard of value of things. Is this fair, is it just? However, I do not intend to discuss taxation at present; we may have an opportunity later on, so let us pass this and take something else, for instance our criminal code. What do you think of this?"

"I cannot see what you are driving at. If a man commits a crime it places him outside the protection of the law and it is but just that he should be punished for it."

"Of course. But it is not this I meant. What is a just basis for the different punishments?"

"This is a hard question to answer. I suppose it is just the way the framers of the law look at it."

"If this were the case the laws would have no objective basis at all, and such, unfortunately, is the case with many of our American laws. There must be a standard by which to measure the offence, and justice forbids to deal out heavy punishments for slight offences and light punishments for real crimes. Now, I ask again, what is the standard?"

"I suppose the standard is the injury done to others by the act."

"What injury is done to others by drinking a glass of beer in a prohibition state? or on a Sabbath in any other state? None whatever, and yet it is punished, making an offence the most elemental right of man, to eat and drink when, what and where he pleases."

"But public opinion is against it and everyone has to submit to it."

"There you bring the subjective standard again to prevail against the objective, and make the justice of a law depend on the fleeting whims of an impressionable crowd, who sways from one extreme into the other. Public opinion, unsupported by an objective basis, is mob rule and nothing else. It changes with time, place and individual; it has ebbs and tides like the ocean: it is a surging mass of half developed, indigestible notions and aspirations, and no business man of any sense would allow it to influence him in the conduct of his business. And such phantasmagoria should form the basis of laws?"

"If you thus condemn my standard, Mick,

let us have yours, and I dare say I will find it just as faulty as you find mine."

"I'll give you my standard by and by; for the moment I am satisfied to show you that your standard is false. Let us take another case. What do you think of our pension laws?"

"I must confess that I do not consider them altogether fair, though it is but just that the government should help those who in defence of their country have lost limb or health."

"No objection at all in regard to the disabled veterans of the war, and I rejoice to think that in this case the lie was given to the proverbial ingratitude of republics. I refer to the pension laws passed by the Billion Dollar Congress, pensioning people who served the country in times of peace, never smelled powder, got liberal bounties and wages, and suffered nothing whatever."

"It must be admitted that these pensions were unnecessary."

"They were not only unnecessary, they were an outrage upon the country, and this all the more since they were confined to military service, leaving out the hundreds of other officers who did more for the good of the country than these soldiers. I look upon these laws as wholesale buying of votes, therefore bribery and nothing else. Take still another thing. What do you think of the silver laws?"

"No doubt the country needs money, and the more we have the better we are off."

"This is an imagination. It is not the nominal quantity of coin that makes the country prosperous, but the purchasing value of the money decides the matter. If for one dollar you can buy more now than you could get for two dollars thirty years ago, the one dollar now is worth more than the two were then. And the attempt to force upon the country millions of depreciated coin, which would destroy our credit abroad and paralyze business at home, is an infamy and ought to be punished like treason."

"These silver laws were abrogated and the Bland bill was vetoed. What else do you want?"

"It is no matter to me in which way the laws were introduced or abolished. My question is, had anybody a right ever to introduce or pass such laws, and I answer, decidedly no. Justice, I repeat it, does not

depend upon fluctuating opinions; whatever is just in itself is always just; whatever lacks intrinsic justice is always unjust. Thence I conclude that the dictum, 'It's the law,' does not say anything relative to the value and binding force of a law, and the fact that a majority passed the law, or even the unanimity in passing it, does not invest a law with intrinsic value or binding force either. The majority rules only under certain suppositions, which when wanting, strip the majority of its right and the law of its force."

Say Your Beads; Keep Saying Them.

We once knew a lady who had been a Protestant all her life up to the age of more than fifty years. Then she became converted. She had the faith, she wished to be a good and loyal Catholic, but there was something wanting, though she could not tell what it was. A friend asked her if she said her Rosary. She replied that she loved and honored our Blessed Lady, but she never could find any interest or fervor in saying the beads. Her friend said to her: "Say your beads; keep saying them. No matter if you do not like it or understand it at first, say the Rosary every day." She followed the advice; gradually she began to feel the charm and attraction of the Rosary, her heart opened to a new set of influences, she gained fervor and devotion; she came at once into fuller understanding and sympathy with the Church and with Catholic ways and traditions. She carries her beads always with her, and says them as regularly and devoutly as any good old Catholic woman who has said them from childhood.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

TO LISTEN to one's passions and prejudices, is the saddest of weaknesses and the greatest of misfortunes.

IN the government of men a great deal may be done by severity, more by love, but most of all by the clear discernment and impartial justice which pays no respect to persons.

BE in peace with many, but let one of a thousand be thy counsellor. . . . In all thy works let the true word go before thee, and steady council before every action.—*ECCLES.*

A Trip to Kerry and Cork.

BY REV. A. E. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

From the Carmelite Review.



HAVING left Dublin by an early train, after a few hours traveling, I reached Killarney. This is needless to say, an enchanting region. Its scenery is the most beautiful in the world, and defies description. There is scarcely a square mile between Killarney and the sea, that is not dowered with charms as characteristic as they are rare. Here you enter a valley both wild and rugged. On either side the mountains rise boldly up to peaks over two thousand feet high. The mountain sides are rocky and barren, streaked with a slight vegetation, and here and there with a tinge of green. In other places the slopes become covered with woods, and groves of dark green holly and oak, beech and aspen, enlivened by mountain ash which, at this season, wears a profusion of crimson berries. Cradled in the hills are high mountain lakes, occasionally drained by cascades, which flash in the sunlight as they descend down to the sea that breaks in silver foam almost at the foot of the mountains. The coast line is profusely studded with islands, their surfaces covered with a profusion of vegetation, dwarf oaks, dark green hollies, bright green ash, and brilliant fuschias along the coast. After a day's rain, not uncommon, the water rushes in torrents, breaking and splashing over the rocks, and finally with a plunge commingles with the deep in a dark channel as smooth as glass, and so ends in a sheltered and beautiful little creek its wild career from the mountain lake where it takes its rise. It is lovely to see the rain drops sparkling on the gorse, to behold the purple heather, and look on the sea spread out like silver. Then, too, to see the sunshine chase the shower till the veil is lifted from the islands and coast line, and finally from off the mountains. The coasts of Kerry and Cork are really magnificent. Nestling in its woods, under the towering hills, and beside a stretch of golden strand, where the Atlantic flings its wrecks unchecked, its waves unbroken, save by the rocky islands at the mouth of the bay, lies the home of

O'Connell. Dennis Florence McCarty has sung its praises. Truly, a home for a chief. There is the dining-room where the liberator dispensed hospitality like a prince; the library with its books and relics—one, that deadly pistol that shot D'Este, the Orangeman, in a duel; the table and chair, which he received when Lord Mayor of Dublin; the little chapel in which he used to pray. This is a spot for Irishmen to visit, the mountain home of the greatest champion of civil and religious liberty that this country has ever seen. But I must hurry on by Kenmare, Glengarriff, Bantry, and "Ione Gaugane Barra" by Bandon to Kinsale for the celebration of the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption. Kinsale is a very ancient town. It was a flourishing place when the Mayflower landed the Pilgrims on the shores of New England, when the red Indian hunted on Manhattan, and where the wild buffalo roamed, where now stand the great centres of western civilization. It had its charter from Edward the III, before the battle of Crecy was fought; two hundred years before the defeat of the Armada, three hundred before the battle of the Boyne, and five hundred before the famous victory of Waterloo. It had its Burgess role, its court of session, and members of parliament. Its name means the head of the sea. It is associated with great events in the history of Ireland. In 1380, a Spanish fleet landed here, after doing much harm on the coast of England, but suffered a reverse by the English fleet. Here a great battle was fought, in 1601, when the Irish army, under the famous chiefs Hugh O'Neill, Hugh O'Donnell, and Donal O'Sullivan Beare, came to the relief of their ally, Don Juan O'Aquilla, then lying beleaguered in the town, which was besieged by a powerful English force. Unfortunately they were defeated by the Saxons. Many places round the town, bear to this day interesting marks of this terrible siege. Half a century later witnesses another siege in the reign of Charles the First. Then the Cromwell rebellion brought on another battle; again in the time of the French Invasion, it came into great importance.

Here, in 1380, the Carmelites built their church and convent, which, through weal and woe, have held their own, except for a short time, during the penal days. Here the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption is car-

ried out with great splendor and pomp. Hundreds approach the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist. Crowds come from all sides for the High Mass and procession. The church, though spacious, cannot contain them. The people of the south are truly Catholic and pious. They have a great love for Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Few can be found who are not invested. It is a beautiful sight to behold them on their way to work saying the Rosary. The procession was really beautiful. To see the people with banners, flowers, and other signs of respect to the Blessed Sacrament, and the long line of young men and maidens, with white-veiled children winding their way up the hill to where the Benediction was given, was a scene not easily forgotten.

A BRIDE OF CARMEL.

*Translated from the German for the Review
by Fr. James, O. C. C.*



COMPARATIVELY little known, and even less visited, are the Convents of the daughters of St. Theresa. This, no doubt, is owing to their scarcity, their strict enclosure, and their total seclusion from the world. There may, therefore, be something of a disclosure to many of our readers in the description of the reception of a Carmelite nun.

There was a spell of "hard times" when a young lady made known her resolution of becoming a Carmelite nun. It was with bitter anguish and tears that her mother became aware of it; she felt as if she could not consent, nor yet prevent it, since her beloved daughter was of age. Besides, how could she dare to oppose the voice of the Lord, who called her child?

Hilda wanted to take the veil of Innsbruck. The little Convent there is of quite a recent date. There were three daughters of the Lithographer, K., who wished to be Carmelites. To gratify their wishes, their father bought the so-called "Golden Castle" and deeded it over to the Carmelites, on condition that they found a Convent at Innsbruck. It was on the 19th of May, 1846, that three Carmelite nuns, who had been sent from Prague, arrived at Innsbruck. Under the most straitened

circumstances, the infant community slowly developed, literally battling against hunger and starvation. They were once even obliged to ring the "famine bell," which is permitted only when twenty-four hours pass without there being any food in the house. Contrary to all human expectations the Convent became a reality. Its walls were raised in the revolutionary year, 1848, and became inhabited midst the usual solemn ceremonies on July 20th of the same year. At that time the "Golden Castle" was located in the middle of a field; it is now long since surrounded by the city, and resembles, encircled by two railroads, a finger pointing heavenwards amidst the bustle of the world.

Hilda's mother came to Innsbruck for the first time, when her daughter was to receive the habit. Her poor heart felt a pang, as she beheld the black, thorn-like, double grates, through which henceforth her intercourse with her daughter was to be held. The venerable Mother Prioress accompanied the young postulant to the parlor. With the exception of parents, brothers and sisters, no one is ever permitted to gaze at an unveiled Carmelite nun, once she has made her vows. It is only after death when the corpse rests in its bier near the open grate window, that every one is once more allowed to look upon the countenance of the Spouse of Christ. But before the casket is closed, the veil is again lowered over the pale calm face, and veiled, the corpse is lowered to its final place of rest.

Although Hilda's mother could not, for this reason, look upon the Mother's face, yet her cordial, friendly manner took her heart captive; her grief was soothed and became more bearable. This estimable lady had been in a high station of life, bred and reared in one of the most refined families of Bohemia, and had been since the foundation of the Convent, each time re-elected to fill the office of Prioress. She led the young postulant, still clad in her black secular garments, to where her mother was awaiting her, and left the two to themselves. Hilda again and again reassured her mother of her happiness, of her yearning desire to give herself up entirely to her Lord—as a Virginal handmaid of His—and the bitter sting of separation from her mother (the world she had long since given up) was softened by the elevat-

ing prospect that henceforth she was to belong unreservedly to the Most High.

The following morning she appeared, richly dressed in a dress of damask, her head covered with a fine wreath, and a veil of exquisite texture, into which the emblematic myrtle had been wrought. The heavy curtains of the choir were drawn back; one could take in, at a glance, the large room with its high stalls, which were now filled with silent forms clad in white Carmelite mantles, holding in their hands burning tapers, whose flames, like the prayers of the nuns, were leaping upwards, fitting emblems of the motto that was theirs in truth, "Sursum Corda."

The venerable old priest, having asked Hilda what her desire was, reminded her to consider well the step she was about to take, and he put before her vividly all that she would forego, and the strict religious life she was to embrace. Hilda, as firm as ever, repeated her request to be allowed to join the Virginal ranks of the "chosen ones," whereupon the mistress of Novices led her away, to be clad in the religious habit. Her mother knew that now those beautiful tresses were to fall a victim to the cruel shears, and that her daughter would return, in the humble garb of a Carmelite nun.

The mother was still wrapped up in the consideration of the touching spectacle she had just witnessed,—her daughter, her only dear child, whose merry laughter had so often dispelled the clouds of anxiety and care, dressed like a bride and kneeling like one in ecstasy, whilst the bright sheen of the numerous tapers on the altar surrounded her form with a flood of light like the glorious halo of sanctity—when she was recalled to the reality. No longer her child, no longer her own Hilda, but now a lowly daughter of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, in the brown habit, stood in the sanctuary. Before her a large black funeral cloth was spread, and in the course of the ceremonies Hilda, now "Sister Gabriel Theresa of the Annunciation," prostrated herself in the shape of a cross, and was covered with the pall. The funeral bell was tolled; it was the parting knell to the world to which she now was dead. The poor mother wept as if her heart would break; to her, too, her daughter was now dead, albeit she could visit her every year, as a daughter she was,

indeed, dead—dead as much as if death's icy hand had touched her. Sister Gabriel arose, a pale and calm seriousness spread over her countenance, and was led from one nun to the other, to receive from each the sisterly embrace and kiss of peace.

After a year she made her vows. Even then the steps she had taken still caused her mother some pain. It was opposed to her somewhat worldly mind that her own child should be forever separated from her by Convent walls and cloister grates, and that she could not even touch Sister Gabriel's hands in a motherly clasp. Not less painful was to her the knowledge that she never slept in a soft bed, never tasted meat, kept a severe fast and strict silence, that she continually practised the most austere self-mortification. Seven hours of prayer, seven of labor, seven hours only for rest, and the remainder for meals and the most necessary recreation. The mother thought this hard, very hard, indeed; notwithstanding that her daughter assured her that she "slept soundly on a layer of straw," that she "never even had a desire for flesh-meats," and that she had "easily become accustomed to woollen garments." "The only thing that had, at first, seemed hard, was frequent interruption of sleep, but one would become soon accustomed to that, too, and if people only knew how happy and contented Convent life is, they all would run to the Convents."

Sister Gabriel looks well now, is cheerful and bright, and every visit her mother pays her, strengthens conviction in her that her child is happy, that truly she hath chosen the better part.

Not because she had entered the Convent was her mother so much pained, but that she had selected such a strict order. But now this lady understands that in proportion as the cloister rules are stricter and the breach with the world more decided and clearly marked, so much the better it is, too, for the one that goes to the Convent. As long as the world comes pouring into Convent life through ties and relations, be they ever so innocent, they, to say the least, tend to distract, to impede and render more difficult that complete unreserved abandonment of the nun to her Divine Spouse. Fortunately for her peace of mind, the mother understands this now,

and sees in the strict enclosure the only security for her child's happiness.

Twelve years have passed since that memorable day when she departed, with many tears, from the Convent, after Sister Gabriel's reception. The hour is at hand when she is, once more, to pay her wonted annual visit. These twelve years have wrought no change in the happiness of Sister Gabriel, but, they have, indeed, wrought a great change in the sentiments of the mother. The separation from her child is still painful to her, but she has also long since realized that the grace of a religious vocation is one of heaven's sublimest gifts.

Calmly and peacefully the days now pass over the cell of the Spouse of Christ, halcyon days that have no storms in their train. But, oh! how much anguish and heartache, how much anxiety and care have they not brought to the mother! First of all, her husband's death; then her only son, too, was snatched away by the same icy hand; finally, her own dear old mother. She is now lonesome in the world, and when does, or when can the cold world with its continual gaieties and frivolities ever give that peace and security that belongs to the Spouse of Christ, who has for her portion "the better part"—Him who is the Prince of Peace, and who alone can in all trouble and turmoil refresh the soul!

HOWEVER wise a man may be, he ought to seek counsel and direction from the ministers of God.—**ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.**

THERE are two things which impede the success of prayer—perseverance in sin, and a refusal to forgive injuries.—**ST. ISIDORE.**

PATIENCE in suffering is one of the greatest means of pleasing and of uniting one's self to the Heart of Jesus.—**ST. VERONICA.**

THERE is something which makes your heart more conformable to the Heart of Jesus than sincerity and humility.—**BLESSED MARGARET MARY.**

BE assured that of all the moments of your life, the time that you spend in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament will be that which will give you the greatest support during life, and the greatest consolation at the hour of death.—**ST. LIGORI.**

PETITIONS.

W. D. V. asks prayers for the conversion of his relatives: fervent prayers are also asked for a certain request: also for Miss E. D., who has been deprived of the use of her reason; for a brother, long given to drink; for Miss M. C. R., who has been suffering 21 years from spinal disease; for the conversion of C. B.; for the parents and sister of a friend; for the aversion of a threatened loss of sight; for the successful termination of a business; for Miss M. B., Paterson, N. J.; for J. C. and J. O. C., who are very much given to dissipation; for restoration of health of a mother and sister; also for a brother, that he may stop drinking; for the conversion to the faith of Mrs. E. N.'s mother, who is very ill; for a young couple, who are about to be married; for brothers of a benefactor, that they may reform and get good situations; for Mrs. M. J., her husband and three brothers, that they may find relief in their distress; for T. C. K.; for a French couple and their child, that they become good Catholics; also for the satisfactory disposition of a will; for conversion of a young man, addicted to drink; for health of mind and body of two young men; for a young man, that he may obtain a respectable situation; for conversion of a non-Catholic husband; for a situation; for a daughter; also the grace of patience.

WEARERS OF MARY'S LIVERY.

At our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., names have been received for the registry of the Scapular of Mt. Carmel from Potosi, Wis.; St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal.; Alton, Ia.; Sacred Heart Church, Georgetown College, Washington, D. C.; St. Ann's Church, Chapel Island, N. S.; Mount Airy, Pa.; Sacred Heart Church, Peoria, Ill.; St. Patrick's Church, Taberg, N. Y.; St. Isidore's Church, Chaperito, New Mexico; Springfield, Ky.; St. John the Baptist's Church, River Bourgeois, N. S.; Selma, Cal.; Strong City, Kas.; Holy Cross Church, St. Croix, Ind.; Dundas, Ont.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., names were received from Hancock, Mich.; St. Joseph's Church, Devil's Lake, N. D.; St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph, Ind.; St. Anthony's Church, Louisville, Ky.; Holy Family Church, Omaha, Neb.; SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Detroit, Mich.; St. Pancratius Church, Fayetteville, Ill.; St. Agnes Church, West Chester, Pa.; St. Nicholas Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Bessemer, Mich.; Eureka, South Dakota; East Troy, Wis.; Holy Cross Church, Wauwatosa, Wis.

WE can never do enough for the church, to which we owe life and truth.—**LACORDAIRE.**